

Great Lives
Supplement

VOLUME III

SELECTED AUTHORS

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Libraries of Hope

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Dom Pedro II

1825 –1891 A.D.

It was a strange prank that history played upon the people of South America about a century ago. Just when the Spanish-owned colonies were on the brink of the revolution which made them independent republics, the Portuguese territory of Brazil welcomed to her port of Rio de Janeiro the royal family of Portugal, driven into temporary exile by Napoleon and the armies of France. A royal charter graciously declared Brazil a kingdom, and the king on his recall to Lisbon left his son, Pedro I, as regent. The other colonies fought for fifteen years to become republics; Brazil became a monarchy as a matter of course and a few years later, in 1822, won her independence with hardly a struggle.

Then, instead of running true to form, the monarchy came much nearer being a real republic than its neighbors which, though called republics, were usually under the thumb of military dictators during that chaotic first half century of their independence. Brazil had a constitution, a Congress or General Assembly, a legislature elected by the people; but better than all this, Brazil had for fifty years an emperor who respected the wishes of his people, whose ideals of government were genuinely democratic, Dom Pedro II. General Rosas, president and dictator of the Argentine Republic, came from the common people and ruled like a king; His Majesty Dom Pedro, with the blood of the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, and the Braganzas in his veins, administered the

affairs of the nation like a president. He was probably the most democratic monarch who ever lived. An American who knew him said: "He was far more democratic, not only in manner but in feeling, than many a self-made millionaire who fought his way from the gutter among the democracy of our own United States."

When he was five years old the first responsibilities of an emperor fell on his shoulders, for old Pedro I, at odds with his ministers, abdicated the throne and left the country. An enthusiastic populace, hailing young Pedro H. with loud "Vivas!" and elaborate ceremonies, installed him emperor. A court-day was appointed in his honor. The excited people unharnessed the horses from the imperial carriage and drew it themselves through the city streets. Then from his little chair in a window of the palace Pedro reviewed the troops of the empire and afterwards received the greetings of his officers in uniform, and of diplomats from all over the world. Next day he went back to his schoolroom, and for ten years a troublesome Regency managed the affairs of Brazil for him.

At last a large political party in the capital grew tired of installing regents and electing new ministers, and insistently demanded that the emperor himself begin to reign, although legally he was still too young. According to the constitution an emperor reached his majority at the age of eighteen, and Dom Pedro was only fifteen. In a speech before the legislature the leader of the party dramatically broke off in the midst of a violent attack against the Regency and cried: "Viva a maioridade de sua Majestade Imperial!" The galleries rang with such applause that the speech was never finished. By ten o'clock on the morning of July 23, 1840, ten thousand citizens had surrounded the palace of the Senate, while within, the president of the General Assembly made an announcement which set the whole city wild with joy: "I, as the organ of the Representatives of this nation in General Assembly convened, declare that His Majesty Dom Pedro II. is from this

moment in his majority, and in the full exercise of his constitutional prerogatives. Viva Dom Pedro II., constitutional Emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil! Viva Dom Pedro II.!"

So mature was the young emperor in mind and appearance that he was well fitted to play the part of an eighteen-year-old. His tutors were the best that could be found in Europe or South America, and he was a brilliant student. He had a trick of relighting his lamp at night and studying for a while after everyone had gone to bed. Natural history, mathematics and astronomy were his favorite subjects at that time. But in the course of his life he studied almost everything under the sun, and he could talk fluently on any subject in English, German, French, Italian or Spanish; he read Latin, Greek and Hebrew. When he was sixty he learned Sanskrit. His library was packed with histories, biographies, encyclopedias and lawbooks and he knew so much of what they contained that "a stranger," it was said, "can scarcely start a subject in regard to his own country that would be foreign to Dom Pedro." Besides his library the emperor loved peace, happiness and prosperity; these were his gifts to Brazil during his long reign, while surrounding nations struggled with anarchy and civil war.

Before Dom Pedro was eighteen he signed a contract of marriage with a princess whom he had never seen, Theresa Christina Maria, sister of the King of the two Sicilies. A Brazilian squadron conducted her to Rio, and the city received her with splendid ceremonies. The people were always glad of an excuse for a display of royal pageantry and enjoyed it a great deal better than their unpretentious emperor did.

Dom Pedro kept no court — the formalities would have been irksome — and it is said that he "would gobble through his state dinners in a hurry to get back to his books." An American tells how he met the emperor one day in Petropolis, the summer capital, standing on the street corner by the

railroad station with a single attendant, apparently out for a stroll, and stopping when the train came in to sec the new arrivals. In Rio he usually drove about in the afternoon bare-headed in a rickety old barouche drawn by four mules, with a book on his lap, reading busily whenever he was not bowing right and left to his friends. When he visited New York he arrived at his hotel carrying a satchel and wearing a linen duster. Always on his foreign tours he dropped his title and traveled as inconspicuously as possible, signing his name simply as D. Pedro d' Alcantara.

An American traveler in Brazil tells of visiting the emperor at the beautiful palace of San Cristoval out in the country five miles from Rio: "His Majesty met me upon an inner corridor of the palace, attended by a single aide-de-camp, who however immediately disappeared. The chamberlain mentioned my name and nationality. His Majesty advancing shook hands cordially, and asked me in well-accented English when I had left New York. The chamberlain with a nod left me alone with the emperor, Dom Pedro II. is a very striking figure, tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with a large, intellectual head…. He was simply clad in a black broadcloth 'dress-suit,' and wore on his breast the beautiful star of the Imperial Order of the Southern Cross, and in a button-hole the diamond and gold badge of that grand old historic order, the Golden Fleece of Austria and Spain. His Majesty always wears these decorations, rarely any others, nor is he often seen in uniform or gala dress of any kind…. He gives no balls or dinners, and is always accessible to the public once a week, generally on Saturday evenings. He is especially noted for his tact, energy and humanity. He is, therefore, very popular, and much loved by all his subjects."

Once, while touring through the interior of the country, "seeing Brazil first," he was entertained for several days by the leading resident of a certain town. During the visit he learned from a confidential source that his host was unable to meet a

large debt which was soon due. When Dom Pedro was about to say good-by, he remarked casually: "You have forgotten to put away an important paper I have seen in the drawer of the bureau of the room I occupied." It was the receipted bill for the entire debt.

Under Dom Pedro's guiding influence Brazil gained steadily in power, importance and reputation. Home industries and foreign commerce doubled. Telegraphic communications were established with the United States and Europe. Good steamship lines, both coastwise and oceanic, made Brazil accessible to all the world. Public property was opened to settlement, and the government became as hospitable to all foreign enterprise as it had before this been exclusive. The Brazilians, little interested as a rule in commerce, banking, railroading, engineering, needed the stimulation and example of outside influence.

Above all things Dom Pedro wanted to stimulate the love of knowledge among his people, to give the boys and girls of every class an equal chance. Free public schools were established all over the empire. At his request Professor Agassiz, then traveling in Brazil, gave a popular course of lectures in Rio on scientific subjects which the public were invited to attend. Free lectures had never been dreamed of before in Brazil. A raised platform was built in the hall for the use of the emperor, but it stood empty during the series. Dom Pedro preferred to sit among the audience. One time the emperor learned that 3,000,000 francs had been pledged by citizens for a fine bronze statue of himself to be given the place of honor in a city square. Dom Pedro, expressing his deep gratitude, said that it would please him far more if the money could be used for public schools instead. The grade and high school buildings of Rio have always been noted for their beauty, size and equipment.

While so many of the South American states were lagging far behind the times, Brazil, under Dom Pedro, caught up

with other progressive nations of the world. Liberty of speech and religious tolerance were not even questioned, but taken for granted. Indeed if a man on the streets of Brazil wanted to speak his mind about any grievance he was quite apt to begin right on the spot while the crowd gathered to hear him — the equivalent of a "mass protest meeting" in Madison Square, New York. A noted Protestant clergyman, a friend of many Brazilians and of the emperor himself, wrote: "It is my firm conviction that there is not a Roman Catholic country on the globe where there prevails a greater degree of toleration or a greater liberality of feeling towards Protestants." One of the most notorious court cases during Pedro's reign was the prosecution of two Roman Catholic bishops who tried to put ecclesiastical decrees above civil law. They were condemned to prison and hard labor.

The largest part of the emperor's day was devoted to keeping in close touch with the life and activities of his people, and visiting public institutions. He arose promptly at six o'clock, read quantities of newspapers so that he knew what was happening all over the world; attended to business matters until half-past nine, his breakfast hour; then met those who had appointments with him; later he inspected the National Library, the Military Academy, the government machine shops, or hospitals and public schools. After dinner he would work in his library or laboratory, attend the theater, of which he was very fond, or some state function. When, in 1850, a terrible epidemic of cholera broke out, attacking an average of two hundred people a day, Dom Pedro constantly visited the hospitals, sat by patients, gave lavishly of his help and encouragement, and even acted as nurse on many occasions.

The emperor always said that one of the most delightful days he ever spent was on the American merchant-steamer City of Pittsburg, which had anchored in the harbor of Rio to take on coal. The captain had planned an all-day "picnic" and

excursion down the coast for Dom Pedro, his family, Cabinet, and important officials. The party, all in full court dress except the emperor and empress, arrived in state barges. United States and Brazilian flags waved from every mast of the ship and a full orchestra played the national anthems of the two countries. As she steamed out through the harbor, Brazilian men-of-war saluted with cannon, and the Imperial navy down to the last sailor shouted vivas. Dom Pedro meanwhile lost no time about investigating the inner workings of the steamer, which for those days was a magnificent specimen of naval architecture. He clambered down narrow, oily ladders, and squeezed through minute passageways in the midst of the machinery to the very hottest and lowest corners of the ship, inspecting everything from the engine to the coal-bunkers.

An enterprising American who arranged an exhibit of United States industries, held in the national museum of Rio, tells how he conducted the Emperor about the hall as his particular guest of honor, "His Majesty commenced at one end, and with great earnestness and interest examined everything in detail. He made many inquiries, and manifested a most intimate knowledge of the progress of our country." At the table displaying beautiful bound books sent by New York publishers, the emperor "opened the *Homes of the American Authors,* and surprised me by his knowledge of our literature. He made remarks on Irving, Cooper, and Prescott, showing an intimate acquaintance with each. His eye falling on the name of Longfellow, he asked me, with great haste and eagerness, *'Avez-vous les poémes de Monsieur Longfellow?'* It was the first time that I ever saw Dom Pedro II. manifest an enthusiasm which in its earnestness and simplicity resembled the warmth of childhood when about to possess itself of some long cherished object." As the two men parted, Dom Pedro said: "When you return to your country, have the kindness to say to Mr. Longfellow how much pleasure he has given me."

In 1863 several Brazilian vessels were captured by the

English, diplomatic relations between the empire and Great Britain were broken off, and the people became dangerously excited. For all his quiet tastes there was an iron streak in Dom Pedro which commanded and held the confidence of his subjects in time of emergency. At this crisis he quieted them with the simple dignity of his words: "I am above all a Brazilian and as such more than any one interested in maintaining intact the dignity and honor of the nation. As I confide in my people, the people should confide in me and my government which will proceed as circumstances shall demand, in such a manner that the title 'Brazilians' of which we are proud will suffer no outrage. Where the honor and sovereignty of the nation fall, there will I fall with it." War was averted, but the episode woke the nation to a realizing sense of its maritime weakness. By a large; donation from his own salary Dom Pedro gave impetus to a nationwide preparedness campaign and funds were speedily raised for the purchase of ironclads and ammunition.

Two years later fifty-seven battalions of volunteers responded to the emperor's call to arms. Paraguay and her tyrant dictator had declared war, and Brazil, in the midst of her years of peace and prosperity, was called upon to show her military prowess. It was the only long and costly war of Pedro's reign, and by it Brazil won her right to free navigation on the Paraguay River. The Brazilians to-day are proud of the records made then by their soldiers and sailors. "The history of no other war," it has been said, "contains more examples of heroic and hopeless charges, or stories of more desperate hand-to-hand fighting." When the war was over Dom Pedro made a voluntary pledge to protect for ten years the independence of the little country he had just defeated, until it could recover its strength and look out for itself. It meant "Hands off" for all the other Republics.

Every time he left his country to travel abroad Dom Pedro added great prestige to Brazil, and when he came home he

brought with him all the progressive ideas of other lands. In Europe he visited schools, museums, charitable institutions, industrial plants, and observatories, as energetically as the casual tourist visits ancient ruins. Many honors were given him by historical and scientific societies. The gayest city in the world made a social lion of this staid scholar and bookworm. "The man really in fashion in the metropolis of the French Republic," says one writer, "was the emperor. He lived in the Grand Hotel, admitted visitors, and talked to all intelligently and modestly. In general he reserved to himself the right to ask questions. He attended balls, frequented scientific institutions, and lost no opportunity of gaining knowledge. He saw all the notable pictures, he went to the conservatory, the race-course, the exchange, and the opera." Every phase of life interested him.

All official honors, hospitality and court functions planned for him simply because he was an emperor, Dom Pedro politely declined. The first experience he had on his trip to Europe proved the sincerity of his desire to lay aside royal prerogatives while he took his holiday. When his steamer reached Lisbon all the passengers had to be quarantined. "The king of Portugal, a nephew of the emperor, wished to make an exception of Dom Pedro," so the story is told, "and sent a special steamer fitted up in royal style commanded by officers of the navy to convey His Royal Majesty to the shore where his royal nephew and a palace awaited him and his empress. The emperor asked if his fellow passengers were also to be exempted from quarantine. Receiving a negative reply he immediately said: 'Thank His Majesty Dom Luis, and say to him, that I am traveling incognito; hence I am subject to the same laws as these gentlemen who came with me on the Douro and I will serve out the quarantine with them.'" The emperor remained with the rest in the uncomfortable quarantine building.

Dom Pedro was the first monarch who ever visited the

United States. On the occasion of the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 he saw a wonderful opportunity for his country, and he decided to go, as a plain citizen of Brazil, "to be present at the celebration of the close of a century of freedom in a great constitutional country, and to aid in representing the products and industries of the second nation on the American continent." At the grand opening of the Exposition, President Grant and His Majesty Dom Pedro went together on a trip of inspection through the vast buildings and both touched the little lever that started the motive power for all the machines on exhibition. The Brazilian department was a great success, winning three and one half times as many premiums as any other South American country. The emperor and the exhibits combined opened the eyes of thousands of American business men to the tremendous natural resources and industrial possibilities of the empire.

For three months Dom Pedro traveled through the United States, devoting an average of sixteen hours a day to sightseeing and investigation. When he had finished he pronounced Boston his favorite city. He particularly enjoyed visiting Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier, whose works he knew almost by heart. Some of them he had translated into Portuguese. Longfellow once said that his "Story of King Robert of Sicily" had been translated into Portuguese by three poets, but that by the emperor was the best of all. Many prominent Americans entertained Dom Pedro in their homes, and scientific, historical and geographical societies held special meetings in his honor. The New York Historical Society elected him an honorary member and the highest tributes were paid him. "Dom Pedro II," said a speaker of the evening, "by his character, his taste, his application and acquisitions in literature and science ascends from the mere fortuitous position as emperor and takes his place in the world as a man."

In New York, Dom Pedro often arose at six o'clock while his staff was still sleeping, and did some sightseeing before breakfast. On his very first day in the city, a Sunday, instead of resting after his 5,000-mile journey from Rio, he began at once on his program of "going everywhere, observing everything and questioning everybody." He went first to early mass at the Cathedral. Then he spent an hour at one of the famous services which Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey were; holding in the old Hippodrome. During the rest of the day he visited a newsboys' home, the headquarters of the city fire department, and several police stations. There was very little of New York that he had not investigated before he left. "Well," said some one afterwards, "he certainly would have made a first-class reporter if he hadn't been a king."

The greatest national event during Dom Pedro's reign was the abolition of slavery, and no one worked harder to bring it to pass than the emperor himself. The African slave-trade had been abolished in 1850 and from that time on public opinion grew more and more in favor of emancipation, in spite of the strong opposition of planters and wealthy slave owners. Following Dom Pedro's example many high-minded citizens freed their own slaves. The slave was enabled to free himself in many ways, such as raising his own purchase money. The incentive to do this was great, for an ambitious slave had plenty of chance to rise in the world. "Some of the most intelligent men I met with in Brazil," says one writer, "were of African descent. If a man has freedom, money and merit, no matter how black his skin may be, no place in society is refused him. In the colleges, the medical, law and theological schools, there is no distinction of color." Plots of ground were frequently given to the freedmen for cultivation, and the government encouraged them to become independent planters.

After many hot debates the General Assembly passed a law in 1871 declaring free from that date all children of slave mothers, and all the government slaves. In the next fifteen

years the number of slaves decreased by one half. Dom Pedro's dearest wish was that he might live to see every slave in the country a free man, and this wish came true in the last year of his reign. He had gone abroad in poor health, leaving his daughter Isabel as regent. When Congress met, the Princess railroaded the abolition law through both Houses in eight days and signed the bill which put the law into immediate force. It was the last act of the royal dynasty of Brazil.

In 1889 a Republican revolt took the whole empire by surprise. It had long been brewing beneath the surface, but so great was the emperor's popularity that Republicans had tacitly agreed to postpone the new government until his death. A rumor that Dom Pedro might abdicate in favor of Princess Isabel and thus initiate another generation of monarchy precipitated the revolution. The Republican leagues, with the backing of the army and navy, refused to wait any longer. Dom Pedro, summoned from Petropolis by telegram, found a provisional government already organized when he reached the capital. In the Imperial Palace at Rio, surrounded by insurgents, the old emperor was told briefly that his long reign was over.

"We are forced to notify you," said the ultimatum, "that the provisional government expects from your patriotism the sacrifice of leaving Brazilian territory with your family in the shortest possible time,"

Dom Pedro II. replied simply: "I resolve to submit to the command of circumstances and will depart with my family for Europe to-morrow, leaving this beloved country to which I have tried to give firm testimony of my love and my dedication during nearly half a century as chief of the State, I shall always have kind remembrances of Brazil and hopes for its prosperity." The next day the imperial family sailed for Lisbon.

The Imperial coat of arms and flag were ordered to be torn down from all buildings; streets called after the royal family

were renamed; the Dom Pedro Railway became the Central Railway of Brazil; and Pedro II. College was changed to National Institution of Instruction. In three days' time a monarchy had been overthrown without bloodshed or opposition. The emperor, who had sometimes been called the best Republican in Brazil, was replaced by a military dictator, and from that time to this the nation has known her share of civil war.

The homesick emperor, living in European hotels or rented villas, till the time of his death in 1891, "always remained as one on the point of departure, as if he ever expected to be recalled by his former subjects, a hope which till the last moment would not die out of his heart." To the "last American monarch" an American pays this tribute in the dedication of his book on South America.

TO
H. M. DOM PEDRO II.
EMPEROR OF BRAZIL
SCHOLAR AND SCIENTIST, PATRON OF
ARTS AND LETTERS,
STERLING STATESMAN AND MODEL MONARCH,
WHOSE REIGN OF HALF A CENTURY HAS BEEN
ZEALOUSLY AND SUCCESSFULLY DEVOTED TO
PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, INDUSTRIAL
ENTERPRISE, AND THE ABOLITION
OF SLAVERY
THROUGHOUT THE VAST AND OPULENT
"EMPIRE OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS"

Peter of Haarlem

(Holland)

It was an April day, and Haarlem, an old Dutch town near Amsterdam was gay with tulips, for there in Haarlem are grown the most famous tulips in all the world, as well as hyacinths, and if you had driven through the country roads on that April day, you would have seen the meadows and roadsides overspread with a brilliant carpet of the vari-coloured flowers, while the air was full of the sweet perfume of the hyacinths, and you could have carried away with you as many flowers as you had time and patience to pick.

Holland and its provinces and towns are famous for many other things, as well as for tulips and hyacinths, for it is a country quite different from the others which we visit and study about more often, and although it is a small country in comparison to others which are so vast in territory, yet there has been none more celebrated for courage than brave little Holland, and its fight for independence has made it famous in the historical annals of the world. Sturdy and plucky are the Dutch, and quaint and curious are the customs and manners still prevailing in many of the country districts. Every district has its own costume peculiar to its inhabitants, and the many colours of these costumes, the curious caps worn with them, the heavy wooden shoes, or sabots, which all true Dutch people wear, and the clothes worn by the men, so different from the conventional dress of men of other nations, make a picturesque and interesting sight when the Dutch

people are gathered together on the day of a "Pardon" or religious fête day.

Their homes, too, are quaint and strange in appearance to our conventional eyes, and it has been said that the Dutch people dressed up like quaint dolls, with their gay little homes and their little canals, which cut up their bright green fields into many sections, live in a country which is like a charming, attractive toy, it is so clean, so tidy and so bright, and it seems a natural thing that the gorgeous tulip should be their favourite flower. And that brings us back to the old town of Haarlem in whose roads we were wandering on an April day.

Now one of the greatest differences between Holland and other countries, is that it lies below the level of the sea, and so has to be very carefully guarded from the surging flood at its very door, or it would be either swept bare by the relentless sea, or entirely wiped out of existence. To prevent this calamity the patient Dutchmen have built wonderful dykes which guard their little country and keep the tyrant sea in check. These dykes are huge banks of earth which tower high above the lowlands and are the only safeguards of the country. Of course, these dykes could only be made gradually, as the sea was turned from one spot to another by dams and locks, and no greater proof of Dutch industry and patience is shown than the way they have protected their land from the sea.

When a dyke has been built, then on the edge of it, a windmill is erected, which works a pump, and as the windmill draws up the water from the sea, it is discharged into a canal. These canals which flow through all Holland in a network of winding ways, run to the sea, and where they meet the sea, in the dykes, great oaken gates, called sluices are placed across the entrance to the canals, to regulate the amount of water which shall flow into the canals, from the sea. These gates are in charge of men called sluicers whose duty it is, when water is needed, to open the gates more or less, according to the amount of water required, and then to close them carefully at

night, so that too much water may not flow into the canals, overflow them, and flood the whole country. Even the smallest child in Holland is brought up with a keen knowledge of the grave importance of a sluicer's duty and of the danger to the country if he should neglect it, and the men chosen for that position are always those whose reputation for faithful service is unchallenged.

Naturally, a country lying as Holland lies is very damp and misty, and its entire surface is covered with the network of canals running through the meadows to the sea. If you could stand on a hill and look down on it, it would look like an enormous puzzle, consisting of hundreds of small vivid green pieces cut apart by the canals and decorated by the quaint red-roofed houses of which we have spoken.

Through all the canals flows the same water, and all of them are connected with each other, and are so very wide in some places that there is much traffic on them. Then, too, through miles of the green fields flow the narrower canals, draining the pasturelands, and everywhere one feels the nearness and the menace of the everlasting sea, and the protection of the dykes rearing the huge bulwarks between the peaceful country and its treacherous enemy.

And that brings us back again to Haarlem on that April day when the quaint little town was gay with the red and yellow tulips and the air sweet with the scent of hyacinths.

On that bright spring day a little boy whose name is said to have been Peter, and whose father was a sluicer, had for his dinner some cakes of which he was very fond, and which his mother had baked because she knew how much Peter liked them.

Peter was a very unselfish boy, and whenever he had anything he liked, his first thought always was to share it with someone else. So, as soon as he had finished his meal, he jumped up from the table and begged his mother to let him go to see a poor blind man who lived not far away, and to let

him carry with him those cakes which had not been eaten.

His mother was pleased with this thought of Peter's for the poor old man, and at once brought a basket and filled it with cakes for him to carry to the invalid, while Peter's father was making him promise not to stay out too late, and soon the boy was on his way to his friends, happy in the beauty of the day, and in the thought of the pleasure his present would give the blind man.

And he was not mistaken, the old man was delighted with the cakes, and at once broke and ate one, while he began to tell Peter one of the stories for which he was famous, and which he knew Peter loved to hear. But Peter suddenly remembered his promise not to stay out late, and finally became so uneasy that he told the old man he must not wait to hear the end of the story, and, hastily bidding him farewell, started towards home.

His path lay beside the dyke, and along its grassy banks grew beautiful wild flowers of many varieties, so numerous and attractive that Peter decided to pick a bunch of them to carry home to his mother, who was so much of an invalid that she was seldom out of the house. So he picked a few here and a few there—blue and yellow and pink, until he had a handful of those varieties of which he knew his mother was most fond, and as he walked on, to keep himself from feeling lonesome, he hummed a gay little song.

Presently, he stopped, and neither sang nor smiled, as he looked at a slender thread of water trickling through the grass. Where did it come from? Surely not from the canal, and there was nowhere else for it to come from unless it came from the dyke itself.

The thought was enough to make even a child turn pale and tremble. Only the dykes stood between the boundless sea and the safety of little Holland. He looked again, and to his imagination, the stream seemed greater already. What could he do? Night was coming on, the road was a solitary one.

There was only the barest chance of anyone passing that way whom he might hail, or of whom he could ask advice.

Then came a quick recollection of his promise to his father, and he started homeward again, but a force as mighty as a giant's grasp, made him turn back again to watch that trickling stream of water.

He was near one of the great oaken sluices, and bounding up beside it he carefully examined the dyke. There, as small as his finger, was a hole—strange and unaccountable happening—and through that little hole was flowing the stream of water at his feet.

Like lightning the flash of intuition came to Peter, if that hole were not stopped up instantly, the force of the flow through it would rapidly increase from the pounding of that mighty sea behind it. In a night the flood would break through the dyke and perhaps destroy all the homes in Holland.

What could he do? No stone would fit the hole, no amount of earth packed into the crevice could resist the pressure of the water. Peter was desperate. Forgotten now were his bunch of flowers which fell unheeded from his hand. He strained his eyes in a vain search for travellers on that lonely road, vainly he shouted out for help until his throat was hoarse. What could he do? It was no common instinct that came in that lightning flash to Peter. Climbing again up the steep bank, from stone to stone, he thrust his finger in the hole and, oh, joy, it fitted! It stopped the trickling water for the moment, but, oh, what would happen when he took it out?

Ah, it was as clear as daylight, what to do. He would not take it out until someone should come to relieve him. Forgetful of what this idea might bring to him, if carried out, he chuckled with a boyish delight in this real adventure.

"Ha, ha!" he said to himself. "The water can't come down now. Haarlem shall not be drowned while I am here to keep the flood back."

For awhile excitement kept him warm and fearless. Then the chill darkness of the night surrounded him. All sorts of strange noises fell upon his unaccustomed ears, he seemed to see giants and demons lurking near, ready to pounce upon him and kill him. Although he was a sturdy lad, tears came at last, when he could no longer keep back thoughts of his comfortable bed at home, of the parents who might be even then worrying about his safety, although as he before remained over night with the old man, Jansen, he felt that his mother and father had probably gone to bed and to sleep, while he was out in the dark night alone and in such a misery of pain. The pain grew greater, the misery harder to bear every moment now, and still Peter kept his finger in that dangerous hole.

He tried to whistle, hoping to attract the attention of some straggling traveller, but his teeth chattered so much that he gave it up, and then he remembered what he had been taught at his mother's knee, and Peter prayed to the great God who could control the surging sea and protect a boy who was doing his best. Peter was only a child, but if he ever prayed with his whole heart, he prayed so that night in the darkness, with his numbed finger thrust through that hole in the dyke, and when his prayer was said he somehow felt braver, stronger and older than before, and in his heart he said:

"I will not take it out till someone comes. I will stay till morning."

Longer and longer grew the hours, the minutes, the seconds, and yet he never moved—there were strange noises in his head, his thoughts were confused, pictures of his playmates, of events long ago forgotten danced before his eyes. He was not sure he could draw his finger out of the hole even if he wished to do so, it felt so strangely numb. What did it mean that knives seemed to be cutting, and pins pricking him from head to foot? What would happen if no one ever found him—no one ever came to help?

At last the rose and silver of the dawn flushed the sky. Day had come and along that lonesome road came the first traveller in all the hours of Peter's vigil.

A clergyman whose night had been spent by the bedside of a sick parishioner, hurrying homeward on the path beside the dyke, heard a groan, a feeble sound of one in mortal agony. Turning, he glanced, first here and there, and looking up, at last, he saw beside the dyke, the figure of a child writhing in agony.

In a single bound, the clergyman stood beside him exclaiming: "In the name of wonder, boy, what are you doing here?"

"I am keeping the water from running out," said Peter. "Oh, can't you ask them to come quick."

And they did. The town of Haarlem, even Holland itself, had been saved, through the courage of a little boy who did his duty, and from that day to this there has never been a child in Holland who has not heard the stirring story of Peter, whose pluck was worthy of a sluicer's son, and whose name will never be forgotten, or effaced from the page of historic legend.

Rashi
The Prince of Commentators
1040-1105 A.D.

Almost ten centuries had passed since the battering-rams of the Romans had shattered the last wall that protected Jerusalem. Now the Children of the Exile lived in scattered communities from Babylon to Spain. Wherever they wandered through the changing years the Jews carried with them their traditions and customs. So it was still considered proper that a scholar and rabbi should divide his time and his strength between his books and manual labor. Such a scholar and teacher was Rabbi Shlomo, son of Isaac, known through the Jewish world by the initials of his name, *Ra-Sh-I.*

It is vintage time in the land of Champagne, that province of France famous for its grapes and rare wines. Rashi's wife, his three daughters, his sons-in-law, and their children had left the house early in the morning to strip the heavy vines. But the father of the household, now past sixty, had grown sick and faint under the noon-day sun and had been forced to return home to rest. Here his youngest daughter, Jochebed, found him bent over his writing table, his long quill pen in his hand.

"Father," she said reproachfully, "is this how you rest? I am glad mother sent me to see whether you were better, Now I shall make you lie down again and I will not leave you until you promise me not to stir from your couch."

Rashi smiled at her scolding, "How can I rest, my girl,

when I have so many letters to answer? These," and his hand swept a pile at his elbow, "were brought me over two weeks ago by special messengers. Surely the writers are impatient for a reply. But because the grapes must by gathered when they are ripe I have neglected my writing."

"You know we are all willing to do extra work so that you may remain at your desk."

"But it is my work, too. Surely, my daughter remembers the teaching of our sages that it is the duty of every man to work with his hands as well as his head. 'Do not use the Torah far a spade to dig with,' they warned the rabbis of old."

His voice rose and fell in the chant of one explaining a difficult passage; for a moment he was a teacher in the great school he had founded in Troyes, expounding a portion of the day's lesson to his pupils.

Jochebed nodded agreement. "I know, father, that no Jew, no matter how learned, should depend on his knowledge of our Law to earn his bread, and that you receive no payment for your work as a rabbi of Troyes. But you are no longer young and strong; it is too hard for you to labor both in the vineyards and at your desk. Now you must lie down again and rest."

"But these letters—!"

"Stretch yourself out on your couch, father, and I will answer them. It is not the first time I or my sisters have acted as your secretary."

"It is good to rest," admitted Rashi, after Jochebed had settled him comfortably among the pillows. "Yes, you and your sisters are the three most learned women of Troyes; perhaps of all France. I remember how shocked your mother was when I told her, 'Since I have no sons of my own to teach, I will teach my daughters, not only to read and to write, but even to know the Torah.' She could not understand why, since our people consider it folly to instruct our girl children. But God forbid we should be as those who think learning is

only for priests and scholars. Few, even of their nobles, can write their own names.

"Yet," went on Rashi, as though it were the twentieth century instead of the beginning of the twelfth, "it was a sensible thing to do. For you three girls are far better wives to the scholars I selected as your husbands than if you had remained ignorant. And you are better mothers to your sons who may some day be famous for their knowledge of the Law."

He spoke proudly, for even then several of his grandsons were numbered among his most promising pupils. He would have been still prouder could he have foreseen the little Jacob, now too young to pronounce clearly the Hebrew words of his first prayers, would some day be held one of the leading commentators of the Torah.

"Which letter must be answered first?" asked Jochebed, seating herself at the table. "Here is one asking whether it is right for a pious Jew to interrupt grace before his meal to feed his animals?"

"What do you think, my daughter?"

Jochebed thought deeply for a moment. "I know that we are commanded to show loving mercy to every dumb beast and not to neglect those in our care. Baba Metzia says a man must feed his cattle before he himself enjoys his food. Surely, this command is so important that if a man is forgetful and sits down to eat without obeying it, it is no sin if he interrupts his prayer to rise from the table and go out and feed his beasts."

Rashi nodded, well pleased. "That is what I myself would have answered," he told her. "Set it down as you have told it to me."

Jochebed obeyed him, then turned to the next question. This was too difficult not only for her, but for anybody not a great commentator on Jewish law. It concerned the rights of inheritance. Rashi, like all Jewish scholars of his day, was often called upon to decide legal matters, for the Jews in every

land lived under their own laws. In this case Rashi insisted that a widow who, he decided, had been unjustly deprived of her property, should have it restored to her.

Rashi, in his answers, relied on his knowledge of the Bible and the Talmund. The Talmund contains the laws which the rabbis had agreed upon and gathered together after the destruction of Jerusalem. To interpret these laws correctly a rabbi needed to know not only Jewish law. He was obliged to have a deep knowledge of the Bible and Jewish history; to know Hebrew grammar, as often a decision depended on the exact construction of a sentence; to understand science, as far as it was understood in his day. Yet for all his learning, Rashi was as modest as Hillel. He blushed when Jochebed read him the salutation of the last of the letters that lay before her.

"'To him who is beloved in heaven and honored on earth, who possesses the treasures of the Law, who knows how to resolve the most subtle and profound questions, whose knowledge moves mountains and shatters rocks….'"

"I hope I am beloved in heaven," he said, smiling gently, "and I know I possess some of the treasures of the Law. But, although I have sought wisdom all my days, my search has taught me that I possess only a drop of the great sea which is the Law. I wonder if this man would believe me if I told him how many mistakes I have made in my interpretations; how many times I have felt obliged to thank the wiser scholars who have corrected me."

The rest of the day Rashi continued to dictate to his daughter. After his frugal meal, he studied and prayed for into the night. The next day Rashi was too ill to leave his bed. The physicians who visited him seemed perplexed.

"I do not know from what ailment he suffers," he told his family.

"I do not believe he is sick in body," said Rashi's wife, "but his soul is deeply troubled. Often I hear him praying through

the night and he weeps while he prays."

"But what can trouble a man so honored as our father and at peace with all the world?" exclaimed Rashi's second daughter. Her two sisters were good to look upon; but Rachel was so lovely that from her childhood all Troyes knew her as Rachel the Beautiful.

"Have you forgotten that he has never been himself since he learned how the Crusaders slew our brethren in the cities along the Rhine?" Rachel's mother reminded her. "I thought his heart would break when he first heard the news. We all mourned and fasted but now our grief has lessened. Although I can never sit in the synagogue and hear without weeping the hymns my husband composed in memory of our blessed martyrs."

"If you are right," said the physician, "I can do little for our rabbi. For who but God can heal a broken heart?"

In time Rashi grew stronger. Although he was no longer permitted to work in his vineyard, he continued to answer the many questions that were put to him and spent long hours on his Commentaries.

Because the Bible and Talmud were written so long ago, it became necessary for scholars who lived in later days under very different conditions to explain and interpret these ancient books to their own generations. Such explanations were called Commentaries; they were most helpful in clearing up many questions which puzzled even the wisest of Israel's teachers.

Usually these explanations were written, not in separate books but on the margins of the work itself. For this reason the Talmud is often described as "an island of text in a sea of commentary." There are many Jewish scholars before Rashi, and many who came after him, noted for their Commentaries. But none became so popular and exerted such wide influence as the gentle rabbi of Troyes.

The learned men might prefer the Commentaries of

Maimonides of Egypt who lived a century later. But even to our own day the humbler students among the common people prefer Rashi. This is because he wrote so simple that even a man without much education could understand him. Soon a saying spread among the Jews, "as plain as Rashi," because his explanations were so straightforward and simple. These people often called any commentary "a Rashi" as though there could not be any other worthy commentator.

In Rashi's last days, his sons-in-law and his daughters marveled how keen his mind remained whenever he was confronted with a difficult question. Often when it seemed best for him to rest for a little while, his daughter Miriam, acting as his secretary, would lay down her pen and coax him to talk to her of many things.

Sometimes the old man, smiling a little, would speak wistfully of his almost forgotten childhood.

"Yes, my daughter," he told her one day, "I still remember my first day at school. I was just five years old. It was Pentecost, for, as you know, Miriam, that is the festival of the giving of the Law on Sinai. So it is fitting that on that day the Jewish child should begin his life-long study of our Torah.

"I was wrapped in a prayer-shawl and my sainted father led me to the synagogue that I might hear the reading from the Torah. Then he took me to the house of my first teacher who lifted me in his arms and received me like a father. I still remember how he handed me a slate on which the Hebrew alphabet was written. And how surprised I was when I found that the slate was sticky. I put my fingers into my mouth to suck them clean and because I liked the taste I touched the slate again, and again sucked my fingers."

"Of course you did!" laughed Miriam, who had watched her own sons begin their schooling in the same traditional way. "And your teacher told you that the Law of God was as sweet as honey and that you would enjoy it all your life. After that he surely gave you a sweet bun to eat and an egg with

verses from the Bible written upon its shell. Yes, and apples and other fruit. After such a feast you never could forget your first day at school. I am sure," she ended teasingly, "that you were soon the head of your class and that my grandparents were very proud of you."

"That I cannot remember," answered Rashi modestly, as she expected. "But I am sure I never shamed them. My father, although not a learned man, was a pious Jew; my mother was really my first teacher. For she recited prayers and sang me portions from the Torah instead of lullabies. I have heard it said that she actually carried me in my cradle to the House of Study that even then I might hear the words of the scholars."

"And is the story true, father, that even before you were born there were wonders and miracles?"

"My child," said Rashi rather severely, "it would not be seemly for me to repeat legends that foolish folks think foretold a great scholar would be born in Israel."

"But, father," urged Miriam, "since men will repeat these stories and try to make them sound even more wonderful at each repetition, surely it is better that you tell me just what is truth and what is fable about your early life."

Now Rashi smiled.

"It would take a much wiser man that Rashi to decide. Mind, I did not hear these stories from my parents' lips, and how they began to circulate I do not know. One story tells that my dear mother was living in the city of Worms before my birth. And that one day as she passed down one of the narrow streets, two huge carriages bore down upon her suddenly from either direction. She feared she would be caught between them. But she prayed and threw herself against the stone wall of a nearby building; the wall yielded to her body and she crept into the great hole thus made and was saved."

Though he spoke with great seriousness, his eyes twinkled merrily.

"Judge for yourself, my daughter, whether this is a true

story. I only know that when I was in Worms and my fellow Jews were generous enough to praise me for my wisdom, some of my admirers showed me the very cavity in the wall where my mother had taken refuge before my birth. They insisted she was spared that she might become the mother of one who would be a Light to Israel."

"That is like the story they tell of my grandfather," mused Miriam, "how he found a pearl of great value and was offered a great price for it. But he knew that the men who sought to buy it intended to sell it again and use the profit for some wicked purpose. So when they lured him into a boat and tried to force him to sell them the pearl, he flung it into the sea.

"And a Voice came from the waves, saying, 'A son will be born to you, who will enlighten the eyes of all Israel.'"

"I suppose," she concluded ruefully, "you will deny this story, too."

"If it is a fable," answered Rashi, "it at least has a moral. My father who was a poor man may have sacrificed great wealth for the sake of his conscience. If he did so, he would have felt rewarded by having a son learned in the Law. Even as," his voice rising and falling in the chant of the House of Study, "all the sacrifices Jews have made to study the Torah have been richly rewarded. For what reward can be greater than to help keep alive the light of learning for our people?"

In those last years of Rashi's life, when the fury of the Crusaders seemed likely to quench the Light of Israel in the blood of slaughtered Jews, his thoughts may have often turned to the Christians who aided his people in their desperate need. Some say this tale of the friendship between the rabbi and the priest is only a legend. But we like to believe the story of their first meeting and how the grateful priest kept his promise. The memory of a true Christian's understanding and sympathy would have been of great comfort to the old rabbi; while in the tale of these two good men many despairing Jews read the promise of a brotherhood to dawn in a happier day.

As a youth, Rashi was not satisfied with the learning he had acquired in Troyes. So, like many young Jewish scholars of that day, he traveled far from his birthplace to visit the great Jewish academies. Here he hoped to study further under the most famous rabbis. Like most of his fellow students, he was very poor. But wherever he traveled he found Jews anxious to take him into their homes and support him while he continued his studies. For his people believed that even an ignorant man can have a share in the glory of spreading the light of the Law, if he assists the learned to gather more knowledge.

On a wintry might of bitter cold, the young Rashi stumbled down a snowy road toward a small lighted house which he hoped might prove a refuge from the storm. He feared it was too far to travel to the next town, where he knew a Jewish family would offer him food and shelter. Brushing the snowflakes from his eyes, he counted, two, three, yes, there were four lighted windows. Too many for a peasant's hut, decided Rashi; this must be a wayside inn.

The kindly Jew who had been Rashi's last host had at parting given him a small gift of money to help him on his way. But, thought the student fearfully, even if I offer him twice the usual sum, the landlord may refuse to allow a Jewish boy to enter his doors. For a little space he stood there in the darkness, shivering and undecided.

"O, Lord," he murmured, repeating the prayer of the Jewish travelers in those cruel times, "permit me to enter this strange place in safety!"

He had now reached the inn; timidly he knocked on the heavy oaken door.

There was the sound of drawn bolts; then the door was opened and a voice asked sharply, "What do you want at this time of night? Who are you?"

"I am a traveler seeking shelter from the storm," answered Rashi.

"Then come in before the wind freezes my other guests to the marrow of their bones," said the landlord more civilly.

Rashi entered hastily; the man looked him over from head to feet.

"You are not a merchant by your dress."

"I am a student."

Another long hard look. "A Jew?"

"Yes. But I have money to pay for any shelter you give me; just a seat by your warm fire," Rashi told him eagerly.

"I have never taken a Jew beneath my roof and I will not now," growled the landlord. "Find shelter elsewhere—if you can," and he pointed to the door.

The other guests, gathered around the long table, eating and drinking, listening and shrugged indifferently. But the landlord's wife, a middle-aged woman, with a round, motherly face, stepped forward.

"Nay, Stephen," she reproached her husband. "I could not rest in my warm bed tonight if I thought you turned this poor youth away, perhaps to perish in the storm. I would not send even our dog out into such cold and snow," nodding toward the great hound that dozed before the fire.

"You know we have not one vacant bed."

"I will make him a pallet that he may sleep here after the others have gone to their beds," insisted the woman. "come to the fire and dry yourself," she told Rashi, after a glance at his dripping garments, "and I will bring you a bit of supper."

Murmuring his thanks, Rashi crept to the fireplace, glad to escape possible abuse from the guests who sat crowded about the table. In a few moments the mistress of the inn returned bearing a bowl of steaming broth and a bit of coarse, dark bread. She waved his gratitude aside.

"Is it true," she asked, lowering her voice that neither her husband nor the guests might hear, "is it true, as I have heard travelers say, that all you Jews are skilled physicians?"

Rashi shook his head. "Alas, no, only those among us who

have studied the art of healing. I am only a simple student."

The woman looked disappointed. "that is why I was glad to welcome you. I thought a Jew—" she stopped, confused.

"Is there illness in your family?" asked Rashi. "My worthy mother was known among our neighbors at Troyes as a skilled nurse and one wise in the use of herbs which she brewed for the sick. She taught me how to care for those who are ill."

"Then God has sent you here this night!" exclaimed the woman. Again she lowered her voice, this time to a whisper. "In an upper chamber a priest lies close to death. He is a sainted soul and it is hard to see him suffer. None must know of his illness, for lately there has been talk of the plague in a village not many miles from here. If the man dies and the news spreads, it will be rumored that he died of the plague. Every traveler will shun our inn and we will be ruined. I am only an ignorant woman and do not know what to do for him. And our nearest neighbor who was a holy man and cured many by his arts has been dead these many months."

She dropped a hand, trembling with eagerness, on Rashi's shoulder.

"Come up with me and see the sick priest. Perhaps you can cure him of his malady."

Rashi drew back. He knew that if the ailing priest died under his care, all would accuse him, a stranger and a Jew, of bringing the sick man to his death.

"But I told you I was not a physician," he stammered.

"Then you may be able to heal him with you magic spells. Every one knows the Jews are wise in all manner of witchcraft."

"I will do what I can," Rashi told her, "but I can promise no cure. And if the priest recovers his health, I hope you will believe his cure came from God and not the evil powers of magic."

The priest was indeed very ill. Rashi, remembering all that his mother had taught him, demanded fresh linen for the

filthy bed. Then he brewed a drink of dried herbs the frightened woman found in her cupboard. For three days Rashi did not leave the sick room, where the half-conscious man lay and babbled of many things. But on the morning of the fourth day, the priest was rational again; he was able to sit up in his bed and eat the gruel which Rashi had prepared for him.

"I cannot repay you in money for saving my life," the young priest told Rashi just before they parted, "for I am as poor as you. But I will always remember your kindness to one whose people have so often persecuted your brethren. I can only pray that the Father of us all will reward you in His own way."

Years later Rashi, now a famous rabbi, traveled to the Bohemian city of Prague. Although Prague was then one of the centers of Jewish learning and had its own scholars, everyone in the crowded ghetto hastened to do him honor. They gathered in their little synagogue and waited eagerly for him to begin his lecture.

But as Rashi stood on the high platform in the midst of the Jews of Prague and expounded the Torah to them, he was interrupted by cries of terror from those who sat nearest the door. For they had drawn back in horror from one of the members of the congregation, who stumbled across the threshold, bleeding from many wounds.

"The Gentiles set upon me in the market-place," he faltered as soon as he could speak. "They are killing every Jew they meet."

Down the cobbled, twisted street came the sound of marching feet.

"Praised be God!" sobbed a woman, "they have sent soldiers to protect us from the mob."

A company of armed soldiers entered the synagogue.

"Is there one among you named Rashi of France?" asked the captain roughly.

Not a Jew of the Prague community replied. For every

man there would have faced death by torture rather than betray the loved and honored guest.

But Rashi stepped out quickly from behind the men who pressed about him to hide him from the soldiers.

"I am Rashi of Troyes," he answered. "Why do you seek me?"

The captain did not answer. Later, when Rashi and a number of the most respected elders of the Jewish community sat in prison and waited for their death sentence, the rabbi learned the reason for his arrest. Because he was a Jew from a foreign land he had been accused of plotting with his brethren against the rulers of Prague.

"If it is God's will that we perish, we will perish," Rashi told the elders. "But while we wait for death, let us continue our discussion of the Torah which the soldiers interrupted."

So in the darkness of their dungeon, the scholars questioned and debated, seeking to keep alive the Light of Israel.

It happened that the bishop of Prague was not only the most powerful churchman in that city but a lover of learning. When he heard that a foreigner reputed to be a great Jewish scholar had been thrown into prison, he wanted to talk with him. He ordered the stranger to be brought to the bishop's palace. When Rashi, still in chains, appeared before him, the bishop, to the astonishment of all of his attendants, flung his arms around the bearded man and embraced him.

"You have changed but I still recognize you although I have forgotten your name!" cried the bishop. "Do you remember me?"

"No, my lord bishop," answered the rabbi.

"Have these splendid clothes I now wear caused you to forget the mean robe I wore when we parted so many years ago? I was once the humble priest whose life you saved in a wayside inn."

The bishop angrily ordered the guards to remove Rashi's chains. Then he turned to his servants.

"Take my friend to the bath," he commanded. "Take away that robe which has grown filthy in prison and dress him in decent garments. Then," smiling at Rashi, "we will eat and drink and talk together. For I have a hundred questions to ask you."

Rashi shook his head. "No, my lord bishop," he answered, respectfully but firmly, "I cannot accept your hospitality while some of my brethren still lie in prison, and the rest are in danger of death at the hands of the mob attacking the Jewish quarter."

The bishop at once ordered that soldiers be sent to protect the Jews; he also appealed to the judges to free the elders from their dungeon. Then Rashi, bathed and refreshed, and dressed in fine garments, sat down to eat with the bishop. The years slipped away; the two were no longer a powerful prince of the Church and the greatest Jewish scholar in France, but a sick priest and the humble student who nursed him. As on those long-ago days they talked of many things; again neither argued but only sought to learn.

Some say that on parting the bishop gave Rashi a ring of great value. Others repeat the story of the gratitude of the rescued Jews of Prague, who showered him with gifts at his departure. And, it is said, one of the elders gave the French rabbi the greatest gift of all, his beautiful daughter in marriage.

Still others insist that Rashi like the other Jews of his time took a wife when he was very young and that was already married when he saved the Jews of Prague. But whoever was his bride, he cherished her all the days of his life, and it was she who comforted his last moments when he died in Troyes on that July day in 1105.

Not only the Jews of France but all his scattered people mourned Rashi's death. Many paid tribute to his blameless life and great learning. We like best the tribute of an unknown disciple who, in his grief, wrote words that Rashi, the farmer, would have understood:

"As the owner of a fig-tree knows when it is time to cull the figs, so God knew the appointed time of Rashi and carried him away in his hour to let him enter heaven. Alas, he is no more, for God has taken him!"

Raymund Lull
First Missionary to the Mohammedans
(1290 – 1315 A.D.)

You have heard of the Mohammedans, of course. Mohammed was the man who felt that he had received m visions a command to found a new religion. The principal thing that one had to believe was in this sentence; " There is one God and Mohammed is His prophet." Prayers five times a day, no matter where one might be, were to be offered regularly. The followers of this new prophet of a false religion were sent out everywhere to make converts, and they used the sword to make men believe. If one refused, he had his head cut off. There were soon a great many of these followers in the world, and you can see that they needed a missionary very much.

The Mohammedans got possession of the Holy Land, and it was to drive out these infidels that the Crusades were undertaken in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Crusades were the "armies of the cross," led by different kings and other leaders to the city of Jerusalem.

It was in this time of great events that Raymund Lull, the first missionary to the Mohammedan world, lived his life. He was born in 1235. Just count up now, and see how many years it is since this missionary was a new-born baby.

His birthplace was the Island of Majorca, off the east coast of what is now Spain, part of which was then called Aragon. When King James I of Aragon took this island from the

Saracens, he gave large estates in it to the father of Raymund Lull, who had rendered his king distinguished service. The sovereigns of Aragon changed very often. Twenty proud kings reigned in a period of about four hundred years. The capital of the kingdom was Saragossa, and here, in the court, young Raymund Lull spent several years of his life, being court poet, and a skilled musician in the reign of James II. He had a rare mind and was an accomplished scholar, which gave him a high place among men. Besides this, he was heir to large wealth, and lived the life of a gay knight in the king's court before he became an ardent missionary.

He was thirty-two when the great change came, and his conversion seems to have been very much like that of Saul of Tarsus. It was in the city of Palma that the young man's whole life and aims were altered. At once he sold his property and gave all to the poor, except enough to support his wife and children in a simple way. Before long, he made up his mind to attack Mohammedanism or Islam, as it was called, not with the sword of steel but with the sword of Truth. He put on the dress of a beggar and went about among the churches of his native island, asking help for his work. In this, the thirteenth century, Islam had the greatest power in the world, and claimed more political influence and greater advances in science and poetry, than any of the nations. Against this mighty power Raymund Lull meant to lead the attack, using the Aveapons of love and learning only, not the force and fanaticism of the Crusades.

To accomplish his aim he began a thorough study of Arabic, the language of a large part of the oriental world. He also spent much time in meditation. He was about forty years old before he was ready to enter upon the life-work that he had planned as author and missionary, for he began to be a great writer. One of the first things he did at this time was to persuade King James II of Aragon to found and endow a monastery, where men should be taught the Arabic language,

and should learn how to meet the Mohammedans in discussion, with learning equal to their own. Thirteen students were soon enrolled in this training school.

But Raymund Lull was not content. He longed for world-wide missions. He had spent some years in getting ready himself, and in helping the work at home. Now, at fifty-five, he decided to go alone to preach Christ in northern Africa. When he got to Tunis, he gave out the word widely that he was ready to debate with the Mohammedans, for he had studied both sides, and would answer whatever might be said. This was a great debate. The missionary proved the Truth, and some believed. But others were angry, and the missionary was thrown into prison, narrowly escaping death.

After great persecutions he got away to Europe, but he made other missionary journeys, and, fifteen years after his banishment, was again on the shores of northern Africa, in the stronghold of Mohammedanism. At the age of sixty-five he journeyed through Cyprus, Syria, and other countries on his missionary work. Returning to northern Africa he stood up in a public place and proclaimed the Truth, in Arabic, in the boldest way. Again he was imprisoned, but some merchants took pity on him, and finally he escaped with sentence of banishment. He was told that if he ever came back he should die. He could not stay away, and came back in 1314, quietly teaching, and praying with converts, till his fiery zeal led him again to the market-place to preach to those who had persecuted him. He was seized and dragged out of town where he was stoned to death, a brave martyr for Christ, eighty years old.

He wrote one hundred and eighty books, established missionary colleges, and gave his life for the Cause.

Rembrandt Van Ryn

1606-1669 (Holland)

But what of the man who could not paint smiles, whose faces are often grave, or lit with eager intelligence, who set himself with zeal to master deeper human expressions—Rembrandt van Ryn?

One day the miller who lived on the ramparts overlooking the Rhine in the pleasant city of Leyden, walked abroad with a beaming face. A son had arrived at his house, little Rembrandt van Ryn. Rembrandt had, from the first, an eye for the picturesque. As he grew to be a lad, he would stand, with his fancy all alive, watching the slow-moving barges gliding along the canals, the windmills never at rest, and the play of light and shadows over the flat green meadows. He liked to paint, but he cared not a straw for his other studies, and so one day his father placed him in the workshop of an artist. Beggars and every quaint figure he met, the boy put down in color, but most of all what was it he loved? He loved to study light and shade. A bonfire, with the figures nearest in vivid light, arresting instant attention, and all the rest of the world in dark mysterious shadow — that was a scene which delighted the boyish heart of Rembrandt.

By-and-by his work attracted attention. He went to Amsterdam, most elegant of Dutch cities, lordly Venice of the North, with her handsome shaded canals, and her brilliant flower market, and her stately burgher palaces built on myriad piles. And there came to him a stream of people wishing to sit

for their portraits. Soon his workshop was a beehive, with scores of eager young pupils each busy in his own little cell, dressing up in the studio costumes to pose for one another, or studying the expressive faces of his dear old father and mother. And Gerard Dou and Nicholas Maes and others the world was to know were among his youthful pupils.

Then the handsome Rembrandt married a beautiful Frisian maiden, Saskia Van Ulenburgh, who brought him a little fortune. She was a daughter of the Burgomaster of Leeuwarden who was said to have dined with William the Silent on the very day he was shot by a murderer's hand in his princely palace at Delft.

Rembrandt loved Saskia dearly and she became at once the center of his life. He painted her portrait in a score of different ways, as women out of the Bible, as Bathseba or Samson's wife, or simply as herself. He dressed her up in silks and satins and pearls, and how proud he was of her hair, her long, flowing locks of gold. Nor did he neglect to paint himself, himself in jaunty fashion, with a feather in his hat. Ah, those were happy days! Florins he earned in plenty, but they went through his hands like a sieve. He spent them as fast as they came. For him they seemed to have wings.

Now the street on which Rembrandt lived was in the Jewish quarter. It swarmed with Dutch and Portuguese Jews in turbans and picturesque clothes of vivid and varied colors. Many a Jewish rabbi sat for him, as a model, and he painted the figures in his great Bible pictures wearing just the clothes which he saw on the Jews of his day, as he studied them from his window.

His home was a show place in Amsterdam. If a stranger wished to see something fine, he must visit the house of Rembrandt. There were pictures and antiques, coins and porcelains, ivories, bronzes, native East Indian dresses, weapons and musical instruments, a colorful mixture of objects of art, brought from all the ends of the earth; for those were the days

when Dutch fleets were sailing all over the world, laying the foundation of Holland's great colonial empire, to New Amsterdam in America, to Java, Japan, and China, whence they brought home an endless array of rare and beautiful things.

Aye, those were great days for Amsterdam, days when she shone because of her painters, her merchants and her sailors, and, likewise, because of her poets. On the broad steps that led from the house of Jan Six, truest and sincerest of Rembrandt's friends and patrons, was often to be seen Joost van den Vondel, a stocking merchant by trade, but, by right of genius, the greatest of all Dutch poets. Over at the home of the poet, Roemer Visscher, which was graced by the presence of his two lovely daughters, Anna and Tesselschade, there gathered a group of notable guests — Vondel, and Hooft, and their friend. Sir Constantyn Huygens, Secretary to the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry. In Roemer Visscher's garden, with Anna and Tesselschade, Vondel forgot his stockings and told his two pretty listeners of Saartje, his little daughter, who raced and played by Amsterdam's still canals, beneath the quiet trees.

My little Saattje, lively, gay and good.
Was the joy of the neighborhood:
Ah, how she skipped the jump-rope with light feet.
Or sang a song so sweet;
Or with the others came,
Circling in a game,
Or, followed by a merry, noisy troop,
Drove the jingling hoop;
Or in the swing, with gayest laughter, swayed.
Or with her dollie played;
Foreshadowing later joys,
That take the place of toys;
Or with jackstone and ball, must needs obey

The childhood law of play.
And tossed and caught the dancing ivory round,
Picked up the jackstones from the ground;
Nor would have given these pleasures
In exchange for treasures.

And when Vondel had finished entertaining the ladies with his graceful, beautiful lines, Huygens, that clever fellow, was there to set them laughing with some witty verse of this sort:

I saw thieves leave my house with sacks and packs last night;
I followed and addressed them in manner most polite.
I said: "Good sirs, beg pardon! My boldness pray forgive;
But since you're so kind as to move me, please show me where I'm to live!"

It was Huygens who saw to it that the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry, paid his bills to Rembrandt if he now and then ordered a picture.

In 1642 Rembrandt's pleasant years came to an end. His beloved Saskia died, leaving a little son, Titus. Then Rembrandt's light seemed to go out. He grew moody and stern and sad. In that very same year he painted a huge picture called The Night Watch, or the Sortie of the Banning Cock Company of Civic Guards. There were twenty-nine lifesize figures, issuing pell-mell from a club house, all animation and bustle. You can almost hear the beat of the drums, the barking of the dog. The strong light picks out the figure of a lieutenant in a citron-yellow uniform with a blue sash, the captain in black velvet with a scarlet sash, a musketeer in red, and a little girl in yellow. The others are in shade, the deep shade that Rembrandt so loved to paint.

This picture, one of the greatest that was ever to come from Rembrandt's ready brush, succeeded in his time, only in

arousing against him a storm of indignation. He had got himself into trouble at last with his love of light and shade.

"Why should the fellow put me in the shadows where no one can see me?" indignantly cried one and then another of those worthy officers whose faces could scarcely be seen. "We all paid the same to be painted — save that little girl who paid not a penny. And he has dared to put her in the light in the center of the picture!"

But Rembrandt cared all too little. He was an independent fellow. He painted as he liked, and Saskia was no longer here — he did not care, as he had before, for either praise or money. If the world did not like his paintings, so much the worse for the world. He went his own way, and painted as he chose, a giant of a fellow, with strength in every line.

But the world began to forget him and turn to more popular painters. Day by day, he lost favor, his income fell away. Soon he grew so poor that he had to sell his beautiful house. He was stripped of everything he possessed. There did not even remain to him a bit of table linen. And few of his friends stood by him, save the honest Jan Six, who helped and employed him through all his dark days of trouble.

In spite of appearances, nevertheless, no real failure was here, for Rembrandt worked quietly on amid the ruin of his affairs, calmly conceiving and painting still more beautiful pictures. And today men speak of him lovingly as the greatest painter of Holland.

Robert Moffat
Missionary to South Africa
(1817 – 1870 A.D.)

Is it not wonderful to think of doing one thing for over fifty-three years? That was keeping at it faithfully, indeed. Robert Moffat was a hero-missionary in South Africa for as long a time as this, and never once said he was tired of it and would give it up.

This brave missionary came into the world December 21, 1795, in a little town in Scotland. His parents were poor in this world's goods, but rich in having seven children, and they were sturdy, honest, good people.

When the little Robert began to go to school he had no text-book but the Westminster Shorter Catechism, with the alphabet on the title-page. He did not care very much about study, and the master sometimes tried to help him with his rod. When he grew older, he longed for "a life on the ocean wave" and ran away to sea. He had some hard times, and several narrow escapes, which made him glad to give up a sailor's life. He then at tended a school which pleased him better than the first one, and studied bookkeeping, astronomy, geography, and mathematics. It was well that he gave his mind to these studies then, for in six months his school days ended. At fourteen the boy became self-supporting, being set to learn gardening.

Robert's mother, good, earnest Christian Scotch-woman that she was, did a great deal for her son. She was very much

interested in missions, and it was from her lips that he first heard about the heathen, and the work of helping them. The mother talked cheerfully and wisely to her children, as they sat about the fire in the evenings, all knitting busily. The boys as well as the girls used to knit in those days. What do you think of that? Certainly it was a useful thing to do.

The gardener, to whom Robert was apprenticed, was a hard master, and it was then, when it was so hard to get, that the boy began to long for a better education. He joined an evening class and began to study Latin and geometry. He also learned to use blacksmith's tools at this time, and how to play on the violin. His music was a great comfort to him long afterwards, and everything he learned was of use to him as a missionary. At sixteen he went to England. His mother asked him to promise to read the Bible every day. He gave his word and kept it. In England Robert the gardener found a good place, and his master, seeing that he was anxious to learn, encouraged and helped him to study. Not long after beginning the life in England, the young man was invited to some special meetings and gave his heart to the Saviour. He was so happy that he wanted to tell everybody, and then an intense longing came into his heart to carry the news to the heathen. But he was not yet fitted to be a missionary and the London Missionary Society refused to send him. But one of the officers became interested in him, and advised him to come to Manchester, and study under his care. A Mr. Smith, who was much interested in missions, gave the young man a place in his nursery garden. It was a very good place, and more than that, gave him a chance to know Miss Mary Smith, who afterwards became his devoted and helpful wife.

By and by Mr. Moffat was accepted by the Missionary Society and began to prepare for his life as a missionary. "When the time came, he had to go alone to Africa, as Miss Mary Smith's parents felt that they could not give up their bright young daughter, though she was willing to go as the

missionary's bride to the dark land so far away. Mr. Moffat set forth on his lonely way. Arrived in Africa, he had all sorts of trials and dreadful experiences for more than a year before he reached the station in Namaqualand, known as Afrikaner's Kraal, north of the Orange River. Afrikaner had been a fierce and cruel chief, but some missionaries had led him to Christ. He now welcomed Mr. Moffat and said he must stay. He bade the women bring materials for a kraal, or house of poles and mats, plastered with mud, and shaped a little like a beehive. In half an hour the kraal was finished, and the missionary lived in it six months, though it was not very comfortable to have the hungry dogs running in and out, and snakes dropping down at any time.

One of the first things Mr. Moffat taught the people was to wash themselves and put on decent clothing, while he told them of Jesus who would take away their sins. The chief gave him two cows which saved him often from going hungry to bed, as his salary was not quite $120.00 a year and how could he get everything needful with that sum?

After two years and a half, Miss Smith's parents consented to her going to Africa, and after a long voyage of several months she arrived, and was married to the good missionary. The two opened many stations, and did their work under the greatest difficulties that you can imagine. It was very hard to learn the language, for it was not written and there were no books. The interpreters took pleasure in telling them the wrong words, which made it harder. At last Mr. Moffat was able to write a spelling book and have it printed in England, afterwards writing a catechism, and translating parts of the Bible. Nine years passed before there were any great signs of success, but then there was a wonderful awakening among the Africans, and a new church had to be built to hold the converts, while the sound of praise and prayer came from many homes. After twenty-three years of service, Mr. Moffat took his wife and returned home for a visit. After telling his story,

and receiving great honours, he went back with Mrs. Moffat to the work they both loved. After thirty years more, they returned to England. The next year Mrs. Moffat died, and twelve years later, aged eighty-seven, the husband followed. He who once said, "I have sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been," went to many of them with the true light that still shines.

Robert Morrison
The Founder of Protestant Missions in China
(1807 – 1884 A.D.)

Would you like to make the acquaintance of a little Scottish lad of long ago? There is good reason for it, you may be sure, for he turned out to be one of our heroes, brave, persevering, and still unforgotten. This son of Scotch parents was not born in Scotland, but in England, and his people were humble folk, of the name of Morrison, who were glad to welcome their son Robert at his birth, January 11, 1782. That his parents were neither rich nor great made no difference in their son's wishing to do things, nor in his really doing them, but he had to work harder and longer to accomplish them, which did him no harm.

The boy had to begin daily labour early, and was apprenticed to a master who taught him how to make lasts. Robert had no notion, even then, of making this the work of his life; but we believe that he did not shirk his task, though the story goes that he studied while at work. Many have done that, and without slighting their duties. When he was fifteen, Robert's better life began, for then he became a Christian, and united with the Scotch Church. At nineteen he began the study of Latin, Hebrew, and theology, a minister in Newcastle being his teacher. After fourteen months' preparation, he entered what was called a theological academy, to prepare for the ministry. He did not stop with this. His "long, long thoughts" went further, and he decided to become a missionary.

He carried out his purpose and his wish was granted, for in 1804, when he was but twenty-two, he was appointed the first missionary of the London Missionary Society to China. It was this that gave him the claim to be called The Founder of Protestant Missions in China. Don't you think it an honourable title? But although Robert Morrison did a number of "first things," it was not for sake of standing first himself. There were some things that came first, before the young missionary could begin his mission. He went to the missionary college at Gosport, and took two years' training for his work, studying Chinese, among other things. Three years after his appointment the young man sailed for China. But he was not able to go directly there from England. Some difficulties connected with the opium traffic prevented, and he had to go to New York first. It was a long and tiresome journey by this roundabout way. He left London the last day of January, 1 807, and it was September before he arrived in Canton. Here Mr. Morrison assumed the Chinese dress, diet, and habits. He thought it would be economical, and also acceptable to the Chinese, but before long it proved to be neither. It was not good for his health to live on Chinese food altogether, and the Chinese dress was not suitable. It was not pleasing to the Chinese. Of course they knew that he was a foreigner, and it must have seemed like "pretending" for him to dress as they did. Very sensibly, Mr. Morrison returned to his own ways.

About this time the Chinese Government issued an edict forbidding the preaching of the Jesus Religion, and the printing of Christian books. The new missionary therefore wisely set himself about the translation of the Bible, in connection with the continued study of Chinese. His health had suffered from hard study and privations, and besides, it was not safe for him to stay in the empire, and he went to Macao for a year. After this his opportunity came to go back, for he was appointed translator for the East India Company's factory, and this made it safe for him to live in China permanently,

with a chance to reach some of the people, and go on with Bible translation.

Mr. Morrison kept this office for twenty-five years, and found time for his Bible-work, also his great Chinese dictionary and other books. His revision of the Book of Acts was the first Scripture portion printed in Chinese by any Protestant missionary. Early in 1814 the whole New Testament was ready. Think what a great work it was How long do you suppose it was before the first Chinese convert was won? Seven years. He had to have "long patience," you see, but he did not give up. With all his missionary work, Dr. Morrison, as he was made about this time, went on with translating the Bible, a grammar, and other works. Finally the entire Bible was printed, the Old Testament alone making twenty-one volumes. The hardest work of all was the dictionary. It cost fifteen thousand pounds to print it, but Dr. Morrison's part was never reckoned in money. Instead of an alphabet, such as we have, the Chinese make a character stand for a word, and there are over 40,000 characters. A man can get along pretty comfortably with only 10,000, but really ought to know 25,000. There are seven different tones or ways of sounding, and one tone may mean a verb and another a noun. The different tones are sometimes shown by marks. But it is a hard language.

Dr. Morrison took no vacation for seventeen years. Then he went home for two years. He had an audience with George IV, and presented him with a Chinese Bible. He was received with distinction everywhere. Then he went back to the field and died, August 1, 1884 after twenty-five years of heroic service.

Roll-Call of Living Heroes

Do you think for one instant that the heroic souls, ready to do and dare everything with dauntless courage, have all passed away, having finished their work? You cannot think so, for you know better. "The workman dies, but the work goes on," because God has always a worker ready to take it up and carry it on. There are thousands of intrepid missionaries, at home and abroad, to answer to a roll-call of living heroes.

The list of the heroes of the past is very long and we need to know the names and deeds of those who toiled in the beginning, and laid foundations. That is the reason that in the study of missions we begin with those who have gone before. The Lord Christ says to those now upon the field, "Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours." We ought to know the whole story, and put it together in the right way. This is one good reason for making a long list of names that belong to the past. Another is that, for the present, every one of us has a chance to see for ourselves what the heroes are doing in the world. History is in the making, and we can watch the process. The more we know of the beginnings, the more will we care to watch the progress of things. Every wide-awake young person will care to do this. One who does not "care" in these days, must surely be asleep, and would better wake up at once, for fear of missing the splendid things that are going by, and going on.

In order to suggest the looking up of those whose acquaintance we ought to make in the present, suppose we call

the names of a very few of the living, now in easy reach. And then — since a large library would not hold them, suppose every reader takes pains to add to the list for private use. What a superb thing it will be, in the end. The search itself will be stimulating, and very easy, too. If you give ever so *little* attention to the matter, you simply cannot help seeing and hearing something about present-day heroes and heroines, and the more you give, the more worth while and thrilling it will grow to be.

To make a beginning, let us take the name of

William Duncan
"The Hero of Metlakahtla"

Think of the young travelling salesman in London, giving up his excellent position to go to preach Christ to the Indians of British Columbia. He spent months in reaching Alaska; he repeated his first sermon nine times in one day; he founded a Christian Temperance village in Alaska; he was followed by hundreds of Indians to the settlement of Metlakahtla, and then to Annette Island, all of whom signed a covenant not to drink, swear, break the Sabbath, cheat, lie ^ or do any such unchristian thing. Everybody goes to church in Mr. Duncan's colony.

Rev. Charles Cook
Missionary to the Pima Indians

This is another living hero, who, in 1870, hearing from an army officer the sad condition of the Pimas, gave up his German church in Chicago, and, without money enough for the whole journey, or any pledged support, set out to help the poor Indians. He took a Bible, a rifle, a small melodeon, and some cooking utensils with him, and for a long time was self-supporting. Now the largest church in Sacaton is that of the

Pimas, with over five hundred members, and it is one of seven or more, gathered by Mr. Cook.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell
"The Hero of Labrador"

This missionary doctor has a parish of over 2,000 miles of storm-swept coast along the Northern Atlantic. He goes his rounds among his fisher-folk by boat and dog- train, according to the season; and, no matter what the storm or peril by land or sea, he answers each call of distress, at any cost. He "goes about doing good," as his Master did, and with an abounding joy in the work that is contagious. He has been decorated by his appreciative English Government.

Bishop Rowe
Diocese of Alaska, Protestant Episcopal Church

"From Ketchikan in the South, to St. John's in the Wilderness, beyond the Arctic Circle, the good Bishop has set a chain of twenty mission stations, including hospitals and reading rooms." His work means perilous mountain climbing, ice-baths at unexpected times and places, long runs on snow-shoes, ahead of his dog-sledge, and many a night in a hollowed-out snow-bed, under the stars and flaming Northern Lights.

Saida
The Man Who Saved the Map
Around 1900's (Asia-India)

Saida was a humble coolie who became the hero, for at least one evening, of the Royal Geographical Society.

A British expedition was exploring Seistan, once a prosperous country with fair cities, but now for the most part a barren tract lying between Baluchistan and Afghanistan.

And adventurous member of the expedition, an Indian officer, Khan Bahadur Shekh Mohiuddin, decided to cross the Plain of Death.

This Plain of Death is the high plateau in the south-east of Seistan on the threshold of the Afghan mountains, and a deep wedge has been driven through it by the terrible gale which sweeps over a hundred miles of Seistan from May to September. Nothing lives in this wilderness but a few tamarisks, which grow in two deep depressions at the western end of the plain. In these depressions water gathers during the winter rains, and so the hardy trees live where all else is gravel, rock, and sand.

Mohiuddin had found the aqueduct which used to supply the cities of the plain with water. Standing beside it he must have had wonderful visions of the Plain of Death as it was long ago, with its fine cities and gardens. Now nothing was left but the aqueduct and the Place of Tamarisks. He could see it in the distance, and his guides told him that there would be water in the depressions, for last winter's rains had been

unusually heavy.

In spite of the risk involved, for it was in the month of June, when the gales are at their height, Mohiuddin decided to cross the dangerous plain.

The little train of men and camels reached the Place of Tamarisks only to find that the water was unfit to drink Mohiuddin was advised to turn back to the river behind them; but he refused. He had said that he would cross the Plain of Death, and he would do it, although there were 55 miles of wilderness between him and a stream of water.

They pushed on in faint moonlight, and lost their way. Next day the guides wanted to go on, in spite of the heat, for they felt that every hour was precious. But Mohiuddin determined to wait for the cool of the evening, and two of the guides rode away.

At nightfall Mohiuddin, one guide, and some coolies loaded up the baggage camels and set off. They struggled on, growing wearier and more thirsty every hour. At daybreak Mohiuddin could go no farther. He asked his men to dig for water. They obeyed, but there was no water, only damp sand. And when they turned to tell him he was dead.

The baggage camels had wandered off while they were digging. Some of the men could no longer stand, but four were able to push on.

Suddenly one of the coolies named Saida declared he was going back for Mohiuddin's map. He knew Mohiuddin prized the map so much that he had died to make it, and Saida did not wish his master's death to be in vain.

The other coolies called him a fool, for there was no time to waste, and each man needed every ounce of his strength to reach safety. Saida knew that, but nevertheless he went back.

He survived alone of all the expedition, and he, too, would have died like the rest but for some shepherds who found him lying senseless on the brink of a stream. He had fainted as he stooped to drink.

Sir Henry McMahon, leader of the expedition, told the heroic tale to the Royal Geographical Society in London.

Many are the men who have died as explorers, but none perhaps have risked their lives more bravely without thought of fame or reward than this humble coolie in his resolve, at all costs, to save his master's precious map.

Sam Pollard
He Gave a Tribe the Bible
Died 1915 (Asia-China)

He gave the Miao folk a language and a Bible! Miao is the name of an interesting tribe who live chiefly on the hills in South-West China.

They are not Chinese, they own no territory, and are shy and timid, living in out-of-the-way places. Their occupations are hunting and agriculture.

Our knowledge of them comes from their English friend, Sam Pollard. He took their part, and gave his life to the task of teaching them about God and human life.

He died in 1915, after he had given more than ten years of his life to his new friends. They said: "He is ours, let us bury him; we will arrange for coffin, bearers, grave, and tombstone, for we loved him more than our fathers, and he was ever kind to us." Away to the hilltop they marched, through the maize fields, 1200 of them, 400 being scholars from the school he had founded. One of the oldest men in the tribe said a few words by the graveside; and there, among the sapling oaks, surrounded by Miao graves, this brave Englishman lies.

Every boy and girl will remember the story of the Venerable Bede, who struggled, as he was dying, to finish his English translation of St John's Gospel, and, when the last sentence was written, sang "Glory to God," and died.

Even so, Sam Pollard deeply longed to finish his translation of the New Testament into the language of the Miao,

and around him, as around Bede, the native teachers sat, counting the chapters and then the verses yet to be dictated. And he finished it as he longed to do.

He had had to invent written characters, as the Miao had none. He made certain signs for each sound. Then he had to fit the beautiful stories and parables into the life of the Miao. There is a parable about a treasure hidden in a field. Now, these simple folk do not know what it is to find a treasure like that, but if a Miao were out and saw a musk deer anywhere he would leave all and go off to capture it. And this was exactly what the parable meant; and so the musk deer went into the parable.

When the translator reached the familiar words "Thy kingdom come," he had another difficulty. The Miao never remembered a kingdom. They had never had a king, so that they were taught to pray "Thy heavenly home come," which seems a beautiful thought.

It was a great thing to do for these ignorant hillsmen, to enable them to read the most beautiful book in the world in the language of their own land.

They have schools now in that hill country far in the heart of China, and there are thousands of tribesmen whose most precious memory will be of the man "who travelled up and down their mountains to bring love and learning and healing to them."

Samuel Crowther

The Slave-Boy Who Became a Bishop

(Missionary and Bishop from 1864 to 1891 A.D.)

If you could have looked down upon the shore of Africa, in the Yoruba country, long ago, you might have seen a black boy playing about. If you had watched, you might have seen him suddenly seized by strangers who landed from a ship, and carried off to be pushed cruelly into the hold of a Portuguese slaver. You have heard, perhaps, that long ago such wicked deeds were done, and money was made by seizing and selling as slaves the poor, helpless Africans.

Following this boy you might have seen that he was wretched enough, till, by a kind Providence, he was rescued and set free. He was taken to Sierra Leone, and one of the very first things he did was to beg a half-penny to buy an alphabet card for himself, so anxious was he to learn to read. He was such a bright boy, that in six months he learned to read, and in five years entered college, where, not long after, he was made a tutor. Could an American boy do much better?

The most important event of the boy's life was his becoming a Christian and giving himself to Christian service. Time went on, and from being a tutor, Samuel Crowther became a minister, and then, in 1864, was made a bishop. He was the first black bishop of modern times in Africa. He planted mission stations all along the banks of the Niger River. He had wonderful wisdom and tact in dealing with different people, and won their confidence in a remarkable way.

This man had also great ability. He was quite a discoverer, and was given a gold watch by the Royal Geographical Society as a reward for his travels and researches. He assisted in translating a part of the Bible and a part of the prayer-book into the language of Yoruba. Although he had learning and honour, he was one of the humblest of men. His humility increased as others appreciated him more.

One of the most intense longings of the good man's heart was to find his mother from whom he was torn as a boy, and tell her about Jesus. He could not hear anything about her, nor find her in any way.

But one day a most wonderful thing happened, although it was not too hard for God to do. A woman came to be baptized, and the Bishop examined her to see if she understood, and was ready for baptism. He found that she was indeed a Christian, but he also found that she was his own mother. It was hard to tell which of the two was more joyful, as the Bishop baptized his mother and received her into the church. He called her "Hannah, the mother of Samuel."

In 1891 this first black bishop, with his white soul, entered into rest.

His life and labours were wonderful, and his memory still blooms, like a white flower in the dark soil of Africa, the land he loved.

Samuel Marsden

He Took the Good News to New Zealand

1764 – 1838 (South Seas-New Zealand)

We could not tell the story of our great Southern Dominions without remembering Samuel Marsden, who arrived in New South Wales as the 18th century was closing, and was chaplain there in the very early days. This noble Yorkshireman, before he died in 1838, saw a new age begin in Australia and New Zealand.

In the 18th century the Maoris held possession of New Zealand. One of them had been to England to interview the King, and was returning home disappointed; but on the ship he found a friend in Marsden, who was returning to Sydney after a visit home, Ruatara, this Maori, did not forget his friend, and through him as interpreter Marsden was to preach the first sermon ever heard in New Zealand.

A visit to that land in those days was not altogether safe. In 1809 the ship Boyd had been wrecked and every man on board had been slain and eaten. Some said these Maoris should be killed, but Marsden had a better way. He bought the brig Active, and he and three men of the Church Missionary Society, with their wives and children, six mechanics from New South Wales, some Maori chiefs, and a scratch crew of ten nationalities, left Port Jackson. The voyage took no less than three weeks. When he landed Marsden had first to reconcile two tribes and make peace among them. When this was done the islanders crowded round to see the

new cattle and horses Marsden had brought with him. Marsden and his white friends slept at night with the islanders near them, their spears stuck upright in the ground. No harm befell them. In the morning Ruatara made preparations for a service.

The chiefs, Ruatara, Koro-Koro, and Shunghee, were dressed in regimentals given to them by Governor Macquarie of Sydney. Each had a sword by his side and a switch in his hand with which he marshalled the Maoris to their places as the historic service began. This is what Marsden said of what happened then:

I rose up and began by singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, and felt my very soul melt within me when I viewed my congregation and considered the state they were in.

After reading the service (during which the natives stood up and sat down at the signal given by the motion of Koro-Koro's switch), it being Christmas Day, I preached from Luke: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." When I had done preaching Ruatara informed them what I had said.

There is an inscription on the Marsden Cross in the Bay of Islands to recall that Christmas Day of 1814 when good tidings of great joy reached the Maoris.

Samuel J. Mills
The Missionary Who Never Beached His Field
(Died in 1818 A.D.)

Perhaps you know that near Williams College, Williamstown, there is, this very day, a monument in the shape of a haystack, as a reminder of what took place once upon a time, under a real haystack, on this spot. Very early in the nineteenth century, somewhere about 1809-10, there were four young men in Williams College who used to meet together in a grove for prayer and conference. One day a heavy shower forced them to find better shelter than the trees afforded, and they took refuge under a haystack in a field near by. They were earnestly talking on this day about sending the Good News to the faraway heathen, and in the shelter of that haystack they pledged themselves to go as foreign missionaries as soon as the way should open. The best known of these four students was Samuel J. Mills, born in Massachusetts, in the town of Tolland, and now about twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

At this time, Mr. Mills, with the other three, came to Andover to enter the theological seminary there. Here they met young Adoniram Judson, who was just then looking for some way to be sent to the foreign field. But there was no Society or Board ready to send anybody to heathen lands. There was the Massachusetts Missionary Society, which was founded in 1799, but its work was limited to the North American Indians, and it could do nothing for these young

men who wished to go to India, Burma, and Africa. At last, after talking over matters, and asking advice of others, besides making it a subject of earnest prayer, a paper was drawn up, telling their wishes, and asking support, direction and prayers from the ministers who were gathered at the time in what was called The General Association.

At first there were six names signed to this document, but, for fear the ministers might be alarmed at the thought of providing for so many, two names were taken off, one of them being that of young Mr. Judson. The assembled ministers adopted a set of resolutions in their meeting, which finally led to the organization of a new Society, or Board, called The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which, in due time, set apart the young ministers to be missionaries to go to far-off heathen lands.

Samuel J. Mills, who was the son of a minister, now began to look forward to a work in foreign countries, such as his heart had long been set upon. But after his graduation day, there seemed to be a great deal for him to do first in the homeland. He had been one of those whose petition had been, in part, the means of organizing a new Society to send out missionaries. Now he helped to start the Bible Society, which was as important as any Mission Board. Unless there were Bibles to take, and in the language of the heathen, how could messengers take them to those who had never heard the Word? So the Bible Society was formed.

The work of Home Missions used to be called Domestic Missions, and every one knew that this must be carried on too, and Mr. Mills did much to help in the work at home. Then he helped to organize another Foreign Mission Board called The United Foreign Missionary Society. Next came the African School, under the care of the Synod of New York and New Jersey, and Mr. Mills had his share in planning this work for the coloured people. The American Colonization Society, which planned to send out colonies to other lands, now chose

Mr. Mills to go as their messenger to Africa, and to choose a good place to send a colony, or company of negroes from America, to live in a land from which the first black people came. Mr. Mills had been a helper in getting this Society started, and now, at last, he was to go to the foreign field himself, and, in this way, make a beginning in missionary work.

Joyfully he set sail in a ship, but before he could carry out his mission, he was taken ill with fever. He was not very strong and the dread disease ran its course. The young missionary-to-be died on shipboard, in strange waters, on the 16th of June, 1818. He was only thirty-five years old, and had not been able to carry out the great wish of his life; but, after all, he did much for the heathen world in the organization of the societies that carried on the work he loved, and longed to share. Besides, this young missionary-to-be was so good — so earnest, loving, faithful, and enthusiastic, that others caught his interest in missions. Even to-day, when over ninety years have passed since his life's service ended on that ship in far-off seas, people are better for knowing the life, and hearing the story, of Samuel J. Mills, remembered still for the work he did.

Sheldon Jackson
Pathfinder and Prospector in the Rocky Mountains and Apostle to Alaska
(1858 – 1909 A.D.)

A man must needs be a hero to be worthy of such a long title as that. Do you not agree? But you will think that he earned it, if you will try to count up half the things that he did, and endured, in over fifty years of home missionary work, and in nearly a million miles of travel, filled with the wildest adventures and escapes imaginable. Indeed, you could not imagine them if you tried, and therefore you must hear about them.

The baby who was to become such a wonderful travelling missionary, saw the light in the little village of Minaville, in the Mohawk Valley, New York State, May 18, 1834. His mother's maiden name being joined to his father's, he became Sheldon Jackson. He had two narrow escapes as an infant, once being saved from rolling into the big fireplace with logs ablaze, and once being carried from the house which was ablaze.

While Sheldon was still a baby, the father, Mr. Jackson, removed, with his wife and child, to Esperance, ten miles from Minaville, between Albany and Buffalo. Here, when the little boy was about four, the parents united with the Presbyterian Church, and afterwards dedicated the child to God in baptism, and, in their own hearts, consecrated him to the ministry. The boy himself grew up with no other thought in his mind, and while he was a "genuine boy" and had fun as other

boys did, the expectation of being a minister, kept him from some boyish follies that he would have been sorry for afterwards. He said so himself, and thankfully, too. Very early the thought of being a minister was joined, in the boy's mind, with the hope of becoming a missionary.

When he was six, his father's health caused him to give up his business and move to a farm in Florida County, where the son grew up in a "house of plenty," and a happy home, giving most of his time to study, but helping with the chores. For eighteen years the family kept up membership in the Esperance church, and week by week, drove to service over a rough and hilly road, often blocked with snow in winter for weeks at a time. With breakfast over at daylight in winter, the start was made, the buffalo robes, ax, shovel, lunch basket and all, packed in, with hot soapstones and thick oak planks. Lunch was eaten at noon, but the family did not get home on short days till dark,, Sometimes they were upset in the drifts, but they always got out somehow, and nobody minded. From his early childhood the boy Sheldon was familiar with stories of the Indian wars in the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys of New York; and the fascinating histories of David Brainerd, and David Zeisberger, and their Indian work, charmed him. Besides these, he had Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Washington Irving's works, and some of Walter Scott's stories to read. He enjoyed these very much, and early began to dream dreams of the great world outside, and to see visions of what was to be done, while wondering what his part would be.

At fifteen, the boy went to an academy at Glen Falls, N. Y., and afterwards to Union College, Schenectady, where he was "a conscientious student and a delightful companion." At nineteen, the young man was received into the church, and three months later, largely through his influence, his only sister took her stand with him. At this time seemed to begin that great longing to help others and win them for his Master, which became his passion by and by.

This hero in the making, who was afterwards to brave perils by land and sea and snow, was far from being an athlete, and was never trained in what is called "the manly art of self-defense." As a lad he was slender, physically small, often suffered in health, and was troubled with weak eyes. He was naturally averse to "rough and tumble" exercise, and his fitness for the mastery in dealing with Indians, with roughs in mining camps, and the frontiers far and near, did not depend upon physical prowess. In the fortieth year of his unique missionary work, somebody described Dr. Jackson as "short, bewhiskered, and spectacled, but by *inside* measurement a giant." Anybody who tried to combat him, found him a "giant inside," but with a heart tender as a woman's. He never knew what it was to give up when he knew he was right, and wanted to win his way.

One time at a meeting the one in charge thought that a great giant of a Tennessean near, was Dr. Jackson who was about to speak, and introduced him as "My stalwart friend from the Rockies." When the little doctor appeared almost everybody laughed, and so did he, saying, "If I had been more stalwart in height I could not have slept so many nights on the four-and-a-half-foot seat of a Rocky Mountain stage." Maybe it was his capacity for doubling up, that made a stage-driver say of him once, "He was the hardiest and handiest traveller I ever was acquainted with."

Four days before his twenty-third birthday, the student was licensed to preach, and for a few months served for the American Systematic Benevolence Society. But his heart was set on foreign missions, and he offered himself to the Board, hoping to be sent to Syria or Siam, or to South America. But the examining doctor said that his health would not allow him to go. "They thought I was not strong," he said himself, "but I had an iron constitution, with the exception of dyspepsia." Some folk would have thought dyspepsia a big enough exception to excuse a man from frontier work, but not so Sheldon

Jackson. Later, a friend wrote of him, "Compared with what he has done, work in Siam would have been 'flowery beds of ease.' He can endure more hardship, travel, exposure, and hard work this minute, than half the college football players, and looks ten years younger than his sixty-four years." This is getting ahead of our story, but you won't mind. It seems to come in here, with the refusal to send the young man to the foreign field.

Work among the Indians, in Indian Territory, was the first that offered after the seminary course at Princeton was finished, and the young minister was ordained. On his twenty-fourth birthday he was married, and, on the wedding journey, the bridal pair met the rest of the Jackson family at Niagara Falls, on their way to Galesburg, Illinois, a new college town that had grown up on the prairie, and was then "just twenty-one."

The work among the Choctaws, and representatives of other tribes, was very arduous, and Mrs. Jackson, besides helping in many ways, substituting for teachers, keeping the house, and so on, found her hands full and her time, too, with "keeping the little Indians in repair."

Serious illnesses, and other circumstances, convinced Mr. Jackson that he should undertake more varied work, and in due time he was commissioned to a parish 13,000 miles square, being given oversight, as a home missionary, of Minnesota, and Wisconsin almost wholly, with nineteen preaching-places in Minnesota alone, a hundred miles apart. A salary of three hundred dollars was his recompense for all this labour, "in journeyings oft," averaging for one quarter, thirteen and one-half miles a day, horseback or afoot. His escapes from freezing, in fierce blizzards and huge snow-drifts, would make a chapter by themselves at this time. But he did not freeze — save fingers and toes, or perhaps his nose, and he thawed out, and went on with this pioneer work.

We can't follow this active man step by step, but shall

have to take flying leaps. We next find him engaged in a larger field, and more general work. It began in Iowa, and, before it was fully planned, came the Hilltop Prayer-meeting, which ought to be remembered as a companion to the Haystack Prayer-meeting long before. Mr. Jackson and two minister-friends, went up to the top of a very high bluff called Prospect Hill, on the edge of Sioux City, Iowa, there to look over the land. Part of Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota were visible. Beyond, stretched nine territories, for California was then the only state west of the Missouri River, and farther on was Alaska. It was a field of 1,768,659 square miles, almost half the United States, with tens of thousands of Indians, with demon-worshipping Eskimos, with pagan or half pagan races beyond count.

The hearts of the three on the hilltop were moved to cry out to God to lead those who had power, to send out missionaries to this great field. Soon after this sacred hour, Mr. Jackson was appointed Superintendent of Missions for Western Iowa, Nebraska, Idaho, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, and as far beyond as the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Iowa might extend.

Now began the million mile journey of the Pathfinder. "He went, on horseback or afoot, over unspeakable roads, bumping along in ox carts, by buckboard, stage, with mule team, by broncho, reindeer sledge, lumber wagon, ambulance, by freight or construction train, by dugout, launch, steamer, canoe, revenue-cutter or cattle-ship."

"Five times the stage was robbed just before he passed over the route; once there was only the motion of a finger between him and death, as a half dozen revolvers were pointed at him; once he escaped scalping by the Apaches by a few hours; again he went unharmed, when his steamer was fired into by hostile Indians; again a fanatical papal mob threatened his life, and once he was imprisoned for the Gospel's sake, and set free by the President."

Under the trees, under the stars, in log huts, in miners' camps, in dugouts and sod houses, the missionary went preaching and visiting, and organizing churches.

A good part of the time he collected the money needed. What he called "The Raven Fund," for supply of pressing needs, mounted into the thousands. Nothing discouraged the dauntless soul. Where he heard the call of need he went, with fearless faith and indomitable courage. Railways and stage lines gave him free transportation for long journeys, thinking it a good investment For a long time his family lived in Denver, and he made sixteen round trips, to and from his home, in five years.

And now the call came to far Alaska. The exploring tour, with unimaginable dangers and terrifying difficulties was made, in spite of discouraging views of the majority, who thought there was no use in it, and no hope in it. But Dr. Jackson knew better, and was neither dismayed nor delayed by what people thought. He opened mission stations; he took Mrs. M'Farland from Portland to be the first woman worker in that strange field. He even went to Point Barrow, the northernmost place, where Siberia could be seen in the distance, and founded a mission there, where there are twenty-four days of night, and the mail comes once a year.

Government made him General Superintendent of Education in Alaska.

And now listen to the story of the reindeer. In pity for the poor Eskimos, and with a wise thought for their help. Dr. Jackson, after great efforts and prodigious discouragements, finally imported reindeer from Siberia, with native herders, and, after proving that it could be done, received government aid. Now these animals, that find their own food in the moss under the snow, and can travel where dogs cannot, and can furnish food and skin-clothing also, have proved such a boon to Alaska that Dr. Jackson would be remembered had he done nothing else. His heroic life ended in 1909.

Simon Bolivar

1783 – 1830 A.D.

One day on the royal tennis courts at Madrid an alert, athletic lad. brimming over with nervous energy, won all the sets from his host, the young heir to the throne of Spain. It was the first battle between two men whose armies a few years later fought each other in a long and bitter war; for the lad. Simon Bolivar, led the revolution for independence in the northern colonies of Spanish America, and the prince afterward became King Ferdinand VII whose country-men Bolivar whipped from coast to coast. While San Martin's armies were carrying liberty from Buenos Aires through Chile to Peru, a similar revolt against the tyranny of governors sent over from Spain broke out in Venezuela, spread through New Granada, or Colombia as it was called later, through Quito, afterward named Ecuador, and finally concentrated in Peru.

"The well-informed party in Venezuela." one writer explains, "the rich, the illustrious, sought independence and sacrificed themselves for liberty; but the people, no!'" The prominent, ambitious Creoles had most to gain by a change in government. Their heads were full of republican ideas imported from the mother country, and in Caracas, capital of Venezuela, they held secret meetings and energetically fanned the anti-Spanish feeling which led to civil war. To this party of radicals belonged Simon Bolivar, member of an aristocratic Caracas family. So ardent and impetuous a patriot was he that long before the time was ripe for revolt he had

leaped to his feet during a banquet and proposed a toast to the "independence of America," right in the presence of the Spanish governor himself.

Bolivar had always been accustomed to doing and having everything he wanted; never had there been a restraining influence to check his tempestuous, self-willed nature; for his parents died when he was still a small child, leaving him to run wild on the big country estate where he lived; and his little seventeen-year-old Spanish wife lived only a few months after he had brought her home. He was used to an active, outdoor life and spent more time in hunting and riding, swimming and sailing, than in studying with his tutor. This tutor, Simon Rodriguez, however, was the strongest influence in Bolivar's life, for he filled the boy's mind with his own enthusiastic belief in a republican form of government. He dreamed of a day when the Creoles should be free from their enforced dependence upon arbitrary, avaricious Spanish governors, and humiliating subjection to hundreds of absurd little laws made away off in Spain by men who understood nothing of the problems of the South American people. Bolivar was brought up on these teachings and he never forgot them. When, like most rich young Creoles, he was sent to travel in Europe, he had a chance to see for himself the workings of the French Republic, and he admired it so much that he made a vow when only twenty-two years old to be the liberator of his country.

Venezuela was the first colony in Spanish America to declare her independence. Until 1810 no open action was taken. Then, when the news came that the French armies were occupying Spain and that Ferdinand had been deposed in favor of Napoleon's brother, the radical party in Caracas immediately demanded the resignation of Spanish officials, declared "the right of the provinces of America to rule themselves," and appointed its own governing committee, or junta, which should control the affairs of the "United Provinces of

Venezuela." The first Congress was convened in 181 1, and on July 5, the Spanish colors were torn in small pieces, and the flag of the new republic, stripes of yellow, blue, and red, formally adopted.

Here was the signal for civil war. The rebellious colonies, came the word from Spain, must be subdued at any cost. "I do not know to what class of beasts the South Americans belong," remarked one angry Spaniard. "If the Americans," said another, "complain of having been tyrannized over for three hundred years, they shall now experience a similar treatment for three thousand." Of these same South American "beasts" a great Spanish general reported, a few years later: "Twelve pitched battles, in which the best officers and troops of the enemy have fallen, have not lowered their pride or lessened the vigor of their attacks." That was the spirit of Simon Bolivar. The whole war for independence was like a great pendulum swinging back and forth. On every other swing things looked black for the patriot cause, and then, out of hopelessness and defeat, Bolivar would rise as undaunted and self-confident as ever, mass his troops together, and hurl them madly at the enemy over and over again.

When, in 1812, all the brave hopes of the struggling little Republics were dashed to pieces and every one else had completely lost heart, Bolivar saw his chance to realize the two supreme desires of his life. One was the sincere wish to win independence for his country; the other a selfish ambition to keep for himself the entire glory of doing it. In a few months' time he rose from the inconspicuous position of a volunteer officer, who has been ignominiously defeated at his first action, to be a brilliant military ruler. First he went to Cartagena, the one province of New Granada which had declared its independence, and offered his services. With the few men given him he fought his way toward the borderline of his own State. On the way he heard that just across the Andes in Venezuela a royalist army was preparing to march

upon New Granada. He was only a minor officer, with not more than 400 men, and he had had almost no military experience. Without waiting to ask permission, without plans or preparations, he marched across the mountains and rushed upon the unsuspecting enemy. So energetic was the attack that the royalists, 6,000 in number, were perfectly sure a huge army confronted them and they beat a speedy retreat. Delighted at Bolivar's success the Cartagena junta gave him more troops, but prudently ordered him to pause before going any farther.

Bolivar refused to be held in leash. He saw a possible rival in a Venezuelan patriot named Santiago Marino, who had won a few victories on the east coast, and in a frenzy lest Marino get ahead of him and reach Caracas first Bolivar went right on with his whirlwind campaign across the State. On his own responsibility he issued a terrible proclamation: "Our kindness is now quenched, and as our oppressors force us into a mortal war, they shall disappear from America, and our land shall be purged of the monsters who infest it. Our hatred shall be implacable, and the war shall be to the death." He began to date his letters: "Third year of Independence and first of the War to the Death." Years later he greatly regretted the spirit of this ferocious declaration and urged instead "humanity and compassion for your most bitter enemies."

On August 6, 1813, he entered his native city as he had dreamed of doing, hailed on all sides by "Long live our Liberator! Long live New Granada! Long live the Savior of Venezuela!" He was flattered and feted to his heart's content. "A multitude of beautiful young women…bearing crowns of laurel, pushed their way through the crowd to take hold of the bridle of his horse. Bolivar dismounted and was almost overpowered by the crowns cast upon him. The people wept for joy," He was now "far more powerful than any sovereign living in the world, in proportion to the country and the resources of the people."

But instead of attending strictly to the business of fighting, Bolivar wasted time in enjoying his new honors and establishing himself as Dictator. Even while he was having the inscription "Bolivar, Liberator of Venezuela" placed over the entrances of all public offices, the royalists were recovering their wits. Out on the plains, or "llanos," lived a wild, uncivilized race of cattle breeders called Llaneros, who were magnificent riders and recklessly brave fighters. Boves, a fierce and brutal Spanish leader, won their allegiance by the promise of large booty, and formed them into an army of invincible cavalry, teaching them "the secret of victory, which was to have no fear of death, to go straight on and never look behind." Bolivar's little force was driven from pillar to post by the terrible Boves till in 1814 once more the patriots had hardly a foothold anywhere in Venezuela. Though the Liberator had some devoted followers, like the man who had written him: "General! If two men are sufficient to liberate the Fatherland I am ready to accompany you," yet he was continually opposed by jealous patriots who were loath to obey orders. He never minced words with such enemies: "March at once," he repeated his command to one of them; "there is no other alternative to marching. If you do not, either you will have to shoot me, or I shall infallibly shoot you." These rivals now took advantage of his failures, and even his admirers turned against him. Betrayed on all sides and denounced as a traitor, he was fairly driven from his country. But in this hour of complete humiliation he stood proudly and confidently before the people and made a farewell address: "I swear to you that this title (Liberator) which your gratitude bestowed upon me when I broke your chains shall not be in vain. I swear to you that Liberator or dead, I shall ever merit the honor you have done me; no human power can turn me from my course."

Then Bolivar returned to New Granada, where he had one loyal friend who still believed in him, Camilo Torres,

president of the Republic. "As long as Bolivar lives," he declared, "Venezuela is not lost." The revolutionary junta appointed him Captain-general of the army, and invented for him another of the impressive titles he loved so much: "Illustrious Pacificator." On this occasion Bolivar made a speech in which he boasted that the army of New Granada "would break the chains of all the oppressed peoples of South America."

King Ferdinand, who had won back his throne, now sent 10,000 trained soldiers under General Morillo to put a stop once and for all to the revolutionary antics in which his stubborn colonies were indulging. While this army was landing in Venezuela, in 1815, Bolivar was quarreling bitterly with a rival Republican leader, Castillo, governor of the independent province of Cartagena, who refused to join the confederation of New Granada. Instead of uniting against the common enemy, the two wasted their time in petty intrigues, till Bolivar, in a wild rage, laid siege to Cartagena, the strongest fortress on the continent, with only one small mounted gun. Then he suddenly realized the absurdity of his position and. as Morillo's army swept over New Granada, he gave what was left of his army to Castillo and resigned. Still undaunted by failure, and never admitting that he himself could be at all to blame, he had a parting shot to fire as usual: "Cartagena prefers her own destruction to the duty of obedience to the Federal Government." Then, with his mind still full of plans for renewing the war, he took refuge on the island of Haiti.

While Bolivar was in exile, the Llaneros were so attracted by the bravery and fair play of a patriotic guerilla chieftain named Paez and so angry at the brutal tyranny of Boves and other Spaniards that they changed their minds and came over to the patriot side. Their successes on the plains of Venezuela put new energy into the revolutionary movement, and Morillo came hurrying back from New Granada in alarm. At this crisis Creole officers had to admit that only one man was

great enough to head the revolution, and they petitioned their Liberator to come to the rescue. Bolivar had never left off working desperately to restore the republic, but his expeditions from Haiti were failures. Other patriot refugees intrigued against him and he had narrowly escaped assassination. Now, at the end of 1816, he reappeared among his countrymen, the commander-in-chief of their army, and as confident and enthusiastic as though he had never been scorned and jeered at and defeated.

The Creole army resembled an armed mob rather than a disciplined body of soldiers. One of Bolivar's officers wrote: "There was much to be done to transform these peasants into soldiers and give them a martial aspect. Nothing could be less military than their clothes: a hat of gray wool with a broad brim and a low crown; …and an immense square blanket of coarse wool, with a hole in the middle for the head to pass through, hanging from the shoulders to the knees, giving the impression of an armless man." Many carried no arms, except pikeheads fastened upon short sticks, for it was difficult to teach them "to handle a musket, or to fire it without shutting both eyes, turning the head to the rear, and so causing much greater danger to themselves and their fellows than to the enemy!" Bolivar himself cut a strange figure among his ill-assorted soldiers. He loved to be conspicuous. During one battle he wore a jacket and pantaloons of scarlet decorated with gold lace. On another occasion he "was dressed in a green spencer with red facings and three rows of buttons; on his head was a dragoon's helmet, which had been sent him as a sample; he wore Llanero gaiters, and carried in his hand a short lance with a black pennon adorned with a skull and cross-bones, under which might be read the inscription, 'Liberty or Death.'" One writer says: "There was nothing heroic in his appearance; he was short in stature, thin and narrow chested;…his large black eyes were sunk deep in their orbits, and sparkled with unsteady light, indicative of his

character. He looked like one possessed of a latent fire, a man of feverish activity."

He had a tremendous personal influence over his men. In spite of brusque manners and a terrifying temper he was always impulsively generous. One day an officer complained of being robbed of his baggage. Bolivar was unable to recover it, but at once gave him half of his own clothes, which were few enough.

During the next two years Bolivar's position was desperate; yet without funds or arms or supplies he plunged fiercely ahead. Though the Republic had hardly a leg to stand on, Bolivar issued the most optimistic of proclamations. To the people of New Granada he announced: "The day of America has come. No human power can stay the course of nature guided by Providence. Before the sun has again run his annual course altars to liberty will arise throughout your land."

The constant turmoil in which Bolivar lived and the intensity of his feelings wore upon his health. Sometimes he became so excited that he hardly knew what he did. He would expose himself "in the most reckless manner wherever the fight was hottest, seeming to court death as some expiation of the errors he had committed." During one battle, when everything seemed lost and the Spaniards were plowing their deadly way among his little handful of soldiers, he leaped from his horse and dashed into the ranks, shouting to his men that he would die with them. He had many hairbreadth escapes. One time he and his staff; were attacked as they slept in their hammocks in a wood. All night Bolivar wandered about on foot alone till he was finally picked up by his own retreating troops. Another night he jumped from his hammock just in time to spoil the plans of some spies who had been sent to murder him, and seized a mule on which to escape. The mule kicked him violently, but a negro soldier came to the rescue with a horse, and Bolivar dashed away hatless and coatless.

By 1818 Bolivar had learned, from his own failures and predicaments and from the example of San Martin, that if he wanted results he needed disciplined troops. He hired skilled European soldiers who had fought in the Napoleonic wars, and to his own ragged, plucky Creole army he added these trained, sophisticated warriors, who looked, in their brilliant and varied uniforms, "more like a theatrical troupe than a body of soldiers going on active service."

When the rainy season of 1819 set in and it looked as though further campaigning would have to be postponed, the patriots held only the valley and low plains of the Orinoco River in Venezuela. Bolivar, always straining to be off and after the enemy, now evolved a stupendous scheme for an offensive attack. He meant to take his new army through a pass in the Andes which led right into the heart of Spanish possessions in New Granada and at one blow reconquer the whole territory. This mountain route was considered impassable and the Spaniards never dreamed of guarding the other end. In torrents of rain and most of the time wading up to their waists in water, the soldiers marched across trackless plains to the foot of the great range. Several squadrons deserted on the way. One of Bolivar's officers wrote of him: "He was very active, himself setting the example of labor, and frequently working harder than any common soldier. On passing rapid rivers where there were no fords, he was constantly to be seen assisting the men over, to prevent their being carried away by the force of the torrent; and carrying on his own horse ammunition, arms, and pouches. Whenever, in short, there was any obstacle to be overcome, he was constantly on the spot, both directing others and affording the example of his own personal exertions." During the march through the pass over one hundred men and all the animals died of exposure. With this mere skeleton of an army, reinforced by New Granadian soldiers, Bolivar pounced upon the Spanish troops, and on August 7, in less than two hours,

won the decisive battle of Boyaca. He had kept his word to the people of New Granada, and a few days later he entered their capital, Bogota, in his usual spectacular fashion, a crown of laurel on his head.

Besides carrying the responsibility of the entire campaign on his shoulders Bolivar had been constantly working to establish what he considered an ideal government. He believed that the republics could never be strong unless they were united. He had set his heart on a federation of Venezuela, New Granada, and Quito as one Republic, called Colombia, with himself as president. When the Venezuelan Congress heard that he had gone to recover New Granada without any authority, it branded him as a traitor and appointed another general-in-chief; when news of the battle of Boyaca came. Congress meekly fell in with his wishes, consented to the union of the three States, and elected him president of the Republic of Colombia. He was given entire control of the army and power to organize as he pleased other provinces which he might liberate. But Bolivar's insatiable ambition wanted more than this; he dreamed of a life presidency. Strange paradox of a patriot fighting, as Washington fought in North America, for political liberty and representative government, and at the same time coveting for himself all the privileges of a king except, as he called it, "a seat on the four crimson-covered planks which are styled a throne!" The sturdy republican representatives of Colombia, however, calmly ignored this undemocratic proposition, and Bolivar was so sensitive to public opinion and so conscious of his own inconsistency that he never tried to force his extreme views upon any congress.

In 1820 King Ferdinand was again deposed, and the new liberal government in Spain tried to make terms with Colombia during a six months' truce. Bolivar used this breathing space very profitably by recruiting troops which were soon going to show the Royalists just what kind of "terms" they

might expect. For, only a year later, Bolivar could at last salute his army, as it passed him in review after the great battle of Carabobo in Venezuela, with the words: "Salvadores de mi patria!" Again he entered Caracas in triumph, hailed as El Libertador, the title which, six years before, he had publicly sworn to deserve, or die. The circle of liberated colonies was now almost complete. Separating Bolivar and Colombia from San Martin and Peru were the provinces of Quito and Guayaquil. Part of his army Bolivar sent against Quito by sea, under General Sucre. He himself marched south. Between him and Quito lay a buzzing hornet's nest of Spanish troops under a general who confidently promised to destroy the Liberator's approaching army. "That will not be difficult," he was told, "for you have forces equal to Bolivar's and hold impregnable positions." Spurs of the Andes sheltered the Spanish lines, and to make an attack Bolivar would have to cross the unprotected plain of Bombona, leading to a ravine whose one bridge was covered by the enemy's artillery. "Well," remarked Bolivar, "the position is formidable, but we cannot remain here nor can we retreat. We have got to conquer and we will conquer!" As his army advanced, rank upon rank was almost completely destroyed, till when night came on he called upon his last reserve battalion, named "Vencedor en Boyaca" because of its bravery at that battle. "Battalion Vencedor!" he cried. "Your name alone suffices for victory. Forward! and assure our triumph!" As the full moon rose over the plain, word came that the enemy were in retreat. Sucre's army meanwhile had liberated Quito and the way was now open for another of Bolivar's triumphal entries.

Bolivar then fixed his covetous eye upon the little independent province of Guayaquil and succeeded in reaching its capital ahead of San Martin who wanted to annex it to Peru. He completely cowed the junta by a defiant note: "Guayaquil knows that it cannot remain an independent State; that Colombia cannot give up any of her legitimate rights; and that

there is no human power which can deprive her of a hand-breadth of her territory." So, as the Department of Ecuador, Quito and Guayaquil were added to the elastic Republic of Colombia. Foreign nations now recognized the Republic, and the Liberator addressed a bulletin to the people, full of the flowery language he loved to use in public: "From the banks of the Orinoco to the Andes of Peru the liberating army, marching from one triumph to another, has covered with its protecting arms the whole of Colombia. Share with me the ocean of joy which bathes my heart, and raise in your own hearts altars to this army which has given you glory, peace, and liberty."

After San Martin had retired in his favor, Bolivar tackled the problem of Peru. The liberating soldiers from both north and south, he told Congress at Lima, "will either conquer and leave Peru free, or all will die. I promise it." But the Royalists held most of Peru, the people were apathetic and afraid to assist the Republicans openly, troops deserted, and ambitious patriots seemed to spend all their time in plotting against each other, till Bolivar finally wrote to a friend: "At times I lose all heart…. It is only love of country which recalls the courage lost when I contemplate the difficulties. As soon as obstacles are overcome in one direction they increase in another." One day a messenger came to him at his headquarters with the news that the president of Peru had turned traitor and that the patriot garrison of Callao Castle had mutinied. Bolivar was just recovering from a serious illness, from which he had been unconscious six days, and he sat in a rocking-chair in an orchard, his head tied up with a white handkerchief. He was deathly pale and almost too weak to talk.

"What do you think of doing now?" asked the messenger.

"Of triumphing," replied Bolivar, and the hopelessness of the situation seemed to revive him.

He sent to Colombia for reinforcements, and his letter shows how his impetuous disposition had been tempered

during the years: "The interests of all America are at stake; nothing must be trusted to probabilities, still less to chance." In July, 1824, Bolivar's Colombian lancers won the battle of Junin in three quarters of an hour. Not a single shot was fired during the entire engagement, but the victory was so complete that the Spanish general, Canterac, retreated five hundred miles! By 1826 Callao, the last and most stubborn fortress in South America, surrendered. Bolivar's name was famous all over the world. "His feats of arms," San Martin had said, "entitle him to be considered the most extraordinary character that South America has produced; of a constancy to which difficulties only add strength." He had fought in more than four hundred battles in the course of twenty years and he had won the freedom of South America, as he once vowed he would.

What Bolivar could not do was to create a normal, orderly, popular government for his countrymen. He made a great political mistake when he tried to weld a number of States, each inclined to be jealous of the other, into one harmonious Republic. They resented his summary methods. What was the use of getting rid of Spanish government if they were not to be allowed to rule themselves as they pleased? When Bolivar began to plan the union of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia — the latter named in his honor — into "the Grand Confederation of the Andes," with himself as supreme authority, rebellion gradually spread through all the north. Venezuela first withdrew from Colombia, and Bolivar was forbidden ever to return to his native State. Ecuador also became a separate Republic. The Congress of Colombia took away his military power because for two years he had managed the affairs of Peru, a foreign State. A pan-American Congress which he attempted to convene in Panama — the first one ever held — was a failure, as well as a prophecy. On every hand were plots against him. Yet his personal prestige was still immense, and if he could have been in a hundred places at

once he might never have lost his hold upon the people. One of the very men who schemed for his overthrow wrote: "Such is his influence and such the secret power of his will, that I myself, on many occasions, have approached him in fury, and, merely on seeing and hearing him, have been disarmed and have left his presence filled with admiration."

He felt keenly his failure to unite the Republics to which he had devoted his life. "I have plowed in the sand," he admitted bitterly, and discouraged and heartsick at the anarchy and disorder on every side, he assembled his last Congress at Bogota. His message ended with this plea: "Compatriots! hear my last word on the termination of my political career. In the name of Colombia I beg, I pray you to remain united, in order not to become the assassins of your country, and your own executioners," His resignation was accepted, and as the "first and best citizen of Colombia," so decreed by Congress, he retired to the country on a government pension, for all his wealth had long ago gone to help the patriot cause. Physically and mentally Bolivar was utterly worn out by his years of incessant campaigning, and by his deep disappointment. "Independence is the only good thing we have gained by the sacrifice of all else," he said in his last public address. In 1830 he died, only 47 years old. "El Illustro Americano" — the simple title has been added to all his others. He had driven the last Royalist from the land and given the countries of Spanish America, after all their years of bondage, a chance to make their own way upward among the Republics of the world.

Theodor Herzl
Servant of the Light
1860-1904 A.D.

An Austrian Jew paced nervously up and down his hotel bedroom in Paris. His kingly bearing and luxuriant black beard made him appear much older than his actual thirty-six years. He knew that he could no longer delay writing his article for the outstanding Viennese newspaper which had sent him to France; but he shrank with almost personal pain from setting down in words the scene he had just witnessed. At last, throwing back his broad shoulders, Theodor Herzl returned to his desk and began to write rapidly:

"On this dismal winter's day," Herzl wrote in 1895, "the degradation of Captain Dreyfus, which was carried out in the grounds of the Military Academy, drew large numbers of the curious to the vicinity. Many officers were present. Outside the grounds swarmed the morbid crowds which are always attracted by executions. A few minutes before nine Dreyfus was led forth. He was dressed in his captain's uniform. Four men conducted him before the general. The latter said, 'Alfred Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French Republic, I degrade you from your rank. Let the sentence be carried out.' Dreyfus lifted his right arm and called out, 'I declare and solemnly swear that you are degrading an innocent man. *Vive la France!*' At that instance the drums were beaten. The officer in charge began to tear from the condemned man's uniform the buttons and cords.

Then began the parade of the condemned before the troops. Dreyfus marched along the sides of the square like a man who knows himself innocent. He passed by a group of officers, who cried, 'Judas Traitor!' Dreyfus was then handcuffed and given into the custody of the gendarmes. When he had been led away the troops marched off the grounds. But the crowd surged toward the gates to watch the condemned man being led away. There were passionate shouts. 'Bring him out here and we will tear him to pieces!'"

Such was the climax of the Dreyfus case which stirred the entire civilized world in the last years of the nineteenth century. Only the prejudiced or those who would profit by his condemnation believed Captain Alfred Dreyfus guilty of treason.

A number of French officers who had tried to betray their country for gain needed a scapegoat. Dreyfus, whom they selected to shoulder their guilt, was a Jew. His long drawn out trials became a battle-ground between the forces of the reactionaries and liberals, like the world-famous novelist, Emile Zola, who believed not only that Dreyfus was innocent but that the victim suffered only because he was a Jew.

After enduring the agonies of solitary confinement for many years in the cruelest of French prisons, Devil's Island, Alfred Dreyfus was at last cleared of the charge of treason and his former rank was restored to him. When he came back to a world of free and honorable men, he was astonished to learn that he had unconsciously inspired what was to become the most important Jewish movement in modern times.

Before he reported the Dreyfus case, Theodor Herzl had not been greatly concerned with the tragedy of his dispossessed people. Brought up in a progressive Hungarian family, he had first encountered anti-Semitism during his university days. Devoted to his parents and his three young children, a very successful journalist, looking forward to a brilliant career as a writer, he now suddenly forgot his own interests and

ambitions.

He had long known of the cruel hardships imposed upon the Jews of Russia and Poland by the reactionary czarist government. Herzl knew also of certain disabilities the Jews still faced in Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Now in France, liberty-loving France, his own eyes beheld a Jewish martyrdom; his own ears heard for the first time the cries of the frenzied mob: "Death to Dreyfus! Death to the Jews!"

"The French people, or at any rate the greater part of the French people, does not want to extend the rights of man to Jews," wrote Herzl, deeply discouraged and bewildered.

Although his lighter comic sketches had been played successfully not only in European centers but in New York City, now his problem play, "The New Ghetto," largely because of its theme, was rejected by the German theaters. As anti-Semitic outbreaks spread through Europe Herzl became so disturbed that both he and his friends feared he might lose his reason.

He visited Baron Moritz de Hirsch, one of the richest and most generous Jews of his time, pleading for funds to finance a mass migration of the persecuted Jews from Europe. Later, writing to the philanthropist, Herzl speaks of a flag under which the scattered millions might some day be gathered, "A flag—what is that? A stick with a rag at the end of it! No, Monsieur le Baron, a flag is a great deal more. It is with a flag that people are led whithersoever one desires, even to the Promised Land."

Herzl knew there was no Jewish flag. And where stretched the Promised Land? He thought of the agricultural colonies which Baron de Hirsch had founded in Argentina, hoping that the poor and persecuted Jews sent there from eastern Europe might be happy and safe as farmers. But these colonies had been only partially successful. Herzl considered also the few Jewish colonies in Palestine, so few and poor and

scattered.

But if there could be a Jewish State, he thought, which would be a country of refuge for every unhappy Jew; a Jewish State, which would proudly claim its place among the nations of the world and protest against such horrors as a Russian massacre or a Dreyfus case.

A Jewish State! Herzl was dazzled with his vision. The entire Jewish people, united for the first time since the fall of Jerusalem. For five feverish days he sat bent over his desk, trying to put down in words the ideas that hurtled through his brain. At last it lay finished before him, a pamphlet of sixty-five pages, which, as Herzl himself said, ended his own life as an individual and began a new phase of Israel's history.

In this pamphlet, "The Jewish State," Herzl felt he had stated the only way of ending his people's age-long tragedy. Although the Jews were widely scattered and landless, Herzl now carefully outlined his plans for the financing and the government of a restored Zion. It made no difference to him that his Jewish State existed only in his dreams. "If you will, it is no dream," he declared. And he added confidently, "The Jews who wish for a State shall have it, and they will deserve it."

Even Herzl, for all his moments of self-doubting, was unprepared for the violent opposition which greeted his proposal that his long-exiled people should once more create a Promised Land for themselves. Extremely pious Jews, who daily prayed for the return to Palestine, denounced Herzl, for how dare a mortal man try to force the hand of God and hasten his redemption? Jews, who were comfortably situated in Germany and England and the United States, were just as vehement in their objections. They were already "home," they said, in those countries, and did not know the sorrows of exile. They insisted that this wild talk of a return to a Jewish Homeland would only cause doubts of Jewish loyalty among other German or English or American citizens.

Still other Jews brought forward "practical" objections: How oust the Turkish owners from Palestine? What about the hostile Arabs who remained? Even if thousands of Jews wanted to return, would the little barren country, so long neglected, be able to support even a fraction of them? How could Jews from every country from Argentina to Yemen, long divided by language and manner of living, ever be welded into one harmonious nation? With kindly contempt all the critics united in calling Herzl a well-meaning madman.

Sometimes he was inclined to agree with this verdict. After reading "The Jewish State," one of Herzl's best friends, believing the brilliant writer had actually lost his mind, advised him to talk over his plans with Dr. Max Nordau, an eminent French psychologist. This friend did not believe for a moment that Dr. Nordau would consider Herzl's "dream" seriously. But he thought it would be the best way to give Dr. Nordau an opportunity to examine the brain-sick Herzl.

"My friend, who sent me here, says I am insane," Herzl abruptly began the interview.

"Why?" asked Dr. Nordau, "I have read your plays and many essays and articles and they do not seem to have been conceived by a disordered mind."

"But you have not read my latest work!" said Herzl.

He opened the pamphlet he had dropped on the doctor's desk and rapidly turned the pages. "Let me read you a little; then you, as a doctor and a Jew, well versed in our history, must decide how mad I am." He began to read aloud, pausing now and then to enlarge upon a point, or to answer, one of Nordau's arguments. At last he stopped, pale and exhausted. "Have you had enough?" he asked.

"No, come tomorrow and read me more," invited Nordau.

For three days Theodor Herzl visited Dr. Max Nordau to read, to explain, and to debate. Nordau listened attentively, his keen eyes fixed on the younger man's expressive face.

He looks like a picture of one of the ancient Assyrian

kings, with his broad shoulders, his piercing eyes and his curly black hair and beard, thought Nordau. And he carries himself and writes and speaks as though he were, indeed, a king. Have our people waited through all these centuries for a leader to find him in a young journalist from Vienna?

Suddenly Max Nordau, the cool, reasonable man of science, felt himself seized by the glory of Herzl's dream. He sprang to his feet and pressed Herzl to his heart.

"If you are insane," he cried, "we are insane together. Count on me!"

Dr. Nordau kept his word. He became one of Herzl's earliest and staunchest supporters and one of the most influential figures who appeared on the platform of the First Zionist Congress at Basle.

On August 29, 1897, the First Zionist Congress assembled in the beautiful Swiss city. The delegates came from Germany and Austria-Hungary; from eastern Europe; the Scandinavian countries; from America and Algeria—from Palestine itself. Every group of world Jewry was represented among the hundred and seven representatives who registered on the first day. Young students guided feeble old men to their seats in the meeting hall; Orthodox Jews and free-thinkers, wealthy merchants and working men who had spent their last savings to make the journey entered the Casino to gaze wonderingly at the huge flag draped upon the wall.

"It is white with blue stripes like our prayer-shawls!" exclaimed a very old man. "And look—the Shield of David across the center. After all these years," he said through tears, "our Jewish flag!"

The old man wept again when Theodor Herzl addressed the Congress. Few of the delegates had ever seen him before; but when he rose to speak they cheered wildly, hailing him as their hero. He appeared to them like one of their warrior kings of ancient days, or a prophet like Moses, appointed by God Himself to lead the wanderers home. No one ever forgot the

sad passionate face, or the thundering voice, when the new leader of Israel raised his hand and repeated the pledge of the mourning exiles in Babylon, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning!"

For the next eight years Herzl acted as the self-appointed ambassador of the Jewish people. He discussed his plans not only with Jewish leaders and philanthropists, but the emperor of Germany, the pope, members of the British cabinet and Von Plehve, the anti-Semitic minister of the czar. For he hoped that a word from high places might influence the Turkish ruler of Palestine.

He actually bargained with the sultan of Turkey, offering to pay the national debt of that impoverished country, in return for a charter, granting the Jews the right to live under their own government in Palestine. Herzl had not the slightest idea how he would be able to raise such a tremendous sum. But he did succeed in impressing the sultan, even if the proposal was not accepted.

But the founder of modern Zionism was not an impractical dreamer. As a newspaper man, he knew the value of publicity; he was right in believing that his interviews even with unfriendly governments were helpful in placing the plight of the Jews before the world. As he had said at the First Zionist Congress, "This movement must become greater, if it is to be at all. A people can be helped only by itself and if it cannot do that, then it cannot be helped. We Zionists seek to awaken the Jewish people everywhere to self-help."

He looked to the Jewish people and they did not fail him. Leaders came forward to assist him with his plans for the still unborn Jewish State. Since no state can exist without money to support it, one of the first projects was the organization of the Jewish Colonial Trust, an English banking company, supported by many small Jewish stockholders. In 1901 the Jewish National Fund was established; Jews from all over the world made contributions, large and small, to buy land in

Palestine, not for themselves but for the entire Jewish people. All Zionist members paid a yearly tax named after the shekel of Biblical days; though this amounted only to about twenty-five cents in American currency, the annual sum helped to pay the expenses of the Zionist organization.

Although there was increased immigration to Palestine, and new colonies were established there, Herzl was far from satisfied. Dreamer though he was, he was still practical enough to realize that only a beginning had been made. Worse, since all that had been accomplished rested on the good will of the corrupt and tottering Turkish government, colonization in Palestine was like a house built upon the sand.

For that reason Herzl was willing to listen to suggestions for a refuge in a land other than Palestine. The English government offered Uganda in British East Africa. But to the homesick Jew who at the end of his Passover service repeated, year after year: "Next Year in Jerusalem!" East Africa could never take the place of Palestine.

Although the Russian Jews were the most heavily oppressed, they protested even more bitterly than their more comfortably situated brethren, when the matter of this temporary refuge came up before the Sixth Congress in 1903. A group calling themselves Territorialists were willing to follow Herzl in accepting any territory which might prove suitable for immigration and settlement. But others, who had been willing to acknowledge him as a modern Moses to lead them out of bondage, now rejected the substitute he offered. Yet in spite of bitter criticism and violent opposition Herzl remained the head of the Zionist party until his death.

He was a devoted father; but from the hour when the vision of the Jewish State seized him, he was forced to neglect his home and his children, Hans and Trude and Pauline. In his article, "The Menorah," he tells how a man who has returned to Judaism listens joyfully as his children, in the light of the Chanuko candles, repeat the story of the heroic

Maccabees. And he goes on to praise the candle set aside to light all the others for "there is no office more beneficent and creative than that of a Servant of Light."

This flame which had burned so fiercely in Herzl's soul and had enkindled a new enthusiasm in thousands of Jewish hearts began to flicker and burn low. Like Moses he had worn himself out in his struggle to lift his people out of darkness and despair. Because he always refused to accept a penny for his services to Zionism, when his official duties were over, he was forced to overtax himself by writing articles to support his family. Although he was only forty-four years old, his sturdy, gigantic body was as tired as that of an old man. His heart was weary with disappointment and frustration. Palestine as a homeland seemed as far away as ever; he no longer had a united organization behind him.

When Ephraim M. Lilien, a famous Jewish artist, drew the picture of the young Moses, he used Herzl for his model. Here were the kingly carriage, the noble features, the tragic eyes of the Hebrew youth, who might have spent his life as a prince in the Egyptian court, but whose soul was sick with the miseries of his people. Like Moses, Herzl sacrificed his ambitions; he put aside his dramatic writings, which might have won him wealth and acclaim; he renounced the happy, peaceful years he might have spent with his family. Like Moses, too, he met not only the opposition of the enemies of the Jew but the scorn and reproaches of those whom he sought to lead into freedom.

He died a broken and a disappointed man.

Theodor Herzl, worn to death by his labors for his people, bitterly disappointed in his dream for them, was buried in Vienna. He had begged for "a modest funeral, without speeches and without flowers." But he had the burial of a king. Hundreds of students who walked behind his coffin joined hands to form a living chain, a pledge that they would unite their young lives in carrying on their dead leader's

mission.

Forty-five years passed, years of hope and achievement, of despair and destruction for the Jewish people. Between the First and Second World Wars, the rebuilding of Palestine grew far beyond even Herzl's vision. Facing certain extinction if the German armies triumphed in Africa, the homeland survived to open its doors to thousands of Jews who had escaped the Nazi terror.

In 1897 Herzl had dared to dream that his hopes might be fulfilled in fifty years. In 1947, exactly fifty years later, the United Nations adopted the resolution which led to the formation of the State of Israel. When, after months of heroic struggle against the Arabs, Israel proudly took its place among the nations of the world, the time had come to grant Herzl's wish that he should be buried in Palestine.

His coffin was borne in a plane from Vienna, where the Jewish community had suffered so terribly under Hitler's persecutions, to the flourishing, modern city of Tel Aviv on the shores of the Mediterranean. Here, as dawn brightened in the smiling August skies, three hundred cars followed the leader's bier to a hill overlooking Jerusalem. The site chosen for the burial had been named in Herzl's memory.

In groups of ten, workers, businessmen, Jews from every corner of the world who had long called Palestine their home, and newly arrived refugees from the prison camps of Europe walked past to empty bags filled with the soil of Israel into the grave. A rabbi chanted Kaddish, the mourners' traditional prayer; there was a roll of drums from Israel's victorious little army. Then a hundred thousand voices burst into the national anthem, "Hatikvah."

"Hatikvah," which in Hebrew means "the Hope," had been sung again and again at Zionist congresses by delegates who often carried little hope in their hearts. Jews had sung it defiantly as they were herded into the gas chambers; refugees chanted it like a battle-cry as from tiny, unseaworthy vessels

they caught their first glimpse of the hills of Palestine. Now the citizens of the new State of Israel, even while they wept, repeated the words in joyous welcome. Theodor Herzl had come home.

Theodosius Vanderkemp
Who Went as a Missionary to Africa, When Past Fifty Years Old
(1799 – 1811 A.D.)

It is never too late to make a fresh beginning if Duty calls. This famous Hollander, who was born at Rotterdam in 1747, became eminent as scholar, soldier, and physician, before he became the only medical missionary in Africa, at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Vanderkemp's father was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. His son studied at the University of Leyden, and was well educated. He spent sixteen years in the army, where he was captain of horse, and lieutenant of dragoons — a valiant soldier.

Leaving the army, he went to Edinburgh. Here he became distinguished for his attainments in the modern languages and natural sciences. You can see that he was a very learned man. By and by he went back to Holland, and practiced medicine with great success. It seems that he could do many things well.

A great sorrow came to him in the death of his wife and child in a shocking accident. This led to his becoming a Christian, and turning his thoughts to service for Jesus Christ. He offered himself as a missionary to the London Missionary Society for work in South Africa. He was ordained as a minister, and sailed in 1798, when past fifty. He went in a convict ship, and busied himself on the voyage in ministering to the

spiritual and physical needs of the convicts.

After labouring in different places, and being ordered by the king to leave, with sixty followers, after establishing one station. Dr. Vanderkemp began special work for the Hottentots. In seven years those who gathered for worship numbered fully a thousand. The cruelties of the slave traffic so distressed the good doctor that, in three years, he paid $5,000 to redeem poor captives. Finally, by his efforts, aided by others, the Hottentots were made free. It was said that this missionary was wonderfully like the apostles of the early Church.

His service was not long, for he died in 1811, after only about twelve years in Africa. For a hundred years the Kaffir converts were called by his name.

Dr. Moffat said of this brave missionary: "He came from a university to teach the poor naked Hottentots and Kaffirs; from the society of nobles, to associate with the lowest of humanity; from stately mansions, to the hut of the greasy African; from the study of medicine to become a guide to the Balm of Gilead;…and from a life of earthly honour and ease, to perils of waters, of robbers. and of the heathen, in city and wilderness."

Thomas Mayhew
Who Began Missionary Work Among the Indians When He Was Seventy
(1658 – 1680 A.D.)

Such a valiant soul ought surely to be in eluded in the list of Heroes. Some folk think their work is done at seventy, but not so Mr. Thomas Mayhew, the New Englander, Governor of Martha's Vineyard and adjacent islands, in the far-back year of 1641. However, his missionary work did not begin that year, and it did begin first of all in the giving of his son to devote his life to the Indians. Rev. Thomas Mayhew, Jr., was first a minister to the settlers in his neighbourhood but extended his service of love to the thousands of red men thereabouts.

His first accomplishment was the mastery of the native language. He was very successful in this, and soon had a flourishing mission. The first convert was named Hiacoomes. He put himself under Mr. Mayhew's instruction, and became a teacher, and afterwards a preacher to his own people. The very first school in New England for the benefit of the Indians was established in 1651. In another year a church was organized. There were two hundred and eighty-two members. The "covenant," which all agreed to accept as church-members, was repared in the Indian tongue by Mr. Mayhew.

About five years after this, the earnest missionary set out for England, to get money for his mission. He was lost at sea.

Then it was that his father, the governor, at the age of

seventy, determined to take his son's place, and bravely began the study of the native language. Heroes are not all young men, you see, although many begin very early to be heroic.

This staunch missionary began preaching at the different plantations week by week in turn, sometimes walking twenty miles through the woods to meet his Indian congregations. In 1670 was organized the first Indian church with a native pastor. There were then about three thousand native Christians upon the island.

The indefatigable Mr. Mayhew kept on with his missionary work until he died, in his ninety-third year. Is not this a wonderful record?

His grandson, John, became associated with the work and was active in it until he died in 1688, when his son. Experience, took it up, and continued it for thirty-two years. In 1709 he translated the Psalms and John's Gospel.

Surely this is a family that should not be forgotten.

Thomas Stephens
The First Englishman in India
1549 – 1619 (Asia-India)

The race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; Thomas Stephens, the quiet, brave scholar, won the race to India, the first Englishman there. We hardly know of him at home, but more than 300 years after his death his name shines bright in Portuguese India, where they still chant the poems written by the foreigner they called Thomaz Estevao.

Stephens was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was educated at Winchester and Oxford. Afterwards he went to Rome and became a Jesuit.

Columbus in seeking India had found the West Indies and South America; Cabot had found North America; Willoughby had perished with all his crew; Chancellor had found the White Sea and Archangel, and the way on foot to Moscow—all of them seeking India, with its spices and gold. Stephens sought it only for the salvation of souls. England could not reach this promised land by sea, although the King of Ternate in the Moluccas had contracted with Drake to supply England with all the cloves we needed.

There was nobody to follow up that most romantic of treaties, nobody to take the determined scholar to India under the flag of England, so he enlisted under the flag of Portugal. He sailed from Lisbon in 1579, and, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, reached India the same year, to become rector of the Jesuit college in Goa.

Stephen wrote home to his father a series of letters glowingly describing the fertility of the land, the wonders of the scene, and the openings for peaceful commerce. There were no newspapers then, but news travelled as it had always travelled before printing was known, and soon commercial England was on fire with ambition to share the trade described by this pioneer.

The first trading mission from England went out in 1583, and Stephens had to intervene to save the lives and liberty of its four members from the jealous Portuguese.

Stephens had his hands full, however, in other directions. The frightful Inquisition was busy in Goa, burning not only men and women but their temples and their writings. The native literature perished in the fires lit by Christians. Stephens devoted himself to the creation of a new literature for the stricken people.

He was the first Christian to write a line for publication in India. He wrote a grammar for the natives, and then, when that had sunk in, he applied its principles in a translation of the New Testament. It left his hands as a great poem, and the people came to know and love the Christian faith through his poetry. It has been often reprinted, and is still beloved of native Christians in Portuguese India. That was the foundation of Christian literature in India.

Forty years he lived in India, and there he died. He was revered as a saint. He feared no danger, but braved peril, disease, and discomfort in a strange land, first of his nation to do so, to bring glad tidings to a people for whom his heart yearned.

Titus Coan

Pastor of the Largest Church in the World in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century

(Hawaii) (1835 – 1882 A.D.)

When you read the heading of this chapter, you will certainly want to keep on till you know how many members there were in the "largest church" in the middle of the nineteenth century. But first of all, you must know something about the man who was the pastor of it, and so we will begin at the beginning.

In 1801 in Killingworth, Connecticut, was born the boy who afterwards had the distinction just mentioned. But you may be sure that it was not "distinction" that he cared for, by the time it came to him. As this Connecticut boy grew up and became a minister, he heard the call in his heart to go far off to those who did not know what he knew of the true God and the Saviour Jesus Christ. His first mission was to one of the darkest parts of the earth— Patagonia. You know where that is, at the tip end of the Continent of South America. It was truly a dreadful place, where the ferocious savages wandered about, as wild and wicked as you can imagine, and worse.

For several months Mr. Coan and his associate Mr. Arms, lived among these fierce natives of the eastern coast. But the natives would not believe that they came to do them good, and so great was the danger of death at their cruel hands that the two missionaries were obliged to leave, and they finally escaped in 1834. They returned to New London,

Connecticut.

Mr. Coan's desire and determination to be a missionary was not lessened by this experience. It was rather strengthened by the sight of what men were without Christianity. There came another call, and the way opened in another direction — that of the Hawaiian Islands. A year and a month after the return from Patagonia, on June 6, 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Coan landed in Honolulu, and the next month went to Hilo, the station where they were to work.

Some missionaries had been there before, for a little time. Some schools has been established, and about a fourth of the people could read. There was a church of thirty-six members. All this meant a good beginning, but not a big beginning, and there remained much to be done. In three months, Mr. Coan began to speak the native language. He must have been a bright man, and a very diligent one as well, to get on so fast with the strange tongue of those islanders. He spent as much time as he possibly could among them, and tried to see and become acquainted with as many as possible. Before the year was over, this missionary had been all round the island, by canoe and on foot. It was a trip of three hundred miles. In this parish was the largest active volcano-crater in the world.

This missionary was one of the busiest you ever heard of. In eight days he preached forty-three times. In a trip of thirty days he examined twenty schools, and over twelve hundred scholars, talked personally with multitudes of people, and ministered to many sick.

So he went on, preaching, teaching, praying, his wife helping in many ways. In the latter part of the year 1835, Mr. Coan made a tour of his field, and felt that a great blessing was coming. Multitudes gathered to hear his message. One morning he had to preach three times before breakfast, which he took at ten o'clock.

It was in 1837 that the great revival really came. It continued in wonderful power for two years. It has been said that

this missionary held a camp-meeting lasting two years. Almost the whole population of Hilo and Puna crowded to hear the Word of God. Of course there was no church building large enough to hold them all. The sick and the disabled were brought to the meetings on the backs of kind neighbours and friends, or were borne upon litters (like that man in the Bible who was "borne of four"). At any time of day or night, if a bell were rung, thousands of people would gather to hear preaching. Was it not wonderful?

In two years, seven or eight thousand natives had professed to be Christians, but thus far only a few had been taken into the church. The missionary wished to be very sure that the people were true followers of Jesus. So the very greatest care was used in choosing the ones to be received, and in examining them, watching and teaching them. On the first day of July, 1838, 1,705 persons united with the church, and that afternoon 2,400 communicants sat down at the Lord's table together.

In five years 7,557 were received, and now you know the membership of the largest church in the world in the middle of the nineteenth century. And nearly all proved faithful. Seven churches were made out of this one, six of them with native pastors. The good missionary died at Hilo in 1882.

Tupac Amaru

1738 – 1781 A.D.

Several hundred years before the Spaniards visited South America, a great Indian empire had been founded in the western part of the continent. It extended from the northern part of what is now Ecuador, south to about the middle of Chile, a distance of over 2,000 miles, and included part of Argentina. That was a great stretch of country to be under one Indian chief or emperor, but the Incas, as the ruling people in this great territory were called, were a very wonderful tribe, more wonderful in most ways than any other Indians who ever lived. Of course they ruled over many other tribes in their great empire of about 20,000,000 souls, all of whom they taught to speak their language.

The capital of the vast Inca empire was at Cuzco, which you will find on the map in southern Peru. It is situated on a beautiful table-land, surrounded by lofty snow-crowned mountains. Here was the central palace of the emperors, and a wonderful temple to the Sun worshiped by the Incas as the source of light and life. The temple was built of immense blocks of stone brought from a great distance, a wonderful work to accomplish, since the Indians of the Inca empire had no horses and no machinery for lifting heavy weights. The stones were simply dragged to their place and set up by the strength of many men working together, thousands being engaged at one time in erecting one of these great buildings. Around the outside of the temple, and embedded in the

stone, was a band of pure gold. Inside, the main room, which was dedicated to the Sun, was literally plated all around with gold, the metal sacred to this god, till no walls could be seen. On the west side, opposite the entrance, where the first rays of the rising sun would touch it, and be reflected, was a great face made of pure gold, with rays of gold extending from it on all sides, richly set with sparkling gems.

An adjoining temple was dedicated to the Moon. It was decorated in a manner similar to the temple of the Sun, only here everything was of pure silver, representing the pale light of the goddess of night. There was also a chamber sacred to the stars "who formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun," a chapel to Thunder and Lightning, and one to the Rainbow, the bright-colored arch of which was painted upon the walls.

The Inca emperor lived in a palace as rich in its way as the temple of the Sun. All the vessels and dishes he used were of gold or silver, and he had a beautiful artificial garden made of plants and grain imitated in gold and silver, amid which a sparkling fountain jetted forth from a pipe of gold.

But more wonderful than their palaces and temples of gold and silver is the story of the way in which the Inca emperors governed their empire. Each man not only raised enough food for his own family, but he was also compelled to do his share in helping the sick and the needy about him. He worked a certain length of time in raising crops for the royal Inca, and then in storing away a surplus in case of famine or of war, to feed the soldiers. In the same way the women wove garments of wool and cotton sufficient for their own family and then helped clothe those who were no longer able to clothe themselves. The finest of the garments were sent to the Inca for his use, while others were stored up for time of need, or for the use of the soldiers.

The population was so large that every foot of ground was needed for cultivation. Where the mountain sides were too

steep for ordinary fields, they built little walls of stone, called terraces, and then filled in behind them with earth carried up in baskets, and cultivated even these small patches of soil. There was little rainfall in some of their coast-lands, so to these dry places they brought water, sometimes from a great distance, guiding it through tiny channels which they built of stone, along the sides of mountains, and finally down through ditches to the thirsty soil which was so rich that it then yielded abundantly. Many of the old systems of irrigation built by the Inca in Peru four hundred years ago, are still in use, and are considered wonderful feats of engineering by even our modern engineers.

The products of one part of the country were exchanged for those of another, and as, in addition, all the people had enough to eat and to wear in their own homes, money was not needed, and there was none in the whole great empire. No one had stores of gold and silver, for both these metals were sacred to the adornment of the temples and for the use of the emperor and the Inca nobles.

The Inca made good laws for the people, which were, for the most part, very carefully enforced.

It would seem that the Indians of the great Inca empire must have been a very happy people before the Spaniards came. However, there are several reasons which would make you prefer to live in our own land in our own day. First of all, the people of the Inca empire did not know the true God nor Jesus, and the religion which the ordinary people understood did not help them any in their daily living. No matter how good or how wise a man was he could never rise to be governor of a province, general of the army, chief priest, or emperor. All these posts of trust and honor were reserved for the royal family of the Inca alone. We are taught to know and choose to do the right even when no older person tells us what to do, and there is no one near to see at all, but the Indians of this great empire were not given the privilege of choosing

to do the right or kind thing. They were taught to obey some one else, and later, when their leaders were all gone, they did not know how to decide upon the right thing to do for themselves.

Then the Spaniards came, and under the leadership of Francisco Pizarro the vast empire of the Incas was conquered. The Indians did not know what to do, because they had never been taught to think for themselves. Since there were millions of Indians to a few hundreds of Spaniards, the Indians could easily have driven them out, but instead, in many cases they became the actual slaves of the conquistadors. The conquerors and their descendants, true to their principle of getting and not sharing, never thought of working themselves, or of paying lawfully for the services of the Indians.

The condition of the Inca's people became worse and worse as the years passed. They were so cruelly treated and overworked in the silver mines, on the plantations, and in the cloth factories that they died by thousands. At the end of two hundred years, nine tenths of them had perished. Some of the best Spaniards and a few of the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church had felt very sorry for the Indians, and loudly condemned the greedy rich men who had so heartlessly beaten, starved, and overworked them. Laws were made to protect the Indians, but there was no one who would be just enough or brave enough to enforce them when by doing so he would make enemies of rich and powerful men.

Finally, an Inca noble, who took the name of Tupac Amaru, a descendant of the last emperors, began in 1780 to think very seriously how he could help his people. He himself was comfortable enough. He had received the best education possible in Peru. He had a happy home with his wife and sons. He was rich, and had just received from the court of Spain the title of Marquis. Many of the powerful Spaniards and many of the most learned of the Roman Catholic priests were his friends. Still, he could not be happy, when the fellow

Indians about him were suffering in such a cruel way. Again and again he pleaded their cause before all the officials and people who had the power to help them in any way. It was no use. No one would try to stop their sufferings. At last he decided that he must do something to *make* the government listen to him. He therefore began by capturing a Spanish official who had been more cruel than any one else to the Indians. He tried this man by the forms of law, and Indian jury condemned him, and Tupac Amaru had him executed. Tupac then proclaimed to all the Indians that he was striving to save them from their terrible forced service to the Spaniards, and that he would not stop until the laws were kept and justice meted out.

Thousands of Indians flocked to his standard. Tupac Amaru fought again and again against Spanish armies sent out to subdue him, but he always treated the wounded and prisoners kindly, and made war only on fighting men. Several times he stopped, and sent letters to the Spanish government in Peru, explaining that he asked only to have their own laws enforced, so that the Indians would receive common justice.

"I do not wish to be emperor," he wrote to the Spanish officials, although he had a right to be considered the Indians' sovereign. "I am willing to remain a loyal subject of Spain. I ask only for justice and mercy for my people, and will lay down my arms immediately if you will only treat me fairly."

The wicked representative of the Spanish king in Peru determined that this letter from Tupac Amaru should never reach the government at Lima, because it was so fine and just that it might convince the officials that the Indian leader was right. Instead of forwarding the letter, he kept it himself and sent a very brutal reply to the Inca prince.

Tupac Amaru was finally defeated, and he and several of his relatives, besides his wife and two of his three sons, were betrayed into the power of the cruel representative of the Spanish king. All of the prisoners, except the ten-year old son

of Tupac Amaru, were executed, Tupac Amaru himself being killed in the most cruel manner.

But do not think the noble Tupac Amaru was really defeated. He did not die in vain, for but a short time after his death the forced service of the Indians to the Spaniards was forbidden. People shuddered at the cruelty with which the Inca prince had been put to death, and they began then to think of separating themselves from a government whose representatives could be so unjust. Less than fifty years later Peru became a republic.

Tupac Amaru will always remain one of the noblest Indians who ever lived, for while he might have led a happy, easy life, he gave it all up to help his people, just as Moses might have remained rich and honored in the court of Pharaoh if he had not cared how his people suffered.

Tycho Brahe
The Curious Man Who Was Nearly Great
1546 – 1601 (Scandinavia)

He was one of the greatest servants of science, one of the most illustrious pioneers of modern astronomy, yet a man who devoted his great intellect to whittle away the discoveries of Nicolas Copernik, proving that the Earth goes round the Sun. He was a man of whom we may say that he was nearly great.

Tycho was a Danish nobleman. He was born three years after the death of old Nicolas Copernik, the monk whom we call by his Latin name of Copernicus. Tycho's father was not a rich man, but his rich uncle Steno Bille adopted him and sent him to the University of Copenhagen. Tycho, a fiery-natured, red-headed, and hot-eyed youth, was to become a lawyer.

While he was a student the air buzzed with predictions of a solar eclipse. All the world was agog with excitement. Statesmen quaked for the fate of nations; guilty kings went in fear and trembling to confession. Such a stupendous event as an eclipse of the Sun must surely mean something disastrous for the Earth.

Sure enough, to the very day, came this eclipse. That day, August 21, 1560, is a memorable date in the history of Evolution. No king fell dead from his throne. No fire from heaven consumed the crops sown in the fields by patient man. No fearsome plague swept through Europe in obedience to the wrath of God. But a boy of 14, studying law in Copenhagen,

was smitten by wonderment and entranced by the thought of it all.

Knowledge that could foretell such a thing as this! Knowledge of things to come! Knowledge that ran ahead of time! Knowledge that could climb into the starry heavens!

He saved up his pocket-money and bought a little globe. He went to the book-sellers and inquired for works on astronomy. He began to make instruments of his own for studying the stars. All very well, said his tutor, but what about the law?

Tycho was now studying at Leipzig, and his tutor had ambitions for this nephew of the rich Steno Bille; why, he might become the Chancellor of Denmark. So the study of the stars was forbidden to Tycho. The in-exorable tutor stood like destiny in the path of his young pupil, pointing to the dusty folios of the law.

Well, Tycho bowed before the authority. But there was a little window in his bedroom, and by the mercy of Heaven the smallest window on Earth is big enough to admit at least some fragment of the majesty and the loveliness of the starry firmament. At that window he fixed his career, whatever his tutor might say. Through it he saw the glowing heavens that entranced him all his life. At that window, night after night, the student of law studied the Moon, the planets, and the stars; and in August, 1563, being then only 17, he observed a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, proving to himself that the planetary tables of tradition were a whole month in error, while even the tables of Copernik were wrong by several days.

Thus was the inexorable tutor overcome by an elation of the mind. Tycho did not, we may suppose, realise that he was on a path which would bring kings to his foot-stool. He realised only the thrill of knowledge, the thrill of that power which knowledge gives to a man's soul. Nothing could stop him now. He threw law to the winds and set himself to draw up astronomical tables, convinced that he could find his way among the stars better than any other man on Earth. Two

years after this decision Steno Bille died, and Tycho found himself rich, able to pursue his way among the stars without any earthly obstacle.

But note this very interesting fact. He was ridiculed and angrily censured for numbering himself among the astronomers. He, a nobleman, a great gentleman of Denmark, a rich man, to waste life over such a paltry business as the science of the stars! Why, he was unworthy to sit among gentlemen. His place was with tradesmen and monks. Poor Tycho! What a misfortune to be a gentleman and to have brains! They made life so hard for him in Denmark that he took himself off to Germany, there to pursue his study in peace.

Unfortunately for peace, he fell one night into an angry dispute over mathematics with a fellow-countryman. They met next morning, almost in the dark, with drawn swords. Whether they could see each other is doubtful, but the naked swords slithered and slashed, and the end of it was that the nose of Tycho fell to the ground, sacrificed to mathematics. Tycho was an ingenious fellow. He made himself a nose of fine gold, stuck it over the vacant space by means of cement, and carried ever afterwards a box of cement in his pocket lest the nose should suddenly drop off in company. His face once repaired, he turned once more to the stars.

His genius lay in constructing instruments for observing and measuring the movements of the heavenly host. Before his day there were no instruments worth speaking about. Tycho constructed the first quadrant; it was a prodigious thing, needing 20 men to carry it.

Suddenly into these studies came a passion for alchemy, the belief that he could transmute common metals into gold but, happily for science, a new star swam into his ken, growing to the brightness of Jupiter, and then in 18 months waning out of vision. This marvel of the sky recalled Tycho to the stars.

Presently the University of Copenhagen asked him to

deliver a course of lectures on astronomy. Could a nobleman descend to such base levels as that? Tycho did. But note the character of the man. His lectures took the form of sowing radical ideas in the mind of conservative humanity. He did talk about the stars, but in talking of those mysterious lights in heaven he trod upon as many earthly corns as he could manage. He set society by the ears. He ridiculed the whole order of things. He exalted intelligence to the supreme place in human affairs.

As if to startle the world by his acts as well as his words, this fiery nobleman with the red head and the golden nose married a peasant girl of Denmark.

Such was his power, however, that even so revolutionary an act as this could not put him out of court. On the contrary, the King of Denmark gave him £400 a year for life, an island on which to build an observatory, and the colossal sum of £20,000 with which to build it.

Then came into the world the first and greatest of all observatories, an observatory never since surpassed for magnificence—a palace like a cathedral, with gardens surrounding it, statues of famous men adorning it, printing shops at hand, and dwelling-houses for its disciples. Twenty thousand pounds was a huge sum in those days, but it is believed that Tycho spent as much out of his own purse. They called his fine workshop the Castle of the Heavens.

Here Tycho lived for 20 years with his peasant wife and a queer, crack-brained person whom now we should call a medium, a man who professed to be governed by spirits or angels who spoke through his lips. And here Tycho experimented with quack medicines and dabbled in astrology, fore-telling the fate of peasants by the stars and dosing them with his queer remedies, one of which became famous all over Europe. In Italy Tintoretto was painting his vast canvases. In France Descartes was playing with toys. In England Shakespeare was writing plays.

Now, Tycho was deeply religious, and the new idea of old Copernik that the Earth went round the Sun, and was only one of many planets sweeping through the heavens, disgusted him as contrary to Scripture. Strange it seems to us, but we must remember the limitations of knowledge and the narrowness of belief in those days. And so the amazing Tycho used his unrivalled knowledge of the heavens to destroy the fame of Copernik. He did not actually oppose this new idea; he gave it a twist in an opposite direction. The whole of the heavens did, indeed, move, he said, but stars and everything else moved round the Earth; the planets did, indeed, revolve round the Sun, but planets and Sun also revolved round the Earth. At the very centre of the heavens was this little Earth.

We must remember that people did not want to believe in Copernik's idea. To the practical people of that age it was a ludicrous notion, a thing to be laughed at, a good joke; any clown, if he got up early, could see the Sun rise with his own eyes, and if he kept his eyes open at dusk he could see that same Sun set. What nonsense to talk of the Earth moving—the Earth on which people stood upright, and trees grew upward, and over whose fields the crows flew as calmly as a man walked! This Copernik would have us believe that crows flew upside down, and that men walked with their heads under their feet, hanging to the Earth like flies to the ceiling!

Still, certain people said that Copernik was right and that the old Greek Ptolemy was wrong. These people were no fools, and slowly their influence began to tell upon thoughtful minds; it looked as if the Church would have to light its human bonfires in order to save humanity from such terrible beliefs. But here was Tycho, the greatest of all astronomers, telling people that Copernik was wrong, or that he did not mean what it was said he meant; and so the Church drew a breath of relief, and kings and states men agreed that Tycho was a great fellow a man from God. Such was the fame of Tycho as a defender of the Scriptures and a master of the stars

that James the First of England paid him a visit, leaving behind him, as a royal present to the great astronomer, a dog that was destined to change Tycho's fortunes. For one day the Chancellor of Denmark came to the Castle of the Heavens, and, this dog getting in his way the Chancellor kicked it. Tycho was no courtier, but he was devoted to animals, and he gave the Chancellor such a rating as no bigwig in this world, perhaps, had ever endured before. White with rage the Chancellor went home, swearing he would ruin this insolent astronomer.

The old king died. His son was snubbed by the red-headed Tycho and did not like it. Such was Tycho's rough manner. If his medium began to speak at dinner, kings, philosophers, and statesmen were hotly told to hold their peace. If a nobleman attempted to give himself airs, Tycho would expose him as an ignoramus. Tycho offended people everywhere, and he offended the boy king. It was the Chancellor's opportunity. Tycho's pension was taken from him, then his estates, then his observatory; and, to crown all, the Chancellor appointed a committee to report upon the value of Tycho's work, and the committee brought in a verdict of Useless and Bad. Then was poor Tycho hooted and attacked in the streets, and presently driven into exile with his peasant wife, his children, and his dog. He said nobly in that dark hour of his life that, wherever he might go, over his head would be the same heavens and the same stars, and the thought of that comforted his soul.

Few things in history can move us more than the misfortunes of the great; a sudden fall from the dizzy heights of power and authority to the black abyss of poverty in exile. As a rule, so tremendous is this crash that the victim never recovers from it, remaining for the rest of his days stunned by a concussion of soul which robs him of all will and power. But Tycho was a man of infinite courage and unconquerable force of character. Two years he passed in the wilderness, and then

he reappears in history, destined this time to do more for humanity than ever before.

The King of Bohemia sent for him to Prague. He was given three thousand crowns a year, a castle, and an observatory. Once more he became the great teacher of astronomy to whom philosophers and kings came, for advice. Here he ascended the throne of power once again; and here all that was sweet, tender, and compassionate in his proud nature went out to the poorest and the sickliest of his students, a married man with a family, John Kepler.

Kepler, whose name is known throughout the civilised world and will live forever, while the name of his master is sinking with every year into darker oblivion, addressed that master as Most Noble Tycho, confessing that he owed everything in life to Tycho's humaneness, charity, and intellectual sympathy. So let us remember him as Most Noble Tycho, forgetting his arrogance, his fierce temper, his absurd superstitions, and his opposition to the work of Copernik. He gave to astronomy, in days before the telescope, its first instruments, and he made it one of the exactest of exact sciences. Nor was he only the journeyman of astronomy, its mere instrument maker; for it was his enthusiasm for the majesty and beauty of the stars which kindled the soul of John Kepler into flame; and it was John Kepler, the pupil of Tycho who had scorned old Copernik, who brought the theory of Copernik to its final victory.

Wilfred Barbrooke Grubb

1865-1930 A.D.

The little Republic of Paraguay is cut in two by the River Paraguay. Along the eastern bank are rows of towns twinkling with electric lights at night time; across the river dark forests loom against the sky, and a lonely Indian camp-fire shines through the trees. On one side, the river steamers dock at busy wharves; on the other, gourds are rattling, and Indians chant weird songs. The civilized and the primitive are there side by side, with only the river between them.

The western section of Paraguay is a rank wilderness of swamps, thickets, and big trees, one of the most grewsome places in the world to travel about in. It is a part of El Gran Chaco, a desolate country of 200,000 square miles which extends down into northern Argentina. Horror and mystery still cling to the name Chaco — a name to conjure evil spirits with, the Paraguayans think. When expeditions used to appear there, bent on capturing slaves or subduing wild tribes, the natives would scurry out of the way like frightened animals; then slyly emerge from their hiding-places and murder their pursuers. Even the Jesuits, with their genius for putting a civilized finish on savages, never made any headway with the Chaco Indians. A trip into their territory was once an adventure that few men lived to repeat, even though their errand was nothing more objectionable than surveying the land or collecting flower specimens.

The government once cared nothing for its Indian

residents, and they had no share in the fortunes of the country. When Paraguay went to war they enjoyed it mightily. Said one old chief: "We heard firing and knew war was going on. We could not understand Christians killing each other — we only kill enemies; we never fight with members of our own tribe. We crossed over in our canoes at night to see what was the matter. We entered a house — no one there. We saw some cattle — no one in charge. We took all we could carry. The cattle we could not get to cross the river, so we killed all we could and took the meat. We continued to do this night after night. By day we feasted, by night we robbed. What a fine time we had! We wish the Christians would fight again."

In 1890 the South American Missionary Society — Allen Gardiner's Society — sent W. Barbrooke Grubb, then twenty-three years old, to explore and open up the country of the Lengua-Mascoy Indians, one of the two largest tribes living in the Paraguayan Chaco. The easiest thing for Grubb to do was to settle down near the river and civilization, and by making friends of the coast Indians gradually learn the customs and language of the tribe. Instead of this he decided to burn all his bridges behind him and strike right into the heart of the Chaco, where he could live among the people in their own wild, native haunts. No half-way measures appealed to Grubb. First he set out in a steam launch to see if the interior could be reached bywater. He found that every stream was blocked by masses of reeds and rushes, and it was impossible for the little boat to nose her way through the tangle.

Canoeing was particularly dangerous. For instance, "when attempting to land on a bank where an old alligator was sitting, it ran at the canoe open-mouthed, and our missionary planted his paddle in its mouth. This it crunched up like matchwood. He then gave it a piece of hard iron to chew, upon which it could make but little impression. While it firmly held the bar of iron in its mouth, Grubb jumped ashore and dispatched it with an ax."

So it was on foot and on horseback that Grubb pushed into the interior over the same wild trails where many a large party, heavily armed, had been assassinated by the Indians. People were horrified to learn that he had gone without guards or weapons, and with only a few unreliable river Indians for guides. "He hasn't a chance in a thousand," they said, and three times during his first expedition his death was reported. Once he had to paddle all night to reach a point where he could send word to the authorities that he was very much alive and not anxious to have an announcement of his murder sent home to his friends. He had already worked for four years among the savages of Tierra del Fuego, and the experience had taught him much. It was his policy to travel unprotected to show his friendliness and to prove that he had no fear; and he never admitted weakness by asking help from any chief, or by bribing the Indians with presents. To assume at all times and under all circumstances a dignified authority — that was Grubb's working plan.

On his first long trip he took five very reluctant Indian guides. Just as he arrived at an isolated village named Kilmesakthlapomap, "the place of burnt pigs," they refused to go on, fearful lest they be killed along with the foreigner. This left him stranded in a strange place, but instead of bargaining with them to stay he dismissed them curtly, and prepared to camp for the night. With a few words and many gestures he ordered one of the village Indians to water his horse, another to fill his kettle. "Beckoning to a woman," he says, "I pointed to a shady tree near by, and, sitting down upon the ground, gave her to understand that I would camp under that tree, and pointing to a fire I told her to take it and place it there for my convenience. I then walked around the village, beating off the dogs with my whip, and selected a piece of pumpkin here and a few potatoes there. These I gave to a man, and signed to him to put them under the tree where I intended to camp. By this time my horse had been brought back, so I

unsaddled it, and then gave the lad instructions as well as I could to let it loose and to look after it." Finally he made up a bed on top of his baggage and went to sleep.

The Indians were so astonished at the fearlessness of their visitor that they forgot to be suspicious. This must be a great white chief who knew perhaps even more wonderful things than their own wizards and witch-doctors. They decided to find out how easy it would be to take advantage of him. In the middle of the night two of them stole toward his camp, and began to extract bits of his property from the pile on which he was sleeping. All was breathlessly still. Then right in their ears sounded the biggest war-whoop Grubb knew how to make, and utterly terrified, they vanished in the darkness. The rest of the night he spent in peace.

Next morning Grubb sent for the chief of the village and told him he wanted guides, the salary to be a pair of cotton trousers for each man. The only Indian to volunteer was a witch-doctor who could not resist the temptation of owning a pair of white trousers with a British lion and "30 yds. Manchester" stamped in blue ink on one leg.

On returning to Villa Concepcion, his base of supplies, Grubb heard that the station of an English land company had been looted by a party of Indians. People laughed at him when he said he was going into the wilderness to catch the thieves and make them pay for all they had taken. He rode eighteen miles on the same horse with an old Indian who promised to show him the way. The culprits agreed to pay back in skins and feathers what they had stolen, on condition that he settle down and live with them. The presence of such a curiosity, they thought, would give them greater prestige among other clans. Grubb cheerfully agreed to the proposal, and set about establishing his first settlement in the Chaco.

He directed his new friends to build him a hut of palm-logs and sticks, with grass thatching, and to put a bush in the doorway to keep out prowling dogs — a necessary precaution,

for it was considered bad luck to kill a dog and each family owned at least three. Provisions of sun-dried meat were hung from the rafters, a tempting display to the Indian eye. One night when he was snoozing on his sheepskin spread out on the floor, Grubb heard some one stealthily tearing a hole in the grass wall of his hut. From it emerged a shaggy black head which he immediately seized by the back hair. "I inquired who my visitor was," he says, "and from muffled sounds I discovered it was Alligator Stomach." This was a cook whose chief failing was a fondness for sampling the soup and meat, before he served it, until there was very little left for any one else. "By way of explaining he coolly told me that he had heard dogs near my hut, and fearing for the safety of the meat he had simply come to drive them out. Still retaining my hold of him, I asked why he had gone to the trouble of breaking through my wall instead of coming through the doorway, and told him that in my opinion he was the dog; then, pushing his head roughly through the hole, I bade him be gone."

Grubb had great sympathy with the native customs of the Indians, and he wished to preserve all those not directly harmful. The object of a missionary, as he puts it, "is to win men for Christ, and not to make them Englishmen." One foreign importation he refused to tolerate was the cheap whisky which coast Indians sometimes brought into the interior to sell. One day he was drinking a bitter dose of quinin mixture when an Indian came into his hut and caught sight of the medicine.

"Aha!" said the Indian, sniffing, "this smells like foreign liquor." And his expression seemed to add: "This stuff is bad for us, but I see you can drink it."

"If you will promise to say nothing about it, I will give you some of this," Grubb said to him.

His eyes gleaming with anticipation, the Indian gulped down a good dose; his face screwed up into lines of horror and surprise, and sputtering violently he vanished into the woods.

While on a hunting trip with the Indians, Grubb found a possible site for a mission station in a region called Thlagnasinkinmith, or "the place of many wood-ticks," and at once he began the process of moving. So far all provisions had been fetched from the river by Indian carriers, a laborious business not often to the taste of those selected to go.

One man, for instance, threatened to make serious trouble. It was too far and there would be too much to carry back, he said.

"Oh! What a mistake I have made!" exclaimed Grubb. "I thought I was speaking to one of the men, but I see it was one of the girls. Go away and weave blankets, my girl. Of course no one could expect you to go all the way to the river and carry heavy burdens."

All day long the Indian sulked. Then, armed and all ready to pick a quarrel, he came to Grubb and asked defiantly:

"Are you angry?"

"I am very angry!" said Grubb crisply and turned his back.

"I am just going to follow the men you have sent to the river, and help bring out your things," came a meek little voice behind him. There was no trifling with the great white chief!

Grubb determined to try the experiment of transporting supplies from the river to the new station by a cart and bullocks, and with the help of a few reluctant Indians, he cut the first track into the interior. The witch-doctors, who hated him because he laughed at their tricks, plotted to kill him by magic if he dared open up their wilderness to foreigners. But their threats added zest to the game. The trail was rough and in the rainy season almost impassable, but it has made history in the Chaco, for over it came the white men and civilization.

Two more missionaries were sent from England, and sixty miles further inland Grubb established a central station. When he came back to Thlagnasinkinmith to move his property, he had to reprove the Indians for some fault, and as usual

they took offense and deserted him.

For ten days he lived alone in his log hut. "The wild scene around me," he wrote, "and the strange stillness so peculiar to the tropics, broken only by the weird sounds of insect and animal life, so worked upon my nerves that I imagined all the beasts of the forest were congregating nightly around my hut. The nearest human being, as far as I knew, was quite thirty miles off, and I had not even a dog as a companion." When a party of Indians finally appeared the only ones who would help with his bullock cart were two sulky old men and one boy. For seven long days, Grubb fought his way through marshes and forests and across rivers, almost single-handed, for one of the men was ill with fever, and the others usually stood by and watched when any hard work was to be done.

For five years Grubb lived the life of the Indians, roaming from village to village, first with one clan, then with another, learning their language and winning their confidence. He went hunting and camping with them, and when the day's game was unusually plentiful, he joined in their feasts and celebrations. "I used to enter heartily into these festivities, dancing and singing with them night after night, my face and arms painted red with uriica dye, my head adorned with feathers, and my body ornamented as far as possible in true Indian style." Like the rest he ate only once a day, and dipped his share of the repulsive food out of the greasy clay pot used in common by the whole company. The best water supply was found in the caraguata plant which holds about a pint in the hollow formed by its spiked leaves and thorns. This liquid the Indians would strain through the crown of a hat or a piece of old blanket to catch the water spiders and dead leaves. Often thirst drove them all to drink mud puddles or green, slimy water which even the animals refused to touch. One custom, whenever Indians met each other or sat around the camp-fire together, was to pass a common pipe from mouth to mouth. It was their way of being sociable, and it would have been a

deadly insult to refuse the pipe or to wipe it off before smoking. Grubb's turn might come after an Indian who had been dining on a savoury rattlesnake, but he never flinched. He took part in wrestling matches and water sports, romped with the children, and chatted gayly with the women, whose favor was worth winning, for they held an important position in the community life. The men were all used to long marches from one hunting ground to another, and their powers of endurance, trained by years of continual wandering over the country, were tremendous. Grubb never allowed himself to betray his weariness. What they did, he did.

The deadly fear of evil spirits and the souls of departed friends prowling in the night casts a black shadow over the lives of the Chaco Indians until they have been taught to know better. No people in the world have a greater horror of ghosts, and nothing can make them venture away from their cluster of camps after the sun sets. After a death the burial rites are always performed before dark, and sometimes in such a hurry that a victim unfortunate enough not to die earlier in the day is buried alive. Then, in terror of the wandering spirit of the dead, the Indians abandon and destroy the village where they have been living and hurry on to build their wretched little shelters somewhere else.

Grubb's influence became so great that, after much reasoning with one clan on the occasion of an old man's death, he made them promise not to destroy their village as usual. But to be on the safe side they pulled down all their huts and built more in a position where they would be protected, by Grubb's own hut, from the grave and the approaching ghost. Just a few days before this the village witch-doctor had been persuaded to build himself a real little cabin of which he was very proud. This he could not bear to pull down, so he blocked up the doorway and cut an opening on the opposite side — a device intended to baffle the puzzled ghost, should he try to enter. The night following the burial was a hideous

one for all concerned.

"I was awakened by a terrible hubbub among the people," says Grubb. "The few guns they had were being fired off, arrows were whizzing through the air, women were shrieking and beating on the ground with sticks, children crying, dogs barking, and goats and sheep running hither and thither." Some one had dreamed that the ghost had entered Grubb's hut for a little chat, and dreams were always believed. Any communication with a departed spirit was considered an unpardonable sin, and the angry people came to kill him. He offered to disprove their theory by walking over the grave; then, since that failed to satisfy them, he lay down on the floor again, drew the mosquito netting into place with a bored air, and apparently went to sleep. Perhaps the Indians were not anxious to have a second spirit ambling about the village, for they never carried out their threat. It was another mile-stone in the progress of Grubb's Chaco Mission. For the first time in their history, the Lengua-Mascoy Indians had remained in a village where death had occurred.

The witch-doctors were the greatest hindrance to establishing mission stations and their influence was always an evil one. Grubb never lost a chance to discredit them in the eyes of the people. Once a heavy rain did extensive damage to the village, and the wizard, supposed to have the power of raising storms whenever he liked, was the center of admiration. It so happened that his own garden was ruined by the rain. "Now," said Grubb to the crowd of Indians, "when he engineered that storm, why did he not arrange that it should not damage his own property?"

An hysterical old woman was supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. While four men were holding her down and a wizard was trying to drive out the demon, Grubb strolled up with a bottle of strong liquid ammonia, and held it under the patient's nose. Her cure was instantaneous and complete. To find out how they managed their tricks, Grubb feigned a pain

in his arm and sent for old Redhead, the witchdoctor. After sucking the painful spot, Redhead produced three fish-bones and announced that they had been wished upon him by some unfriendly wizard who lived in the western Chaco. "They are not nice people in the West," he said. "Quite different from us who love you and are your friends." Old Redhead's love was not apparent, however, when Grubb, taking him unawares, pried his mouth open and pulled out his whole secret store of fish-bones.

"We have to be very careful indeed," says Grubb of the Indians, "when appealing to their religious feelings, to avoid sensationalism, for they are easily worked upon, and the result would be a superficial rather than a permanent gain." In the whole Chaco Mission there is not a particle of the mysticism and glitter, none of the elaborate religious ceremonies which used to throw the Guarani Indians of the old Jesuit towns into emotional spasms which passed for religion. Simple exercises are sometimes held to honor men or women who have been plucky enough to lay aside a pet tradition. Four women, who had helped in the fight against infanticide by sparing the lives of four children each, were publicly praised, presented with printed certificates and crowned with flower wreaths, all on a raised platform where they could be shining examples of courage for the rest of the Indians.

Because the conversion of the Lengua-Mascoys is genuine and lasting when it does occur, the process has been a long one. It was seven years before the first church was built. In 1898 the first two converts joined it — Philip and James they were called, because their real names were too long to pronounce. In the days of the Jesuits the priests commanded; the people obeyed, and never learned how to depend on themselves. Grubb's policy is to guide his Indians till they can direct their own lives along new lines, managing their church, directing their schools and industries, civilizing their own people. "I am perfectly sure of one thing," says Mr. Grubb,

"and that is, that until the Indians themselves become the evangelists of their own people we shall never succeed in building up a powerful church." The very first convert was persuaded to give a little talk before his clan about the things he had learned.

"These people," he said, pointing to Mr. Grubb and the other missionaries of the station, "have told us that a long time ago the Son of God came from above in the form of a man, and lived in a country not very far from their own. He preached his good news to the people of that country, and they in turn told it to others. This Son of God explains to us many things we do not know, and shows us that our traditions are wrong. We have known these people for some years, and we have always found them truthful and friendly to us. We are sure, therefore, that they are not deceiving us."

Repeatedly in the history of races primitive peoples have gradually dwindled and disappeared after coming in contact with civilization, which has far too often meant customs, clothing, and manners most appropriate for white men but ridiculously unsuitable for savages. Mr. Grubb's is the magnificent creed of modern missions: "To arrest the decline and decay of the race; to bind the various tribes together; to give them a system of government; to raise them to the level of property-holders; to induce them to adopt an industrious, settled, and regular life; to instil into them a higher moral sense; to awaken a desire for culture and progress; to fit them to receive the offer of the Paraguayan government of citizenship in that Republic; to make them useful members of society, a people who could bear their part in the development of their own land, and take their due place as a unit in the growing population of a great continent. The only way we could succeed in doing this was by implanting in them a pure, living form of Christianity, which would become the basis of their political, social, and moral constitution."

To-day in the heart of the Chaco there is a village called

the Garden Colony of Enmakthlawaia where each Indian owns his own house, garden, and cattle, earns his living by a good trade, has money put away in the Indian bank, knows how to read and write, and sends his children to school. The men of this village make their own laws and see that they are enforced. When they decree that no witch-craft can be practised within the village boundaries, and along comes a party of outsiders to indulge in wizards' tricks, native police-men sally forth and use their "billies" to good ad- vantage.

The day is passed when tourists dare not enter the Chaco. "Before I arrived in South America," says one Englishman who visited the Garden Colony in idle curiosity, "I knew no one connected with the mission, and, having nothing to do with missionary work, my criticism is absolutely that of an outsider. They really do seem to be building up and educating the Indian on such excellent lines that I firmly believe it will prove of a permanent character, and eventually become a self-governing body. When one thinks that but ten years ago it was dangerous to one's life to venture into the Chaco, while now there are numerous estancias on the border, and one can now go for a hundred and more miles into the interior with comparative safety, it shows that the missionaries have got the 'thin edge of the wedge' well thrust in.

"These men and women are making savages into reason-able, peace-abiding people, and — what touches the commer-cial world more — they are making what was once considered a piece of waste land, the size of England and Scotland, of real commercial value. Landowners in the Paraguayan Chaco owe all this to the English Mission, and especially to Mr. W. B. Grubb, the pioneer and backbone of the whole undertaking."

The story of the Chaco Mission, like that of all great achievements, leaves untold half the adventures and dangers and difficulties that are calmly accepted as all a part of the day's program. They are the privilege of explorers, scientists, sea-captains, bridge-builders, missionaries — all the men who

lead the way for others to follow. A tourist in Paraguay said of the Chaco missionaries: "Like the plucky young fellows they are, they seem to have concealed the real hardships they endure."

But Mr. Grubb, when he looks backward, will tell you that those early years, exploring the wilderness and living as the Indians lived, were the happiest in his whole life.

William Carey
"The Consecrated Cobbler"
Missionary to India (1793 – 1833 A.D.)

There was a young man long ago in England who asked some ministers if the Church had done all it could for the heathen, and received this answer: "Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen world, He will do it without your help or mine." Who was the venturesome young man? William Carey.

Who was it that said afterwards, "Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God"? William Carey. Who was it that later said, when some one was talking of the great mine of heathenism, asking, "Who will go down?" "I will, but remember that you must hold the ropes"? William Carey, missionary to India for forty years. Tuck into your memory these three things, and keep them there, for they are worth remembering.

William Carey is called the father of modern missions. Of course we want to know something about him. In the year 1761, he was born in a lowly cottage, in the little town of Paulersbury in England. His father was a schoolmaster. In this village the boy spent the first fourteen years of his life, and his father gave him the best education he could. But at fourteen the boy was his own master. "The bench was his seat of literature, and the shoemaker's stall his hall of learning." The boy who, when but six years old, used to repeat sums in arithmetic to his mother, which he had worked out in his own

mind, was not likely to stop learning at fourteen. He finished whatever he began. He used every chance he had. The room where he worked was filled with insects in every corner, and he delighted to watch them growing. He collected birds, butterflies, and animals, and was also fond of drawing and painting. He was an active fellow, and fond of the things boys love to do. He was a great favourite with those of his own age. As a shoemaker's apprentice, William Carey did his work so well that his master kept a pair of shoes to show William's good work.

While still a youth, he gave his heart to Christ, and was sometimes asked to speak in meetings in a little Baptist chapel which he attended. Thirty years afterwards, the minister who baptized the young man said, "In 1783 I baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that before nine years had passed he would prove the first instrument in forming a society for sending missionaries to the heathen, but such was the case."

At length the church encouraged the young man to enter on the work of preaching, as he longed to do. But his master died, and the apprentice began work for himself to pay expenses while preaching. He married at twenty, and had his family to support. He preached three years at Barton, walking six miles there and back. Then he had a church in Mouiton, where he had a salary of seventy-live dollars a year. He could not live on this — do you wonder? — and tried to teach school. This was a failure and he went back to shoemaking. But he and his family lived very sparingly, often going without meat for a month at a time. After two or three years he moved to Leister and built up a church there. All this time he managed somehow to do much studying. He mastered the Latin grammar in six weeks, and the Dutch language in a wonderfully short time. Greek and Hebrew were learned without a teacher. In seven years he could read his Bible in six languages. He bought a French book for a few pence and in three

weeks could read it. He found it so easy to learn a new language that it was an amusement to spread out a book before him and study as he worked. By and by the shoemaker preacher was asked to preach before an association of ministers. It was then and there that he said "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." As a result of that sermon, a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen was formed, in the little parlour of a lady named Mrs. Wallis. She loved to remember this, and her eyes glistened, when it was mentioned.

Very soon Mr. Carey decided to go himself as a missionary. His wife felt that she could not go. There were four children, one of them a baby. The minister said he would take his oldest son and go, hoping the mother and the rest would follow. But before he sailed, the mother decided to go, and the whole family set out for India. It took five months for the voyage. On arriving, there were dreadful times and many hardships before a place could be found for the family, and Mr. Carey had to take what work he could get to support them. The money brought with them was gone, and the one trusted with it for the company of missionaries did not spend it wisely. Fifteen thousand miles from home, the only way to get more was to work for it. Mr. Carey said that he would not depend on the society at home, but would support himself, and sent for seeds and plants for a large garden. Soon after, the five-year-old son Robert died, and no one could be found to make or to carry the coffin. Men were afraid to touch the little body. Soon the missionary work began, though with many trials. After five years he went to Serampore, where his great work was done. After seven years in India, he baptized the first Hindu convert, who lived to preach for twenty years afterwards.

A wonderful work was done by the Mission Press. Before Dr. Carey died, 212,000 copies of the Scriptures had been sent out in forty different languages among three hundred

millions of people.

After forty years' labour as missionary, professor, and translator, he fell asleep in Jesus.

William Wilson

Wilson of the Duff

1760-1814 (South Seas)

He was a sea captain living in retirement at Portsea in 1796. He was known as a serious man, who had joined earnestly in the service of his Church. He was only 36, but the stories he could tell of his adventures used to make the boys of Portsea open their eyes.

He was a Tynesider, the son of a sea captain, and it was on the sea he had his schooling. When he was 15 he joined the army; his first adventures were in America, where he fought at Bunker Hill and at Lexington during the war of the Revolution. When that war ended William took service in the navy, and in command of four ships escaped a French fleet and relieved Sir Eyre Coote near Madras. He was afterwards captured and imprisoned by the cruel Hyder Ali.

Of the 153 prisoners who were captured only 32 returned alive; among them was Wilson. These and many other stories he had to tell. But his days of adventure were not over. It was in a strange way that he entered on the second part of his life.

He heard one day that a new society had been formed to carry missionaries to the South Seas, and at once offered his services. He sold his house, bought a ship, the Duff, for £5000, and in the autumn of 1796, with thirty missionaries on board, took the ship down the Channel.

It was an important voyage, for in that ship were the first Protestant missionaries to settle in the South Seas. They were

a mixed company; only four were ministers, the rest were carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, and men of other crafts. There was also a cooper and a surgeon. One of them was a bricklayer, Henry Nott, who lived to translate the Bible for the people of Tahiti.

Wilson had for his task to bring the ship safely through long voyages. In fifty days the ship crossed the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro. Afterwards they made a journey of 13,820 miles without touching land. Only once in 97 days did these voyagers see a ship.

The first land they saw was Tahiti, where they landed some of their strange cargo. The rest of the missionaries they left in the Friendly Islands.

Then it was that Captain Wilson steered his ship toward China.

It was on the voyage there that he became one of the discoverers of the Fiji Islands. Through those dangerous seas he took the Duff with true seamanship. Once they struck a reef, and, according to the ship's log, the crew were conjuring up pictures of cannibal fires and savage dances. But Wilson saved the ship and the men escaped that awful fate.

Some of the most important islands in the group were first noted by Wilson.

They arrived in due course in Canton and loaded the ship with tea, which was sold in London for £4000. As his biographer says, a way into the Southern Ocean was now open. This was the great work in which this fine sailor had his part.

Woo of Hwang-Ho
The Girl of the Yellow River
A.D. 635 (Asia-China)

Thomas the Nestorian had been in many lands and in the midst of many dangers, but he had never before found himself in quite so unpleasant a position as now. Six ugly Tartar horsemen with very uncomfortable-looking spears and appalling shouts, and mounted on their swift Kirghiz ponies, were charging down upon him, while neither the rushing Yellow River on the right hand, nor the steep dirt-cliffs on the left, could offer him shelter or means of escape. These dirt-cliffs, or "loess," to give them their scientific name, are remarkable banks of brownish-yellow loam, found largely in Northern and Western China, and rising sometimes to a height of a thousand feet. Their peculiar yellow tinge makes everything look "hwang" or yellow—and hence yellow is a favorite color among the Chinese. So, for instance, the emperor is "Hwang-ti"—the "Lord of the Yellow Land"; the imperial throne is the "Hwang-wei" or "yellow throne" of China; the great river, formerly spelled in your school geographies Hoang-ho, is "Hwang-ho," the "yellow river," etc.

These "hwang" cliffs, or dirt-cliffs, are full of caves and crevices, but the good priest could see no convenient cave, and he had therefore no alternative but to boldly face his fate, and like a brave man calmly meet what he could not avoid.

But, just as he had singled out, as his probable captor, one peculiarly unattractive-looking horseman, whose crimson

sheepskin coat and long horsetail plume were streaming in the wind, and just as he had braced himself to meet the onset against the great "loess," or dirt-cliff, he felt a twitch at his black upper robe, and a low voice—a girl's, he was confident—said quickly:

"Look not before nor behind thee, good O-lo-pun, but trust to my word and give a backward leap."

Thomas the Nestorian had learned two valuable lessons in his much wandering about the earth—never to appear surprised, and always to be ready to act quickly. So, knowing nothing of the possible results of his action, but feeling that it could scarcely be worse than death from Tartar spears, he leaped back, as bidden.

The next instant, he found himself flat upon his back in one of the low-ceiled cliff caves that abound in Western China, while the screen of vines that had concealed its entrance still quivered from his fall. Picking himself up and breathing a prayer of thanks for his deliverance, he peered through the leafy doorway and beheld in surprise six much astonished Tartar robbers regarding with looks of puzzled wonder a defiant little Chinese girl, who had evidently darted out of the cave as he had tumbled in. She was facing the enemy as boldly as had he, and her little almond eyes fairly danced with mischievous delight at their perplexity.

At once he recognized the child. She was Woo (the "high-spirited" or "dauntless one"), the bright young girl whom he had often noticed in the throng at his mission-house in Tung-Chow, the little city by the Yellow River, where her father, the bannerman, held guard at the Dragon Gate.

He was about to call out to the girl to save herself, when, with a sudden swoop, the Tartar whom he had braced himself to resist, bent in his saddle and made a dash for the child. But agile little, Woo was quicker than the Tartar horseman. With a nimble turn and a sudden spring, she dodged the Tartar's hand, darted under his pony's legs, and with a shrill laugh of

derision, sprang up the sharp incline, and disappeared in one of the many cliff caves before the now doubly baffled horsemen could see what had become of her.

With a grunt of discomfiture and disgust, the Tartar riders turned their ponies' heads and galloped off along the road that skirted the yellow waters of the swift-flowing Hwang-ho. Then a little yellow face peeped out of a cave farther up the cliff, a black-haired, tightly braided head bobbed and twitched with delight, and the next moment the good priest was heartily thanking his small ally for so skillfully saving him from threatened capture.

It was a cool September morning in the days of the great Emperor Tai, twelve hundred and fifty years ago. And a great emperor was Tai-tsung, though few, if any, of my young readers ever heard his name. His splendid palace stood in the midst of lovely gardens in the great city of Chang-an—that old, old city that for over two thousand years was the capital of China, and which you can now find in your geographies under its modern name of Singan-foo. And in the year 635, when our story opens, the name of Tai-tsung was great and powerful throughout the length and breadth of Chung Kwoh—the "Middle Kingdom," as the Chinese for nearly thirty centuries have called their vast country—while the stories of his fame and power had reached to the western courts of India and of Persia, of Constantinople, and even of distant Rome.

It was a time of darkness and strife in Europe. Already what historians have called the Dark Ages had settled upon the Christian world. And among all the races of men the only nation that was civilized, and learned, and cultivated, and refined in this seventh century of the Christian era, was this far eastern Empire of China, where schools and learning flourished, and arts and manufactures abounded, when America was as yet undiscovered and Europe was sunk in degradation.

And here, since the year 505, the Nestorians, a branch of

the Christian Church, originating in Asia Minor in the fifth century, and often called "the Protestants of the East," had been spreading the story of the life and love of Christ. And here, in this year of grace 635, in the city of Chang-an, and in all the region about the Yellow River, the good priest Thomas the Nestorian, whom the Chinese called O-lo-pun—the nearest approach they could give to his strange Syriac name—had his Christian mission-house, and was zealously bringing to the knowledge of a great and enlightened people the still greater and more helpful light of Christianity.

"My daughter," said the Nestorian after his words of thanks were uttered; "this is a gracious deed done to me, and one that I may not easily repay. Yet would I gladly do so, if I might. Tell me what wouldst thou like above all other things?"

The answer of the girl was as ready as it was unexpected.

"To be a boy, O master!" she replied. "Let the great Shang-ti,[1] whose might thou teachest, make me a man that I may have revenge."

The good priest had found strange things in his mission work in this far Eastern land, but this wrathful demand of an excited little maid was full as strange as any. For China is and ever has been a land in which the chief things taught the children are, "subordination, passive submission to the law, to parents, and to all superiors, and a peaceful demeanor."

"Revenge is not for men to trifle with, nor maids to talk of," he said. "Harbor no such desires, but rather come with me and I will show thee more attractive things. This very day doth the great emperor go forth from the City of Peace,[2] to the banks of the Yellow River. Come thou with me to witness the splendor of his train, and perchance even to see the great

[1] Almighty Being.

[2] The meaning of Chang-an, the ancient capital of China, is "the City of Continuous Peace."

emperor himself and the young Prince Kaou, his son."

"That I will not then," cried the girl, more hotly than before. "I hate this great emperor, as men do wrongfully call him, and I hate the young Prince Kaou. May Lung Wang, the god of the dragons, dash them both beneath the Yellow River ere yet they leave its banks this day."

At this terrible wish on the lips of a girl, the good master very nearly forgot even his most valuable precept—never to be surprised. He regarded his defiant young companion in sheer amazement.

"Have a care, have a care, my daughter!" he said at length. "The blessed Saint James telleth us that the tongue is a little member, but it can kindle a great fire. How mayst thou hope to say such direful words against the Son of Heaven[1] and live?"

"The Son of Heaven killed the emperor, my father," said the child.

"The emperor thy father!" Thomas the Nestorian almost gasped in this latest surprise. "Is the girl crazed or doth she sport with one who seeketh her good?" And amazement and perplexity settled upon his face.

"The Princess Woo is neither crazed nor doth she sport with the master," said the girl. "I do but speak the truth. Great is Tai-tsung. Whom he will he slayeth, and whom he will he keepeth alive." And then she told the astonished priest that the bannerman of the Dragon Gate was not her father at all. For, she said, as she had lain awake only the night before, she had heard enough in talk between the bannerman and his wife to learn her secret—how that she was the only daughter of the rightful emperor, the Prince Kung-ti, whose guardian and chief adviser the present emperor had been; how this trusted protector had made away with poor Kung-ti in order

[1] "The Son of Heaven" is one of the chief titles of the Chinese emperor.

that he might usurp the throne; and how she, the Princess Woo, had been flung into the swift Hwang-ho, from the turbid waters of which she had been rescued by the bannerman of the Dragon Gate.

"This may or may not be so," Thomas the Nestorian said, uncertain whether or not to credit the girl's surprising story; "but even were it true, my daughter, how couldst thou right thyself? What can a girl hope to do?"

The young princess drew up her small form proudly. "Do?" she cried in brave tones; "I can do much, wise O-lo-pun, girl though I am! Did not a girl save the divine books of Confucius, when the great Emperor Chi-Hwang-ti did command the burning of all the books in the empire? Did not a girl—though but a soothsayer's daughter—raise the outlaw Liu Pang straight to the Yellow Throne? And shall I, who am the daughter of emperors, fail to be as able or as brave as they?"

The wise Nestorian was shrewd enough to see that here was a prize that might be worth the fostering. By the assumption of mystic knowledge, he learned from the bannerman of the Dragon Gate, the truth of the girl's story, and so worked upon the good bannerman's native superstition and awe of superior power as to secure the custody of the young princess, and to place her in his mission-house at Tung-Chow for teaching and guidance. Among the early Christians, the Nestorians held peculiarly helpful and elevating ideas of the worth and proper condition of woman. Their precepts were full of mutual help, courtesy, and fraternal love. All these the Princess Woo learned under her preceptor's guidance. She grew to be even more assertive and self-reliant, and became, also, expert in many sports in which, in that woman-despising country, only boys could hope to excel. One day, when she was about fourteen years old, the Princess Woo was missing from the Nestorian mission-house, by the Yellow River. Her troubled guardian, in much anxiety, set out to find the truant;

and, finally, in the course of his search, climbed the high bluff from which he saw the massive walls, the many gateways, the gleaming roofs, and porcelain towers of the Imperial city of Chang-an-the City of Continuous Peace.

But even before he had entered its northern gate, a little maid in loose silken robe, peaked cap, and embroidered shoes had passed through that very gateway, and slipping through the thronging streets of the great city, approached at last the group of picturesque and glittering buildings that composed the palace of the great Emperor Tai.

Just within the main gateway of the palace rose the walls of the Imperial Academy, where eight thousand Chinese boys received instruction under the patronage of the emperor, while, just beyond extended the long, low range of the archery school, in which even the emperor himself sometimes came to witness, or take part in, the exciting contests.

Drawing about her shoulders the yellow sash that denoted alliance with royalty, the Princess Woo, without a moment's hesitation, walked straight through the palace gateway, past the wondering guards, and into the boundaries of the archery court.

Here the young Prince Kaou, an indolent and lazy lad of about her own age, was cruelly goading on his trained crickets to a ferocious fight within their gilded bamboo cage, while, just at hand, the slaves were preparing his bow and arrows for his daily archery practice.

Now, among the rulers of China there are three classes of privileged targets—the skin of the bear for the emperor himself, the skin of the deer for the princes of the blood, and the skin of the tiger for the nobles of the court; and thus, side by side, in the Imperial Archery School at Chang-an, hung the three targets.

The girl with the royal sash and the determined face walked straight up to the Prince Kaou. The boy left off goading his fighting crickets, and looked in astonishment at this

strange and highly audacious girl, who dared to enter a place from which all women were excluded. Before the guards could interfere, she spoke.

"Are the arrows of the great Prince Kaou so well fitted to the cord," she said, "that he dares to try his skill with one who, although a girl, hath yet the wit and right to test his skill?"

The guards laid hands upon the intruder to drag her away, but the prince, nettled at her tone, yet glad to welcome any thing that promised novelty or amusement, bade them hold off their hands.

"No girl speaketh thus to the Prince Kaou and liveth," he said insolently. "Give me instant test of thy boast, or the wooden collar[1] in the palace torture-house, shall be thy fate."

"Give me the arrows, Prince," the girl said, bravely, "and I will make good my words."

At a sign, the slaves handed her a bow and arrows. But, as she tried the cord and glanced along the polished shaft, the prince said:

"Yet, stay, girl; here is no target set for thee. Let the slaves set up the people's target. These are not for such as thou."

"Nay, Prince, fret not thyself," the girl coolly replied. "My target is here!" and while all looked on in wonder, the undaunted girl deliberately toed the practice line, twanged her bow, and with a sudden whiz, sent her well-aimed shaft quivering straight into the small white centre of the great bearskin—the imperial target itself!

With a cry of horror and of rage at such sacrilege, the guards pounced upon the girl archer, and would have dragged her away. But with the same quick motion that had saved her from the Tartar robbers, she sprang from their grasp and, standing full before the royal target, she said commandingly:

[1] The "wooden collar" was the "kia" or "cangue,"—a terrible instrument of torture used in China for the punishment of criminals.

"Hands off, slaves; nor dare to question my right to the bearskin target. I am the Empress!"

It needed but this to cap the climax. Prince, guards, and slaves looked at this extraordinary girl in open-mouthed wonder. But ere their speechless amazement could change to instant seizure, a loud laugh rang from the imperial doorway and a hearty voice exclaimed: "Braved, and by a girl! Who is thy Empress, Prince? Let me, too, salute the Tsih-tien!"[1] Then a portly figure, clad in yellow robes, strode down to the targets, while all within the archery lists prostrated themselves in homage before one of China's greatest monarchs—the Emperor Tai-tsung, Wun-woo-ti.[2]

But before even the emperor could reach the girl, the bamboo screen was swept hurriedly aside, and into the archery lists came the anxious priest, Thomas the Nestorian. He had traced his missing charge even to the imperial palace, and now found her in the very presence of those he deemed her mortal enemies. Prostrate at the emperor's feet, he told the young girl's story, and then pleaded for her life, promising to keep her safe and secluded in his mission-home at Tung-Chow.

The Emperor Tai laughed a mighty laugh, for the bold front of this only daughter of his former master and rival, suited his warlike humor. But he was a wise and clement monarch withal.

"Nay, wise O-lo-pun," he said. "Such rivals to our throne may not be at large, even though sheltered in the temples of the hung-mao.[3] The royal blood of the house of Sui[4] flows safely only within palace walls. Let the proper decree be

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[1] "The Sovereign Divine"—an imperial title.

[2] "Our Exalted Ancestor—the Literary-Martial Emperor."

[3] The "light-haired ones"—an old Chinese term for the western Christians.

[4] The name of the former dynasty.

registered, and let the gifts be exchanged; for tomorrow thy ward, the Princess Woo, becometh one of our most noble queens."

And so at fourteen, even as the records show, this strong-willed young girl of the Yellow River became one of the wives of the great Emperor Tai. She proved a very gracious and acceptable stepmother to young Prince Kaou, who, as the records also tell us, grew so fond of the girl queen that, within a year from the death of his great father, and when he himself had succeeded to the Yellow Throne, as Emperor Supreme, he recalled the Queen Woo from her retirement in the mission-house at Tung-Chow and made her one of his royal wives. Five years after, in the year 655, she was declared Empress, and during the reign of her lazy and indolent husband she was "the power behind the throne." And when, in the year 683, Kaou-tsung died, she boldly assumed the direction of the government, and, ascending the throne, declared herself Woo How Tsih-tien—Woo the Empress Supreme and Sovereign Divine.

History records that this Zenobia of China proved equal to the great task. She "governed the empire with discretion," extended its borders, and was acknowledged as empress from the shores of the Pacific to the borders of Persia, of India, and of the Caspian Sea.

Her reign was one of the longest and most successful in that period known in history as the Golden Age of China. Because of the relentless native prejudice against a successful woman, in a country where girl babies are ruthlessly drowned, as the quickest way of ridding the world of useless incumbrances, Chinese historians have endeavored to blacken her character and undervalue her services. But later scholars now see that she was a powerful and successful queen, who did great good to her native land, and strove to maintain its power and glory.

She never forgot her good friend and protector, Thomas

the Nestorian. During her long reign of almost fifty years, Christianity strengthened in the kingdom, and obtained a footing that only the great Mahometan conquests of five centuries later entirely destroyed; and the Empress Woo, so the chronicles declare, herself "offered sacrifices to the great God of all." When, hundreds of years after, the Jesuit missionaries penetrated into this most exclusive of all the nations of the earth, they found near the palace at Chang-an the ruins of the Nestorian mission church, with the cross still standing, and, preserved through all the changes of dynasties, an abstract in Syriac characters of the Christian law, and with it the names of seventy-two attendant priests who had served the church established by O-lo-pun.

Thus, in a land in which, from the earliest ages, women have been regarded as little else but slaves, did a self-possessed and wise young girl triumph over all difficulties, and rule over her many millions of subjects "in a manner becoming a great prince." This, even her enemies admit. "Lessening the miseries of her subjects," so the historians declare, she governed the wide Empire of China wisely, discreetly, and peacefully; and she displayed upon the throne all the daring, wit, and wisdom that had marked her actions when, years before, she was nothing but a sprightly and determined little Chinese maiden, on the banks of the turbid Yellow River.

Yolanda of Aragon

1384-1442 (Spain)

Thousands of people do not even know her name, yet if it had not been for her Joan of Arc might never have ridden to the siege of Orleans, and perhaps Christopher Columbus would not have sailed westward in 1492.

Her father was lord of the great Spanish kingdom of Aragon, and so of course she was a princess and lived in a castle as splendid as any one would care to possess. Yet Yolanda was anything but happy, and one bright April morning, when daffodils and azaleas gleamed like jewels in the spring-sweet valleys, she wished she had been born a peasant and wore a homespun smock, instead of satin court dresses, all because the royal counselors had declared she would have to marry a prince she never had seen.

Louis of Provence and Anjou was the lad who had been chosen for her husband, and the ministers said he was as comely and likable a youth as ever wore squire's apparel. But courtiers are apt to tell such tales when they want a princess to marry somebody because it serves their interests. Yolanda had associated with princes as far back as she could remember and knew that some of them had shockingly bad manners, to say nothing of their being so homely one would want to hide them in a closet if company came. How was she to know Louis would not prove to be one of the undesirable kind? She went up to her room in the tower and cried a little and thought a great deal about how she should like to be a shepherdess or

dairymaid, and free to choose her husband, instead of being handed over to one whom she did not want and who, very likely, did not want her, just to keep a few greedy rulers from going to war.

At that very same time, in the French city of Angers, young Louis of Provence and Anjou was so indignant that he threatened to give up his throne and turn soldier of fortune or even brigand if that would save him from a marriage with Lady Yolanda of Aragon—a state of mind, you know, that Yolanda had foreseen. Then the pleasure-loving nobility on both sides of the Pyrenees repaired to the Flower Festival of Montpellier. And just as when you go to a circus you leave your troubles behind, so both Yolanda and Louis forgot their indignation in the excitement of attending the fete.

Montpellier in the fifteenth century was as delightful a spot as one could imagine. In the warmest and sunniest part of France it stood, near enough to the Mediterranean so that its airs were always touched with balminess, with a background of hills that were topaz and magenta by sunrise and sunset, and that made the white palaces and convent walls seem pearls in jeweled settings. No town of Europe knew greater prosperity than Montpellier, for the wealth of the world came in on her river, small two-oared flatboats bearing the spices and laces of the east, marbles and glass of Italy, laces and textiles from the Low Countries, and furs and wax from Russia. They were borne in cumbersome bundles from heavily laden barges sailing up the Rhone, and in exchange for them the town gave the wine and cream of tartar, the verdigris and soap, for which it is still famous.

The happiness of the people of Montpellier was as great as their prosperity, for they were southern Frenchmen, you know, and a Belgian poet once said that every Frenchman of the south country has a piece of rainbow in his heart. They had concerts and promenades and circuses in the public plaza every week throughout the summer-time; and once each year,

when the glens were blossom-mottled and the swift-moving Lez turned amber with silt from the Herault and Aveyron hills, the Flower Festival was held, and that brought crowds from Italy, Spain, Germany, and even Portugal and Greece. To miss the blossom fete of Montpellier in Yolanda of Aragon's day was like staying away from a great world's fair in our own time.

Exactly how it happened nobody seems to know. Some of the old historians say it came about through sheer accident. Others think the indignation of Louis at being told he must marry Yolanda made him so curious he determined to find out for himself if she were hideous or lovely, and to do it before leaving Montpellier.

At any rate, one afternoon when the young nobles lounged along the river promenade and amused themselves by tossing coins to the bright-skirted orange-women, Louis quitted them for a solitary stroll and, looking down from a cliff overhanging the water into a shadowy, walled garden, saw a sensitive, beautiful face.

An hour later, in the happiest of moods, he rejoined his companions, and that night word went forth that the count of Provence and Anjou would willingly wed the Aragon princess, for it was she he had seen but a little while before among the flowers.

So these two were married and repaired to the castle of Angers on the Maine, where, for miles around, peasants told of a countess who adored her lord and a lord his countess, and whose life together was marked by happiness seldom found among the great. When their first two children were born, and when, some nine years later a second boy came who was christened Rene, there was rejoicing throughout two southern provinces.

Yolanda of Aragon was beautiful in face and figure, but she might have died without being very celebrated had she not possessed a loveliness of character and mind that laid the

foundation of some very splendid things. Under the influence of this mother young Rene grew to be an ideal prince, loved by the humble as well as the high-born because of his kindly nature and pleasant ways. He was taken from his mother when very young, for he shared the fate of all royal youths of his day, and when, at the age of twelve, he was betrothed to ten-year-old Isabelle of Lorraine, the agreement required that he be brought up in the household of Duke Charles of Lorraine. So he left his home in Angers for one neither so wholesome nor so happy, and many, many times he yearned for the delightful atmosphere of its halls.

But Yolanda's touch upon the soul and character of her son had already left an imprint that contact with corrupt politicians could not efface. When the wheel of destiny took an unexpected turn and he became ruler of three countries instead of being just an obscure southern noble, which for a time his position of younger son promised he would be, he went to his throne with a determination to possess it for the good of France. He had his faults, but Rene never swerved from the high ambition to be a good king, and he devoted himself to plans of benefaction and chivalry that made Provence an example to the whole of France. By encouraging poets throughout his dominions he strove to reestablish the glorious reign of the troubadours. Minstrels who could find aid and shelter nowhere else were certain of obtaining it at the court of Yolanda's son, and we find him surrounded by the most illustrious spirits of his day, among them the golden-voiced Francois Villon. And several times, even before he became a king, he unsheathed his sword and risked his life in support of a peasant, guileless as Villon never dreamed of being, and a hundred times more divinely inspired.

February of 1428, and strange tides of fate surged against Robert de Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs. From the Domremy uplands came a shepherd-girl with word that heavenly voices had spoken to her in the hills, bidding her deliver

France from invading Briton and Burgundian.

"It was St. Michael himself who appeared to me," she said as she told her story to Baudricourt, "and I am come to ask that you guide me to the dauphin."

The governor had no faith in her. He declared she had better go back to her flocks instead of trying to roam highways peasant feet were not intended to travel; and he suggested that her uncle, who had made the journey with her, take her home and trounce her soundly.

Despite threats and jeers, however, Joan of Arc held to her purpose. Although they forced her out of Vaucouleurs and back to Domremy, she fared forth again, and again Baudricourt commanded a servant to send her from his door. But as the man turned to do his master's bidding something happened that sped forward the girl's course of destiny.

Seated with the governor that morning was a friend who had come from Angers several days before, and that friend was none other than Rene, son of Yolanda of Aragon. He was a brilliant and handsome young noble now, of a little past twenty, blithe of spirit and kindly of nature as he had been in his childhood days. He and Baudricourt were devoted friends, although the governor was years older than the young count, and it was well known that Rene could influence that obstinate official when he was deaf to every other appeal. Already they had talked of Joan's first visit to Vaucouleurs. Rene had picked up from the villagers some of the girl's strange sayings, and these had set him to wondering about the force that inspired her. He was eager to see and talk with this unusual peasant, and when Baudricourt gave word to send her away he urged him not to act speedily.

"She may be an impostor for aught I know," the governor replied impatiently.

The son of Yolanda of Aragon sat silent a moment. Then he shook his head. "She seems not so to me," he objected, "since threat of punishment does not daunt her and she

comes again, asking nothing for herself but all for France."

Robert de Baudricourt shifted uneasily. The irresistible sincerity of the shepherd-girl's appeal had disturbed him much, but he was determined not to grant her request because of the danger of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the dauphin and the court.

"Not impostor," he answered sullenly, "but possessed of brain-sick delusions. I will have no more of her."

Rene faced the governor squarely and spoke in a voice that rang with earnestness:

"But, Robert, may it not be as she declares? Long ago it was foretold that France would be imperiled by a woman and saved by a woman. And I recall also another prophecy that leads me to be tolerant of this maid, which says, 'A virgin who shall deliver France will come out of the forest of Domremy.' Very often in childhood it was told to me by my mother, in whose judgment I have high faith. I doubt not, did she know of this shepherd-girl, she would aid her."

The pleading of Rene finally influenced Baudricourt so that he gave word Joan of Arc might remain in the village. A wheelwright opened his house to her, and there Rene himself talked with her several times, each conversation convincing him still more of the sincerity and high purpose of the girl's mission. When at last the governor promised to send word of her to the dauphin, Rene sped a courier to his mother, Yolanda of Aragon, who was just then visiting her daughter at Chinon; for Marie, wife of the dauphin, was born Marie of Provence and Anjou and was therefore Rene's sister.

"Urge my brother-in-law to receive her," he wrote, "for mayhap the message that she brings may be an auspicious one for France."

Now, the castle of Chinon, at which Charles was then abiding, was a sumptuous and desirable place for the pleasure-loving dauphin, and he had no intention of leaving it for the uncertainty of a coronation. He laughed heartily at the idea

of a peasant girl giving him aid, and suggested, as Baudricourt had done, that she had better go back to her flock. But the influence of Yolanda and Rene bore fruit, and he was persuaded to receive the girl, although he looked upon her coming as nothing more than a novel happening which would provide a bit of amusement for himself and his courtiers.

Everybody knows what happened when Joan of Arc went to Chinon, how ridicule gave way to awe and awe to reverent wonder, and how the sincerity of the maid's appeal overcame obstacles it seemed no mortal power could surmount. But only those who have studied carefully the history of France know it was Yolanda of Aragon who paved the way for her success and made possible what seemed, for a time, beyond the range of possibility.

When Charles, who had received Joan in merriment, was awed even as the villagers of Vaucouleurs had been, and arrogant lords turned humble and expressed willingness to ride under her command, one mighty obstacle stood in the way of arming for the siege of Orleans. That was the emptiness of the royal treasury, for money was as necessary to kings in the fifteenth century as it is to untitled Americans to-day. But Yolanda of Aragon's fertile brain saw a way of solving the problem, and with splendid unselfishness she proceeded to put the plan into execution. Rich in gems, but just then poor in money, this great lady pawned her jewels and, with the sum obtained by the loan, paid for a convoy of ships that was sent to Blois to aid the land forces. Other ladies of the French court followed her example. Thus, by the women of the royalty, the campaign was financed, and Joan of Arc went to victory and the dauphin to a throne.

Meanwhile, Rene, who had pleaded with Baudricourt to let the maid remain in the village, and who had interested his mother in her behalf, gave all his support and loyalty to her. When she mounted her charger and rode to the siege of Orleans he followed close behind. During the fighting before

Paris, when a Burgundian arrow struck Joan in the thigh, he was one of the two knights who rescued her from the moat and carried her to safety. He marched with the French nobles up the nave of Rheims to the coronation of Charles, dividing his homage that day between the sovereign and the maid. When fortune turned for Joan and she fell captive to the Burgundians, and, by purchase, to the English, again Rene sped a courier to his mother, that she might act in her defense. And Yolanda of Aragon did not fail him. She publicly proclaimed her belief in the divine mission of the girl, and paid her homage as if she herself were the shepherdess and the maid of Domremy the daughter of a proud line. With two other great ladies of France, she testified in her behalf when Joan's persecutors gave her a mock trial, and bent all her energy toward trying to persuade the king to make some move to save her. Had the appeal of Yolanda of Aragon been heeded, the Maid of Orleans would not have gone to the funeral pyre at Rouen.

Yolanda of Aragon lived to be an old woman and died in the satisfaction of knowing that her life had been a benefit to France. But she did not know that her willingness to aid a peasant girl was to play a mighty part in changing the map of the world and reconstructing history.

Yet it did that very thing, for the pawning of the jewels of the house of Anjou not only sent Joan of Arc to victory at Orleans and the dauphin to a throne but put new life into navigation and carried the flag of commerce over reaches of sea where never a ship had sailed. It gave a world to Spain and opened harbors of refuge to the oppressed of every land, because, about sixty years later, when Isabella of Castile longed to aid Christopher Columbus but had no money and no ships, she thought of how her kinswoman, Yolanda of Aragon, had once replenished the empty French treasury and followed her example. She, too, offered to pledge her jewels, and her decision roused some Spanish nobles and merchants

from indifference to action and sent the navigator on his great voyage of discovery.

And what of the son who had championed the cause of Joan every bit as ardently as the mother?

Down in the sun-flooded Rhone country, in that land through which, in olden times, troubadours strolled and sang, they speak of him as Good King Rene, and in an ivy-covered church near Tarascon there is a curiously written and illuminated manuscript, done by a devoted scribe of long ago, that tells how he wept when word reached him that the shepherdess had been declared a witch and was doomed to death by fire.

"Did I have the gold to muster a great army," he is said to have exclaimed, "I would lead it in her defense."

But at that time Rene was not yet a king, and it would have taken the wealth of several kings to save Joan.

Then, almost before anybody realized, he was forced to draw for his own protection the sword he had wielded so gallantly in support of the maid. Under the French law of that day, his marriage to Isabelle of Lorraine had made him duke of Bar and Lorraine, and now the death of his father-in-law put him into possession of broad estates. But a prince named Antoine de Vaudemont claimed the right to the Lorraine succession, and he enlisted the aid of the powerful duke of Burgundy, who was delighted to assail Rene because of his support of Joan of Arc. At Bulgneville Yolanda's son was attacked by an army several times larger than his own, and although he fought so gallantly that poets sang of it for several generations afterward, he suffered a defeat that shut him up a prisoner in a Burgundian tower.

While he languished there the wheel of destiny took an unexpected turn, and things happened that were to exalt him to the rank of a powerful sovereign. His brother Louis died; by his death Rene succeeded to the vast fiefs held by their father, who was one of the most powerful nobles of his time,

and succeeded also to the titles of duke of Anjou, count of Provence, and king of the Two Sicilies. Then his wife Isabelle secured his liberty by paying the duke of Burgundy an enormous ransom. After a year of captivity Rene stepped into the sunlight of freedom again and journeyed south to take charge of his possessions.

To think of this king as lord of Provence, Anjou, Sicily, and Naples is to picture a powerful and sumptuous monarch and a very happy one. And so he would have been had not envious nobles coveted his holdings and left no means untried of getting them away from him. Almost constantly he was forced to carry on defensive wars, and as the payment of the great ransom demanded by the duke of Burgundy had almost halved his fortune he was financially unable to equip his armies for long and fiercely contested campaigns. He was forced to surrender his possessions in Italy to the king of Aragon and retained only his French holdings.

Then he returned to the land he loved, and there, in the sunshine of Provence and in the sunshine of the smiles of adoring subjects, he devoted his energies to the arts of peace. He made the old castles of Tarascon and Aix, which were his favorite residence and capital respectively, the places of delight of the Rhone Valley, for he embellished both halls and gardens with such taste that they still feed the souls of beauty-loving folk five centuries after his day. If fate had not forced him to be a sovereign, he probably would have become a famous artist, for in every town and palace he inhabited he left touches that speak eloquently of his delight in creating things. During his captive months in Burgundy he had come to know Jan Van Eyck and the early Flemish painters. In Italy the work of the predecessors of Botticelli and Perugino had thrilled and interested him, and now he encouraged the most notable artists of the century to come to Provence, and through his friendly patronage they left finger-prints of imperishable loveliness along the entire southern course of the

Rhone.

But it was at Tarascon that his heart seemed to rest; Tarascon, where he took his relaxation from the state cares of Aix; that very same Tarascon where Tartarin had visions of mighty lion-hunts, and from which he went to Africa to charge wild monsters that proved to be nothing fiercer than donkeys; Tarascon, where the Midi sunshine has magic and magnifying qualities, and things seem as they seem nowhere else on earth. Memories of this gifted king linger throughout the south country, but at Tarascon they are most fragrant and vivid, for there he was not just the sovereign but the man he desired to be. There he painted pictures, wrote and illuminated missals, some of which are still to be seen in museums thereabout, and did treatises on literature, heraldry, or chess. There he entertained poets, made songs himself, and urged those around him to express their thoughts in verse upon canvas; for the sovereign's love of creating spread even to his courtiers, and on the lowest floor of the castle is a chamber with walls decorated by his pages and men-at-arms. Quaint imagery it is, one bit portraying a vessel with lateen sails such as bore the mighty commerce of the Rhone in that day. Then there were drawings that perpetuate the cannons and munitions of the period, the faces of the lords and ladies who strolled in the garden, and some of the minstrels who traveled from realm to realm throughout France and Spain, but lingered longest at the court of Rene, for reasons it does not take much guessing to find out.

Beside being a patron of art and letters, the friend and supporter of Joan of Arc, and a very sympathetic and kindly king, Rene of Provence, founded the Order of the Crescent, one of the three great orders of chivalry, whose knights, like those of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, were to vie with each other in doing noble deeds. The men of the Crescent were sworn to keep peace and charity between themselves and their sovereign, to be faithful to their religion, never to

desert their flag in battle, to succor the unfortunate, the poor, and the distressed, to speak no scandal nor to listen to it. Once each year, at Tarascon, they held a festival which was a kind of tournament and one of the most brilliant of the many brilliant affairs of that day. Did lances break, the sovereign himself took fresh ones into the arena; and each night, when the jousting was over, there was a banquet on the terraces overhanging the Rhone and food for everybody. So it was little wonder that throughout southern France people of both high and low degree looked forward each year to the Festival of the Crescent Knights.

These men did something more than vie in the lists; for Rene held them strictly to their vows, and happiness spread from high subjects to the humble. Yet it went steadily out of the heart of the king, who lived to see his broad possessions swept from him, and misfortune grip his children in its clutches with pitiless grasp. His son John, duke of Calabria, was poisoned in Spain. Across the British Channel his daughter Margaret, who, through her marriage to King Henry VI became Queen Margaret of England, was imprisoned through the train of treachery and deceit that culminated in the Wars of the Roses. She was shut up in London Tower, from which prison, for five anguished years, her father strove to obtain her release. Memories of his own confinement under the duke of Burgundy had left deep scars, and the thought of a like fate for his child broke his heart. Finally, by mighty sacrifice, he obtained her liberty. He sold Provence for less than half its value in order to procure the money demanded for Margaret's ransom. Too poor to afford even the cost of a retinue, the dethroned queen started back to the land of her birth, from which she had gone a few years before with royal pomp, and, but for an escort provided by the king of France, would have gone back unattended. Penniless and heartbroken—for her son had been murdered in England, the land of her childhood, had, as the price of her liberty, lost its freedom, and her father

had become impoverished in his old age—she repaired to the castle of Reculee, not far from that of Angers, where she had been born.

There she spent her solitary widowhood, and there sometimes came Rene, white-haired now and somewhat bent but the same sympathetic, warm-hearted Rene who wept when Joan of Arc went to her funeral pyre. And there he found solace in his sorrow by ornamenting the wall and gardens with bits of sculpture.

But always he dreamed of Provence, the land of the corn-colored river, and of the barges with their sails of silk and ropes of sendal whose passing had gladdened his eyes. And when the lights of life began to glimmer dimly he went again to the valley of the Rhone, where he died just twelve years before Columbus discovered America, still true to the principles of his childhood, the worthy son of Yolanda of Aragon and the best-loved sovereign who ever ruled in the south. He was brave in misfortune and generous in success, and although the last years of his life were years of unhappiness, he moved through them with the serenity and dignity of a truly noble soul.

Five centuries have passed since he reigned beside the yellow river, and independent Provence is only a tradition now, yet his influence is still felt there; and there, to this day, he is justly revered as Good King Rene. And along with his memory is one, equally fragrant, of a woman, once a comely-faced and somewhat rebellious princess in the Spanish land of Aragon, later the warm-hearted consort of a powerful duke of Anjou—Yolanda, who believed in a Domremy shepherdess and showed the way.

Historical Tales: Spanish
The Romance of Reality VII

By Charles Morris

CHAPTER I
The Good King Wamba

Long had the Goths been lords of Spain. Chief after chief had they chosen, king after king had they served; and, though it was young in time, Gothic Spain was growing old in years. It reached its golden age in the time of "Good King Wamba," a king of fancy as much as of fact, under whom Spain became a land of Arcady, everybody was happy, all things prospered, and the tide of evil events for a space ceased to flow.

In those days, when a king died and left no son, the Goths elected a new one, seeking their best and worthiest, and holding the election in the place where the old king had passed away. It was in the little village of Gerticos, some eight miles from the city of Valladolid, that King Recesuinto had sought health and found death. Hither came the electors—the great nobles, the bishops, and the generals—and here they debated who should be king, finally settling on a venerable Goth named Wamba, the one man of note in all the kingdom who throughout his life had declined to accept rank and station.

The story goes that their choice was aided by miracle. In those days miracles were "as plentiful as blackberries," but many of these seem to have been what we may speak of as "miracles made to order," designed by shrewd individuals to gain some personal or other advantage. St. Leo is said to have told the electors to seek a husbandman named Wamba, whose lands lay somewhere in the west, asserting that he did this under direction of the heavenly powers. However that be, scouts were sent through the land in search of Wamba, whom they found at length in his fields, driving his plough through

the soil and asking for no higher lot. He was like Cincinnatus, the famous Roman, who was called from the plough to the sceptre.

"Leave your plough in the furrow," they said to him; "nobler work awaits you. You have been elected king of Spain."

"There is no nobler work," answered Wamba. "Seek elsewhere your monarch. I prefer to rule over my fields."

The astonished heralds knew not what to make of this. To them the man who would not be king must be a saint—or an idiot. They reasoned, begged, implored, until Wamba, anxious to get rid of them, said—

"I will accept the crown when the dry rod in my hand grows green again—and not till then."

The good old husbandman fancied that he had fairly settled the question, but miracle defeated his purpose. To his utter surprise and their deep astonishment the dry stick which he thrust into the ground at once became a green plant, fresh leaves breaking out on its upper end. What was the old man fond of his plough to do in such a case? He had appealed to Heaven, and here was Heaven's reply. He went with the heralds to the electoral congress, but there, in spite of the green branch, he again refused to be king. He knew what it meant to try and govern men like those around him, and preferred not to undertake the task. But one of the chiefs sprang up, drew his sword, and advanced to the old man.

"If you are still obstinate in refusing the position we offer you," he sternly said, "you shall lose your head as well as your crown."

His fierce eyes and brandished sword gave weight to his words, and Wamba, concluding that he would rather be a king than a corpse, accepted the trust. He was then escorted by the council and the army to Toledo, feeling more like a captive than a monarch. There he was anointed and crowned, and, from being lord of his fields, the wise old husbandman became king of Spain.

Such a king as Wamba proved to be the Goths had never known. Age had brought him wisdom, but it had not robbed him of energy. He knew what he had to expect and showed himself master of the situation. Revolts broke out, conspiracies threatened the throne, but one after another he put them down. Yet he was as merciful as he was prompt. His enemies were set free and bidden to behave themselves better in the future. One ambitious noble named Paul, who thought it would be an easy thing to take the throne from an old man who had shown so plainly that he did not want it, rose in rebellion. He soon learned his mistake. Wamba met him in battle, routed his army, and took him prisoner. Paul expected nothing less than to have his head stricken off, but Wamba simply ordered that it should be shaved.

To shave the crown of the head in those days was no trifling matter. It formed what is known as the tonsure, then the mark of the monastic orders. A man condemned to the tonsure could not serve as king or chieftain, but must spend the remainder of his days in seclusion as a monk. So Paul was disposed of without losing his life.

Wamba, however, did not spend all his time in fighting with conspirators. He was so just a king that all the historians praise him to the stars—though none of them tell us what just deeds he did. He was one of those famous monarchs around whom legend loves to grow, as the green leaves grew around his dry rod, and who become kings of fancy in the absence of facts. About all we know is that he was "Good King Wamba," a just and merciful man under whom Spain reached its age of gold.

He made a great and beautiful city of Toledo, his capital. It had a wall, but he gave it another, stronger and loftier. And within the city he built a noble palace and other splendid buildings, all of which time has swept away. But over the great gate of Toledo the inscription still remains: Erexit fautore Deo Rex inclytus urbem Wamba. "To God and King Wamba

the city owes its walls."

Alas! the end was what might be expected of such goodness in so evil an age. A traitor arose among those he most favored. There was a youth named Ervigio, in whose veins ran the blood of former kings, and whom Wamba so loved and honored as to raise him to great authority in the kingdom. Ervigio was one of those who must be king or slave. Ambition made him forget all favors, and he determined to cast his royal benefactor from the throne. But he was not base enough to murder the good old man to whom he owed his greatness. It was enough if he could make him incapable of reigning—as Wamba had done with Paul.

To accomplish this he gave the king a sleeping potion, and while he was under its influence had him tonsured—that is, had the crown of his head shaved. He then proclaimed that this had been done at the wish of the king, who was weary of the throne. But whether or not, the law was strict. No matter how or why it was done, no man who had received the tonsure could ever again sit upon the Gothic throne. Fortunately for Ervigio, Wamba cared no more for the crown now than he had done at first, and when he came back to his senses he made little question of the base trick of his favorite, but cheerfully enough became a monk. The remaining seven years of his life he passed happily in withdrawal from a world into which he had been forced against his will.

But the people loved him, the good old man, and were not willing to accept the scheming Ervigio as their king unless he could prove his right to the throne. So, in the year 681, he called together a council of lords and bishops at Toledo, before whom he appeared with a great show of humility, bringing testimony to prove that Wamba had become monk at his own wish, when in peril of death. To this he added a document signed by Wamba, in which he abdicated the throne, and another in which he recommended Ervigio as his successor. For eight days the council considered the question.

The documents might be false, but Wamba was a monk, and Ervigio was in power; so they chose him as king. The holy oil of consecration was poured upon his unholy head.

Thus it was that Wamba the husbandman first became king and afterwards monk. In all his stations—farmer, king, and monk—he acquitted himself well and worthily, and his name has come down to us from the mists of time as one of those rare men of whom we know little, but all that little good.

CHAPTER II
The Greek King's Daughter

History wears a double face—one face fancy, the other fact. The worst of it is that we cannot always tell which face is turned towards us, and we mistake one for the other far oftener than we know. In truth, fancy works in among the facts of the most sober history, while in that primitive form of history known as legend or tradition fancy has much the best of it, though it may often be founded upon fact. In the present tale we have to do with legend pure and simple, with hardly a thread of fact to give substance to its web.

There was a certain Grecian king of Cadiz whose daughter was of such peerless beauty that her hand was sought in marriage by many of the other kings of Andalusia. In those days "that country was ruled by several kings, each having estates not extending over more than one or two cities." What to do with the crowd of suitors the father was puzzled to decide. Had a single one asked for his daughter's hand he might have settled it with a word, but among so many, equally brave, handsome, and distinguished, answer was not so easy; and the worthy king of Cadiz was sorely troubled and perplexed.

Luckily for him, the fair damsel was as wise as she was beautiful, and took the matter into her own hands, making an announcement that quickly cut down the number of her admirers. She said that she would have no husband but one who could prove himself "a wise king." In our days, when every king and nearly every man thinks himself wise, such a decision would not have deterred suitors, and she would have been compelled, in the end, to choose among the few unwise.

But wisdom, in those times of fable and necromancy, had a wider meaning than we give it. A wise king was one who had control of the powers of earth and air, who could call the genii to his aid by incantations, and perform supernatural deeds. Hence it was that the suitors fell off from the maiden like leaves from an autumn bough, leaving but two who deemed themselves fitting aspirants to her hand.

To test the wisdom of these two she gave them the following tasks: One was bidden to construct on the mainland an aqueduct and a water-wheel to bring water from the mountains into Cadiz. The other was to produce a talisman which should save the island of Cadiz from invasion by Berbers or any other of the fierce tribes of Africa, by whom it was frequently threatened.

"The one of you," said the princess, "who first and best performs his task, shall win my hand by his work."

The two suitors were warmly in love with the beautiful maiden, and both ardently entered upon their duties. The first to get to work was the aqueduct builder, whose task called for hard labor rather than magical aid. Cadiz stands on a long, narrow peninsula, opposite which, on the mainland, the king built a hydraulic machine, to which the water was brought by pipes or canals from springs in a nearby mountain. This stream of cool, refreshing water poured upon a wheel, by which it was driven into an aqueduct crossing the bay into Cadiz.

Here comes the fact behind the legend. Such an aqueduct stood long in evidence, and as late as the eighteenth century traces of it could be seen. We have an account of it by the Arab writer, Al Makkari. "It consisted," he says, "of a long line of arches, and the way it was done was this: whenever they came to high ground or to a mountain they cut a passage through it; when the ground was lower, they built a bridge over arches; if they met with a porous soil, they laid a bed of gravel for the passage of the water; when the building reached

the sea-shore, the water was made to pass underground, and in this way it reached Cadiz." So it was built, and "wise" was the king who built it, even if he did not call upon the genii for assistance.

The other king could not perform his labor so simply. He had a talisman to construct, so powerful that it would keep out of Spain those fierce African tribes whose boats swept the seas. What talisman could he produce that would be proof against ships and swords? The king thought much and deeply, and then went diligently to work. On the border of the strait that lay between Spain and Africa he built a lofty marble column, a square, white shaft based on a solid foundation. On its summit he erected a colossal statue of iron and copper, melted and cast into the human form. The figure was that of a Berber, like whom it wore a full and flowing beard, while a tuft of hair hung over its forehead in Berber fashion. The dress was that of the African tribes. The extended right arm of the figure pointed across the strait towards the opposite shores. In its hand were a padlock and keys. Though it spoke not, it seemed to say, "No one must pass this way." It bore the aspect of a Berber captive, chained to the tower's top, and warning his brethren to keep away from Spain.

Rapidly wrought the rival kings, each seeking to finish his work the first. In this the aqueduct builder succeeded. The water began to flow, the wheel to revolve, and the refreshing liquid to pour into the public fountains of Cadiz. The multitude were overjoyed as the glad torrent flowed into their streets, and hailed with loud acclamations the successful builder.

The sound of the people's shouts of joy reached the ears of the statue builder as he was putting the last touches to his great work of art and magic. Despair filled his heart. Despite his labors, his rival had won the prize. In bitterness of spirit he threw himself from the top of the column and was dashed to pieces at its foot. "By which means," says the chronicle, "the

other prince, freed from his rival, became the master of the lady, of the wheel, and of the charm."

The talisman was really a watch-tower, from which the news of an African invasion could be signalled through the land. In this cold age we can give its builder credit for no higher magic than that of wisdom and vigilance.

CHAPTER III
The Enchanted Palace

Near the city of Toledo, the capital of Spain when that country was a kingdom of the Goths, was a great palace of the olden time, or, as some say, a vast cave, which had been deepened and widened and made into many rooms. Still others say that it was a mighty tower, built by Hercules. Whatever it was—palace, tower, or cavern—a spell lay upon it from far past days, which none had dared to break. There was an ancient prophecy that Spain would in time be invaded by barbarians from Africa, and to prevent this a wise king, who knew the arts of magic, had placed a secret talisman in one of the rooms. While this remained undisturbed the country was safe from invasion. If once the secret of the talisman should be divulged, swift ruin would descend upon the kingdom of the Goths. It must be guarded strongly and well, for in it lay the destinies of Spain.

A huge iron gate closed the entrance to the enchanted palace, and upon this each king of the Goths, on coming to the throne, placed a strong lock, so that in time huge padlocks covered much of its front and its secrecy seemed amply assured. When Roderic, the last king of the Goths, came to the throne, twenty-seven of such locks hung upon the gate. As for the keys, some writers tell us that they remained in the locks, others say that they had been hidden and lost; but it is certain that no one had dared to open a single one of the locks; prudence and fear guarded the secret better than gates and locks.

At length the time came when the cherished secret was

to be divulged. Don Roderic, who had seized the throne by violence, and bore in his heart the fatal bane of curiosity, determined to learn what had lain for centuries behind those locks. The whole affair, he declared, was the jest of an ancient king, which did very well when superstition ruled the world, but which was far behind the age in which he lived. Two things moved the epoch-breaking king—curiosity, that vice which has led thousands to ruin, and avarice, which has brought destruction upon thousands more. "It is a treasure-house, not a talisman," he told himself. "Gold, silver, and jewels lie hidden in its mouldy depths. My treasury is empty, and I should be a fool to let a cluster of rusty locks keep me from filling it from this ancient store."

When it became known what Roderic proposed a shudder of horror ran through the land. Nobles and bishops hastened to the audience chamber and sought to hinder the fateful purpose of the rash monarch. Their hearts were filled with dread of the perils that would follow any meddling with the magic spell, and they earnestly implored him not to bring the foretold disaster upon the land.

"The kings who reigned before you have religiously obeyed the injunction," they said. "Each of them has fixed his lock to the gate. It will be wise and prudent in you to follow their example. If it is gold and jewels you look for, tell us how much you think the cavern holds, even all your fancy hopes to find, and so much we will give you. Even if it beggars us, we will collect and bring you this sum without fail. We pray and implore you, then, do not break a custom which our old kings have all held sacred. They knew well what they did when they commanded that none after them should seek to disclose the fatal secret of the hidden chamber."

Earnest as was their appeal, it was wasted upon Roderic. Their offer of gold did not reach his deepest motive; curiosity with him was stronger than greed, and he laughed in his beard at the fears and tremblings of his lords.

"It shall not be said that Don Roderic, the king of the Goths, fears the devil or his agents," he loudly declared, and orders were given that the locks should be forced.

One by one the rusty safeguards yielded to key or sledge, and the gates shrieked disapproval when at length they reluctantly turned on their stiff hinges, that had not moved for centuries. Into the cavern strode the king, followed by his fearful but curious train. The rooms, as tradition had said, were many, and from room to room he hurried with rapid feet. He sought in vain. No gold appeared, no jewels glittered on his sight. The rooms were drear and empty, their hollow floors mocking his footsteps with long-silent echoes. One treasure only he found, the jewelled table of Solomon, a famous ancient work of art which had long remained hidden from human sight. Of this wonderful relic we shall say no more here, for it has a history of its own, to be told in a future tale.

On and on went the disappointed king, with nothing to satisfy his avarice or his curiosity. At length he entered the chamber of the spell, the magic room which had so long been locked from human vision, and looked with eyes of wonder on the secret which had been so carefully preserved.

What he saw was simple but threatening. On the wall of the room was a rude painting, which represented a group of strangely dressed horsemen, some wearing turbans, some bareheaded, with locks of coarse black hair hanging over their foreheads. The skins of animals covered their limbs; they carried scimitars and lances and bore fluttering pennons; their horses were small, but of purest breed.

Turning in doubt and dread from this enigmatical drawing, the daring intruder saw in the centre of the apartment a pedestal bearing a marble urn, in which lay a scroll of parchment. From this one of his scribes read the following words:

"Whenever this asylum is violated and the spell contained in this urn broken, the people shown in the picture shall invade the land and overturn the throne of its kings. The rule

of the Goths shall end and the whole country fall into the hands of heathen strangers."

King Roderic looked again with eyes of alarm on the pictured forms. Well he knew their meaning. The turban-wearers were Arabians, their horses the famous steeds of the desert; the bare-headed barbarians were Berbers or Moors. Already they threatened the land from Africa's shores; he had broken the spell which held them back; the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy was at hand.

Filled with sudden terror, the rash invader hurried from the chamber of the talisman, his courtiers flying with wild haste to the open air. The brazen gates were closed with a clang which rang dismally through the empty rooms, and the lock of the king was fixed upon them. But it was too late. The voice of destiny had spoken and the fate of the kingdom been revealed, and all the people looked upon Don Roderic as a doomed man.

We have given this legend in its mildest form. Some Arab writers surround it with magical incidents until it becomes a tale worthy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." They speak of two ancient men with snowy beards who kept the keys of the gate and opened the locks only at Roderic's stern command. When the locks were removed no one could stir the gates until the hand of the king touched them, when they sprang open of themselves. Inside stood a huge bronze giant with a club of steel, with which he dealt resounding blows on the floor to right and left. He desisted at the king's command, and the train entered unharmed. In the magic chamber they found a golden casket containing a linen cloth between tablets of brass. On this were painted figures of Arabs in armor. As they gazed these began to move, sounds of war were heard, and the vision of a battle between Arab and Christian warriors passed before the affrighted eyes of the intruders. The Christian army was defeated, and Roderic saw the image of himself in flight, and finally of his horse without a rider. As

he rushed in terror from the fatal room the bronze giant was no longer to be seen and the ancient guardians of the gate lay dead upon their posts. In the end the tower was burned by magic fire, and its very ashes were scattered by the wings of an innumerable flight of birds.

CHAPTER IV
The Battle of the Guadalete

The legends just given are full of the pith of facts. Dread of Africa lay deep in the Spanish heart and gave point to these and other magical and romantic tales. The story of how the great conqueror, Mohammed, had come out from the deserts of Arabia and sent his generals, sword and Koran in hand, to conquer the world, had spread far to the east and the west, and brought terror wherever it came. From Arabia the Moslem hordes had swept through Egypt and along the African coast to the extremity of Morocco. They now faced Spain and coveted that rich and populous land. Well might the degenerate sons of the Goths fear their coming and strive to keep them out with talismans and spells.

Years before, in the days of good King Wamba, a great Mohammedan fleet had ravaged the Andalusian coast. Others came, not for conquest, but for spoil. But at length all North Africa lay under the Moslem yoke, and Musa Ibn Nasseyr, the conqueror of the African tribes, cast eyes of greed upon Spain and laid plans for the subjugation to Arab rule of that far-spreading Christian land.

Africa, he was told, was rich, but Spain was richer. Its soil was as fertile as that of Syria, its climate as mild and sweet as that of Araby the Blest. The far-famed mines of distant Cathay did not equal it in wealth of minerals and gems; nowhere else were such harbors, nowhere such highlands and plains. The mountain-ranges, beautiful to see, enclosed valleys of inexhaustible fertility. It was a land "plentiful in waters, renowned for their sweetness and clearness"—Andalusia's

noble streams. Famous monuments graced its towns: the statue of Hercules at Cadiz, the idol of Galicia, the stately ruins of Merida and Tarragona. It was a realm the conquest of which would bring wealth and fame—great glory to the sons of Allah and great treasure to the successors of the Prophet. Musa determined upon its invasion.

A traitor came to his aid. Count Julian was governor of Ceuta, a Spanish city on the African coast. His daughter Florinda was maid of honor to the queen of Don Roderic. But word from the daughter came to the father that she had suffered grievous injury at the hands of the king, and Count Julian, thirsting for revenge upon Roderic, offered to deliver Ceuta into the hands of the Arabian warrior and aid him in the conquest of Spain. To test the good faith of Julian, Musa demanded that he should first invade Andalusia himself. This he did, taking over a small force in two vessels, overrunning the coast country, killing many of its people, and returning with a large booty in slaves and plunder.

In the summer of 710 a Berber named Tarif was sent over to spy out the land, and in the spring of 711 the army of invasion was led over by Tarik Ibn Zeyad, a valiant chief, who had gained great glory in the wars with the Berber tribes. Who Tarik was cannot be told. He was of humble origin, probably of Persian birth, but possessed of a daring spirit that was to bring him the highest fame. He is described as a tall man, with red hair and a white complexion, blind of one eye, and with a mole on his hand. The Spanish historians call him Tarik el Tuerto, meaning either "one-eyed" or "squint-eyed." Such was the man whom Musa sent to begin the conquest of Spain.

The army of invasion consisted of seven thousand men—a handful to conquer a kingdom. They were nearly all Moorish and Berber cavalry, there being only three hundred Arabians of pure blood, most of whom were officers. Landing in Spain, for a time they found no one to meet them. Roderic was busy with his army in the north and knew naught of this

invasion of his kingdom, and for two months Tarik ravaged the land at his will. But at length the Gothic king, warned of his danger, began a hasty march southward, sending orders in advance to levy troops in all parts of the kingdom, the rallying place being Cordova.

It was a large army which he thus got together, but they were ill-trained, ill-disciplined, and ill-disposed to their king. Ninety thousand there were, as Arab historians tell us, while Tarik had but twelve thousand, Musa having sent him five thousand more. But the large army was a mob, half-armed, and lacking courage and discipline; the small army was a compact and valorous body, used to victory, fearless, and impetuous.

It was on Sunday, the 19th of July, 711, that the two armies came face to face on the banks of the Guadalete, a river whose waters traverse the plain of Sidonia, in which the battle was fought. It was one of the decisive battles in the world's history, for it gave the peninsula of Spain for eight centuries to Arab dominion. The story of how this battle was fought is, therefore, among the most important of the historical tales of Spain.

Roderic's army consisted of two bodies of men—a smaller force of cavaliers, clad in mail armor and armed with swords and battle-axes, and the main body, which was a motley crew, without armor, and carrying bows, lances, axes, clubs, scythes, and slings. Of the Moslem army the greater number wore mail, some carrying lances and scimitars of Damascus steel, others being armed with light long-bows. Their horses were Arabian or Barbary steeds, such as Roderic had seen on the walls of the secret chamber.

It was in the early morning of a bright spring day that the Spanish clarions sounded defiance to the enemy, and the Moorish horns and kettle-drums rang back the challenge to battle. Nearer and nearer together came the hosts, the shouts of the Goths met by the shrill yells of the Moslems.

"By the faith of the Messiah," Roderic is reported to have said, "these are the very men I saw painted on the walls of the chamber of the spell at Toledo." From that moment, say the chroniclers, "fear entered his heart." And yet the story goes that he fought long and well and showed no signs of fear.

On his journey to the south Roderic had travelled in a chariot of ivory, lined with cloth of gold, and drawn by three white mules harnessed abreast. On the silken awning of the chariot pearls, rubies, and other rich jewels were profusely sprinkled. He sat with a crown of gold on his head, and was dressed in a robe made of strings of pearls interwoven with silk. This splendor of display, however, was not empty ostentation, but the state and dignity which was customary with the Gothic kings.

In his chariot of ivory Roderic passed through the ranks, exhorting the men to valor, and telling them that the enemy was a low rabble of heathens, abhorred of God and men. "Remember," he said, "the valor of your ancestors and the holy Christian faith, for whose defence we are fighting." Then he sprang from his chariot, put on his horned helmet, mounted his war-horse Orelia, and took his station in the field, prepared to fight like a soldier and a king.

For two days the battle consisted of a series of skirmishes. At the end of that time the Christians had the advantage. Their numbers had told, and new courage came to their hearts. Tarik saw that defeat would be his lot if this continued, and on the morning of the third day he made a fiery appeal to his men, rousing their fanaticism and picturing the treasures and delights which victory would bring them. He ended with his war-cry of "Guala! Guala! Follow me, my warriors! I shall not stop until I reach the tyrant in the midst of his steel-clad warriors, and either kill him or he kill me!"

At the head of his men the dusky one-eyed warrior rushed with fiery energy upon the Gothic lines, cleaving his way through the ranks towards a general whose rich armor seemed

to him that of the king. His impetuous charge carried him deep into their midst. The seeming king was before him. One blow and he fell dead; while the Moslems, crying that the king of the Goths was killed, followed their leader with resistless ardor into the hostile ranks. The Christians heard and believed the story, and lost heart as their enemy gained new energy.

At this critical moment, as we are told, Bishop Oppas, brother-in-law of the traitor Julian, drew off and joined the Moslem ranks. Whether this was the case or not, the charge of Tarik led the way to victory. He had pierced the Christian centre. The wings gave way before the onset of his chiefs. Resistance was at an end. In utter panic the soldiers flung away their arms and took to flight, heedless of the stores and treasures of their camp, thinking of nothing but safety, flying in all directions through the country, while the Moslems, following on their flying steeds, cut them down without mercy.

Roderic, the king, had disappeared. If slain in the battle, his body was never found. Wounded and despairing, he may have been slain in flight or been drowned in the stream. It was afterwards said that his war-horse, its golden saddle rich with rubies, was found riderless beside the stream, and that near by lay a royal crown and mantle, and a sandal embroidered with pearls and emeralds. But all we can safely say is that Roderic had vanished, his army was dispersed, and Spain was the prize of Tarik and the Moors, for resistance was quickly at an end, and they went on from victory to victory until the country was nearly all in their hands.

CHAPTER V
The Table of Solomon

We have told how King Roderic, when he invaded the enchanted palace of Toledo, found in its empty chambers a single treasure—the famous table of Solomon. But this was a treasure worth a king's ransom, a marvellous talisman, so splendid, so beautiful, so brilliant that the chroniclers can scarce find words fitly to describe its richness and value. Some say that it was made of pure gold, richly inlaid with precious stones. Others say that it was a mosaic of gold and silver, burnished yellow and gleaming white, ornamented with three rows of priceless jewels, one being of large pearls, one of costly rubies, and a third of gleaming emeralds. Other writers say that its top was made of a single emerald, a talisman revealing the fates in its lucid depths. Most writers say that it stood upon three hundred and sixty-five feet, each made of a single emerald, though still another writer declares that it had not a foot to stand upon.

Evidently none of these worthy chroniclers had seen the jewelled table except in the eye of fancy, which gave it what shape and form best fitted its far-famed splendor. They varied equally in their history of the talisman. A mildly drawn story says that it first came from Jerusalem to Rome, that it fell into the hands of the Goths when they sacked the city of the Cæsars, and that some of them brought it into Spain. But there was a story more in accordance with the Arabian love of the marvellous which stated that the table was the work of the Djinn, or Genii, the mighty spirits of the air, whom the wise king Solomon had subdued and who obeyed his

commands. After Solomon's time it was kept among the holy treasures of the temple, and became one of the richest spoils of the Romans when they captured and sacked Jerusalem. It afterwards became the prize of a king of Spain, perhaps in the way stated above.

Thus fancy has adorned the rich and beautiful work of art which Don Roderic is said to have found in the enchanted palace, and which he placed as the noblest of the treasures of Spain in the splendid church of Toledo, the Gothic capital. This city fell into the hands of Tarik el Tuerto in his conquering progress through the realm of Spain, and the emerald table, whose fame had reached the shores of Africa, was sought by him far and near.

It had disappeared from the church, perhaps carried off by the bishop in his flight. But fast as the fugitives fled, faster rode the Arab horsemen on their track, one swift troop riding to Medina Celi, on the high road to Saragossa. On this route they came to a city named by them Medinatu-l-Mayidah (city of the table), in which they found the famous talisman. They brought it to Tarik as one of the choicest spoils of Spain.

Its later history is as curious and much more authentic than its earlier. Tarik, as we have told in the previous tale, had been sent to Andalusia by Musa, the caliph's viceroy in Africa, simply that he might gain a footing in the land, whose conquest Musa reserved for himself. But the impetuous Tarik was not to be restrained. No sooner was Roderic slain and his army dispersed than the Arab cavaliers spread far and wide through Spain, city after city falling into their hands, until it seemed as if nothing would be left for Musa to conquer.

This state of affairs was far from agreeable to the jealous and ambitious viceroy. He sent messengers to the caliph at Damascus, in which he claimed the conquest of Spain as his own, and barely mentioned the name of the real conqueror. He severely blamed Tarik for presuming to conquer a kingdom without direct orders, and, gathering an army, he crossed

to Spain, that he might rightfully claim a share in the glory of the conquest.

Tarik was not ignorant of what Musa had done. He expected to be called sharply to account by his jealous superior, and knew well that his brilliant deeds had been overlooked in the viceroy's despatches to Damascus, then the capital of the Arab empire. The daring soldier was therefore full of joy when the table of Solomon fell into his hands. He hoped to win favor from Al-Walid, the caliph, by presenting him this splendid prize. Yet how was he to accomplish this? Would not Musa, who was well aware of the existence and value of the table, claim it as his own and send it to Al-Walid with the false story that he had won it by the power of his arms?

To defeat this probable act Tarik devised a shrewd stratagem. The table, as has been stated, was abundantly provided with feet, but of these four were larger than the rest. One of the latter Tarik took off and concealed, to be used in the future if what he feared should come to pass.

As it proved, he had not misjudged his jealous lord. In due time Musa came to Toledo and rode in state through the gateway of that city, Tarik following like a humble servitor in his train. As soon as he reached the palace he haughtily demanded a strict account of the spoils. These were at hand, and were at once delivered up. Their number and value should have satisfied his avarice, but the wonderful table of Solomon, of which he had heard such marvellous accounts, was not among them, and he demanded that this, too, should be brought forward. As Tarik had foreseen, he designed to send it to the caliph, as an acceptable present and an evidence of his victorious career.

The table was produced, and Musa gazed upon it with eyes of delight. His quick glance, however, soon discovered that one of the emerald feet was missing.

"It is imperfect," he said. "Where is the missing foot?"

"That I cannot tell you," replied Tarik; "you have the table as it was brought to me."

Musa, accepting this answer without suspicion, gave orders that the lost foot should be replaced with one of gold. Then, after thanking the other leading officers for their zeal and valor, he turned upon Tarik and accused him in severe tones of disobedience. He ended by depriving him of his command and putting him under arrest, while he sent the caliph a report in which Tarik was sharply blamed and the merit of his exploits made light of. He would have gone farther and put him to death, but this he dared not do without the caliph's orders.

As it proved, Al-Walid, the Commander of the Faithful, knew something of the truth. Far distant as Damascus was from Toledo, a report of Tarik's exploits had reached his august ears, and Musa received orders to replace him in his command, since it would not do "to render useless one of the best swords of Islam." Musa dared not disobey; and thus, for the time being, Tarik triumphed.

And now, for the end of the trouble between Musa and Tarik, we must go forward in time. They were left in Spain until they had completed the conquest of that kingdom, then both were ordered to appear before the caliph's judgment seat. This they did in different methods. Tarik, who had no thirst for spoil, made haste, with empty hands, to Damascus, where, though he had no rich presents for the commander of the faithful, he delighted him with the story of his brilliant deeds. Musa came more slowly and with more ostentation. Leaving his sons in command in Spain and Africa, he journeyed slowly to Syria, with all the display of a triumphal march. With him were one hundred of his principal officers, as many sons of the highest Berber chiefs, and the kings of the Balearic Islands in all their barbaric state. In his train rode four hundred captive nobles, each wearing a crown and girdle of gold, and thirty thousand captives of lower rank. At

intervals in the train were camels and wagons, richly laden with gold, jewels, and other spoils. He brought to the East the novelties of the West, hawks, mules, and Barbary horses, and the curious fruits of Africa and Spain, "treasures," we are told, "the like of which no hearer ever heard of before, and no beholder ever saw before his eyes."

Thus the proud conqueror came, by slow marches, with frequent halts. He left Spain in August, 713. It was February, 715, when he reached the vicinity of Damascus, having spent a year and a half on the way.

Meanwhile, changes had taken place in Syria. Al-Walid, the caliph, was sick unto death, suffering from a mortal disease, Soliman, his brother and heir, wrote to Musa when at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, asking him to halt there, as his brother could live but a few days. He, as the new caliph, would receive him. Al-Walid in turn ordered him to hasten his march. Musa was in a quandary. If Al-Walid should live, delay might be fatal. If he should die, haste might be fatal. He took what seemed to him the safest course, hastened to Damascus, and met with a brilliant reception. But a change soon came; in forty days Al-Walid died; Soliman, whom he had disobeyed, was caliph of the empire. Musa's sun was near its setting.

It was not long before the conqueror found himself treated as a criminal. He was charged with rapacity, injustice to Tarik, and the purpose of throwing all power into the hands of his sons. He was even accused of "disobedience" for making a triumphal entry into Damascus before the death of Al-Walid. These and other charges were brought, Soliman being bent on the ruin of the man who had added Africa to the Arabian empire.

When Musa was brought before the caliph for a final hearing Tarik and many other soldiers from Spain were present, and there stood before the monarch's throne the splendid table of Solomon, one of the presents which Musa

had made to Al-Walid, declaring it to be the most magnificent of all the prizes of his valor.

"Tell me," said the caliph to Tarik, "if you know whence this table came."

"It was found by me," answered Tarik. "If you would have evidence of the truth of my words, O caliph, have it examined and see if it be perfect."

Soliman gave orders, the table was closely examined, and it was soon discovered that one of its emerald feet was gone and that a foot of gold occupied its place.

"Ask Musa," said Tarik, "if this was the condition of the table when he found it."

"Yes," answered Musa, "it was as you see it now."

Tarik answered by taking from under his mantle the foot of emerald which he had removed, and which just matched the others.

"You may learn now," he said to the caliph, "which of us is the truth-teller. Here is the lost leg of the table. I found the table and kept this for evidence. It is the same with most of the treasures Musa has shown you. It was I who won them and captured the cities in which they were found. Ask any of these soldiers if I speak the truth or not."

These words were ruinous to Musa. The table had revenged its finder. If Musa had lied in this case, he had lied in all. So held the angry caliph, who turned upon him with bitter abuse, calling him thief and liar, and swearing by Allah that he would crucify him. In the end he ordered the old man, fourscore years of age, corpulent and asthmatic, to be exposed to the fierce sun of Syria for a whole summer's day, and bade his brother Omar to see that the cruel sentence was executed.

Until high noon had passed the old warrior stood under the scorching solar rays, his blood at length seeming to boil in his veins, while he sank suffocated to the earth. Death would soon have ended his suffering had not Omar, declaring "that he had never passed a worse day in his life," prevailed upon

the caliph to abridge his punishment.

Bent upon his utter ruin, the vindictive Soliman laid upon him the enormous fine of four million and thirty thousand dinars, equal to about ten million dollars. His sons were left in power in Spain that they might aid him in paying the fine. Great as the sum was, Musa, by giving up his own fortune, by the aid of his sons in Africa and Spain, and by assistance from his friends, succeeded in obtaining it. But even this did not satisfy the caliph, who now banished him to his birthplace, that his early friends might see and despise him in his ruin. He even determined to destroy his sons, that the whole family might be rooted out and none be left in whose veins the blood of Musa ran.

The ablest of these sons, Abdul-Aziz, had been left in chief command over Spain. Thither the caliph sent orders for his death. Much as the young ruler was esteemed, wisely as he had ruled, no one thought of questioning an order of the Commander of the Faithful, the mighty autocrat of the great Arabian empire, and the innocent Abdul was assassinated by some who had been among his chief friends. His head was then cut off, embalmed, and sent to Soliman, before whom it was laid, enclosed in a casket of precious wood.

Sending for Musa, the vindictive caliph had the casket opened in his presence, saying, as the death-like features appeared, "Do you know whose head that is?"

The answer of Musa was a pathetic one. Never was there a Moslem, he said, who less deserved such a fate; never a man of milder heart, braver soul, or more pious and obedient disposition. In the end the poor old man broke down, and he could only murmur—

"Grant me his head, O Commander of the Faithful, that I may shut the lids of his eyes."

"Thou mayest take it," was Soliman's reply.

And so Musa left the caliph's presence, heart-broken and disconsolate. It is said that before he died he was forced to beg

his bread. Of Tarik we hear no more. He had fully repaid Musa for his injustice, but the caliph, who perhaps feared to let any one become too great, failed to restore him to his command, and he disappeared from history. The cruel Soliman lived only a year after the death of the victim of his rage. He died in 717, of remorse for his injustice to Musa, say some, but the record of history is that he was defeated before Constantinople and died of grief.

Thus ends our story of the table of Solomon. It brought good to none who had to do with it, and utter disaster to him who had made it an agent of falsehood and avarice. Injustice cannot hope to hide itself behind a talisman.

CHAPTER VI
The Story of Queen Exilona

When Roderic overthrew the ancient dynasty of Spain and made himself king, he had the defences of the cities thrown down that they might not give shelter to his enemies. Only the walls of the frontier cities were left, and among these was the ancient city of Denia, on the Mediterranean shores. Dread of the Moorish pirates was felt in this stronghold, and a strong castle was built on a high rock that overlooked the sea. To the old alcaide who served as governor of Denia word was brought, at the end of a day of fierce tempest, that a Moorish ship was approaching the shore. Instantly the bells were rung to rouse the people, and signal fires were kindled on the tower that they might flash from peak to peak the news of an invasion by the Moors.

But as the ship came closer it was seen that alarm had been taken too soon. The vessel was alone and had evidently been in the grip of the tempest. It was seen to be a bark rich in carving and gilding, adorned with silken banderoles, and driven through the water by banks of crimson oars; a vessel of state and ceremony, not a ship of war. As it came nearer it was perceived to have suffered severely in the ruthless grasp of the storm. Broken were its masts and shattered its oars, while there fluttered in the wind the torn remnants of its banners and sails. When at length it grounded on the sands below the castle the proud bark was little better than a shattered wreck.

It was with deep curiosity that the Spaniards saw on the deck of the stranded bark a group of high-born Moors, men

and maidens dressed in robes of silk rich with jewels, and their features bearing the stamp of lofty rank. In their midst stood a young lady of striking beauty, sumptuously attired, and evidently of the highest station, for all paid her reverence, and a guard of armed Moors stood around her, scimitar in hand.

On landing, a venerable Moor approached the alcaide, who had descended to meet the strangers, and said, in such words of the Gothic language as he could command—

"Worthy sir, we beg your protection and compassion. The princess under our care is the only daughter of the king of Algiers, on her way to the court of the king of Tunis, to whom she is betrothed. The tempest has driven us to your shores. Be not, we implore you, more cruel than the storm, which has spared us and our precious charge."

The alcaide returned a courteous answer, offering the princess and her train the shelter of the castle, but saying that he had not the power to release them. They must hold themselves the captives of Roderic, the king of the Goths, to whom his duty required him to send them. The fate of a royal captive, he said, could be decided only by the royal voice.

Some days afterwards Elyata, the Moorish princess, entered Toledo in a procession more like that of a triumphant heroine than of a captive. A band of Christian horsemen preceded the train. The Moorish guard, richly attired, followed. In the midst rode the princess, surrounded by her maidens and dressed in her bridal robes, which were resplendent with pearls, diamonds, and other gems. Roderic advanced in state from his palace to receive her, and was so struck with her beauty and dignity of aspect that at first sight warm emotions filled his heart.

Elyata was sadly downcast at her captivity, but Roderic, though not releasing her, did all he could to make her lot a pleasant one. A royal palace was set aside for her residence, in whose spacious apartments and charming groves and gardens the grief of the princess gradually softened and passed

away. Roderic, moved by a growing passion, frequently visited her, and in time soft sentiments woke in her heart for the handsome and courteous king. When, in the end, he begged her to become his bride her blushes and soft looks spoke consent.

One thing was wanting. Roderic's bride should be a Christian. Taught the doctrines of the new faith by learned bishops, Elyata's consent to the change of faith was easily won, and the princess was baptized as a Christian maiden under the new name of Exilona. The marriage was celebrated with the greatest magnificence, and was followed by tourneys and banquets and all the gayeties of the time. Some of the companions of the princess accepted the new faith and remained with her. Those who clung to their old belief were sent back to Africa with rich presents from the king, an embassy going with them to inform the monarch of Algiers of his daughter's marriage, and to offer him the alliance and friendship of Roderic the Gothic king.

Queen Exilona passed a happy life as the bride of the Gothic monarch, but many were the vicissitudes which lay before her, for the Arab conquest was near at hand and its effects could not but bear heavily upon her destiny. After the defeat and death of Roderic a considerable number of noble Goths sought shelter in the city of Merida, among them the widowed queen. Thither came Musa with a large army and besieged the city. It was strongly and bravely defended, and the gallant garrison only yielded when famine came to the aid of their foes.

A deputation from the city sought the Arab camp and was conducted to the splendid pavilion of Musa, whom the deputies found to be an old man with long white beard and streaming white hair. He received them kindly, praised them for their valor, and offered them favorable terms. They returned the next day to complete the conditions. On this day the Mohammedan fast of Ramadhan ended, and the Arabs,

who had worn their meanest garb, were now in their richest attire, and joy had everywhere succeeded penitent gloom. As for Musa, he seemed transformed. The meanly dressed and hoary ancient of the previous visit now appeared a man in the prime of life, his beard dark-red in hue, and his robes rich with gold and jewels. The Goths, to whom the art of dyeing the hair was unknown, looked on the transformation as a miracle.

"We have seen," they said on their return, "their king, who was an old man, become a young one. We have to do with a nation of prophets who can change their appearance at will and transform themselves into any shape they like. Our advice is that we should grant Musa his demands, for men like these we cannot resist."

The stratagem of the Arab was successful, the gates were opened, and Merida became a captive city. The people were left their private wealth and were free to come and go as they would, with the exception of some of their noblest, who were to be held as hostages. Among these was the widowed Queen Exilona.

She was still young and beautiful. By paying tribute she was allowed to live unmolested, and in this way she passed to the second phase of her romantic career. Arab fancy has surrounded her history with many surprising incidents, and Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatist, has made her the heroine of a romantic play, but her actual history is so full of interest that we need not draw contributions from fable or invention.

When Musa went to Syria at the command of the caliph he left his son Abdul-Aziz as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was a young, handsome, and gallant man. He had won fame in Africa, and gained new repute for wisdom and courage in Spain. The Moorish princess who had become a Gothic queen was now a hostage in his hands, and her charms moved his susceptible heart. His persuasive tongue and attractive person were not without their effect upon the fair captive, who a second time lost her heart to her captor, and

agreed once more to become a bride. Her first husband had been the king of Gothic Spain. Her second was the ruler of Moorish Spain. She declined to yield her Christian creed, but she became his wife and the queen of his heart, called by him Ummi-Assam, a name of endearment common in Arab households.

Exilona was ambitious, and sought to induce her new husband to assume the style of a king. She made him a crown of gold and precious stones which her soft persuasion induced him to wear. She bowed in his presence as if to a royal potentate, and to oblige the nobles to do the same she induced him to have the door-way of his audience chamber made so low that no one could enter it without making an involuntary bow. She even tried to convert him to Christianity, and built a low door to her oratory, so that any one entering would seem to bow to the cross.

These arts of the queen proved fatal to the prince whom she desired to exalt, for this and other stories were told to the caliph, who was seeking some excuse to proceed against the sons of Musa, whose ruin he had sworn. It was told him that Abdul-Aziz was seeking to make Spain independent and was bowing before strange gods. Soliman asked no more, but sent the order for his death.

It was to friends of the emir that the fatal mandate was sent. They loved the mild Abdul, but they were true sons of Islam, and did not dare to question the order of the Commander of the Faithful. The emir was then at a villa near Seville, whither he was accustomed to withdraw from the cares of state to the society of his beloved wife. Near by he had built a mosque, and here, on the morning of his death, he entered and began to read the Koran.

A noise at the door disturbed him, and in a moment a throng burst into the building. At their head was Habib, his trusted friend, who rushed upon him and struck him with a dagger. The emir was unhurt, and sought to escape, but the

others were quickly upon him, and in a moment his body was rent with dagger strokes and he had fallen dead. His head was at once cut off, embalmed, and sent to the caliph. The cruel use made of it we have told.

A wild commotion followed when the people learned of this murder, but it was soon quelled. The power of the caliph was yet too strong to be questioned, even in far-off Spain. What became of Exilona we do not know. Some say that she was slain with her husband; some that she survived him and died in privacy. However it be, her life was one of singular romance.

As for the kindly and unfortunate emir, his memory was long fondly cherished in Spain, and his name still exists in the title of a valley in the suburbs of Antequera, which was named Abdelaxis in his honor.

CHAPTER VII
Pelistes, the Defender of Cordova

No sooner had Tarik defeated the Christian army on the fatal field of Sidonia than he sent out detachments of horsemen in all directions, hoping to win the leading cities of Spain before the people should recover from their terror. One of these detachments, composed of seven hundred horse, was sent against Cordova, an ancient city which was to become the capital of Moslem Spain. This force was led by a brave soldier named Magued, a Roman or Greek by birth, who had been taken prisoner when a child and reared in the Arab faith. He now ranked next to Tarik in the arts and stratagems of war, and as a horseman and warrior was the model and admiration of his followers.

Among the Christian leaders who had fled from the field of the Guadalete was an old and valiant Gothic noble, Pelistes by name, who had fought in the battle front until his son sank in death and most of his followers had fallen around him. Then, with the small band left him, he rode in all haste to Cordova, which he hoped to hold as a stronghold of the Goths. But he found himself almost alone in the town, most of whose inhabitants had fled with their valuables, so that, including the invalids and old soldiers found there, he had but four hundred men with whom to defend the city.

A river ran south of the city and formed one of its defences. To its banks came Magued—led, say some of the chronicles, by the traitor, Count Julian—and encamped in a forest of pines. He sent heralds to the town, demanding its surrender, and threatening its defenders with death if they

resisted. But Pelistes defied him to do his worst.

What Magued might have found difficult to do by force he accomplished by stratagem. A shepherd whom he had captured told him of the weakness of the garrison, and acquainted him with a method by which the city might be entered. Forcing the rustic to act as guide, Magued crossed the river on a stormy night, swimming the stream with his horses, each cavalier having a footman mounted behind him. By the time they reached the opposite shore the rain had changed to hail, whose loud pattering drowned the noise of the horses' hoofs as the assailants rode to a weak place in the wall of which the shepherd had told them. Here the battlements were broken and part of the wall had fallen, and near by grew a fig-tree whose branches stretched towards the breach. Up this climbed a nimble soldier, and by hard effort reached the broken wall. He had taken with him Magued's turban, whose long folds of linen were unfolded and let down as a rope, by whose aid others soon climbed to the summit. The storm had caused the sentries to leave their posts, and this part of the wall was left unguarded.

In a short time a considerable number of the assailants had gained the top of the wall. Leaping from the parapet, they entered the city and ran to the nearest gate, which they flung open to Magued and his force. The city was theirs; the alarm was taken too late, and all who resisted were cut down. By day-dawn Cordova was lost to Spain with the exception of the church of St. George, a large and strong edifice, in which Pelistes had taken refuge with the remnant of his men. Here he found an ample supply of food and obtained water from some secret source, so that he was enabled to hold out against the enemy.

For three long months the brave garrison defied its foes, though Magued made every effort to take the church. How they obtained water was what most puzzled him, but he finally discovered the secret through the aid of a negro whom the

Christians had captured and who escaped from their hands. The prisoner had learned during his captivity that the church communicated by an underground channel with a spring somewhere without. This was sought for with diligence and at length found, whereupon the water supply of the garrison was cut off at its source, and a new summons to surrender was made.

There are two stories of what afterwards took place. One is that the garrison refused to surrender, and that Magued, deeply exasperated, ordered the church to be set on fire, most of its defenders perishing in the flames. The other story is a far more romantic one, and perhaps as likely to be true. This tells us that Pelistes, weary of long waiting for assistance from without, determined to leave the church in search of aid, promising, in case of failure, to return and die with his friends.

Mounted on the good steed that he had kept alive in the church, and armed with lance, sword, and shield, the valiant warrior set forth before the dawn, and rode through the silent streets, unseen by sentinel or early wayfarer. The vision of a Christian knight on horseback was not likely to attract much attention, as there were many renegade Christians with the Moors, brought thither in the train of Count Julian. Therefore, when the armed warrior presented himself at a gate of the city just as a foraging party was entering, he rode forth unnoticed in the confusion and galloped briskly away towards the neighboring mountains.

Having reached there he stopped to rest, but to his alarm he noticed a horseman in hot pursuit upon his trail. Spurring his steed onward, Pelistes now made his way into the rough intricacies of the mountain paths; but, unluckily, as he was passing along the edge of a declivity, his horse stumbled and rolled down into the ravine below, so bruising and cutting him in the fall that, when he struggled to his feet, his face was covered with blood.

While he was in this condition the pursuer rode up. It

proved to be Magued himself, who had seen him leave the city and had followed in haste. To his sharp summons for surrender the good knight responded by drawing his sword, and, wounded and bleeding as he was, put himself in posture for defence.

The fight that followed was as fierce as some of those told of King Arthur's knights. Long and sturdily the two champions fought, foot to foot, sword to scimitar, until their shields and armor were rent and hacked and the ground was red with their blood. Never had those hills seen so furious a fight by so well-matched champions, and during their breathing spells the two knights gazed upon each other with wonder and admiration. Magued had never met so able an antagonist before, nor Pelistes encountered so skilfully wielded a blade.

But the Gothic warrior had been hurt by his fall. This gave Magued the advantage, and he sought to take his noble adversary alive. Finally, weak from loss of blood, the gallant Goth gave a last blow and fell prostrate. In a moment Magued's point was at his throat, and he was bidden to ask for his life or die. No answer came. Unlacing the helmet of the fallen knight, Magued found him insensible. As he debated with himself how he would get the captive of his sword to the city, a group of Moorish cavaliers rode up and gazed with astonishment on the marks of the terrible fight. The Christian knight was placed by them on a spare horse and carried to Cordova's streets.

As the train passed the beleaguered church its garrison, seeing their late leader a captive in Moorish hands, sallied fiercely out to his rescue, and for some minutes the street rang sharply with the sounds of war. But numbers gathered to the defence, the assailants were driven back, and the church was entered by their foes, the clash of arms resounding within its sacred precincts. In the end most of the garrison were killed and the rest made prisoners.

The wounded knight was tenderly cared for by his captor,

soon regaining his senses, and in time recovering his health. Magued, who had come to esteem him highly, celebrated his return to health by a magnificent banquet, at which every honor was done the noble knight. The Arabs knew well how to reward valor, even in a foe.

In the midst of the banquet Pelistes spoke of a noble Christian knight he once had known, his brother in arms and the cherished friend of his heart, one whom he had most admired and loved of all the Gothic host—his old and dear comrade, Count Julian.

"He is here!" cried some of the Arabs, enthusiastically, pointing to a knight who had recently entered. "Here is your old friend and comrade, Count Julian."

"That Julian!" cried Pelistes, in tones of scorn; "that traitor and renegade my friend and comrade! No, no; this is not Julian, but a fiend from hell who has entered his body to bring him dishonor and ruin."

Turning scornfully away he strode proudly from the room, leaving the traitor knight, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, the centre of a circle of scornful looks, for the Arabs loved not the traitor, however they might have profited by his treason.

The fate of Pelistes, as given in the Arab chronicles, was a tragic one. Magued, who had never before met his equal at sword play, proposed to send him to Damascus, thinking that so brave a man would be a fitting present to the caliph and a living testimony to his own knightly prowess. But others valued the prize of valor as well as Magued, Tarik demanding that the valiant prisoner should be delivered to him, and Musa afterwards claiming possession. The controversy ended in a manner suitable to the temper of the times, Magued slaying the captive with his own hand rather than deliver to others the prize of his sword and shield.

CHAPTER VIII
The Stratagem of Theodomir

The defeat of the Guadalete seemed for the time to have robbed the Goths of all their ancient courage. East and west, north and south, rode the Arab horsemen, and stronghold after stronghold fell almost without resistance into their hands, until nearly the whole of Spain had surrendered to the scimitar. History has but a few stories to tell of valiant defence by the Gothic warriors. One was that of Pelistes, at Cordova, which we have just told. The other was that of the wise and valorous Theodomir, which we have next to relate.

Abdul-Aziz, Musa's noble son, whose sad fate we have chronicled, had been given the control of Southern Spain, with his head-quarters in Seville. Here, after subduing the Comarca, he decided on an invasion of far-off Murcia, the garden-land of the south, a realm of tropic heat, yet richly fertile and productive. There ruled a valiant Goth named Theodomir, who had resisted Tarik on his landing, had fought in the fatal battle in which Roderic fell, and had afterwards, with a bare remnant of his followers, sought his own territory, which after him was called the land of Tadmir.

Hither marched Abdul-Aziz, eager to meet in battle a warrior of such renown, and to add to his dominions a country so famed for beauty and fertility. He was to find Theodomir an adversary worthy of his utmost powers. So small was the force of the Gothic lord that he dared not meet the formidable Arab horsemen in open contest, but he checked their advance by all the arts known in war, occupying the mountain defiles and gorges through which his country must be

reached, cutting off detachments, and making the approach of the Arabs difficult and dangerous.

His defence was not confined to the hills. At times he would charge fiercely on detached parties of Arabs in the valleys or plains, and be off again to cover before the main force could come up. Long he defeated every effort of the Arab leader to bring on an open battle, but at length found himself cornered at Lorca, in a small valley at a mountain's foot. Here, though the Goths fought bravely, they found themselves too greatly outnumbered, and in the end were put to panic-flight, numbers of them being left dead on the hotly contested field.

The handful of fugitives, sharply pursued by the Moorish cavalry, rode in all haste to the fortified town of Orihuela, a place of such strength that with sufficient force they might have defied there the powerful enemy. But such had been their losses in battle and in flight that Theodomir found himself far too weak to face the Moslem host, whose advance cavalry had followed so keenly on his track as to reach the outer walls by the time he had fairly closed the gates.

Defence was impossible. He had not half enough men to guard the walls and repel assaults. It would have been folly to stand a siege, yet Theodomir did not care to surrender except on favorable terms, and therefore adopted a shrewd stratagem to deceive the enemy in regard to his strength.

To the surprise of the Arab leader the walls of the town, which he had thought half garrisoned, seemed to swarm with armed and bearded warriors, far too great a force to be overcome by a sudden dash. In the face of so warlike an array, caution awoke in the hearts of the assailants. They had looked for an easy victory, but against such numbers as these assault might lead to severe bloodshed and eventual defeat. They felt that it would be necessary to proceed by the slow and deliberate methods of a regular siege.

While Abdul-Aziz was disposing his forces and making

heedful preparations for the task he saw before him, he was surprised to see the principal gate of the city thrown open and a single Gothic horseman ride forth, bearing a flag of truce and making signals for a parley. A safe-conduct was given him, and he was led to the tent of the Moslem chief.

"Theodomir has sent me to negotiate with you," he said, "and I have full power to conclude terms of surrender. We are abundantly able to hold out, as you may see by the forces on our walls, but as we wish to avoid bloodshed we are willing to submit on honorable terms. Otherwise we will defend ourselves to the bitter end."

The boldness and assurance with which he spoke deeply impressed the Arab chief. This was not a fearful foe seeking for mercy, but a daring antagonist as ready to fight as to yield.

"What terms do you demand?" asked Abdul-Aziz.

"My lord," answered the herald, "will only surrender on such conditions as a generous enemy should grant and a valiant people receive. He demands peace and security for the province and its people and such authority for himself as the strength of his walls and the numbers of his garrison justify him in demanding."

The wise and clement Arab saw the strength of the argument, and, glad to obtain so rich a province without further loss of life, he assented to the terms proposed, bidding the envoy to return and present them to his chief. The Gothic knight replied that there was no need of this, he having full power to sign the treaty. The terms were therefore drawn up and signed by the Arab general, after which the envoy took the pen and, to the astonishment of the victor, signed the name of Theodomir at the foot of the document. It was the Gothic chief himself.

Pleased alike with his confidence and his cleverness, Abdul-Aziz treated the Gothic knight with the highest honor and distinction. At the dawn of the next day the gates of the city were thrown open for surrender, and Abdul-Aziz entered

at the head of a suitable force. But when the garrison was drawn up in the centre of the city for surrender, the surprise of the Moslem became deep amazement. What he saw before him was a mere handful of stalwart soldiers, eked out with feeble old men and boys. But the main body before him was composed of women, whom the astute Goth had bidden to dress like men and to tie their long hair under their chins to represent beards; when, with casques on their heads and spears in their hands, they had been ranged along the walls, looking at a distance like a line of sturdy warriors.

Theodomir waited with some anxiety, not knowing how the victor would regard this stratagem. Abdul might well have viewed with anger the capitulation of an army of women and dotards, but he had a sense of humor and a generous heart, and the smile of amusement on his face told the Gothic chief that he was fully forgiven for his shrewd stratagem. Admiration was stronger than mortification in the Moslem's heart. He praised Theodomir for his witty and successful expedient, and for the three days that he remained at Orihuela banquets and fêtes marked his stay, he occupying the position of a guest rather than an enemy. No injury was done to people or town, and the Arabs soon left the province to continue their career of conquest, satisfied with the arrangements for tribute which they had made.

By a strange chance the treaty of surrender of the land of Tadmir still exists. It is drawn up in Latin and in Arabic, and is of much interest as showing the mode in which such things were managed at that remote date. It stipulates that war shall not be waged against Theodomir, son of the Goths, and his people; that he shall not be deprived of his kingdom; that the Christians shall not be separated from their wives and children, or hindered in the services of their religion; and that their temples shall not be burned. Theodomir was left lord of seven cities—Orihuela, Valencia, Alicante, Mula, Biscaret, Aspis, and Lorca—in which he was to harbor no enemies of the

Arabs.

The tribute demanded of him and his nobles was a dinar (a gold coin) yearly from each, also four measures each of wheat, barley, must, vinegar, honey, and oil. Vassals and taxable people were to pay half this amount.

These conditions were liberal in the extreme. The tribute demanded was by no means heavy for a country so fertile, in which light culture yields abundant harvests; the delightful valley between Orihuela and Murcia, in particular, being the garden spot of Spain. The inhabitants for a long period escaped the evils of war felt in other parts of the conquered territory, their province being occupied by only small garrisons of the enemy, while its distance from the chief seat of war removed it from danger.

After the murder of Abdul-Aziz, Theodomir sent an embassy to the Caliph Soliman, begging that the treaty should be respected. The caliph in reply sent orders that its stipulations should be faithfully observed. In this the land of Tadmir almost stood alone in that day, when treaties were usually made only to be set at naught.

CHAPTER IX
The Cave of Covadonga

Tarik landed in Spain in April, 711. So rapid were the Arabs in conquest that in two years from that date nearly the whole peninsula was in their hands. Not quite all, or history might have another story to relate. In a remote province of the once proud kingdom—a rugged northwest corner—a few of its fugitive sons remained in freedom, left alone by the Arabs partly through scorn, partly on account of the rude and difficult character of their place of refuge. The conquerors despised them, yet this slender group was to form the basis of the Spain we know to-day, and to expand and spread until the conquerors would be driven from Spanish soil.

The Goths had fled in all directions from their conquerors, taking with them such of their valuables as they could carry, some crossing the Pyrenees to France, some hiding in the mountain valleys, some seeking a place of refuge in the Asturias, a rough hill country cut up in all directions by steep, scarped rocks, narrow defiles, deep ravines, and tangled thickets. Here the formidable Moslem cavalry could not pursue them; here no army could deploy; here ten men might defy a hundred. The place was far from inviting to the conquerors, but in it was sown the seed of modern Spain.

A motley crew it was that gathered in this rugged region, a medley of fugitives of all ranks and stations—soldiers, farmers, and artisans; nobles and vassals; bishops and monks; men, women, and children—brought together by a terror that banished all distinctions of rank and avocation. For a number of years this small band of fugitive Christians, gathered between

the mountains and the sea in northwestern Spain, remained quiet, desiring only to be overlooked or disregarded by the conquerors. But in the year 717 a leader came to them, and Spain once more lifted her head in defiance of her invaders.

Pelayo, the leader named, is a hero shrouded in mist. Fable surrounds him; a circle of romantic stories have budded from his name. He is to us like his modern namesake, the one battle-ship of Spain, which, during the recent war, wandered up and down the Mediterranean with no object in view that any foreigner could discover. Of the original Pelayo, some who profess to know say that he was of the highest rank—young, handsome, and heroic, one who had fought under Roderic at the Guadalete, had been held by the Arabs as a hostage at Cordova, and had escaped to his native hills, there to infuse new life and hope into the hearts of the fugitive group.

Ibun Hayyan, an Arabian chronicler, gives the following fanciful account of Pelayo and his feeble band. "The commencement of the rebellion happened thus: there remained no city, town, or village in Galicia but what was in the hands of the Moslems with the exception of a steep mountain, on which this Pelayo took refuge with a handful of men. There his followers went on dying through hunger until he saw their numbers reduced to about thirty men and ten women, having no other food for support than the honey which they gathered in the crevices of the rock, which they themselves inhabited like so many bees. However, Pelayo and his men fortified themselves by degrees in the passes of the mountain until the Moslems were made acquainted with their preparations; but, perceiving how few they were, they heeded not the advice given to them, but allowed them to gather strength, saying, 'What are thirty barbarians perched upon a rock? They must inevitably die.'"

Die they did not, that feeble relic of Spain on the mountain-side, though long their only care was for shelter

and safety. Here Pelayo cheered them, doing his utmost to implant new courage in their fearful hearts. At length the day came when Spain could again assume a defiant attitude, and in the mountain valley of Caggas de Onis Pelayo raised the old Gothic standard and ordered the beating of the drums. Beyond the sound of the long roll went his messengers seeking warriors in valley and glen, and soon his little band had grown to a thousand stalwart men, filled with his spirit and breathing defiance to the Moslem conquerors. That was an eventful day for Spain, in which her crushed people again lifted their heads.

It was a varied throng that gathered around Pelayo's banner. Sons of the Goths and the Romans were mingled with descendants of the more ancient Celts and Iberians. Representatives of all the races that had overrun Spain were there gathered, speaking a dozen dialects, yet instinct with a single spirit. From them the modern Spaniard was to come, no longer Gothic or Roman, but a descendant of all the tribes and races that had peopled Spain. Some of them carried the swords and shields they had wielded in the battle of the Guadalete, others brought the rude weapons of the mountaineers. But among them were strong hands and stout hearts, summoned by the drums of Pelayo to the reconquest of Spain.

Word soon came to Al Horr, the new emir of Spain, that a handful of Christians were in arms in the mountains of the northwest, and he took instant steps to crush this presumptuous gathering, sending his trusty general Al Kamah with a force that seemed abundant to destroy Pelayo and his rebel band.

Warning of the approach of the Moslem foe was quickly brought to the Spanish leader, who at once left his place of assembly for the cave of Covadonga, a natural fortress in Eastern Asturia, some five miles from Caggas de Onis, which he had selected as a place strikingly adapted to a defensive stand. Here rise three mountain-peaks to a height of nearly

four thousand feet, enclosing a small circular valley, across which rushes the swift Diva, a stream issuing from Mount Orandi. At the base of Mount Auseva, the western peak, rises a detached rock, one hundred and seventy feet high, projecting from the mountain in the form of an arch. At a short distance above its foot is visible the celebrated cave or grotto of Covadonga, an opening forty feet wide, twelve feet high, and extending twenty-five feet into the rock.

The river sweeps out through a narrow and rocky defile, at whose narrowest part the banks rise in precipitous walls. Down this ravine the stream rushes in rapids and cascades, at one point forming a picturesque waterfall seventy-five feet in height. Only through this straitened path can the cave be reached, and this narrow ravine and the valley within Pelayo proposed to hold with his slender and ill-armed force.

Proudly onward came the Moslem captain, full of confidence in his powerful force and despising his handful of opponents. Pelayo drew him on into the narrow river passage by a clever stratagem. He had posted a small force at the mouth of the pass, bidding them to take to flight after a discharge of arrows. His plan worked well, the seeming retreat giving assurance to the Moslems, who rushed forward in pursuit along the narrow ledge that borders the Diva, and soon emerged into the broader path that opens into the valley of Covadonga.

They had incautiously entered a cul-de-sac, in which their numbers were of no avail, and where a handful of men could hold an army at bay. A small body of the best armed of the Spaniards occupied the cave, the others being placed in ambush among the chestnut-trees that covered the heights above the Diva. All kept silent until the Moslem advance had emerged into the valley. Then the battle began, one of the most famous conflicts in the whole history of Spain, famous not for the numbers engaged, but for the issue involved. The future of Spain dwelt in the hands of that group of patriots.

The fight in the valley was sharp, but one-sided. The Moslem arrows rebounded harmlessly from the rocky sides of the cave, whose entrance could be reached only by a ladder, while the Christians, hurling their missiles from their point of vantage into the crowded mass below, punished them so severely that the advance was forced back upon those that crowded the defile in the rear. Al Kamah, finding his army recoiling in dismay and confusion, and discovering too late his error, ordered a retreat; but no sooner had a reverse movement been instituted than the ambushed Christians on the heights began their deadly work, hurling huge stones and fallen trees into the defile, killing the Moslems by hundreds, and choking up the pass until flight became impossible.

The panic was complete. From every side the Christians rushed upon the foe. Pelayo, bearing a cross of oak and crying that the Lord was fighting for his people, leaped downward from the cave, followed by his men, who fell with irresistible fury on the foe, forcing them backward under the brow of Mount Auseva, where Al Kamah strove to make a stand.

The elements now came to the aid of the Christians, a furious storm arising whose thunders reverberated among the rocks, while lightnings flashed luridly in the eyes of the terrified troops. The rain poured in blinding torrents, and soon the Diva, swollen with the sudden fall, rose into a flood, and swept away many of those who were crowded on its slippery banks. The heavens seemed leagued with the Christians against the Moslem host, whose destruction was so thorough that, if we can credit the chronicles, not a man of the proud army escaped.

This is doubtless an exaggeration, but the victory of Pelayo was complete and the first great step in the reconquest of Spain was taken. The year was 717, six years after the landing of the Arabs and the defeat of the Goths.

Thus ended perhaps the most decisive battle in the history of Spain. With it new Spain began. The cave of

Covadonga is still a place of pilgrimage for the Spanish patriot, a stairway of marble replacing the ladder used by Pelayo and his men. We may tell what followed in a few words. Their terrible defeat cleared the territory of the Austurias of Moslem soldiers. From every side fugitive Christians left their mountain retreats to seek the standard of Pelayo. Soon the patriotic and daring leader had an army under his command, by whom he was chosen king of Christian Spain.

The Moslems made no further attack. They were discouraged by their defeat and were engaged in a project for the invasion of Gaul that required their utmost force. Pelayo slowly and cautiously extended his dominions, descending from the mountains into the plains and valleys, and organizing his new kingdom in civil as well as in military affairs. All the men under his control were taught to bear arms, fortifications were built, the ground was planted, and industry revived. Territory which the Moslems had abandoned was occupied, and from a group of soldiers in a mountain cavern a new nation began to emerge.

Pelayo died at Caggas de Onis in the year 737, twenty years after his great victory. After his death the work he had begun was carried forward, until by the year 800 the Spanish dominion had extended over much of Old Castile—so called from its numerous castles. In a hundred years more it had extended to the borders of New Castile. The work of reconquest was slowly but surely under way.

CHAPTER X
The Adventures of a Fugitive Prince

A new dynasty came to the throne of the caliphs of Damascus in 750. The line of the Ommeyades, who had held the throne since the days of the Prophet Mohammed, was overthrown, and the line of the Abbassides began. Abdullah, the new caliph, bent on destroying every remnant of the old dynasty, invited ninety of its principal adherents to a banquet, where they were set upon and brutally murdered. There followed a scene worthy of a savage. The tables were removed, carpets were spread over the bleeding corpses, and on these the viands were placed, the guests eating their dinner to the dismal music of the groans of the dying victims beneath.

The whole country was now scoured for all who were connected with the fallen dynasty, and wherever found they were brutally slain; yet despite the vigilance of the murderers a scion of the family of the Ommeyades escaped. Abdurrahman, the princely youth in question, was fortunately absent from Damascus when the order for his assassination was given. Warned of his proposed fate, he gathered what money and jewels he could and fled for his life, following little-used paths until he reached the banks of the Euphrates. But spies were on his track and descriptions of him had been sent to all provinces. He was just twenty years old, and, unlike the Arabians in general, had a fair complexion and blue eyes, so that he could easily be recognized, and it seemed impossible that he could escape.

His retreat on the Euphrates was quickly discovered, and the agents of murder were so hot upon his track that he was

forced to spring into the river and seek for safety by swimming. The pursuers reached the banks when the fugitives were nearly half-way across, Abdurrahman supporting his son, four years of age, and Bedr, a servant, aiding his thirteen-year-old brother. The agents of the caliph called them back, saying that they would not harm them, and the boy, whose strength was giving out, turned back in spite of his brother's warning. When Abdurrahman reached the opposite bank, it was with a shudder of horror that he saw the murder of the boy, whose head was at once cut off. That gruesome spectacle decided the question of his trusting himself to the mercy of the caliph or his agents.

The life of the fugitive prince now became one of unceasing adventure. He made his way by covert paths towards Egypt, wandering through the desert in company with bands of Bedouins, living on their scanty fare, and constantly on the alert against surprise. Light sleep and hasty flittings were the rule with him and his few attendants as they made their way slowly westward over the barren sands, finally reaching Egypt. Here he was too near the caliph for safety, and he kept on westward to Barca, where he hoped for protection from the governor, who owed his fortunes to the favor of the late caliph.

He was mistaken. Ibn Habib, the governor of Barca, put self-interest above gratitude, and made vigorous efforts to seize the fugitive, whom he hoped to send as a welcome gift to the cruel Abdullah. The life of the fugitive was now one of hair-breadth escapes. For five years he remained in Barca, disguised and under a false name, yet in almost daily peril of his life. On one occasion a band of pursuers surrounded the tent in which he was and advanced to search it. His life was saved by Tekfah, the wife of the chief, who hid him under her clothes. When, in later years, he came to power, he rewarded the chief and his wife richly for their kindly aid.

On another occasion a body of horse rode into the village

of tents in which he dwelt as a guest and demanded that he should be given up. The handsome aspect and gentle manner of the fugitive had made the tribesmen suspect that they were the hosts of a disguised prince; he had gained a sure place in their hearts, and they set the pursuers on a false scent. Such a person was with them, they said, but he had gone with a number of young men on a lion hunt in a neighboring mountain valley and would not return until the next evening. The pursuers at once set off for the place mentioned, and the fugitive, who had been hidden in one of the tents, rode away in the opposite direction with his slender train.

Leaving Barca, he journeyed farther westward over the desert, which at that point comes down to the Mediterranean. Finally Tahart was reached, a town within the modern Algeria, the seat of the Beni Rustam, a tribe which gave him the kindliest welcome. To them, as to the Barcans, he seemed a prince in disguise. Near by was a tribe of Arabs named the Nefezah, to which his mother had belonged, and from which he hoped for protection and assistance. Reaching this, he told his rank and name, and was welcomed almost as a king, the tribesmen, his mother's kindred, paying him homage, and offering their aid to the extent of their ability in the ambitious scheme which he disclosed.

This was an invasion of Spain, which at that time was a scene of confusion and turmoil, distracted by rival leaders, the people exhausted by wars and quarrels, many of their towns burned or ruined, and the country ravaged by famine. What could be better than for the heir of the illustrious house of Ommeyades, flying from persecution by the Abbassides, and miraculously preserved, to seek the throne of Spain, bring peace to that distracted land, and found an independent kingdom in that western section of the vast Arabian empire?

His servant, Bedr, who had kept with him through all his varied career and was now his chief officer, was sent to Spain on a secret mission to the friends of the late dynasty of caliphs,

of whom there were many in that land. Bedr was highly successful in his mission. Yusuf, the Abbasside emir, was absent from Cordova and ignorant of his danger, and all promised well. Not waiting for the assistance promised him in Africa, the prince put to sea almost alone. As he was about to step on board his boat a number of Berbers gathered round and showed an intention to prevent his departure. They were quieted by a handful of dinars and he hastened on board—none too soon, for another band, greedy for gold, rushed to the beach, some of them wading out and seizing the boat and the camel's-hair cable that held it to the anchor. These fellows got blows instead of dinars, one, who would not let go, having his hand cut off by a sword stroke. The edge of a scimitar cut the cable, the sail was set, and the lonely exile set forth upon the sea to the conquest of a kingdom. It was evening of a spring day of the year 756 that the fugitive prince landed near Malaga, in the land of Andalusia, where some prominent chiefs were in waiting to receive him with the homage due to a king.

Hundreds soon flocked to the standard of the adventurer, whose manly and handsome presence, his beaming blue eyes, sweet smile, and gracious manner won him the friendship of all whom he met. With steadily growing forces he marched to Seville. Here were many of his partisans, and the people flung open the gates with wild shouts of welcome. It was in the month of May that the fortunes of Abdurrahman were put to the test, Yusuf having hastily gathered a powerful force and advanced to the plain of Musarah, near Cordova, on which field the fate of the kingdom was to be decided.

It was under a strange banner that Abdurrahman advanced to meet the army of the emir—a turban attached to a lance-head. This standard afterwards became sacred, the turban, as it grew ragged, being covered by a new one. At length the hallowed old rags were removed by an irreverent hand, "and from that time the empire of the Beni Ummeyah

began to decline."

We may briefly conclude our tale. The battle was fierce, but Abdurrahman's boldness and courage prevailed, and the army of Yusuf in the end gave way, Cordova becoming the victor's prize. The generous conqueror gave liberty and distinction to the defeated emir, and was repaid in two years by a rebellion in which he had an army of twenty thousand men to meet. Yusuf was again defeated, and now lost his life.

Thus it was that the fugitive prince, who had saved his life by swimming the Euphrates under the eyes of an assassin band, became the Caliph of the West, for under him Spain was cut loose from the dominion of the Abbassides and made an independent kingdom, its conqueror becoming its first monarch under the title of Abdurrahman I.

Almansur, then the Caliph of the East, sought to recover the lost domain, sending a large army from Africa; but this was defeated with terrible slaughter by the impetuous young prince, who revenged himself by sending the heads of the general and many of his officers to the caliph in bags borne by merchants, which were deposited at the door of Almansur's tent during the darkness of the night. The finder was cautioned to be careful, as the bags contained treasure. So they were brought in to the caliph, who opened them with his own hand. Great was his fury and chagrin when he saw what a ghastly treasure they contained. "This man is the foul fiend in human form," he exclaimed. "Praised be Allah that he has placed a sea between him and me."

CHAPTER XI
Bernardo Del Carpio

Spain, like France, had its hero of legend. The great French hero was Roland, whose mighty deeds in the pass of Roncesvalles have been widely commemorated in song and story. In Spanish legend the gallant opponent of the champion of France was Bernardo del Carpio, a hero who perhaps never lived, except on paper, but about whose name a stirring cycle of story has grown. The tale of his life is a tragedy, as that of heroes is apt to be. It may be briefly told.

When Charlemagne was on the throne of France Alfonso II. was king of Christian Spain. A hundred years had passed since all that was left to Spain was the cave of Covadonga, and in that time a small kingdom had grown up with Oviedo for its capital city. This kingdom had spread from the Asturias over Leon, which gave its name to the new realm, and the slow work of driving back the Moslem conquerors had well begun.

Alfonso never married and had no children. People called him Alfonso the Chaste. He went so far as to forbid any of his family to marry, so that the love affairs of his sister, the fair infanta Ximena, ran far from smooth. The beautiful princess loved and was loved again by the noble Sancho Diaz, Count of Saldaña, but the king would not listen to their union. The natural result followed; as they dared not marry in public they did so in private, and for a year or two lived happily together, none knowing of their marriage, and least of all the king.

But when a son was born to them the truth came out. It threw the tyrannical king into a violent rage. His sister was

seized by his orders and shut up in a convent, and her husband was thrown into prison for life, some accounts saying that his eyes were put out by order of the cruel king. As for their infant son, he was sent into the mountains of the Asturias, to be brought up among peasants and mountaineers.

It was known that he had been sent there by Alfonso, and the people believed him to be the king's son and treated him as a prince. In the healthy out-door life of the hills he grew strong and handsome, while his native courage was shown in hunting adventures and the perils of mountain life. When old enough he learned the use of arms, and soon left his humble friends for the army, in which his boldness and bravery were shown in many encounters with the French and the Arabs. Those about him still supposed him to be the son of the king, though Alfonso, while furnishing him with all knightly arms and needs, neither acknowledged nor treated him as his son. But if not a king's son, he was a very valiant knight, and became the terror of all the foes of Spain.

All this time his unfortunate father languished in prison, where from time to time he was told by his keepers of the mighty deeds of the young prince Bernardo del Carpio, by which name the youthful warrior was known. Count Sancho knew well that this was his son, and complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the youth who could leave his father perishing in a prison cell while he rode freely and joyously in the open air, engaged in battle and banquet, and was everywhere admired and praised. He knew not that the young warrior had been kept in ignorance of his birth.

During this period came that great event in the early history of Spain in which Charlemagne crossed the Pyrenees with a great army and marched upon the city of Saragossa. It was in the return from this expedition that the dreadful attack took place in which Roland and the rear guard of the army were slain in the pass of Roncesvalles. In Spanish story it was Bernardo del Carpio who led the victorious hosts, and to

whose prowess was due the signal success.

This fierce fight in a mountain-pass, in which a valiant band of mountaineers overwhelmed and destroyed the flower of the French army, has been exalted by poetic legend into one of the most stupendous and romantic of events. Ponderous epic poems have made Roland their theme, numbers of ballads and romances tell of his exploits, and the far-off echoes of his ivory horn still sound through the centuries. One account tells that he blew his horn so loud and long that the veins of his neck burst in the strain. Others tell that he split a mountain in twain by a mighty stroke of his sword Durandal. The print of his horse's hoofs are shown on a mountain-peak where only a flying horse could ever have stood. In truth, Roland, whose name is barely mentioned in history, rose to be the greatest hero of romance, the choicest and best of the twelve paladins of Charlemagne.

Bernardo del Carpio was similarly celebrated in Spanish song, though he attained no such worldwide fame. History does not name him at all, but the ballads of Spain say much of his warlike deeds. It must suffice here to say that this doughty champion marched upon Roland and his men while they were winding through the narrow mountain-pass, and as they advanced the mountaineers swelled their ranks.

"As through the glen his spears did gleam, the soldiers from the hills,

They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills;

They round his banner flocked in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,

And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain."

Roland and his force lay silent in death when the valiant prince led back his army, flushed with victory, and hailed with the plaudits of all the people of the land. At this moment of his highest triumph the tragedy of his life began. His old

nurse, who had feared before to tell the tale, now made him acquainted with the true story of his birth, telling him that he was the nephew, not the son, of the king; that his mother, whom he thought long dead, still lived, shut up for life in a convent; and that his father lay languishing in a dungeon cell, blind and in chains.

As may well be imagined, this story filled the soul of the young hero with righteous wrath. He strode into the presence of the king and asked, with little reverence, if the story were true. Alfonso surlily admitted it. Bernardo then demanded his father's freedom. This the king refused. Burning with anger, the valiant youth shut himself up in his castle, refusing to take part in the rejoicings that followed the victory, and still sternly demanding the release of his father.

"Is it well that I should be abroad fighting thy battles," he asked the king, "while my father lies fettered in thy dungeons? Set him free and I shall ask no further reward."

Alfonso, who was obstinate in his cruelty, refused, and the indignant prince took arms against him, joining the Moors, whom he aided to harry the king's dominions. Fortifying his castle, and gathering a bold and daring band from his late followers, he made incursions deep into the country of the king, plundering hamlet and city and fighting in the ranks of the Moslems.

This method of argument was too forcible even for the obstinacy of Alfonso. His counsellors, finding the kingdom itself in danger, urged him to grant Bernardo's request, and to yield him his father in return for his castle. The king at length consented, and Bernardo, as generous and trusting as he was brave, immediately accepted the proposed exchange, sought the king, handed him the keys of his castle, and asked him to fulfil his share of the contract.

Alfonso agreed to do so, and in a short time the king and his nephew rode forth, Bernardo's heart full of joy at the thought of meeting the parent whom he had never yet seen.

As they rode forward a train came from the opposite direction to meet them, in the midst a tall figure, clad in splendid attire and mounted on horseback. But there was something in his aspect that struck Bernardo's heart deep with dread.

"God help me!" he exclaimed, "is that sightless and corpse-like figure the noble Count of Saldaña, my father?"

"You wished to see him," coldly answered the king. "He is before you. Go and greet him."

Bernardo did so, and reverently took the cold hand of his father to kiss it. As he did so the body fell forward on the neck of the horse. It was only a corpse. Alfonso had killed the father before delivering him to his son.

Only his guards saved the ruthless tyrant at that moment from death. The infuriated knight swore a fearful oath of vengeance upon the king, and rode away, taking the revered corpse with him. Unfortunately, the story of Bernardo ends here. None of the ballads tell what he did for revenge. We may imagine that he joined his power to the Moors and harried the land of Leon during his after life, at length reaching Alfonso's heart with his vengeful blade. But of this neither ballad nor legend tells, and with the pathetic scene of the dead father's release our story ends.

CHAPTER XII
Ruy Diaz, the Cid Campeador

Bernardo del Carpio is not the chief Spanish hero of romance. To find the mate of Roland the paladin we must seek the incomparable Cid, the campeador or champion of Spain, the noblest figure in Spanish story or romance. El Mio Cid, "My Cid," as he is called, with his matchless horse Bavieca and his trenchant sword Tisona, towers in Spanish tale far above Christian king and Moslem caliph, as the pink of chivalry, the pearl of knighthood, the noblest and worthiest figure in all that stirring age.

Cid is an Arabic word, meaning "lord" or "chief." The man to whom it was applied was a real personage, not a figment of fancy, though it is to poetry and romance that he owes his fame, his story having been expanded and embellished in chronicles, epic poems, and ballads until it bears little semblance to actual history. Yet the deeds of the man himself probably lie at the basis of all the splendid fictions of romance.

The great poem in which his exploits were first celebrated, the famous "Poema del Cid," is thought to be the oldest, as it is one of the noblest in the Spanish language. Written probably not later than the year 1200, it is of about three thousand lines in length, and of such merit that its unknown author has been designated the "Homer of Spain." As it was written soon after the death of the Cid, it could not have deviated far from historic truth. Chief among the prose works is the "Chronicle of the Cid,"—Chronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez—which, with additions from the poem, was charmingly

rendered in English by the poet Southey, whose production is a prose poem in itself. Such are the chief sources of our knowledge of the Cid, an active, stirring figure, full of the spirit of mediævalism, whose story seems to bring back to us the living features of the age in which he flourished. A brave and daring knight, rousing the jealousy of nobles and kings by his valiant deeds, now banished and now recalled, now fighting against the Moslems, now with them, now for his own hand, and in the end winning himself a realm and dying a king without the name—such is the man whose story we propose to tell.

This hero of romance was born about the year 1040 at Bivar, a little village near Burgos, his father being Diego Lainez, a man of gentle birth, his mother Teresa Rodriguez, daughter of the governor of the Asturias. He is often called Rodrigo de Bivar, from his birthplace, but usually Rodrigo Diaz, or Ruy Diez, as his name is given in the chronicle.

While still a boy the future prowess of the Cid was indicated. He was keen of intellect, active of frame, and showed such wonderful dexterity in manly exercises as to become unrivalled in the use of arms. Those were days of almost constant war. The kingdom of the Moors was beginning to fall to pieces; that of the Christians was growing steadily stronger; not only did war rage between the two races, but Moor fought with Moor, Christian with Christian, and there was abundant work ready for the strong hand and sharp sword. This state of affairs was to the taste of the youthful Rodrigo, whose ambition was to become a hero of knighthood.

While gentle in manner and magnanimous in disposition, the young soldier had an exalted sense of honor and was sternly devoted to duty. While he was still a boy his father was bitterly insulted by Count Gomez, who struck him in the face. The old man brooded over his humiliation until he lost sleep and appetite, and withdrew from society into disconsolate seclusion.

Rodrigo, deeply moved by his father's grief, sought and killed the insulter, and brought the old man the bleeding head of his foe. At this the disconsolate Diego rose and embraced his son, and bade him sit above him at table, saying that "he who brought home that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo."

From that day on the fame of the young knight rapidly grew, until at length he defeated and captured five Moorish kings who had invaded Castile. This exploit won him the love of Ximena, the fair daughter of Count Gomez, whom he had slain. Foreseeing that he would become the greatest man in Spain, the damsel waited not to be wooed, but offered him her hand in marriage, an offer which he was glad to accept. And ever after, says the chronicle, she was his loving wife.

The young champion is said to have gained the good-will of St. Lazarus and the Holy Virgin by sleeping with a leper who had been shunned by his knights. No evil consequences came from this example of Christian philanthropy, while it added to the knight's high repute.

Fernando I., who had gathered a large Christian kingdom under his crown, died when Rodrigo was but fifteen years of age, and in his will foolishly cut up his kingdom between his three sons and two daughters, greatly weakening the Christian power, and quickly bringing his sons to sword's point. By the will Sancho was placed over Castile, Alfonso became king of Leon, Garcia ruled in Galicia; Urraca, one of the daughters, received the city of Toro, and Elvira was given that of Zamora.

Sancho was not satisfied with this division. Being the oldest, he thought he should have all, and prepared to seize the shares of his brothers and sisters. Looking for aid in this design, he was attracted by the growing fame of young Rodrigo, and gained his aid in the restoration of Zamora, which the Moors had destroyed. While thus engaged there came to Rodrigo messengers with tribute from the five

Moorish kings whom he had captured and released. They hailed the young warrior as Sid, or Cid, and the king, struck by the title, said that Ruy Diaz should thenceforth bear it; also that he should be known as campeador or champion.

King Sancho now knighted the young warrior with his own hand, and soon after made him alferez, or commander of his troops. As such he was despatched against Alfonso, who was soon driven from his kingdom of Leon and sought shelter in the Moorish city of Toledo. Leon being occupied, the Cid marched against Galicia, and drove out Garcia as he had done Alfonso. Then he deprived Urraca and Elvira of the cities left them by their father, and the whole kingdom was once more placed under a single ruler.

It did not long remain so. Sancho died in 1072, and at once Alfonso and Garcia hurried back from exile to recover their lost realms. But Alfonso's ambition equalled that of Sancho. All or none was his motto. Invading the kingdom of Galicia, he robbed Garcia of it and held him prisoner. Then he prepared to invade Castile, and offered the command of the army for this enterprise to the Cid.

The latter was ready for fighting in any form, so that he could fight with honor. But there was doubt in his mind if service under Alfonso was consistent with the honor of a knight. King Sancho had been assassinated while hunting, and it was whispered that Alfonso had some share in the murder. The high-minded Cid would not draw sword for him unless he swore that he had no lot or part in his brother's death. Twice the Cid gave him the oath, whereupon, says the chronicle, "My Cid repeated the oath to him a third time, and the king and the knights said 'Amen.' But the wrath of the king was exceeding great; and he said to the Cid, 'Ruy Diaz, why dost thou press me so, man?' From that day forward there was no love towards My Cid in the heart of the king."

But the king had sworn, and the Cid entered his service and soon conquered Castile, so that Alfonso became

monarch of Castile, Leon, Galicia, and Portugal, and took the title of Emperor of Spain. As adelantado, or lord of the marches, Ruy Diaz now occupied himself with the Moors—fighting where hostility reigned, taking tribute for the king from Seville and other cities, and settling with the sword the disputes of the chiefs, or aiding them in their quarrels. Thus he took part with Seville in a war with Cordova, and was rewarded with so rich a present by the grateful king that Alfonso, inspired by his secret hatred for the Cid, grew jealous and envious.

During these events years passed on, and the Cid's two fair daughters grew to womanhood and were married, at the command of the king, to the two counts of Carrion. The Cid liked not his sons-in-law, and good reason he had, for they were a pair of base hounds despite their lordly title. The brides were shamefully treated by them, being stripped and beaten nearly to death on their wedding-journey.

When word of this outrage came to the Cid his wrath overflowed. Stalking with little reverence into the king's hall, he sternly demanded redress for the brutal act. He could not appeal to the law. The husband in those days was supreme lord and master of his wife. But there was an unwritten law, that of the sword, and the incensed father demanded that the brutal youths should appear in the lists and prove their honor, if they could, against his champion.

They dared not refuse. In those days, when the sword was the measure of honor and justice, to refuse would have been to be disgraced. They came into the lists, where they were beaten like the hounds that they had shown themselves, and the noble girls were set free from their bonds. Better husbands soon sought the Cid's daughters, and they were happily married in the end.

The exploits of the Cid were far too many for us to tell. Wherever he went victory attended his sword. On one occasion the king marched to the aid of one of his Moorish allies,

leaving the Cid behind him too sick to ride. Here was an opportunity for the Moors, a party of whom broke into Castile and by a rapid march made themselves masters of the fortress of Gomez. Up from his bed of sickness rose the Cid, mounted his steed (though he could barely sit in the saddle), charged and scattered the invaders, pursued them into the kingdom of Toledo, and returned with seven thousand prisoners and all the Moorish spoil.

This brilliant defence of the kingdom was the turning point in his career. The king of Toledo complained to Alfonso that his neutral territory had been invaded by the Cid and his troops, and King Alfonso, seeking revenge for the three oaths he had been compelled to take, banished the Cid from his dominions, on the charge of invading the territory of his allies.

Thus the champion went forth as a knight-errant, with few followers, but a great name. Tears came into his eyes as he looked back upon his home, its doors open, its hall deserted, no hawks upon the perches, no horses in the stalls. "My enemies have done this," he said. "God be praised for all things." He went to Burgos, but there the people would not receive him, having had strict orders from the king. Their houses were closed, the inn-keepers barred their doors, only a bold little maiden dared venture out to tell him of the decree. As there was no shelter for him there, he was forced to seek lodging in the sands near the town.

Needing money, he obtained it by a trick that was not very honorable, though in full accord with the ethics of those times. He pawned to the Jews two chests which he said were treasure chests, filled with gold. Six hundred marks were received, and when the chests were afterwards opened they proved to be filled with sand. This was merely a good joke to poet and chronicler. The Jews lay outside the pale of justice and fair-dealing.

Onward went the Cid, his followers growing in number as he marched. First to Barcelona, then to Saragossa, he went,

seeking knightly adventures everywhere. In Saragossa he entered the service of the Moorish king, and for several years fought well and sturdily for his old enemies. But time brought a change. In 1081 Alfonso captured Toledo and made that city his capital, from which he prepared to push his way still deeper into the Moorish dominions. He now needed the Cid, whom he had banished five years before.

But it was easier to ask than to get. The Cid had grown too great to be at any king's beck and call. He would fight for Alfonso, but in his own way, holding himself free to attack whom he pleased and when he pleased, and to capture the cities of the Moslems and rule them as their lord. He had become a free lance, fighting for his own hand, while armies sprang, as it were, from the ground at his call to arms.

In those days of turmoil valor rarely had long to wait for opportunity. Ramon Berenguer, lord of Barcelona, had laid siege to Valencia, an important city on the Mediterranean coast. Thither marched the Cid with all speed, seven thousand men in his train, and forced Ramon to raise the siege. The Cid became governor of Valencia, under tribute to King Alfonso, and under honor to hold it against the Moors.

The famous champion was not done with his troubles with Alfonso. In the years that followed he was once more banished by the faithless king, and his wife and children were seized and imprisoned. At a later date he came to the king's aid in his wars, but found him again false to his word, and was obliged to flee for safety from the camp.

Valencia had passed from his control and had more than once since changed hands. At length the Moorish power grew so strong that the city refused to pay tribute to Spain and declared its independence. Here was work for the Cid—not for the benefit of Alfonso, but for his own honor and profit. He was weary of being made the foot-ball of a jealous and faithless monarch, and craved a kingdom of his own. Against Valencia he marched with an army of free swords at his back.

He was fighting now for the Cid, not for Moorish emir or Spanish monarch. For twenty months he beseiged the fair city, until starvation came to the aid of his sword. No relief reached the Moors; the elements fought against them, floods of rain destroying the roads and washing away the bridges; on June 15, 1094, the Cid Campeador marched into the city thenceforth to be associated with his name.

Ascending its highest tower, he gazed with joy upon the fair possession which he had won with his own good sword without aid from Spanish king or Moorish ally, and which he proposed to hold for his own while life remained. His city it was, and today it bears his name, being known as Valencia del Cid. But he had to hold it with the good sword by which he won it, for the Moors, who had failed to aid the beleaguered city, sought with all their strength to win it back.

During the next year thirty thousand of them came and encamped about the walls of the city. But fighting behind walls was not to the taste of the Cid Campeador. Out from the gates he sallied and drove them like sheep from their camp, killing fifteen thousand of them in the fight.

"Be it known," the chronicle tells us, "that this was a profitable day's work. Every foot-soldier shared a hundred marks of silver that day, and the Cid returned full honorably to Valencia. Great was the joy of the Christians in the Cid Ruy Diaz, who was born in a happy hour. His beard was grown, and continued to grow, a great length. My Cid said of his chin, 'For the love of King Don Alfonso, who hath banished me from his land, no scissors shall come upon it, nor shall a hair be cut away, and Moors and Christians shall talk of it.'" And until he died his great beard grew on untouched.

Not many were the men with whom he had done his work, but they were soldiers of tried temper and daring hearts. "There were one thousand knights of lineage and five hundred and fifty other horsemen. There were four thousand foot-soldiers, besides boys and others. Thus many were the people

of My Cid, him of Bivar. And his heart rejoiced, and he smiled and said, 'Thanks be to God and to Holy Mother Mary! We had a smaller company when we left the house of Bivar.'"

The next year King Yussef, leader of the Moors, came again to the siege of Valencia, this time with fifty thousand men. Small as was the force of the Cid as compared with this great army, he had no idea of fighting cooped up like a rat in a cage. Out once more he sallied, with but four thousand men at his back. His bishop, Hieronymo, absolved them, saying, "He who shall die, fighting full forward, I will take as mine his sins, and God shall have his soul."

A learned and wise man was the good bishop, but a valorous one as well, mighty in arms alike on horseback and on foot. "A boon, Cid don Rodrigo," he cried. "I have sung mass to you this morning. Let me have the giving of the first wounds in this battle."

"In God's name, do as you will," answered the Cid.

That day the bishop had his will of the foe, fighting with both hands until no man knew how many of the infidels he slew. Indeed, they were all too busy to heed the bishop's blows, for, so the chronicle says, only fifteen thousand of the Moslems escaped. Yussef, sorely wounded, left to the Cid his famous sword Tisona, and barely escaped from the field with his life.

Bucar, the brother of Yussef, came to revenge him, but he knew not with whom he had to deal. Bishop Hieronymo led the right wing, and made havoc in the ranks of the foe. "The bishop pricked forward," we are told. "Two Moors he slew with the first two thrusts of his lance; the haft broke and he laid hold on his sword. God! how well the bishop fought. He slew two with the lance and five with the sword. The Moors fled."

"Turn this way, Bucar," cried the Cid, who rode close on the heels of the Moorish chief; "you who came from behind sea to see the Cid with the long beard. We must greet each

other and cut out a friendship."

"God confound such friendships," cried Bucar, following his flying troops with nimble speed.

Hard behind him rode the Cid, but his horse Bavieca was weary with the day's hard work, and Bucar rode a fresh and swift steed. And thus they went, fugitive and pursuer, until the ships of the Moors were at hand, when the Cid, finding that he could not reach the Moorish king with his sword, flung the weapon fiercely at him, striking him between the shoulders. Bucar, with the mark of battle thus upon him, rode into the sea and was taken into a boat, while the Cid picked up his sword from the ground and sought his men again.

The Moorish host did not escape so well. Set upon fiercely by the Spaniards, they ran in a panic into the sea, where twice as many were drowned as were slain in the battle; and of these, seventeen thousand and more had fallen, while a vast host remained as prisoners. Of the twenty-nine kings who came with Bucar, seventeen were left dead upon the field.

The chronicler uses numbers with freedom. The Cid is his hero, and it is his task to exalt him. But the efforts of the Moors to regain Valencia and their failure to do so may be accepted as history. In due time, however, age began to tell upon the Cid, and death came to him as it does to all. He died in 1099, from grief, as the story goes, that his colleague, Alvar Fañez, had suffered a defeat. Whether from grief or age, at any rate he died, and his wife, Ximena, was left to hold the city, which for two years she gallantly did, against all the power of the Moors. Then Alfonso entered it, and, finding that he could not hold it, burned the principal buildings and left it to the Moors. A century and a quarter passed before the Christians won it again.

When Alfonso left the city of the Cid he brought with him the body of the campeador, mounted upon his steed Bavieca, and solemnly and slowly the train wound on until the corpse of the mighty dead was brought to the cloister of the

monastery of Cardeña. Here the dead hero was seated on a throne, with his sword Tisona in his hand; and, the story goes, a caitiff Jew, perhaps wishing to revenge his brethren who had been given sand for gold, plucked the flowing beard of the Cid. At this insult the hand of the corpse struck out and the insulter was hurled to the floor.

The Cid Campeador is a true hero of romance, and well are the Spaniards proud of him. Honor was the moving spring of his career. As a devoted son, he revenged the insult to his father; as a loving husband, he made Ximena the partner of his fame; as a tender father, he redressed his daughters' wrongs; as a loyal subject, he would not serve a king on whom doubt of treachery rested. In spite of the injustice of the king, he was true to his country, and came again and again to its aid. Though forced into the field as a free lance, he was throughout a Christian cavalier. And, though he cheated the Jews, the story goes that he repaid them their gold. Courage, courtesy, and honor were the jewels of his fame, and romance holds no nobler hero.

It will not be amiss to close our tale of the Cid with a quotation from the famous poem in which it is shown how even a lion quailed before his majesty:

"Peter Bermuez arose; somewhat he had to say;
The words were strangled in his throat, they could not find
their way;
Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay:
'Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way;
You have always served me thus, whenever you have come
To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Peter the Dumb.
I cannot help my nature; I never talk nor rail;
But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word;
You have been honored by the Cid and favored and
preferred.

I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face:
Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase?
You asked leave of the Cid to make the first attack,
You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
I met the Moor and killed him, or he would have killed you;
I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
Up to this very hour, I never said a word;
You praised yourself before the Cid and I stood by and heard
How you had killed the Moor, and done a valiant act;
And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak,
Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak?
There's the story of the lions should never be forgot;
Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer you have got?
The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around;
The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound.
What did you do, Fernando? Like a coward as you were,
You shrunk behind the Cid, and crouched beneath his chair.
We pressed around the throne to shield our loved from harm.
Till the good Cid awoke. He rose without alarm.
He went to meet the lion with his mantle on his arm.
The lion was abashed the noble Cid to meet;
He bowed his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
The Cid by the neck and the mane drew him to his den,
He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again.
He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men.

He asked for his sons-in-law, they were neither of them there.
I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are.'"

CHAPTER XIII
Las Navas de Tolosa

On the 16th of July, 1212, was fought the great battle which broke the Moorish power in Spain. During the two centuries before fresh streams of invasion had flowed in from Africa to yield new life to the Moslem power. From time to time in the Mohammedan world reforms have sprung up, and been carried far and wide by fanaticism and the sword. One such body of reformers, the Almoravides, invaded Spain in the eleventh century and carried all before it. It was with these that the Cid Campeador had to deal. A century later a new reformer, calling himself El Mahdi, appeared in Africa, and set going a movement which overflowed the African states and made its way into Spain, where it subdued the Moslem kingdoms and threatened the Christian states. These invaders were known as the Almohades. They were pure Moors. The Arab movement had lost its strength, and from that time forward the Moslem dominions in Spain were peopled chiefly by Moors.

Spain was threatened now as France had been threatened centuries before when Charles Martel crushed the Arab hordes on the plains of Tours. All Christendom felt the danger and Pope Innocent III. preached a crusade for the defence of Spain against the infidel. In response, thousands of armed crusaders flocked into Spain, coming in corps, in bands, and as individuals, and gathered about Toledo, the capital of Alfonso VIII., King of Castile. From all the surrounding nations they came, and camped in the rich country about the capital, a host which Alfonso had much ado to feed.

Mohammed An-Nassir, the emperor of the Almohades, responded to the effort of the Pope by organizing a crusade in Moslem Africa. He proclaimed an Algihed, or Holy War, ordered a massacre of all the Christians in his dominions, and then led the fanatical murderers to Spain to join the forces there in arms. Christian Europe was pitted against Moslem Africa in a holy war, Spain the prize of victory, and the plains of Andalusia the arena of the coming desperate strife.

The decisive moment was at hand. Mohammed left Morocco and reached Seville in June. His new levies were pouring into Spain in hosts. On the 21st of June Alfonso began his advance, leading southward a splendid array. Archbishops and bishops headed the army. In the van marched a mighty force of fifty thousand men under Don Diego Lopez de Haro, ten thousand of them being cavalry. After them came the troops of the kings of Aragon and Castile, each a distinct army. Next came the knights of St. John of Calatrava and the knights of Santiago, their grand-masters leading, and after them many other bodies, including troops from Italy and Germany. Such a gallant host Spain had rarely seen. It was needed, for the peril was great. While one hundred thousand marched under the Christian banners, the green standard of the prophet, if we may credit the historians, rose before an army nearly four times as large.

Without dwelling on the events of the march, we may hasten forward to the 12th of July, when the host of Alfonso reached the vicinity of the Moorish army, and the Navas de Tolosa, the destined field of battle, lay near at hand. The word navas means "plains." Here, on a sloping spur of the Sierra Morena, in the upper valley of the Guadalquiver, about seventy miles east of Cordova, lies an extended table-land, a grand plateau whose somewhat sloping surface gave ample space for the vast hosts which met there on that far-off July day.

To reach the plateau was the problem before Alfonso.

The Moslems held the ground, and occupied in force the pass of Losa, Nature's highway to the plain. What was to be done? The pass could be won, if at all, only at great cost in life. No other pass was known. To retire would be to inspirit the enemy and dispirit the Christian host. No easy way out of the quandary at first appeared, but a way was found—by miracle, the writers of that time say; but it hardly seems a miracle that a shepherd of the region knew of another mountain-pass. This man, Martin Halaja, had grazed his flocks in that vicinity for years. He told the king of a pass unknown to the enemy, by which the army might reach the table-land, and to prove his words led Lopez de Haro and another through this little-known mountain by-way. It was difficult but passable, the army was put in motion and traversed it all night long, and on the morning of the 14th of July the astonished eyes of the Mohammedans gazed on the Christian host, holding in force the borders of the plateau, and momentarily increasing in numbers and strength. Ten miles before the eyes of Alfonso and his men stretched the plain, level in the centre, in the distance rising in gentle slopes to its border of hills, like a vast natural amphitheatre. The soldiers, filled with hope and enthusiasm, spread through their ranks the story that the shepherd who had led them was an angel, sent by the Almighty to lead his people to victory over the infidel.

Mohammed and his men had been told on the previous day by their scouts that the camp of the Christians was breaking up, and rejoiced in what seemed a victory without a blow. But when they saw these same Christians defiling in thousands before them on the plain, ranged in battle array under their various standards, their joy was changed to rage and consternation. Against the embattled front their wild riders rode, threatening the steady troops with brandished lances and taunting them with cowardice. But Alfonso held his mail-clad battalions firm, and the light-armed Moorish horsemen hesitated to attack. Word was brought to Mohammed that

the Christians would not fight, and in hasty gratulation he sent off letters to cities in the rear to that effect. He little dreamed that he was soon to follow his messengers in swifter speed.

It was a splendid array upon which the Christians gazed—one well calculated to make them tremble for the result—for the hosts of Mohammed covered the hill-sides and plain like "countless swarms of locusts." On an eminence which gave an outlook over the whole broad space stood the emperor's tent, of three-ply crimson velvet flecked with gold, strings of pearls depending from its purple fringes. To guard it from assault rows of iron chains were stretched, before which stood three thousand camels in line. In front of these ten thousand negroes formed a living wall, their front bristling with the steel of their lances, whose butts were planted firmly in the sand. In the centre of this powerful guard stood the emperor, wearing the green dress and turban of his ancestral line. Grasping in one hand his scimitar, in the other he held a Koran, from which he read those passages of inspiration to the Moslems which promised the delights of Paradise to those who should fall in a holy war and the torments of hell to the coward who should desert his ranks.

The next day was Sunday. The Moslems, eager for battle, stood all day in line, but the Christians declined to fight, occupying themselves in arranging their different corps. Night descended without a skirmish. But this could not continue with the two armies so closely face to face. One side or the other must surely attack on the following day. At midnight heralds called the Christians to mass and prayer. Everywhere priests were busy confessing and shriving the soldiers. The sound of the furbishing of arms mingled with the strains of religious service. At the dawn of the next day both hosts were drawn up in battle array. The great struggle was about to begin.

The army of the Moors, said to contain three hundred

thousand regular troops and seventy-five thousand irregulars, was drawn up in crescent shape in front of the imperial tent—in the centre the vast host of the Almohades, the tribes of the desert on the wings, in advance the light-armed troops. The Christian host was formed in four legions, King Alfonso occupying the centre, his banner bearing an effigy of the Virgin. With him were Rodrigo Ximenes, the archbishop of Toledo, and many other prelates. The force was less than one hundred thousand strong, some of the crusaders having left it in the march.

The sun was not high when the loud sound of the Christian trumpets and the Moorish atabals gave signal for the fray, and the two hosts surged forward to meet in fierce assault. Sternly and fiercely the battle went on, the struggling multitudes swaying in the ardor of the fight—now the Christians, now the Moslems surging forward or driven back. With difficulty the thin ranks of the Christians bore the onsets of their densely grouped foes, and at length King Alfonso, in fear for the result, turned to the prelate Rodrigo and exclaimed—

"Archbishop, you and I must die here."

"Not so," cried the bold churchman. "Here we must triumph over our enemies."

"Then let us to the van, where we are sorely needed, for, indeed, our lines are being bitterly pressed."

Nothing backward, the archbishop followed the king. Fernan Garcia, one of the king's cavaliers, urged him to wait for aid, but Alfonso, commending himself to God and the Virgin, spurred forward and plunged into the thick of the fight. And ever as he rode, by his side rode the archbishop, wearing his chasuble and bearing aloft the cross. The Moorish troops, who had been jeering at the king and the cross-bearing prelate, drew back before this impetuous assault, which was given force by the troops who crowded in to the rescue of the king. The Moors soon yielded to the desperate onset, and

were driven back in wild disarray.

This was the beginning of the end. Treason in the Moorish ranks came to the Christian aid. Some of Mohammed's force, who hated him for having cruelly slain their chief, turned and fled. The breaking of their centre opened a way for the Spaniards to the living fortress which guarded the imperial tent, and on this dense line of sable lancers the Christian cavalry madly charged.

In vain they sought to break that serried line of steel. Some even turned their horses and tried to back them in, but without avail. Many fell in the attempt. The Moslem ranks seemed impervious. In the end one man did what a host had failed to perform. A single cavalier, Alvar Nuñez de Lara, stole in between the negroes and the camels, in some way passed the chains, and with a cheer of triumph raised his banner in the interior of the line. A second and a third followed in his track. The gap between the camels and the guard widened. Dozens, hundreds rushed to join their daring leader. The camels were loosened and dispersed; the negroes, attacked front and rear, perished or fled; the living wall that guarded the emperor was gone, and his sacred person was in peril.

Mohammed was dazed. His lips still repeated from the Koran, "God alone is true, and Satan is a betrayer," but terror was beginning to stir the roots of his hair. An Arab rode up on a swift mare, and, springing to the ground, cried—

"Mount and flee, O king. Not thy steed but my mare. She comes of the noblest breed, and knows not how to fail her rider in his need. All is lost! Mount and flee!"

All was lost, indeed. Mohammed scrambled up and set off at the best speed of the Arabian steed, followed by his troops in a panic of terror. The rout was complete. While day continued the Christian horsemen followed and struck, until the bodies of slain Moors lay so thick upon the plain that there was scarce room for man or horse to pass. Then Archbishop

Rodrigo, who had done so much towards the victory, stood before Mohammed's tent and in a loud voice intoned the Te Deum laudamus, the soldiers uniting in the sacred chant of victory.

The archbishop, who became the historian of this decisive battle, speaks of two hundred thousand Moslem slain. We cannot believe it so many, despite the historian's statement. Twenty-five Christians alone fell. This is as much too small as the other estimate is too large. But, whatever the losses, it was a great and glorious victory, and the spoils of war that fell to the victors were immense. Gold and silver were there in abundance; horses, camels, and wagons in profusion; arms of all kinds, commissary stores in quantities. So vast was the number of lances strewn on the ground that the conquering army used only these for firewood in their camp, and did not burn the half of them.

King Alfonso, with a wise and prudent liberality, divided the spoil among his troops and allies, keeping only the glory of the victory for himself. Mohammed's splendid tent was taken to Rome to adorn St. Peter's, and the captured banners were sent to the cities of Spain as evidences of the great victory. For himself, the king reserved a fine emerald, which he placed in the centre of his shield. Ever since that brilliant day in Spanish annals, the sixteenth of July has been kept as a holy festival, in which the captured banners are carried in grand procession, to celebrate the "Triumph of the Cross."

The supposed miracle of the shepherd was not the only one which the monastic writers saw in the victorious event. It was said that a red cross, like that of Calatrava, appeared in the sky, inspiriting the Christians and dismaying their foes; and that the sight of the Virgin banner borne by the king's standard-bearer struck the Moslems with terror. It was a credulous age, one in which reputed miracles could be woven out of the most homely and every-day material.

Death soon came to the leaders in the war. Mohammed,

sullen with defeat, hurried to Morocco, where he shut himself up in gloomy seclusion, and died—or was poisoned—before the year's end. Alfonso died two years later. The Christians did not follow up their victory with much energy, and the Moslems still held a large section of Spain, but their power had culminated and with this signal defeat began its decline. Step by step they yielded before the Christian advance, though nearly three centuries more passed before they lost their final hold on Spain.

CHAPTER XIV
The Key of Granada

Nearly eight hundred years had passed away after the landing of Tarik, the Arab, in Spain and the defeat and death of Don Roderic, the last king of the Goths. During those centuries the handful of warriors which in the mountains of the north had made a final stand against the invading hordes had grown and spread, pushing back the Arabs and Moors, until now the Christians held again nearly all the land, the sole remnant of Moslem dominion being the kingdom of Granada in the south. The map of Spain shows the present province of Granada as a narrow district bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, but the Moorish kingdom covered a wider space, spreading over the present provinces of Malaga and Almeria, and occupying one of the richest sections of Spain. It was a rock-bound region. In every direction ran sierras, or rugged mountain-chains, so rocky and steep as to make the kingdom almost impregnable. Yet within their sterile confines lay numbers of deep and rich valleys, prodigal in their fertility.

In the centre of the kingdom arose its famous capital, the populous and beautiful city of Granada, standing in the midst of a great vega or plain, one hundred miles and more in circumference and encompassed by the snowy mountains of the Sierra Nevada. The seventy thousand houses of the city spread over two lofty hills and occupied the valley between them, through which ran the waters of the Douro. On one of these hills stood the Alcazaba, a strong fortress; on the other rose the famous Alhambra, a royal palace and castle, with space within its confines for forty thousand men, and so rare

and charming in its halls and courts, its gardens and fountains, that it remains to-day a place of pilgrimage to the world for lovers of the beautiful in architecture. And from these hills the city between showed no less attractive, with its groves of citron, orange, and pomegranate trees, its leaping fountains, its airy minarets, its mingled aspect of crowded dwellings and verdant gardens.

High walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates and a thousand and thirty towers, girded it round, beyond which extended the vega, a vast garden of delight, to be compared only with the famous plain of Damascus. Through it the Xenil wound in silvery curves, its waters spread over the plain in thousands of irrigating streams and rills. Blooming gardens and fields of waving grain lent beauty to the plain; orchards and vineyards clothed the slopes of the hills; in the orange and citron groves the voice of the nightingale made the nights musical. In short, all was so beautiful below and so soft and serene above that the Moors seemed not without warrant for their fond belief that Paradise lay in the skies overhanging this happy plain.

But, alas for Granada! war hung round its borders, and the blare of the trumpet and clash of the sword were ever familiar sounds within its confines. Christian kingdoms surrounded it, whose people envied the Moslems this final abiding-place on the soil of Spain. Hostilities were ceaseless on the borders; plundering forays were the delight of the Castilian cavaliers and the Moorish horsemen. Every town was a fortress, and on every peak stood a watch-tower, ready to give warning with a signal fire by night or a cloud of smoke by day of any movement of invasion. For many years such a state of affairs continued between Granada and its principal antagonist, the united kingdoms of Castile and Leon. Even when, in 1457, a Moorish king, disheartened by a foray into the vega itself, made a truce with Henry IV., king of Castile and Leon, and agreed to pay him an annual tribute, the right

of warlike raids was kept open. It was only required that they must be conducted secretly, without sound of trumpet or show of banners, and must not continue more than three days. Such a state of affairs was desired alike by the Castilian and Moorish chivalry, who loved these displays of daring and gallantry, and enjoyed nothing more than a crossing of swords with their foes. In 1465 a Moorish prince, Muley Abul Hassan, a man who enjoyed war and hated the Christians, came to the throne, and at once the tribute ceased to be paid. For some years still the truce continued, for Ferdinand and Isabella, the new monarchs of Spain, had troubles at home to keep them engaged. But in 1481 the war reopened with more than its old fury, and was continued until Granada fell in 1492, the year in which the wise Isabella gave aid to Columbus for the discovery of an unknown world beyond the seas.

The war for the conquest of Granada was one full of stirring adventure and hair-breadth escapes, of forays and sieges, of the clash of swords and the brandishing of spears. It was no longer fought by Spain on the principle of the raid—to dash in, kill, plunder, and speed away with clatter of hoofs and rattle of spurs. It was Ferdinand's policy to take and hold, capturing stronghold after stronghold until all Granada was his. In a memorable pun on the name of Granada, which signifies a pomegranate, he said, "I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one."

Muley Abul Hassan, the new Moorish king, began the work, foolishly breaking the truce which Ferdinand wished a pretext to bring to an end. On a dark night in 1481 he fell suddenly on Zahara, a mountain town on the Christian frontier, so strong in itself that it was carelessly guarded. It was taken by surprise, its inhabitants were carried off as slaves, and a strong Moorish garrison was left to hold it.

The Moors paid dearly for their daring assault. The Christians retaliated by an attack on the strong and rich city

of Alhama, a stronghold within the centre of the kingdom, only a few leagues distant from the capital itself. Strongly situated on a rocky height, with a river nearly surrounding it and a fortress seated on a steep crag above it, and far within the border, no dream of danger to Alhama came to the mind of the Moors, who contented themselves with a small garrison and a negligent guard.

But the loss of Zahara had exasperated Ferdinand. His wars at home were over and he had time to attend to the Moors, and scouts had brought word of the careless security of the guard of Alhama. It could be reached by a difficult and little-travelled route through the defiles of the mountains, and there were possibilities that a secret and rapid march might lead to its surprise.

At the head of the enterprise was Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, the most distinguished champion in the war that followed. With a select force of three thousand light cavalry and four thousand infantry, adherents of several nobles who attended the expedition, the mountains were traversed with the greatest secrecy and celerity, the marches being made mainly by night and the troops remaining quiet and concealed during the day. No fires were made and no noise was permitted, and midnight of the third day found the invaders in a small, deep valley not far from the fated town. Only now were the troops told what was in view. They had supposed that they were on an ordinary foray. The inspiring tidings filled them with ardor, and they demanded to be led at once to the assault.

Two hours before daybreak the army was placed in ambush close to Alhama, and a body of three hundred picked men set out on the difficult task of scaling the walls of the castle and surprising its garrison. The ascent was steep and very difficult, but they were guided by one who had carefully studied the situation on a previous secret visit and knew what paths to take. Following him they reached the foot of the

castle walls without discovery.

Here, under the dark shadow of the towers, they halted and listened. There was not a sound to be heard, not a light to be seen; sleep seemed to brood over castle and town. The ladders were placed and the men noiselessly ascended, Ortega, the guide, going first. The parapet reached, they moved stealthily along its summit until they came upon a sleepy sentinel. Seizing him by the throat, Ortega flourished a dagger before his eyes and bade him point the way to the guard-room. The frightened Moor obeyed, and a dagger thrust ended all danger of his giving an alarm. In a minute more the small scaling party was in the guard-room, massacring the sleeping garrison, while the remainder of the three hundred were rapidly ascending to the battlements.

Some of the awakened Moors fought desperately for their lives, the clash of arms and cries of the combatants came loudly from the castle, and the ambushed army, finding that the surprise had been effective, rushed from their lurking-place with shouts and the sound of trumpets and drums, hoping thereby to increase the dismay of the garrison. Ortega at length fought his way to a postern, which he threw open, admitting the Marquis of Cadiz and a strong following, who quickly overcame all opposition, the citadel being soon in full possession of the Christians.

While this went on the town took the alarm. The garrison had been destroyed in the citadel, but all the Moors, citizens and soldiers alike, were accustomed to weapons and warlike in spirit, and, looking for speedy aid from Granada, eight leagues away, the tradesmen manned the battlements and discharged showers of stones and arrows upon the Christians wherever visible. The streets leading to the citadel were barricaded, and a steady fire was maintained upon its gate, all who attempted to sally into the city being shot down.

It began to appear as if the Spaniards had taken too great a risk. Their peril was great. Unless they gained the town they

must soon be starved out of the castle. Some of them declared that they could not hope to hold the town even if they took it, and proposed to sack and burn the castle and make good their retreat before the king of Granada could reach them with his forces.

This weak-hearted counsel was not to the taste of the valiant Ponce de Leon. "God has given us the castle," he said, "and He will aid us in holding it. We won it with bloodshed; it would be a stain upon our honor to abandon it through fear. We knew our peril before we came; let us face it boldly."

His words prevailed, and the army was led to the assault, planting their scaling-ladders against the walls and swarming up to attack the Moors upon the ramparts. The Marquis of Cadiz, finding that the gate of the castle was commanded by the artillery of the town, ordered a breach to be made in the wall; and through this, sword in hand, he led a body of troops into the town. At the same time an assault was made from every point, and the battle raged with the greatest fury at the ramparts and in the streets.

The Moors, who fought for life, liberty, and property, defended themselves with desperation, fighting in the streets and from the windows and roofs of their houses. From morning until night the contest continued; then, overpowered, the townsmen sought shelter in a large mosque near the walls, whence they kept up so hot a flight of arrows and lances that the assailants dared not approach. Finally, protected by bucklers and wooden shields, some of the soldiers succeeded in setting fire to the door of the mosque. As the flames rolled upward the Moors, deeming that all was lost, rushed desperately out. Many of them were killed in this final fight; the rest surrendered as prisoners.

The struggle was at an end; the town lay at the mercy of the Spaniards; it was given up to plunder, and immense was the booty taken. Gold and silver, rare jewels, rich silks, and costly goods were found in abundance; horses and cattle,

grain, oil, and honey, all the productions of the kingdom, in fact, were there in quantities; for Alhama was the richest town in the Moorish territory, and from its strength and situation was called the Key of Granada. The soldiers were not content with plunder. Thinking that they could not hold the place, they destroyed all they could not carry away. Huge jars of oil were shattered, costly furniture was demolished, much material of the greatest value was destroyed. In the dungeons were found many of the Christian captives who had been taken at Zahara, and who gladly gained their freedom again.

The loss of Alhama was a terrible blow to the kingdom of Granada. Terror filled the citizens of the capital when the news reached that city. Sighs and lamentations came from all sides, the mournful ejaculation, "Woe is me, Alhama!" was in every mouth, and this afterwards became the burden of a plaintive ballad, "Ay de mi, Alhama," which remains among the gems of Spanish poetry.

Abul Hassan, full of wrath at the daring presumption of his foes, hastened at the head of more than fifty thousand men against the city, driving back a force that was marching to the aid of the Christians, attacking the walls with the fiercest fury, and cutting off the stream upon which the city depended for water, thus threatening the defenders with death by thirst. Yet, though in torments, they fought with unyielding desperation, and held their own until the duke of Medina Sidonia, a bitter enemy of the Marquis of Cadiz in peace, but his comrade in war, came with a large army to his aid. King Ferdinand was hastening thither with all speed, and the Moorish monarch, after a last fierce assault upon the city, broke up his camp and retreated in despair. From that time to the end of the contest the Christians held the "Key of Granada," a threatening stronghold in the heart of the land, from which they raided the vega at will, and exhausted the resources of the kingdom. "Ay de mi, Alhama!"

CHAPTER XV
King Abul Hassan and the Alcaide of Gibraltar

Muley Abul Hassan, the warlike king of Granada, weary of having his lands raided and his towns taken, resolved to repay the Christians in kind. The Duke of Medina Sidonia had driven him from captured Alhama. He owed this mighty noble a grudge, and the opportunity to repay it seemed at hand. The duke had led his forces to the aid of King Ferdinand, who was making a foray into Moorish territory. He had left almost unguarded his far-spreading lands, wide pasture plains covered thickly with flocks and herds and offering a rare opportunity for a hasty foray.

"I will give this cavalier a lesson that will cure him of his love for campaigning," said the fierce old king.

Leaving his port of Malaga at the head of fifteen hundred horse and six thousand foot, the Moorish monarch followed the sea-shore route to the border of his dominions, entering Christian territory between Gibraltar and Castellar. There was only one man in this quarter of whom he had any fear. This was Pedro de Vargas, governor of Gibraltar, a shrewd and vigilant old soldier, whose daring Abul Hassan well knew, but knew also that his garrison was too small to serve for a successful sally.

The alert Moor, however, advanced with great caution, sending out parties to explore every pass where an ambush might await him, since, despite his secrecy, the news of his coming might have gone before. At length the broken country of Castellar was traversed and the plains were reached.

Encamping on the banks of the Celemin, he sent four hundred lancers to the vicinity of Algeciras to keep a close watch upon Gibraltar across the bay, to attack Pedro if he sallied out, and to send word to the camp if any movement took place. This force was four times that said to be in Gibraltar. Remaining on the Celemin with his main body of troops, King Hassan sent two hundred horsemen to scour the plain of Tarifa, and as many more to the lands of Medina Sidonia, the whole district being a rich pasture land upon which thousands of animals grazed.

All went well. The parties of foragers came in, driving vast flocks and herds, enough to replace those which had been swept from the vega of Granada by the foragers of Spain. The troops on watch at Algeciras sent word that all was quiet at Gibraltar. Satisfied that for once Pedro de Vargas had been foiled, the old king called in his detachments and started back in triumph with his spoils.

He was mistaken. The vigilant governor had been advised of his movements, but was too weak in men to leave his post. Fortunately for him, a squadron of the armed galleys in the strait put into port, and, their commander agreeing to take charge of Gibraltar in his absence, Pedro sallied out at midnight with seventy of his men, bent upon giving the Moors what trouble he could.

Sending men to the mountain-tops, he had alarm fires kindled as a signal to the peasants that the Moors were out and their herds in peril. Couriers were also despatched at speed to rouse the country and bid all capable of bearing arms to rendezvous at Castellar, a stronghold which Abul Hassan would have to pass on his return. The Moorish king saw the fire signals and knew well what they meant. Striking his tents, he began as hasty a retreat as his slow-moving multitude of animals would permit. In advance rode two hundred and fifty of his bravest men. Then came the great drove of cattle. In the rear marched the main army, with Abul Hassan at its

head. And thus they moved across the broken country towards Castellar.

Near that place De Vargas was on the watch, a thick and lofty cloud of dust revealing to him the position of the Moors. A half-league of hills and declivities separated the van and the rear of the raiding column, a long, dense forest rising between. De Vargas saw that they were in no position to aid each other quickly, and that something might come of a sudden and sharp attack. Selecting the best fifty of his small force, he made a circuit towards a place which he knew to be suitable for ambush. Here a narrow glen opened into a defile with high, steep sides. It was the only route open to the Moors, and he proposed to let the vanguard and the herds pass and fall upon the rear.

The Moors, however, were on the alert. While the Spaniards lay hidden, six mounted scouts entered the defile and rode into the mouth of the glen, keenly looking to right and left for a concealed enemy. They came so near that a minute or two more must reveal to them the ambush.

"Let us kill these men and retreat to Gibraltar," said one of the Spaniards; "the infidels are far too many for us."

"I have come for larger game than this," answered De Vargas, "and, by the aid of God and Santiago, I will not go back without making my mark. I know these Moors, and will show you how they stand a sudden charge."

The scouts were riding deeper into the glen. The ambush could no longer be concealed. At a quick order from De Vargas ten horsemen rushed so suddenly upon them that four of their number were in an instant hurled to the ground. The other two wheeled and rode back at full speed, hotly pursued by the ten men. Their dashing pace soon brought them in sight of the vanguard of the Moors, from which about eighty horsemen rode out to the aid of their friends. The Spaniards turned and clattered back, with this force in sharp pursuit. In a minute or two both parties came at a furious rush into the

glen.

This was what De Vargas had foreseen. Bidding his trumpeter to sound, he dashed from his concealment at the head of his men, drawn up in close array. They were upon the Moors almost before they were seen, their weapons making havoc in the disordered ranks. The skirmish was short and sharp. The Moors, taken by surprise, and thrown into confusion, fell rapidly, their ranks being soon so thinned that scarce half of them turned in the retreat.

"After them!" cried De Vargas. "We will have a brush with the vanguard before the rear can come up."

Onward after the flying Moors rode the gallant fifty, coming with such force and fury on the advance-guard that many were overturned in the first shock. Those behind held their own with some firmness, but their leaders, the alcaides of Marabella and Casares, being slain, the line gave way and fled towards the rear-guard, passing through the droves of cattle, which they threw into utter confusion.

Nothing further could be done. The trampling cattle had filled the air with a blinding cloud of dust. De Vargas was badly wounded. A few minutes might bring up the Moorish king with an overwhelming force. Despoiling the slain, and taking with them some thirty horses, the victorious Spaniards rode in triumph back to Castellar.

The Moorish king, hearing the exaggerated report of the fugitives, feared that all Xeres was up and in arms.

"Our road is blocked," cried some of his officers. "We had better abandon the animals and seek another route for our return."

"Not so," cried the old king; "no true soldier gives up his booty without a blow. Follow me; we will have a brush with these dogs of Christians."

In hot haste he galloped onward, right through the centre of the herd, driving the cattle to right and left. On reaching the field of battle he found no Spaniard in sight, but dozens

of his own men lay dead and despoiled, among them the two alcaides. The sight filled the warlike old king with rage. Confident that his foes had taken refuge in Castellar, he rode on to that place, set fire to two houses near its walls, and sent a shower of arrows into its streets. Pedro de Vargas was past taking to horse, but he ordered his men to make a sally, and a sharp skirmish took place under the walls. In the end the king drew off to the scene of the fight, buried the dead except the alcaides, whose bodies were laid on mules to be interred at Malaga, and, gathering the scattered herds, drove them past the walls of Castellar by way of taunting the Christian foe.

Yet the stern old Moorish warrior could thoroughly appreciate valor and daring even in an enemy.

"What are the revenues of the alcaide of Gibraltar?" he asked of two Christian captives he had taken.

"We know not," they replied, "except that he is entitled to one animal out of every drove of cattle that passes his bounds."

"Then Allah forbid that so brave a cavalier should be defrauded of his dues."

He gave orders to select twelve of the finest cattle from the twelve droves that formed the herd of spoil, and directed that they should be delivered to Pedro de Vargas.

"Tell him," said the king, "that I beg his pardon for not sending these cattle sooner, but have just learned they are his dues, and hasten to satisfy them in courtesy to so worthy a cavalier. Tell him, at the same time, that I did not know the alcaide of Gibraltar was so vigilant in collecting his tolls."

The soldierly pleasantry of the old king was much to the taste of the brave De Vargas, and called for a worthy return. He bade his men deliver a rich silken vest and a scarlet mantle to the messenger, to be presented to the Moorish king.

"Tell his majesty," he said, "that I kiss his hands for the honor he has done me, and regret that my scanty force was

not fitted to give him a more signal reception. Had three hundred horsemen, whom I have been promised from Xeres, arrived in time, I might have served him up an entertainment more befitting his station. They may arrive during the night, in which case his majesty, the king, may look for a royal service in the morning."

"Allah preserve us," cried the king, on receiving this message, "from a brush with these hard riders of Xeres! A handful of troops familiar with these wild mountain-passes may destroy an army encumbered like ours with booty."

It was a relief to the king to find that De Vargas was too sorely wounded to take the field in person. A man like him at the head of an adequate force might have given no end of trouble. During the day the retreat was pushed with all speed, the herds being driven with such haste that they were frequently broken and scattered among the mountain defiles, the result being that more than five thousand cattle were lost, being gathered up again by the Christians.

The king returned triumphantly to Malaga with the remainder, rejoicing in his triumph over the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and having taught King Ferdinand that the game of ravaging an enemy's country was one at which two could play.

CHAPTER XVI
The Rival Kings of Granada

"In the hand of God is the destiny of princes. He alone giveth empire," piously says an old Arabian chronicler, and goes on with the following story: A Moorish horseman, mounted on a fleet Arabian steed, was one day traversing the mountains which extend between Granada and the frontier of Murcia. He galloped swiftly through the valleys, but paused and gazed cautiously from the summit of every height. A squadron of cavaliers followed warily at a distance. There were fifty lances. The richness of their armor and attire showed them to be warriors of noble rank, and their leader had a lofty and prince-like demeanor.

For two nights and a day the cavalcade made its way through that rugged country, avoiding settled places and choosing the most solitary passes of the mountains. Their hardships were severe, but campaigning was their trade and their horses were of generous spirit. It was midnight when they left the hills and rode through darkness and silence to the city of Granada, under the shadows of whose high walls they passed to the gate of the Albaycin. Here the leader ordered his followers to halt and remain concealed. Taking four or five with him, he advanced to the gate and struck upon it with the handle of his scimitar.

"Who is it knocks at this unseasonable hour of the night?" demanded the warder within.

"Your king," was the answer. "Open and admit him."

Opening a wicket, the warder held forth a light and looked at the man without. Recognizing him at a glance, he

opened the gate, and the cavalier, who had feared a less favorable reception, rode in with his followers and galloped in haste to the hill of the Albaycin, where the new-comers knocked loudly at the doors of the principal dwellings, bidding their tenants to rise and take arms for their lawful sovereign. The summons was obeyed. Trumpets soon resounded in the streets; the gleam of torches lit the dark avenues and flashed upon naked steel. From right and left the Moors came hurrying to the rendezvous. By daybreak the whole force of the Albaycin was under arms, ready to meet in battle the hostile array on the opposite height of the Alhambra.

To tell what this midnight movement meant we must go back a space in history. The conquest of Granada was not due to Ferdinand and the Spaniards alone. It was greatly aided by the dissensions of the Moors, who were divided into two parties and fought bitterly with each other during their intervals of truce with the Christians. Ferdinand won in the game largely by a shrewd playing off of one of these factions against the other and by taking advantage of the weakness and vacillation of the young king, whose clandestine entrance to the city we have just seen.

Boabdil el Chico, or Boabdil the Young, as he was called, was the son of Muley Abul Hassan, against whom he had rebelled, and with such effect that, after a bloody battle in the streets of the city, the old king was driven without its walls. His tyranny had caused the people to gather round his son.

From that time forward there was dissension and civil war in Granada, and the quarrels of its kings paved the way for the downfall of the state. The country was divided into the two factions of the young and the old kings. In the city the hill of the Albaycin, with its fortress of the Alcazaba, was the stronghold of Boabdil, while the partisans of Abul Hassan dwelt on the height of the Alhambra, the lower town between being the battle-ground of the rival factions.

The succeeding events were many, but must be told in few

words. King Boabdil, to show his prowess to the people, marched over the border to attack the city of Lucena. As a result he was himself assailed, his army put to the rout, and himself taken prisoner by the forces of Ferdinand of Aragon. To regain his liberty he acknowledged himself a vassal of the Spanish monarch, to whom he agreed to pay tribute. On his release he made his way to the city of Granada, but his adherents were so violently assailed by those of his father that the streets of the city ran blood, and Boabdil the Unlucky, as he was now called, found it advisable to leave the capital and fix his residence in Almeria, a large and splendid city whose people were devoted to him.

As the years went on Muley Abul Hassan became sadly stricken with age. He grew nearly blind and was bed-ridden with paralysis. His brother Abdallah, known as El Zagal, or "The Valiant," commander-in-chief of the Moorish armies, assumed his duties as a sovereign, and zealously took up the quarrel with his son. He attempted to surprise the young king at Almeria, drove him out as a fugitive, and took possession of that city. At a later date he endeavored to remove him by poison. It was this attempt that spurred Boabdil to the enterprise we have just described. El Zagal was now full king in Granada, holding the Alhambra as his palace, and his nephew, who had been a wanderer since his flight from Almeria, was instigated to make a bold stroke for the throne.

On the day after the secret return of Boabdil battle raged in the streets of Granada, a fierce encounter taking place between the two kings in the square before the principal mosque. Hand to hand they fought with the greatest fury till separated by the charges of their followers.

For days the conflict went on, death and turmoil ruling in Granada, such hatred existing between the two factions that neither side gave quarter. Boabdil was the weaker in men. Fearing defeat in consequence, he sent a messenger to Don Fadrique de Toledo, the Christian commander on the border,

asking for assistance. Don Fadrique had been instructed by Ferdinand to give what aid he could to the young king, the vassal of Spain, and responded to Boabdil's request by marching with a body of troops to the vicinity of Granada. No sooner had Boabdil seen their advancing banners than he sallied forth with a squadron to meet them. El Zagal, who was equally on the alert, sallied forth at the same time, and drew up his troops in battle array.

The wary Don Fadrique, in doubt as to the meaning of this double movement, and fearing treachery, halted at a safe distance, and drew off for the night to a secure situation. Early the next morning a Moorish cavalier approached the sentinels and asked for an audience with Don Fadrique, as an envoy from El Zagal. The Christian troops, he said on behalf of the old king, had come to aid his nephew, but he was ready to offer them an alliance on better terms than those of Boabdil. Don Fadrique listened courteously to the envoy, but for better assurance, determined to send a representative to El Zagal himself, under protection of a flag. For this purpose he selected Don Juan de Vera, one of the most intrepid and discreet of his cavaliers, who had in years before been sent by King Ferdinand on a mission to the Alhambra.

Don Juan, on reaching the palace, was well received by the old king, holding an interview with him which extended so far into the night that it was too late to return to camp, and he was lodged in a sumptuous apartment of the Alhambra. In the morning he was approached by one of the Moorish courtiers, a man given to jest and satire, who invited him to take part in a ceremony in the palace mosque. This invitation, given in jest, was received by the punctilious Catholic knight in earnest, and he replied, with stern displeasure—

"The servants of Queen Isabella of Castile, who bear on their armor the cross of St. Iago, never enter the temples of Mohammed, except to level them to the earth and trample

on them."

This discourteous reply was repeated by the courtier to a renegade, who, having newly adopted the Moorish faith, was eager to show his devotion to the Moslem creed, and proposed to engage the hot-tempered Catholic knight in argument. Seeking Don Juan, they found him playing chess with the alcaide of the palace, and the renegade at once began to comment on the Christian religion in uncomplimentary terms. Don Juan was quick to anger, but he restrained himself, and replied, with grave severity—

"You would do well to cease talking about what you do not understand."

The renegade and his jesting companion replied in a series of remarks intended as wit, though full of insolence, Don Juan fuming inwardly as he continued to play. In the end they went too far, the courtier making an obscene comparison between the Virgin Mary and Amina, the mother of Mohammed. In an instant the old knight sprang up, white with rage, and dashing aside chess-board and chessmen. Drawing his sword, he dealt such a "hermosa cuchillada" ("handsome slash") across the head of the offending Moor as to stretch him bleeding on the floor. The renegade fled in terror, rousing the echoes of the palace with his outcries and stirring up guards and attendants, who rushed into the room where the irate Christian stood sword in hand defying Mohammed and his hosts. The alarm quickly reached the ears of the king, who hurried to the scene, his appearance at once restoring order. On hearing from the alcaide the cause of the affray, he acted with becoming dignity, ordering the guards from the room and directing that the renegade should be severely punished for daring to infringe the hospitality of the palace and insult an ambassador.

Don Juan, his quick fury evaporated, sheathed his sword, thanked the king for his courtesy, and proposed a return to the camp. But this was not easy of accomplishment. A garbled

report of the tumult in the palace had spread to the streets, where it was rumored that Christian spies had been introduced into the palace with treasonable intent. In a brief time hundreds of the populace were in arms and thronging about the gate of Justice of the Alhambra, where they loudly demanded the death of all Christians in the palace and of all who had introduced them.

It was impossible for Don Juan to leave the palace by the route he had followed on his arrival. The infuriated mob would have torn him to pieces. But it was important that he should depart at once. All that El Zagal could do was to furnish him with a disguise, a swift horse, and an escort, and to let him out of the Alhambra by a private gate. This secret mode of departure was not relished by the proud Spaniard, but life was just then of more value than dignity, as he appreciated when, in Moorish dress, he passed through crowds who were thirsting for his blood. A gate of the city was at length reached, and Don Juan and his escort rode quietly out. But he was no sooner on the open plain than he spurred his horse to its speed, and did not draw rein until the banners of Don Fadrique waved above his head.

Don Fadrique heard with much approval of the boldness of his envoy. His opinion of Don Juan's discretion he kept to himself. He rewarded him with a valuable horse, and wrote a letter of thanks to El Zagal for his protection to his emissary. Queen Isabella, on learning how stoutly the knight had stood up for the chastity of the Blessed Virgin, was highly delighted, and conferred several distinctions of honor upon the cavalier besides presenting him with three hundred thousand maravedis.

The outcome of the advances of the two kings was that Don Fadrique chose Boabdil as his ally, and sent him a reinforcement of foot-soldiers and arquebusiers. This introduction of Christians into the city rekindled the flames of war, and it continued to rage in the streets for the space of fifty

days.

The result of the struggle between the two kings may be briefly told. While they contended for supremacy Ferdinand of Aragon invaded their kingdom with a large army and marched upon the great seaport of Malaga. El Zagal sought an accommodation with Boabdil, that they might unite their forces against the common foe, but the short-sighted young man spurned his overtures with disdain. El Zagal then, the better patriot of the two, marched himself against the Christian host, hoping to surprise them in the passes of the mountains and perhaps capture King Ferdinand himself. Unluckily for him, his well-laid plan was discovered by the Christians, who attacked and defeated him, his troops flying in uncontrollable disorder.

The news of this disaster reached Granada before him and infuriated the people, who closed their gates and threatened the defeated king from the walls. Nothing remained to El Zagal but to march to Almeria and establish his court in that city in which Boabdil had formerly reigned. Thus the positions of the rival kings became reversed. From that time forward the kingdom of Granada was divided into two, and the work of conquest by the Christians was correspondingly reduced.

CHAPTER XVII
The Knight of the Exploits

The dull monotony of sieges, of which there were many during the war with Granada, was little to the taste of the valorous Spanish cavaliers. They burned for adventure, and were ever ready for daring exploits, the more welcome the more dangerous they promised to be. One day during the siege of Baza, a strong city in El Zagal's dominions, two of these spirited young cavaliers, Francisco de Bazan and Antonio de Cueva, were seated on the ramparts of the siege works, bewailing the dull life to which they were confined. They were overheard by a veteran scout, who was familiar with the surrounding country.

"Señors," he said, "if you pine for peril and profit and are eager to pluck the beard of the fiery old Moorish king, I can lead you where you will have a fine opportunity to prove your valor. There are certain hamlets not far from the walls of El Zagal's city of Guadix where rich booty awaits the daring raider. I can lead you there by a way that will enable you to take them by surprise; and if you are as cool in the head as you are hot in the spur you may bear off spoils from under the very eyes of the king of the Moors."

He had struck the right vein. The youths were at once hot for the enterprise. To win booty from the very gates of Guadix was a stirring scheme, and they quickly found others of their age as eager as themselves for the daring adventure. In a short time they had enrolled a body of nearly three hundred horse and two hundred foot, well armed and equipped, and every man of them ready for the road.

The force obtained, the raiders left the camp early one evening, keeping their destination secret, and made their way by starlight through the mountain passes, led by the adalid, or guide. Pressing rapidly onward by day and night, they reached the hamlets one morning just before daybreak, and fell on them suddenly, making prisoners of the inhabitants, sacking the houses, and sweeping the fields of their grazing herds. Then, without taking a moment to rest, they set out with all speed for the mountains, which they hoped to reach before the country could be roused.

Several of the herdsmen had escaped and fled to Guadix, where they told El Zagal of the daring ravage. Wild with rage at the insult, the old king at once sent out six hundred of his choicest horse and foot, with orders for swift pursuit, bidding them to recover the booty and bring him as prisoners the insolent marauders. The Christians, weary with their two days and nights of hard marching, were driving the captured cattle and sheep up a mountainside, when, looking back, they saw a great cloud of dust upon their trail. Soon they discerned the turbaned host, evidently superior to them in number, and man and horse in fresh condition.

"They are too much for us," cried some of the horsemen. "It would be madness in our worn-out state to face a fresh force of that number. We shall have to let the cattle go and seek safety in flight."

"What!" cried Antonio and Francisco, their leaders; "abandon our prey without a blow? Desert our foot-soldiers and leave them to the enemy? Did any of you think El Zagal would let us off without a brush? You do not give good Spanish counsel, for every soldier knows that there is less danger in presenting our faces than our backs to the foe, and fewer men are killed in a brave advance than in a cowardly retreat."

Some of the cavaliers were affected by these words, but the mass of the party were chance volunteers, who received

no pay and had nothing to gain by risking their lives. Consequently, as the enemy came near, the diversity of opinions grew into a tumult, and confusion reigned. The captains ordered the standard-bearer to advance against the Moors, confident that any true soldiers would follow his banner. He hesitated to obey; the turmoil increased; in a moment more the horsemen might be in full flight.

At this critical juncture a horseman of the royal guards rode forward—the good knight Hernan Perez del Pulgar, governor of the fortress of Salar. Taking off the handkerchief which, in the Andalusian fashion, he wore round his head, he tied it to a lance and raised it in the air.

"Comrades," he cried, "why do you load yourself with arms if you trust for safety to your feet? We shall see who among you are the brave men and who are the cowards. If it is a standard you want, here is mine. Let the man who has the heart to fight follow this handkerchief."

Waving his improvised banner, he spurred against the Moors. Many followed him. Those who at first held back soon joined the advance. With one accord the whole body rushed with shouts upon the enemy. The Moors, who were now close at hand, were seized with surprise and alarm at this sudden charge. The foremost files turned and fled in panic, followed by the others, and pursued by the Christians, who cut them down without a blow in return. Soon the whole body was in full flight. Several hundred of the Moors were killed and their bodies despoiled, many were taken prisoners, and the Christians returned in triumph to the army, driving their long array of cattle and sheep and of mules laden with booty, and bearing in their front the standard under which they had fought.

King Ferdinand was so delighted with this exploit, and in particular with the gallant action of Perez del Pulgar, that he conferred knighthood upon the latter with much ceremony, and authorized him to bear upon his escutcheon a golden lion

in an azure field, showing a lance with a handkerchief at its point. Round its border were to be depicted the eleven alcaides defeated in the battle. This heroic deed was followed by so many others during the wars with the Moors that Perez del Pulgar became in time known by the flattering appellation of "He of the exploits."

The most famous exploit of this daring knight took place during the siege of Granada—the final operation of the long war. Here single combats and minor skirmishes between Christian and Moorish cavaliers were of almost daily occurrence, until Ferdinand strictly forbade all such tilts, as he saw that they gave zeal and courage to the Moors, and were attended with considerable loss of life among his bravest followers.

This edict of the king was very distasteful to the fiery Moorish knights, who declared that the crafty Christian wished to destroy chivalry and put an end to heroic valor. They did their best to provoke the Spanish knights to combat, galloping on their fleet steeds close to the borders of the camp and hurling their lances over the barriers, each lance bearing the name of its owner with some defiant message. But despite the irritation caused by these insults to the Spanish knights, none of them ventured to disobey the mandate of the king.

Chief among these Moorish cavaliers was one named Tarfe, a man of fierce and daring spirit and a giant in size, who sought to surpass his fellows in acts of audacity. In one of his sallies towards the Christian camp this bold cavalier leaped his steed over the barrier, galloped inward close to the royal quarters, and launched his spear with such strength that it quivered in the earth close to the tents of the sovereigns. The royal guards rushed out, but Tarfe was already far away, scouring the plain on his swift Barbary steed. On examining the lance it was found to bear a label indicating that it was intended for the queen, who was present in the camp.

This bravado and the insult offered Queen Isabella

excited the highest indignation among the Christian warriors. "Shall we let this insolent fellow outdo us?" said Perez del Pulgar, who was present. "I propose to teach these insolent Moors a lesson. Who will stand by me in an enterprise of desperate peril?" The warriors knew Pulgar well enough to be sure that his promise of peril was likely to be kept, yet all who heard him were ready to volunteer. Out of them he chose fifteen—men whom he knew he could trust for strength of arm and valor of heart.

His proposed enterprise was indeed a perilous one. A Moorish renegade had agreed to guide him into the city by a secret pass. Once within, they were to set fire to the Alcaiceria and others of the principal buildings, and then escape as best they could.

At dead of night they set out, provided with the necessary combustibles. Their guide led them up a channel of the river Darro, until they halted under a bridge near the royal gate. Here Pulgar stationed six of his followers on guard, bidding them to keep silent and motionless. With the others he made his way up a drain of the stream which passed under a part of the city and opened into the streets. All was dark and silent. Not a soul moved. The renegade, at the command of Pulgar, led the adventurers to the principal mosque. Here the pious cavalier drew from under his cloak a parchment inscribed in large letters with Ave Maria, and nailed this to the door of the mosque, thus dedicating the heathen temple to the Virgin Mary.

They now hurried to the Alcaiceria, where the combustibles were placed ready to fire. Not until this moment was it discovered that the torch-bearer had carelessly left his torch at the door of the mosque. It was too late to return. Pulgar sought to strike fire with flint and steel, but while doing so the Moorish guard came upon them in its rounds. Drawing his sword and followed by his comrades, the bold Spaniard made a fierce assault upon the astonished Moors, quickly putting

them to flight. But the enterprise was at an end. The alarm was given and soldiers were soon hurrying in every direction through the streets. Guided by the renegade, Pulgar and his companions hastened to the drain by which they had entered, plunged into it, and reached their companions under the bridge. Here mounting their horses, they rode back to the camp.

The Moors were at a loss to imagine the purpose of this apparently fruitless enterprise, but wild was their exasperation the next morning when they found the "Ave Maria" on the door of a mosque in the centre of their city. The mosque thus sanctified by Perez del Pulgar was actually converted into a Christian cathedral after the capture of the city.

We have yet to describe the sequel of this exploit. On the succeeding day a powerful train left the Christian camp and advanced towards the city walls. In its centre were the king and queen, the prince and princesses, and the ladies of the court, surrounded by the royal body-guard—a richly dressed troop, composed of the sons of the most illustrious families of Spain. The Moors gazed with wonder upon this rare pageant, which moved in glittering array across the vega to the sound of martial music; a host brilliant with banners and plumes, shining arms and shimmering silks, for the court and the army moved there hand in hand. Queen Isabella had expressed a wish to see, nearer at hand, a city whose beauty was of world-wide renown, and the Marquis of Cadiz had drawn out this powerful escort that she might be gratified in her desire. The queen had her wish, but hundreds of men died that she might be pleased.

While the royal dame and her ladies were gazing with delight on the red towers of the Alhambra, rising in rich contrast through the green verdure of their groves, a large force of Moorish cavalry poured from the city gates, ready to accept the gage of battle which the Christians seemed to offer. The first to come were a host of richly armed and gayly attired light

cavalry, mounted on fleet and fiery Barbary steeds. Heavily armed cavalry followed, and then a strong force of foot-soldiers, until an army was drawn up on the plain. Queen Isabella saw this display with disquiet, and forbade an attack upon the enemy, or even a skirmish, as it would pain her if a single warrior should lose his life through the indulgence of her curiosity.

As a result, though the daring Moorish horsemen rode fleetly along the Christian front, brandishing their lances, and defying the cavaliers to mortal combat, not a Spaniard stirred. The cavaliers were under the eyes of Ferdinand, by whom such duels had been strictly forbidden. At length, however, they were incensed beyond their powers of resistance. Forth from the city rode a stalwart Moorish horseman, clad in steel armor, and bearing a huge buckler and a ponderous lance. His device showed him to be the giant warrior Tarfe, the daring infidel who had flung his lance at the queen's tent. As he rode out he was followed by the shouts and laughter of a mob, and when he came within full view of the Spanish army the cavaliers saw, with indignant horror, tied to his horse's tail and dragging in the dust, the parchment with its inscription of "Ave Maria" which Hernan Perez del Pulgar had nailed to the door of the mosque.

This insult was more than Castilian flesh and blood could bear. Hernan was not present to maintain his deed, but Garcilasso de la Vega, one of the young companions of his exploit, galloped to the king and earnestly begged permission to avenge the degrading insult to their holy faith. The king, who was as indignant as the knight, gave the desired permission, and Garcilasso, closing his visor and grasping his spear, rode out before the ranks and defied the Moor to combat to the death.

Tarfe asked nothing better, and an exciting passage at arms took place on the plain with the two armies as witnesses. Tarfe was the stronger of the two, and the more completely

armed. He was skilled in the use of his weapons and dexterous in managing his horse, and the Christians trembled for their champion.

The warriors met in mid career with a furious shock. Their lances were shivered, and Garcilasso was borne back in his saddle. But his horse wheeled away and he was quickly firm in his seat again, sword in hand. Sword against scimitar, the combatants returned to the encounter. The Moor rode a trained horse, that obeyed his every signal. Round the Christian he circled, seeking some opening for a blow. But the smaller size of Garcilasso was made equal by greater agility. Now he parried a blow with his sword, now he received a furious stroke on his shield. Each of the combatants before many minutes felt the edge of the steel, and their blood began to flow.

At length the Moor, thinking his antagonist exhausted, rushed in and grappled with him, using all his force to fling him from his horse. Garcilasso grasped him in return with all his strength, and they fell together to the earth, the Moor uppermost. Placing his knee on the breast of the Spaniard, Tarfe drew his dagger and brandished it above his throat. Terror filled the Christian ranks; a shout of triumph rose from those of the Moors. But suddenly Tarfe was seen to loosen his grasp and roll over in the dust. Garcilasso had shortened his sword and, as Tarfe raised his arm, had struck him to the heart.

The rules of chivalry were rigidly observed. No one interfered on either side. Garcilasso despoiled his victim, raised the inscription "Ave Maria" on the point of his sword, and bore it triumphantly back, amid shouts of triumph from the Christian army.

By this time the passions of the Moors were so excited that they could not be restrained. They made a furious charge upon the Spanish host, driving in its advanced ranks. The word to attack was given the Spaniards in return, the war-cry

"Santiago!" rang along the line, and in a short time both armies were locked in furious combat. The affair ended in a repulse of the Moors, the foot-soldiers taking to flight, and the cavalry vainly endeavoring to rally them. They were pursued to the gates of the city, more than two thousand of them being killed, wounded, or taken prisoners in "the queen's skirmish," as the affair came to be called.

CHAPTER XVIII
The Last Sigh of the Moor

In 1492, nearly eight centuries after the conquest of Spain by the Arabs, their dominion ended in the surrender of the city of Granada by King Boabdil to the army of Ferdinand and Isabella. The empire of the Arab Moors had shrunk, year by year and century by century, before the steady advance of the Christians, until only the small kingdom of Granada remained. This, distracted by anarchy within and assailed by King Ferdinand with all the arts of statecraft and all the strength of arms, gradually decreased in dimensions, city after city, district after district, being lost, until only the single city of Granada remained.

This populous and powerful city would have proved very difficult to take by the ordinary methods of war, and could only have been subdued with great loss of life and expenditure of treasure. Ferdinand assailed it by a less costly and more exasperating method. Granada subsisted on the broad and fertile vega or plain surrounding it, a region marvellously productive in grain and fruits and rich in cattle and sheep. It was a cold-blooded and cruel system adopted by the Spanish monarch. He assailed the city through the vega. Disregarding the city, he marched his army into the plain at the time of harvest and so thoroughly destroyed its growing crops that the smiling and verdant expanse was left a scene of frightful desolation. This was not accomplished without sharp reprisals by the Moors, but the Spaniard persisted until he had converted the fruitful paradise into a hopeless desert, and then marched away, leaving the citizens to a winter of despair.

The next year he came again, encamped his army near the city, destroyed what little verdure remained near its walls, and waited calmly until famine and anarchy should force the citizens to yield. He attempted no siege. It was not necessary. He could safely trust to his terrible allies. The crowded city held out desperately while the summer passed and autumn moved on to winter's verge, and then, with famine stalking through their streets and invading their homes, but one resource remained to the citizens—surrender.

Ferdinand did not wish to distress too deeply the unhappy people. To obtain possession of the city on any terms was the one thought then in his mind. Harshness could come later, if necessary. Therefore, on the 25th of November, 1492, articles of capitulation were signed, under which the Moors of Granada were to retain all their possessions, be protected in their religious exercises, and governed by their own laws, which were to be administered by their own officials; the one unwelcome proviso being that they should become subjects of Spain. To Boabdil were secured all his rich estates and the patrimony of the crown, while he was to receive in addition thirty thousand castellanos in gold. Excellent terms, one would say, in view of the fact that Granada was at the mercy of Ferdinand, and might soon have been obliged to surrender unconditionally.

On the night preceding the surrender doleful lamentations filled the halls of the Alhambra, for the household of Boabdil were bidding a last farewell to that delightful abode. The most precious effects were hastily packed upon mules, and with tears and wailings the rich hangings and ornaments of the beautiful apartments were removed. Day had not yet dawned when a sorrowful cavalcade moved through an obscure postern gate of the palace and wound through a retired quarter of the city. It was the family of the deposed monarch, which he had sent off thus early to save them from possible scoffs and insults.

The sun had barely risen when three signal-guns boomed from the heights of the Alhambra, and the Christian army began its march across the vega. To spare the feelings of the citizens it was decided that the city should not be entered by its usual gates, and a special road had been opened leading to the Alhambra.

At the head of the procession moved the king and queen, with the prince and princesses and the dignitaries and ladies of the court, attended by the royal guards in their rich array. This cortege halted at the village of Armilla, a league and a half from the city. Meanwhile, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Grand Cardinal of Spain, with an escort of three thousand foot and a troop of cavalry, proceeded towards the Alhambra to take possession of that noblest work of the Moors. At their approach Boabdil left the palace by a postern gate attended by fifty cavaliers, and advanced to meet the grand cardinal, whom, in words of mournful renunciation, he bade to take possession of the royal fortress of the Moors. Then he passed sadly onward to meet the sovereigns of Spain, who had halted awaiting his approach, while the army stood drawn up on the broad plain.

As the Spaniards waited in anxious hope, all eyes fixed on the Alhambra heights, they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, rise upon the great watch-tower, where it sparkled in the sunbeams, while beside it floated the pennon of St. James, at sight of which a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose from the awaiting host. Next rose the royal standard, amid resounding cries of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella." The sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for their great victory, the whole army followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of "Te Deum laudamus."

Ferdinand now advanced to a point near the banks of the Xenil, where he was met by the unfortunate Boabdil. As the

Moorish king approached he made a movement to dismount, which Ferdinand prevented. He then offered to kiss the king's hand. This homage also, as previously arranged, was declined, whereupon Boabdil leaned forward and kissed the king's right arm. He then with a resigned mien delivered the keys of the city.

"These keys," he said, "are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain. Thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands."

"Doubt not our promises," said Ferdinand, kindly, "nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

Then drawing from his finger a gold ring set with a precious stone, Boabdil presented it to the Count of Tendilla, who, he was informed, was to be governor of the city, saying—

"With this ring Granada has been governed. Take it and govern with it, and God make you more fortunate than I."

He then proceeded to the village of Armilla, where Queen Isabella remained. She received him with the utmost courtesy and graciousness, and delivered to him his son, who had been held as a hostage for the fulfilment of the capitulation. Boabdil pressed the child tenderly to his bosom, and moved on until he had joined his family, from whom and their attendants the shouts and strains of music of the victorious army drew tears and moans.

At length the weeping train reached the summit of an eminence about two leagues distant which commanded the last view of Granada. Here they paused for a look of farewell at the beautiful and beloved city, whose towers and minarets gleamed brightly before them in the sunshine. While they still gazed a peal of artillery, faint with distance, told them that the city was taken possession of and was lost to the Moorish kings forever. Boabdil could no longer contain himself.

"Allah achbar! God is great!" he murmured, tears accompanying his words of resignation.

His mother, a woman of intrepid soul, was indignant at this display of weakness.

"You do well," she cried, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man."

Others strove to console the king, but his tears were not to be restrained.

"Allah achbar!" he exclaimed again; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

The hill where this took place afterwards became known as Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view where Boabdil obtained the last prospect of Granada is called by the Spaniards "El ultimo suspiro del Moro" or "The last sigh of the Moor."

As Boabdil thus took his last look at beautiful Granada, it behooves us to take a final backward glance at Arabian Spain, from whose history we have drawn so much of interest and romance. In this hospitable realm civilization dwelt when few traces of it existed elsewhere. Here luxury reigned while barbarism prevailed widely in Europe. We are told that in Cordova a man might walk ten miles by the light of the public lamps, while centuries afterwards there was not a single public lamp in London streets. Its avenues were solidly paved, while centuries afterwards the people of Paris, on rainy days, stepped from their door-sills into mud ankle-deep. The dwellings were marked by beauty and luxury, while the people of Europe, as a rule in that semi-barbaric period, dwelt in miserable huts, dressed in leather, and lived on the rudest and least nutritive food.

The rulers of France, England, and Germany lived in rude buildings without chimneys or windows, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, at a time when the royal halls of Arabian Spain were visions of grace and beauty. The residences of the Arabs had marble balconies overhanging

orange-gardens; their floors and walls were frequently of rich and graceful mosaic; fountains gushed in their courts, quicksilver often taking the place of water, and falling in a glistening spray. In summer cool air was drawn into the apartments through ventilating towers; in winter warm and perfumed air was discharged through hidden passages. From the ceilings, corniced with fretted gold, great chandeliers hung. Here were clusters of frail marble columns, which, in the boudoirs of the sultanas, gave way to verd-antique incrusted with lapis lazuli. The furniture was of sandal- or citron-wood, richly inlaid with gold, silver, or precious minerals. Tapestry hid the walls, Persian carpets covered the floors, pillows and couches of elegant forms were spread about the rooms. Great care was given to bathing and personal cleanliness at a time when such a thought had not dawned upon Christian Europe. Their pleasure-gardens were of unequalled beauty, and were rich with flowers and fruits. In short, in this brief space it is impossible to give more than a bare outline of the marvellous luxury which surrounded this people, recently come from the deserts of Arabia, at a time when most of the remainder of Europe was plunged into the rudest barbarism.

Much might be said of their libraries, their universities, their scholars and scientists, and the magnificence of their architecture, of which abundant examples still remain in the cities of Spain, the Alhambra of Granada, the palace which Boabdil so reluctantly left, being almost without an equal for lightness, grace, and architectural beauty in the cities of the world. Well might the dethroned monarch look back with bitter regret upon this rarest monument of the Arabian civilization and give vent, in farewell to its far-seen towers, to "The last sigh of the Moor."

CHAPTER XIX
The Return of Columbus

In the spring succeeding the fall of Granada there came to Spain a glory and renown that made her the envy of all the nations of Europe. During the year before an Italian mariner, Christopher Columbus by name, after long haunting the camp and court of Ferdinand and Isabella, had been sent out with a meagre expedition in the forlorn hope of discovering new lands beyond the seas. In March, 1493, extraordinary tidings spread through the kingdom and reached the ears of the monarchs at their court in Barcelona. The tidings were that the poor and despised mariner had returned to Palos with wonderful tales of the discovery of a vast, rich realm beyond the seas—a mighty new empire for Spain.

The marvellous news set the whole kingdom wild with joy. The ringing of bells and solemn thanksgivings welcomed Columbus at the port from which he had set sail. On his journey to the king's court his progress was impeded by the multitudes who thronged to see the suddenly famous man—the humble mariner who had discovered for Spain what every one already spoke of as a "New World." With him he brought several of the bronze-hued natives of that far land, dressed in their simple island costume, and decorated, as they passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold. He exhibited, also, gold in dust and in shapeless masses, many new plants, some of them of high medicinal value, several animals never before seen in Europe, and birds whose brilliant plumage attracted glances of delight from all eyes.

It was mid-April when Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and knights of the court met him in splendid array and escorted him to the royal presence through the admiring throngs that filled the streets. Ferdinand and Isabella, with their son, Prince John, awaited his arrival seated under a superb canopy of state. On the approach of the discoverer they rose and extended their hands to him to kiss, not suffering him to kneel in homage. Instead, they bade him seat himself before them—a mark of condescension to a person of his rank unknown before in the haughty court of Castile. He was, at that moment, "the man whom the king delighted to honor," and it was the proudest period in his life when, having proved triumphantly all for which he had so long contended, he was honored as the equal of the proud monarchs of Spain.

At the request of the sovereigns Columbus gave them a brief account of his adventures, in a dignified tone, that warmed with enthusiasm as he proceeded. He described the various tropical islands he had landed upon, spoke with favor of their delightful climate and the fertility of their soil, and exhibited the specimens he had brought as examples of their fruitfulness. He dwelt still more fully upon their wealth in the precious metals, of which he had been assured by the natives, and offered the gold he brought with him as evidence. Lastly, he expatiated on the opportunity offered for the extension of the Christian religion through lands populous with pagans—a suggestion which appealed strongly to the Spanish heart. When he ceased the king and queen, with all present, threw themselves on their knees and gave thanks to God, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel.

Throughout his residence in Barcelona Columbus continued to receive the most honorable distinction from the Spanish sovereigns. When Ferdinand rode abroad the admiral rode by his side. Isabella, the true promoter of his expedition, treated him with the most gracious consideration. The

courtiers, emulating their sovereigns, gave frequent entertainments in his honor, treating him with the punctilious deference usually shown only to a noble of the highest rank. It cannot be said, however, that envy at the high distinction shown this lately obscure and penniless adventurer was quite concealed, and at one of these entertainments is said to have taken place the famous episode of the egg.

A courtier of shallow wit, with the purpose of throwing discredit on the achievement of Columbus, intimated that it was not so great an exploit after all; all that was necessary was to sail west a certain number of days; the lands lay there waiting to be discovered. Were there not other men in Spain, he asked, capable of this?

The response of Columbus was to take an egg and ask those present to make it stand upright on its end. After they had tried and failed he struck the egg on the table, cracking the shell and giving it a base on which to stand.

"But anybody could do that!" cried the critic.

"Yes; and anybody can become a discoverer when once he has been shown the way," retorted Columbus. "It is easy to follow in a known track."

By this time all Europe had heard of the brilliant discovery of the Genoese mariner, and everywhere admiration at his achievement and interest in its results were manifested. Europe had never been so excited by any single event. The world was found to be larger than had been dreamed of, and it was evident that hundreds of new things remained to be known. Word came to Barcelona that King John of Portugal was equipping a large armament to obtain a share of the new realms in the west, and all haste was made to anticipate this dangerous rival by sending Columbus again to the New World.

On the 25th of September, 1493, he set sail with a gallant armament, which quite threw into the shade his three humble caravels of the year before. It consisted of seventeen vessels,

some of them of large size for that day, and fifteen hundred souls, including several persons of rank, and members of the royal household. Many of those that had taken part in the Moorish war, stimulated by the love of adventure, were to win fame in the coming years in the conquest of the alluring realms of the West, and the earliest of these sailed now under the banner of the Great Admiral.

The story of Columbus is too familiar to readers for more to be said of it here. It was one in which the boasted honor of the Spanish court was replaced by injustice and lack of good faith. Envy and malice surrounded the discoverer, and in 1500 he was sent home in chains by an infamous governor. The king, roused by a strong display of public indignation, disavowed the base act of his agent, and received Columbus again with a show of favor, but failed to reinstate him in the office of which he had been unjustly deprived. The discoverer of America died at Valladolid in 1506, giving directions that the fetters which he had once worn, and which he had kept as evidence of Spanish ingratitude, should be buried with him.

CHAPTER XX
Peter the Cruel and the Free Companies

About the middle of the year 1365 a formidable expedition set out from France for the invasion of Castile. It consisted of the celebrated Free Companies, marauding bands of French and English knights and archers whose allegiance was to the sword, and who, having laid waste France, now sought fresh prey in Spain. Valiant and daring were these reckless freebooters, bred to war, living on rapine, battle their delight, revel their relaxation. For years the French and English Free Companies had been enemies. Now a truce existed between their princes, and they had joined hands under the leadership of the renowned knight Bertrand du Guesclin, at that time the most famous soldier of France. Sir Hugh de Calverley headed the English bands, known as the White Company, and made up largely of men-at-arms, that is, of heavy armed horsemen; but with a strong contingent of the formidable English archers. The total force comprised more than twelve thousand men.

"You lead the life of robbers," said Du Guesclin to them. "Every day you risk your lives in forays, which yield you more blows than booty. I come to propose an enterprise worthy of gallant knights and to open to you a new field of action. In Spain both glory and profit await you. You will there find a rich and avaricious king who possesses great treasures, and is the ally of the Saracens; in fact, is half a pagan himself. We propose to conquer his kingdom and to bestow it on the Count of Trastamara, an old comrade of yours, a good lance, as you all know, and a gentle and generous knight, who will

share with you his land when you win it for him from the Jews and Moslems of that wicked king, Don Pedro. Come, comrades, let us honor God and shame the devil."

The Free Companies were ready at a word to follow his banner. Among them were many knights of noble birth who valued glory above booty, and looked upon it as a worthy enterprise to dethrone a cruel and wicked king, the murderer of his queen. As for the soldiers, they cared not against whom they fought, if booty was to be had.

"Messire Bertrand," they said, "gives all that he wins to his men-at-arms. He is the father of the soldier. Let us march with him."

And so the bargain was made and the Free Companies marched away, light of heart and strong of hand, with a promising goal before them, and a chance of abundance of fighting before they would see their homes again.

Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, amply deserved to be dethroned. His reign had been one of massacre. All whom he suspected died by the dagger of the assassin. He bitterly hated his two half-brothers, Fadrique and Henry. Fadrique he enticed to his court by a show of friendship, and then had him brutally murdered at the gate of his palace, the Alcazar of Seville. But his treatment of his queen was what made him specially odious to his people. He married a French princess, Blanche of Bourbon, but deserted her after two days to return to his mistress, Maria de Pedilla. Blanche was taken to Toledo, where she was so closely confined that the people rose and rescued her from the king's guards. Peter marched in anger against the city, but its people defied him and kept the queen. Then the crafty villain pretended sorrow and asked for a reconciliation. The queen consented, went back to him, and was quickly imprisoned in a strong fortress, where she was murdered by his orders in 1361.

It was this shameful act and the murder of his brother Fadrique that roused the people to insurrection. Henry of

Trastamara, the remaining brother, headed a revolt against the tyrant and invited the Free Companies to his aid. These were the circumstances that gave rise to the march of Du Guesclin and Calverley and their battle-loving bands.

The adventurers wore crosses on their vests and banners, as though they were a company of crusaders raised in the service of the church. But in truth they were under the ban of excommunication, for they had no more spared the church than the castle or the cottage. Du Guesclin, determined to relieve them from this ban and force the Pope to grant them absolution, directed his march upon Avignon, the papal residence in France. It was not only absolution he wanted. The papal coffers were full; his military chest was empty; his soldiers would not remain tractable unless well paid; the church should have the privilege of aiding the army.

It was with dismay that the people of Avignon beheld the White Company encamp before their ramparts, late in the year 1365. An envoy from the Pope was sent in haste to their camp, with a promise from the Holy Father that he would remove the ban of excommunication if they would evacuate the territory of the Church. The envoy's mission was a dangerous one, for the fierce Free Companions had no reverence for priest or pope. He had hardly crossed the Rhone before he was confronted by a turbulent band of English archers, who demanded if he had brought money.

"Money?" he asked, in faltering tones.

"Ay, money!" they insolently cried, impeding his passage.

On reaching Du Guesclin's tent he was treated with more politeness, but was met with the same demand.

"We cannot control our troops," said some of the chiefs; "and, as they are ready to hazard their lives for the greater glory of the faith, they well deserve the aid of the Church."

"The Holy Father will incur much danger if he refuses the demand of our men," said Du Guesclin, in smooth but menacing tones. "They have become good Catholics in spite of

themselves, and would very readily return to their old trade."

Imminent as the danger was, the Pope resisted, and tried to scare off that flock of reckless war-hawks by the thunders of papal condemnation. But he soon learned that appeals and threats alike were wasted on the Free Companies. From the windows of his palace he could see groups of his unruly visitors at work plundering farms and country houses. Fires were here and there kindled. The rich lands of Avignon were in danger of a general ravage.

"What can I do?" said Du Guesclin to the complaints of the people. "My soldiers are excommunicated. The devil is in them, and we are no longer their masters."

Evidently there was but one way to get rid of this irreligious crew. The chiefs agreed to be satisfied with five thousand golden florins. This sum was paid, and the knights companions, laden with plunder and absolved from their sins, set out in the highest spirits, singing the praises of their captain and the joys of war. Such was their farewell to France.

Onward they marched, across the Pyrenees and into Aragon, whose king had joined with Henry of Trastamara in requesting their presence. They were far from welcome to the people of this region of Spain. Pedro IV. of Aragon had agreed to pay them one hundred thousand golden florins on condition that they should pass through his dominions without disorder; but the adventurers, imagining that they were already in the enemy's country, began their usual service of fire and sword. In Barbastro they pillaged the houses, killed the burghers or tortured them to extort ransom, and set fire to a church in which some had taken refuge, burning alive more than two hundred persons.

If such was the course of these freebooting bands in the country of their friends, what would it be in that of their foes? Every effort was made to get them out of the country as soon as possible. Immediate action was needed, for the warlike mountaineers were beginning to revenge the robberies of the

adventurers by waylaying their convoys and killing their stragglers. In early March, 1366, the frontier was passed, Sir Hugh de Calverley leading his men against Borja, a town of Aragon which was occupied by soldiers of Castile.

The garrison fled on their approach, and soon the army entered Castile and marched upon Calahorra, a town friendly to Prince Henry, and which opened its gates at sight of their banners. Here an interesting ceremony took place. Du Guesclin and the other leaders of the Free Companies, with as much assurance as if they had already conquered Castile, offered Henry the throne.

"Take the crown," said the burly leader. "You owe this honor to the many noble knights who have elected you their leader in this campaign. Don Pedro, your enemy, has refused to meet you in the battle-field, and thus acknowledges that the throne of Castile is vacant."

Henry held back. He felt that these foreigners had not the crown of Castile in their gift. But when the Castilians present joined in the demand he yielded, and permitted them to place the crown upon his head. His chief captain at once unfurled the royal standard, and passed through the camp, crying, "Castile for King Henry! Long live King Henry!" Then, amid loud acclamations, he planted the banner on the crest of a hill on the road to Burgos.

We need not delay on the events of this campaign. Everywhere the people of Castile fell away from their cruel king, and Henry's advance was almost unopposed. Soon he was in Burgos, and Don Pedro had become a fugitive without an army and almost without a friend. Henry was now again crowned king, many of the Castilian nobles taking part in the imposing ceremony.

The first acts of the new king were to recompense the men who had raised him to that high office. The money which he found in the treasury served as a rich reward to the followers of Du Guesclin. He gave titles of nobility and grants of land

with a free hand to the chiefs of the Free Companies and his other companions in arms. On Du Guesclin he conferred his own countship of Trastamara, and added to it the lordship of Molino, with the domains appertaining to both. Calverley was made Count of Carrion, and received the domains which had formerly been held by the sons-in-law of the Cid. Lesser rewards were given to lesser chiefs, and none had reason to accuse Henry of Castile of want of generosity.

But the Free Companions soon became a sword in the side of the new king. As there was no more fighting to be done, they resumed their old occupation of pillaging, and from every side complaints rained in upon the throne. Henry felt it necessary to get rid of his unruly friends with all despatch. Retaining Du Guesclin and Calverley in his service, with fifteen hundred lances, mainly French and Breton, he dismissed the remainder, placating them with rich presents and warm thanks. Nothing loath, and gratified that they had avenged the murdered Queen Blanche, they took their way back, finding abundant chance for fighting on their return. The Castilians, the Navarrese, and the Aragonese all rose against them, and everywhere they had to force a passage with their swords. But nothing could stop them. Spain, accustomed to fight with Arabs and Moors, had no warriors fit to face these intrepid and heavily armed veterans. Through the Pyrenees they made their way, and here cut a road with their swords through the main body of a French army which had gathered to oppose their march. Once more they were upon the soil of France.

It was the English and Gascon bands that were principally opposed. It was known that the Black Prince was preparing to invade Spain, and an effort was made to cut off the free lances who might enlist under his banners. This famous knight, son of Edward III. of England, and victor at the battle of Poitiers, where he had taken prisoner the king of France, was a cousin of the fugitive king of Castile, who sought him at Cape

Breton, and begged his aid to recover his dominions. The chivalrous prince of Wales knew little of the dastardly deeds of the suppliant. Don Pedro had brought with him his three young maiden daughters, whose helpless state appealed warmly to the generous knight. National policy accorded with the inclination of the prince, for the Castilian revolution had been promoted by France, and the usurper had been in the pay of the French king. These inducements were enough to win for Don Pedro the support of Edward III., and the aid of the Black Prince, who entered upon the enterprise with the passionate enthusiasm which was a part of his nature.

Soon again two armies were in the field, that of King Henry, raised to defend his new dominions, and that of the Prince of Wales, gathered to replace the fugitive Don Pedro upon the throne. With the latter was the White Company, which had aided to drive Pedro from his seat and was now equally ready to replace him there. These bold lancers and archers fought for their own hands, with little care whose cause they backed.

It was through the valley of Roncesvalles, that celebrated pass which was associated with the name of the famous Roland, the chief knight of French romance, that the army of the Black Prince made its way into Spain. Calverley, who was not willing to fight against his liege lord, joined him with his lances, King Henry generously consenting. Du Guesclin, a veteran in the art of war, advised the Castilian king to employ a Fabian policy, harassing the invaders by skirmishes, drawing them deep into the country, and wearing them out with fatigue and hunger. He frankly told him that his men could not face in a pitched battle the English veterans, led by such a soldier as the Black Prince. But the policy suggested would have been hazardous in Castile, divided as it was between two parties. Henry remembered that his rival had lost the kingdom through not daring to risk a battle, and he determined to fight for his throne, trusting his cause to Providence and

the strength of his arms.

It was in the month of April, 1367, that the two armies came face to face on a broad plain. They were fairly matched in numbers, and as day broke both marched resolutely to the encounter, amid opposing shouts of "King Henry for Castile" and "St. George and Guyenne." It was a hard, fierce, bitter struggle that followed, in which the onset of Du Guesclin was so impetuous as for a moment to break the English line. But the end was at hand when the Castilian cavalry broke in panic before the charge of an English squadron, which turned Du Guesclin's battalion and took it in flank. The Captal de Buch at the same time fell on the flank of the Castilian vanguard. Thus beset and surrounded, the French and Spanish men-at-arms desperately sought to hold their own against much superior numbers. King Henry fought valiantly, and called on all to rally round his standard. But at length the banner fell, the disorder grew general, the ranks broke, and knights and foot-soldiers joined in a tumultuous retreat.

Their only hope now was the bridge of Najera, over the Najerilla, which stream lay behind their line. Some rushed for the bridge, others leaped into the river, which became instantly red with blood, for the arrows of the archers were poured into the crowded stream. Only the approach of night, the fatigue of the victors, and the temptation to plunder the town and the camp saved the wreck of the Castilian army, which had lost seven thousand foot-soldiers and some six hundred men-at-arms. Du Guesclin's battalion, which alone had made a gallant stand, was half slain. A large number of prisoners were taken, among them the valorous Du Guesclin himself.

Edward the Black Prince now first learned the character of the man whom he had come to aid. Don Pedro galloped excitedly over the plain seeking his rival, and, chancing to meet Lopez de Orozco, one of his former friends, now the prisoner of a Gascon knight, he stabbed him to the heart,

despite the efforts of the Gascon in his defence. The report of this murder filled the Black Prince with indignation, which was heightened when Don Pedro offered to ransom all the Castilian prisoners, plainly indicating that he intended to murder them. Prince Edward sternly refused, only consenting to deliver up certain nobles who had been declared traitors before the revolution. These Don Pedro immediately had beheaded before his tent.

The breach between the allies rapidly widened, Don Pedro, as soon as he fairly got possession of the throne, breaking all his engagements with the Black Prince, while he was unable, from the empty state of his treasury, to pay the allied troops. Four months Prince Edward waited, with growing indignation, for redress, while disease was rapidly carrying off his men, and then marched in anger from Spain with scarcely a fifth of the proud array with which he had won the battle of Najera.

The restored king soon justified his title of Peter the Cruel by a series of sanguinary executions, murdering all of the adherents of his rival on whom he could lay his hands. In this thirst for revenge not even women escaped, and at length he committed an act which aroused the indignation of the whole kingdom. Don Alfonso de Guzman had refused to follow the king into exile. He now kept out of his reach, but his mother, Doña Urraca de Osorio, fell into the hands of the monster, and was punished for being the mother of a rebel by being burned alive on the ramparts of Seville.

These excesses of cruelty roused a rebellious sentiment throughout Castile, of which Henry, who had escaped to Aragon from the field of Najera, took advantage. Supplied with money by the king of France, he purchased arms and recruited soldiers, many of the French and Castilians who had been taken prisoners at Najera and been released on parole joining him in hopes of winning the means of paying their ransoms. Crossing the Ebro, he marched upon Calahorra, in

which the year before he had been proclaimed king. Here numerous volunteers joined him, and at the head of a considerable force he marched upon Burgos, which surrendered after a faint show of resistance.

During the winter the campaign continued, Leon, Madrid, and other towns being captured, and in the spring of 1368 all northern Castile was in Henry's hands. Don Pedro, whose army was small, had entered into alliance with the Moorish king of Granada, who sent him an army of thirty-five thousand men, with which force a vigorous attack was made on the city of Cordova—a holy city in the eyes of the Moors. Among its defenders was Don Alfonso de Guzman, whose mother had been burned to death. The defence was obstinate, but the Moors at length made breaches in the walls. They were about to pour into the city when the women, mad with fear, rushed into the streets with cries and moans, now reproaching the men-at-arms with cowardice, now begging them with sobs and tears to make a last effort to save the city from the brutal infidels.

This appeal gave new courage to the Christians. They rushed on the Moors with the fury of despair, drove them from the posts they had taken, hurled them from the ramparts, tore down the black flags which already waved on the towers, and finally expelled them from the breaches and the walls in a panic. The breaches were repaired and the city was saved. In a few days the Moors, thoroughly disheartened by their repulse, dispersed, and Don Pedro lost his allies.

Meanwhile, Henry was engaged in the siege of Toledo, the strongest place in the kingdom, and before which he persistently lay for months, despite all allurements to use his forces in other directions. Here Bertrand du Guesclin, who had been ransomed by the Black Prince, joined him with a force of some six hundred men-at-arms, all picked men; and hither, in March, 1369, Don Pedro marched to the city's relief at the head of a strong army.

Henry, on learning of this movement, at once gathered all the forces he could spare from the siege, three thousand men-at-arms in all, and hastened to intercept his rival on the march. Not dreaming of such a movement, Don Pedro had halted at Montiel, where his men lay dispersed, in search of food and forage, over a space of several leagues. They were attacked at daybreak, their surprise being so complete that the main body was at once put to flight, while each division was routed as soon as it appeared. Henry's forces suffered almost no loss, and within an hour's time his rival's kingdom was reduced to the castle of Montiel, in which he had taken refuge with a few of his followers.

Leaving the defeated army to take care of itself, Henry devoted himself to the siege of the castle, within whose poorly fortified walls lay the prize for which he fought. Escape was impossible, and the small supply of provisions would soon be exhausted. Don Pedro's only hope was to bribe some of his foes. He sent an agent to Du Guesclin, offering him a rich reward in gold and lands if he would aid in his escape. Du Guesclin asked for time to consider, and immediately informed Henry of the whole transaction. He was at once offered a richer reward than Pedro had promised if he would entice the king out of the castle, and after some hesitation and much persuasion he consented.

On the night of March 23, ten days after the battle, Don Pedro, accompanied by several of his knights, secretly left the fortress, the feet of their horses being bound with cloth to deaden the sound of hoofs. The sentinels, who had been instructed in advance, allowed them to pass, and they approached the camp of the French adventurers, where Du Guesclin was waiting to receive them.

"To horse, Messire Bertrand," said the king, in a low voice; "it is time to set out."

No answer was returned. This silence frightened Don Pedro. He attempted to spring into his saddle, but he was

surrounded, and a man-at-arms held the bridle of his horse. An officer asked him to wait in a neighboring tent. Resistance was impossible, and he silently obeyed.

Here he found himself encompassed by a voiceless group, through whose lines, after a few minutes of dread suspense, a man in full armor advanced. It was Henry of Trastamara, who now faced his brother for the first time in fifteen years. He gazed with searching eyes upon Don Pedro and his followers.

"Where is this bastard," he harshly asked, "this Jew who calls himself King of Castile?"

"There stands your enemy," said a French esquire, pointing to Don Pedro.

Henry gazed at him fixedly. So many years had elapsed that he failed to recognize him easily.

"Yes, it is I," exclaimed Don Pedro, "I, the King of Castile. All the world knows that I am the legitimate son of good King Alfonso. It is thou that art the bastard."

At this insult Henry drew his dagger and struck the speaker a light blow in the face. They were in too close a circle to draw their swords, and in mortal fury they seized each other by the waist and struggled furiously, the men around drawing back and no one attempting to interfere.

After a brief period the wrestling brothers fell on a camp bed in a corner of the tent, Don Pedro, who was the stronger, being uppermost. While he felt desperately for a weapon with which to pierce his antagonist, one of those present seized him by the foot and threw him on one side, so that Henry found himself uppermost. Popular tradition says that it was Du Guesclin's hand that did this act, and that he cried, "I neither make nor unmake kings, but I serve my lord;" but some writers say it was the Viscount de Rocaberti, of Aragon.

However that be, Henry at once took advantage of the opportunity, picked up his dagger, lifted the king's coat of mail, and plunged the weapon again and again into his side. Only two of Don Pedro's companions sought to defend him,

and they were killed on the spot. Henry had his brother's head at once cut off, and despatched the gruesome relic to Seville.

Thus perished, by an uncalled-for act of treachery on the part of Du Guesclin, for the castle must soon have surrendered, one of the most bloodthirsty kings who ever sat upon a throne. Don Fadrique, his brother, and Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, both of whom he had basely murdered, were at length avenged. Henry ascended the throne as Henry II., and for years reigned over Castile with a mild and just rule that threw still deeper horror upon the bloody career of him who is known in history as Peter the Cruel.

CHAPTER XXI
The Great Captain

The long and bitter war for the conquest of Granada filled Spain with trained soldiers and skilful leaders, men who had seen service on a hundred fields, grim, daring veterans, without their equals in Europe. The Spanish foot-soldiers of that day were inflexibly resolute, the cavalry were skilled in the brilliant tactics of the Moors, and the leaders were men experienced in all the arts of war. These were the soldiers who in the New World overthrew empires with a handful of adventurers, and within a fraction of a century conquered a continent for Spain. In Europe they were kept actively employed. Charles VIII. of France, moved by ambition and thirst for glory, led an army of invasion into Italy. He was followed in this career of foreign conquest by his successor, Louis XII. The armies of France were opposed by those of Spain, led by the greatest soldier of the age, Gonsalvo de Cordova, a man who had learned the art of war in Granada, but in Italy showed such brilliant and remarkable powers that he gained the distinguishing title of the Great Captain.

These wars were stretched out over years, and the most we can do is to give some of their interesting incidents. In 1502 the Great Captain lay in the far south of Italy, faced by a more powerful French army under the Duke of Nemours, a young nobleman not wanting in courage, but quite unfit to cope with the experienced veteran before him. Gonsalvo, however, was in no condition to try conclusions with his well-appointed enemy. His little corps was destitute of proper supplies, the men had been so long unpaid that they were

mutinous, he had pleaded for reinforcements in vain, and the most he could do was to concentrate his small force in the seaport of Barleta and the neighboring strongholds, and make the best show he could in the face of his powerful foe.

The war now declined into foraging inroads on the part of the French, in which they swept the flocks and herds from the fertile pastures, and into guerilla operations on the part of the Spanish, who ambushed and sought to cut off the detached troops of the enemy. But more romantic encounters occasionally took place. The knights on both sides, full of the spirit of chivalry, and eager to prove their prowess, defied one another to jousts and tourneys, and for the time being brought back a state of warfare then fast passing away.

The most striking of these meetings arose from the contempt with which the French knights spoke of the cavalry of their enemy, which they declared to be far inferior to their own. This insult, when told to the proud knights of Gonsalvo's army, brought from them a challenge to the knights of France, and a warlike meeting between eleven Spanish and as many French warriors was arranged. A fair field was offered the combatants in the neutral territory under the walls of the Venetian city of Trani, and on the appointed day a gallant array of well-armed knights of both parties appeared to guard the lists and maintain the honor of the tournament.

Spectators crowded the roofs and battlements of Trani, while the lists were thronged with French and Spanish cavaliers, who for the time laid aside their enmity in favor of national honor and a fair fight. At the fixed hour the champions rode into the lists, armed at all points, and their horses richly caparisoned and covered with steel panoply. Among those on the Castilian side were Diego de Paredes and Diego de Vera, men who had won renown in the Moorish wars. Most conspicuous on the other side was the good knight Pierre de Bayard, the chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche,"

who was then entering upon his famous career.

At the sound of the signal trumpets the hostile parties rushed to the encounter, meeting in the centre of the lists with a shock that hurled three of the Spaniards from their saddle, while four of their antagonists' horses were slain. The fight, which began at ten in the morning, and was to end at sunset, if not concluded before, was prosecuted with great fury and varied success. Long before the hour of closing all the French were dismounted except the Chevalier Bayard and one of his companions, their horses, at which the Spaniards had specially aimed, being disabled or slain. Seven of the Spaniards were still on horseback, and pressed so hard upon their antagonists that the victory seemed safely theirs.

But Bayard and his comrade bravely held their own, while the others, intrenched behind their dead horses, defended themselves vigorously with sword and shield, the Spaniards vainly attempting to spur their terrified horses over the barrier. The fight went on in this way until the sun sank below the horizon, when, both parties still holding the field, neither was given the palm of victory, all the combatants being declared to have proved themselves good and valiant knights.

Both parties now met in the centre of the lists, where the combatants embraced as true companions in chivalry, "making good cheer together" before they separated. But the Great Captain did not receive the report of the result with favor.

"We have," said one of his knights, "disproved the taunts of the Frenchmen, and shown ourselves as good horsemen as they."

"I sent you for better," Gonsalvo coldly replied.

A second combat in which the Chevalier Bayard was concerned met with a more tragic termination. A Spanish cavalier, Alonzo de Sotomayor, complained that Bayard had treated him uncourteously while holding him prisoner. Bayard denied the charge, and defied the Spaniard to prove it by force of arms, on horse or on foot, as he preferred.

Sotomayor, well knowing Bayard's skill as a horseman, challenged him to a battle on foot à l'outrance, or "to the death."

At the appointed time the two combatants entered the lists, armed with sword and dagger and in complete armor, though wearing their visors up. For a few minutes both knelt in silent prayer. They then rose, crossed themselves, and advanced to the combat, "the good knight Bayard," we are told, "moving as light of step as if he were going to lead some fair lady down the dance."

Bayard was the smaller man of the two, and still felt weakness from a fever which had recently prostrated him. The Spaniard, taking advantage of this, sought to crush him by the weight of his blows, or to close with him and bring him to the ground by dint of his superior strength. But the lightness and agility of the French knight enabled him to avoid the Spaniard's grasp, while, by skill with the sword, he parried his enemy's strokes, and dealt him an occasional one in return.

At length, the Spaniard having exposed himself to attack by an ill-directed blow, Bayard got in so sharp a thrust on the gorget that it gave way, and the point of the blade entered his throat. Maddened by the pain of the wound, Sotomayor leaped furiously on his antagonist and grasped him in his arms, both rolling on the ground together. While thus clasped in fierce struggle Bayard, who had kept his poniard in his left hand throughout the fight, while his enemy had left his in his belt, drove the steel home under his eye with such force that it pierced through his brain.

As the victor sprang to his feet, the judges awarded him the honors of the day, and the minstrels began to pour forth triumphant strains in his honor. The good knight, however, bade them desist, as it was no time for gratulation when a good knight lay dead, and, first kneeling and returning grateful thanks for his victory, he walked slowly from the lists, saying that he was sorry for the result of the combat, and wished, since his honor was saved, that his antagonist had

lived.

In these passages at arms we discern the fading gleam of the spirit of mediæval chivalry, soon to vanish before the new art of war. Rough and violent as were these displays as compared with the pastimes of later days, the magnificence with which they were conducted, and the manifestations of knightly honor and courtesy which attended them, threw something of grace and softness over an age in which ferocity was the ruling spirit.

Meanwhile, the position of the little garrison of Barleta grew daily worse. No help came, the French gradually occupied the strongholds of the neighboring country, and a French fleet in the Adriatic stood seriously in the way of the arrival of stores and reinforcements. But the Great Captain maintained his cheerfulness through all discouragement, and sought to infuse his spirit into the hearts of his followers. His condition would have been desperate with an able opponent, but he perfectly understood the character of the French commander and patiently bided his time.

The opportunity came. The French, weary of the slow game of blockade, marched from their quarters and appeared before the walls of Barleta, bent on drawing the garrison from the "old den" and deciding the affair in a pitched battle. The Duke of Nemours sent a trumpet into the town to defy the Great Captain to the encounter, but the latter coolly sent back word—

"It is my custom to choose my own time and place for fighting, and I would thank the Duc de Nemours to wait till my men have time to shoe their horses and burnish up their arms."

The duke waited a few days, then, finding that he could not decoy his wily foe from the walls, broke camp and marched back, proud of having flaunted a challenge in the face of the enemy. He knew not Gonsalvo. The French had not gone far before the latter opened the gates and sent out

his whole force of cavalry, under Diego de Mendoza, with two corps of infantry, in rapid pursuit. Mendoza was so eager that he left the infantry in the rear, and fell on the French before they had got many miles away.

A lively skirmish followed, though of short duration, Mendoza quickly retiring, pursued by the French rear-guard, whose straggling march had detached it from the main body of the army. Mendoza's feigned retreat soon brought him back to the infantry columns, which closed in on the enemy's flanks, while the flying cavalry wheeled in the rapid Moorish style and charged their pursuers boldly in front. All was now confusion in the French ranks. Some resisted, but the greater part, finding themselves entrapped, sought to escape. In the end, nearly all who did not fall on the field were carried prisoners to Barleta, under whose walls Gonsalvo had drawn up his whole army, in readiness to support Mendoza if necessary. The whole affair had passed so quickly that Nemours knew nothing of it until the bulk of his rear-guard were safely lodged within the walls of the Spanish stronghold.

This brilliant success proved the turning-point in the tide of the war. A convoy of transports soon after reached Barleta, bringing in an abundance of provisions, and the Spaniards, restored in health and spirits, looked eagerly for some new enterprise. Nemours having incautiously set out on a distant expedition, Gonsalvo at once fell on the town of Ruvo and took it by storm, in spite of a most obstinate defence. On April 28, 1503, Gonsalvo, strengthened by reinforcements, finally left the stronghold of Barleta, where he and his followers had suffered so severely and shown such indomitable constancy. Reaching Cerignola, about sixteen miles from Barleta, he awaited the advancing army of the French, rapidly intrenching the ground, which was well suited for defence. Before these works were completed, Nemours and his army appeared, and, though it was near nightfall, made an immediate attack. The commander was incited to this by taunts on his

courage from some hot-headed subordinates, to whom he weakly gave way, saying, "We will fight to-night, then; and perhaps those who vaunt the loudest will be found to trust more to their spurs than to their swords,"—a prediction which was to prove true.

Of the battle, it must suffice to say that the trenches dug by the Spaniards fatally checked the French advance, and in the effort to find a passage Nemours fell mortally wounded. Soon the French lines were in confusion, the Spanish arquebusiers pouring a galling fire into their dense masses. Perceiving the situation, Gonsalvo ordered a general advance, and, leaping their intrenchments, the Spaniards rushed in fury on their foes, most of whose leaders had fallen. Panic succeeded, and the flying French were cut down almost without resistance.

The next morning the Great Captain passed over the field of battle, where lay more than three thousand of the French, half their entire force. The loss of the Spaniards was very small, and all the artillery, the baggage, and most of the colors of the enemy were in their hands. Rarely had so complete a victory been gained in so brief a time, the battle being hardly more than one hour in duration. The body of the unfortunate Duke of Nemours was found under a heap of the slain, much disfigured and bearing the marks of three wounds. Gonsalvo was affected to tears at the sight of the mutilated body of his young and gallant adversary, who, though unfitted to head an army, had always proved himself a valiant knight. During the following month Gonsalvo entered Naples, the main prize of the war, where he was received with acclamations of joy and given the triumph which his brilliant exploits so richly deserved.

The work of the Great Captain was not yet at an end. Finding that his forces were being defeated in every encounter and the cities held by them captured, Louis XII. sent a large army to their relief, and late in the year 1503 the

hostile forces came face to face again, Gonsalvo being forced by the exigencies of the campaign to encamp in a deplorable situation, a region of swamp, which had been converted by the incessant rains into a mere quagmire. The French occupied higher ground and were much more comfortably situated. But Gonsalvo refused to move. He was playing his old waiting game, knowing that the French dared not attack his intrenched camp, and that time would work steadily in his favor.

"It is indispensable to the public service to maintain our present position," he said to the officers who appealed to him to move; "and be assured, I would sooner march forward two steps, though it would bring me to my grave, than fall back one, to gain a hundred years of life."

After that there were no more appeals. Gonsalvo's usual cheerfulness was maintained, infusing spirit into his men in all the inconveniences of their situation. He had a well-planned object in view. The hardy Spaniards, long used to rough campaigning, bore their trying position with unyielding resolution. The French, on the contrary, largely new recruits, grew weary and mutinous, while sickness broke out in their ranks and increased with alarming rapidity.

At length Gonsalvo's day came. His opponent, not dreaming of an attack, had extended his men over a wide space. On the night of December 28, in darkness and storm, the Spanish army broke camp, marched to the river that divided the forces, silently threw a bridge across the stream, and were soon on its opposite side. Here they fell like a thunderbolt on the unsuspecting and unprepared French, who were soon in disordered retreat, hotly pursued by their foes, their knights vainly attempting to check the enemy. Bayard had three horses killed under him, and was barely rescued from death by a friend. So utterly were the French beaten that their discouraged garrisons gave up town after town without a blow, and that brilliant night's work not only

ended the control of France over the kingdom of Naples, but filled Louis XII. with apprehension of losing all his possessions in Italy.

Such were the most brilliant exploits of the man who well earned the proud title of the Great Captain. He was as generous in victory as vigorous in battle, and as courteous and genial with all he met as if he had been a courtier instead of a soldier. In the end, his striking and unbroken success in war aroused the envy and jealousy of King Ferdinand, and after the return of Gonsalvo to Spain the unjust monarch kept him in retirement till his death, putting smaller men at the head of his armies rather than permit the greatest soldier of the century to throw his own exploits more deeply into the shade.

CHAPTER XXII
A King in Captivity

Two great rivals were on the thrones of France and Spain—Francis I., who came to power in France in 1515, and Charles I., who became king of Spain in 1516. In 1519 they were rivals for the imperial power in Germany. Charles gained the German throne, being afterwards known as the emperor Charles V., and during the remainder of their reigns these rival monarchs were frequently at war. A league was formed against the French king by Charles V., Henry VIII. of England, and Pope Leo X., as a result of which the French were driven from the territory of Milan, in Italy. In 1524 they were defeated at the battle of Sesia, the famous Chevalier Bayard here falling with a mortal wound; and in 1525 they met with a more disastrous defeat at the battle of Pavia, whose result is said to have caused Francis to write to his mother, "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur" ("All is lost but honor").

The reason for these words may be briefly given. Francis was besieging Pavia, with hopes of a speedy surrender, when the forces of Charles marched to its relief. The most experienced French generals advised the king to retire, but he refused. He had said he would take Pavia or perish in the attempt, and a romantic notion of honor held him fast. The result was ruinous, as may be expected where sentiment outweighs prudence. Strongly as the French were intrenched, they were broken and put to rout, and soon there was no resistance except where the king obstinately continued to fight.

Wounded in several places, and thrown from his horse, which was killed under him, Francis defended himself on foot with heroic valor, while the group of brave officers who sought to save his life, one after another, lost their own. At length, exhausted with his efforts, and barely able to wield his sword, the king was left almost alone, exposed to the fierce assault of some Spanish soldiers, who were enraged by his obstinacy and ignorant of his rank.

At this moment a French gentleman named Pomperant, who had entered the service of Spain, recognized the struggling king and hurried to his aid, helping to keep off the assailants, and begging him to surrender to the Duke of Bourbon, who was close at hand. Great as was the peril, Francis indignantly refused to surrender to a rebel and traitor, as he held Bourbon to be, and calling to Lannoy, a general in the imperial army who was also near by, he gave up his sword to him. Lannoy, recognizing his prisoner, received the sword with a show of the deepest respect, and handed the king his own in return, saying—

"It does not become so great a monarch to remain disarmed in the presence of one of the emperor's subjects."

The lack of prudence in Francis had proved serious not only to himself, but to his troops, ten thousand of whom fell, among them many distinguished nobles who preferred death to dishonor. Numbers of high rank were taken prisoners, among them the king of Navarre. In two weeks not a Frenchman remained in Italy. The gains from years of war had vanished in a single battle.

The tidings of the captivity of the French king filled France with consternation and Spain with delight, while to all Europe it was an event of the deepest concern, for all the nations felt the danger that might arise from the ambition of the powerful emperor of Spain and Germany. Henry VIII. requested that Francis should be delivered to him, as an ally of Spain, though knowing well that such a demand would not

gain a moment's consideration. As for Italy, it was in terror lest it should be overrun by the imperial armies.

Francis, whom Lannoy held with great respect, but with the utmost care to prevent an escape, hoped much from the generosity of Charles, whose disposition he judged from his own. But Charles proposed to weaken his enemy and refused to set him free unless he would renounce all claims upon Italy, yield the provinces of Provence and Dauphiné to form a kingdom for the Constable Bourbon, and give up Burgundy to Germany. On hearing these severe conditions, Francis, in a transport of rage, drew his dagger, exclaiming—

"It were better that a king should die thus!"

A by-stander arrested the thrust; but, though Francis soon regained his composure, he declared that he would remain a prisoner for life rather than purchase liberty at such a price to his country.

Thinking that these conditions came from the Spanish council, and not from Charles himself, Francis now became anxious to visit the emperor in Spain, hoping to soften him in a personal interview. He even furnished the galleys for that purpose, Charles at that time being too poor to fit out a squadron, and soon the spectacle was seen of a captive monarch sailing in his own ships past his own dominions, of which he had a distant and sorrowful view, to a land in which he was to suffer the indignities of prison life.

Landing at Barcelona, Francis was taken to Madrid and lodged in the alcazar, under the most vigilant guard. He soon found that he had been far too hasty in trusting to the generosity of his captor. Charles, on learning of his captivity, had made a politic show of sympathy and feeling, but on getting his rival fully into his hands manifested a plain intention of forcing upon him the hardest bargain possible. Instead of treating his prisoner with the courtesy due from one monarch to another, he seemed to seek by rigorous usage to force from him a great ransom.

The captive king was confined in an old castle, under a keeper of such formal austerity of manners as added to the disgust of the high-spirited French monarch. The only exercise allowed him was to ride on a mule, surrounded by armed guards on horseback. Though Francis pressingly solicited an interview, Charles suffered several weeks to pass before going near him. These indignities made so deep an impression on the prisoner that his natural lightness of temper deserted him, and after a period of deep depression he fell into a dangerous fever, in which he bitterly complained of the harshness with which he had been treated, and said that the emperor would now have the satisfaction of having his captive die on his hands.

The physicians at length despaired of his life, and informed Charles that they saw no hope of his recovery unless he was granted the interview he so deeply desired. This news put the emperor into a quandary. If Francis should die, all the advantage gained from the battle of Pavia would be lost. And there were clouds in the sky elsewhere. Henry VIII. had concluded a treaty of alliance with Queen Louise, regent of France, and engaged to use all his efforts for the release of the king. In Italy a dangerous conspiracy had been detected. There was danger of a general European confederacy against him unless he should come to some speedy agreement with the captive king.

Charles, moved by these various considerations, at length visited Francis, and, with a show of respect and affection, gave him such promises of speedy release and princely treatment as greatly cheered the sad heart of the captive. The interview was short; Francis was too ill to bear a long one; but its effect was excellent, and the sick man at once began to recover, soon regaining his former health. Hope had proved a medicine far superior to all the drugs of the doctors.

But the obdurate captor had said more than he meant. Francis was kept as closely confined as ever. And insult was

added to indignity by the emperor's reception of the Constable Bourbon, a traitorous subject of France, whom Charles received with the highest honors which a monarch could show his noblest visitor, and whom he made his general-in-chief in Italy. This act had a most serious result, which may here be briefly described. In 1527 Bourbon made an assault on Rome, with an army largely composed of Lutherans from Germany, and took it by assault, he being killed on the walls. There followed a sack of the great city which had not been surpassed in brutality by the Vandals themselves, and for months Rome lay in the hands of a barbarous soldiery, who plundered and destroyed without stint or mercy.

What Charles mainly insisted upon and Francis most indignantly refused was the cession of Burgundy to the German empire. He was willing to yield on all other points, but bitterly refused to dismember his kingdom. He would yield all claim to territory in Italy and the Netherlands, would pay a large sum in ransom, and would make other concessions, but Burgundy was part of France, and Burgundy he would not give up.

In the end Francis, in deep despair, took steps towards resigning his crown to his son, the dauphin. A plot for his escape was also formed, which filled Charles with the fear that a second effort might succeed. In dread that, through seeking too much, he might lose all, he finally agreed upon a compromise in regard to Burgundy, Francis consenting to yield it, but not until after he was set at liberty. The treaty included many other articles, most of them severe and rigorous, while Francis agreed to leave his sons, the dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, in the emperor's hands as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty. This treaty was signed at Madrid, January 14, 1526. By it Charles believed that he had effectually humbled his rival, and weakened him so that he could never regain any great power. In this the statesmen of the day did not agree

with him, as they were not ready to believe that the king of France would live up to conditions of such severity, forced from him under constraint.

The treaty signed, the two monarchs seemed to become at once the best of friends. They often appeared together in public; they had long conferences in private; they travelled in the same litter and joined in the same amusements; the highest confidence and affection seemed to exist between them. Yet this love was all a false show—Francis still distrusted the emperor, and Charles still had him watched like a prisoner.

In about a month the ratification of the treaty was brought from France, and Francis set out from Madrid with the first true emotions of joy which he had felt for a year. He was escorted by a body of horse under Alarcon, who, when the frontiers of France were reached, guarded him as scrupulously as ever. On arriving at the banks of the Andaye River, which there separated the two kingdoms, Lautrec appeared on the opposite bank, with a guard of horse equal to that of Alarcon. An empty bark was moored in mid-stream. The cavalry drew up in order on each bank. Lannoy, with eight gentlemen and the king, put off in a boat from the Spanish side of the stream. Lautrec did the same from the French side, bringing with him the dauphin and the Duke of Orleans. The two parties met in the empty vessel, where in a moment the exchange was made, Francis embracing his sons and then handing them over as hostages. Leaping into Lautrec's boat, he was quickly on the soil of France.

Mounting a Barbary horse which awaited him, the freed captive waved his hand triumphantly over his head, shouted joyfully several times, "I am yet a king!" and galloped away at full speed for Bayonne. He had been held in captivity for a year and twenty-two days.

Our tale of the captivity of the king ends here, but the consequences of that captivity must be told. A league was immediately afterwards formed against Charles, named the

Holy League, from the Pope being at its head. The nobles of Burgundy refused to be handed over to the imperial realm, and an assembly called by Francis absolved him from his oath to keep the treaty of Madrid. Francis, bewailing his lack of power to do what he had promised in regard to Burgundy, offered to pay the emperor two millions of crowns instead. In short, Charles had overreached himself through his stringency to a captive rival, and lost all through his eagerness to obtain too much.

Ten years afterwards the relations between the two monarchs were in a measure reversed. A rebellion had broken out in Flanders which needed the immediate presence of Charles, and, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he wished to go through France. His counsellors at Madrid looked upon such a movement as fatally rash; but Charles persisted, feeling that he knew the character of Francis better than they. The French king was ready enough to grant the permission asked, and looked upon the occasion as an opportunity to show his rival how kings should deal with their royal neighbors.

Charles was received with an ostentatious welcome, each town entertaining him with all the magnificence it could display. He was presented with the keys of the gates, the prisoners were set at liberty, and he was shown all the honor due to the sovereign of the country itself. The emperor, though impatient to continue his journey, remained six days in Paris, where all things possible were done to render his visit a pleasant one. Had Francis listened to the advice of some of his ministers, he would have seized and held prisoner the incautious monarch who had so long kept him in captivity. But the confidence of the emperor was not misplaced; no consideration could induce the high-minded French king to violate his plighted word, or make him believe that Charles would fail to carry out certain promises he had made. He forgot for the time how he had dealt with his own compacts, but Charles remembered, and was no sooner out of France

than all his promises faded from his mind, and Francis learned that he was not the only king who could enter into engagements which he had no intention to fulfil.

CHAPTER XXIII
The Invasion of Africa

As Italy was invaded by Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Great Captain, so Africa was invaded by Cardinal Ximenes, the Great Churchman, one of the ablest men who ever appeared in Spain, despite the fact that he made a dreadful bonfire of thousands of Arabian manuscripts in the great square of Granada. The greater part of these were copies of the Koran, but many of them were of high scientific and literary value, and impossible to replace. Yet, while thus engaged in a work fitted for an unlettered barbarian, Ximenes was using his large revenues to found the University of Alcala, the greatest educational institution in Spain, and was preparing his famous polyglot Bible, for which the rarest manuscripts were purchased, without regard to cost, that the Scriptures might be shown at one view in their various ancient languages. To indicate the cost of this work, it is said that he paid four thousand golden crowns for seven manuscripts, which came too late to be of use in the work. It is strange, under these circumstances, that he failed to preserve the valuable part of the Arabian manuscripts.

The vast labors undertaken by Ximenes at home did not keep him from enterprises abroad. He was filled with a burning zeal for the propagation of the Catholic faith, formed plans for a crusade to the Holy Land, and organized a remarkably successful expedition against the Moslems of Africa. It is of the latter that we desire to speak.

Soon after the death of Isabella, Mazalquivir, a nest of pirates on the Barbary coast, had been captured by an expedition

organized by the energetic Ximenes. He quickly set in train a more difficult enterprise, one directed against Oran, a Moorish city of twenty thousand inhabitants, strongly fortified, with a large commerce, and the haunt of a swarm of piratical cruisers. The Spanish king had no money and little heart for this enterprise, but that did not check the enthusiastic cardinal, who offered to loan all the sums needed, and to take full charge of the expedition, leading it himself, if the king pleased. Ferdinand made no objection to this, being quite willing to make conquests at some one else's expense, and the cardinal set to work.

It is not often that an individual can equip an army, but Ximenes had a great income of his own and had the resources of the Church at his back. By the close of the spring of 1509 he had made ready a fleet of ten galleys and eighty smaller vessels, and assembled an army of four thousand horse and ten thousand foot, fully supplied with provisions and military stores for a four months' campaign. Such was the energy and activity of a man whose life, until a few years before, had been spent in the solitude of the cloister and in the quiet practices of religion, and who was now an infirm invalid of more than seventy years of age.

The nobles thwarted his plans, and mocked at the idea of "a monk fighting the battles of Spain." The soldiers had little taste for fighting under a father of the Church, "while the Great Captain was left to stay at home and count his beads like a hermit." The king threw cold water on the enterprise. But the spirit and enthusiasm of the old monk triumphed over them all, and on the 16th of May the fleet weighed anchor, reaching the port of Mazalquivir on the following day. Oran, the goal of the expedition, lay about a league away.

As soon as the army was landed and drawn up in line, Ximenes mounted his mule and rode along its front, dressed in his priestly robes, but with a sword by his side. A group of friars followed, also with monastic garbs and weapons of war.

The cardinal, ascending a rising ground, made an animated address to the soldiers, rousing their indignation by speaking of the devastation of the coast of Spain by the Moslems, and awakening their cupidity by dwelling on the golden spoil to be found in the rich city of Oran. He concluded by saying that he had come to peril his own life in the service of the cross and lead them in person to battle.

The officers now crowded around the warlike old monk and earnestly begged him not to expose his sacred person to the hazards of the fight, saying that his presence would do more harm than good, as the men might be distracted from the work before them by attending to his personal safety. This last argument moved the warlike cardinal, who, with much reluctance, consented to keep in the rear and leave the command of the army to its military leader, Count Pedro Navarro.

The day was now far advanced. Beacon-fires on the hill-tops showed that the country was in alarm. Dark groups of Moorish soldiers could be seen on the summit of the ridge that lay between Oran and Mazalquivir, and which it would be necessary to take before the city could be reached. The men were weary with the labors of landing, and needed rest and refreshment, and Navarro deemed it unsafe to attempt anything more that day; but the energetic prelate bade him "to go forward in God's name," and orders to advance were at once given.

Silently the Spanish troops began to ascend the steep sides of the acclivity. Fortunately for them, a dense mist had arisen, which rolled down the skirts of the hills and filled the valley through which they moved. As soon as they left its cover and were revealed to the Moors a shower of balls and arrows greeted them, followed by a desperate charge down the hill. But the Spanish infantry, with their deep ranks and long pikes, moved on unbroken by the assault, while Navarro opened with a battery of heavy guns on the flank of the enemy.

Thrown into disorder by the deadly volleys, the Moors began to give ground, and, pressed upon heavily by the Spanish spearsmen, soon broke into flight. The Spaniards hotly pursued, breaking rank in their eagerness in a way that might have proved fatal but for the panic of the Moors, who had lost all sense of discipline. The hill-top was reached, and down its opposite slope poured the Spaniards, driving the fleeing Moors. Not far before them rose the walls of Oran. The fleet had anchored before the city and was vigorously cannonading it, being answered with equal spirit by sixty pieces of artillery on the fortifications. Such were the excitement and enthusiasm of the soldiers that they forgot weariness and disregarded obstacles. In swift pursuit they followed the scattering Moors, and in a brief time were close to the walls, defended by a deeply discouraged garrison.

The Spaniards had brought few ladders, but in the intense excitement and energy of the moment no obstacle deterred them. Planting their long pikes against the walls, or thrusting them into the crevices between the stones, they clambered up with remarkable dexterity—a feat which they were utterly unable to repeat the next day, when they tried it in cold blood.

A weak defence was made, and the ramparts soon swarmed with Spanish soldiers. Sousa, the captain of the cardinal's guard, was the first to gain the summit, where he unfurled the banner of Ximenes—the cross on one side and the cardinal's arms on the other. Six other banners soon floated from the walls, and the soldiers, leaping down into the streets, gained and threw open the gates. In streamed the army, sweeping all opposition before it. Resistance and flight were alike unavailing. Houses and mosques were tumultuously entered, no mercy being shown, no regard for age or sex, the soldiers abandoning themselves to the brutal license and ferocity common to the wars of that epoch.

In vain Navarro sought to check his brutal troops; they

were beyond control; the butchery never ceased until, gorged with the food and wine found in the houses, the worn-out soldiers flung themselves down in the streets and squares to sleep. Four thousand Moors had been slain in the brief assault, and perhaps twice that number were taken prisoners. The city of Oran, that morning an opulent and prosperous community, was at night a ruined and captive city, with its ferocious conquerors sleeping amidst their slaughtered victims.

It was an almost incredible victory, considering the rapidity with which it had been achieved. On the morning of the 16th the fleet of transports had set sail from Spain. On the night of the 17th the object of the expedition was fully accomplished, the army being in complete possession of Oran, a strongly manned and fortified city, taken almost without loss. Ximenes, to whose warlike enthusiasm this remarkable victory was wholly due, embarked in his galley the next morning and sailed along the city's margin, his soul swelling with satisfaction at his wonderful success. On landing, the army hailed him as the true victor of Oran, a wave of acclamations following him as he advanced to the alcazar, where the keys of the fortress were put into his hands. A few hours after the surrender of the city a powerful reinforcement arrived for its relief, but on learning of its loss the disconcerted Moors retired. Had the attack been deferred to the next day, as Navarro proposed, it would probably have failed. The people of Spain ascribed the victory to inspiration from heaven; but the only inspiration lay in the impetuous energy and enthusiasm of the cardinal. Yet at that period it was by no means uncommon to invent stories of miracles, and it is soberly asserted that the sun stood still for several hours while the action went on, Heaven repeating the miracle of Joshua, and halting the solar orb in its career, that more of the heathen might be slaughtered. The greatest miracle of all would have been had the sun stood still nowhere else than over the fated

city of Oran.

It may not be amiss to add to this narrative an account of a second expedition against Africa, made by Charles V. some thirty years later, in which Heaven failed to come to the aid of Spain, and whose termination was as disastrous as that of the expedition of Ximenes had been fortunate.

It was the city of Algiers that Charles set out to reduce, and, though the season was late and it was the time of the violent autumnal winds, he persisted in his purpose in spite of the advice of experienced mariners. The expedition consisted of twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse, with a large body of noble volunteers. The storms came as promised and gave the army no small trouble in its voyage, but at length, with much difficulty and danger, the troops were landed on the coast near Algiers and advanced at once upon the town.

Hascan, the Moorish leader, had only about six thousand men to oppose to the large Spanish army, and had little hope of a successful resistance by force of arms. But in this case Heaven—if we admit its interference at all—came to the aid of the Moors. On the second day after landing, and before operations had fairly begun, the clouds gathered and the skies grew threatening. Towards evening rain began to fall and a fierce wind arose. During the night a violent tempest swept the camp, and the soldiers, who were without tents or shelter of any kind, were soon in a deplorable state. Their camp, which was in a low situation, was quickly overflowed by the pouring rains, and the ground became ankle deep in mud. No one could lie down, while the wind blew so furiously that they could only stand by thrusting their spears into the ground and clinging to them. About day-dawn they were attacked by the vigilant Hascan, and a considerable number of them killed before the enemy was forced to retire.

Bad as the night had been, the day proved more disastrous still. The tempest continued, its force increasing, and the sea, roused to its utmost fury by the winds, made sad havoc of the

ships. They were torn from their anchorage, flung violently together, beat to pieces on the rocks, and driven ashore, while many sank bodily in the waves. In less than an hour fifteen war-vessels and a hundred and forty transports were wrecked and eight thousand men had perished, those of the crews who reached shore being murdered by the Moors as soon as they touched land.

It was with anguish and astoundment that the emperor witnessed this wreck of all his hopes, the great stores which he had collected for subsistence and military purposes being in one fatal hour buried in the depths of the sea. At length the wind began to fall, and some hopes arose that vessels enough might have escaped to carry the distressed army back to Europe. But darkness was again at hand, and a second night of suspense and misery was passed. In the morning a boat reached land with a messenger from Andrew Doria, the admiral of the fleet, who sent word that in fifty years of maritime life he had never seen so frightful a storm, and that he had been forced to bear away with his shattered ships to Cape Metafuz, whither he advised the emperor to march with all speed, as the skies were still threatening and the tempest might be renewed.

The emperor was now in a fearful quandary. Metafuz was at least three days' march away. All the food that had been brought ashore was consumed. The soldiers, worn out with fatigue, were in no condition for such a journey. Yet it was impossible to stay where they were. There was no need of deliberation; no choice was left; their only hope of safety lay in instant movement.

The sick, wounded, and feeble were placed in the centre, the stronger in front and rear, and the disastrous march began. Some of the men could hardly bear the weight of their arms; others, worn out with toiling through the nearly impassable roads, lay down and died; many perished from hunger and exhaustion, there being no food but roots and berries

gathered by the way and the flesh of horses killed by the emperor's order; many were drowned in the streams, swollen by the severe rains; many were killed by the enemy, who followed and harassed them throughout the march. The late gallant army was a bedraggled and miserable fragment when the survivors at length reached Metafuz. Fortunately the storm was at an end, and they were able to obtain from the ships the provisions of which they stood so sorely in need.

The calamities which attended this unlucky expedition were not yet at an end. No sooner had the soldiers embarked than a new storm arose, less violent than the former, but sufficient to scatter the ships to right and left, some making port in Spain, some in Italy, all seeking such harbors of refuge as they could find. The emperor, after passing through great perils, was driven to the port of Bugia in Africa, where contrary winds held him prisoner for several weeks. He at length reached Spain, to find the whole land in dismay at the fate of the gallant expedition, which had set out with such high hopes of success. To the end of his reign Charles V. had no further aspirations for conquest in Africa.

CHAPTER XXIV
An Emperor Retired from Business

In October of the year 1555 a strange procession passed through a rugged and hilly region of Spain. At its head rode an alcalde with a posse of alguazils. Next came a gouty old man in a horse-litter, like a prisoner in the hands of a convoy of officers of justice. A body of horsemen followed, and in the rear toiled onward a long file of baggage-mules.

As the train advanced into the more settled regions of the country it became evident that the personage thus convoyed was not a prisoner, but a person of the highest consequence. On each side of the road the people assembled to see him pass, with a show of deep respect. At the towns along the route the great lords of the neighborhood gathered in his honor, and in the cities the traveller was greeted by respectful deputations of officials. When Burgos was approached the great constable of Castile, with a strong retinue of attendants, came to meet him, and when he passed through the illuminated streets of that city the bells rang out in merry peals, while enthusiastic people filled the streets.

It was not a prisoner to the law, but a captive to gout, who thus passed in slow procession through the lands and cities of Spain. It was the royal Charles, King of Spain and the Netherlands, Emperor of Germany, and magnate of America, at that time the greatest monarch in Europe, lord of a realm greater than that of Charlemagne, who made his way with this small following and in this simple manner through the heart of his Spanish dominions. He had done what few kings have done before or since, voluntarily thrown off his crown in the

height of his power—weary of reigning, surfeited with greatness—and retired to spend the remainder of his life in privacy, to dwell far from the pomp of courts in a simple community of monks.

The next principal halting-place of the retired monarch was the city of Valladolid, once the capital of the kingdom and still a rich and splendid place, adorned with stately public buildings and the palaces of great nobles. Here he remained for some time resting from his journey, his house thronged with visitors of distinction. Among these, one day, came the court fool. Charles touched his cap to him.

"Welcome, brother," said the jester; "do you raise your hat to me because you are no longer emperor?"

"No," answered Charles, "but because this sorry courtesy is all I have left to give you."

On quitting Valladolid Charles seemed to turn his back finally on the world, with all its pomps and vanities. Before leaving he took his last dinner in public, and bade an affectionate farewell to his sisters, his daughter, and his grandson, who had accompanied him thus far in his journey. A large train of nobles and cavaliers rode with him to the gates of the city, where he courteously dismissed them, and moved onward attended only by his simple train.

"Heaven be praised!" said the world-weary monarch, as he came nearer his place of retreat; "after this no more visits of ceremony, no more receptions!"

But he was not yet rid of show and ostentation. Spending the night at Medina del Campo, at the house of a rich banker named Rodrigo de Dueñas, the latter, by way of display, warmed the emperor's room with a brazier of pure gold, in which, in place of common fuel, sticks of cinnamon were burned. Neither the perfume nor the ostentation was agreeable to Charles, and on leaving the next morning he punished his over-officious host by refusing to permit him to kiss his hand, and by causing him to be paid for the night's lodging

like a common inn-keeper.

This was not the first time that cinnamon had been burned in the emperor's chamber. The same was done by the Fuggers, the famous bankers of Germany, who had loaned Charles large sums for his expedition against Tunis, and entertained him at their house on his return. In this case the emperor was not offended by the odor of cinnamon, since it was modified by a different and more agreeable perfume. The bankers, grateful to Charles for breaking up a pestilent nest of Barbary pirates, threw the receipts for the money they had loaned him into the fire, turning their gold into ashes in his behalf. This was a grateful sacrifice to the emperor, whose war-like enterprises consumed more money than he could readily command.

The vicinity of Yuste was reached late in November. Here resided a community of Jeronymite monks, in whose monastery he proposed to pass the remainder of his days. There were two roads by which it could be reached—one an easy, winding highway, the other a rugged mountain-pass. But by the latter four days would be saved, and Charles, tired of the long journey, determined to take it, difficult as it might prove.

He had been warned against the mountain pathway, and found it fully as formidable as he had been told. A body of hardy rustics were sent ahead, with pikes, shovels, and other implements, to clear the way. But it was choked here and there with fallen stones and trunks of trees which they were unable to move. In some localities the path wound round dizzy precipices, where a false step would have been fatal. To any traveller it would have been very difficult; to the helpless emperor it was frightfully dangerous. The peasants carried the litter; in bad parts of the way the emperor was transferred to his chair; in very perilous places the vigorous peasants carried him in their arms.

Several hours of this hard toil passed before they reached the summit. As they emerged from the dark defiles of the

Puerto Nuevo—now known as "The Emperor's Pass"—Charles exclaimed, "It is the last pass I shall go through in this world, save that of death."

The descent was much more easy, and soon the gray walls of Yuste, half hidden in chestnut-groves, came in sight. Yet it was three months before the traveller reached there, for the apartments preparing for him were far from ready, and he had to wait throughout the winter in the vicinity, in a castle of the Count of Oropesa, and in the midst of an almost continual downpour of rain, which turned the roads to mire, the country almost to a swamp, and the mountains to vapor-heaps. The threshold of his new home was far from an agreeable one.

Charles V. had long contemplated the step he had thus taken. He was only fifty-five years of age, but he had become an old man at fifty, and was such a victim to the gout as to render his life a constant torment and the duties of royalty too heavy to be borne. So, taking a resolution which few monarchs have taken before or since, he gave up his power and resolved to spend the remainder of his life in such quiet and peace as a retired monastery would give. Spain and its subject lands he transferred to his son Philip, who was to gain both fame and infamy as Philip II. He did his best, also, to transfer the imperial crown of Germany to his fanatical and heartless heir, but his brother Ferdinand, who was in power there, would not consent, and he was obliged to make Ferdinand emperor of Germany, and break in two the vast dominion which he had controlled.

Charles had only himself to thank for his gout. Like many a man in humbler life, he had abused the laws of nature until they had avenged themselves upon him. The pleasures of the table with him far surpassed those of intellectual or business pursuits. He had an extraordinary appetite, equal to that of any royal gourmand of whom history speaks, and, while leaving his power behind him, he brought this enemy with him into his retirement.

We are told by a Venetian envoy at his court, in the latter part of his reign, that, while still in bed in the morning, he was served with potted capon, prepared with sugar, milk, and spices, and then went to sleep again. At noon a meal of various dishes was served him, and another after vespers. In the evening he supped heartily on anchovies, of which he was particularly fond, or some other gross and savory food. His cooks were often at their wits' end to devise some new dish, rich and highly seasoned enough to satisfy his appetite, and his perplexed purveyor one day, knowing Charles's passion for timepieces, told him "that he really did not know what new dish he could prepare him, unless it were a fricassée of watches."

Charles drank as heartily as he ate. His huge repasts were washed down with potations proportionately large. Iced beer was a favorite beverage, with which he began on rising and kept up during the day. By way of a stronger potation, Rhenish wine was much to his taste. Roger Ascham, who saw him on St. Andrew's day dining at the feast of the Golden Fleece, tells us: "He drank the best that I ever saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish."

It was this over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table that brought the emperor to Yuste. His physician warned him in vain. His confessor wasted admonitions on his besetting sin. Sickness and suffering vainly gave him warning to desist. Indigestion troubled him; bilious disorders brought misery to his overworked stomach. At length came gout, the most terrible of his foes. This enemy gave him little rest day or night. The man who had hunted in the mountains for days without fatigue, who had kept the saddle day and night in his campaigns, who had held his own in the lists with the best knights of Europe, was now a miserable cripple, carried, wherever he went, in the litter of an invalid.

One would have thought that, in his monastic retreat,

Charles would cease to indulge in gastronomic excesses, but the retired emperor, with little else to think of, gave as much attention to his appetite as ever. Yuste was kept in constant communication with the rest of the world on matters connected with the emperor's table. He was especially fond of fish and all the progeny of the water—eels, frogs, oysters, and the like. The trout of the neighborhood were too small for his liking, so he had larger ones sent from a distance. Potted fish—anchovies in particular—were favorite viands. Eel pasty appealed strongly to his taste. Soles, lampreys, flounders reached his kitchen from Seville and Portugal. The country around supplied pork, mutton, and game. Sausages were sent him from a distance; olives were brought from afar, as those near at hand were not to his liking. Presents of sweetmeats and confectionery were sent him by ladies who remembered his ancient tastes. In truth, Charles, tortured with gout, did everything he well could to favor its attacks.

The retired emperor, though he made a monastery his abode, had no idea of living like a monk. His apartments were richly furnished and hung with handsome tapestry, and every attention was paid to his personal comfort. Rich carpets, canopies of velvet, sofas and chairs of carved walnut, seats amply garnished with cushions for the ease of his tender joints, gave a luxurious aspect to his retirement. His wardrobe contained no less than sixteen robes of silk and velvet, lined with ermine, eider-down, or the soft hair of the Barbary goat. He could not endure cold weather, and had fireplaces and chimneys constructed in every room, usually keeping his apartments almost at furnace heat, much to the discomfort of his household. With all this, and his wrappings of fur and eider-down, he would often be in a shiver and complain that he was chilled to the bone.

His table was richly provided with plate, its service being of silver, as were also the articles of the toilet, the basins, pitchers, and other utensils of his bed-chamber. With these

were articles of pure gold, valuable for their curious workmanship. He had brought with him many jewels of value, and a small but choice collection of paintings, some of them among the noblest masterpieces of art. Among them were eight gems from the hand of Titian. These were hung in rich frames around his rooms. He was no reader, and had brought few books, his whole library comprising but thirty-one volumes, and these mostly religious works, such as psalters, missals, breviaries, and the like. There was some little science and some little history, but the work which chiefly pleased him was a French poem, "Le Chevalier Délibéré," then popular, which celebrated the exploits of the house of Burgundy, and especially of Charles the Bold.

And now it comes in place to say something of how Charles employed himself at Yuste, aside from eating and drinking and shivering in his chimney corner. The mode in which a monarch retired from business passes his time cannot be devoid of interest. He by no means gave up his attention to the affairs of the realm, but kept himself well informed in all that was going on, sometimes much to his annoyance, since blunders were made that gave him a passing desire to be again at the head of affairs. In truth, two years after his retirement, the public concerns got into such a snarl that Philip earnestly sought to induce the emperor to leave his retreat and aid him with his ripened experience. This Charles utterly refused to do. He had had his fill of politics. It was much less trouble to run a household than a nation. But he undertook to do what he could to improve the revenues of the crown. Despatches about public affairs were brought to him constantly, and his mental thermometer went up or down as things prospered or the reverse. But he was not to be tempted to plunge again into the turbulent tide of public affairs.

Charles had other and more humble duties to occupy his time. His paroxysms of gout came only at intervals, and in the periods between he kept himself engaged. He had a taste for

mechanics, and among his attendants was an Italian named Torriano, a man of much ingenuity, who afterwards constructed the celebrated hydraulic works at Toledo. He was a skilful clock-maker, and, as Charles took a special interest in timepieces, his assistant furnished his apartments with a series of elaborate clocks. One of these was so complicated that its construction occupied more than three years, every detail of the work being curiously watched by Charles. Watches were then of recent invention, yet there were a number of them at Yuste, made by Torriano.

The attempt to make his clocks keep time together is said to have been one of the daily occupations of the retired emperor, and the adjustment of his clocks and watches gave him so much trouble that he is said to have one day remarked that it was absurd to try and make men think alike, when, do what he would, he could not make two of his timepieces agree.

He often amused himself with Torriano in making little puppets—soldiers that would go through their exercises, dancing tambourine-girls, etc. It is even asserted that they constructed birds that would fly in and out of the window, a story rather difficult to accept. The monks began to look upon Torriano as a professor of magic when he invented a handmill small enough to be hidden in a friar's sleeve, yet capable of grinding enough meal in a day to last a man for a week.

The emperor was very fond of music, particularly devotional music, and was a devotee in religious exercises, spending much of his time in listening to the addresses of the chaplains, and observing the fasts and festivals of the Church. His fondness for fish made the Lenten season anything but a period of penance for him.

He went on, indeed, eating and drinking as he would; and his disease went on growing and deepening, until at length the shadow of death lay heavy on the man whose religion did not include temperance in its precepts. During 1558 he grew

steadily weaker, and on the 21st of September the final day came; his eyes quietly closed and life fled from his frame.

Yuste, famous as the abiding-place of Charles in his retirement, remained unmolested in the subsequent history of the country until 1810, when a party of French dragoons, foraging near by, found the murdered body of one of their comrades not far from the monastery gates. Sure in their minds that the monks had killed him, they broke in, dispersed the inmates, and set the buildings on fire. The extensive pile of edifices continued to burn for eight days, no one seeking to quench the flames. On the ninth the ancient monastery was left a heap of ashes, only the church remaining, and, protected by it, the palace of Charles.

In 1820 a body of neighboring insurgents entered and defaced the remaining buildings, carrying off everything they could find of value and turning the church into a stable. Some of the monks returned, but in 1837 came an act suppressing the convents, and the poor Jeronymites were finally turned adrift. To-day the palace of Charles V. presents only desolate and dreary chambers, used as magazines for grain and olives. So passes away the glory of the world.

CHAPTER XXV
The Fate of a Reckless Prince

In 1568 died Don Carlos, Prince of Asturias, the son of Philip II. of Spain; and in the same year died Isabella of Valois, the young and beautiful queen of the Spanish monarch. Legend has connected the names of Carlos and Isabella, and a mystery hangs over them which research has failed to dispel. Their supposed love, their untimely fate, and the suspicion that their death was due to the jealousy of the king, have proved a prolific theme for fiction, and the story of the supposed unhappy fate of the two has passed from the domain of history into that of romance and the drama, there being more than one fine play based on the loves and misfortunes of Carlos and Isabella. But sober history tells nothing of the kind, and it is with history that we are here concerned.

Carlos, the heir of the throne of Spain, was born in 1545. He was a bold, headstrong boy, reckless in disposition, fond of manly exercises, generous to a fault, fearless of heart, and passionately desirous of a military life. In figure he was deformed, one shoulder being higher and one leg longer than the other, while his chest was flat and his back slightly humped. His features were not unhandsome, though very pale, and he spoke with some difficulty. He was feeble and sickly as a boy, subject to intermittent fever, and wasted away so greatly that it seemed as if he would not live to manhood.

Such were the mental and physical characteristics of the princely youth who while still young was betrothed by treaty to the beautiful French princess Isabella of Valois. The marriage was not destined to take place. Before the treaty was

ratified, Queen Mary of England, Philip's wife, died, and his name was substituted for that of his son in the marriage treaty. The wedding ceremony took place at Toledo, in February, 1560, and was celebrated with great splendor. Carlos was present, and may have felt some resentment at being robbed by his father of this beautiful bride. Romantic historians tell us that Isabella felt a tender sentiment for him, a very unlikely statement in view of the fact that he was at that time a sickly, ill-favored boy of only fourteen years of age. Shortly after the marriage Carlos was formally recognized as heir to the crown.

Two years afterwards a serious accident occurred. In descending a flight of stairs the boy slipped and fell headlong, injuring his head so severely that his life was despaired of. His head swelled to an enormous size; he became delirious and totally blind; examination showed that his skull was fractured; a part of the bone was removed, but no relief was obtained. All the arts of the doctors of that day were tried in vain, but the boy got no better. Processions were made to the churches, prayers were offered, and pilgrimages were vowed, all without avail. Then more radical means were tried. The mouldering bones of a holy Franciscan, who had died a hundred years before, and had always been the object of the prince's especial veneration, were taken from their coffin and laid on the boy's bed, and the cloth that had enclosed the dead man's skull was placed on his forehead.

That night, we are gravely told, the dead friar came to Carlos in his sleep, bidding him to "be of good cheer, for he would certainly recover." Soon after, the fever subsided, his head shrank back to its natural size, his sight returned. In two months from the date of the accident he was physically well, his recovery being partly or wholly due to the skill of an Italian surgeon, who trepanned him and by this act restored him to consciousness.

Likely enough the boy was never cured. The blow may have done some permanent injury to his brain. At any rate,

he became strikingly eccentric and reckless, giving way to every mad whim that came into his mind. The stories of his wild doings formed the scandal of Madrid. In 1564 one of his habits was to patrol the streets with a number of young nobles as lawless as himself, attacking the passengers with their swords, kissing the women, and using foul language to ladies of the highest rank.

At that time it was the custom for the young gallants of the court to wear very large boots. Carlos increased the size of his, that he might carry in them a pair of small pistols. Fearing mischief, the king ordered the shoemaker to reduce the size of his son's boots; but when the unlucky son of St. Crispin brought them to the palace, the prince flew into a rage, beat him severely, and then ordered the leather to be cut into pieces and stewed, and forced the shoemaker to swallow it on the spot—or as much of it as he could get down.

These are only a sample of his pranks. He beat his governor, attempted to throw his chamberlain out of the window, and threatened to stab Cardinal Espinosa for banishing a favorite actor from the palace.

One anecdote told of him displays a reckless and whimsical humor. Having need of money, Carlos asked of a merchant, named Grimaldo, a loan of fifteen hundred ducats. The money-lender readily consented, thanked the prince for the compliment, and, in the usual grandiloquent vein of Castilian courtesy, told Carlos that all he had was at his disposal.

"I am glad to learn that," answered the prince. "You may make the loan, then, one hundred thousand ducats."

Poor Grimaldo was thunderstruck. He tremblingly protested that it was impossible—he had not the money. "It would ruin my credit," he declared. "What I said were only words of compliment."

"You have no right to bandy compliments with princes," Don Carlos replied. "I take you at your word. If you do not, in

twenty-four hours, pay over the money to the last real, you shall have bitter cause to rue it."

The unhappy Grimaldo knew not what to do. Carlos was persistent. It took much negotiation to induce the prince to reduce the sum to sixty thousand ducats, which the merchant raised and paid—with a malediction on all words of compliment. The money flew like smoke from the prince's hands, he being quite capable of squandering the revenues of a kingdom. He lived in the utmost splendor, and was lavish with all who came near him, saying, in support of his gifts and charities, "Who will give if princes do not?"

The mad excesses of the prince, his wild defiance of decency and decorum, were little to the liking of his father, who surrounded the young man with agents whom he justly looked upon as spies, and became wilder in his conduct in consequence. Offers of marriage were made from abroad. Catharine de Médicis proposed the hand of a younger sister of Isabella. The emperor of Germany pressed for a union with his daughter Anne, the cousin of Carlos. Philip agreed to the latter, but deferred the marriage. He married Anne himself after the death of Carlos, making her his fourth wife. Thus both the princesses intended for the son became the brides of the father.

The trouble between Carlos and his father steadily grew. The prince was now twenty-one years of age, and, in his eagerness for a military life, wished to take charge of affairs in the Netherlands, then in rebellion against Spain. On learning that the Duke of Alva was to be sent thither, Carlos said to him, "You are not to go there; I will go myself."

The efforts of the duke to soothe him only irritated him, and in the end he drew his dagger and exclaimed, "You shall not go; if you do I will kill you."

A struggle followed, the prince making violent efforts to stab the duke. It only ended when a chamberlain came in and rescued Alva. This outrage on his minister doubled the

feeling of animosity between father and son, and they grew so hostile that they ceased to speak, though living in the same palace.

The next escapade of Carlos brought matters to a crisis. He determined to fly from Spain and seek a more agreeable home in Germany or the Netherlands. As usual, he had no money, and he tried to obtain funds by demanding loans from different cities—a reckless process which at once proclaimed that he had some mad design in mind. He went further than this, saying to his confidants that "he wished to kill a man with whom he had a quarrel." This purpose he confessed to a priest, and demanded absolution. The priest refused this startling request, and as the prince persisted in his sanguinary purpose, a conclave of sixteen theologians was called together to decide what action it was advisable to take in so extraordinary a case.

After a debate on the subject, one of them asked Carlos the name of his enemy. The prince calmly replied—

"My father is the person. I wish to take his life."

This extraordinary declaration, in which the mad prince persisted, threw the conclave into a state of the utmost consternation. On breaking up, they sent a messenger to the king, then at the Escorial Palace, and made him acquainted with the whole affair. This story, if it is true, seems to indicate that the prince was insane.

His application to the cities for funds was in a measure successful. By the middle of January, 1568, his agents brought him in a hundred and fifty thousand ducats—a fourth of the sum he had demanded. On the 17th he sent an order to Don Ramon de Tassis, director-general of the posts, demanding that eight horses should be provided for him that evening. Tassis, suspecting something wrong, sent word that the horses were all out. Carlos repeated his order in a peremptory manner, and the postmaster now sent all the horses out, and proceeded with the news to the king at the Escorial. Philip

immediately returned to Madrid, where, the next morning, Carlos attacked his uncle, Don John of Austria, with a drawn sword, because the latter refused to repeat a conversation he had had with the king.

For some time Carlos had slept with the utmost precautions, as if he feared an attack upon his life. His sword and dagger lay ready by his bedside, and he kept a loaded musket within reach. He had also a bolt constructed in such a manner that, by aid of pulleys, he could fasten or unfasten the door of his chamber while in bed. All this was known to Philip, and he ordered the mechanic who had made it to derange the mechanism so that it would not work. To force a way into the chamber of a man like Carlos might not have been safe.

At the hour of eleven that night the king came downstairs, wearing armor on his body and a helmet on his head. With him were the Duke of Feria, captain of the guard, several other lords, and twelve guardsmen. They quietly entered the chamber of the prince, and the duke, stealing to the bedside, secured the sword, dagger, and musket which lay there.

The noise now wakened Carlos, who sprang up, demanding who was there.

"It is the council of state," answered the duke.

On hearing this the prince leaped from the bed, uttering threats and imprecations, and endeavored to seize his arms. Philip, who had prudently kept in the background until the weapons were secured, now advanced and bade his son to return to bed and keep quiet.

"What does your majesty want of me?" demanded the prince.

"You will soon learn," Philip harshly replied.

He then gave orders that the windows and doors of the room should be strongly secured and the keys brought to him. Every article of furniture, even the andirons, with which violence might have been done, was removed from the room. The king then appointed Feria keeper of the prince, and bade

the other nobles to serve him, with due respect, saying that he would hold them as traitors if they permitted him to escape.

"Your majesty had better kill me than keep me a prisoner," exclaimed Carlos. "It will be a great scandal to the kingdom. If you do not kill me I will kill myself."

"You will do no such thing," answered Philip. "That would be the act of a madman."

"Your majesty," replied the prince, "treats me so ill that you drive me to this extremity. I am not mad, but you drive me to despair."

Other words passed, and on the withdrawal of the king the voice of Carlos was so broken by sobs that his words could scarcely be heard. That night the Duke of Feria and two other lords remained in the prince's room—now his prison. Each succeeding night two of the six appointed lords performed this duty. They were not allowed to wear their swords in the presence of the prince, but his meat was cut up before serving, as no knife was permitted to be used at his meals. A guard was stationed in the passage without, and, as the prince could not look from his barricaded windows, he was from that day dead to the world.

The king immediately summoned his council of state and began a process against the prisoner. Though making a show of deep affliction, he was present at all the meetings and listened to all the testimony, which, when written out, formed a heap of paper half a foot thick.

The news of the arrest of Don Carlos made a great sensation in Spain. The wildest rumors were set afloat. Some said that he had tried to kill his father, others that he was plotting rebellion. Many laid all the blame on the king. "Others, more prudent than their neighbors, laid their fingers on their lips and were silent." The affair created almost as much sensation throughout Europe as in Spain. Philip, in his despatches to other courts, spoke in such vague and mysterious language

that it was impossible to tell what he meant, and the most varied surmises were advanced.

Meanwhile, Carlos was kept rigorously confined, so much so that he was not left alone day or night. Of the two nobles in his chamber at night, one was required to keep awake while the other slept. They were permitted to talk with him, but not on political matters nor on the subject of his imprisonment. They were ordered to bring him no messages from without nor receive any from him. No books except devotional ones were allowed him.

If it was the purpose of Philip to end the life of his son by other means than execution he could not have taken better measures. For a young man of his high spirit and fiery temper such strict confinement was maddening. At first he was thrown into a frenzy, and tried more than once to make way with himself. The sullenness of despair succeeded. He grew daily more emaciated, and the malarial fever which had so long affected him now returned in a severe degree. To allay the heat of the fever he would deluge the floor of his chamber with water, and walk for hours with bare feet on the cold floor. He had a warming-pan filled with ice and snow brought him, and kept it for hours at night in his bed. He would drink snow-water in immoderate draughts. In his eating he seemed anxious to break down his strength—now refusing all food for days together, now devouring a pasty of four partridges at a sitting, washing it down with three gallons or more of iced water.

That he was permitted to indulge in such caprices seems to indicate that Philip wished him to kill himself. No constitution, certainly not so weak a one as that of Carlos, could long withstand these excesses. His stomach refused to perform its duty; severe vomiting attacked him; dysentery set in; his strength rapidly failed. The expected end came on the 24th of July, six months after the date of his imprisonment, death releasing the prince from the misery of his unhappy lot.

One writer tells us that it was hastened by a strong purgative dose, administered by his father's orders, and that he was really assassinated. However that be, Philip had little reason to be sorry at the death of his lunatic son. To one of his austere temperament it was probably an easy solution of a difficult problem.

Less than three months passed after the death of Carlos when Isabella followed him to the grave. She was then but twenty-three years old—about the same age as himself. The story was soon set afloat that Philip had murdered both his son and his wife, moved thereto by jealousy; and from this has arisen the romantic story of secret love between the two, with the novels and dramas based thereon. In all probability the story is without foundation. Philip is said to have been warmly loved by his wife, and the poison which carried her away seems to have been the heavy doses of medicine with which the doctors of that day sought to cure a passing illness.

CHAPTER XXVI
Spain's Greatest Victory at Sea

On the 16th of September, 1571, there sailed from the harbor of Messina one of the greatest fleets the Mediterranean had ever borne upon its waves. It consisted of more than three hundred vessels, most of them small, but some of great bulk for that day, carrying forty pieces of artillery. On board these ships were eighty thousand men. Of these, less than thirty thousand were soldiers, for in those days, when war-galleys were moved by oars rather than sails, great numbers of oarsmen were needed. At the head of this powerful armament was Don John of Austria, brother of Philip II., and the ablest naval commander that Spain possessed.

At sunrise on the 7th of October the Christian fleet came in sight, at the entrance to the Bay of Lepanto, on the west of Greece, of the great Turkish armament, consisting of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, with a number of smaller vessels in the rear. On these ships are said to have been not less than one hundred and twenty thousand men. A great battle for the supremacy of Christian or Mohammedan was about to be fought between two of the largest fleets ever seen in the Mediterranean.

For more than a century the Turks had been masters of Constantinople and the Eastern Empire, and had extended their dominion far to the west. The Mediterranean had become a Turkish lake, which the fleets of the Ottoman emperors swept at will. Cyprus had fallen, Malta had sustained a terrible siege, and the coasts of Italy and Spain were exposed to frightful ravages, in which the corsairs of the Barbary states

joined hands with the Turks. France only was exempt, its princes having made an alliance with Turkey, in which they gained safety at the cost of honor.

Spain was the leading opponent of this devastating power. For centuries the Spanish people had been engaged in a bitter crusade against the Moslem forces. The conquest of Granada was followed by descents upon the African coast, the most important of which was the conquest of Tunis by Charles the Fifth in 1535, on which occasion ten thousand Christian captives were set free from a dreadful bondage. An expedition against Tripoli in 1559, however, ended in disaster, the Turks and the Moors continued triumphant at sea, and it was not until 1571 that the proud Moslem powers received an effectual check.

The great fleet of which Don John of Austria was admiral-in-chief had not come solely from Spain. Genoa had furnished a large number of galleys, under their famous admiral, Andrew Doria—a name to make the Moslems tremble. Venice had added its fleet, and the Papal States had sent a strong contingent of ships. Italy had been suffering from the Turkish fleet, fire and sword had turned the Venetian coasts into a smoking desolation, and this was the answer of Christian Europe to the Turkish menace.

The sight of the Turkish fleet on that memorable 7th of October created instant animation in the Christian armament. Don John hoisted his pennon, ordered the great standard of the league, given by the Pope, to be unfurled, and fired a gun in defiance of the Turks. Some of the commanders doubted the wisdom of engaging the enemy in a position where he had the advantage, but the daring young commander curtly cut short the discussion.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is the time for combat, not for counsel."

Steadily the two fleets approached each other on that quiet sea. The Christian ships extended over a width of three

miles. On the right was Andrew Doria, with sixty-four galleys. The centre, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was commanded by Don John, with Colonna, the captain-general of the Pope, on one flank, and Veniero, the Venetian captain-general, on the other. The left wing, commanded by the noble Venetian Barbarigo, extended as near to the coast of Ætolia as it was deemed safe to venture. The reserve, of thirty-five galleys, was under the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The plan of battle was simple. Don John's orders to his captains were for each to select an adversary, close with him at once, and board as soon as possible.

As the fleet advanced the armament of the Turks came into full view, spread out in half-moon shape over a wider space than that of the allies. The great galleys, with their gilded and brightly painted prows and their myriad of banners and pennons, presented a magnificent spectacle. But the wind, which had thus far favored the Turks, now suddenly shifted and blew in their faces, and the sun, as the day advanced, shone directly in their eyes. The centre of their line was occupied by the huge galley of Ali Pasha, their leader. Their right was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, viceroy of Egypt; their left by Uluch Ali, dey of Algiers, the most redoubtable of the corsair lords of the sea.

The breeze continued light. It was nearly noon when the fleets came face to face. The sun, now nearing the zenith, shone down from a cloudless sky. As yet it seemed like some grand holiday spectacle rather than the coming of a struggle for life or death.

Suddenly the shrill war-cry of the Turks rang out on the air. Their cannon began to play. The firing ran along the line until the whole fleet was engaged. On the Christian side the trumpets rang defiance and the guns answered the Turkish peals. The galeazzas, a number of mammoth war-ships, had been towed a half-mile in advance of the Spanish fleet, and as the Turks came up poured broadsides from their heavy

guns with striking effect, doing considerable damage. But Ali Pasha, not caring to engage these monster craft, opened his lines and passed them by. They had done their work, and took no further part, being too unwieldy to enter into close action.

The battle began on the left. Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, had brought his ships as near the coast as he dared. But Mahomet Sirocco knew the waters better, passed between his ships and the shore, and doubled upon him, bringing the Christian line between two fires. Barbarigo was wounded, eight galleys were sent to the bottom, and several were captured. Yet the Venetians, who hated the Turks with a mortal hatred, fought on with unyielding fury.

Uluch Ali, on the Christian right, tried the same manœuvre. But he had Andrew Doria, the experienced Genoese, to deal with, and his purpose was defeated by a wide extension of the Christian line. It was a trial of skill between the two ablest commanders on the Mediterranean. Doria, by stretching out his line, had weakened his centre, and the corsair captain, with alert decision, fell upon some galleys separated from their companions, sinking several, and carrying off the great Capitana of Malta as a prize.

Thus both on the right and on the left the Christians had the worst of it. The severest struggle was in the centre. Here were the flag-ships of the commanders—the Real, Don John's vessel, flying the holy banner of the League; Ali Pasha displaying the great Ottoman standard, covered with texts from the Koran in letters of gold, and having the name of Allah written upon it many thousands of times.

Both the commanders, young and ardent, burned with desire to meet in mid battle. The rowers urged forward their vessels with an energy that sent them ahead of the rest of their lines, driving them through the foaming water with such force that the pasha's galley, much the larger and loftier of the two, was hurled upon its opponent until its prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. Both vessels groaned and quivered to

their very keels with the shock.

As soon as the vessels could be disengaged the combat began, the pasha opening with a fierce fire of cannon and musketry, which was returned with equal fury and more effect. The Spanish gunners and musketeers were protected by high defences, and much of the Turkish fire went over their heads, while their missiles, poured into the unprotected and crowded crews of Ali's flag-ship, caused terrible loss. But the Turks had much the advantage in numbers, and both sides fought with a courage that made the result a matter of doubt.

The flag-ships were not long left alone. Other vessels quickly gathered round them, and the combat spread fiercely to both sides. The new-comers attacked one another and assailed at every opportunity the two central ships. But the latter, beating off their assailants, clung together with unyielding pertinacity, as if upon them depended the whole issue of the fight.

The complete width of the entrance to the bay of Lepanto was now a scene of mortal combat, though the vessels were so lost under a pall of smoke that none of the combatants could see far to the right or left. The lines, indeed, were broken up into small detachments, each fighting the antagonists in its front, without regard to what was going on elsewhere. The battle was in no sense a grand whole, but a series of separate combats in which the galleys grappled and the soldiers and sailors boarded and fought hand to hand. The slaughter was frightful. In the case of some vessels, it is said, every man on board was killed or wounded, while the blood that flowed from the decks stained the waters of the gulf red for miles.

The left wing of the allies, as has been said, was worsted at the beginning of the fight, its commander receiving a wound which proved mortal. But the Venetians fought on with the courage of despair. In the end they drove back their adversaries and themselves became the assailants, taking

vessel after vessel from the foe. The vessel of Mahomet Sirocco was sunk, and he was slain after escaping death by drowning. His death ended the resistance of his followers. They turned to fly, many of the vessels being run ashore and abandoned and their crews largely perishing in the water.

While victory in this quarter perched on the Christian banners, the mortal struggle in the centre went on. The flagships still clung together, an incessant fire of artillery and musketry sweeping both decks. The Spaniards proved much the better marksmen, but the greater numbers of the Turks, and reinforcements received from an accompanying vessel, balanced this advantage. Twice the Spaniards tried to board and were driven back. A third effort was more successful, and the deck of the Turkish galley was reached. The two commanders cheered on their men, exposing themselves to danger as freely as the meanest soldier. Don John received a wound in the foot—fortunately a slight one. Ali Pasha led his janizaries boldly against the boarders, but as he did so he was struck in the head by a musket-ball and fell. The loss of his inspiring voice discouraged his men. For a time they continued to struggle, but, borne back by their impetuous assailants, they threw down their arms and asked for quarter.

The deck was covered with the bodies of the dead and wounded. From beneath them the body of Ali was drawn, severely, perhaps mortally, wounded. His rescuers would have killed him on the spot, but he diverted them by pointing out where his money and jewels could be found. The next soldier to come up was one of the galley-slaves, whom Don John had unchained from the oar and supplied with arms. Ali's story of treasure was lost on him. With one blow he severed his head from his shoulders, and carried the gory prize to Don John, laying it at his feet. The generous Spaniard looked at it with a mingling of pity and horror.

"Of what use can such a present be to me?" he coldly asked the slave, who looked for some rich reward; "throw it

into the sea."

This was not done. The head was stuck on a pike and raised aloft on the captured galley. At the same time the great Ottoman banner was drawn down, while that of the Cross was elevated with cheers of triumph in its place.

The shouts of "victory!" the sight of the Christian standard at the mast-head of Ali's ship, the news of his death, which spread from ship to ship, gave new courage to the allies and robbed the Turks of spirit. They fought on, but more feebly. Many of their vessels were boarded and taken. Others were sunk. After four hours of fighting the resistance of the Turkish centre was at an end.

On the right, as related, Andrew Doria had suffered a severe loss by stretching his line too far. He would have suffered still more had not the reserve under Santa Cruz, which had already given aid to Don John, come to his relief. Strengthened by Cardona with the Sicilian squadron, he fell on the Algerine galleys with such fierceness that they were forced to recoil. In their retreat they were hotly assailed by Doria, and Uluch, beset on all sides, was obliged to abandon his prizes and take to flight. Tidings now came to him of the defeat of the centre and the death of Ali, and, hoisting signals for retreat, he stood in all haste to the north, followed by the galleys of his fleet.

With all sail spread and all its oarsmen vigorously at work, the corsair fleet sped rapidly away, followed by Doria and Santa Cruz. Don John joined in the pursuit, hoping to intercept the fugitives in front of a rocky headland which stretched far into the sea. But the skilled Algerine leader weathered this peril, losing a few vessels on the rocks, the remainder, nearly forty in number, bearing boldly onward. Soon they distanced their pursuers, many of whose oarsmen had taken part and been wounded in the fight. Before nightfall the Algerines were vanishing below the horizon.

There being signs of a coming storm, Don John hastened

to seek a harbor of refuge, setting fire to such vessels as were damaged beyond usefulness, and with the remainder of his prizes making all haste to the neighboring port of Petala, the best harbor within reach.

The loss of the Turks had been immense, probably not less than twenty-five thousand being killed and five thousand taken prisoners. To Don John's prizes may be added twelve thousand Christian captives, chained to the oars by the Turks, who now came forth, with tears of joy, to bless their deliverers. The allies had lost no more than eight thousand men. This discrepancy was largely due to their use of fire-arms, while many of the Turks fought with bows and arrows. Only the forty Algerine ships escaped; one hundred and thirty vessels were taken. The Christian loss was but fifteen galleys. The spoils were large and valuable, consisting in great measure of gold, jewels, and rich brocades.

Of the noble cavaliers who took part in the fight, we shall speak only of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, a nephew of Don John, whom he was destined to succeed in military renown. He began here his career with a display of courage and daring unsurpassed on the fleet. Among the combatants was a common soldier, Cervantes by name, whose future glory was to throw into the shade that of all the leaders in the fight. Though confined to bed with a fever on the morning of the battle, he insisted on taking part, and his courage in the affray was shown by two wounds on his breast and a third in his hand which disabled it for life. Fortunately it was the left hand. The right remained to write the immortal story of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Thus ended one of the greatest naval battles of modern times. No important political effect came from it, but it yielded an immense moral result. It had been the opinion of Europe that the Turks were invincible at sea. This victory dispelled that theory, gave new heart to Christendom, and so dispirited the Turks that in the next year they dared not meet

the Christians at sea, though they were commanded by the daring dey of Algiers. The beginning of the decline of the Ottoman empire may be said to date from the battle of Lepanto.

CHAPTER XXVII
The Invincible Armada

During almost the whole reign of Philip II. the army of Spain was kept busily engaged, now with the Turks and the Barbary states, now with the revolted Moriscos, or descendants of the Moors of Granada, now in the conquest of Portugal, now with the heretics of the Netherlands. All this was not enough for the ambition of the Spanish king. Elizabeth of England had aided the Netherland rebels and had insulted him in America by sending fleets to plunder his colonies; England, besides, was a nest of enemies of the church of which Philip was one of the most zealous supporters; he determined to attempt the conquest of that heretical and hostile island and the conversion of its people.

For months all the shipwrights of Spain were kept busy in building vessels of an extraordinary size. Throughout the kingdom stores were actively collected for their equipment. Levies of soldiers were made in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, to augment the armies of Spain. What was in view was the secret of the king, but through most of 1587 all Europe resounded with the noise of his preparations.

Philip broached his project to his council of state, but did not gain much support for his enterprise. "England," said one of them, "is surrounded with a tempestuous ocean and has few harbors. Its navy is equal to that of any other nation, and if a landing is made we shall find its coasts defended by a powerful army. It would be better first to subdue the Netherlands; that done we shall be better able to chastise the English queen." The Duke of Parma, Philip's general in chief, was of

the same opinion. Before any success could be hoped for, he said, Spain should get possession of some large seaport in Zealand, for the accommodation of its fleet.

These prudent counsels were thrown away on the self-willed king. His armies had lately conquered Portugal; England could not stand before their valor; one battle at sea and another on shore would decide the contest; the fleet he was building would overwhelm all the ships that England possessed; the land forces of Elizabeth, undisciplined and unused to war, could not resist his veteran troops, the heroes of a hundred battles, and led by the greatest general of the age. All this he insisted on. Europe should see what he could do. England should be punished for its heresy and Elizabeth pay dearly for her discourtesy.

Philip was confirmed in his purpose by the approbation of the Pope. Elizabeth of England was the greatest enemy of the Catholic faith. She had abolished it throughout her dominions and executed as a traitor the Catholic Queen Mary of Scotland. For nearly thirty years she had been the chief support of the Protestants in Germany, France, and the Netherlands. Pope Pius V. had already issued a bull deposing Elizabeth, on the ground of acts of perfidy. Sixtus VI., who succeeded, renewed this bull and encouraged Philip who, ambitious to be considered the guardian of the Church, hastened his preparations for the conquest of the island kingdom.

Elizabeth was not deceived by the stories set afloat by Spain. She did not believe that this great fleet was intended partly for the reduction of Holland, partly for use in America, as Philip declared. Scenting danger afar, she sent Sir Francis Drake with a fleet to the coast of Spain to interrupt these stupendous preparations.

Drake was the man for the work. Dispersing the Spanish fleet sent to oppose him, he entered the harbor of Cadiz, where he destroyed two large galleons and a handsome vessel

filled with provisions and naval stores. Then he sailed for the Azores, captured a rich carrack on the way home from the East Indies, and returned to England laden with spoils. He had effectually put an end to Philip's enterprise for that year.

Philip now took steps towards a treaty of peace with England, for the purpose of quieting the suspicions of the queen. She appeared to fall into the snare, pretended to believe that his fleet was intended for Holland and America, and entered into a conference with Spain for the settlement of all disturbing questions. But at the same time she raised an army of eighty thousand men, fortified all exposed ports, and went vigorously to work to equip her fleet. She had then less than thirty ships in her navy, and these much smaller than those of Spain, but the English sailors were the best and boldest in the world, new ships were rapidly built, and pains was taken to increase the abhorrence which the people felt for the tyranny of Spain. Accounts were spread abroad of the barbarities practised in America and in the Netherlands, vivid pictures were drawn of the cruelties of the Inquisition, and the Catholic as well as the Protestant people of England became active in preparing for defence. The whole island was of one mind; loyalty seemed universal; the citizens of London provided thirty ships, and the nobility and gentry of England forty or fifty more. But these were of small size as compared with those of their antagonist, and throughout the island apprehension prevailed.

In the beginning of May, 1588, Philip's strenuous labors were concluded and the great fleet was ready. It was immense as compared with that with which William the Conqueror had invaded and conquered England five centuries before. The Invincible Armada, as the Spaniards called it, consisted of one hundred and fifty ships, many of them of enormous size. They were armed with more than two thousand six hundred great guns, were provisioned for half a year, and contained military stores in a profusion which only the wealth of

America and the Indies could have supplied. On them were nearly twenty thousand of the famous troops of Spain, with two thousand volunteers of the most distinguished families, and eight thousand sailors. In addition there was assembled in the coast districts of the Netherlands an army of thirty-four thousand men, for whose transportation to England a great number of flat-bottomed vessels had been procured. These were to venture upon the sea as soon as the Armada was in position for their support.

And now, indeed, "perfidious Albion" had reason to tremble. Never had that nation of islanders been so seriously threatened, not even when the ships of William of Normandy were setting sail for its shores. The great fleet, which lay at Lisbon, then a city of Spain, was to set sail in the early days of May, and no small degree of fear affected the hearts of all Protestant Europe, for the conquest of England by Philip the fanatic would have been a frightful blow to the cause of religious and political liberty.

All had so far gone well with Spain; now all began to go ill. At the very time fixed for sailing the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the admiral of the fleet, was taken violently ill and died, and with him died the Duke of Paliano, the vice-admiral. Santa Cruz's place was not easy to fill. Philip chose to succeed him the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a nobleman totally ignorant of sea affairs, giving him for vice-admiral Martinez de Recaldo, a seaman of much experience. All this caused so much delay that the fleet did not sail till May 29.

Storm succeeded sickness to interfere with Philip's plans. A tempest fell on the fleet on its way to Corunna, where it was to take on some troops and stores. All but four of the ships reached Corunna, but they had been so battered and dishevelled by the winds that several weeks passed before they could again be got ready for sea—much to the discomfiture of the king, who was eager to become the lord and master of England. He had dwelt there in former years as the husband

of Queen Mary; now he was ambitious to set foot there as absolute king.

England, meanwhile, was in an ebullition of joy. Word had reached there that the Spanish fleet was rendered unseaworthy by the storm, and the queen's secretary, in undue haste, ordered Lord Howard, the admiral, to lay up four of his largest ships and discharge their crews, as they would not be needed. But Howard was not so ready to believe a vague report, and begged the queen to let him keep the ships, even if at his own expense, till the truth could be learned. To satisfy himself, he set sail for Corunna, intending to try and destroy the Armada if as much injured as reported. Learning the truth, and finding that a favorable wind for Spain had begun to blow, he returned to Plymouth in all haste, in some dread lest the Armada might precede him to the English coast.

He had not long been back when stirring tidings came. The Armada had been seen upon the seas. Lord Howard at once left harbor with his fleet. The terrible moment of conflict, so long and nervously awaited, was at hand. On the next day—July 30—he came in view of the great Spanish fleet, drawn up in the form of a crescent, with a space of seven miles between its wings. Before this giant fleet his own seemed but a dwarf. Paying no attention to Lord Howard's ships, the Armada moved on with dignity up the Channel, its purpose being to disperse the Dutch and English ships off the Netherland coast and escort to England the Duke of Parma's army, then ready to sail.

Lord Howard deemed it wisest to pursue a guerilla mode of warfare, harassing the Spaniards and taking any advantage that offered. He first attacked the flag-ship of the vice-admiral Recaldo, and with such vigor and dexterity as to excite great alarm in the Spanish fleet. From that time it kept closer order, yet on the same day Howard attacked one of its largest ships. Others hurried to the aid; but in their haste two of them ran afoul, one, a large galleon, having her mast broken. She fell

behind and was captured by Sir Francis Drake, who discovered, to his delight, that she had on board a chief part of the Spanish treasure.

Other combats took place, in all of which the English were victorious. The Spaniards proved ignorant of marine evolutions, and the English sailed around them with a velocity which none of their ships could equal, and proved so much better marksmen that nearly every shot told, while the Spanish gunners fired high and wasted their balls in the air. The fight with the Armada seemed a prototype of the much later sea-battles at Manila and Santiago de Cuba.

Finally, after a halt before Calais, the Armada came within sight of Dunkirk, where Parma's army, with its flat-bottomed transports, was waiting to embark. Here a calm fell upon the fleets, and they remained motionless for a whole day. But about midnight a breeze sprang up and Lord Howard put into effect a scheme he had devised the previous day. He had made a number of fire-ships by filling eight vessels with pitch, sulphur, and other combustibles, and these were now set on fire and sent down the wind against the Spanish fleet.

It was with terror that the Spaniards beheld the coming of these flaming ships. They remembered vividly the havoc occasioned by fire-ships at the siege of Antwerp. The darkness of the night added to their fears, and panic spread from end to end of the fleet. All discipline vanished; self-preservation was the sole thought of each crew. Some took time to weigh their anchors, but others, in wild haste, cut their cables, and soon the ships were driving blindly before the wind, some running afoul of each other and being completely disabled by the shock.

When day dawned Lord Howard saw with the highest satisfaction the results of his stratagem. The Spanish fleet was in the utmost disorder, its ships widely dispersed. His own fleet had just been strengthened, and he at once made an impetuous attack upon the scattered Armada. The battle

began at four in the morning and lasted till six in the evening, the Spaniards fighting with great bravery but doing little execution. Many of their ships were greatly damaged, and ten of the largest were sunk, run aground, or captured. The principal galeas, or large galley, manned with three hundred galley slaves and having on board four hundred soldiers, was driven ashore near Calais, and nearly all the Spaniards were killed or drowned in attempting to reach land. The rowers were set at liberty.

The Spanish admiral was greatly dejected by this series of misfortunes. As yet the English had lost but one small ship and about one hundred men, while his losses had been so severe that he began to dread the destruction of the entire fleet. He could not without great danger remain where he was. His ships were too large to approach nearer to the coast of Flanders. Philip had declined to secure a suitable harbor in Zealand, as advised. The Armada was a great and clumsy giant, from which Lord Howard's much smaller fleet had not fled in terror, as had been expected, and which now was in such a condition that there was nothing left for it but to try and return to Spain.

But the getting there was not easy. A return through the Channel was hindered by the wind, which blew strongly from the south. Nor was it a wise movement in the face of the English fleet. The admiral, therefore, determined to sail northward and make the circuit of the British islands.

Unfortunately for Lord Howard, he was in no condition to pursue. By the neglect of the authorities he had been ill-supplied with gunpowder, and was forced to return to England for a fresh supply. But for this deficiency he possibly might, in the distressed condition of the Spanish fleet, have forced a surrender of the entire Armada. As it was, his return proved fortunate, for the fleets had not far separated when a frightful tempest began, which did considerable harm to the English ships, but fell with all its rage on the exposed Armada.

The ships, drawn up in close ranks, were hurled fiercely together, many being sunk. Driven helplessly before the wind, some were dashed to pieces on the rocks of Norway, others on the Scottish coast or the shores of the western islands. Some went down in the open sea. A subsequent storm, which came from the west, drove more than thirty of them on the Irish coast. Of these, some got off in a shattered state, others were utterly wrecked and their crews murdered on reaching the shore. The admiral's ship, which had kept in the open sea, reached the Spanish coast about the close of September.

Even after reaching harbor in Spain troubles pursued them, two of the galleons taking fire and burning to ashes. Of the delicately reared noble volunteers, great numbers had died from the hardships of the voyage, and many more died from diseases contracted at sea. The total loss is not known; some say that thirty-two, some that more than eighty, ships were lost, while the loss of life is estimated at from ten thousand to fifteen thousand. Spain felt the calamity severely. There was hardly a family of rank that had not some one of its members to mourn, and so universal was the grief that Philip, to whose ambition the disaster was due, felt obliged to issue an edict to abridge the time of public mourning.

In England and Holland, on the contrary, the event was hailed with universal joy. Days of solemn thanksgiving were appointed, and Elizabeth, seated in a triumphal chariot and surrounded by her ministers and nobles, went for this purpose to St. Paul's Cathedral, the concourse bearing a great number of flags that had been taken from the enemy.

The joy at the destruction of the Armada was not confined to England and Holland. All Northern Europe joined in it. Philip's ambition, in the event of victory over England, might have led him to attempt the subjection of every Protestant state in Europe, while Catholic France, which he afterwards attempted to conquer, had the greatest reason to dread his success.

Thus ended the most threatening enterprise in the religious wars of the sixteenth century, and to Lord Howard and his gallant captains England and Europe owe the deepest debt of gratitude, for the success of the Armada and the conquest of England by Spain might have proved a calamity whose effects would have been felt to the present day.

CHAPTER XXVIII
The Causes of Spain's Decadence

The golden age of Spain began in 1492, in which year the conquest of Granada extinguished the Arab dominion, and the discovery of America by Columbus opened a new world to the enterprise of the Spanish cavaliers. It continued during the reigns of Charles I. and Philip II., extending over a period of about a century, during which Spain was the leading power in Europe, and occupied the foremost position in the civilized world. In Europe its possessions included the Netherlands and important regions in Italy, while its king, Charles I., ruled as Charles V. over the German empire, possessing a dominion in Europe only surpassed by that of Charlemagne. Under Philip II. Portugal became a part of the Spanish realm, and with it its colony of Brazil, so that Spain was the unquestioned owner of the whole continent of South America, while much of North America lay under its flag.

Wealth flowed into the coffers of this broad kingdom in steady streams, the riches of America over-flowing its treasury; its fleet was the greatest, its army the best trained and most irresistible in Europe; it stood as the bulwark against that mighty Ottoman power before which the other nations trembled, and checked its career of victory at Lepanto; in short, as above said, it was for a brief period the leading power in Europe, and appeared to have in it the promise of a glorious career.

Such was the status of Spain during the reigns of the monarchs named. This was followed by a long period of decline, which reduced that kingdom from its position of supremacy

into that of one of the minor powers of Europe. Various causes contributed to this change, the chief being the accession of a series of weak monarchs and the false ideas of the principles of political economy which then prevailed. The great treasure which flowed into Spain from her American colonies rather hastened than retarded her decline. The restrictions and monopolies of her colonial policy gave rise to an active contraband trade, which reaped the harvest of her commerce. The over-abundant supply of gold and silver had the effect of increasing the price of other commodities and discouraging her rising industries, the result being that she was obliged to purchase abroad the things she ceased to produce at home and the wealth of America flowed from her coffers into those of the adjoining nations. Her policy towards the Moriscos banished the most active agriculturists from the land, and large districts became desert, population declined, and the resources of the kingdom diminished yearly. In a century after the death of Philip II. Spain, from being the arbiter of the destinies of Europe, had grown so weak that the other nations ceased to regard her otherwise than as a prey for their ambition, her population had fallen from eight to six millions, her revenue from two hundred and eighty to thirty millions, her navy had vanished, her army had weakened, and her able soldiers and statesmen had disappeared.

In addition to the causes of decline named, others of importance were her treatment of the Jews and the Moriscos, though the banishment of the former took place at an earlier date. Despite their activity in trade and finance and the value to the nations of their genius for business, the Jews of Europe were everywhere persecuted, often exposed to robbery and massacre, and expelled from some kingdoms. In Spain their expulsion was conducted with cruel severity.

Many of the unfortunate Jews, seeking to escape persecution, embraced Christianity. But their conversion was doubted, they were subjected to constant espionage, and the

least suspicion of indulging in their old worship exposed them to the dangerous charge of heresy, a word of frightful omen in Spain. It was to punish these delinquent Jews that in 1480 the Inquisition was introduced, and at once began its frightful work, no less than two thousand "heretics" being burned alive in 1481, while seventeen thousand were "reconciled," a word of mild meaning elsewhere, but which in Spain signified torture, confiscation of property, loss of citizenship, and frequently imprisonment for life in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Severe as was the treatment of the Jews throughout Christendom, nowhere were they treated more pitilessly than in Spain.

The year 1492, in which Spain gained glory by the conquest of Granada and the discovery of America, was one of the deepest misfortune to this people, who were cruelly driven from the kingdom. The edict for this was signed by Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada, March 30, 1492, and decreed that all unbaptized Jews, without regard to sex, age, or condition, should leave Spain before the end of the next July, and never return thither under penalty of death and confiscation of property. Every Spaniard was forbidden to give aid in any form to a Jew after the date named. The Jews might sell their property and carry the proceeds with them in bills of exchange or merchandise, but not in gold or silver.

This edict came like a thunderbolt to the Israelites. At a tyrant's word they must go forth as exiles from the land in which they and their forefathers had dwelt for ages, break all their old ties of habit and association, and be cast out helpless and defenceless, marked with a brand of infamy, among nations who held them in hatred and contempt.

Under the unjust terms of the edict they were forced to abandon most of the property which they had spent their lives in gaining. It was impossible to sell their effects in the brief time given, in a market glutted with similar commodities, for more than a tithe of their value. As a result their hard-won

wealth was frightfully sacrificed. One chronicler relates that he saw a house exchanged for an ass and a vineyard for a suit of clothes. In Aragon the property of the Jews was confiscated for the benefit of their creditors, with little regard to its value. As for the bills of exchange which they were to take instead of gold and silver, it was impossible to obtain them to the amount required in that age of limited commerce, and here again they were mercilessly robbed.

The migration was one of the most pitiable known in history. As the time fixed for their departure approached the roads of the country swarmed with emigrants, young and old, strong and feeble, sick and well, some on horses or mules, but the great multitude on foot. The largest division, some eighty thousand in number, passed through Portugal, whose monarch taxed them for a free passage through his dominions, but, wiser than Ferdinand, permitted certain skilful artisans among them to settle in his kingdom.

Those who reached Africa and marched towards Fez, where many of their race resided, were attacked by the desert tribes, robbed, slain, and treated with the most shameful barbarity. Many of them, half-dead with famine and in utter despair, returned to the coast, where they consented to be baptized with the hope that they might be permitted to return to their native land.

Those who sought Italy contracted an infectious disease in the crowded and filthy vessels which they were obliged to take; a disorder so malignant that it carried off twenty thousand of the people of Naples during the year, and spread far over the remainder of Italy. As for the Jews, hosts of them perished of hunger and disease, and of the whole number expelled, estimated at one hundred and sixty thousand, only a miserable fragment found homes at length in foreign lands, some seeking Turkey, others gaining refuge and protection in France and England. As for the effect of the migration on Spain it must suffice here to quote the remark of a monarch

of that day: "Do they call this Ferdinand a politic prince, who can thus impoverish his own kingdom and enrich ours?"

Spain was in this barbarous manner freed of her Jewish population. There remained the Moors, who had capitulated, under favorable terms, to Ferdinand in 1492. These terms were violated a few years later by Cardinal Ximenes, his severity driving them into insurrection in 1500. This was suppressed, and then punishment began. So rigid was the inquiry that it seemed as if all the people of Granada would be condemned as guilty, and in mortal dread many of them made peace by embracing Christianity, while others sold their estates and migrated to Barbary. In the end, all who remained escaped persecution only by consenting to be baptized, the total number of converts being estimated at fifty thousand. The name of Moors, which had superseded that of Arabs, was now changed to that of Moriscos, by which these unfortunate people were afterwards known.

The ill-faith shown to the Moors of the plain gave rise to an insurrection in the mountains, in which the Spaniards suffered a severe defeat. The insurgents, however, were soon subdued, and most of them, to prevent being driven from their homes, professed the Christian faith. By the free use of torture and the sword the kings of Spain had succeeded in adding largely to their Christian subjects.

The Moriscos became the most skilful and industrious agriculturists of Spain, but they were an alien element of the population and from time to time irritating edicts were issued for their control. In 1560 the Moriscos were forbidden to employ African slaves, for fear that they might make infidels of them. This was a severe annoyance, for the wealthy farmers depended on the labor of these slaves. In 1563 they were forbidden to possess arms except under license. In 1566 still more oppressive edicts were passed. They were no longer to use the Arabic language or wear the Moorish dress, and the women were required to go about with their faces unveiled—

a scandalous thing among Mohammedans. Their weddings were to be conducted in public, after the Christian forms, their national songs and dances were interdicted, and they were even forbidden to indulge in warm baths, bathing being a custom of which the Spaniard of that day appears to have disapproved.

The result of these oppressive edicts was a violent and dangerous insurrection, which involved nearly all the Moriscos of Spain, and continued for more than two years, requiring all the power of Spain for its suppression. Don John of Austria, the victor at Lepanto, led the Spanish troops, but he had a difficult task, the Moriscos, sheltered in their mountain fastnesses, making a desperate and protracted resistance, and showing a warlike energy equal to that which had been displayed in the defence of Granada.

The end of the war was followed by a decree from Philip II. that all the Moors of Granada should be removed into the interior of the country, their lands and houses being forfeited, and nothing left them but their personal effects. This act of confiscation was followed by their reduction to a state of serfdom in their new homes, no one being permitted to change his abode without permission, under a very severe penalty. If found within ten leagues of Granada they were condemned, if between the ages of ten and seventeen, to the galleys for life; if older, to the punishment of death.

The dispersal of the Moriscos of Granada, while cruel to them, proved of the greatest benefit to Spain. Wherever they went the effects of their superior skill and industry were soon manifested. They were skilled not only in husbandry, but in the mechanic arts, and their industry gave a new aspect of prosperity to the provinces to which they were banished, while the valleys and hill-sides of Granada, which had flourished under their cultivation, sank into barrenness under the unskilful hands of their successors.

Yet this benefit to agriculture did not appeal to the ruling

powers in Spain. The Moriscos were not Spaniards, and could not easily become so while deprived of all civil rights. While nominally Christian, there was a suspicion that at heart they were still Moslems. And their relations to the Moors of Africa and possible league with the corsairs of the Mediterranean aroused distrust. Under Philip III., a timid and incapable king, the final act came. He was induced to sign an edict for the expulsion of the Moriscos, and this quiet and industrious people, a million in number, were in 1610, like the Jews before them, forced to leave their homes in Spain.

It is not necessary to repeat the story of the suffering which necessarily followed so barbarous an act. What has been said of the circumstances attending the expulsion of the Jews will suffice. That of the Moriscos was not so inhuman in its consequences, but it was serious enough. Fortunately, in view of the intense impolicy and deep intolerance indicated in the act, its evil effects reacted upon its advocates. To the Moriscos the suffering was personal; to Spain it was national. As France half-ruined herself by expelling the Huguenots, the most industrious of her population, Spain did the same in expelling the Moriscos, to whose skill and industry she owed so much of her prosperity. So it ever must be when bigotry is allowed to control the policy of states. France recovered from the evil effects of her mad act. Spain never did. The expulsion of the Moriscos was one of the most prominent causes of her decline, and no indications of a recovery have yet been shown.

The expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos was not sufficient to satisfy the intolerant spirit of Spain. Heresy had made its way even into the minds of Spaniards. Sons of the Church themselves had begun to think in other lines than those laid down for them by the priestly guardians of their minds. Protestant books were introduced into the ever-faithful land, and a considerable number of converts to Protestantism were made.

Upon these heretics the Inquisition descended with all its frightful force. Philip, in a monstrous edict, condemned all to be burned alive who bought, sold, or read books prohibited by the Church. The result was terrible. The land was filled with spies. Arrests were made on all sides. The instruments of torture were kept busy. In all the principal cities of Spain the monstrous spectacle of the auto-de-fé was to be seen, multitudes being burned at the stake for having dared to read the books or accept the arguments of Protestant writers.

The total effect of this horrible system of persecution we can only epitomize. Thousands were burned at the stake, thousands imprisoned for life after terrible torture, thousands robbed of their property, and their children condemned to poverty and opprobrium; and the kingdom of Christ, as the Spanish monarchs of that day estimated it, was established in Spain.

The Spanish Inquisition proved an instrument of conviction which none dared question. Heresy was blotted out from Spain—and Spain was blotted out from the ranks of enlightened nations. Freedom of thought was at an end. The mind of the Spaniard was put in fetters. Spain, under the sombre shadow of this barbarity, was shut out from the light which was breaking over the remainder of Europe. Literature moved in narrow channels, philosophy was checked, the domain of science was closed, progress was at an end. Spain stood still while the rest of the world was sweeping onward; and she stands still to-day, her mind in the fifteenth century. The decadence of Spain is due to the various causes named—the weakness of her rulers, lack of just and advantageous ideas of political and commercial economy, suppression of freedom of thought and opinion on topics which were being freely handled elsewhere in Christendom, and a narrow and intolerant policy which, wherever shown, is a fatal barrier to the progress of mankind.

CHAPTER XXIX
The Last of a Royal Race

The rebellion of the Moriscos, due to the oppressive edicts of Philip II., as stated in the preceding tale, was marked by numerous interesting events. Some of these are worth giving in illustration of the final struggle of the Moors in Spain. The insurgents failed in their first effort, that of seizing the city of Granada, still filled with their fellow-countrymen, and restoring as far as possible their old kingdom; and they afterwards confined themselves to the difficult passes and mountain fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada, where they presented a bold front to the power of Spain.

Having proclaimed their independence, and cast off all allegiance to the crown of Spain, their first step was to select a new monarch of their own race. The man selected for this purpose was of royal blood, being descended in a direct line from the ancient family of the Omeyades, caliphs of Damascus, and for nearly four centuries rulers in Spain. This man, who bore the Castilian name of Don Fernando de Valor, but was known by the Moors as Aben-Humeya, was at that time twenty-two years of age, comely in person and engaging in manners, and of a deportment worthy of the princely line from which he had descended. A man of courage and energy, he escaped from Granada and took refuge in the mountains, where he began a war to the knife against Spain.

The early events of the war were unfavorable to the Moors. Their strongholds were invaded by a powerful Spanish force under the Marquis of Mondejar, and their forces soon put to flight. Aben-Humeya was so hotly pursued that he was

forced to spring from his horse, cut the hamstrings of the animal to render it useless to his pursuers, and seek refuge in the depths of the sierras, where dozens of hiding-places unknown to his pursuers could be found.

The insurrection was now in a desperate stage. Mondejar was driving the rebels in arms in terror before him; tower and town fell in succession into his hands; everywhere his arms were victorious, and only one thing was wanting to bring all opposition to an end—the capture of Aben-Humeya, the "little king" of the Alpujarras. This crownless monarch was known to be wandering with a few followers in the wilds of the mountains; but while he lived the insurrection might at any moment blaze out again, and detachments of soldiers were sent to pursue him through the sierras.

The captain of one of these parties learned from a traitor that the fugitive prince remained hidden in the mountains only during the day, finding shelter at night in the house of a kinsman, Aben-Aboo, on the skirts of the sierras. Learning the situation of this mansion, the Spanish captain led his men with the greatest secrecy towards it. Travelling by night, they reached the vicinity of the dwelling under cover of the darkness. In a minute more the house would have been surrounded and its inmates secured; but at this critical moment the arquebuse of one of the Spaniards was accidentally discharged, the report echoing loudly among the hills and warning the lightly sleeping inmates of their danger.

One of them, El Zaguer, the uncle of Aben-Humeya, at once sprang up and leaped from the window of his room, making his way with all haste to the mountains. His nephew was not so fortunate. Running to his window, in the front of the house, he saw the ground occupied by troops. He hastily sought another window, but his foes were there before him. Bewildered and distressed, he knew not where to turn. The house was surrounded; the Spaniards were thundering on the door for admittance; he was like a wolf caught in its lair, and

with as little mercy to hope from his captors.

By good fortune the door was well secured. One possible chance for safety occurred to the hunted prince. Hastening down-stairs, he stood behind the portal and noiselessly drew its bolts. The Spaniards, finding the door give way, and supposing that it had yielded to their blows, rushed hastily in and hurried through the house in search of the fugitive who was hidden behind the door. The instant they had all passed he slipped out, and, concealed by the darkness outside, hastened away, soon finding a secure refuge in the mountains.

Aben-Aboo remained in the hands of the assaillants, who vainly questioned him as to the haunts of his kinsmen. On his refusal to answer they employed torture, but with no better effect. "I may die," he courageously said, "but my friends will live." So severe and cruel was their treatment, that in the end they left him for dead, returning to camp with the other prisoners they had taken. As it proved, however, the heroic Aben-Aboo did not die, but lived to play a leading part in the war.

With kindly treatment of the Moriscos he would probably have given no more trouble, but the Spanish proved utterly merciless, their soldiers raging through the mountains, and committing the foulest acts of outrage and rapine. In Granada a frightful deed was committed. A large number of the leading Moriscos, about one hundred and fifty in all, had been seized and imprisoned, being held as hostages for the good behavior of their friends. Here, on a night in March, the prison was entered by a body of Spaniards, who assailed the unfortunate captives, arms in hand, and began an indiscriminate massacre. The prisoners seizing what means of defence they could find, fought desperately for their lives, and for two hours the unequal combat continued, not ending while a Morisco remained alive.

This savage act led to terrible reprisals on the part of the insurgents, who in the subsequent war treated with atrocious

cruelty many of their captives. The Moriscos were soon in arms again, Aben-Humeya at their head, and the war blazed throughout the length and breadth of the mountains. Even from Barbary came a considerable body of Moors, who entered the service of the Morisco chief. Fierce and intrepid, trained to the military career, and accustomed to a life of wild adventure, these were a most valuable reinforcement to Aben-Humeya's forces, and enabled him to carry on a guerilla warfare which proved highly vexatious to the troops of Spain. He made forays from the mountains into the plain, penetrating into the vega and boldly venturing even to the walls of Granada. The insurrection spread far and wide through the Sierra Nevada, and the Spanish army, now led by Don John of Austria, the king's brother, found itself confronted by a most serious task.

The weak point in the organization of the Moriscos lay in the character of their king. Aben-Humeya, at first popular, soon displayed traits of character which lost him the support of his followers. Surrounded by a strong body-guard, he led a voluptuous life, and struck down without mercy those whom he feared, no less than three hundred and fifty persons falling victims to his jealousy or revenge. His cruelty and injustice at length led to a plot for his death, and his brief reign ended in assassination, his kinsman, Aben-Aboo, being chosen as his successor.

The new king was a very different man from his slain predecessor. He was much the older of the two, a man of high integrity and great decorum of character. While lacking the dash and love of adventure of Aben-Humeya, he had superior judgment in military affairs, and full courage in carrying out his plans. His election was confirmed from Algiers, a large quantity of arms and ammunition was imported from Barbary, reinforcements crossed the Mediterranean, and the new king began his reign under excellent auspices, his first movement being against Orgiba, a fortified place on the road to Granada,

which he invested in October with an army of ten thousand men.

The capture of this place, which soon followed, roused the enthusiasm of the Moriscos to the highest pitch. From all sides the warlike peasantry flocked to the standard of their able chief, and a war began resembling that of a century before, when the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella were invading the Kingdom of Granada. From peak to peak of the sierras beacon-fires flashed their signals, calling the bold mountaineers to forays on the lands of the enemy. Pouring suddenly down on the lower levels, the daring marauders swept away in triumph to the mountains the flocks and herds of their Christian foes. The vega of Granada became, as in ancient times, the battle-ground of Moorish and Christian cavaliers, the latter having generally the advantage, though occasionally the insurgent bands would break into the suburbs, or even the city of Granada, filling its people with consternation, and causing the great bell of the Alhambra to peal out its tocsin of alarm and call the Spanish chivalry in haste to the fray.

We cannot describe, even in epitome, the varied course of this sanguinary war. As might well have been expected, the greater force of the Spaniards gradually prevailed, and the autumn of 1570 found the insurgents almost everywhere subdued. Only Aben-Aboo, the "little king," remained in arms, a force of four hundred men being all that were left to him of his recent army. But these were men warmly devoted to him, and until the spring of 1571 every effort for his capture proved in vain. Hiding in mountain caves and in inaccessible districts, he defied pursuit, and in a measure kept alive the flame of rebellion.

Treason at length brought his career to an end. One of the few insurgent prisoners who escaped death at the hands of the Spanish executioners revealed the hiding-place of the fugitive king, and named the two persons on whom Aben-

Aboo most relied, his secretary, Abou Amer, and a Moorish captain named El Senix.

An effort was made to win over the secretary by one who had formerly known him, a letter being sent him which roused him to intense indignation. El Senix, however, becoming aware of its contents, and having a private grudge against his master, sent word by the messenger that he would undertake, for a suitable recompense, to betray him to the Christians.

An interview soon after took place between the Moor and Barredo, the Spanish agent, some intimation of which came to the ears of Aben-Aboo. The king at once sought a cavern in the neighborhood where El Senix was secreted, and, leaving his followers outside, imprudently entered alone. He found El Senix surrounded by several of his friends, and sternly demanded of him the purpose of his interview with Barredo. Senix, confused by the accusation, faltered out that he had simply been seeking to obtain an amnesty for him. Aben-Aboo listened with a face of scorn, and, turning on his heel with the word "treachery," walked back to the mouth of the cave.

Unluckily, his men, with the exception of two guards stationed at the entrance, had left the spot to visit some near-by friends. Senix, perceiving that his own life was in danger, and that this was his only opportunity for safety, fell with his followers on the guards, one of whom was killed and the other put to flight. Then an attack was made on Aben-Aboo. The latter defended himself desperately, but the odds were too great, and the dastardly El Senix ended the struggle by felling him with the butt-end of his musket, when he was quickly despatched.

Thus died the last of the Omeyades, the famous dynasty of Arabian caliphs founded in 660, and established in Spain in 756. Aben-Aboo, the last of this royal race, was given in death a triumphal entrance to Granada, as if he were one whom the Spaniards delighted to honor. The corpse was set

astride on a mule, being supported by a wooden frame, which lay hidden beneath flowing robes. On one side rode Barredo; on the other the murderer El Senix bore the scimitar and arquebuse of the dead prince. The kinsmen and friends of the Morisco chief rode in his train, and after them came a regiment of infantry and a troop of horse.

As the procession moved along the street of Zacatin salvos of musketry saluted it, peals of artillery roared from the towers of the Alhambra, and the multitude thronged to gaze with silent curiosity on the ghastly face. Thus the cavalcade proceeded until the great square of Vivarambla was reached. Here were assembled the principal cavaliers and magistrates of the city, and here El Senix dismounted and delivered to Deza, the president of the tribunal before which were tried the insurgent captives, the arms of the murdered prince.

And now this semblance of respect to a brave enemy was followed by a scene of barbarity worthy of the Spain of that day. The ceremony of a public execution was gone through with, the head of the corpse being struck off, after which the body was given to the boys of Granada, who dragged it through the streets and exposed it to every indignity, finally committing it to the flames. The head, enclosed in a cage, was set over the gate that faced towards the Alpujarras. There it remained for a year, seeming to gaze towards the hills which the Morisco chief had loved so well, and which had witnessed his brief and disastrous reign.

Such was the fate of Aben-Aboo, the last of a line of great monarchs, and one of the best of them all; a man of lofty spirit, temperate appetites, and courageous endurance, who, had he lived in more prosperous days, might have ruled in the royal halls of Cordova with a renown equal to that of the most famous caliph of his race.

CHAPTER XXX
Henry Morgan and the Buccaneers

As the seventeenth century passed on, Spain, under the influence of religious intolerance and bad government, grew weak, both at home and abroad. Its prominent place in Europe was lost. Its vast colonial provinces in America were scenes of persecution and anarchy. There the fortresses were allowed to decay, the soldiers, half-clothed and unpaid, to become beggars or bandits, the treasures to be pilfered, and commerce to become a system of fraud; while the colonists were driven to detest their mother land. This weakness was followed by dire consequences. Bands of outcasts from various nations, who had settled on Spanish territory in the West Indies, at first to forage on the cattle of Hispaniola, organized into pirate crews, and, under the name of buccaneers, became frightful scourges of the commerce of Spain.

These wretches, mainly French, English, and Dutch, deserters and outlaws, the scum of their nations, made the rich merchant and treasure ships of Spain their prey, slaughtering their crews, torturing them for hidden wealth, rioting with profuse prodigality at their lurking-places on land, and turning those fair tropical islands into a pandemonium of outrage, crime, and slaughter. As they troubled little the ships of other nations, these nations rather favored than sought to suppress them, and Spain seemed powerless to bring their ravages to an end. In consequence, as the years went on, they grew bolder and more adventurous. Beginning with a few small, deckless sloops, they in time gained large and well-armed vessels, and created so deep a terror among the

Spaniards by their savage attacks that the latter rarely made a strong resistance.

Lurking in forest-hidden creeks and inlets of the West India islands, they kept a keen lookout for the ships that bore to Spain the gold, silver, precious stones, and rich products of the New World, pursued them in their swift barks, boarded them, and killed all who ventured to resist. If the cargo was a rich one, and there had been little effort at defence, the prisoners might be spared their lives; if otherwise, they were flung mercilessly into the sea. Sailing then to their place of rendezvous, the captors indulged in the wildest and most luxurious orgies, their tables groaning with strong liquors and rich provisions; gaming, music, and dancing succeeding; extravagance, debauchery, and profusion of every kind soon dissipating their blood-bought wealth.

Among the pirate leaders several gained prominence for superior boldness or cruelty, among whom we may particularly name L'Olonnois, a Frenchman, of such savage ferocity that all mariners of Spanish birth shuddered with fear at his very name. This wretch suffered the fate he deserved. In an expedition to the Isthmus of Darien he was taken prisoner by a band of savage Indians, who tore him to pieces alive, flung his quivering limbs into the fire, and then scattered the ashes to the air.

Most renowned of all the buccaneers was Henry Morgan, a native of Wales, who ran away from home as a boy, was sold as a slave in Barbadoes, and afterwards joined a pirate crew, in time becoming a leader among the lawless hordes. By this time the raids of the ferocious buccaneers had almost put an end to Spanish commerce with the New World, and the daring freebooters, finding their gains at sea falling off, collected fleets and made attacks on land, plundering rich towns and laying waste thriving settlements. So greatly had Spanish courage degenerated that the pirates with ease put to flight ten times their number of that Spanish soldiery which,

a century before, had been the finest in the world.

The first pirate to make such a raid was Lewis Scott, who sacked the town of Campeachy, robbing it of all its wealth, and forcing its inhabitants to pay an enormous ransom. Another named Davies marched inland to Nicaragua, took and plundered that town, and carried off a rich booty in silver and precious stones. He afterwards pillaged the city of St. Augustine, Florida. Others performed similar exploits, but we must confine our attention to the deeds of Morgan, the boldest and most successful of them all.

Morgan's first enterprise was directed against Port au Prince, Cuba, where, however, the Spaniards had received warning and concealed their treasures, so that the buccaneer gained little for his pains. His next expedition was against Porto Bello, on the Isthmus, one of the richest and best fortified of American cities. Two castles, believed to be impregnable, commanded the entrances to the harbor. When the freebooters learned that their leader proposed to attack so strong a place as this the hearts of the boldest among them shrank. But Morgan, with a few inspiring words, restored their courage.

"What boots it," he exclaimed, "how small our number, if our hearts be great! The fewer we are the closer will be our union and the larger our shares of plunder."

Boldness and secrecy carried the day. One of the castles was taken by surprise, the first knowledge of the attack coming to the people of the town from the concussion when Morgan blew it up. Before the garrison or the citizens could prepare to oppose them the freebooters were in the town. The governor and garrison fled in panic haste to the other castle, while the terrified people threw their treasures into wells and cisterns. The castle made a gallant resistance, but was soon obliged to yield to the impetuous attacks of the pirate crews.

It was no light exploit which Morgan had performed—to take with five hundred men a fortified city with a large

garrison and strengthened by natural obstacles to assault. The ablest general in ordinary war might well have claimed renown for so signal a victory. But the ability of the leader was tarnished by the cruelty of the buccaneer. The people were treated with shocking barbarity, many of them being shut up in convents and churches and burned alive, while the pirates gave themselves up to every excess of debauchery.

The great booty gained by this raid caused numerous pirate captains to enlist under Morgan's flag, and other towns were taken, in which similar orgies of cruelty and debauchery followed. But the impunity of the buccaneers was nearing its end. Their atrocious acts had at length aroused the indignation of the civilized world, and a treaty was concluded between Great Britain and Spain whose chief purpose was to put an end to these sanguinary and ferocious deeds.

The first effect of this treaty was to spur the buccaneers to the performance of some exploit surpassing any they had yet achieved. So high was Morgan's reputation among the pirates that they flocked from all quarters to enlist under his flag, and he soon had a fleet of no fewer than thirty-seven vessels manned by two thousand men. With so large a force an expedition on a greater scale could well be undertaken, and a counsel of the chiefs debated whether they should make an assault upon Vera Cruz, Carthagena, or Panama. Their choice fell upon Panama, as the richest of the three.

The city of Panama at that time (1670) was considered one of the greatest and most opulent in America. It contained two thousand large buildings and five thousand smaller, all of which were three stories high. Many of these were built of stone, others of cedar wood, being elegantly constructed and richly furnished. The city was the emporium for the silver- and gold-mines of New Spain, and its merchants lived in great opulence, their houses rich in articles of gold and silver, adorned with beautiful paintings and other works of art, and full of the luxuries of the age. The churches were magnificent

in their decorations, and richly embellished with ornaments in gold and silver. The city presented such a prize to cupidity as freebooters and bandits had rarely conceived of in their wildest dreams.

The daring enterprise began with the capture by four hundred men of the Fort of St. Laurence, at the mouth of the Chagres River. Up this serpentine stream sailed the freebooters, as far as it would bear them, and thence they marched overland, suffering the greatest hardships and overcoming difficulties which would have deterred men of less intrepid spirit. Eight days of this terrible march brought the adventurers within sight of the far-spreading Pacific, and of the spires of the coveted city on its shores.

The people of Panama had been apprised of what was in store for them, and had laid ambuscades for the buccaneers, but Morgan, by taking an indirect route to the town, avoided these. Panama was but partly fortified. In several quarters it lay open to attack. It must be fought for and won or lost on the open plain. Here the Spaniards had assembled to the number of two thousand infantry and four hundred cavalry, well equipped and possessing everything needed but spirit to meet the dreaded foe. They had adopted an expedient sure to prove a dangerous one. A herd of wild bulls, to the number of more than two thousand, was provided, with Indians and negroes to drive them on the pirate horde. The result resembled that in which the Greeks drove elephants upon the Roman legions. Many of the buccaneers were accustomed to the chase of wild cattle, and, by shouts and the waving of colored flags, turned the bulls back upon the Spanish lines, which they threw into disorder.

The buccaneers followed with an impetuous charge which broke the ranks of the defenders of the town, who, after a two hours' combat, were completely routed, the most of them being killed or taken prisoners. The assault was now directed upon the town, which was strongly defended, the pirates

being twice repulsed and suffering much from the numerous Spanish guns. But after a three hours' fight they overcame all opposition and the city fell into their hands.

A scene of frightful bloodshed and inhumanity followed. The buccaneers gave no quarter, killing all they met. Lest they should be exposed to a counter assault while intoxicated, Morgan called them together and forbade them to taste the wine of the town, saying that it had been poisoned. Conflagration followed massacre. Fires broke out in several quarters of the city, and great numbers of dwellings, with churches, convents, and numerous warehouses filled with valuable goods were reduced to ashes. These fires continued to burn during most of the month in which the freebooters held the city, and in which they indulged to the full in their accustomed cruelty, rapacity, and licentiousness.

Treasure was found in great quantities in the wells and caves, where it had been thrown by the terrified people. The vessels taken in the harbor yielded valuable commodities. Detachments were sent into the country to capture and bring back those who had fled for safety, and by torturing these several rich deposits of treasure were discovered in the surrounding forests. A few of the inhabitants escaped with their wealth by sea, seeking shelter in the islands of the bay, and a galleon laden with the king's plate and jewels and other precious articles belonging to the church and the people narrowly escaped after a hot chase by the buccaneers. With these exceptions the rich city was completely looted.

After a month spent among the ruins of Panama Morgan and his villainous followers departed, one hundred and seventy-five mules carrying their more bulky spoil, while with them were six hundred prisoners, some carrying burdens, others held to ransom. Thus laden, they reached again the mouth of the Chagres, where their ships awaited them and where a division of the spoil was to be made.

Treachery followed this stupendous act of piracy,

Morgan's later history being an extraordinary one for a man of his infamous record. He was possessed with the demon of cupidity, and a quarrel arose between him and his men concerning the division of the spoil. Morgan ended it by running off with the disputed plunder. On the night preceding the final division, during the hours of deepest slumber, the treacherous chief, with a few of his confidants, set sail for Jamaica, in a vessel deeply laden with spoils. On waking and learning this act of base treachery, the infuriated pirates pursued him, but in vain; he safely reached Jamaica with his ill-gotten wealth.

In this English island the pirate chief gained not only safety, but honors. In some way he won the favor of Charles II., who knighted him as Sir Henry Morgan and placed him on the admiralty court in Jamaica. He subsequently, for a time, acted as deputy governor, and in this office displayed the greatest severity towards his old associates, several of whom were tried before him and executed. One whole crew of buccaneers were sent by him to the Spaniards at Carthagena, in whose hands they were likely to find little favor. He was subsequently arrested, sent to England, and imprisoned for three years under charges from Spain; but this was the sole punishment dealt out to the most notorious of the buccaneers.

The success of Morgan's enterprise stimulated the piratical crews to similar deeds of daring, and the depredations continued, not only in the West Indies and eastern South America, but afterwards along the Pacific, the cities of Leon, in Mexico, New Granada, on the lake of Nicaragua, and Guayaquil, the port of Quito, being taken, sacked, and burned. Finally, France and England joined Spain in efforts for their suppression, the coasts were more strictly guarded, and many of the freebooters settled as planters or became mariners in honest trade. Some of them, however, continued in their old courses, dispersing over all seas as enemies of the

shipping of the world; but by the year 1700 their career had fairly come to an end, and the race of buccaneers ceased to exist.

CHAPTER XXXI
Elizabeth Farnese and Alberoni

In 1714 certain events took place in Spain of sufficient interest to be worth the telling. Philip V., a feeble monarch, like all those for the century preceding him, was on the throne. In his youth he had been the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. of France, and upon the death of that great monarch would be close in the succession to the throne of that kingdom. But, chosen as king of Spain by the will of Charles II., he preferred a sure seat to a doubtful one, and renounced his claim to the French crown, thus bringing to an end the fierce "War of the Succession," which had involved most of the powers of Europe for many years.

Philip, by nature weak and yielding, became in time a confirmed hypochondriac, and on the death of his wife, Maria Louise, in 1714, abandoned himself to grief, refusing to attend to business of any kind, shutting himself up in the strictest seclusion, and leaving the affairs of the kingdom practically in the hands of the Princess Orsini, the governess of his children, and his chief adviser.

Sorrow-stricken as was the bereaved king, affairs were already in train to provide him with a new wife, a plan being laid for that purpose at the very funeral of his queen, as some writers say, between the ambitious Princess Orsini and a cunning Italian named Alberoni, while they, with a show of grave decorum, followed Maria Louise to the grave.

The story of Alberoni is an interesting one. This man, destined to become prime minister of Spain, began life as the son of a gardener in the duchy of Parma. While a youth he

showed such powers of intellect that the Jesuits took him into their seminary and gave him an education of a superior character. He assumed holy orders and, by a combination of knowledge and ability with adulation and buffoonery, made his way until he received the appointment of interpreter to the Bishop of St. Domino, who was about to set out on a mission from the Duke of Parma to the Duke of Vendôme, then commander of the French forces in Italy.

The worthy bishop soon grew thoroughly disgusted with Vendôme, who, high as he was in station, displayed a shameless grossness of manner which was more than the pious churchman could endure. The conduct of the affair was therefore left to the interpreter, whose delicacy was not disturbed by the duke's behavior, and who managed to ingratiate himself fully in the good graces of the French general, becoming so great a favorite that in the end he left the service of the Duke of Parma for that of Vendôme.

Subsequently the duke was appointed to a command in Spain, where he employed Alberoni in all his negotiations with the court of Madrid. Here the wily and ambitious Italian won the favor of the Princess Orsini so fully that when, on Vendôme's death, he returned home, the Duke of Parma sent him as his envoy to Spain.

The princess little dreamed the character of the man whom she had taken into confidential relations, and who was plotting to overthrow her influence at court. Bent on retaining her influence by the choice of a tractable queen, she spoke to Alberoni of the urgent necessity of finding another bride for the disconsolate king. The shrewd diplomat named several eligible princesses, each of whom he dismissed as objectionable for one reason or another. At the end he adroitly introduced the name of Elizabeth Farnese, step-daughter of the Duke of Parma, of whom he spoke carelessly as a good girl, fattened on Parmesan cheese and butter, and so narrowly educated that she had not an idea beyond her embroidery.

She might succeed, he hinted, to the throne of Parma, as the duke had no child of his own, in which case there would be a chance for Spain to regain her lost provinces in Italy.

The deluded Princess Orsini was delighted with the suggestion. With such a girl as this for queen she could continue to hold the reins of state. She easily induced Philip to approve the choice; the Duke of Parma was charmed with the offer; and the preliminary steps to the marriage were hurried through with all possible rapidity.

Before the final conclusion of the affair, however, the Princess Orsini discovered in some way that Alberoni had lied, and that the proposed bride was by no means the ignorant and incapable country girl she had been told. Furious at the deception, she at once sent off a courier with orders to stop all further proceedings relating to the marriage. The messenger reached Parma in the morning of the day on which the marriage ceremony was to be performed by proxy. But Alberoni was wide awake to the danger, and managed to have the messenger detained until it was too late. Before he could deliver his despatches Elizabeth Farnese was the legal wife of Philip of Spain.

The new queen had been fully advised of the state of affairs by Alberoni. The Princess Orsini, to whom she owed her elevation, was to be got rid of, at once and permanently. On crossing the frontiers she was met by all her household except the princess, who was with the king, then on his way to meet and espouse his bride. At Alcala the princess left him and hastened to meet the queen, reaching the village of Xadraca in time to receive her as she alighted from her carriage, kiss her hand, and in virtue of her office at court to conduct her to her apartment.

Elizabeth met the princess with a show of graciousness, but on entering her chamber suddenly turned and accused her visitor of insulting her by lack of respect, and by appearing before her in improper attire. The amazed princess,

overwhelmed by this accusation, apologized and remonstrated, but the queen refused to listen to her, ordered her from the room, and bade the officer of the guard to arrest and convey her beyond the frontier.

Here was a change in the situation! The officer hesitated to arrest one who for years had been supreme in Spain.

"Were you not instructed to obey me implicitly?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Then do as I have ordered. I assume all responsibility."

"Will your majesty give me a written sanction?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, in a tone very different from that of the bread-and-butter miss whom Alberoni had represented her.

Calling for pen, ink, and paper, she wrote upon her knee an order for the princess's arrest, and bade the hesitating officer to execute it at once.

He dared no longer object. The princess, in court dress, was hurried into a carriage, with a single female attendant and two officers, being allowed neither a change of clothing, protection against the cold, nor money to procure needed conveniences on the road. In this way a woman of over sixty years of age, whose will a few hours before had been absolute in Spain, was forced to travel throughout an inclement winter night, and continue her journey until she was thrust beyond the limits of Spain, within which she was never again permitted to set foot.

Such was the first act of the docile girl whom the ambitious princess had fully expected to use as a tool for her designs. Schooled by her skilled adviser, and perhaps sanctioned by Philip, who may have wished to get rid of his old favorite, Elizabeth at the start showed a grasp of the situation which she was destined to keep until the end. The feeble-minded monarch at once fell under her influence, and soon all the affairs of the kingdom became subject to her control.

Elizabeth was a woman of restless ambition and impetuous temper, and she managed throughout Philip's reign to keep the kingdom in constant hot water. The objects she kept in view were two: first, to secure to Philip the reversion of the French crown in case of the death of the then Duke of Anjou, despite the fact that he had taken frequent oaths of renunciation; second, to secure for her own children sovereign rule in Italy.

We cannot detail the long story of the intrigues by which the ambitious woman sought to bring about these purposes, but in all of them she found an able ally in Alberoni. Elizabeth did not forget that she owed her high position to this man. They were, besides, congenial in disposition, and she persuaded Philip to trust and consult him, and finally to appoint him prime minister. Not satisfied with this reward to her favorite, she, after a few years, induced the Pope to grant him a cardinal's hat and Philip to make him a grandee of Spain. The gardener's son had, by ability and shrewdness, reached the highest summit to which his ambition could aspire.

From the greatest height one may make the most rapid fall. The power of Alberoni was destined quickly to reach its end. Yet it was less his own fault than the ambition of the queen that led to the termination of his career. As a prime minister he proved a marked success, giving Spain an administration far superior to any she had enjoyed for many years. Alberoni was a man of great ability, which he employed in zealous efforts to improve the internal condition of the country, having the wisdom to avail himself of the talents and knowledge of other able men in handling those departments of government with which he was unfamiliar. He seemed inclined to keep Spain at peace, at least until she had regained some of her old power and energy; but the demands of the queen overcame his reluctance, and in the end he entered upon the accomplishment of her purposes with a daring and recklessness in full accordance with the demands of her

restless spirit of intrigue.

Louis XIV. died in 1715. Louis XV., his heir, was a sickly child, not yet five years old. Philip would have been regent during his youth, and his heir in case of his death, had he not renounced all claim to the French throne. He was too weak and irresolute in himself to take any steps to gain this position, but his wife spurred him on to ambitious designs, and Alberoni entered eagerly into her projects, beginning a series of intrigues in France with all who were opposed to the Duke of Orleans, the existing regent.

These intrigues led to war. The duke concluded an alliance with England and Germany, the former enemies of France. Philip, exasperated at seeing himself thus thwarted, declared war against the German emperor, despite all that Alberoni could do to prevent, and sent an expedition against Sardinia, which captured that island. Sicily was also invaded. Alberoni now entered into intrigues for the restoration of the banished Stuarts to the English throne, and took part in a conspiracy in France to seize the Duke of Orleans and appoint Philip to the regency.

Both these plots failed, the war became general, Philip found his armies beaten, and Alberoni was forced to treat for peace. The Spanish minister had made bitter enemies of George I. of England and the Duke of Orleans, who, claiming that he was responsible for disturbing the peace of Europe, demanded his dismissal as a preliminary to peace. His failure had lost him influence with the king, but the queen, the real power behind the throne, supported him, and it was only by promises of the enemies of Alberoni to aid her views for the establishment of her children that she was induced to yield consent to his overthrow.

On the 4th of December, 1719, Alberoni spent the evening transacting affairs of state with the king and queen. Up to that time he remained in full favor and authority, however he may have suspected the intrigues for his overthrow. Their

majesties that night left Madrid for their country palace at Pardo, and from there was sent a decree by the hands of a secretary of state, to the all-powerful minister, depriving him of all his offices, and bidding him to quit Madrid within eight days and Spain within three weeks.

Alberoni had long been hated by the people of Spain, and detested by the grandees, who could not be reconciled to the supremacy of a foreigner and his appointment to equality with them in rank. But this sudden dismissal seemed to change their sentiments, and rouse them to realization of the fact that Spain was losing its ablest man. Nobles and clergy flocked to his house in such numbers that the king became alarmed at this sudden popularity, and ordered him to shorten the time of his departure.

Alberoni sought refuge in Rome, but here the enmity of France and England pursued him, and Philip accused him of misdemeanors in office, for which he demanded a trial by the Pope and cardinals. Before these judges the disgraced minister defended himself so ably that the court brought the investigation to a sudden end by ordering him to retire to a monastery for three years.

This period the favor of the Pope reduced to one year, and his chief enemy, the regent of France, soon after dying, he was permitted to leave the monastery and pass the remainder of his life free from persecution. His career was a singular one, considering the lowness of his origin, and showed what ability and shrewdness may accomplish even against the greatest obstacles of fortune.

CHAPTER XXXII
The Rock of Gibraltar

The great Mediterranean Sea has its gate-way, nine miles wide, opening into the Atlantic, the gate-posts being the headland of Ceuta, on the African coast, and the famous rock of Gibraltar, in southwestern Spain, two natural fortresses facing each other across the sea. It is a singular fact that the African headland is held by Spain, and the Spanish headland by Great Britain—this being a result of the wars of the eighteenth century. Gibraltar, in fact, has had a striking history, one worth the telling.

This towering mass of rock rises in solitary grandeur at the extremity of a sandy level, reaching upward to a height of fourteen hundred and eight feet, while it is three miles long and three-fourths of a mile in average width. It forms a stronghold of nature which attracted attention at an early date. To the Greeks it was one of the Pillars of Hercules—Abyla (now Ceuta) being the other—and formed the supposed western boundary of the world. Tarik, the Arab, landed here in 711, fortified the rock, and made it his base of operations against Gothic Spain. From him it received its name, Gebel el Tarik (Hill of Tarik), now corrupted into Gibraltar. For seven centuries it remained in Moorish hands, except for a short interval after 1302, when it was taken by Ferdinand II. of Castile. The king of Granada soon recaptured it; from him it was taken by treachery by the king of Fez in 1333; Alfonso XI. of Castile vigorously besieged it, but in vain; the king of Granada mastered it again in 1410; and it finally fell into the hands of Spain in 1462.

A formidable attempt was made by the Moors for its recovery in 1540, it being vigorously attacked by the pirates of Algiers, who fought fiercely to win the rock, but were finally repulsed.

For the next event in the history of this much-coveted rock we must go on to the year 1704, when the celebrated war of the Succession was in full play. Louis XIV. of France supported his grandson Philip V. as the successor to the throne of Spain. The Archduke Charles of Austria was supported by England, Portugal, and Holland, and was conveyed to the Peninsula and landed at Lisbon by an English fleet under Admiral Rorke. The admiral, having disposed of the would-be king, sailed for Barcelona, which he was told was a ripe plum, ready to fall into his mouth. He was disappointed; Barcelona was by no means ripe for his purposes, and he sailed back, ready for any enterprise that might offer itself.

Soon before him towered the rock of Gibraltar, a handsome prize if it could be captured, and poorly defended, as he knew. The Spaniards, trusting, as it seems, in the natural strength of the place, which they deemed impregnable, had left it with a very small supply of artillery and ammunition, and with almost no garrison. Here was a promising opportunity for the disappointed admiral and his associate, the prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who headed the foreign troops. A landing was made, siege lines were opened, batteries were erected, and a hot bombardment began, to which the feeble garrison could make but a weak reply. But the most effective work was done by a body of soldiers, who scrambled up a part of the rock that no one dreamed could be ascended, and appeared above the works, filling with terror the hearts of the garrison.

Two days answered for the enterprise. At the end of that time the governor, Don Diego de Salmas, capitulated, and Gibraltar was taken possession of in the name of Queen Anne of England, the prince being left there with a garrison of two

thousand men. From that time to this Gibraltar has remained an outpost of Great Britain, with whose outlying strongholds the whole world bristles.

The loss of this strong place proved a bitter draught to the pride of Spain, and strenuous efforts to recapture it were made. In the succeeding year (1705) it was besieged by a strong force of French and Spanish troops, but their efforts were wasted, for the feeble court of Madrid left the army destitute of necessary supplies. By the peace of Utrecht, 1713, Gibraltar was formally made over to Great Britain, a country famous for clinging with a death-grip to any place of which she has once taken hold.

Later efforts were made to win the Rock of Tarik for Spain, one in 1756, but the last and greatest in 1779-82. It is this vigorous effort with which we are here concerned, the siege being one of the most famous of recent times.

The Revolutionary War in the United States stirred up all Europe, and finally brought Great Britain two new foes, the allied kingdoms of France and Spain. The latter country had never lost its irritation at seeing a foreign power in possession of a part of its home territory. Efforts were made to obtain Gibraltar by negotiation, Spain offering her friendly aid to Great Britain in her wars if she would give up Gibraltar. This the British government positively refused to do, and war was declared. A siege of Gibraltar began which lasted for more than three years.

Spain began the work in 1779 with a blockade by sea and an investment by land. Supplies were cut off from the garrison, which was soon in a state of serious distress for food, and strong hopes were entertained that it would be forced to yield. But the British government was alert. Admiral Rodney was sent with a strong fleet to the Mediterranean, the Spanish blockading fleet was defeated, the garrison relieved, provisioned, and reinforced, and Rodney sailed in triumph for the West Indies.

For three years the blockade was continued with varying fortunes, the garrison being now on the verge of starvation, now relieved by British fleets. At the close of the third year it was far stronger than at the beginning. The effort to subdue it by famine was abandoned, and preparations for a vigorous siege were made. France had joined her forces with those of Spain. The island of Minorca, held by the British, had been taken by the allied fleet, and it was thought impossible for Gibraltar to resist the projected assault.

The land force that had so long besieged the rock was greatly strengthened, new batteries were raised, new trenches opened, and a severe fire was begun upon the works. Yet so commanding was the situation and so strong were the defences of the garrison that success from the land side seemed impossible, and it was determined to make the main attack from the sea.

A promising method of attack was devised by a French engineer of the highest reputation for skill in his profession, the Chevalier D'Arçon. The plan offered by him was so original and ingenious as to fill the besiegers with hopes of sure success, and the necessary preparations were diligently made. Ten powerful floating batteries were constructed, which were thought fully adapted to resist fire, throw off shells, and quench red-hot balls. Every effort was made to render them incombustible and incapable of being sunk. These formidable batteries were towed to the bay of Gibraltar and anchored at a suitable distance from the works, D'Arçon himself being in command. Ten ships of the line were sent to co-operate with them, the arrival of reinforcements from France increased the land army to forty thousand men, and Crillon, the conqueror of Minorca, was placed in supreme command. The allied fleets were ordered to cruise in the straits, so as to prevent interference by a British fleet.

These great and scientific preparations filled all hearts with hope. No doubt was entertained that Gibraltar now must

fall and Great Britain receive the chastisement she deserved. The nobility of Spain sought in numbers the scene of action, eager to be present at the triumph of her arms. From Versailles came the French princes, full of expectation of witnessing the humbling of British pride. So confident of success was Charles III., king of Spain, that his first question every morning on waking was, "Is Gibraltar taken?" All Spain and all France were instinct with hope of seeing the pride of the islanders go down.

Gibraltar was garrisoned by seven thousand troops under General Elliot. These lay behind fortifications on which had been exhausted all the resources of the engineering skill of that day, and in their hearts was the fixed resolve never to surrender. The question had become one of national pride rather than of utility. Gibraltar was not likely to prove of any very important advantage to Great Britain, but the instinct to hold on has always been with that country a national trait, and, however she might have been induced to yield Gibraltar as an act of policy, she was determined not to do so as an act of war.

Early on the 13th of September, 1782, the long-threatened bombardment began from so powerful a park of artillery that its roar is said to have exceeded anything ever before heard. There were defects in the plan. The trenches on land proved to be too far away. The water was rough and the gunboats could not assist. But the work of the batteries came up to the highest expectations. The fire poured by them upon the works was tremendous, while for many hours the shells and red-hot balls of the garrison, fired with the greatest precision, proved of no avail. The batteries seemed invulnerable to fire and shell, and the hopes of the besiegers rose to the highest point, while those of the besieged correspondingly fell.

In the end this powerful assault was defeated by one of those events to which armed bodies of men are always liable —a sudden and uncalled-for spasm of fear that flew like

wildfire through fleet and camp. The day had nearly passed, evening was approaching, the hopes of the allies were at their height, when a red-hot ball from the works lodged in the nearest battery and started a fire, which the crew sought in vain to quench.

In a sudden panic, for which there seems to have been no sufficient cause, the terrified crew wet their powder and ceased to fire on the British works. The panic spread to the other batteries, and from them to the forces on shore, even the commander-in-chief being affected by the causeless fear. At one moment the assailants were enthusiastic with expectation of success. Not many minutes afterwards they were so overcome with unreasoning terror that an insane order was given to burn the batteries, and these were fired with such precipitate haste that the crews were allowed no time to escape. More of the men were saved by their enemies, who came with generous intrepidity to their aid, than by their own terror-stricken friends.

This unfortunate event put a sudden end to the costly and promising effort. The nobles of Spain and the princes of France left the camp in disgust. Charles III. received word that Gibraltar was not captured, and not likely to be, and the idea of taking the stronghold by force was abandoned, the blockade being resumed.

To keep away British aid the allied fleet was increased until it numbered forty-seven ships of the line, with a considerable number of smaller vessels. Furnaces were prepared to heat shot for the destruction of any transports and store-ships that might enter the harbor. Against this great fleet Lord Howe appeared in October with only thirty sail, and encumbered with a large convoy. The allied leaders seeing this small force, felt sure of victory, and of Gibraltar as their prize.

But again they were doomed to disappointment. The elements came to the British aid. A violent storm drove the allied fleet from its anchorage, dispersed the vessels, injured

many of the large ships, and drove the small craft ashore. Lord Howe, whose ships were far better handled, sailed in good order through the straits, and for five days of rough weather offered battle to the disabled enemy, keeping them at a distance while his transports and store-ships entered the harbor and supplied the garrison abundantly with provisions, ammunition, and men. The effort to take Gibraltar was hopelessly defeated. The blockade was still kept up, but merely as a satisfaction to Spanish pride. All hope of taking the fortress was at an end. Gibraltar remains to-day in British hands, and no later attempt to take it has been made.

CHAPTER XXXIII
The Fall of a Favorite

The course of our work now brings us down to recent times. After the death of Philip II., in 1598, Spain had little history worth considering. Ruled by a succession of painfully weak kings, who were devoid of anything approaching political wisdom, the fortunes of the realm ran steadily downward. From being the strongest, it became in time one of the weakest and least considered of European kingdoms; and from taking the lead in the politics and wars of Europe, it came to be a plaything of the neighboring nations—a catspaw which they used for the advancement of their own ends.

It was in this way that Napoleon treated Spain. He played with it as a cat plays with a mouse, and when the proper time came pounced upon it and gathered it in. Charles IV., the Spanish king of Napoleon's time, was one of the feeblest of his weak line—an imbecile whom the emperor of France counted no more than a feather in his path. He sought to deal with him as he had done with the equally effeminate king of Portugal. When a French army invaded Portugal in 1807, its weak monarch cut the knot of the difficulty by taking ship and crossing the ocean to Brazil, abandoning his old kingdom and setting up a new one in the New World. When Spain was in its turn invaded, its king proposed to do the same thing—to carry the royal court of Spain to America, and leave a kingdom without a head to Napoleon. Such an act would have exactly suited the purposes of the astute conqueror, but the people rose in riot, and Charles IV. remained at home.

The real ruler of Spain at that time was a licentious and

insolent favorite of the king and queen, Emanuel Godoy by name, who began life as a soldier, was made Duke of Alcudia by his royal patrons, and was appointed prime minister in 1792. In 1795, having made peace with France after a disastrous war, he received the title of "Prince of the Peace." His administration was very corrupt, and he won the hatred of the nobles, the people, and the heir to the throne. But his influence over the imbecile king and the licentious queen was unbounded, and he could afford to laugh in the face of his foes. But favorites are apt to have a short period of power, and, though Godoy remained long in office, his downfall at length came.

Napoleon had marched his armies through Spain to the conquest of Portugal, no one in Spain having the courage to object. It was stipulated that a second French army should not cross the Pyrenees, but in defiance of this Napoleon filled the north of Spain with his troops in 1808, and sent a third army across the mountains without pretence of their being needed in Portugal. No protest was made against this invasion of a neutral nation. The court of Madrid was helpless with terror, and, with the hope of propitiating Napoleon, admitted his legions into all the cities of Catalonia, Biscay, and Navarre.

Only one thing more was needed to make the French masters of the whole country. They held the towns, but the citadels were in possession of Spanish troops. These could not be expelled by violence while a show of peace was kept up. But Napoleon wanted them, and employed stratagem to get them into his hands.

In two of the towns, St. Sebastian and Figueras, a simple lie sufficed. The officers in command of the French garrisons asked permission to quarter their unruly conscripts in the citadels. As the court had ordered that all the wishes of the emperor's officers should be gratified, this seemingly innocent request was granted. But in place of conscripts the best men

of the regiments were sent, and these were gradually increased in numbers until in the end they overpowered the Spanish garrisons and admitted the French.

At Pamplona a similar request was refused by the governor of the citadel, but he permitted sixty unarmed men daily to enter the fortress to receive rations for their respective divisions. Here was the fatal entering wedge. One night the officer in charge, whose quarters were near the citadel gate, secretly filled his house with armed grenadiers. The next morning sixty picked men, with arms hidden under their cloaks, were sent in for rations. The hour was too early, and the French soldiers loitered about under pretence of waiting for the quartermaster. Some sauntered into the Spanish guard-house. Others, by a sportive scuffle on the drawbridge, prevented its being raised, and occupied the attention of the garrison. Suddenly a signal was given. The men drew their weapons and seized the arms of the Spaniards. The grenadiers rushed from their concealment. The bridge and gate were secured, French troops hastened to the aid of their comrades, and the citadel was won.

At Barcelona a different stratagem was employed. A review of the French forces was held under the walls of the citadel, whose garrison assembled to look on. During the progress of the review the French general, on pretence that he had been ordered from the city, rode with his staff on to the drawbridge with the ostensible purpose of bidding farewell to the Spanish commander. While the Spaniards curiously watched the manœuvres of the troops others of the French quietly gathered on the drawbridge. At a signal this was seized, a rush took place, and the citadel of Barcelona was added to the conquests of France.

The surprise of these fortresses produced an immense sensation in Spain. That country had sunk into a condition of pitiable weakness. Its navy, once powerful, was now reduced to a small number of ships, few of them in condition for

service. Its army, once the strongest in Europe, was now but a handful of poorly equipped and half-drilled men. Its finances were in a state of frightful disorganization. The government of a brainless king, a dissolute queen, and an incapable favorite had brought Spain into a condition in which she dared not raise a hand to resist the ambitious French emperor.

In this dilemma Godoy, the so-called "Prince of the Peace," persuaded the king and queen of Spain that nothing was left them but flight. The royal house of Portugal had found a great imperial realm awaiting it in America. Spain possessed there a dominion of continental extent. What better could they do than remove to the New World the seat of their throne and cut loose from their threatened and distracted realm?

The project was concealed under the form of a journey to Andalusia, for the purpose, as announced by Godoy, of inspecting the ports. But the extensive preparations of the court for this journey aroused a suspicion of its true purpose among the people, whose indignation became extreme on finding that they were to be deserted by the royal house, as Portugal had been. The exasperation of all classes—the nobility, the middle class, and the people—against the court grew intense. It was particularly developed in the army, a body which Godoy had badly treated. The army leaders argued that they had better welcome the French than permit this disgrace, and that it was their duty to prevent by force the flight of the king.

But all this did not deter the Prince of the Peace. He had several frigates made ready in the port of Cadiz, the royal carriages were ordered to be in readiness, and relays of horses were provided on the road. The date of departure was fixed for the 15th or 16th of March, 1808.

On the 13th Godoy made his way from Madrid to Aranjuez, a magnificent royal residence on the banks of the

Tagus, then occupied by the royal family. This residence, in the Italian style and surrounded by superb grounds and gardens, was fronted by a wide highway, expanding opposite the palace into a spacious place, on which were several fine mansions belonging to courtiers and ministers, one of the finest being occupied by the prime minister. In the vicinity a multitude of small houses, inhabited by tradesmen and shopkeepers, made up the town of Aranjuez.

Godoy, on arriving at Aranjuez, summoned a council of the ministers, the time having arrived to apprise them of what was proposed. One of them, the Marquis of Caballero, kept him waiting, and on his arrival refused to consent, either by word or signature, to the flight of the king.

"I order you to sign," the prime minister angrily exclaimed.

"I take no orders except from the king," haughtily replied the marquis.

A sharp altercation followed, in which the other ministers took part, and the meeting broke up in disorder, nothing being done. On retiring, the irate counsellors, full of agitation, dropped words which were caught up by the public and aroused a commotion that quickly spread throughout the town. Thence it extended into the surrounding country, everywhere arousing the disaffected, and soon strange and sinister faces appeared in the quiet town. The elements of a popular outbreak were gathering.

During the succeeding two days the altercation between the Prince of the Peace and the ministers continued, and the public excitement was added to by words attributed to Ferdinand, the king's son and heir to the throne, who was said to have sought aid against those who proposed to carry him off against his will. On the morning of the 16th, the final day fixed for the journey, the public agitation was so great that the king issued a proclamation, which was posted in the streets, saying that he had no thought of leaving his people.

It ended: "Spaniards, be easy; your king will not leave you."

This for the time calmed the people. Yet on the 17th the excitement reappeared. The carriages remained loaded in the palace court-yard; the relays of horses were kept up; all the indications were suspicious. During the day the troops of the garrison of Madrid not on duty, with a large number of the populace, appeared in Aranjuez, having marched a distance of seven or eight leagues. They shouted maledictions on their way against the queen and the Prince of the Peace.

The streets of Aranjuez that night were filled with an excited mob, many of them life-guards from Madrid, who divided into bands and patrolled the vicinity of the palace, determined that no one should leave. About midnight an incident changed the excitement into a riot. A lady left Godoy's residence under escort of a few soldiers. She appeared to be about to enter a carriage. The crowd pressed closely around, and the hussars of the minister, who attended the lady, attempted to force a passage through them. At this moment a gun was fired—by whom was not known. A frightful tumult at once arose. The life-guards and other soldiers rushed upon the hussars, and a furious mob gathered around the palace, shouting, "Long live the king!" "Death to the Prince of the Peace!"

Soon a rush was made towards the residence of the prince, which the throng surrounded, gazing at it with eyes of anger, yet hesitating to make an attack. As they paused in doubt, a messenger from the palace approached the mansion and sought admission. It was refused from those within. He insisted upon entrance, and a shot came from the guards within. In an instant all hesitation was at an end. The crowd rushed in fury against the doors, broke them in, and swarmed into the building, driving the guards back in dismay.

It was magnificently furnished, but their passion to destroy soon made havoc of its furniture and decorations. Pictures, hangings, costly articles of use and ornament were

torn down, dashed to pieces, flung from the windows. The mob ran from room to room, destroying everything of value they met, and eagerly seeking the object of their hatred, with a passionate thirst for his life. The whole night was spent in the search, and, the prince not being found, his house was reduced to a wreck.

Word of what was taking place filled the weak soul of Charles IV. with mortal terror. The prince failed to appear, and, by the advice of the ministers, a decree was issued by the king on the following morning depriving Emanuel Godoy of the offices of grand admiral and generalissimo, and exiling him from the court.

Thus fell this detestable favorite, the people, who blamed him for the degradation of Spain, breaking into a passionate joy, singing, dancing, building bonfires, and giving every manifestation of delight. In Madrid, when the news reached there, the enthusiasm approached delirium.

Meanwhile, where was the fallen favorite? Despite the close search made by the mob, he remained concealed in his residence. Alarmed by the crash of the breaking doors, he had seized a pistol and a handful of gold, rushed up-stairs, and hid himself in a loft under the roof, rolling himself up in a sort of rush carpet used in Spain. Here he remained during the whole of the 18th and the succeeding night, but on the morning of the 19th, after thirty-six hours' suffering, thirst and hunger forced him to leave his retreat. He presented himself suddenly before a sentry on duty in the palace, offering him his gold. But the man refused the bribe and instantly called the guard. Fortunately the mass of the people were not near by. Some life-guards who just then came up placed the miserable captive between their horses, and conveyed him as rapidly as they could towards their barracks. But these were at some distance, the news of the capture spread like wild-fire, and they had not gone far before the mob began to gather around them, their hearts full of murderous rage.

The prince was on foot between two of the mounted guardsmen, leaning for shelter against the pommels of their saddles. Others of the horsemen closed up in front and rear, and did their best to protect him from the fury of the rabble, who struck wildly at him with every weapon they had been able to snatch up. Despite the efforts of the guardsmen some of the blows reached him, and he was finally brought to the barracks with his feet trodden by the horses, a large wound in his thigh, and one eye nearly out of his head. Here he was thrown, covered with blood, upon the straw in the stables, a sad example of what comes of the favor of kings when exercised in defiance of the will of the people. Godoy had begun life as a life-guardsman, and now, after almost sharing the throne, he had thus returned to the barracks and the straw bed of his youth.

We may give in outline the remainder of the story of this fallen favorite. Promise being given that he should have an impartial trial, the mob ceased its efforts to kill him. Napoleon, who had use for him, now came to his rescue, and induced him to sign a deed under which Charles IV. Abdicated the throne in favor of his son. His possessions in Spain were confiscated, but Charles, who removed to Rome, was his friend during life. After the death of his protector he went to Paris, where he received a pension from Louis Philippe; and in 1847, when eighty years of age, he received permission to return to Spain, his titles and most of his property being restored. But he preferred to live in Paris, where he died in 1851.

CHAPTER XXXIV
The Siege of Saragossa

On the banks of the Ebro, in northwestern Spain, stands the ancient city of Saragossa, formerly the capital of Aragon, and a place of fame since early Roman days. A noble bridge of seven arches, built nearly five centuries ago, crosses the stream, and a wealth of towers and spires gives the city an imposing appearance. This city is famous for its sieges, of which a celebrated one took place in the twelfth century, when the Christians held it in siege for five years, ending in 1118. In the end the Moors were forced to surrender, or such of them as survived, for a great part of them had died of hunger. In modern times it gained new and high honor from its celebrated resistance to the French in 1808. It is this siege with which we are concerned, one almost without parallel in history.

We have told in the preceding tale how Charles IV. of Spain was forced to yield the throne to his son Ferdinand, who was proclaimed king March 20, 1808. This act by no means agreed with the views of Napoleon, who had plans of his own for Spain, and who sought to end the difficulty by deposing the Bourbon royal family and placing his own brother, Joseph Bonaparte, on the throne.

The imperious emperor of the French had, however, the people as well as the rulers of Spain to deal with. The news of his arbitrary action was received throughout the Peninsula with intense indignation, and suddenly the land blazed into insurrection, and the French garrisons, which had been treacherously introduced into Spain, found themselves

besieged. Everywhere the peasants seized arms and took to the field, and a fierce guerilla warfare began which the French found it no easy matter to overcome. At Baylen, a town of Andalusia, which was besieged by the insurgents, the French suffered a serious defeat, an army of eighteen thousand men being forced to surrender as prisoners of war. This was the only important success of the Spanish, but they courageously resisted their foes, and at Saragossa gained an honor unsurpassed in the history of Spain. Never had there been known such a siege and such a defence.

Saragossa was attacked by General Lefebre on June 15, 1808. Thinking that a city protected only by a low brick wall, with peasants and townsmen for its defenders, and few guns in condition for service, could be carried at first assault, the French general made a vigorous attack, but found himself driven back. He had but four or five thousand men, while the town had fifty thousand inhabitants, the commander of the garrison being Joseph Palafox, a man of indomitable spirit.

Lefebre, perceiving that he had been over-confident, now encamped and awaited reinforcements, which arrived on the 29th, increasing his force to twelve thousand men. He was recalled for service elsewhere, General Verdier being left in command, and during the succeeding two months the siege was vigorously prosecuted, the French being supplied with a large siege train, with which they hotly bombarded the city.

Weak as were the walls of Saragossa, interiorly it was remarkably well adapted for defence. The houses were strongly built, of incombustible material, they being usually of two stories, each story vaulted and practically fireproof. Every house had its garrison, and the massive convents which rose like castles within the circuit of the wall were filled with armed men. Usually when the walls of a city are taken the city falls; but this was by no means the case with Saragossa. The loss of its walls was but the beginning, not the end, of its defence. Each convent, each house, formed a separate

fortress. The walls were loop-holed for musketry, ramparts were constructed of sand-bags, and beams were raised endwise against the houses to afford shelter from shells.

It was not until August that the French, now fifteen thousand strong, were able to force their way into the city. But to enter the city was not to capture it. They had to fight their way from street to street and from house to house. At length the assailants penetrated to the Cosso, a public walk formed on the line of the old Moorish ramparts, but here their advance was checked, the citizens defending themselves with the most desperate and unyielding energy.

The singular feature of this defence was that the women of Saragossa took as active a part in it as the men. The Countess Burita, a beautiful young woman of intrepid spirit, took the lead in forming her fellow-women into companies, at whose head were ladies of the highest rank. These, undeterred by the hottest fire and freely braving wounds and death, carried provisions to the combatants, removed the wounded to the hospitals, and were everywhere active in deeds of mercy and daring. One of them, a young woman of low rank but intrepid soul, gained world-wide celebrity by an act of unusual courage and presence of mind.

While engaged one day in her regular duty, that of carrying meat and wine to the defenders of a battery, she found it deserted and the guns abandoned. The French fire had proved so murderous that the men had shrunk back in mortal dread. Snatching a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, the brave girl fired his gun, and vowed that she would never leave it while a Frenchman remained in Saragossa. Her daring shamed the men, who returned to their guns, but, as the story goes, the brave girl kept her vow, working the gun she had chosen until she had the joy to see the French in full retreat. This took place on the 14th of August, when the populace, expecting nothing but to die amid the ruins of their houses, beheld with delight the enemy in full retreat. The

obstinate resistance of the people and reverses to the arms of France elsewhere had forced them to raise the siege.

The deeds of the "Maid of Saragossa" have been celebrated in poetry by Byron and Southey and in art by Wilkie, and she stands high on the roll of heroic women, being given, as some declare, a more elevated position than her exploit deserved.

Saragossa, however, was only reprieved, not abandoned. The French found themselves too busily occupied elsewhere to attend to this centre of Spanish valor until months had passed. At length, after the defeat and retreat of Sir John Moore and the English allies of Spain, a powerful army, thirty-five thousand strong, returned to the city on the Ebro, with a battering train of sixty guns.

Palafox remained in command in the city, which was now much more strongly fortified and better prepared for defence. The garrison was super-abundant. From the field of battle at Tudela, where the Spaniards had suffered a severe defeat, a stream of soldiers fled to Saragossa, bringing with them wagons and military stores in abundance. As the fugitives passed, the villagers along the road, moved by terror, joined them, and into the gates of the city poured a flood of soldiers, camp-followers, and peasants, until it was thronged with human beings. Last of all came the French, reaching the city on the 20th of December, and resuming their interrupted siege. And now Saragossa, though destined to fall, was to cover itself with undying glory.

The townsmen, giving up every thought of personal property, devoted all their goods, their houses, and their persons to the war, mingling with the soldiers and the peasants to form one great garrison for the fortress into which the whole city was transformed. In all quarters of the city massive churches and convents rose like citadels, the various large streets running into the broad avenue called the Cosso, and dividing the city into a number of districts, each with its large

and massive structures, well capable of defence.

Not only these thick-walled buildings, but all the houses, were converted into forts, the doors and windows being built up, the fronts loop-holed, and openings for communication broken through the party-walls; while the streets were defended by trenches and earthen ramparts mounted with cannon. Never before was there such an instance of a whole city converted into a fortress, the thickness of the ramparts being here practically measured by the whole width of the city.

Saragossa had been a royal depot for saltpetre, and powder-mills near by had taught many of its people the process of manufacture, so no magazines of powder subject to explosion were provided, this indispensable substance being made as it was needed. Outside the walls the trees were cut down and the houses demolished, so that they might not shield the enemy; the public magazines contained six months' provisions, the convents and houses were well stocked, and every preparation was made for a long siege and a vigorous defence.

Again, as before, companies of women were enrolled to attend the wounded in the hospitals and carry food and ammunition to the men, the Countess Burita being once more their commander, and performing her important duty with a heroism and high intelligence worthy of the utmost praise. Not less than fifty thousand combatants within the walls faced the thirty-five thousand French soldiers without, who had before them the gigantic task of overcoming a city in which every dwelling was a fort and every family a garrison.

A month and more passed before the walls were taken. Steadily the French guns played on these defences, breach after breach was made, a number of the encircling convents were entered and held, and by the 1st of February the walls and outer strongholds of the city were lost. Ordinarily, under such circumstances, the city would have fallen, but here the

work of the assailants had but fairly begun. The inner defences—the houses with their unyielding garrisons—stood intact, and a terrible task still faced the French.

The war was now in the city streets, the houses nearest the posts held by the enemy were crowded with defenders, in every quarter the alarm-bells called the citizens to their duty, new barricades rose in the streets, mines were sunk in the open spaces, and the internal passages from house to house were increased until the whole city formed a vast labyrinth, throughout which the defenders could move under cover.

Marshall Lannes, the French commander, viewed with dread and doubt the scene before him. Untrained in the art of war as were the bulk of the defenders, courage and passionate patriotism made up for all deficiencies. Men like these, heedless of death in their determined defence, were dangerous to meet in open battle, and the prudent Frenchman resolved to employ the slow but surer process of excavating a passage and fighting his way through house after house until the city should be taken piecemeal.

Mining through the houses was not sufficient. The greater streets divided the city into a number of small districts, the group of dwellings in each of which forming a separate stronghold. To cross these streets it was necessary to construct underground galleries, or build traverses, since a Spanish battery raked each street, and each house had to be fought for and taken separately.

While the Spaniards held the convents and churches the capture of the houses by the French was of little service to them, the defenders making sudden and successful sallies from these strong buildings, and countermining their enemies, their numbers and perseverance often frustrating the superior skill of the French. The latter, therefore, directed their attacks upon these buildings, mining and destroying many of them. On the other hand, the defenders saturated with rosin and pitch the timbers of the buildings they could

no longer hold, and interposed a barrier of fire between themselves and their assailants which often delayed them for several days.

Step by step, inch by inch, the French made their way forward, complete destruction alone enabling them to advance. The fighting was incessant. The explosion of mines, the crash of falling buildings, the roar of cannon and musketry, the shouts of the combatants continually filled the air, while a cloud of smoke and dust hung constantly over the city as the terrible scene of warfare continued day after day.

By the 17th of February the Cosso was reached and passed. But the French soldiers had become deeply discouraged by their fifty days of unremitting labor and battle, fighting above and beneath the earth, facing an enemy as bold as themselves and much more numerous, and with half the city still to be conquered. Only the obstinate determination of Marshal Lannes kept them to their work.

By his orders a general assault was made on the 18th. Under the university, a large building in the Cosso, mines containing three thousand pounds of powder were exploded, the walls falling with a terrific crash. Meanwhile, fifty pieces of artillery were playing on the side of the Ebro, where the great convent of St. Lazar was breached and taken, two thousand men being here cut off from the city. On the 19th other mines were exploded, and on the 20th six great mines under the Cosso, loaded with thousands of pounds of powder, whose explosion would have caused immense destruction, were ready for the match, when an offer to surrender brought the terrible struggle to an end.

The case had become one of surrender or death. The bombardment, incessant since the 10th of January, had forced the women and children into the vaults, which were abundant in Saragossa. There the closeness of the air, the constant burning of oil, and the general unsanitary conditions had given rise to a pestilence which threatened to carry off all the

inhabitants of the city. Such was the state of the atmosphere that slight wounds became fatal, and many of the defenders of the barricades were fit only for the hospitals. By the 1st of February the death-rate had become enormous. The daily deaths numbered nearly five hundred, and thousands of corpses, which it was impossible to bury, lay in the streets and houses, and in heaps at the doors of the churches, infecting the air with their decay. The French held the suburbs, most of the wall, and one-fourth of the houses, while the bursting of thousands of shells and the explosion of nearly fifty thousand pounds of gunpowder in mines had shaken the city to its foundations. Of the hundred thousand people who had gathered within its walls, more than fifty thousand were dead; thousands of others would soon follow them to the grave; Palafox, their indomitable chief, was sick unto death. Yet despite this there was a strong and energetic party who wished to protract the siege, and the deputies appointed to arrange terms of surrender were in peril of their lives.

The terms granted were that the garrison should march out with the honors of war, to be taken as prisoners to France; the peasants should be sent to their homes; the rights of property and exercise of religion should be guaranteed.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable sieges on record —remarkable alike for the energy and persistence of the attack and the courage and obstinacy of the defence. Never in all history has any other city stood out so long after its walls had fallen. Rarely has any city been so adapted to a protracted defence. Had not its houses been nearly incombustible it would have been reduced to ashes by the bombardment. Had not its churches and convents possessed the strength of forts it must have quickly yielded. Had not the people been animated by an extraordinary enthusiasm, in which women did the work of men, a host of peasants and citizens could not so long have endured the terrors of assault on the one hand and of pestilence on the other. In the words of General Napier,

the historian of the Peninsular War, "When the other events of the Spanish war shall be lost in the obscurity of time, or only traced by disconnected fragments, the story of Zaragoza, like some ancient triumphal pillar standing amidst ruins, will tell a tale of past glory."

CHAPTER XXXV
The Hero of the Carlists

Spain for years past has had its double king—a king in possession and a king in exile, a holder of the throne and an aspirant to the throne. For the greater part of a century one has rarely heard of Spain without hearing of the Carlists, for continually since 1830 there has been a princely claimant named Charles, or Don Carlos, struggling for the crown.

Ferdinand VII., who succeeded to the throne on the abdication of Charles IV. in 1808, made every effort to obtain an heir. Three wives he had without a child, and his brother, Don Carlos, naturally hoped to succeed him. But the persistent king married a fourth time, and this time a daughter was born to him. There was a law excluding females from the throne, but this law had been abrogated by Ferdinand to please his wife, and thus the birth of his daughter robbed Don Carlos of his hopes of becoming king.

Ferdinand died in 1833, and the infant Isabella was proclaimed queen, with her mother as regent. The liberals supported her, the absolutists gathered around Don Carlos, and for years there was a bitter struggle in Spain, the strength of the Carlists being in the Basque provinces and Spanish Navarre—a land of mountaineers, loyal in nature and conservative by habit.

The dynasty of the pretender has had three successive claimants to the throne. The first Don Carlos abdicated in 1844, and was succeeded by Don Carlos the Second, his son. He died in 1861, and his cousin, Don Carlos the Third, succeeded to the claim, and renewed the struggle for the crown.

It was this third of the name that threatened to renew the insurrection during the Spanish-American war of 1898.

This explanation is necessary to make clear what is known by Carlism in Spain. Many as have been the Carlist insurrections, they have had but one leader of ability, one man capable of bringing them success. This was the famous Basque chieftain Zumalacarregui, the renowned "Uncle Tomas" of the Carlists, whose brilliant career alone breaks the dull monotony of Spanish history in the nineteenth century, and who would in all probability have placed Don Carlos on the throne but for his death from a mortal wound in 1835. Since then Carlism has struggled on with little hope of success.

Navarre, the chief seat of the insurrection, borders on the chain of the Pyrenees, and is a wild confusion of mountains and hills, where the traveller is confused in a labyrinth of long and narrow valleys, deep glens, and rugged rocks and cliffs. The mountains are highest in the north, but nowhere can horsemen proceed the day through without dismounting, and in many localities even foot travel is very difficult. In passing from village to village long and winding roads must be traversed, the short cuts across the mountains being such as only a goat or a Navarrese can tread.

Regular troops, in traversing this rugged country, are exhausted by the shortest marches, while the people of the region go straight through wood and ravine, plunging into the thick forests and following narrow paths, through which pursuit is impossible, and where an invading force does not dare to send out detachments for fear of having them cut off by a sudden guerilla attack. It was here and in the Basque provinces to the west, with their population of hardy and daring mountaineers, that the troops of Napoleon found themselves most annoyed by the bold guerilla chiefs, and here the Carlist forces long defied the armies of the crown.

Tomas Zumalacarregui, the "modern Cid," as his chief historian entitles him, was a man of high military genius, rigid

in discipline, skilful in administration, and daring in leadership; a stern, grave soldier, to whose face a smile rarely came except when shots were falling thick around him and when his staff appeared as if they would have preferred music of a different kind. To this intrepid chief fear seemed unknown, prudence in battle unthought of, and so many were his acts of rashness that when a bullet at length reached him it seemed a miracle that he had escaped so long. The white charger which he rode became such a mark for the enemy, from its frequent appearance at the head of a charging troop or in rallying a body of skirmishers, that all those of a similar color ridden by members of his staff were successively shot, though his always escaped. On more than one occasion he brought victory out of doubt, or saved his little army in retreat, by an act of hare-brained bravery. Such was the "Uncle Tomas" of the Navarrese, the darling of the mountaineers, the man who would very likely have brought final victory to their cause had not death cut him off in the midst of his career.

Few were the adherents of Don Carlos when this able soldier placed himself at their head—a feeble remnant hunted like a band of robbers among their native mountains. When he appeared in 1833, escaping from Madrid, where he was known as a brave soldier and an opponent of the queen, he found but the fragment of an insurgent army in Navarre. All he could gather under his banner were about eight hundred half-armed and undisciplined men—a sorry show with which to face an army of over one hundred and twenty thousand men, many of them veterans of the recent wars. These were thrown in successive waves against Uncle Tomas and his handful of followers, reinforcement following reinforcement, general succeeding general, even the redoubtable Mina among them, each with a new plan to crush the Carlist chief, yet each disastrously failing.

Beginning with eight hundred badly armed peasants and fourteen horses, the gallant leader had at the time of his death

a force of twenty-eight thousand well-organized and disciplined infantry and eight hundred horsemen, with twenty-eight pieces of artillery and twelve thousand spare muskets, all won by his good sword from the foe—his arsenal being, as he expressed it, "in the ranks of the enemy." During these two years of incessant war more than fifty thousand of the army of Spain, including a very large number of officers, had fallen in Navarre, sixteen fortified places had been taken, and the cause of Don Carlos was advancing by leaps and bounds. The road to Madrid lay open to the Carlist hero when, at the siege of Bilboa, a distant and nearly spent shot struck him, inflicting a wound from which he soon died. With the fall of Zumalacarregui fell the Carlist cause. Weak hands seized the helm from which his strong one had been struck, incompetency succeeded genius, and three years more of a weakening struggle brought the contest to an end. In all later revivals of the insurrection it has never gained a hopeful stand, and with the fall of "Uncle Tomas" the Carlist claim to the throne seemingly received its death-blow.

The events of the war between the Navarrese and their opponents were so numerous that it is not easy to select one of special interest from the mass. We shall therefore speak only of the final incidents of Zumalacarregui's career. Among the later events was the siege and capture of Villafranca. Espartero, the Spanish general, led seven thousand men to the relief of this place, marching them across the mountains on a dark and stormy night with the hope of taking the Carlists by surprise. But Uncle Tomas was not the man to be taken unawares, and reversed the surprise, striking Espartero with a small force in the darkness, and driving back his men in confusion and dismay. Eighteen hundred prisoners were taken, and the general himself narrowly escaped. General Mirasol was taken, with all his staff, in a road-side house, from which he made an undignified escape. He was a small man, and by turning up his embroidered cuffs, these being the only

marks of the grade of brigadier-general in the Spanish army, he concealed his rank. He told his captors that he was a tambor. In their anxiety to capture officers the soldiers considered a drummer too small game, and dismissed the general with a sound kick to the custody of those outside. As these had more prisoners than they could well manage, he easily escaped.

On learning of the defeat of Espartero the city surrendered. The news of the fall of Villafranca had an important effect, the city of Tolosa being abandoned by its garrison and Burgera surrendered, though it was strongly garrisoned. Here Charles V.—as Don Carlos was styled by his party—made a triumphal entry. He was then at the summit of his fortunes and full of aspiring hopes. Eybar was next surrendered, the garrison of Durango fled, and Salvatierra was evacuated.

Victory seemed to have perched upon the banners of the Navarrese, town after town falling in rapid succession into their hands, and the crown of Spain appeared likely soon to change hands. Zumalacarregui proposed next to march upon Vittoria, which had been abandoned with the exception of a few battalions, and thence upon the important city of Burgos, where he would either force the enemy to a battle or move forward upon Madrid. So rapid and signal had been his successes that consternation filled the army of the queen, the soldiers being in such terror that little opposition was feared. Bets ran high in the Carlist army that six weeks would see them in Madrid, and any odds could have been had that they would be there within two months. Such was the promising state of affairs when the impolitic interference of Don Carlos led to a turn in the tide of his fortune and the overthrow of his cause.

What he wanted most was money. His military chest was empty. In the path of the army lay the rich mercantile city of Bilboa. Its capture would furnish a temporary supply. He insisted that the army, instead of crossing the Ebro and taking full advantage of the panic of the enemy, should attack this

place. This Zumalacarregui strongly opposed.

"Can you take it?" asked Carlos.

"I can take it, but it will be at an immense sacrifice, not so much of men as of time, which now is precious," was the reply.

Don Carlos insisted, and the general, sorely against his will, complied. The movement was not only unwise in itself, it led to an accident that brought to an end all the fair promise of success.

The siege was begun. Zumalacarregui, anxious to save time, determined to take the place by storm as soon as a practicable breach should be made, and on the morning of the day he had fixed for the assault he, with his usual daring, stepped into the balcony of a building not far from the walls to inspect the state of affairs with his glass.

On seeing a man thus exposed, evidently a superior officer, to judge from his telescope and the black fur jacket he wore, all the men within that part of the walls opened fire on him. The general soon came out of the balcony limping in a way that at once created alarm, and, unable to conceal his lameness, he admitted that he was wounded. A bullet, glancing from one of the bars of the balcony window, had struck him in the calf of the right leg, fracturing the small bone and dropping two or three inches lower in the flesh.

The wound appeared but trifling—the slight hurt of a spent ball—but the surgeons, disputing as to the policy of extracting the ball, did nothing, not even dressing the wound till the next morning. It was of slight importance, they said. He would be on horseback within a month, perhaps in two weeks. The wounded man was not so sanguine.

"The pitcher goes to the well till it breaks at last," he said. "Two months more and I would not have cared for any sort of wound."

Those two months might have put Don Carlos on the throne and changed the history of Spain. In eleven days the

general was dead and a change had come over the spirit of affairs. The operations against Bilboa languished, the garrison regained their courage, the plan of storming the place was set aside, the queen's troops, cheered by tidings of the death of the "terrible Zumalacarregui," took heart again and marched to the relief of the city. Their advance ended in the siege being raised, and in the first encounter after the death of their redoubtable chief the Carlists met with defeat. The decline in the fortunes of Don Carlos had begun. One man had lifted them from the lowest ebb almost to the pinnacle of success. With the fall of Zumalacarregui Carlism received a death-blow in Spain, for there is little hope that one of this dynasty of claimants will ever reach the throne.

CHAPTER XXXVI
Manila and Santiago

The record of Spain has not been glorious at sea. She has but one great victory, that of Lepanto, to offer in evidence against a number of great defeats, such as those of the Armada, Cape St. Vincent, and Trafalgar. In 1898 two more defeats, those of Manila and Santiago, were added to the list, and with an account of these our series of tales from Spanish history may fitly close.

Exactly three centuries passed from the death of Philip II. (1598) to that of the war with the United States, and during that long period the tide of Spanish affairs moved steadily downward. At its beginning Spain exercised a powerful influence over European politics; at its end she was looked upon with disdainful pity and had no longer a voice in continental affairs. Such was the inevitable result of the weakness and lack of statesmanship with which the kingdom had been misgoverned during the greater part of this period.

In her colonial affairs Spain had shown herself as intolerant and oppressive as at home. When the other nations of Europe were loosening the reins of their colonial policy, Spain kept hers unyieldingly rigid. Colonial revolution was the result, and she lost all her possessions in America but the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. Yet she had learned no lesson —she seemed incapable of profiting by experience—and the old policy of tyranny and rapacity was exercised over these islands until Cuba, the largest of them, was driven into insurrection.

In attempting to suppress this insurrection Spain adopted

the cruel methods she had exercised against the Moriscos in the sixteenth century, ignoring the fact that the twentieth century was near its dawn, and that a new standard of humane sympathy and moral obligation had arisen in other nations. Her cruelty towards the insurgent Cubans became so intolerable that the great neighboring republic of the United States bade her, in tones of no uncertain meaning, to bring it to an end. In response Spain adopted her favorite method of procrastination, and the frightful reign of starvation in Cuba was maintained. This was more than the American people could endure, and war was declared. With the cause and the general course of that war our readers are familiar, but it embraced two events of signal significance—the naval contests of the war—which are worth telling again as the most striking occurrences in the recent history of Spain.

At early dawn of the 1st of May, 1898, a squadron of United States cruisers appeared before the city of Manila, in the island of Luzon, the largest island of the Philippine archipelago, then a colony of Spain. This squadron, consisting of the cruisers Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, and Boston, the gunboats Petrel and Concord, and the despatch-boat McCulloch, had entered the bay of Manila during the night, passing unhurt the batteries at its mouth, and at daybreak swept in proud array past the city front, seeking the Spanish fleet, which lay in the little bay of Cavité, opening into the larger bay.

The Spanish ships consisted of five cruisers and three gunboats, inferior in weight and armament to their enemy, but flanked by shore batteries on each end of the line, and with an exact knowledge of the harbor, while the Americans were ignorant of distances and soundings. These advantages on the side of the Spanish made the two fleets practically equal in strength. The battle about to be fought was one of leading importance in naval affairs. It was the second time in history in which two fleets built under the new ideas in naval

architecture and armament had met in battle. The result was looked for with intense interest by the world.

Commodore Dewey, the commander of the American squadron, remained fully exposed on the bridge of his flagship, the Olympia, as she stood daringly in, followed in line by the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, and Boston. As they came up, the shore batteries opened fire, followed by the Spanish ships, while two submarine mines, exploded before the Olympia, tossed a shower of water uselessly into the air.

Heedless of all this, the ships continued their course, their guns remaining silent, while the Spanish fire grew continuous. Plunging shells tore up the waters of the bay to right and left, but not a ship was struck, and not a shot came in return from the frowning muzzles of the American guns. The hour of 5.30 had passed and the sun was pouring its beams brightly over the waters of the bay, when from the forward turret of the Olympia boomed a great gun, and an 8-inch shell rushed screaming in towards the Spanish fleet. Within ten minutes more all the ships were in action, and a steady stream of shells were pouring upon the Spanish ships.

The difference in effect was striking. The American gunners were trained to accurate aiming; the Spanish idea was simply to load and fire. In consequence few shells from the Spanish guns reached their mark, while few of those from American guns went astray. Soon the fair ships of Spain were frightfully torn and rent and many of their men stretched in death, while hardly a sign of damage was visible on an American hull.

Sweeping down parallel to the Spanish line, and pouring in its fire as it went from a distance of forty-five hundred yards, the American squadron swept round in a long ellipse and sailed back, now bringing its starboard batteries into play. Six times it passed over this course, the last two at the distance of two thousand yards. From the great cannon, and from the batteries of smaller rapid-fire guns, a steady stream

of projectiles was hurled inward, frightfully rending the Spanish ships, until at the end of the evolutions three of them were burning fiercely, and the others were little more than wrecks.

Admiral Montojo's flag-ship, the Reina Cristina, made a sudden dash from the line in the middle of the combat, with the evident hope of ramming and sinking the Olympia. The attempt was a desperate one, the fire of the entire fleet being concentrated on the single antagonist, until the storm of projectiles grew so terrific that utter annihilation seemed at hand. The Spanish admiral now swung his ship around and started hastily back. Just as she had fairly started in the reverse course an 8-inch shell from the Olympia struck her fairly in the stern and drove inward through every obstruction, wrecking the aft-boiler and blowing up the deck in its explosion. It was a fatal shot. Clouds of white smoke were soon followed by the red glare of flames. For half an hour longer the crew continued to work their guns. At the end of that time the fire was master of the ship.

Two torpedo-boats came out with the same purpose, and met with the same reception. Such a rain of shell poured on them that they hastily turned and ran back. They had not gone far before one of them, torn by a shell, plunged headlong to the bottom of the bay. The other was beached, her crew flying in terror to the shore.

While death and destruction were thus playing havoc with the Spanish ships, the Spanish fire was mainly wasted upon the sea. Shots struck the Olympia, Baltimore, and Boston, but did little damage. One passed just under Commodore Dewey on the bridge and tore a hole in the deck. One ripped up the main deck of the Baltimore, disabled a 6-inch gun, and exploded a box of ammunition, by which eight men were slightly wounded. These were the only men hurt on the American side during the whole battle.

At 7.35 Commodore Dewey withdrew his ships that the

men might breakfast. The Spanish ships were in a hopeless state. Shortly after eleven the Americans returned and ranged up again before the ships of Spain, nearly all of which were in flames. For an hour and a quarter longer the blazing ships were pounded with shot and shell, the Spaniards feebly replying. At the end of that time the work was at an end, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, their upper works still blazing. Of their crews, nearly a thousand had perished in the fight.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable naval battles in history. For more than three hours the American ships had been targets for a hot fire from the Spanish fleet and forts, and during all that time not a man had been killed and not a ship seriously injured. Meanwhile, the Spanish fleet had ceased to exist. Its burnt remains lay on the bottom of the bay. The forts had been battered into shapeless heaps of earth, their garrisons killed or put to flight. It was an awful example of the difference between accurate gunnery and firing at random.

Two months later a second example of the same character was made. Spain's finest squadron, consisting of the four first-class armored cruisers Maria Teresa, Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo, and Cristobal Colon, with two torpedo-boat destroyers, lay in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, blockaded by a powerful American fleet of battle-ships and cruisers under Admiral Sampson. They were held in a close trap. The town was being besieged by land. Sampson's fleet far outnumbered them at sea. They must either surrender with the town or take the forlorn hope of escape by flight.

The latter was decided upon. On the morning of July 3 the lookout on the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flag-ship, reported that a ship was coming out of the harbor. The cloud of moving smoke had been seen at the same instant from the battle-ship Iowa, and in an instant the Sunday morning calm on these vessels was replaced by intense excitement.

Mast-head signals told the other ships of what was in

view, the men rushed in mad haste to quarters, the guns were made ready for service, ammunition was hoisted, coal hurled into the furnaces, and every man on the alert. It was like a man suddenly awoke from sleep with an alarm cry: at one moment silent and inert, in the next moment thrilling with intense life and activity.

This was not a battle; it was a flight and pursuit. The Spaniards as soon as the harbor was cleared opened a hot fire on the Brooklyn, their nearest antagonist, which they wished to disable through fear of her superior speed. But their gunnery here was like that at Manila, their shells being wasted through unskilful handling. On the other hand the fire from the American ships was frightful, precise, and destructive, the fugitive ships being rapidly torn by such a rain of shells as had rarely been seen before.

Turning down the coast, the fugitive ships drove onward at their utmost speed. After them came the cruiser Brooklyn and the battle-ships Texas, Iowa, Oregon, and Indiana, hurling shells from their great guns in their wake. The New York, Admiral Sampson's flag-ship, was distant several miles up the coast, too far away to take part in the fight.

Such a hail of shot, sent with such accurate aim, could not long be endured. The Maria Teresa, Admiral Cervera's flag-ship, was quickly in flames, while shells were piercing her sides and bursting within. The main steam-pipe was severed, the pump was put out of service, the captain was killed. Lowering her flag, the vessel headed for the shore, where she was quickly beached.

The Almirante Oquendo, equally punished, followed the same example, a mass of flames shrouding her as she rushed for the beach. The Vizcaya was the next to succumb, after a futile effort to ram the Brooklyn. One shell from the cruiser went the entire length of her gun-deck, killing or wounding all the men on it. The Oregon was pouring shells into her hull, and she in turn, burning fiercely, was run ashore. She had

made a flight of twenty miles.

Only one of the Spanish cruisers remained—the Cristobal Colon. She had passed all her consorts, and when the Vizcaya went ashore was six miles ahead of the Brooklyn and more than seven miles from the Oregon. It looked as if she might escape. But she would have to round Cape Cruz by a long detour, and the Brooklyn was headed straight for the cape, while the Oregon kept on the Colon's trail.

An hour, a second hour, passed; the pursuers were gaining mile by mile; the spurt of speed of the Colon was at an end. One of the great 13-inch shells of the Oregon, fired from four miles away, struck the water near the Colon. A second fell beyond her. An 8-inch shell from the Brooklyn pierced her above her armor-belt. At one o'clock both ships were pounding away at her, an ineffective fire being returned. At 1.20 she hauled down her flag, and, like her consorts, ran ashore. She had made a run of forty-eight miles.

About six hundred men were killed on the Spanish ships; the American loss was one man killed and one wounded. The ships of Spain were blazing wrecks; those of the United States were none the worse for the fight. It was like the victory at Manila repeated. It resembled the latter in another particular, two torpedo-boats taking part in the affair. These were attacked by the Gloucester, a yacht converted into a gunboat, and dealt with so shrewdly that both of them were sunk.

The battle ended, efforts to save on the part of the American ships succeeded the effort to destroy, the Yankee tars showing as much courage and daring in their attempts to rescue the wounded from the decks of the burning ships as they had done in the fight. The ships were blazing fore and aft, their guns were exploding from the heat, at any moment the fire might reach the main magazines. A heavy surf made the work of rescue doubly dangerous; yet no risk could deter the American sailors while the chance to save one of the wounded remained, and they made as proud a record on the

decks of the burning ships as they had done behind the guns.

These two signal victories were the great events of the war. Conjoined with one victory on land, they put an end to the conflict. Without a fleet, and with no means of aiding her Cuban troops, Spain was helpless, and the naval victories at Manila and Santiago, in which one man was killed, virtually settled the question of Cuban independence, and taught the nations of Europe that a new and great naval power had arisen, with which they would have to deal when they next sought to settle the destinies of the world.

THE END.