

The World's Story

Spain, West Indies

VOLUME FOURTEEN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 14
Spain
West Indies

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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Spain
West Indies

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UNITED STATES
I
STORIES OF THE SPANISH ADVENTURERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

TWENTY-FIVE years after the first voyage of Columbus, the Spaniards made their way into Mexico and Yucatan, and within a few years they had conquered nearly all of a strip of land extending from Mexico to southern Chile. They found enormous quantities of gold and silver, and founded colonies where these were needed to protect the mines.

North of Mexico the Spaniards were less successful. In 1513, Ponce de Leon sighted Florida and later tried to found there a colony, but was killed by the Indians. In 1528, De Narvaez set out to explore the coast west of Florida. De Narvaez and many of his men perished, but a number were captured by the Indians and lived among them for years as slaves. De Vaca, one of these captives, wrote an interesting account of marvelous adventures during his slavery. Strange tales came to the ears of the Spaniards of villages in the sky, and in 1540, Coronado set forth to find these wonderful communities. While he was engaged in this pursuit, De Soto went on a journey of discovery, going west from Florida. In 1542, he crossed the Mississippi, but died on its banks and was buried in its waters. In 1565, the Spanish under Menendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States.

PONCE DE LEON SEEKS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

[1513]

BY FREDERICK A. OBER

THE Caribs from the Lesser Antilles, lying between Boriquen and Trinidad, off the Orinoco, performed longer voyages in their war-canoes, and in some of their excursions are said to have traversed the entire length of the Bahama archipelago, returning with strange tales of the islands and people they had seen. As some of them had halted at Boriquen on their return, and some had settled there, these tales had become traditionary with the natives, who repeated them to the Spaniards. Thus it had come about that Ponce de Leon heard of them, and one day there was brought to him a Carib woman from the hills of Luquillo, who related the story of a war-canoe that left for a voyage to the northern islands and never returned. The Caribs who sailed it were kinsmen of hers, who, having heard of an island containing a wonderful fountain, the waters of which had the power of restoring youth to aged people, went off in search of it. As they never came back, she reasoned, they must have found the fountain of rejuvenescence, for they were valorous braves and skillful sailors, who could not have been detained against their will by man or tempest.

The governor questioned the woman closely, and found her firm in the belief that there was a wonderful

island filled with rare delights, wherein was a spring that gushed forth in an unfailing stream, to bathe in which was to receive the gift of perennial youth. It was called, she said, Bimini, and was far north in the chain of islands now known as the Bahamas. She thought she could guide the governor to it, because she had often heard her kinsmen discuss the island and the way thither. It was as vividly pictured in her brain as her own *bohio* and the path that led to it from the highway.

As for going thither, she answered, when questioned by the governor, now that she was old it mattered not where she dwelt, whether on land or on ocean, and she was at the master's service. For the fountain she cared not, since her life had been a hard one, her troubles many, and she was oppressed by the manifold burdens of existence.

She was called a Carib, though born in Boriquen, having been captured in her youth by the cannibals and taken to their island of Turuqueira, or Guadeloupe, where she was espoused by a warrior of the tribe. Her tales of the beauty and fertility of Boriquen appealed to the warrior, and he took advantage of the first expedition northward to remove thither. Children were born to them, but they were lost to her now, having been enslaved; her husband had long before tired of her and the island, and gone back to the cannibal isles; thus, having nobody to live for, or to take care of her in her old age, she may well have said that one place was as good as another. By this she meant there were no tender ties that bound her to Boriquen, all her family having disappeared, being absent if not dead, and her home a

mere hut of reeds that the first hurricane might utterly destroy.

By the governor's command, the *vieja*, as she was called — being a woman past the prime of life, though not "old," as this name would imply — was taken to the servants' quarters in the castle and provided with food. She was detained there, though not against her will, until the governor should decide upon the course to pursue in respect to an exploration northward. Rumors of the existence of Bimini and the spring of perennial youth had reached his ears before, but being vague they had not impressed him like this story of the Carib, for she could guide him thither. War-worn veteran that he was, with wealth at his command sufficient for many years to come, he desired now a prolonged rest from his labors; and if he *could* renew in his exhausted frame the vigor of youth, how much it would mean to him! Doubtless, however, Ponce de Leon proceeded under the impulse of a number of motives, and not solely for the purpose of discovering the Fountain of Youth, when at last he concluded to make a voyage through the Bahama chain and see what there was beyond it.

There was, he believed, still a "third world" to discover, and mayhap he might be the fortunate man. Since the time that Don Christopher Columbus had sailed through the archipelago about midway its length, in 1492, no explorations had been made there. The man-hunters of Hispaniola had made hasty visits to get slaves for the mines, and had nearly depopulated several islands; but they had touched only at the southernmost. He, then, being now at liberty to do as he

liked, and with unbounded wealth at command, would equip an expedition for seeking out what lay beyond the misty barrier.

This was the conclusion Ponce de Leon came to, after thinking the matter over, and repeatedly interrogating the *vieja*, whose stories were ever the same. There was an island in the northwest Bahamas, she said, abounding in everything that man most desired, including gold and delicious fruits; and in the center of the island was a spring of purest water, to bathe in which wouldmake one young and handsome again. This story she reiterated, until at last Governor Ponce became convinced of her faith in it, if not of its truth.

There were then three caravels in port, which had come from Spain with supplies for the army. They were at his disposal, if not owned by him, so he gave orders for fitting them out for a voyage. When it became noised about that the veteran Juan Ponce was to set forth on a voyage of discovery, he had no lack of applicants for the cruise. His own retainers were sufficiently numerous to fill three vessels the size of those caravels, and it seemed that every Spaniard in Boriquen desired to accompany him. They were not old men, either, who wished to make the voyage for the purpose merely of renewing their youth; but most of them were young and able, who had no thought of aught but the gold to be found, and the adventures that were always the share of him who went with Juan Ponce on an expedition for ravage or conquest. Ceron and Garcia objected to the withdrawal from the island of so many stalwart soldiers, protesting that there was still need of them, as the Indians were not entirely pacified, and the Caribs yet

made desultory excursions from their strongholds in the south.

Juan Ponce laughed at their fears, and did not fail to point out that the island was already pacified when they returned to govern it; also, that the soldiers' terms of enlistment had expired (most of them), and there was no power, save the king's orders, to prevent them from going where they wished. And he flung a Spanish proverb at them, "Por donde va la mar, vayan las arenas" — that is to say, "Where the sea goes, there the sands go." And they could not stop them, either.

[So it was that Ponce de Leon sailed from Boriquen, or Porto Rico. He touched at Guanahani and wound about among the islands through the tortuous channels. On Easter Sunday he discovered land which he named Florida, from Pascua Florida, the Spanish name for Easter. Still the marvelous island with its still more marvelous fountain did not appear.]

After pursuing his voyage along the Gulf coast of Florida until, it is thought, it trended decidedly westward, — which would have taken him at least to Apalachee Bay, — Juan Ponce turned about and retraced his course to and around the southern tip of the peninsula with its fringe of keys, and across the strait of Florida to the Bahamas. On his way thither he passed very near the small island which to-day bears the name of Bimini, and was said to contain the fabulous spring with healing waters. It lies westward from a group called the Berry Islands, and northwest from New Providence, on which is Nassau, the capital and chief settlement of the Bahamas. This islet he failed to discover, but a trusty captain in his fleet, Juan Perez de Ortubia, guided

by another old woman, succeeded in finding it, after Juan Ponce had passed on to Porto Rico.

On the return voyage, the island now known as "Bahama" was visited for the first time, and a group which also bore an aboriginal name, the Lucayos, thought to be identical with the great and little Abaco. One islet of the group the governor called La Vieja, because the only inhabitant discovered there was a lone old woman, who, like the female guide from Porto Rico, professed to know all about Bimini and the Fountain of Youth. She and the *vieja* from Boriquen compared notes, so to speak, and the result was the discovery of Bimini just mentioned, for Juan Ponce de Leon took one old woman, and Juan Perez the other, and scoured the chain from one end to the other. The old woman from the Bahamas, being a Lucayo, was the successful one, for when Juan Perez overtook his commander, off the coast of Boriquen, he confirmed the story of an island with verdure and a spring of crystal clearness, but could not vouch for the efficacy of its waters. As neither of the *viejas* grew any younger, or more comely, and as Juan Ponce de Leon made no haste to return to the northern Bahamas (allowing seven or eight years to elapse before he did so), it is doubtful if the story of Juan Perez gained credence.

A SPANISH PEDDLER AMONG THE INDIANS

[1528]

BY CABEZA DE VACA

I WAS obliged to remain with the people of the island more than a year; and because of the hard work they put upon me, and their harsh treatment, I determined to flee from them, and go to those of Charruco, who inhabit the forests and country of the main; for the life I led was insupportable. Beside much other labor, I had to get out roots from below the water, and from among the cane where it grew in the ground. From this employment I had my fingers so worn, that, did a straw but touch them, it would draw blood. Many of the canes were broken, so that they often tore my flesh; and I had to go in the midst of them, with only the clothing on me I have mentioned.

Accordingly I put myself to work to get over to the other Indians; and afterward, while I was with them, affairs changed for me somewhat more favorably. I set myself to trafficking, and strove to turn my employment to profit in the ways I could best contrive; and by this means I got from the Indians food and good treatment. They would beg me to go from one part to another for things of which they have need; for, in consequence of continual hostilities, they cannot travel the country, nor make many exchanges. With my merchandise and trade I went into the interior as far as I pleased; and I traveled along the coast forty or fifty leagues.

The chief of my wares was pieces of sea-snails and their cones, conches, that are used for cutting, and a fruit like a bean, of the highest value among them, which they use as a medicine, and employ in their dances and festivities. There are sea-beads also, and other articles. Such were what I carried into the interior; and, in barter for them, I brought back skins, ocher, with which they rub and color their faces, and flint for arrow-points, cement and hard canes, of which to make arrows, and tassels that are made of the hair of deer, ornamented, and dyed red.

This occupation suited me well; for the travel gave me liberty to go where I wished. I was not obliged to work, and was not a slave. Wherever I went, I received fair treatment; and the Indians gave me to eat for the sake of my commodities. My leading object, while journeying in this business, was to find out the way by which I should have to go forward; and I became well known to the inhabitants. They were pleased when they saw me, and I had brought for them what they wanted; and those that did not know me sought and desired my acquaintance for my reputation. The hardships that I underwent in this were long to tell, as well of peril and privation, as of storms and cold. Many of them found me in the wilderness and alone; but I came forth from them all, by the great mercy of God our Lord. Because of them, I ceased to pursue the business in winter; for it is a season in which the natives themselves retire to their villages and huts, sluggish, and incapable of exertion.

I was in this country nearly six years, alone among the Indians, and naked like them. The reason why I

remained so long was, that I might take with me from the island the Christian Lope de Oviedo. De Alaniz, his companion, who had been left with him by Alonzo del Castillo, Andres Dorantes, and the rest, died soon after their departure; and, to get the survivor out from there, I went over to the island every year, and entreated him that we should go, in the way we could best contrive, in quest of Christians. He put me off every year, saying that in the next coming we would go. At last I got him off, crossing him over the bay, and over four rivers there are in the coast, as he could not swim. In this way we went on with some Indians, until coming to a bay a league in width, and everywhere deep. From its appearance, we supposed it to be that which they call Espiritu Santo.

We met some Indians on the other side of it, who came to visit ours; and they told us that beyond them there were three men like us, and gave their names. And we asked them for the others; and they told us that they were all dead of cold and hunger; that the Indians farther on, of whom they were, had for their diversion killed Diego Dorantes, Valdevieso, and Diego de Huelva, because they left one house for another; and that other Indians, their neighbors, with whom Captain Dorantes now was, had, in consequence of a dream, killed Esquivel and Mendez. We asked them how the living were situated; and they answered us that they were very ill used; for that the boys and some of the Indian men were very idle, and of cruelty gave them severe kicks, cuffs, and blows with sticks, and that such was the life they led among them.

We desired to be informed of the country ahead, and

of the subsistence in it; and they said there was nothing in it to eat, and [it] was thin of people, who suffered of cold, having no skins or other thing to cover them. They told us, also, if we wished to see those three Christians, two days from that time the Indians who had them would come to eat walnuts a league from there, on the margin of that river; and, that we might know what they had told us of the ill usage to be true, they slapped my companion and beat him with a stick, and I was not left without my portion. They frequently threw fragments of mud at us; and every day they put their arrows to our hearts, saying that they were inclined to kill us in the way they had destroyed our friends. Lope de Oviedo, my comrade, in fear, said that he wished to go back with the women who had crossed the bay with us, the men having remained some distance behind. I contended strongly with him against his returning, and I urged many objections; but in no way could I keep him. So he went back, and I remained alone with those savages.

These are the most watchful in danger of any people I have ever seen. If they fear an enemy, they are awake the night long, with each a bow by his side, and a dozen arrows. He that sleeps tries his bow; and if it is not strung, he gives the turn necessary to the cord. They often come out from their houses, bending to the ground in such manner that they cannot be seen, and look and watch on all sides to catch every object. If they perceive anything about, they are all in the bushes with their bows and arrows, and there they remain until day, running from place to place where it is useful to be, or where they think their enemies are. When the light has

come, they unbend their bows until they go out to hunt. The strings are of the sinews of deer.

The method they have of fighting is lying low to the earth; and, whilst they shoot, they move about, speaking, and leaping from one point to another, screening themselves from the shafts of their enemies. So effectual is this maneuvering, that they can receive very little injury from cross-bow or arquebuse; but they rather scoff at them: for these arms are of little value employed in open field, where the Indians go loosely. They are proper for defiles, and in water: everywhere else the horses will be found the most effective, and are what the natives universally fear. Whosoever would fight against them must be cautious to show no weakness or desire for anything that is theirs; and, whilst war exists, they must be treated with the utmost severity; for, if they discover any timidity or covetousness, they are a race that well discern the opportunities for vengeance, and gather strength from the fear of their adversaries. When they use arrows in battle, and exhaust their store, each returns by his own way without the one party following the other, although the one be many and the other few; for such is their custom. Oftentimes their bodies are traversed from side to side by arrows; and they do not die of the wounds, but soon become well, unless the entrails or the heart be struck.

I believe they see and hear better, and have keener senses, than any people there are in the world. They are great in the endurance of hunger, thirst, and cold, as if they were made for these more than others by habit and nature. Thus much I have wished to say beyond the gratification of that desire which men have to learn the

customs and manners of each other, that those who hereafter at some time find themselves amongst these people may be intelligent in their usages and artifice, the value of which they will not find inconsiderable in such event.

We left these, and traveled through so many sorts of people, of such diverse languages, that the memory fails to recall them. They ever plundered each other; and those that lost, like those that gained, were fully content. We drew so many followers after us, that we had not use for their services. While on our way through these vales, each of the Indians carried a club three palms in length, and kept himself on the alert. . .

The women carried many mats, of which the men made us houses, each of us having a separate one with all his attendants. After these were put up, we ordered the deer and hares to be roasted, with the rest that had been taken. This was soon done by means of certain ovens made for the purpose. We took a little of each; and the remainder we gave to the principal personages that came with us, directing them to divide them among the rest. Every one brought his portion to us, that we should give it our benediction; for not until then dared they to eat of it. Frequently we were accompanied by three or four thousand persons; and as we had to breathe upon and sanctify the food and drink for each, and give them permission to do the many things they would come to ask, it may be seen how great to us were the trouble and annoyance. The women first brought us the pears, spiders, worms, and whatever else they could gather; for, even if they were famishing, they would eat nothing unless we gave it to them.

In company with these we crossed a great river com-

ing from the north; and, passing over some plains thirty leagues in extent, we found many persons who came from a great distance to receive us; and they met us on the road over which we had to travel, and received us in the manner of those we had left. . . .

We told them to conduct us toward the north; and they answered us as they had done before, saying that, in that direction, there were no people, except afar off; that there was nothing to eat, nor could water be found. Notwithstanding all this, we persisted, and said that in that course we desired to go; and they still tried to excuse themselves in the best manner possible. At this we became offended: and one night I went out to sleep in the woods, apart from them; but they directly went to where I was, and remained there all night without sleeping, and in great fear, talking to me, and telling me how terrified they were, beseeching us to be no longer angry, and that though they knew they should die on the way, they would nevertheless lead us in the direction we desired to go.

Whilst we still feigned to be displeased, that their fright might not leave them, there happened a remarkable circumstance, which was, that on this same day many of them became ill, and the next day eight men died. Abroad in the country wheresoever this became known, there was such dread, that it seemed as if the inhabitants at sight of us would die of fear. They besought us that we would not remain angered, nor require that many of them should die. They believed that we caused their death by only willing it; when in truth it gave us so much pain that it could not be greater; for, beyond the loss of them that died, we feared they

might all die, or abandon us out of fear, and all other people thenceforward should do the same, seeing what had come to these. We prayed to God our Lord that he would relieve them; and thenceforth all those that were sick began to get better. . .

From that place onward there was another usage, that those who knew of our approach did not come out to receive us on the roads, as the others had done, but we found them in their houses, and others they had made for our reception. They were all seated with their faces turned to the wall, their heads down, and the hair brought before their eyes, and their property placed in a heap in the middle of their houses. From this place forward they began to give us many blankets of skin, and they had nothing that they did not give to us. They have the finest persons of any that we saw, and of the greatest activity and strength, and [were those] who best understood us, and intelligently answered our inquiries. We called them *los de las vacas*, the cow nation, because most of the cattle that are killed are destroyed in their neighborhood; and along up that river over fifty leagues they kill great numbers.

THE STORY OF JOHN ORTIZ

[1528]

BY ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF DE SOTO

THIS Christian's name was John Ortiz; and he was born in Seville in worshipful parentage. He was twelve years in the hands of the Indians. He came into this country with Pamphilo de Narvaez, and returned in the ships to the island of Cuba, where the wife of the governor, Pamphilo de Narvaez, was; and by his commandment, with twenty or thirty in a brigantine, returned back again to Florida. And coming to the port in the sight of the town, on the shore they saw a cane sticking in the ground, and riven at the top, and a letter in it. And they believed that the governor had left it there to give advertisement of himself when he resolved to go up into the land; and they demanded it of four or five Indians which walked along the seashore; and they bade them by signs to come on shore for it; which, against the will of the rest, John Ortiz and another did.

And as soon as they were on land, from the houses of the town issued a great number of Indians, which compassed them about, and took them in a place where they could not flee; and the other, which sought to defend himself, they presently killed upon the place, and took John Ortiz alive, and carried him to Ucita, their lord. And those of the brigantine sought not to land but put themselves to sea, and returned to the island of Cuba. Ucita commanded to bind John Ortiz hand and foot

upon four stakes aloft upon a raft, and to make a fire under him, that there he might be burned. But a daughter of his desired him that he would not put him to death, alleging that one only Christian could do him neither hurt nor good, telling him that it was more for his honor to keep him as a captive. And Ucita granted her request, and commanded him to be cured of his wounds; and, as soon as he was whole, he gave him the charge of the keeping of the temple, because that by night the wolves did carry away the dead bodies out of the same; who commended himself to God, and took upon him the charge of his temple.

One night the wolves got from him the body of a little child, the son of a principal Indian; and, going after them, he threw a dart at one of the wolves, and struck him that carried away the body, who, feeling himself wounded, left it, and fell down dead near the place; and he, not wotting what he had done, because it was night, went back again to the temple. The morning being come, and finding not the body of the child, he was very sad. As soon as Ucita knew thereof, he resolved to put him to death, and sent by the track which he said the wolves went, and found the body of the child, and the wolf dead a little beyond: whereat Ucita was much contented with the Christian, and with the watch which he kept in the temple, and from thenceforward esteemed him much.

Three years after he fell into his hands, there came another lord, called Mocoço, who dwelleth two days' journey from the port, and burned his town. Ucita fled to another town that he had in another seaport. Thus John Ortiz lost his office and favor that he had with him.

These people, being worshipers of the devil, are wont to offer up unto him the lives and blood of their Indians, or of any other people they can come by; and they report that, when he will have them do that sacrifice unto him, he speaketh with them, and telleth them that he is athirst, and willeth them to sacrifice unto him. John Ortiz had notice by the damsel that had delivered him from the fire, how her father was determined to sacrifice him the day following, who willed him to flee to Mocoço, for she knew that he would use him well; for she heard say that he had asked for him, and said he would be glad to see him. And, because he knew not the way, she went with him half a league out of the town by night, and set him in the way, and returned, because she would not be discovered.

John Ortiz traveled all that night, and by the morning came unto a river which is in the territory of Mocoço; and there he saw two Indians fishing. And because they were in war with the people of Ucita, and their languages were different, and he knew not the language of Mocoço, he was afraid — because he could not tell them who he was, nor how he came thither; nor was able to answer anything for himself — that they would kill him, taking him for one of the Indians of Ucita. And, before they espied him, he came to the place where they had laid their weapons; and, as soon as they saw him, they fled toward the town; and although he willed them to stay, because he meant to do them no hurt, yet they understood him not, and ran away as fast as ever they could. And as soon as they came to the town, with great outcries, many Indians came forth against him, and began to compass him to shoot at him. John Ortiz, seeing

himself in so great danger, shielded himself with certain trees, and began to shriek out, and cry very loud, and to tell them that he was a Christian, and that he was fled from Ucita, and was come to see and serve Mocoço, his lord.

It pleased God, that at that very instant there came thither an Indian that could speak the language, and understood him, and pacified the rest, who told them what he said. Then ran from thence three or four Indians to bear the news to their lord, who came forth a quarter of a league from the town to receive him, and was very glad of him. He caused him presently to swear, according to the custom of the Christians, that he would not run away from him to any other lord, and promised him to entreat him very well, and that, if at any time there came any Christians into that country, he would freely let him go, and give him leave to go to them; and likewise took his oath to perform the same according to the Indian custom. About three years after, certain Indians which were fishing at sea, two leagues from the town, brought news to Mocoço that they had seen ships; and he called John Ortiz, and gave him leave to go his way; who, taking his leave of him, with all the haste he could, came to the sea; and, finding no ships, he thought it to be some deceit, and that the cacique had done the same to learn his mind: so he dwelt with Mocoço nine years, with small hope of seeing any Christians.

As soon as our governor arrived in Florida, it was known to Mocoço; and straightway he signified to John Ortiz that Christians were lodged in the town of Ucita. And he thought he had jested with him, as he had done

before, and told him that by this time he had forgotten the Christians, and thought of nothing else but to serve him. But he assured him that it was so, and gave him license to go unto them, saying unto him that, if he would not do it, and if the Christians should go their way, he should not blame him; for he had fulfilled that which he had promised him. The joy of John Ortiz was so great that he could not believe that it was true; notwithstanding, he gave him thanks, and took his leave of him. And Mocoço gave him ten or eleven principal Indians to bear him company.

WHEN DE SOTO MET THE PRINCESS

[1541]

BY THEODORE IRVING

WHEN the day dawned, De Soto set out with a hundred infantry and a hundred horse, to reconnoiter the village. Arrived on the opposite bank, John Ortiz, and Pedro, the Indian boy, shouted to the natives to come over and receive a message for their cacique.

The Indians, terrified at the strange sight of the Spaniards and their horses, ran back to the village to spread the news. In a little while a large canoe was launched, and came directly across the river, managed by several rowers. Six Indians, of noble appearance, all about forty or fifty years of age, landed from it.

The governor, perceiving they were persons of consequence, received them with much ceremony, seated in a kind of chair of state, which he always carried with him for occasions of the kind. As they advanced they made three profound reverences, one to the sun, with their faces to the eastward, the second to the moon, turning to the west, the third to the governor. They then made him the usual demand, "whether he came for peace or war?" He replied, "Peace; and a free passage through their lands." He moreover requested provisions for his people, and assistance with canoes or rafts in passing the river.

The Indians replied that their supplies were small, the country having been ravaged by pestilence in the

preceding year, so the most of the people had abandoned their houses and villages, and taken refuge in the woods, neglecting to sow their corn. They added that they were governed by a young female, just of marriageable age, who had recently inherited the sway. They would return and repeat to her the circumstances of their interview, and made no doubt, from her discreet and generous nature, she would do everything in her power to serve the strangers. With these words they departed.

They had not long returned to the village when the Spaniards perceived movements of preparation, and observed a kind of litter borne by four men to the water's side. From this alighted the female cacique, and entered a highly decorated canoe. A kind of aquatic procession was then formed; a grand canoe, containing the six ambassadors, and paddled by a large number of Indians, led the van, towing after it the state bark of the princess, who reclined on cushions in the stern, under a canopy supported by a lance. She was accompanied by eight female attendants. A number of canoes filled with warriors closed the procession.

The young princess stepped on shore, and as she approached the Spaniards they were struck with her appearance. She was finely formed, with great beauty of countenance, and native grace and dignity. Having made her obeisance to the governor, she took her seat on a kind of stool placed by her attendants, and entered into conversation with him, all her subjects preserving a most respectful silence.

Her conversation confirmed what had been said by the ambassadors. The province had been ravaged by pestilence during the preceding year, and provisions

were very scanty. She offered, however, to share with the strangers a quantity of maize collected for the relief of her village, and to put them in the way of getting similar supplies from other villages. She proffered, likewise, her own house for the accommodation of the governor, and half of the village for that of his officers and principal soldiers; and promised that wigwams of bark and branches should be put up for the rest. She added, that rafts and canoes should be provided for the army to cross the river on the following day. De Soto was overpowered by the generosity of the princess, and endeavored, in the best manner, to express his sense of her kind and hospitable offers, assuring her of the constant friendship of his sovereign and himself. The cavaliers, too, listened with admiring attention to her discourse, and to the answers she gave to various inquiries concerning her province; leaving them as much charmed with her intelligence and judgment as they had been with her beauty, and wondering to find such dignity and grace, and true politeness in a savage brought up in a wilderness.

While the Princess of Cofachiqui was conversing with the governor, she was slowly disengaging a string of large pearls, which passed three times round her neck, and descended to her waist. The conference ended, she told John Ortiz, the interpreter, to present the necklace to the general. Ortiz replied, that the gift would be more valuable if presented with her own hand; but she scrupled to do it, through a dread of infringing the propriety which females should always maintain. When De Soto was apprised of her scruples, he directed Ortiz to tell her, that he would more highly prize the favor of

receiving the gift from her own hand than he would value the jewel itself, and that she would commit no breach of decorum, as they were persons unknown to each other, treating of peace and amity.

This being interpreted to her, she rose, and placed the string of pearls about the neck of De Soto; he likewise stood up; and, taking from his finger a ring of gold, set with a ruby, presented it to her as a token of peace and friendship. She received it very respectfully and placed it on one of her fingers. This ceremony ended, she returned to her village, leaving the Spaniards much struck with her native talent and personal beauty. . . .

The governor endeavored to inform himself respecting the boasted riches of the province. For this purpose he called to him two Indian lads who had formerly accompanied traders into this part of the country, and who had told him that their masters had trafficked here for yellow and white metal, similar to the gold and silver shown by the Spaniards, and also for pearls. He made these youths describe the articles to the youthful princess, and begged her, if such yellow and white metals existed in her territories, to have specimens brought to him.

The princess cheerfully complied, and in a little while several Indians appeared, laden with the supposed treasure. To the great disappointment of the Spaniards, however, the yellow metal proved to be a species of copper of a yellowish tint much resembling gold; and the white metal, though a shining substance somewhat of the appearance of silver, was extremely light and crumbled in the hand like dry earth. Some have supposed it was a species of quartz, but it is probable that

it was mica. Thus vanished of a sudden the golden treasures of Cofachiqui.

To console the Spaniards under their evident disappointment, the princess pointed out a kind of temple or mausoleum, at one end of the village, and informed them that it was the sepulcher of all the chieftains and great warriors of the place, and was adorned within with great quantities of pearls; and that at another village, called Talomeco, about a league distant, the ancient seat of territory, was a still larger mausoleum, in which all her ancestors were interred, and which contained still greater quantities of pearls, all which she assured the governor should be entirely at his disposal.

De Soto was in some degree consoled by the news of these immense hoards of pearls for his disappointment in respect to gold; though even as to the latter, many of his followers did not give up their hopes, insisting that there were veins of gold in the copper and brass of the country. They were destitute, however, of aquafortis, or touchstones, to assay them.

Juan de Añasco, the *contador*, or royal accountant of the expedition, being absent, the governor deferred visiting the temple until he should be present in his official capacity. In the mean time, he placed trusty persons to keep watch round the edifice by day and night.

As soon as Añasco returned, the governor visited the mausoleum, accompanied by the officers of the royal revenue, and a number of his principal officers and soldiers. These edifices were of great magnitude — that at Talemeco being a hundred paces in length, and forty in breadth, with lofty roofs of reed. At the entrance to the

latter temple or mausoleum were gigantic statues of wood carved with considerable skill, the largest being twelve feet in height. They were armed with various weapons, and stood in threatening attitudes, with ferocious looks. The interior of the temple was likewise decorated with statues of various shapes and sizes, and a great profusion of conchs and different kinds of sea and river shells.

Around the sepulcher were benches, on which were wooden chests, skillfully wrought, but without locks or hinges. In these were the bodies of the departed caciques and chieftains of Cofachiqui, left to their natural decay; for these edifices were merely used as charnel-houses. Beside these chests, there were smaller ones, and baskets wrought of cane, which were filled with valuable furs and Indian robes of dressed skins, and mantles made of the inner rind and bark of trees, and others of a species of grass, which, when beaten, was not unlike flax. There were others formed with feathers of various colors, which the natives wore during the winter. But above all, they contained pearls of every size, and in incredible quantities, together with the figures of children and birds made of pearl. The Portuguese narrator says they obtained fourteen bushels of pearls, and that the female cacique assured them, if they searched the neighboring villages, they might find enough to load all the horses of the army. Nor is the Inca less extravagant in his account. All this, however, must be taken with a large deduction for the exaggeration with which the riches of the New World were always described by the discoverers, when beyond the power of proof.

The intendants of the revenue would have made

general spoil of these precious articles had not De Soto interfered. He represented that they were at present merely discovering the country, not dividing it, and having to make their way through a vast wilderness, it would not do to burden themselves with treasure. They should, therefore, only take specimens of these riches to send to Havana, and leave everything in the temples in their present state, until they came to colonize and make a settlement, when all should be properly divided, and the fifth of the amount be set apart for the Crown. He distributed, however, handfuls of large pearls among his officers, exhorting them to make rosaries of them, and permitting the officers of the Crown to retain a large quantity which they had already weighed out.

Annexed to this great sepulcher were several buildings, which served as armories, containing weapons of various kinds, all arranged in great order. The whole establishment was maintained with exact care, and evidently was in the charge of numerous attendants.

While ransacking these depositories of arms, the Spaniards, to their astonishment, found a dagger and several coats of mail. Nothing could equal their surprise at meeting with these European relics in the heart of this unknown wilderness. They questioned the Indians eagerly on the subject. The latter informed them that many years before, a number of white men like themselves had landed at a seaport, about two days' journey from thence. That the commander of the party died soon after landing, whereupon great factions and brawls took place among his followers, for the command, in which several were slain; the rest had reassembled on board of their vessel, and put to sea.

The Spaniards pondered over these facts, and determined that the white men in question must have been the unfortunate Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon and his ill-fated followers, and those experienced in maritime affairs gave it as their opinion that, from the course of the river which passed by Cofachiqui, it must be the same which on the seacoast was called the St. Helena.

Elated with the riches they had found, they urged the governor to stop here and create a colony. The country was fertile, they might establish a lucrative pearl fishery, and carry on a trade with Spain from the seaport at the mouth of the river.

De Soto persisted, however, in his original plan of making an exploring tour and meeting Maldonado at the port of Acusi, according to appointment. He observed that the surrounding country would not afford provisions for a month, that it would always be open for them to return to in case they should find none richer, and that, in the mean time, the Indians would sow their land with maize in greater plenty.

After a long sojourn, therefore, in this fertile and opulent province, De Soto prepared for his departure. During the time of his sojourn several broils had taken place between his people and the natives. These had originated in the ill conduct of some of the low and base-minded of the soldiery; probably in their rapacious eagerness for gain. They had produced a general ill-will among the Indians toward their guests, and a change in the feelings of the young and high-minded princess; who, instead of evincing her usual kindness and hospitality, grew cold and indifferent in her conduct, and appeared to eye the Spaniards with great distrust. De

Soto remarked this change, and received private intelligence that the princess was about to take to flight, and leave him without a guide for his march or porters for the baggage of the army. As his route would lie through various tracts of country under her dominion, any hostility on her part or on that of her subjects, could not but prove extremely embarrassing. He determined, therefore, to adopt a precaution, more than once practiced in the course of his expedition, and which the Spaniards had found efficacious in their Mexican and Peruvian conquests; which was to secure the person of the sovereign, by way of insuring the peaceful conduct of the people. Accordingly he placed a guard round the person of the female cacique, and signified to her that she was to accompany him in his march; but while he thus detained her as a hostage, he took care that she should be attended with the respect and ceremony due to her rank. The policy of this measure was apparent in the cessation of all brawls between the Spaniards and the natives; and in the good treatment which the army experienced during its subsequent march through the territories of the princess.

[It is agreeable to note that the stolen princess soon succeeded in making her escape, and that she carried away with her several slaves of the Spaniards.]

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

[1542]

BY THEODORE IRVING

THE schemes and labors and anxieties of De Soto, however, were rapidly drawing to a close; day by day his malady increased upon him, and his fever rose to such a height that he felt convinced his last hour was at hand. He prepared for death with the steadfastness of a soldier, and, all accounts agree, with the piety of a devoted Catholic.

He made his will almost in cipher, for want of sufficient paper: then calling together the officers and soldiers of most note, he nominated, as his successor to the titles and commands of governor and captain-general of the kingdom and provinces of Florida, Luis de Moscoso de Alvarado; the same, whom, in the province of Chicaza, he had deposed from the office of master of the camp; and he charged them, on the part of the emperor, and in consideration of the qualities and virtues of Luis de Moscoso, to obey him in the above capacities, until other orders should be received from Government. To all this he required them to take an oath with due form and solemnity.

When this was done, the dying chieftain called to him, by two and two, and three and three, the most noble of his army, and after them he ordered that the soldiery should enter, twentyand twenty, and thirty and

thirty, and of all of them he took his last farewell, with great tenderness on his own part, and many tears on theirs. He charged them to convert the natives to the Catholic faith, and to augment the power of the Crown of Spain, being himself cut off by death from the accomplishment of these great aims. He thanked them for the affection and fidelity which they had evinced in fearlessly following his fortunes through such great trials, and expressed his deep regret that it was not in his power to show his gratitude by rewards such as they merited. He begged the forgiveness of all whom he had offended, and, finally, entreated them in the most affectionate manner to be peaceful and loving to one another. His fever raged violently, and continued to increase until the seventh day, when, having confessed his sins with much humility and contrition, he expired. . . .

The death of the governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and they sorrowed the more, because they could not give him a proper sepulture, nor perform the solemn obsequies due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored.

They feared to bury him publicly, and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment, and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards; tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piecemeal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their governor and commander! Besides, De Soto

had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and valor; and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded, lest, finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt and fall upon their handful of troops.

For these reasons they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain near to the village, from whence the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. Here he was interred, in silence and in secret, with many tears of the priests and cavaliers, who were present at his mournful obsequies. The better to deceive the Indians, and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out on the following day that the governor was recovering from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses. They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the pits, and over the very grave of their commander; but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

With all these precautions, they soon found out that the Indians suspected, not only the death of the governor, but the place where he lay buried; for in passing by the pits they would stop, look attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling assured that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be safer from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually.

Accordingly, Juan de Añasco and other officers, taking with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under the pretense of fishing and amusing themselves; and, sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found in the mid-channel a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the center of the river. The hooded priests and steel-clad cavaliers gathered round the remains of the chief who had led them through all their perilous wanderings, and at the still hour of midnight they committed the body to the stream, watching it sink to the bottom, through scalding tears, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to Heaven, they sadly worked their way back to the shore.

II
THE SPANISH WAR

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Spanish rule in Cuba was so harsh that the Cubans tried many times to win their freedom. In 1895, they revolted again and fought with the utmost desperation. Spain could not suppress the revolt, but she treated all Cubans who fell into her hands with the greatest cruelty. On grounds of common humanity and also to protect American interests in the island, the United States was feeling the necessity of interference, when the Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana. The belief that Spain was privy to the deed aroused the whole country to wrath, and in 1898 war against Spain was declared.

The first blow was struck in the Philippines by Commodore Dewey, who steamed into the harbor of Manila and destroyed ten Spanish warships and one transport without the loss of a man. Spain then sent a fleet across the Atlantic. The vessels went into Santiago de Cuba for coal, and were promptly "bottled up," and American troops were sent to capture the town. When the Spanish fleet attempted to leave "the bottle," the ships were destroyed by the American warships. By this battle Spain lost property valued at $13,000,000. She had no more warships, and without them she could not hold island possessions. Santiago was surrendered, Porto Rico was also given up, and in July Spain asked for peace, agreeing to free Cuba, and to surrender Porto Rico to the Americans, as well as Guam, a small island in the Ladrones. The Philippines she sold to the United States for twenty million dollars.

By this war of one hundred and thirteen days, Spain lost all her possessions in the West Indies and in the Pacific Ocean, and owns no longer a foot of the land in the Western world which her mariners discovered four centuries ago.

CUBA TO COLUMBIA

BY WILL CARLETON

[April, 1896.]

A VOICE went over the waters —
  A stormy edge of the sea —
Fairest of Freedom's daughters,
  Have you no help for me?
Do you not hear the rusty chain
  Clanking about my feet?
Have you not seen my children slain,
  Whether in cell or street?
Oh, if you were sad as I,
  And I as you were strong,
You would not have to call or cry —
  You would not suffer long!

Patience? — have I not learned it,
  Under the crushing years?
Freedom — have I not earned it,
  Toiling with blood and tears?
"Not of you?" — my banners wave
  Not on Egyptian shore,
Or by Armenia's mammoth grave —
  But at your very door!
Oh, if you were needy as I,
  And I as you were strong,
You should not suffer, bleed, and die,
  Under the hoofs of wrong!

THE UNITED STATES

Is it that you have never
  Felt the oppressor's hand,
Fighting, with fond endeavor,
  To cling to your own sweet land?
Were you not half dismayed,
  There in the century's night,
Till to your view a sister's aid
  Came, like a flash of light?
Oh, what gift could ever be grand
  Enough to pay the debt,
If out of the starry Western land
  Should come my Lafayette!

THE SINKING OF THE MAINE[1]

[1898]

WILLIS J. ABBOT

HUMANITARIAN considerations, rather than regard for imperiled interests, brought the United States into a war which most emphatically their people did not desire. The great New York newspapers, day by day, printed circumstantial accounts of the frightful sufferings in Cuba. One journal secured a large number of photographs of scenes among the starving *reconcentrados*, which, greatly enlarged, were publicly exhibited in all parts of the Union. These pictures, showing the frightful distortions of the human body as the result of long starvation, showing little children, mere skeletons, looking mutely down on the dead bodies of their parents, brought home to the mind of the people the state of life in a neighboring land as no writing, however brilliant, could. A cry went up from every part of the United States that a Christian duty was imposed upon our nation to interfere for the alleviation of such horrible suffering. Charity came to the rescue with free contributions of provisions, and Congress made a heavy appropriation of money for the relief of the Cubans. But everywhere the opinion grew that philanthropy alone could not right this great wrong, but that the strong hand of the United States must reach forth to

[1] From *A Naval History of the United States*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1886, 1887, 1888, 1896, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

pluck out the Spaniard from the land he ravaged. And when a number of Senators and Representatives in Congress made journeys to Cuba, and returning, described in formal addresses at the Capitol the scenes of starvation and misery, this opinion hardened into positive conviction.

Then, almost as if planned by some all-knowing power, came a great and inexplicable disaster, which made American intervention inevitable and immediate.

During the latter years of the Cleveland Administration the representatives of American interests in Cuba urged that a United States ship-of-war should be permanently stationed in Havana Harbor. The request was reasonable, the act in thorough accord with the custom of nations. But, fearing to offend Spain, President Cleveland avoided taking the step, and President McKinley for months imitated him. In time this act, which in itself could have no hostile significance, came to be regarded as an expression of hostility to Spain, and all the resources of Spanish diplomacy were exerted to prevent any American warship from entering Havana Harbor. Ultimately, however, the pressure of public opinion compelled the Executive to provide for representation of American authority in the disordered island, and the battleship Maine, a sister ship to the Iowa, was sent to Havana.

The night of February 15 the Maine lay quietly at her anchorage in Havana Harbor. Her great white hull, with lights shining brilliantly from the ports aft where the officers' quarters were, gleamed in the starlight. On the berth deck the men swung sleeping in their hammocks. The watch on deck breathed gratefully the cool

evening air after the long tropic day. Captain Sigsbee was at work in his cabin, and the officers in the wardroom were chatting over their games or dozing over their books. The lights of the town and of the ancient fortress of Morro shone brightly through the purpling light. Not far away the Spanish man-of-war Alfonso XIII lay at her moorings, and an American merchantman, brightly lighted, was near. The scene was peaceful, quiet, beautiful. True, in the minds of many officers and men on the American warship there was a lurking and indefinable sense of danger. Their coming had been taken by the Spaniards in Havana as a hostile act. Though all the perfunctory requirements of international courtesy had been complied with, salutes interchanged, visits of ceremony paid and returned, there was yet in the Spanish greeting an ill-concealed tone of anger. In the cafés Spanish officers cursed the Yankees and boasted of their purpose to destroy them. On the streets American blue-jackets, on shore leave, were jostled, jeered, and insulted. Yet the ill-temper of the Spaniards, though apparent, was so ill-defined that no apprehension of a positive attack was felt. As is the practice on men-of-war, however, the utmost vigilance was maintained. Only the employment of a boat patrol and the use of torpedo nettings were lacking to give the Maine the aspect of a ship in an enemy's harbor.

Then came the disaster that shocked the world. A disaster in which it is impossible not to suspect the element of treachery. A disaster which if purely accidental, occurring to a hated ship in a port surrounded by men who were enemies at heart, was the most extraordinary coincidence in history.

This much we know: At about half-past nine those on the Maine who lived to tell the tale heard a sudden dull explosion, with a slight shock, then a prolonged, deep, furious roar, which shook the ship to its very vitals. The people on the other ships in the harbor saw the whole forward portion of the Maine suddenly become a flaming volcano belching forth fire, men, huge pieces of steel, and bursting shells. Portions of the ship's hull rained down on decks a thousand yards away. When the first fierce shock of the explosion was past, it was seen that the Maine was on fire and was rapidly sinking.

How wonderful is the power of discipline on the human mind! On the great battleship, with hundreds of its men blown to pieces or penned down by steel débris to be drowned in the rapidly rising waters, there was no panic. Captain Sigsbee, rushing from his cabin door, is met by the sergeant of marines who serves him as orderly. Not a detail of naval etiquette is lacking. Sergeant William Anthony salutes: —

"I have to report, sir, that the ship is blown up and is sinking," he says, as he would report a pilot boat in the offing.

The captain reaches the deck to find his officers already at work, the men who have not been injured all at their stations. Boats are lowered and ply about the harbor to rescue survivors. Though the flames rage fiercely, and the part of the ship which they have not yet reached is full of high explosives, there is no panic. At the first alarm every man has done what years of drill and teaching have taught him to do. The after-magazines have been flooded, the boats' crews called away. Even preparations for a fight had been attempted.

Lieutenant Jenkins, hearing the first explosion, sprang so quickly for his station at a forward gun that he was caught in the second explosion and slain. Though a bolt from heaven or a shock from hell had struck the Maine, it brought death only — not fear nor panic.

The work of rescuing survivors and caring for the wounded was pushed apace, for the ship sunk rapidly, until only her after-superstructure was above the waters. Boats from the Spanish man-of-war joined in the work of mercy, and her officers, as though conscious that the suspicion of treachery was first in every man's mind, exerted themselves in every way to show solicitude for the wounded and sorrow for the disaster. When all was done that could be done, and the roll of the ship's company was called, it was found that two hundred and sixty-six brave Americans were lost in Havana Harbor — a friendly port.

[After the raising of the Maine, the American Board of Inquiry found that the destruction was caused by the explosion of a low form of explosive exterior to the ship. On March 16, 1912, the remains of the vessel were towed out to sea and sunk with all naval honors. The bodies of the crew which had been recovered were buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

The Editor.]



The Charge at El Caney

THE CHARGE AT EL CANEY

BY FRANK T. MERRILL

WHILE the Spanish fleet under Cervera was shut into the harbor of Santiago, it was decided to capture the town with a land force, and on the morning of July 1 a general attack was made against the Spanish intrenchments on the heights of El Caney and San Juan.

El Caney was held by about five hundred Spaniards, who made a gallant stand against a force of nearly ten times their number and did not retreat until more than half of them were killed or captured. "The (attacking) force was composed entirely of regulars, with the exception of the Second Massachusetts Regiment in Ludlow's brigade. These volunteers, never in action before, behaved extremely well, coming up steadily under fire, and taking their places in the firing-line. But the moment they opened with their archaic Springfields and black powder, which they owed to the narrow parsimony of Congress, and to the lack of energy and efficiency in the system of the War Department, they became not only an easy mark for the Spanish Mausers, but made the position of more peril to all the other troops. In consequence of this they had to be withdrawn from the firing-line, but not until they had suffered severely and displayed an excellent courage.

"The lack of artillery and the black powder made the assault on El Caney a work to which infantry should not have been forced. Yet they were forced to it, and supported by only four guns, but splendidly led by Parton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, they carried the position at heavy cost by sheer courage, discipline, and good fighting, manifesting these great qualities in a high degree and one worthy of very lasting honor and remembrance." — *Henry Cabot Lodge.*

This illustration shows the Second Massachusetts Volunteers charging up the hill at El Caney. It is from a painting made under the direction of Colonel Embury P. Clarke, Springfield, Massachusetts, commander of the regiment, and is reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. C. W. Girsch, of New York City, holder of the copyright.

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

[1898]

FROM THE ACCOUNT OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

[THE following graphic account of this battle was written by a newspaper correspondent who was aboard the American battleship Texas during the encounter.

The Editor.]

ALMOST before the leading ship was clear of the shadow of Morro Castle the fight had begun. Admiral Cervera started it by a shell from the Almirante Oquendo, to which he had transferred his flag. It struck none of the American vessels. In a twinkling the big guns of the Texas belched forth their thunder, which was followed immediately by a heavy fire from our other ships. The Spaniards turned to the westward under full steam, pouring a constant fire on our ships, and evidently hoping to get away by their superior speed.

The Texas, still heading inshore, kept up a hot exchange of shots with the foremost ships, which gradually drew away to the westward under the shadow of the hills. The third of the Spanish vessels, the Vizcaya or Infanta Maria Teresa, was caught by the Texas in good fighting range, and it was she that engaged the chief attention of the first battleship commissioned in the American navy. The Texas steamed west with her adversary, and as she could not catch her with speed she did with her shells.

The din of the guns was so terrific that orders had to

be yelled close to the messengers' ears, and at times the smoke was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the twelve-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by a great ball, and everything movable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown flat on their faces.

Meanwhile the Oregon had come in on the run. She passed the Texas and chased after Commodore Schley, on the Brooklyn, to head off the foremost of the Spanish ships. The Iowa also turned her course westward, and kept up a hot fire on the running enemy.

At 10.10 o'clock, the third of the Spanish ships, the one that had been exchanging compliments with the Texas, was seen to be on fire and a mighty cheer went up from our ships. The Spaniard headed for the shore and the Texas turned her attention to the one following. The Brooklyn and the Oregon, after a few parting shots, also left her contemptuously and made all steam and shell after the foremost two of the Spanish ships, the Almirante Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon.

Just then the two torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton and Furor were discovered. They had come out after the cruisers without being seen, and were boldly heading west down the coast. "All small guns on the torpedo boats" was the order on the Texas, and in an instant a hail of shot was pouring all about them. A six-pounder from the starboard battery of the Texas, under Ensign Gise, struck the foremost torpedo boat fairly in the boiler.

A rending sound was heard above the roar of battle.

A great spout of black smoke shot up from that destroyer, and she was out of commission. The Iowa, which was coming up fast, threw a few complimentary shots at the second torpedo-boat destroyer and passed on. The little Gloucester, formerly a yacht, then sailed in and finished the second boat.

Gun for gun and shot for shot the running fight was kept up between the Spanish cruisers and the four American vessels. At 10.30 o'clock the Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya were almost on the beach, and were evidently in distress. As the Texas was firing at them a white flag was run up on the one nearest her. "Cease firing," called Captain Philip, and a moment later both the Spaniards were beached. Clouds of black smoke arose from each, and bright flashes of flame could be seen shining through the smoke. Boats were visible putting out from the cruisers to the shore. The Iowa waited to see that the two warships were really out of the fight, and it did not take her long to determine that they would never fight again. The Iowa herself had suffered some very hard knocks.

The Brooklyn, Oregon, and Texas pushed ahead after the Colon and Almirante Oquendo, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. At 10.50 o'clock, when Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Almirante Oquendo, suddenly headed inshore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making fine time and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. This work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. At 11.05 o'clock down came

a yellow and red flag at her stern. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a mighty explosion.

The crew of the Texas started to cheer. "Don't cheer, the poor devils are dying," called Captain Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

That ship in desperation was ploughing the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip had she made such time.

The Brooklyn might have proved a match to the Cristobal Colon in speed, but she was not supposed to be her match in strength.

It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuers. She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead, so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off at the point above mentioned. The Oregon was abeam of the Colon then, and the gallant Don gave it up.

At 1.15 o'clock he headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships was then within a mile of her, but her escape was

cut off. The Texas, Oregon, and Brooklyn closed in on her and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

Commodore Schley left the Brooklyn in a small boat and went aboard the Cristobal Colon and received the surrender. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signaled to Admiral Sampson: "We have won a great victory; details will be communicated."

Then for an hour after the surrender in that little cove under the high hills was a general Fourth of July celebration, though a little premature. Our ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through megaphones, and the Oregon got out its band, and the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" echoed over the lines of Spaniards drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet, and up over the lofty green-tipped hills of the Cuban mountains.

THE FLAG GOES BY

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong!
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

THE UNITED STATES

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

SPAIN

I

UNDER THE ROMANS AND THE MOORS

HISTORICAL NOTE

EXCEPT that both Greeks and Phœnicians had founded settlements in Spain, little is known of the history of the peninsula until the third century before Christ. The Carthaginians had then made their way into the country, and in order to drive them out the Romans formed an alliance with the Spaniards, and before long the country had become a province of Rome. As Rome grew too weak to protect her province, one barbaric tribe after another invaded the land, the Goths last of all. Early in the eighth century, it was invaded by the Moors from northern Africa. Between them and the Christians there was constant warfare, and it was on an expedition to aid the Christians of northern Spain that Charlemagne lost Roland at Roncesvalles.

When the Moors were in their glory, it was glory, indeed. They built magnificent palaces, among them the Alhambra, which is unrivaled even in its ruins. Poetry flourished; romances were composed in vast numbers; history, rhetoric, astronomy, and chemistry or alchemy were cultivated; agriculture was highly esteemed, and many new plants were introduced. Interesting discussions were often held, and travelers with their tales of discovery and adventure were warmly welcomed at the superb palaces. The caliph had an extensive library, whose use was freely given to learned men. There was only enmity, however, between them and the Christians, and by the middle of the fifteenth century the Moors had been driven to the southward. There they had established a strong state called Granada.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE PEOPLE OF SAGUNTUM

[219 B.C.]

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

No one knows what people first lived in Spain. History begins with the Iberians, of whom it tells us little. The Iberians were followed by the Celts. After much fighting the two nations concluded to dwell peacefully together, and were called the Celtiberians.

The men wore a garment of linen, or chamois leather, bound round the waist, and a cap on the head. In war the footmen carried two lances about a yard in length, a short sword, a pole with a hook in the end to seize the reins of the enemy's horses, a sling, and a buckler. The horsemen had, in addition to the buckler, a casing for the thighs, lances two yards long, sometimes sabers, and sometimes heavy mallets or sharp hatchets. They were very skillful. They could manage two horses at once, and could leap from one to the other when at full speed. When advancing to battle, each one carried a footman, who sprang to the ground and engaged the enemy.

The women wore a black woolen robe reaching to the feet. Sometimes they fastened a hood to it in the manner of our cloak hoods. They were little better than slaves, not only doing the work of the house, but toiling in the fields as well.

Sweet acorns and chestnuts, with cider or mead (a drink made of honey and water), supplied the table of a

portion of the people, but the wealthy used meat and wine. They were more temperate than their northern neighbors. They had feasts occasionally, but to these their wives and daughters were not admitted. The warriors danced in armor, and beat time to the music with their swords upon their shields. They expressed contempt as well as pleasure in this way. When they desired to show that they despised the Romans, they retired before them with a peculiar cry.

The funerals of their heroes were splendid. The corpse was dressed in fine garments. It lay in state for several days. It was then burned upon a pile made for the purpose; and, instead of a sermon, some friend told the descent and deeds of the deceased. Military exercises were performed over his tomb, and, in some instances, one or more of his dearest companions swallowed poison, thinking life worthless without him.

They knew little of medicine, and their sick were placed by the roadside, that passers-by might tell them of treatment which had been found useful in similar cases.

There is a tradition that some knowledge of the true God existed among the Iberians; but of this there is no certainty. The Celts are thought to have introduced the superstitions of the Druids, and certain stones, supposed to be Druidical remains, are pointed out as proof.

The first civilized people known to have visited Spain were the Phœnicians. They were Syrian in blood, and dwelt on a long, narrow strip of coast upon the east of the Mediterranean. Each of their cities governed itself, its district, and villages; but they were joined together

by national feeling and interest. At the head of these cities, and exercising a certain influence upon them all, was Sidon. Afterwards Tyre took her place. We learn somewhat about these cities from the Old Testament writers, and what is told of them by the Greeks agrees perfectly with the information contained in the sacred volume. Not having much land, they bethought themselves of making ships and crossing the sea. Short voyages were followed by long ones, and more than a thousand years before Christ they went to Spain.

They had many things to sell. All the glass in the ancient world was made by them. They wore fine cloths which they colored purple, and scarlet, and deep red, and they wrought elegant ornaments. They traded with the East also. They had pearls from Cape Comorin, cinnamon from Ceylon, and ivory, ebony, and jewels from Arabia. These they gave for the wool, fruits, gold, silver, and iron of the Celtiberians. They founded Cadiz, Malaga, and some other towns on the coast of Spain; but they were too busy in making good bargains to write much about their life there.

The most powerful colony of Phœnicia was Carthage, on the northern shore of Africa. Like the parent city of Tyre, she coveted the wealth of Spain, and began to trade with the seaports as early as the seventh century before Christ. Upon the breaking out of a quarrel between the Phœnicians and Spaniards, she conquered both parties, and took the settlements for herself.

The Carthaginians treated the native tribes with great cruelty, and these, in their sorrow, asked aid from the Romans. This the latter readily promised. They meant to drive out the Carthaginians, and seize upon

Spain, as the Carthaginians had done. They sent no soldiers, however, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, laid siege to Saguntum.

This city was founded 1384 B.C., by the Greeks of Zante. It was built upon a high hill, about a mile from the sea. It was immensely rich, and was the stronghold of Valencia. Hannibal laid waste the surrounding country. Then he shut off all communication with the sea, and attacked it upon three sides at once.

Upon his approach some of the citizens took a ship which was in the harbor, and sailed to Italy. When they reached Rome, they were led to the Senate Chamber. The fathers being assembled, they exclaimed, "O Romans, allies, friends, help! help! Even now Hannibal is thundering at the gates of Saguntum! — Hannibal, your enemy as well as ours; Hannibal, who, while yet a child, swore hatred to you; Hannibal, who, having taken Saguntum, will rush on Rome; Hannibal, the terrible; Hannibal, who fears not the gods, neither keeps faith with men. O Romans, fathers, friends, help while there is yet time."

These entreaties moved some of the more generous Senators. But the greater number selfishly regarded their own advantage only, and left the unfortunate city to stand or fall, as it might.

Hannibal lost not a moment. He said, "By and by is always too late." One angle of the city wall stretched quite into the valley. Against this he brought a battering-ram, thinking to beat it down without difficulty. He was mistaken. The bravest of the young men had stationed themselves there. Not content with driving him from his works, they often rushed out, determined

at least to sell their lives dearly. Hurling their javelins, thrusting with their lances, beating down with their heavy mallets, darting forward, wheeling, turning again, pursuing, retreating, they killed many of the besiegers, and wounded Hannibal himself. For a few days after this the fighting was discontinued. The Saguntines — men, women, and children — repaired the walls, and raised new defenses where there seemed to be need of them. As soon as Hannibal could appear abroad, the attacks were renewed with even greater fury than before. The soldiers were mounted on movable towers, which were wheeled to the walls, so that they were on a level with the besieged. So numerous were these towers and the battering-rams, that there was hardly room enough for them. At length a large breach was made in the wall, and the Africans rushed to the charge, secure of victory. But they were met by solid lines of men drawn up as on an open plain, line within line, and many of them armed with the terrible *falaric*. This was a shaft of fir tipped with an iron head a yard long, and bound, at the point where the head was fastened, with tow dipped in pitch. The two being set on fire, the weapon was hurled with amazing force and skill into the advancing ranks of the enemy. After a fierce struggle the Africans were driven back.

Hannibal then caused it to be proclaimed that the city would be given up to the soldiers to plunder and burn at their will; and they were eager for another assault. The besieged, worn out with labor and watching, could not defend the city equally well on all sides at once; and while the men in the different stories of the movable towers engaged the Saguntines in a hand-to-hand com-

bat, five hundred Carthaginians with pickaxes undermined the wall at the bottom — an easy task, since the cement was only clay. A portion of the wall fell down, and the troops, rushing in, seized a hillock, and fortified themselves within the town itself.

Still undiscouraged, the Saguntines raised other walls in the very face of the enemy, despising danger and death, and anxious only to preserve their freedom to the last moment. Finding that there was no longer hope, many of the principal men gathered the gold and silver from the public treasury, and their own stores, with rich garments, furniture, and whatever they most valued, and piling them upon a great fire which had been kindled in the market-place, cast themselves also headlong into it. Many burned themselves with their families in their own houses. At this moment of confusion a tower fell with a tremendous roar, and Hannibal, forcing his way through the opening, ordered every grown-up person to be slaughtered. The soldiers put out the fires that were raging in every direction, and enriched themselves with the spoil, although vast quantities had been before destroyed.

THE WHITE HIND OF SERTORIUS

[About 80 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[ABOUT 81 B.C., Sulla was putting to death every one in Rome who might possibly oppose his bloody rule. On the list of the proscribed was a skillful general named Sertorius, who saved his life by fleeing to Spain. He raised an army, consisting of both Spaniards and the Romans who had accompanied him, and he united the Celtiberians of the east and the Lusitanians of the west into a republic. He established schools for the boys, dressed them well in gowns edged with purple, and examined them often, giving generous rewards to those who had done well. Spain would perhaps have become entirely free from Rome, had it not been for the assassination of Sertorius.

The Editor.]

MOST of the tribes voluntarily submitted themselves, won by the fame of his clemency and of his courage, and, to some extent, also, he availed himself of cunning artifices of his own devising to impose upon them and gain influence over them. Amongst which, certainly, that of the hind was not the least. Spanus, a countryman who lived in those parts, meeting by chance a hind that had recently calved, flying from the hunters, let the dam go, and pursuing the fawn, took it, being wonderfully pleased with the rarity of the color, which was all milk white. And as at that time Sertorius was living in the neighborhood, and accepted gladly any presents of fruit, fowl, or venison, that the country afforded, and re-

warded liberally those who presented them, the countryman brought him his young hind, which he took and was well pleased with at the first sight, but when in time he had made it so tame and gentle that it would come when he called, and follow him wheresoever he went, and could endure the noise and tumult of the camp, knowing well that uncivilized people are naturally prone to superstition, by little and little he raised it into something preternatural, saying that it was given him by the goddess Diana, and that it revealed to him many secrets. He added, also, further contrivances. If he had received at any time private intelligence that the enemies had made an incursion into any part of the districts under his command, or had solicited any city to revolt, he pretended that the hind had informed him of it in his sleep, and charged him to keep his forces in readiness. Or if again he had notice that any of the commanders under him had got a victory, he would hide the messengers and bring forth the hind crowned with flowers, for joy of the good news that was to come, and would encourage them to rejoice and sacrifice to the gods for the good account they should soon receive of their prosperous success.

By such practices, he brought them to be more tractable and obedient in all things; for now they thought themselves no longer to be led by a stranger, but rather conducted by a god.

After one of his victories, he was much concerned that his white hind could nowhere be found; as he was thus destitute of an admirable contrivance to encourage the barbarous people at a time when he most stood in need of it. Some men, however, wandering in the night,

chanced to meet her, and knowing her by her color took her; to whom Sertorius promised a good reward if they would tell no one of it and immediately shut her up. A few days after, he appeared in public with a very cheerful look, and declared to the chief men of the country that the gods had foretold him in a dream that some great good fortune should shortly attend him; and, taking his seat, proceeded to answer the petitions of those who applied themselves to him. The keepers of the hind, who were not far off, now let her loose, and she no sooner espied Sertorius but she came leaping with great joy to his feet, laid her head upon his knees, and licked his hands, as she formerly used to do. And Sertorius stroking her and making much of her again, with that tenderness that the tears stood in his eyes, all that were present were immediately filled with wonder and astonishment, and accompanying him to his house with loud shouts for joy, looked upon him as a person above the rank of mortal men, and highly beloved by the gods, and were in great courage and hope for the future.

THE CHALLENGE OF PAULUS

[About 672 A.D.]

BY PAULUS

[One race of barbarians after another invaded Spain, but gradually the Goths gained ground, and in 476 A.D., the year of the fall of Rome, Spain had become a Gothic empire. One of the greatest of the Gothic kings was Wamba. Before he was fairly seated upon the throne, some of his subjects across the Pyrenees rebelled. Wamba sent Paulus with an army to subdue them; but Paulus proved false to his king, and instead of suppressing them, he induced them to take him for their ruler. Then he sent the following challenge to Wamba.

The Editor.]

In the name of the Lord, Flavius Paulus, King of the East, to Wamba, King of the South. Tell me, warrior, lord of woods and friend of rocks, hast thou ever run through the sharp rocks of uninhabitable mountains? Hast thou ever, like the strongest lion, broken down with thy breast the thickets and trees of the forest? Hast thou ever outstripped the deer in speed, or outleaped the stag, or subdued the devouring bears? Hast thou ever triumphed over the venom of vipers and serpents? If thou hast done all this, hasten unto us, that we may be abundantly regaled with the notes of the nightingale. Wherefore, thou wonderful man, whose courage rises with the occasion, come down to the defiles of the Pyrenees. There thou wilt find the great redresser of wrongs, whom thou canst engage without dishonor.

THE CHALLENGE OF PAULUS

[Paulus was overcome. With bare feet, the coarsest of garments, and a leather crown on his head, he walked in the triumphal procession of the king. Then he was sent to a monastery for the rest of his life.

The Editor.]

KING RODERICK AND THE MAGIC TOWER

[709 A.D.]

AN ANCIENT LEGEND RELATED BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[RODERICK the Goth was the last of the Gothic kings. He was overcome in the eighth century by the hordes of Mohammedans who came from northern Africa and also from Arabia and Syria and now crowded the peninsula.

The Editor.]

NOW, so it happened, according to the legend, that about this time, as King Roderick was seated one day on his throne, surrounded by his nobles, in the ancient city of Toledo, two men of venerable appearance entered the hall of audience. Their snowy beards descended to their breasts, and their gray hairs were bound with ivy. They were arrayed in white garments of foreign or antiquated fashion, which swept the ground, and were cinctured with girdles, wrought with the signs of the zodiac, from which were suspended enormous bunches of keys of every variety of form. Having approached the throne and made obeisance, — "Know, O King," said one of the old men, "that in days of yore, when Hercules of Libya, surnamed the Strong, had set up his pillars at the ocean strait, he erected a tower near to this ancient city of Toledo. He built it of prodigious strength, and finished it with magic art, shutting up within it a fearful secret, never to be penetrated without peril and disaster. To protect this terrible mystery he closed the entrance to the edifice by a great lock of steel, and he left a com-

mand that every king who should succeed him should add another lock to the portal; denouncing woe and destruction on him who should eventually unfold the secret of the tower.

"The guardianship of the portal was given to our ancestors, and has continued in our family, from generation to generation, since the days of Hercules. Several kings, from time to time, have caused the gate to be thrown open and have attempted to enter, but have paid dearly for their temerity. Some have perished within the threshold; others have been overwhelmed with horror at tremendous sounds, which shook the foundations of the earth, and have hastened to reclose the door and secure it with its thousand locks. Thus, since the days of Hercules, the inmost recesses of the pile have never been penetrated by mortal man, and a profound mystery continues to prevail over this great enchantment. This, O king, is all we have to relate; and our errand is to entreat thee to repair to the tower and affix thy lock to the portal, as has been done by all thy predecessors."

Having thus said, the ancient men made a profound reverence and departed from the presence-chamber.

Don Roderick remained for some time lost in thought after the departure of the men; he then dismissed all his court excepting the venerable Urbino, at that time Archbishop of Toledo. The long white beard of this prelate bespoke his advanced age, and his overhanging eyebrows showed him a man full of wary counsel.

"Father," said the king, "I have an earnest desire to penetrate the mystery of this tower."

The worthy prelate shook his hoary head. "Beware,

my son," said he; "there are secrets hidden from man for his good. Your predecessors for many generations have respected this mystery, and have increased in might and empire. A knowledge of it, therefore, is not material to the welfare of your kingdom. Seek not then to indulge a rash and unprofitable curiosity, which is interdicted under such awful menaces."

"Of what importance," cried the king, "are the menaces of Hercules the Libyan? Was he not a pagan? and can his enchantments have aught avail against a believer in our holy faith? Doubtless in this tower are locked up treasures of gold and jewels, amassed in days of old, the spoils of mighty kings, the riches of the pagan world. My coffers are exhausted; I have need of supply; and surely it would be an acceptable act in the eyes of Heaven to draw forth this wealth which lies buried under profane and necromantic spells, and consecrate it to religious purposes."

The venerable archbishop still continued to remonstrate, but Don Roderick heeded not his counsel, for he was led on by his malignant star. "Father," said he, "it is in vain you attempt to dissuade me. My resolution is fixed. To-morrow I will explore the hidden mystery, or rather the hidden treasures, of this tower."

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

Of this renowned edifice marvels are related by the ancient Arabian and Spanish chroniclers. "And I doubt much," adds the venerable Agapida, "whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an Oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history; a fact, too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds," continues the good friar, "do hastily reject the marvelous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and everything is full of type and portent. To such a mind the necromantic tower of Toledo will appear as one of those wondrous monuments of the olden time; one of those Egyptian and Chaldaic piles, storied with hidden wisdom and mystic prophecy, which have been devised in past ages, when man yet enjoyed an intercourse with high and spiritual natures, and when human foresight partook of divination."

This singular tower was round and of great height and grandeur, erected upon a lofty rock and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper and various colored marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so subtilely joined, however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvelous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away, and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass,

and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived, wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone, the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it Your Majesty requires of us? Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable Archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation within the memory of man, and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their

feeble efforts, whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. "Whatever is within this tower," said they, "is as yet harmless and lies bound under a mighty spell; venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land." But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should instantly be thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength, and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate; though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the nox-

ious and long-imprisoned air; he then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door, and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the color of bronze and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure, for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed, in large letters, "I do my duty." After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity. "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this, the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture difficult to be described. The walls were incrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the

place which seemed to shine upon the walls and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the center of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed, in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl, and on the lid were inscribed the following words: —

"In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvelous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son," said he; "desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle-

backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed, in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud. And the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trumpet and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords and maces and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows and the hurtling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain

was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was towards him, but whose armor and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal, and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed, but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil, and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had

issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers, and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and, lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the whole edifice burst forth into a blaze, as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended, and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air, and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of that ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days,

that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

DIEGO PEREZ, "THE POUNDER"

FROM AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD, TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART

[THE Mohammedans pushed on across the Pyrenees into France, and if it had not been for the victory of Charles Martel at Tours in 732, all western Europe would probably have fallen into their power.

Spain was in the hands of the Moors; but for twenty years after their coming, there were continual contests among the Moors themselves and between Christians and Moors. A few of the Christians had fled to the northern part of Spain, to the mountains of Asturias. Their numbers increased, and their territories gradually became larger. They asked Charlemagne to help them drive out the Moors. He sent a great army and subdued the country between the Ebro River and the Pyrenees, but some of Charlemagne's subjects revolted, and he had to leave Spain.

The Editor.]

THE Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xeres,
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.
No knight like Don Diego, — no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynims to the ground.

DIEGO PEREZ, "THE POUNDER"

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain.
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh, —
An olive tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres, —
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench now from that olive strong,
Which o'er his headpiece brandishing, he spurs among the throng.
God wot! full many a Pagan must in his saddle reel! —
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley so:
Sure mortal mould did ne'er enfold such mastery of power;
Let 's call Diego Perez 'The Pounder' from this hour."

THE CID AND THE LEPER

[Eleventh century]

AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD, TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART

[THE most famous champion of the Christians against the Moors was Rodrigo or Ruy Diaz de Bivar, oftenest called the Cid, that is, the Chief. He was the favorite hero of the Spanish people, and scores of ballads were written about his exploits. These are not satisfied with painting him the fierce warrior that he was, but also depict him as the perfect Christian hero, that he was not.

The Editor.]

HE has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to St. James doth owe;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The Good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure.
For God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

And there, in the middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay; to help would none come near,

Though earnestly he thrice did cry: "For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said no stay he made, that noble champion;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from the poor guest with loathing shrank away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprosite which through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body, by the heart, passed forth that breathing cold:
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;

Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed the lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot! perplexed sore
With that which had befallen — when lo! his face before,
There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white.
Thus said the vision: "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale — Christians and Moslems too;
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down, — he knelt till morning light;
Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

II

THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1469, Prince Ferdinand of Aragon married Princess Isabella of Castile, and soon after they succeeded to the throne in 1479, they set about the conquest of the Moorish state of Granada. For ten years the struggle lasted; then Granada was forced to yield. This ended the rule of the Moors in Spain.

Granada fell in 1492, the year in which Columbus set sail from the Spanish port of Palos and discovered America. The two sovereigns were sincerely anxious for the conversion to Christianity of their subjects, and in order to bring this about, they permitted the establishment of the church court known as the Inquisition. Many thousands who were suspected of heresy were tortured or burned at the stake. The Jews and Moors who refused to be baptized were commanded to leave the country. The Moors who became Christians were called Moriscos.

THE ELOPEMENT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

[1469]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[THE nobles of Henry IV of Castile were determined to put his sister Isabella upon the throne. Finally a treaty was made at the Bulls of Giusanda by which Henry was to hold the throne for life, but Isabella was to be proclaimed his heir. She had already been harassed by undesirable suitors, and it was provided in the treaty that, although she must not marry without her brother's consent, she should not be forced into any marriage against her will. As the accepted heiress of the united thrones of Castile and Leon, Isabella was now looked upon as a great matrimonial prize. Among those who sought her hand, with its firm grasp upon the treasures of the two kingdoms, was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, brother of Edward IV of England, and later Richard III of England. The Duke of Guienne, heir to the French throne, was only too willing to join Castile and Leon to France. Isabella was only eighteen, but she was a young lady who knew her own mind, and she proposed to carry her double crown to Aragon and nowhere else.

The Editor.]

ISABELLA was quite disposed to consult her own inclinations, and her own sagacious judgment in the choice of a husband, and she turned her eyes to her kinsman, Ferdinand of Aragon. The union of these two contiguous realms would, indeed, constitute a magnificent kingdom, homogeneous in language, manners, and religion. Ferdinand was also young, very handsome, of noble

bearing, and decidedly chivalric in character — just the man to win an aspiring maiden's love.

But nothing in this world ever goes smoothly. The most successful life is made up of but a series of stern conflicts. An influential portion of the nobles espoused the cause of the infant Joanna. They appealed to the Pope for aid, and in the night nailed up against the door of Isabella's palace a protest against her claims. At the same time another party appeared, demanding the hand of Isabella for Alfonso, the widowed King of Portugal. And it was proposed to secure the support of Henry for this alliance by marrying Joanna to the son and heir of the Portuguese monarch.

The King of Portugal was, of course, eager to annex Castile to his throne. He accordingly, encouraged by the nobles of Castile, dispatched a very imposing embassy, with the Archbishop of Lisbon at its head, to make another attempt to secure Isabella for his bride. But he was decidedly rejected. Henry, goaded by his partisans, was much annoyed, and threatened to imprison his unyielding sister in the royal fortress at Madrid. But the citizens at Ocana, where she then resided, rallied around her for her protection. The utmost enthusiasm was inspired in her behalf. Even the boys paraded the streets with banners emblazoned with the arms of Aragon, and singing songs contemptuously contrasting the old King of Portugal with the youth and chivalry of Ferdinand. The Archbishop of Toledo, who was almost the rival of the king in wealth and power, entered warmly into the interests of Isabella and Ferdinand. The king was a man naturally good-natured, and more interested in his own sensual enjoyments than

anything else. He would probably have left his sister to her inclinations, had he not been urged onward by the haughty Marquis of Villena, who had attained an entire ascendancy over his weak mind.

With these two factions it now became a struggle for power. Ferdinand would lavish the regal gifts of office upon the bishop and his friends. The King of Portugal, on the contrary, would rally around his throne the marquis and his followers. As Henry had now violated unscrupulously the treaty of the Bulls of Giusanda, Isabella considered herself released from its obligations, and immediately, without consulting her brother any further, accepted the proffered hand of Ferdinand.

The marriage articles were signed on the 7th of January, 1469. Isabella was aided in these movements by the absence of her brother and the Marquis of Villena, they both having been called to the south to suppress an insurrection. She removed her residence from Ocana to Madrigal, where, aided by a mother's sympathy, she was more favorably situated for the conduct of her important negotiations. The Marquis of Villena, however, kept a constant spy upon her, and, alarmed by the progress she was making in her plans, ordered, with the concurrence of the king, a troop of horse under the Archbishop of Seville, to proceed to Madrigal and arrest her.

Isabella, informed of her peril, succeeded in communicating with the Archbishop of Toledo, when he precipitately rallied a regiment of dragoons and advanced to Madrigal with such speed as to anticipate the marquis. The placid yet determined maiden was borne off, in military triumph, to Valladolid, where her

arrival was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm by the whole population. Ferdinand was then residing at Saragossa, in Aragon, about two hundred miles east of Valladolid.

It was now the great object of the king to prevent Ferdinand from entering Castile to marry Isabella. The King of Aragon was so sorely pressed by a war with some of his insurgent nobles, and his treasury was so exhausted, that he could not afford his son an armed escort sufficient to secure his safety. Ferdinand adopted the resolution to go in disguise as a merchant, diverting the attention of Henry by making very ostentatious preparations to accompany a public embassy from the Court of Aragon to that of Castile.

The small party of half a dozen merchants started on their adventurous expedition, Ferdinand assuming the dress and position of a servant, grooming the mules and serving at table. To avoid observation, they traveled mostly by night. With great vigilance, and amidst a thousand perils, they pressed on their way, greatly embarrassed by losing one night at an inn the purse which contained all their money. At length they were met by an escort sent by Isabella for their protection. On the 9th of October, Ferdinand reached Dueñas, in Leon, where a large party of Castilian nobles, the friends of Isabella, with their retainers, were assembled to welcome him. The young prince, surrounded by such defenders, was now safe.

Isabella, with her little court, was a few miles distant, at Valladolid. Communications immediately passed between them, and on the evening of the 15th of October, Ferdinand, accompanied by but four attendants,

rode privately from Dueñas to Valladolid, where he was received by the Archbishop of Toledo and conducted to the presence of Isabella. The young prince was exceedingly handsome, but seventeen years of age, tall, fair, and with an intellectual, expanded brow. He was well educated, temperate in all his habits, of courtly manners, and so devoted to useful activity that business seemed to be his pleasure. Isabella was eighteen years of age, a beautiful blonde, of queenly figure, exquisitely chiseled features, and with mild blue eyes. "She was," says a contemporary, "the handsomest lady whom I ever beheld, and the most gracious in her manners."

Isabella was a highly educated woman for that day, speaking the Castilian language with much grace and purity, and quite well versed in the current learning of those times. After a brief lover's interview of two hours, Ferdinand returned at midnight to Deuñas. Preparations were immediately made for the marriage, and their nuptials were solemnized at the palace of one of the nobles in Valladolid, on the morning of the 19th of October, 1469.

Ferdinand, having left home in disguise, and having lost his slender purse by the way, had not a copper. Isabella also, a fugitive from her brother's court, was equally unprepared for the expenses of the wedding. They, however, without difficulty, borrowed the sums which were necessary; and with splendor moderately conforming to their rank, in the presence of several of the highest of the nobility and about two thousand spectators, the life-long destinies of Ferdinand and Isabella were united. For a week Valladolid resounded with merry-making, and illuminations rendered the night as brilliant as the

day. An embassy was sent to Henry IV, soliciting his approbation of the match, and repeating their assurances of loyalty. The king received the embassage very coldly, and replied, "I must consult with my ministers."



Torquemada and the Catholic King

TORQUEMADA AND THE CATHOLIC KING

BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

(*French artist,* 1838)

THERE is a legend that long before Isabella came to the throne, her confessor Torquemada prevailed upon her to make a solemn vow that when she should become queen she would devote her life to searching out heresy and destroying it. Although both she and Ferdinand were devoted Catholics, they had no intense desire for the establishment of the Inquisition, and moreover, they were both inclined to be somewhat wary of encouraging papal encroachments upon their power. Nevertheless, the Inquisition was established.

It is said that Torquemada feared lest "the Catholic king" — which title included both Ferdinand and Isabella — should be tempted by the enormous bribes offered them to limit the power of the tribunal; and that he went boldly to the palace and demanded an interview. "I know your thoughts," he declared. Taking a crucifix from under his mantle, he held it before them and said sternly: "Behold the form of the crucified One, whom the godless Judas sold to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver. If you approve the act, yet sell Him dearer, I here lay down my office, and am free from all responsibility; but you shall give an account to God."

The Inquisition made no attempt to prove the heresy of an accused person. He was tortured into confession, and even if avowing his penitence, was punished by scourging, loss of property, and frequently by imprisonment for life. The person who did not recant was burned at the stake. It is estimated that some thirty-two thousand were put to death, and ten times that number severely punished. Men hardly dared to think about religion. The industry of the state was diminished. This and the loss of so many citizens produced a serious effect upon the progress of the country.

THE SURRENDER OF GRANADA

[1492]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

THE night preceding the surrender was a night of doleful lamentings, within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. All the royal treasures and most precious effects were hastily packed upon mules; the beautiful apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern gate of the Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, which he sent off thus privately, that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers, or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the Sultana Ayxa la Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanor; but his wife Morayma, and all the females of his household, gave way to loud lamentations, as they looked back upon their favorite abode, now a mass of gloomy towers behind them. They were attended by the ancient domestics of the household, and by a small guard of veteran Moors, loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defense of his family. The city was yet buried in sleep, as they passed through its silent streets. The guards at the gate shed tears, as they opened it for their departure.

They paused not, but proceeded along the banks of the Xenil on the road that leads to the Alpuxarras, until they arrived at a hamlet at some distance from the city, where they halted, and waited until they should be joined by King Boabdil.

The night which had passed so gloomily in the sumptuous halls of the Alhambra, had been one of joyful anticipation in the Christian camp. In the evening proclamation had been made that Granada was to be surrendered on the following day, and the troops were all ordered to assemble at an early hour under their several banners. The cavaliers, pages, and esquires were all charged to array themselves in their richest and most splendid style, for the occasion; and even the royal family decided to lay by the mourning they had recently assumed for the sudden death of the Prince of Portugal, the husband of the Princess Isabella. In a clause of the capitulation it had been stipulated that the troops destined to take possession should not traverse the city, but should ascend to the Alhambra by a road opened for the purpose outside of the walls. This was to save the feelings of the afflicted inhabitants, and to prevent any angry collision between them and their conquerors. So rigorous was Ferdinand in enforcing this precaution, that the soldiers were prohibited under pain of death from leaving the ranks to enter into the city.

The rising sun had scarce shed his rosy beams upon the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, when three signal guns boomed heavily from the lofty fortress of the Alhambra. It was the concerted sign that all was ready for the surrender. The Christian army forthwith poured out of the city, or rather camp of Santa Fé, and

advanced across the vega. The king and queen, with the prince and princess, the dignitaries and ladies of the court, took the lead, accompanied by the different orders of monks and friars, and surrounded by the royal guards splendidly arrayed. The procession moved slowly forward, and paused at the village of Armilla, at the distance of half a league from the city.

In the mean time, the grand cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mondoza, escorted by three thousand foot and a troop of cavalry, and accompanied by the commander Don Gutierrez de Cardenas, and a number of prelates and hidalgos, crossed the Xenil and proceeded in the advance, to ascend to the Alhambra and take possession of that royal palace and fortress. The road which had been opened for the purpose, led by the Puerta de los Molinos, or Gate of Mills, up a defile to the esplanade on the summit of the Hill of Martyrs. At the approach of this detachment, the Moorish king sallied forth from a postern gate of the Alhambra, having left his vizier Yusef Aben Comixa to deliver up the palace. The gate by which he sallied passed through a lofty tower of the outer wall, called the Tower of the Seven Floors (*de los siete suelos*). He was accompanied by fifty cavaliers, and approached the grand cardinal on foot. The latter immediately alighted, and advanced to meet him with the utmost respect. They stepped aside a few paces, and held a brief conversation in an undertone, when Boabdil, raising his voice, exclaimed, "Go, señor, and take possession of those fortresses in the name of the powerful sovereigns to whom God has been pleased to deliver them in reward of their great merits, and in punishment of the sins of the Moors." The grand cardi-

nal sought to console him in his reverses, and offered him the use of his own tent during any time he might sojourn in the camp. Boabdil thanked him for the courteous offer, adding some words of melancholy import, and then taking leave of him gracefully, passed mournfully on to meet the Catholic sovereigns, descending to the vega by the same road by which the cardinal had come. The latter, with the prelates and cavaliers who attended him, entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were thrown wide open by the alcayde Aben Comixa. At the same time the Moorish guards yielded up their arms, and the towers and battlements were taken possession of by the Christian troops.

While these transactions were passing in the Alhambra and its vicinity, the sovereigns remained with their retinue and guards near the village of Armilla, their eyes fixed on the towers of the royal fortress, watching for the appointed signal of possession. The time that had elapsed since the departure of the detachment seemed to them more than necessary for the purpose, and the anxious mind of Ferdinand began to entertain doubts of some commotion in the city. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or Great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hernendo de Talavera, Bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious apostle St. James, and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king of arms, with the shout of "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that re-

sounded across the vega. At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for this great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of "*Te Deum laudamus.*"

The king now advanced with a splendid escort of cavalry and the sound of trumpets, until he came to a small mosque near the banks of the Xenil, and not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, which edifice remains to the present day consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. Here he beheld the unfortunate King of Granada approaching on horseback, at the head of his slender retinue. Boabdil as he drew near made a movement to dismount, but, as had previously been concerted, Ferdinand prevented him. He then offered to kiss the king's hand, which, according to arrangement, was likewise declined, whereupon he leaned forward and kissed the king's right arm; at the same time he delivered the keys of the city with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation. "These keys," said he, "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."

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation into an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promises," replied he, "nor that thou shalt regain from our friendship the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

Being informed that Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, the good Count of Tendilla, was to be governor of the

city, Boabdil drew from his finger a gold ring set with a precious stone, and presented it to the count. "With this ring," said he, "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 with her escort and attendants. The queen, like her husband, declined all acts of homage, and received him with her accustomed grace and benignity. She at the same time delivered to him his son, who had been held as a hostage for the fulfillment of the capitulation. Boabdil pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.

Having rejoined his family, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxarras, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms, as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence in the Valley of Purchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxarras, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the

crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enameled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself: "Allah Achbar! God is great!" said he: but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into tears.

His mother, the intrepid Ayxa, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!"

The vizier Aben Comixa endeavored to console his royal master. "Consider, señor," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity."

The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of "Feg Allah Achbar"; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of "El ultimo suspiro del Moro," or, "The last sigh of the Moor."

THE GOVERNOR OF THE ALHAMBRA AND THE NOTARY

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

In former times there ruled, as governor of the Alhambra, a doughty old cavalier, who, from having lost one arm in the wars, was commonly known by the name of el Gobernador Manco, or "the one-armed governor." He in fact prided himself upon being an old soldier, wore his mustaches curled up to his eyes, a pair of campaigning boots, and a toledo as long as a spit, with his pocket-handkerchief in the basket-hilt.

He was, moreover, exceedingly proud and punctilious, and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway the immunities of the Alhambra, as a royal residence and domain, were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with fire-arms, or even with a sword or staff, unless he were of a certain rank; and every horseman was obliged to dismount at the gate, and lead his horse by the bridle. Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capital, it must at all times be somewhat irksome to the captain-general, who commands the province, to have thus an *imperium in imperio*, a petty independent post in the very center of his domains. It was rendered the more galling, in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor, that took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction; and from the

loose, vagrant character of the people who had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress, as in a sanctuary, and thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city.

Thus there was a perpetual feud and heartburning between the captain-general and the governor, the more virulent on the part of the latter, inasmuch as the smallest of two neighboring potentates is always the most captious about his dignity. The stately palace of the captain-general stood in the Plaza Nueva, immediately at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra; and here was always a bustle and parade of guards, and domestics, and city functionaries. A beetling bastion of the fortress overlooked the palace and public square in front of it; and on this bastion the old governor would occasionally strut backwards and forwards, with his toledo girded by his side, keeping a wary eye down upon his rival, like a hawk reconnoitering his quarry from his seat in a dry tree.

Whenever he descended into the city, it was in grand parade; on horseback, surrounded by his guards; or in his state coach, an ancient and unwieldy Spanish edifice of carved timber and gilt leather, drawn by eight mules, with running footmen, outriders, and lackeys; on which occasions he flattered himself he impressed every beholder with awe and admiration as the vicegerent of the king; though the wits of Granada, particularly those who loitered about the palace of the captain-general, were apt to sneer at his petty parade, and, in allusion to the vagrant character of his subjects, to greet him with the appellation of "the king of the beggars." One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between these two

doughty rivals was the right claimed by the governor to have all things passed free of duty through the city that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees this privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of *contrabandistas* took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity, and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum, a shrewd meddlesome *escribano*, or notary, who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra, and involving him in a maze of legal subtleties. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of his city, and penned a long letter for him in vindication of the right. Governor Manco was a straightforward cut-and-thrust old soldier, who hated an *escribano* worse than the devil, and this one in particular worse than all other *escribanos*.

"What!" said he, curling up his mustaches fiercely, "does the captain-general set his men of the pen to practice confusions upon me? I'll let him see an old soldier is not to be baffled by schoolcraft."

He seized his pen and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right of transit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his unhallowed hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra. While this question was agitated between the two pragmatical potentates, it so happened that a mule laden with sup-

plies for the fortress arrived one day at the gate of Xenil, by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as rusty and stanch as an old Toledo blade.

As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack-saddle of the mule, and, drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side-glance of a cur passing through hostile ground and ready for a snap and a snarl.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel at the gate.

"Soldier of the Alhambra!" said the corporal, without turning his head.

"What have you in charge?"

"Provisions for the garrison."

"Proceed."

The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of a small toll-house.

"Hallo, there!" cried the leader. "Muleteer, halt, and open those packages."

The corporal wheeled round and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

"A *figo* for the governor and a *figo* for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

"Stop the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket. "Muleteer, proceed."

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty whack; the

custom-house officer sprang forward and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal leveled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was immediately in an uproar.

The old corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks, and cuffs, and cudgelings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons and conducted to the city prison, while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been well rummaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion when he heard of this insult to his flag and capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vapored about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he dispatched a message demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offenses of those under his command. The captain-general, aided by the pen of the delighted *escribano*, replied at great length, arguing, that as the offense had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of his civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain-general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtle *escribano* was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal, who, mewed up in a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visage and receive the consolations of his friends.

A mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to Spanish form, by the indefatigable *escribano;* the corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put *in capilla*, that is to say, in the chapel of the prison, as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to extremity, the old governor determined to attend to the affair in person. For this purpose he ordered out his carriage of state, and, surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city. Driving to the house of the *escribano*, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

"What is this I hear," cried he, "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers?"

"All according to law — all in strict form of justice," said the self-sufficient *escribano*, chuckling and rubbing his hands; "I can show Your Excellency the written testimony in the case."

"Fetch it hither," said the governor.

The *escribano* bustled into his office, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-headed veteran.

He returned with a satchel full of papers, and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time a crowd had collected, listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

"Prithee, man, get into the carriage, out of this pestilent throng, that I may the better hear thee," said the governor.

The *escribano* entered the carriage, when, in a twinkling, the door was closed, the coachman smacked his whip, — mules, carriage, guards, and all dashed off at a thundering rate, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military style, proposing a cartel, or exchange of prisoners, — the corporal for the notary. The pride of the captain-general was piqued; he returned a contemptuous refusal, and forthwith ordered a gallows, tall and strong, to be erected in the center of the Plaza Nueva for the execution of the corporal.

"Oho! is that the game?" said Governor Manco. He gave orders, and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plaza. "Now," said he, in a message to the captain-general, "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the square, look up to see your *escribano* dangling against the sky."

The captain-general was inflexible; troops were pa-

raded in the square; the drums beat, the bell tolled. An immense multitude of amateurs gathered together to behold the execution. On the other hand, the governor paraded his garrison on the bastion, and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campana, or Tower of the Bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd, with a whole progeny of little embryo *escribanos* at her heels, and throwing herself at the feet of the captain-general, implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband, and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones, to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well," said she, "to doubt that he will put his threat in execution, if you hang the soldier."

The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations, and the clamors of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra, under a guard, in his gallows garb, like a hooded friar, but with head erect and a face of iron. The *escribano* was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon more dead than alive. All his flippancy and conceit had evaporated; his hair, it is said, had nearly turned gray with affright, and he had a downcast look, as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

The old governor stuck his one arm akimbo, and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend," said he, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows; be not too certain of your safety, even though you should have the law on your side; and above all take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

A GLIMPSE OF COLUMBUS IN SPAIN

[1492]

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

"Dost see that man, Luis?" demanded the friar, still gazing in a fixed direction, though he made no gesture to indicate to which particular individual of the many who were passing in all directions, he especially alluded.

"By my veracity, I see a thousand, father, though not one to fasten the eye as if he were fresh from Paradise. Would it be exceeding discretion to ask who or what hath thus riveted thy gaze?"

"Dost see yonder person of high and commanding stature, and in whom gravity and dignity are so singularly mingled with an air of poverty; or, if not absolutely of poverty — for he is better clad, and, seemingly, in more prosperity now than I remember ever to have seen him — still, evidently not of the rich and noble; while his bearing and carriage would seem to bespeak him at least a monarch?"

"I think I now perceive him thou meanest, father; a man of very grave and reverend appearance, though of simple deportment. I see nothing extravagant or ill-placed either in his attire or in his bearing."

"I mean not that; but there is a loftiness in his dignified countenance that one is not accustomed to meet in those who are unused to power."

"To me, he hath the air and dress of a superior navigator or pilot — of a man accustomed to the seas — aye,

he hath sundry symbols about him that bespeak such a pursuit."

"Thou art right, Don Luis, for such is his calling. He cometh of Genoa, and his name is Christoval Colon; or, as they term it in Italy, Christoforo Colombo."

"I remember to have heard of an admiral of that name who did good service in the wars of the south, and who formerly led a fleet into the far East."

"This is not he, but one of humbler habits, though possibly of the same blood, seeing that both are derived from the identical place. This is no admiral, though he would fain become one — aye, even a king!"

"The man is, then, either of a weak mind, or of a light ambition?"

"He is neither. In mind, he hath outdone many of our most learned churchmen; and it is due to his piety to say that a more devout Christian doth not exist in Spain. It is plain, son, that thou hast been much abroad and little at court, or thou wouldst have known the history of this extraordinary being, at the mention of his name, which has been the source of merriment for the frivolous and gay this many a year, and which has thrown the thoughtful and prudent into more doubts than many a fierce and baneful heresy."

"Thou stirrest my curiosity, father, by such language. Who and what is the man?"

"An enigma, that neither prayers to the Virgin, the learning of the cloisters, nor a zealous wish to reach the truth, hath enabled me to read. Come hither, Luis, to this bit of rock, where we can be seated, and I will relate to thee the opinions that render this being so extraordinary. Thou must know, son, it is now seven years since

this man first appeared among us. He sought employment as a discoverer, pretending that, by steering out into the ocean on a western course for a great and unheard-of distance, he could reach the Farther Indies, with the rich island of Cipango, and the kingdom of Cathay, of which one Marco Polo hath left us some most extraordinary legends!"

"By St. James of blessed memory! the man must be short of his wits!" interrupted Don Luis, laughing. "In what way could this thing be, unless the earth were round — the Indies lying east, and not west of us?"

"That hath been often objected to his notions; but the man hath ready answers to much weightier arguments."

"What weightier than this can be found? Our own eyes tell us that the earth is flat."

"Therein he differeth from most men — and to own the truth, son Luis, not without some show of reason. He is a navigator, as thou wilt understand, and he replies that, on the ocean, when a ship is seen from afar, her upper sails are first perceived, and that as she draweth nearer, her lower sails, and finally her hull cometh into view. But thou hast been over sea, and may have observed something of this?"

"Truly have I, father. While mounting the English sea, we met a gallant cruiser of the king's, and, as thou said'st, we first perceived her upper sail, a white speck upon the water; then followed sail after sail until we came nigh and saw her gigantic hull, with a very goodly show of bombards and cannon — some twenty in all."

"Then thou agreest with this Colon, and thinkest the earth round?"

"By St. George of England! not I. I have seen too

much of the world to traduce its fair surface in so heedless a manner. England, France, Burgundy, Germany, and all those distant countries of the north, are just as level and flat as our own Castile."

"Why, then, didst thou see the upper sails of the Englishman first?"

"Why, father — why — because they were first visible. Yes, because they came first into view."

"Do the English put the largest of their sails uppermost on the mast?"

"They would be fools if they did. Though no great navigators — our neighbors the Portuguese, and the people of Genoa, exceeding all others in that craft — though no great navigators, the English are not so surpassingly stupid. Thou wilt remember the force of the winds, and understand that the larger the sail the lower should be its position."

"Then how happened it that thou sawest the smaller object before the larger?"

"Truly, excellent Fray Pedro, thou hast not conversed with this Christoforo for nothing! A question is not a reason."

"Socrates was fond of questions, my son; but *he* expected answers."

"Peste! as they say at the court of King Louis. I am not Socrates, my good father, but thy old pupil and kinsman, Luis de Bobadilla, the truant nephew of the queen's favorite, the Marchioness of Moya, and as well-born a cavalier as there is in Spain — though somewhat given to roving, if my enemies are to be believed."

"Neither thy pedigree, thy character, nor thy vaga-

ries, need be given to me, Don Luis de Bobadilla, since I have known thee and thy career from childhood. Thou hast one merit that none will deny thee, and that is, a respect for truth; and never hast thou more completely vindicated thy character, in this particular, than when thou saidst thou wert not Socrates."

The worthy friar's good-natured smile, as he made this sally, took off some of its edge; and the young man laughed, as if too conscious of his own youthful follies to resent what he heard.

"But, dear Fray Pedro, lay aside thy government, for once, and stoop to a rational discourse with me on this extraordinary subject. Thou, surely, wilt not pretend that the earth is round?"

"I do not go as far as some, on this point, Luis, for I see difficulties with Holy Writ by the admission. Still, this matter of the sails much puzzleth me, and I have often felt a desire to go from one port to another, by sea, in order to witness it. Were it not for the exceeding nausea that I ever felt in a boat, I might attempt the experiment."

"That would be a worthy consummation of all thy wisdom!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "Fray Pedro de Carrascal turned rover, like his old pupil, and that, too, astride a vagary! But set thy heart at rest, my honored kinsman and excellent instructor, for I can save thee the trouble. In all my journeyings, by sea and by land — and thou knowest that, for my years, they have been many — I have ever found the earth flat, and the ocean the flattest portion of it, always excepting a few turbulent and uneasy waves."

"No doubt it so seemeth to the eye; but this Colon,

who hath voyaged far more than thou, thinketh otherwise. He contendeth that the earth is a sphere, and that, by sailing west, he can reach points that have been already attained by journeying east."

"By San Lorenzo! but the idea is a bold one! Doth the man really propose to venture out into the broad Atlantic, and even to cross it to some distant and unknown land?"

"That is his very idea; and for seven weary years hath he solicited the court to furnish him with the means. Nay, so I hear, he hath passed much more time — other seven years, perhaps — in urging his suit in different lands."

"If the earth be round," continued Don Luis, with a musing air, "what preventeth all the water from flowing to the lower parts of it? How is it that we have any seas at all? and, if, as thou hast hinted, he deemeth the Indies on the other side, how is it that their people stand erect? — it cannot be done without placing the feet uppermost."

"That difficulty hath been presented to Colon, but he treateth it lightly. Indeed, most of our churchmen are getting to believe that there is no up or down, except as it relateth to the surface of the earth; so that no great obstacle existeth in that point."

"Thou wouldst not have me understand, father, that a man can walk on his head — and that, too, with the noble member in the air? By San Francisco! thy men of Cathay must have talons like a cat, or they would be falling quickly!"

"Whither, Luis?"

"Whither, Fray Pedro? — to Tophet, or the bottom-

less pit. It can never be that men walk on their heads, heels uppermost, with no better foundation than the atmosphere. The caravels, too, must sail on their masts — and that would be rare navigation! What would prevent the sea from tumbling out of its bed, and falling on the devil's fires and extinguishing them?"

"Son Luis," interrupted the monk gravely, "thy lightness of speech is carried too far. But, if thou so much deridest the opinion of this Colon, what are thine own notions of the formation of this earth, that God hath so honored with his spirit and his presence?"

"That it is as flat as the buckler of the Moor I slew in the last sortie, which is as flat as steel can hammer iron."

"Dost thou think it hath limits?"

"That do I — and please Heaven and Doña Mercedes de Valverde, I will see them before I die!"

"Then thou fanciest there is an edge, or precipice, at the four sides of the world, which men may reach, and where they can stand and look off, as from an exceedingly high platform?"

"The picture doth not lose, father, for the touch of thy pencil! I have never bethought me of this before; and yet some such spot there must be, one would think. By San Fernando, himself! that would be a place to try the metal of even Don Alonzo de Ojeda, who might stand on the margin of the earth, put his foot on a cloud, and cast an orange to the moon!"

"Thou hast bethought thee little of anything serious, I fear, Luis; but to me, this opinion and this project of Colon are not without merit. I see but two serious objections to them, one of which is the difficulty con-

nected with Holy Writ: and the other, the vast and incomprehensible, nay, useless, extent of the ocean that must necessarily separate us from Cathay; else should we long since have heard from that quarter of the world."

"Do the learned favor the man's notion?"

"The matter hath been seriously argued before a council held at Salamanca, where men were much divided upon it. One serious obstacle is the apprehension that, should the world prove to be round, and should a ship even succeed in getting to Cathay by the west, there would be great difficulty in her ever returning, since there must be, in some manner, an ascent and a descent. I must say that most men deride this Colon; and I fear he will never reach his island of Cipango, as he doth not seem in the way even to set forth on the journey. I marvel that he should now be here, it having been said he had taken his final departure for Portugal."

"Dost thou say, father, that the man has been long in Spain?" demanded Don Luis gravely, with his eye riveted on the dignified form of Columbus, who stood calmly regarding the gorgeous spectacle of the triumph at no great distance from the rock where the two had taken their seats.

"Seven weary years hath he been soliciting the rich and the great to furnish him with the means of undertaking his favorite voyage."

"Hath he the gold to prefer so long a suit?"

"By his appearance, I should think him poor — nay, I know that he hath toiled for bread at the occupation of a map-maker. One hour he hath passed in arguing with philosophers and in soliciting princes, while the next

hath been occupied in laboring for the food that he hath taken for sustenance."

"Thy description, father, hath whetted curiosity to so keen an edge that I would fain speak with this Colon. I see he remaineth yonder in the crowd, and I will go and tell him that I, too, am somewhat of a navigator, and will extract from him a few of his peculiar ideas."

"And in what manner wilt thou open the acquaintance, son?"

"By telling him that I am Don Luis de Bobadilla, the nephew of the Doña Beatriz of Moya, and a noble of one of the best houses of Castile."

"And this, thou thinkest, will suffice for thy purpose, Luis!" returned the friar, smiling. "No, no, my son; this may do with most map-sellers, but it will not effect thy wishes with yonder Christoval Colon. That man is so filled with the vastness of his purposes; is so much raised up with the magnitude of the results that his mind intently contemplateth day and night; seemeth so conscious of his own powers, that even kings and princes can in no manner lessen his dignity. That which thou proposeth, Don Fernando, our honored master, might scarcely attempt, and hope to escape without some rebuke of manner, if not of tongue."

"By all the blessed saints! Fray Pedro, thou givest an extraordinary account of this man, and only increasest the desire to know him. Wilt thou charge thyself with the introduction?"

"Most willingly, for I wish to inquire what hath brought him back to court, whence, I had understood, he lately went, with the intent to go elsewhere with his projects."



Columbus at the Court of Spain

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

BY VACSLAV BROZIK

(*Bohemian artist*, 1851–1901)

COLUMBUS had appealed to Spain for help to cross the Atlantic, with its mysterious dangers, and to search for the shores of China. Wars with the Moors had exhausted the Spanish treasury, and he had started to leave the country. Then came his well-known call at the convent of La Rabida and the letter of the prior to Queen Isabella, to whom he had formerly been confessor. Her enthusiasm was aroused. "I will undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile," she declared, "and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

In the familiar painting here reproduced, the central figure is that of Columbus as he stands explaining his plans and pointing far away to the west. The learned councilors are present. Every one is listening, but one or two with a shadow of doubt or of jealousy on their faces. Some are not looking at Columbus, but are watching closely the face of the queen. It is to her that Columbus speaks; he has forgotten that any one else is present. She leans forward from her richly carven chair, anxious to hear every word. Her delicately featured, intellectual face is full of eagerness and interest. Attendants are bringing in caskets of jewels, and on the table lies the contract to be signed by Ferdinand and Columbus which makes possible, not a visit to Cathay, but the discovery of a New World.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS

[1493]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

THE fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed him and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

About the middle of April, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the youthful courtiers, and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and

welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited

his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome: a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereign rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds, and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be

made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem, *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in a full body of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

III

SPAIN AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN Philip II was on the throne of Spain, in the middle of the sixteenth century, he ruled over more than 100,000,000 persons. Philip was sovereign not only of Spain, but also of the Netherlands. He married Mary Tudor of England, hoping to secure the English throne, and he became King of Portugal by conquest. Vast amounts of gold and silver were pouring into the country from the Spanish colonies in America.

Nevertheless, in all this greatness there were elements of decline. Philip expelled the Moors from Spain, and it is thought that more than half a million of industrious, intelligent people were thus driven from the land, and the loss of the labor and ability of the Moors and Jews was a serious loss to the kingdom. His bitter contest with the northern Netherlands resulted in the freedom of that country. He sent out, in 1588, the "Invincible Armada" in the determination to conquer England; and this was a complete failure. Spain was rich and powerful, but her decline was at hand.

THE FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

WHEN the year 1519 had come, people knew much more about the world than had been known thirty years earlier. Other voyagers had followed Columbus. Vasco da Gama had sailed around Africa and shown that it was quite possible to reach India by that method. Several other bold mariners had crossed the Atlantic and explored different parts of the American coast. Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Darien and had seen the Pacific Ocean. It was known, therefore, that there was land from Labrador to Brazil, but no one guessed how far to the west it extended. Most people thought that the islands visited by Columbus and probably the lands north of them lay off the coast of China. No one had been around South America, but even those who thought it to be a great mass of land supposed that somewhere there was a strait leading through it to the Chinese waters. No one guessed that the wide Pacific Ocean lay between this land and China, for no one had yet carried out Columbus's plan of reaching India by sailing west.

This, however, was just what a bold navigator named Ferdinand Magellan was hoping to do. He was a Portuguese, but his own king would not send out the expedition he was planning; therefore he entered the service of the King of Spain. This daring sailor did not know any better than others how far South America might extend to the southward, but he promised the king that he

would follow the coast until he came to some strait that led through the land to the Chinese seas. He was not going merely to make discoveries; he meant to bring home whole shiploads of spices. He knew how cheaply they could be bought of the natives, and he expected to make fortunes for the king and for himself. No one knew how long the voyage would take, but the ships were provisioned for two years. They carried also all kinds of weapons and vast quantities of bells and knives and red cloth and small looking-glasses.

The vessels crossed the Atlantic and sailed into the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Then every one was hopeful. "This must be a strait," they thought, "and we are almost at our journey's end." They sailed cheerfully upstream for two days. Then their hopes fell, for the water grew more fresh every hour, and therefore they knew that they were in a river; so they turned back and continued their voyage along the coast. By and by they came to another opening; this might be the passage, and Magellan sent two of the ships to explore it. When they returned, there was rejoicing, indeed, for the captains reported that at last a deep channel had been found. This was surely the passage to the seas of China. But the ships were shattered and food was scanty. Since the passage had been found, why not return to Spain? The following season they could set out with new, strong vessels and a good supply of food. So said some of the captains and pilots; but others felt the hardest part of the voyage was over, China must be close at hand, and they might just as well go home with shiploads of cloves and other spices.

On Magellan went, through the straits afterward

named for him, into the calm, blue ocean, so quiet that he called it the Pacific. He sailed on and on. When he entered this ocean, he had food for only three months, and two months had passed. Now the explorers had no choice about turning back, for they had not provisions for a homeward voyage, and their only hope was that by keeping on they might come to the shores of India. At length they did reach a little island, but it had neither water nor fruit. They came to a group of islands, and these they named the Ladrones, or thieves' islands, because the natives stole everything they could lay their hands upon. Then they landed at the Philippines, and here was plenty of fruit, — oranges, bananas, and cocoanuts. They were now in the land of cloves, but unfortunately Magellan agreed to help one native chief against his enemies, and in the fighting that followed, he was slain.

The little fleet had at first consisted of five vessels; but one had deserted, one had been wrecked, one had been burned as unseaworthy, and one had fallen into the hands of the Portuguese. The Victoria, the only one that remained, pressed on to the Moluccas; and when she sailed away, she had such a cargo as no vessel had brought before, for besides all that the men had bought for themselves, she carried twenty-six tons of cloves. From some of the other islands they took ginger and sandalwood. Then they crossed the Indian Ocean and rounded Africa. They stopped to buy food at the Cape Verde Islands, and here they were astounded to find that while they called the day Wednesday, the people on the Islands called it Thursday. They had traveled west with the sun, and so had lost a day. At length they reached

Spain, and there they received a royal reception. After Magellan's death, Sebastian del Cano had become captain. The courage and perseverance that had made the voyage possible belonged to Magellan; but he was dead, and the rewards went to Del Cano. He was made a noble, and for a coat of arms he was given a globe with the motto, "You first encompassed me."

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES

[1556]

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

[JOANNA, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, married Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany. Philip died and Joanna became insane. Their son, Charles I, was then heir through his mother to the whole Spanish peninsula except Portugal, to the kingdom of Naples, which Ferdinand had conquered, and to vast possessions in the New World. Through his father, he was ruler of the Netherlands. When he was nineteen, Maximilian died. Both Charles and Francis I of France wished to be chosen Emperor of Germany. Charles was the successful candidate. He was, therefore, Charles I of Spain, but Charles V of Germany. Between him and the disappointed Francis there was continual warfare. In 1556, after Charles had been on the throne for thirty-seven years, he decided to spend the rest of his life in a monastery.

The Editor.]

PREPARATIONS were then made for conducting the ceremony of abdication with all the pomp and solemnity suited to so august an occasion. The great hall of the royal palace of Brussels was selected for the scene of it. The walls of the spacious apartment were hung with tapestry, and the floor was covered with rich carpeting. A scaffold was erected, at one end of the room, to the height of six or seven steps. On it was placed a throne, or chair of state, for the Emperor, with other seats for Philip, and for the great Flemish lords who were to attend the person of their sovereign. Above the throne

was suspended a gorgeous canopy, on which were emblazoned the arms of the ducal house of Burgundy. In front of the scaffolding, accommodations were provided for the deputies of the provinces, who were to be seated on benches arranged according to their respective rights of precedence.

On the 25th of October, the day fixed for the ceremony, Charles the Fifth executed an instrument by which he ceded to his son the sovereignty of Flanders. Mass was then performed; and the Emperor, accompanied by Philip and a numerous retinue, proceeded in state to the great hall, where the deputies were already assembled.

Charles was, at this time, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent, — but it was by disease more than by time, — and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure. Yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light color, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn before he was forty, and, as well as his beard, was now gray. His forehead was broad and expansive, his nose aquiline. His blue eyes and fair complexion intimated his Teutonic descent. The only feature in his countenance decidedly bad was his lower jaw, protruding with its thick, heavy lip, so characteristic of the physiognomies of the Austrian dynasty.

In stature he was about the middle height. His limbs were strongly knit, and once well formed, though now the extremities were sadly distorted by disease. The Emperor leaned for support on a staff with one hand, while with the other he rested on the arm of William of

Orange, who, then young, was destined at a later day to become the most formidable enemy of his house. The brave demeanor of Charles was rendered still more impressive by his dress; for he was in mourning for his mother; and the sable hue of his attire was relieved only by a single ornament, the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck.

Behind the Emperor came Philip, the heir of his vast dominions. He was of a middle height, of much the same proportions as his father, whom he resembled also in his lineaments, — except that those of the son wore a more somber, and perhaps a sinister expression; while there was a reserve in his manner, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, as if he would shroud his thoughts from observation. The magnificence of his dress corresponded with his royal station, and formed a contrast to that of his father, who was quitting the pomp and grandeur of the world, on which the son was about to enter.

Next to Philip came Mary, the Emperor's sister, formerly Queen of Hungary. She had filled the post of regent of the Low Countries for nearly twenty years, and now welcomed the hour when she was to resign the burden of sovereignty to her nephew, and withdraw, like her imperial brother, into private life. Another sister of Charles, Eleanor, widow of the French king, Francis I, also took part in these ceremonies, previous to her departure for Spain, whither she was to accompany the Emperor.

After these members of the imperial family came the nobility of the Netherlands, the knights of the Golden Fleece, the royal counselors, and the great officers of the household, all splendidly attired in their robes of state,

and proudly displaying the insignia of their orders. When the Emperor had mounted his throne, with Philip on his right hand, the Regent Mary on his left, and the rest of his retinue disposed along the seats prepared for them on the platform, the president of the council of Flanders addressed the assembly. He briefly explained the object for which they had been summoned, and the motives which had induced their master to abdicate the throne; and he concluded by requiring them, in their sovereign's name, to transfer their allegiance from himself to Philip, his son and rightful heir.

After a pause, Charles rose to address a few parting words to his subjects. He stood with apparent difficulty, and rested his right hand on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, — intimating by this preference on so distinguished an occasion, the high favor in which he held the young nobleman. In the other hand he held a paper, containing some hints for his discourse, and occasionally cast his eyes upon it, to refresh his memory. He spoke in the French language.

[In this last address to his people, Charles reviewed briefly the history of his reign, and begged for the forgiveness of any of his subjects whom he might have unintentionally injured.]

While the Emperor was speaking, a breathless silence pervaded the whole audience. Charles had ever been dear to the people of the Netherlands, — the land of his birth. They took a national pride in his achievements, and felt that his glory reflected a peculiar luster on themselves. As they now gazed for the last time on that revered form, and listened to the parting admonitions

from his lips, they were deeply affected, and not a dry eye was to be seen in the assembly.

After a short interval, Charles, turning to Philip, who, in an attitude of deep respect, stood awaiting his commands, thus addressed him: "If the vast possessions which are now bestowed upon you had come by inheritance, there would be abundant cause for gratitude. How much more, when they come as a free gift, in the lifetime of your father! But, however large the debt, I shall consider it all repaid, if you only discharge your duty to your subjects. So rule over them that men shall commend, and not censure me for the part I am now acting. Go on as you have begun. Fear God; live justly; respect the laws; above all, cherish the interests of religion, and may the Almighty bless you with a son, to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your kingdom with the same good-will with which I now resign mine to you."

As he ceased, Philip, much affected, would have thrown himself at his father's feet, assuring him of his intention to do all in his power to merit such goodness; but Charles, raising his son, tenderly embraced him, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks. Every one, even the most stoical, was touched by this affecting scene; "and nothing," says one who was present, "was to be heard, throughout the hall, but sobs and ill-suppressed moans." Charles, exhausted by his efforts, and deadly pale, sank back upon his seat; while, with feeble accents, he exclaimed, as he gazed on his people, "God bless you! God bless you!"

THE ESCURIAL

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, TRANSLATED BY C. F. BATES

[On St. Laurence's Day, August 10, of 1557, Philip II was battling with the French at St. Quentin. He vowed that if he won the victory, he would rear a building in honor of the saint. The magnificent structure of the Escurial, or Escorial, was the fulfillment of his vow. This contains a church, a monastery, and a palace, also a mausoleum in which the Spanish sovereigns are buried.

The Editor.]

Set as a challenge at the mountain's side,
Afar the dark Escurial is descried.
Three hundred feet from earth uplifting thus
On its colossal shoulder firmly braced,
Huge elephant, the cupola defaced.
Granite debauch of Spain's Tiberius.

Old Pharaoh built not for his mummy's tomb
On mountain-side a thing of greater gloom;
The desert's sphinx hath seen no more unrest.
In chimney-tops the stork is sleeping now,
Through all the abandoned courts the grasses grow,
Of monks, priests, soldiers, courtiers, dispossessed.

All would seem dead, but that from everything,
Niche, cornice, fronton, hand of sculptured king,
The flocks of swallows constant flutter keep,
With their wild merriment and charming cries;
Teasing, with flapping wings to ope his eyes,
This drowsy giant of eternal sleep.

THE KNIGHT OF THE WINDMILLS

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

[1547–1616]

[SPAIN was prompt to make settlements in the New World. She was also prompt to make laws for them; and one of these laws was that no Spanish colonist should print, sell, or even read any romances of chivalry. The reason was that the Spanish wished their colonist to be satisfied with a simple life and daily labor, and they feared lest the reading of these wild tales should make them restless and discontented. Meanwhile, a little boy was growing up, who was destined to do far more than any law in keeping people from such reading. This boy was Miguel de Cervantes, who wrote the famous "Don Quixote." This book is so excellent a parody on the old romances that it made people laugh at themselves for reading them; and it is so good a story, so full of wit and humor, mingled with a real honesty of purpose, that it has been a great favorite for nearly four hundred years. The following extract describes the setting-out of the Don as a knight-errant, and one of his first adventures.

The Editor.]

IN fine, he [Don Quixote] gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds,

complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch that all the fables and fantastic tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say that the Cid Ruy Diaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning Sword, who, with a single back-stroke had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him, for though he was one of that monstrous brood who were ever intolerably proud and brutish, he still behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met; and then again his carrying away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says; but he so hated that traitor Galadon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his housekeeper; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-à-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read,

and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown. Transported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasped in imagination the imperial scepter of Trebizonde; and, hurried away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting, for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single headpiece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or visor, which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any farther experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

In the next place, he went to view his horse; and though the animal had more blemishes than limbs; being a worse

jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,[1] his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his occupation that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another; a good big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now: in a word, a horse before, or above, all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote. Whence the author of this most authentic history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the

[1] Which was only skin and bones.

name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honor on that part of the world.

And now, his armor being scoured, his headpiece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. "Should I," said he to himself, "by good or ill fortune, chance to encounter some giant, as it is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valor? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: — 'Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honor to dispose of me according to your will.'" Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary submission of the giant; especially having withal bethought himself of a person on whom he might confer the title of his mistress! which, it is believed, happened

thus: — Near the place where he lived dwelt a good, likely country lass, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality; so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no less significative than the others which he had devised.

[The good Don now persuades a country fellow, one Sancho Panza, to act as his squire, and they set out in quest of adventures.]

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho; there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize, and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms. Some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho: "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills; and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'T is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, "Stand, cowards!" cried he, as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares to encounter you all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants!" cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both

knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. "Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromnacer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, "I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so

many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."

"Heaven grant you may!" cried Sancho; "I believe it all, because your worship says it."

CAPTAIN CUELLAR OF THE ARMADA AND HIS TROUBLES

[1588]

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[In 1588, Philip II sent out, after unprecedented preparations, a fleet, or armada, to conquer England and bring her back to the Roman Catholic Church. He was so sure of its success that he called it the "Invincible Armada." Nevertheless, by English seamanship, aided by the winds and the waves, a large part of it was destroyed. The ships which remained were driven to the north, and the Spaniards hoped that by sailing around Ireland they might make their way home. Terrible storms arose, and many of the vessels were wrecked on the coast of Ireland. Only half of the Invincible Armada ever returned to Spain. The following extract is taken, in substance, from a letter which Captain Cuellar sent to Philip II.

The Editor.]

THE scene of the greatest destruction among the ships of the Armada was Sligo Bay. It is easy to see why. The coast on the Mayo side of it trends away seventy miles to the west, as far as Achill and Clare Islands, and ships embayed there in heavy southwesterly weather had no chance of escape. On one beach, five miles in length, Sir Jeffrey Fenton counted eleven hundred dead bodies, and the country people told him "the like was to be seen in other places." Sir William Fitzwilliam saw broken timber from the wrecks lying between Sligo and Ballyshannon "sufficient to have built five of the

largest ships in the world," besides masts and spars and cordage, and boats bottom uppermost. Among the vessels which went ashore at this spot to form part of the ruin which Fitzwilliam was looking upon was a galleon belonging to the Levantine squadron, commanded by Don Martin de Aranda. Don Martin, after an ineffectual struggle to double Achill Island, had fallen off before the wind and had anchored in Sligo Bay in a heavy sea with two other galleons. There they lay for four days, from the first to the fifth of September, when the gale rising their cables parted, and all three drove on shore on a sandy beach among the rocks. Nowhere in the world does the sea break more violently than on that cruel, shelterless shore. Two of the galleons went to pieces in an hour. The soldiers and sailors, too weak to struggle, were most of them rolled in the surf till they were dead, and then washed up upon the shingle. Gentlemen and servants, nobles and common seamen, shared the same fate.

Cuellar's ship had broken in two, but the forecastle held a little longer together than the rest, and Cuellar, clinging to it, watched his comrades being swept away and destroyed before his eyes. The wild Irish were down in hundreds stripping the bodies. Those who had come on shore with life in them fared no better. Some were knocked on the head, others had their clothes torn off and were left naked to perish of cold. Don Diego Enriquez, a high-born patrician, passed, with the Conde de Villafranca and sixty-five others, into his ship's tender, carrying bags of ducats and jewels. They went below and fastened down the hatchways, hoping to be rolled alive on land. A huge wave turned the tender

bottom upward, and all who were in it were smothered. As the tide went back, the Irish came with their axes and broke a hole open in search of plunder; while Cuellar looked on speculating how soon the same fate would be his own, and seeing the corpses of his comrades dragged out, stripped naked, and left to the wolves. His own turn came at last. He held on to the wreck till it was swept away, and he found himself in the water with a brother officer who had stuffed his pockets full of gold. He could not swim, but he caught a scuttle board as it floated by him and climbed up upon it. His companion tried to follow, but he was washed off and drowned. Cuellar, a few minutes later, was tossed ashore, his leg badly cut by a blow from a spar in the surf. Drenched and bleeding as he was, he looked a miserable figure. The Irish, who were plundering the better dressed of the bodies, took no notice of him. He crawled along till he found a number of his countrymen who had been left with nothing but life, bare to their skins, and huddled together for warmth. Cuellar, who had still his clothes, though of course drenched, lay down among some rushes. A gentleman, worse off than he, for he was entirely naked, threw himself at his side, too spent to speak. Two Irishmen came by with axes, who, to Cuellar's surprise, cut some bushes, which they threw over them for a covering, and went on to join in the pillage on the shore. Cuellar, half dead from cold and hunger, fell asleep. He was woke by a troop of English horsemen galloping by for a share in the spoil. He called his comrade, but found him dead, while all round the crows and wolves were busy over the naked carcasses. Something like a monastery was visible not far off. Cuellar

limped along till he reached it. He found it deserted. The roof of the chapel had been lately burned. The images of the saints lay tumbled on the ground. In the nave twelve Spaniards were hanging from the rafters. The monks had fled to the mountains.

Sick at the ghastly spectacle, he crept along a path through a wood, when he came upon an old woman who was hiding her cattle from the English. Her cabin was not far distant, but she made signs to him to keep off, as there were enemies in occupation there. Wandering hopelessly on, he fell in with two of his countrymen, naked and shivering. They were all famished, and they went back together to the sea, hoping to find some fragments of provisinos washed on land. On the way they came on the body of Don Enriquez and stopped to scrape a hole in the sand and bury it. While they were thus employed, a party of Irish came up, who pointed to a cluster of cabins and intimated that if they went there they would be taken care of. Cuellar was dead lame. His companions left him. At the first cottage which he reached, there was an old Irish "savage," an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a girl. The Englishman struck at him with a knife and gave him a second wound. They stripped him to his shirt, took a gold chain from him, which they found concealed under it, and a purse of ducats. They would have left him *en cueros*, like the rest, without a rag upon him, had not the girl interposed, who affected to be a Christian, "though she was no more a Christian than Mahomet." The Frenchman proved to be an old sailor who had fought at Terceira. In him the Spanish captain found some human kindness, for he bound up his leg for him and gave him

some oatcakes with butter and milk. The Frenchman then pointed to a ridge of distant mountains. There, he said, was the country of the O'Rourke, a great chief, who was a friend of the King of Spain. O'Rourke would take care of him; many of his comrades had already gone thither for protection.

With his strength something restored by the food, Cuellar crawled along, stick in hand. At night he stopped at a hut where there was a lad who could speak Latin. This boy talked with him, gave him supper and a bundle of straw to sleep upon. About midnight the boy's father and brother came in, loaded with plunder from the wrecks. They, too, did him no hurt and sent him forward in the morning with a pony and a guide. English soldiers were about, sent, as he conjectured, probably with truth, to kill all the Spaniards that they could fall in with. The first party that he met did not see him. With the second he was less fortunate. His guide saved his life by some means which Cuellar did not understand. But they beat him and took his shirt from him, the last of his garments that had been left. The boy and pony went off, and he thought then that the end was come and prayed God to finish him and take him to His mercy. Forlorn as he was, however, he rallied his courage, picked up a piece of old matting, and with this and some plaited ferns made a shift to cover himself; thus costumed he went on to a hamlet at the side of a lake; the hovels of which it consisted were all empty; he entered the best-looking of them, found some fagots of oat-straw, and was looking about for a place to sleep among them, when three naked figures sprang suddenly up. He took them for devils, and in his extraordinary

dress they thought the same of him; but they proved to have belonged to the wrecked galleons; one of them a naval officer, the other two soldiers. They explained mutually who they were, and then buried themselves in the oat-sheaves and slept. They remained there for warmth and concealment all the next day. At night, having wrapped themselves in straw, they walked on till they reached the dominions of the chief to whom they had been directed. O'Rourke himself was absent, "fighting the English," but his wife took them in, fed them, and allowed them to stay. As a particular favor she bestowed an old cloak upon Cuellar, which he found, however, to be swarming with lice. The hospitality was not excessive. A report reached him that a Spanish ship had put into Killybegs Harbor, was refitting for sea, and was about to sail. He hurried down to join her, but she was gone. He learned afterward that she had been wrecked and that all on board had perished.

He was now like a hunted wolf. The English deputy had issued orders that every Spaniard in the country must be given up to the Government. The Irish did not betray Cuellar, but they did not care to risk their necks by giving him shelter; and he wandered about through the winter in Sligo and Donegal, meeting with many strange adventures. His first friend was a poor priest, who was performing his functions among the Irish, in spite of the law, disguised as a layman. From this man he met with help. He worked next as a journeyman with a blacksmith, whose wife was a brute. The priest delivered him from these people, and carried him to a castle, which, from the description, appears to have been on Lough Erne, and here for the first time he met with

hearty hospitality, in the Irish understanding of the term. The owner of the castle was a gentleman. He recognized an ally in every enemy of England. He took Cuellar into his tròop of retainers, and dressed him in the saffron mantle of the Irish gallowglass. For some weeks he was now permitted to rest and recover himself. . . .

The Lord Deputy was alarmed at the number of fugitives who were said to be surviving. As the orders to surrender them had not been attended to, he collected a force in Dublin and went in person into the West to enforce obedience. Cuellar's entertainer had been especially menaced, and had to tell his guests that he could help them no further. He must leave his castle and retreat himself with his family into the mountains, and the Spaniards must take care of themselves. Cuellar calls the castle Manglana; local antiquaries may be able to identify the spot. It stood on a promontory projecting into a long, deep, and broad lake, and was covered on the land side by a swamp. It could not be taken without boats or artillery, and the Spaniards offered to remain and defend it if the chief would leave them a few muskets and powder, with food for a couple of months. There were nine of them. The chief agreed, and let them have what they wanted; and, unless Cuellar lies, he and his friends held "Manglana" for a fortnight against a force of eighteen hundred English, when God came to their help by sending such weather that the enemy could not any longer keep the field.

The chief, finding the value of such auxiliaries, wished to keep them permanently at his side, and offered Cuellar his sister for a wife. Cuellar, however, was longing

for home. He supposed that if he could reach Scotland, he could cross easily from thence to Flanders. One night after Christmas he slipped away and made for Antrim, traveling, seemingly, only in the dark, and hiding during the day. He was in constant danger, as the tracks were watched, and suspected persons were seized and searched. He got as far as the Giant's Causeway; there he heard particulars of the wreck of the ship which he had tried to join at Killybegs. It was a galleass with Alonzo de Layva on board and two or three hundred others with him. They were all dead, and Cuellar saw the relics of them which the people had collected on the shore. Alonzo de Layva was the best loved of all the Spaniards in the fleet, and the sight of the spot where he had perished was a fresh distress. He was afraid to approach a port lest he should be seized and hanged. For six weeks he was hid away by some women, and after that by a bishop, who was a good Christian, though dressed like a savage. This bishop had a dozen Spaniards with him, fed, clothed, and said Mass for them, and at last found a boat to carry them across the Channel. They went, and after a three-days' struggle with the sea contrived to land in Argyllshire. They had been led to hope for help from James. Cuellar says that they were entirely mistaken. James never gave them a bawbee, and would have handed them over to the English if he had not been afraid of the resentment of the Scotch Catholic nobles. The Calvinist Lowlanders showed them scanty hospitality. The Prince of Parma was informed of their condition, and agreed with a Flemish merchant to bring over to him all the Spaniards, now numerous, who were on Scotch soil, at five ducats a head.

Even yet misfortune had not tired of persecuting them. In their passage they were chased and fired upon by a Dutch frigate. They had to run ashore, where they were intercepted by the Hollanders, and all but Cuellar and two of his companions were killed. So ends the Spanish captain's story.

IV
THE PERIOD OF DECLINE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE destruction of the Invincible Armada was a crushing blow to the power of Spain, and the other nations of Europe breathed more freely thereafter. Weakened by the expulsion of 800,000 Moors, the most learned and industrious of her inhabitants, demoralized by the gold of Mexico and Peru, and exhausted by constant warfare, Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth century fell from her place as the leading power of Europe. As her prosperity steadily declined, her provinces — the Netherlands, Portugal, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Lombard territories — one by one dropped away. In 1704, the English captured her mighty stronghold of Gibraltar. Florida and Louisiana eventually came into the hands of the United States, and by 1826 Spain no longer held any territory on the continent of North America.

At the death of Ferdinand VII, in 1833, there was opposition to the succession of his daughter Isabella, in behalf of Ferdinand's brother Carlos. This caused the Carlist War, which lasted from 1833 to 1840, and gave rise also to warfare in 1860 and from 1872 to 1876. The republic formed in 1873 was overthrown two years later, and the Bourbon line was restored in the person of Alfonso, father of Alfonso XIII. Governmental abuses brought about revolts in Cuba. The interference of the United States in behalf of the islanders was the cause of war between the two countries. By a treaty of peace signed in 1898, Spain relinquished Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Later, she sold to Germany the Caroline, Pelew, and Ladrone Islands. Her only remaining foreign dependency is her territory in western Africa.

VELASQUEZ, THE GREATEST OF SPANISH PAINTERS

[1599–1660]

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

[SPANISH art two hundred and fifty years ago was wanting in patrons; rich people did not ask artists to paint their portraits or to make them pictures to hang on their walls; the old Spaniards, who had conquered their own country foot by foot against the Moorish invaders, and who had conquered vast territories in America as if merely to keep their hands in and to amuse themselves, were not like the Greeks and Italians, who had a natural and innate love for beautiful objects; the Spaniards preferred battles and adventures to pictures and statues. The chief patrons that the artists had were, therefore, the clergy and the monks, who of course wanted only religious pictures. As for the kings, the only one who deigned to favor Spanish art was Philip IV, whose caprice forced Velasquez to pass a great deal of time painting dwarfs and court buffoons, which he might have employed in painting nobler subjects.

It is to Velasquez that we are indebted for some of the finest portraits of men, women, and children that have ever been painted. In every great museum in Europe we find some specimen of his lifelike pictures, mostly of his patron Philip IV, of the queen, and of the royal children, the Infantes Don Balthazar Carlos, Don Fernando, Don Philip Prosper, the Infantas Maria Theresa and Marguerite Maria. In all these royal portraits we see how great a painter Velasquez was; for, not content with obtaining the illusion of form and the expression of life, he penetrated the very soul of his models, and gave a moral likeness of them too. Thus his portraits may be called pages of history as well as great

works of art, for they show better than any chronicles or written narratives how the race of the great ruler Charles V had degenerated in the persons of his descendants, and how nearly his exhausted dynasty was approaching to its end.

Theodore Child.]

DIEGO VELASQUEZ DE SILVA was born at Seville in 1599. He is the finest court painter of Spain, while Murillo is the best painter of religious pictures. He kept a peasant lad as an apprentice, who served him as a study, and he sketched him in every position, — laughing, crying, sleeping, and the like. He used charcoal and white chalk on blue paper, and thus learned to catch likenesses with ease and rapidity.

One of his most celebrated works is the portrait of Adrian Pulido Pariga, captain-general of the Spanish forces in New Spain. Philip IV had ordered the admiral to depart at a given time; but, entering the artist's painting-room after the hour named by him, saw, as he thought, the weather-beaten face of the officer looking out from the farther corner. "Still here!" exclaimed the king. "Why are you not gone?"

There was no answer; and Philip stepped hastily forward, when he discovered his mistake. "I assure you that I was deceived," he said, turning to Velasquez.

Velasquez had a slave, whose name was Pareja. He ground the colors for his master, cleaned his pencils, prepared his palette or paint plate, and went with him whenever he traveled abroad. He loved to paint, and often sat up all night busy with his pictures. He, however, trembled at every noise, knowing that Velasquez would be seriously angry if he should discover that he was attempting anything so much above his station.

Velasquez's study was in the palace of King Philip IV; and the king kept a key, so that he could go in and out as he pleased. When in the apartment, he was accustomed to order those pictures which were placed with the painted side to the wall to be turned, so that he could see them. Pareja noticed this; and he one day placed one of his own sketches in this position. Philip entered as usual, and as usual ordered the pictures to be turned. Pareja obeyed; and when he came to his own, he threw himself at the king's feet, confessed that it was his, and begged the monarch to persuade his master to forgive him for what he had done.

"Forgive you?" replied Philip, pleased with the work. "Forgive you? Yes, that he will, I am quite sure." Then turning to Velasquez, he said, "So good an artist ought no longer to be a slave."

"You know best, sire," replied the artist. "Pareja, you are free. The king will himself be a witness for you."

Pareja never left his master; and after his death he served his daughter with equal affection. He painted portraits finely, and so entirely in the style of Velasquez that they might easily be mistaken for his.

SPANISH HOME LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

SPAIN changes her customs slowly. She clings to the old in everything. The manners and habits of the wealthy class in the seventeenth century differed but little from those of the same class now.

The royal family then lived at Madrid, or at Buen-retiro, a country palace in the vicinity. They made an excursion in the spring to Aranjuez, and in the autumn to the Escurial. The day of starting, the length of the stay, the order of the journey, its expense, and the dresses to be worn by the court, were fixed and written in the Book of Ceremonial.

The chief officer of the king's household was the High Steward. He was allowed a seat in the royal apartments, which he occupied while in attendance, except at public ceremonials and when the king was at table; upon which occasions he stood by the side of His Majesty. He regulated the expenses of the palace, arranged the bull-fights and all public games attended by the king, and fixed the time for the reception of foreign princes, cardinals, and ambassadors.

One of the highest officers at court was the grand chamberlain. He had a gold key, which admitted him at all hours to all the apartments in the palace. He wakened the king in the morning, presented him some of his garments and the towel to dry his hands. He had

the charge of the royal wardrobe; and the royal garments were given him after their owner had done with them. He accompanied the king in his carriage; at which time the grand equerry, instead of riding on horseback, took a seat on the coach-box.

The gentlemen of the chamber were usually the sons of grandees. They in turn waited on the king with the golden key at their girdles. They assisted in dressing him; and they handed him all dishes at table, except the *olla podrida* (a mixture of various meats and delicacies) which the chief cook presented in person.

The queen's household consisted of the superintendent, or *camerara*, some maids of honor, and numerous pages, who were always children of the highest rank. In the reign of Philip IV, there were about a thousand persons lodged in the palace at Madrid. They were miserably paid; but the expense of their maintenance was, nevertheless, very great.

The grandees formed the highest class of the nobility. They were really petty kings. They kept great numbers of followers. The Duchess of Ossuna had eight hundred ladies and waiting-women. Young ladies of noble but poor families were often entertained in these households, where they chiefly employed themselves in embroidering with silk, and thread of gold and silver. The grandees had immense quantities of gold and silver plate, which they displayed on lofty sideboards. Those of the Duke of Albuquerque had forty silver ladders for the convenience of those who had the care of them; and when he died, it took six weeks to weigh and take account of the vessels.

The Hidalgos were a lower class of nobility, without

particular titles — such as count or marquis — but possessed of many privileges. The Caballeros of Castile were knights who served on horseback in the field, but brought no followers with them.

The houses in Madrid were large and built of brick and clay. Glass being scarce, they were badly lighted. They were seldom provided with chimneys; but an open, flat brass pan, containing lighted charcoal, was placed in the middle of the living-room, usually raised about half a foot from the floor, on a wooden frame. The floors were plastered and whitewashed, or polished like marble. Cushions of gold and silver brocade lay on rich Persian carpets. Elegant cabinets, busts, and vases stood around, with silver vases filled with orange and jessamine trees. Persons of distinction had canopies, under which it pleased them to sit. The winter beds were covered with velvet counterpanes, and curtains trimmed with thick gold and silver lace, called galloon. In summer, colored gauze curtains only were used to keep off the insects.

Early in the seventeenth century, the master of the house ate by himself, and his wife and children either ate quite alone, or sat upon the floor, with a cloth spread over the carpet. But about the middle of the century, the higher classes introduced the custom of eating together. The Spaniards did not invite dinner company except upon great occasions; but pleasure excursions were often made to the country houses of the nobility, where refreshments were offered. Madame d'Aulnoy thus visited the Princess of Monteleone, and says, "Her women, to the number of eighteen, brought, every one of them, a great silver basin full of dried sweetmeats,

wrapped up in papers cut and gilt for the purpose. In one there was a plum; in another, a cherry or apricot; and so in all the rest. Afterwards chocolate was presented, and every one had a china cup full, on a little dish of agate set in gold, with sugar in a box of the same. One drinks it with biscuit, or else with some thin bread as hard as if it were toasted, which they bake on purpose."

Most of the lower classes took their food at cooks' shops, which were kept at the street corners, and in which were great kettles of leeks, beans, and garlic, or broth to moisten their bread.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the costume for men "consisted of breeches of cloth bound and fastened up with points; a doublet, or vest, with large flaps; a cape with a hood; and a round cloth hat, or bonnet." In 1552 the ruff for the neck was added. A purse hung at the girdle. This was the true Spanish costume till the accession of Philip V. Philip II, who began to reign in 1556, was among the first who wore silk stockings.

A dandy of the seventeenth century is thus described by the wife of a French ambassador: "His hair was parted on the crown of his head, and tied behind him with a blue ribbon, about four fingers wide and about two yards long, which hung down at its full length. His breeches were of black velvet, buttoned down on each knee with five or six buttons; he had a vest so short that it scarce reached below his pockets; and a scalloped vest with hanging sleeves about four fingers wide, made of white embroidered satin. His cloak was of black cloth; and he had wrapped it round one arm, with which

he held a buckler, with a steel spike standing out in the midst of it. In the other hand he held a sword. He had likewise a dagger with a narrow blade fastened to the belt round his back. He had such a straight collar that he could neither stoop nor turn about his head. His hat was of a prodigious size, with a great band, larger than a mourning one, twisted about it. His shoes were of as fine leather as that whereof gloves are made, slashed and cut, and so exactly fitted that they seemed to be pasted on. He was strongly perfumed, and was careful to tell that there were few courses of bull-fights wherein he did not venture his life."

In the seventeenth century, the ladies' hoops, which had been very large, were made much smaller; but various modes seem to have prevailed. Queen Louise d'Orléans once received her friends with her hair separated in the middle and falling on both shoulders. One side was braided, strung with pearls, and was fastened to her waist with a diamond. Her dress was a rose-colored velvet, worked with silver; and her earrings hung nearly down to her shoulders.

The Spaniards of the higher classes rose about seven o'clock in the morning, drank iced water, and afterwards chocolate. They then went to Mass or confession. The ladies embroidered, received calls, and offered collations to morning guests. Dinner was eaten at about twelve o'clock; after this, all partially undressed for the siesta, or afternoon lounge. At this time the shops were shut, and no business was done. At about two o'clock in winter, and four in summer, sweetmeats and iced drinks or chocolate were served. All who chose then went abroad to the theater; or, in warm weather, to the pub-

lic walks. The *tertulias*, or social evening receptions, so common now, had not then been introduced. Returning, a light supper was served.

Education was almost universally neglected; and boys at fifteen were usually their own masters.

Running at the ring was a favorite amusement, and was thus played: Several posts were placed in a circle, and a ring was hung from each. The player galloped round the circle and attempted to take down one or more of these rings with his lance as he rode. Charles I of England, when at Madrid, was skillful in this sport.

THE QUEEN AND HER SUPERINTENDENT

BY MRS. M. G. QUINCY SLEEPER

CHARLES II was proclaimed king October 8, 1665, at the age of four years. He was so sickly and so improperly treated that he was ten years old before he was allowed to put his foot to the ground. He never really reigned. The royal authority was exercised during his youth by his mother, who was unfit for the task, and afterwards by ministers, who regarded their own interest rather than that of Spain.

In 1679, Charles married Louise d'Orléans, niece of Louis XIV of France. She was in her eighteenth year, and was charming in person and manner. Her eyes were large and dark, full of animation, yet sweet in expression; her eyebrows were finely arched; her lips were rosy; and her thin, long hair was of a dark chestnut color. She danced gracefully, and was a fearless rider. She hoped to marry her cousin, the dauphin, heir to the French crown, and to remain in her native country; but she was sacrificed to the supposed interests of France.

When she first saw her future husband, she was for a moment too much surprised to salute him. He was tall and sufficiently well shaped, but he had a sickly complexion, and the gentle expression of his eyes did not make up for his wide mouth and hanging Austrian lip. His dress, too, was doubtless unexpected by the lovely French girl, being a close, short-bodied coat of gray cloth, velvet breeches, stockings of raw silk, and a gray

hat. His hair, which was ridiculously long, was combed behind his ears.

The queen made her public entrance into Madrid on a fiery Andalusian horse. Her riding-habit was heavy with embroidery. White and crimson feathers waved from her hat, which was looped up at one side by a diamond clasp. From this hung the wonderful pearl called Peregrina, and on one finger she wore a diamond, thought to be the finest in the world. But no one minded her jewels, so winning was her face, and so easily did she manage her high-spirited steed.

The procession was as dazzling as silver and gold, satins, velvets, and precious stones could make it. It passed under triumphal arches, through streets hung with tapestry, and adorned with sculpture, or set out with characteristic ornaments. The street of the furriers was lined with stuffed tigers and bears, and that of the goldsmiths glittered with little angels. When the queen arrived at the great court of the palace, she found it surrounded with young men and maidens who were crowned with reeds and water-lilies, and represented the rivers of her new kingdom. Others represented the provinces; and all offered homage in their name. There Louise was received by the king and queen-mother. At night there were displays of fireworks.

On the following day, the king and queen went to the Church of Our Lady of Atocha, in a carriage built like a triumphal car. As it was evening when they returned, the city was illuminated. The Plaza Mayor seemed all ablaze. The buildings were lofty, having five rows of balconies, one above another, and three thousand torches were fastened to them.

Various amusements followed, especially that of the chase. At one of the latter, the Duke d'Infantado, who acted as royal huntsman, led the queen, as if by accident, to the pleasantest part of the forest, where some little streams kept the grass fresh and thick. A canopy of gold-cloth was stretched beneath the trees. In the boughs were monkeys, squirrels, and fine birds. Boys clothed in fantastic garments, and girls dressed as nymphs and shepherdesses, offered refreshments in elegant dishes.

To the world the lot of Louise seemed to be all that could be desired, but it was in reality far otherwise. She was a slave to rules and forms which were all the more burdensome because they were useless.

The king had given her a fine Andalusian horse, which was not fully broken. She mounted him in the palace court, when the animal reared, and threw her from the saddle. Her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was drawn along the ground. It was a crime to touch a queen of Spain, and doubly a crime to touch her foot. Charles was motionless with terror, and no one at first dared to aid her. Two Spanish cavaliers at length sprang forward. One seized the bridle of the horse, while the other raised Her Majesty. Then, hastening home, they made preparations for departure. The Count of Peñaranda, however, approached the queen, and explained to her the risk which the noblemen had run. Equally surprised and shocked, she turned to the king and begged their pardon; which being granted, messengers were instantly sent to the cavaliers, who arrived just in season to prevent their flight to a foreign country.

It was the royal custom to provide each queen with a superintendent of her household, called *camerara mayor*,

who held almost entire control over her daily acts. In this case the superintendent was the Duchess of Terranueva. She was sixty years old, pale and wrinkled in face, lean and skinny in figure, with small, sharp eyes, a harsh voice, and a furious temper. She seemed to desire nothing so much as to make the queen uncomfortable. She was always stealing slyly about, hiding behind curtains, and listening at doors and convenient cracks. She would not permit the queen to look out of the window, or to speak a word of French. She even killed, with her own hand, two beautiful parrots which Louise had brought from home, because they spoke that language, and abused her French dogs at every opportunity. The queen's French attendants all left her, unable to bear the ill treatment which they experienced. For more than a hundred years her predecessors had been expected to retire to bed at ten o'clock in summer, and at nine in winter. Louise often forgot the hour, when her woman would, while she was still at supper, without saying a word, take down her hair and draw off her shoes to hasten her departure.

Fresh from the elegant amusements and the tasteful life of Paris, she was refused the pleasing gayeties to which she was accustomed, and was dragged to the court amusements, which she loathed. The long Spanish comedies wearied her, and she was violently ill from seeing two of the combatants in a bull-fight killed by the enraged brute. Yet even this was not the worst. She was compelled to be present at an *auto-da-fé*,[1] celebrated

[1] Literally, act of faith. The public declaration of the judgment passed by the courts of the Spanish Inquisition, and the infliction of the prescribed punishment.

in the Plaza Mayor, the various ceremonies of which lasted from seven o'clock in the morning till nine at night. One lovely Jewess, about seventeen years old, stood close beside her, and begged of her for mercy. "Will not your royal presence," she cried, "bring some change to my dreadful fate? Consider my youth, and remember that this concerns a belief which I drew in with my earliest breath."

The queen wept, but was silent. She could do nothing. She did not, indeed, see the actual burning of the twenty Jews, which took place after midnight; but the horrors of that day remained long in her memory.

King Charles was temperate and mild, but irresolute, timid, superstitious, and extremely ignorant. He did not even know the names of some of the more considerable towns and important provinces of his kingdom; and, in the war with France, sometimes pitied the Emperor of Germany because he believed him to have lost cities which had, in fact, belonged to himself. As he advanced in years, he shut himself up more and more in his palace with his favorite dwarfs and his menagerie, which was large and valuable. He loved his wife, who did her best to amuse him, and whose sweetness of temper was unfailing. But he was often cold in consequence of the hints of the duchess, who endeavored to make him jealous of her.

At last, Louise procured the dismissal of the fierce old woman, who departed in a storm of rage. She was happier after this, as the new *camerara* was kind and respectful; but she had still many annoyances. She was to receive about sixteen hundred dollars a month for her personal and household expenses, but six months some-

times went by without her receiving a copper, and she was obliged to borrow even for her charities.

Public affairs, also, became daily more hopeless. Not only were the demands of foreign governments for debts long due them disregarded, but officers of the army, and even governors of fortresses, in vain tried to obtain the payment of their salaries. The soldiers of the royal guard struggled with beggars for a morsel of the bread dealt out by the convents. Couriers could not leave the capital for want of means. The grooms in the royal stables, who had received nothing for many months, ran away and left the animals unfed. Money was wanted for the daily expenses of Charles's table. Great families were compelled to melt their plate; and in several parts of the kingdom men perished daily from hunger. To so low a point had misgovernment sunk this once powerful and wealthy country.

Queen Louise died in 1689, after a reign of nine years. She had borne cheerfully the sacrifice of all her early hopes, and had shown, in the difficult position in which she had been placed, patience, fortitude, generosity, and good sense.

After her death, Charles married Maria Anna, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and sister of the reigning Empress of Germany and the Queen of Portugal. She was not beautiful, like Louise, nor did she dress as tastefully. She had fine, fair hair, which she wore in many plaits, and which she filled with ribbons and feathers until they spread out almost enough to balance her enormous hoop. She was not subdued by Spanish gloom. She laughed heartily at the court fool, and when reproved by her husband, she replied that she could not help it,

and that the fellow must be removed if she must not seem amused by him.

Charles died in the year 1700. He was the last monarch of the house of Austria, and closed the native line of Gothic sovereigns. He left, by will, his throne to Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.

Ten or twelve decaying frigates formed at that time the navy of Spain, and the art of ship-building was almost forgotten. The army consisted of twenty thousand men, without pay, clothing, or discipline. Robbers and murderers prowled about the country, and haunted even the churches unpunished.

[Charles II left his crown to Philip of Anjou, grandson of himself and also of Louis XIV of France. To prevent the union of the two kingdoms, an alliance was formed against France with the object of placing upon the Spanish throne Charles, Archduke of Austria. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugène of Savoy fought for the allies, and won some famous victories, — Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. For thirteen years the war raged. Then, by several deaths, Charles became Emperor. To permit him also to rule in Spain was out of the question, and the war came to an end. Philip was left on the Spanish throne to rule as Philip V; but with great loss of Spanish territory, for Gibraltar and Minorca were ceded to England; while Milan, Sardinia, Naples, and the Spanish Netherlands fell into the hands of Austria.

The Editor.]

THE CROSSING OF THE DOURO

[1809]

BY CHARLES LEVER

[EVEN after Napoleon had overthrown the armies of Spain and Portugal, these countries refused to yield to his authority. Wellington with British troops came to their aid. He crossed the Douro River, captured Oporto, and pursued the French forces on their retreat over the mountains into Spain.
The Editor.]

NEVER did the morning break more beautifully than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapor had succeeded to the starry, cloudless night, but one by one they moved onwards towards the sea, disclosing as they passed long tracts of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright-colored ribbon, meandering through the deep garment of fairest green; the darkly shadowed mountains which closed the background loomed even larger than they were; while their summits were tipped with the yellow glory of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot labored as it ascended through the perfumed air, and save the ripple of the stream all was silent as the grave.

The squadron of the Fourteenth, with which I was, had diverged from the road beside the river, and to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood; our pace was a sharp one; an orderly had

been already dispatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood, and as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes! Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a low ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking at once that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream, and upon the opposite side, rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France; while far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling in the sunbeams. The bivouac fires were still smouldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night; for early as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Vallonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

"Dismount! steady; quietly, my lads," said the colonel, as he alighted upon the grass. "Let the men have their breakfast."

The little amphitheater we occupied hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movement.

It may readily be supposed then, with what impatience we waited here, while the din and clangor of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible. The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river, and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing dispatches from headquarters; but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me, my excitement was at its height, and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon Amarante, and that, with the broad stream of the Douro between us, he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time; they are already in march, and even if we dared force a passage in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersley."

"Indeed! Where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Villa do Conde; he asked after you most particularly. Don't blush, man; I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letter that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow, he has been badly wounded, but, it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly, touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here.

I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the general, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good-bye."

I buckled on my sword, and looking to my girths, stood watching the groups around me; when suddenly a dragoon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man if Mr. O'Malley was there.

" Yes; I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened and saw that the dispatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words, "With haste!" on the envelope.

Now, which way to turn I knew not; so, springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this dispatch?"

"Along the river, sir," said the heavy, — a large, dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops; you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not very likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs into my horse, and turned toward the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute, when the loud ringing of a rifle struck upon my ear; bang went another, and another. I hurried on, however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight, and scarcely had my eye rested upon them

when my horse staggered forwards, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then, rearing madly up, fell backwards to the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion; for as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my shako and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and, creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downwards into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at headquarters, I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my dispatches, I hastened towards the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I should proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Malley, what brings you here?"

"Dispatches from General Murray."

"Indeed; oh, follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair, introduced me into a room, where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "dispatches requiring immediate attention have just been brought in by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short, slight man, in a gray undress coat, with a white

cravat, and a cocked hat, entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me that he was one in authority, — the look of command his bold, stern features presented; the sharp, piercing eye, the compressed lip, the impressive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

"Send General Sherbroke here," said he to an aide-de-camp. "Let the light brigade march into position;" and then, turning suddenly to me, "Whose dispatches are these?"

"General Murray's, sir."

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted his attention.

"How's this, — are you wounded?"

"No, sir; my horse was killed —"

"Very well, sir; join your brigade. But stay, I shall have orders for you. Well, Waters, what news?"

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform, who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

"I say, whom have we here?"

"The Prior of Amarante, sir," replied Waters, "who has just come over. We have already, by his aid, secured three large barges —"

"Let the artillery take up positions in the convent at once," said Sir Arthur, interrupting. "The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir," turning to me, "will convey to General Murray — but you appear weak. You, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the 14th. Sherbroke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can that seminary take?"

"From three to four hundred, sir. The padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town."

"I perceive it," was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as, placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked towards the window, and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the chamber; not a lip murmured. The feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing checked every thought of utterance; while the stupendous gravity of the events before us engrossed every mind and occupied every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him upon whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and canvass their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility; the cold, determined expression was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless, and whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, cer-

tainly no external sign betrayed them; and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering legions of France, led on by one second alone to him whose very name had been the prestige of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! What must have been his reliance upon his own genius! As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened and an officer entered hastily, and, whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken as, turning from the window, he closed his telescope, and followed by all the others, descended to the courtyard.

This simple order was enough; an officer with a company of the Buffs embarked, and thus began the passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader, that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river; but as yet no boats had been discovered, and such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four

small skiffs had been found, half sunk in mud, among the rushes, and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me. "Was I not a true prophet when I told you 'We'd meet the French in the morning'?"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us, and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small arms, gradually swelling into a hot sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the riverside, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landedfrom the boats; and here, although nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment. The cannonade from the Sierra convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amidst which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs were mingled. It was evident to us, from the continual fire kept up, that the landing had been effected; while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed, and we now only waited for two light four-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out,—

"The French are in retreat!" and pointing at the

same moment to the Vallonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which, as we gazed, the colors of the enemy might be seen as they defiled, while the unbroken lines of the wagons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

"Fourteenth, threes about! close up! trot!" called out the loud and manly voice of our leader, and the heavy tramp of our squadrons shook the very ground as we advanced towards the road to Vallonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly; and amidst all the crash of gun-carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning, prepared, by a flanking fire, to cover the retiring column. The gunners sprang from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out, —

"Forward! close up! charge!"

The word was scarcely spoken when the loud cheer answered the welcome sound, and the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind; the pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and like the dread force of some mighty engine we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of a fox-hunt, when the loud cry of the hounds, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within; but never till now did I

know how far higher the excitement reaches, when man to man, saber to saber, arm to arm, we ride forward to the battle-field. On we went, the loud shout of "Forward!" still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more. The din, the smoke, the crash, the cry for quarter, mingled with the shout of victory, the flying enemy, the agonizing shrieks of the wounded; — all are commingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to reform behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position and cut off the guns of the enemy.

"Well done, Fourteenth," said an old gray-headed colonel, as he rode along our line, — "gallantly done, lads!" The blood trickled from a saber cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not or heeded it not.

"There go the Germans!" said Power, pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry, and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating ranks of the enemy. The carnage must have been terrific, for the long breaches of their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive tide of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying columns grew momentarily more; the road be-

came blocked up, too, by broken carriages and wounded; and to add to their discomfiture, a damaging fire now opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the Twenty-ninth pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond anything maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit, while the whole river was covered with boats as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra to protect the landing, for it was even then contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks and bore down upon the squares.

It was now, when the full tide of victory ran highest in our favor, that we were ordered to retire from the road. Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed, and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement; and while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retiring columns we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as with burning cheek and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still farther back, and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken when a young officer, in the uniform of a general, dashed impetuously up; he

held his plumed cap high above his head, as he called out, "Fourteenth, follow me! Left face! wheel! charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear guard was at this moment at the narrowest point of the road, which opened by a bridge upon a large open space; so that, forming with a narrow front and favored by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile the carnage was dreadful on both sides, our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons, that we stopped not till, piercing the dense column of the retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled and prepared once more to meet them, when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and supported by a field-piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid, but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost; already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried out our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as, waving his saber, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us

as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder. Scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep saber-cut in the cheek from an aide-de-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the general; while I, in my endeavor to save General Laborde when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned that I remembered no more around me. I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness, my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank and felt my faithful follower Mike bathing my temples with water, as he kept up a running fire of lamentations for my being *murthered* so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me, alanah! Say that you're not kilt, darling; do now. Oh, wirra: what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Would n't he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you to-day? There, take a sup; it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beating them. They're only gone now. That's right; now you're coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, poor fellow, you've got sore bones, too," cried Power, as, his face swathed in bandages and covered with blood, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley —"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow, he has seen his last battle-field! He fell across me as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead. Not a sigh, not a word escaped him; shot through the forehead." As he spoke, his lips trembled, and his voice sank to a mere whisper at the last words: "You remember what he said last night. Poor fellow, he was every inch a soldier."

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head towards the scene of our late encounter. Some dismounted guns and broken wagons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.

THE WEST INDIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

"WEST INDIES" is a general name for the Bahamas and the Greater and Lesser Antilles. Their history is much the same: namely, discovery and colonization by the Spaniards; introduction of negro slaves, who became a large and sometimes a powerful portion of the community; and the falling into the hands of some other nation.

In the seventeenth century, the Bahamas became a refuge for pirates, and during the Revolutionary War, for the friends of King George. In the American Civil War, Nassau was headquarters for blockade-runners.

The Greater Antilles comprise Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, and Porto Rico. In Cuba colonies were founded, but in their constant fear of pirates and attacks by other nations, the Spanish colonists had little comfort. The misrule of the Spanish aroused a serious revolt in 1895. Much sympathy for the Cubans was felt in the United States, and the mysterious destruction of the battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana in 1898 resulted in war. Spain was forced to give up all claim to Cuba, which became independent.

Haiti was a colony of France, but after the insurrection led by Toussaint l'Ouverture its independence was recognized. Jamaica belongs to England, and for many years was a crown colony, but at length received some degree of representation. Porto Rico was in 1869 made a province of Spain, and in the Spanish-American War of 1898 it was surrendered to the United States.

Of the Lesser Antilles, Martinique is known, first, as the birthplace of the Empress Josephine; and, second, because of the terrible eruption of Mont Pelée in 1902, which destroyed St. Pierre, the largest town on the island.

THE FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS

BY FERDINAND COLUMBUS, SON OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

On Monday the 8th of October twelve singing birds of various colors came to the ship, and after flying round it for a short time held on their way. Many other birds were seen from the ship flying towards the southwest, and that same night great numbers of large fowl were seen, and flocks of small birds proceeding from the northwards, and all going to the southwest. In the morning a jay was seen, with an alcatraz, several ducks, and many small birds, all flying the same way with the others, and the air was perceived to be fresh and odoriferous as it is at Seville in the month of April. But the people were now so eager to see land and had been so often disappointed, that they ceased to give faith to these continual indications; insomuch that on Wednesday, the 10th, although abundance of birds were continually passing both by day and night, they never ceased to complain. The admiral upbraided their want of resolution, and declared that they must persist in their endeavors to discover the Indies, for which he and they had been sent out by their Catholic majesties.

It would have been impossible for the admiral to have much longer withstood the numbers which now opposed him; but it pleased God that, in the afternoon of Thursday, the 11th of October, such manifest tokens of being near the land appeared, that the men took cour-

age and rejoiced at their good fortune as much as they had been before distressed. From the admiral's ship a green rush was seen to float past, and one of those green fish which never go far from the rocks. The people in the Pinta saw a cane and a staff in the water, and took up another staff very curiously carved, and a small board, and great plenty of weeds were seen which seemed to have been recently torn from the rocks. Those of the Nina, besides similar signs of land, saw a branch of a thorn full of red berries, which seemed to have been newly torn from the tree.

From all these indications the admiral was convinced that he now drew near to the land, and after the evening prayers he made a speech to the men, in which he reminded them of the mercy of God in having brought them so long a voyage with such favorable weather, and in comforting them with so many tokens of a successful issue to their enterprise, which were now every day becoming plainer and less equivocal. He besought them to be exceedingly watchful during the night, as they well knew that in the first article of the instructions which he had given to all the three ships before leaving the Canaries, they were enjoined, when they should have sailed seven hundred leagues west without discovering land, to lay to every night, from midnight till daybreak. And, as he had very confident hopes of discovering land that night, he required every one to keep watch at their quarters; and, besides the gratuity of thirty crowns a year for life, which had been graciously promised by their sovereigns to him that first saw the land, he engaged to give the fortunate discoverer a velvet doublet from himself.

After this, as the admiral was in his cabin about ten o'clock at night, he saw a light on shore; but it was so unsteady that he could not certainly affirm that it came from land. He called to one Peter Gutierres and desired him to try if he could perceive the same light, who said he did; but one Roderick Sanchez, of Segovia, on being desired to look the same way, could not see it, because he was not up time enough, as neither the admiral nor Gutierres could see it again above once or twice for a short space, which made them judge it to proceed from a candle or torch belonging to some fisherman or traveler, who lifted it up occasionally and lowered it again, or perhaps from people going from one house to another, because it appeared and vanished again so suddenly. Being now very much on their guard, they still held on their course until about two in the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, when the Pinta, which was always far ahead, owing to her superior sailing, made the signal of seeing land, which was first discovered by Roderick de Triana at about two leagues from the ship. But the thirty crowns a year were afterwards granted to the admiral, who had seen the light in the midst of darkness, a type of the spiritual light which he was the happy means of spreading in these dark regions of error. Being now so near land, all the ships lay to; every one thinking it long till daylight, that they might enjoy the sight they had so long and anxiously desired.

When daylight appeared, the newly discovered land was perceived to consist of a flat island fifteen leagues in length, without any hills, all covered with trees, and having a great lake in the middle. The island was inhabited by great abundance of people, who ran down

to the shore filled with wonder and admiration at the sight of the ships, which they conceived to be some unknown animals. The Christians were not less curious to know what kind of people they had fallen in with, and the curiosity on both sides was soon satisfied, as the ships soon came to anchor. The admiral went on shore with his boat well armed, and having the royal standard of Castile and Leon displayed, accompanied by the commanders of the other two vessels, each in his own boat, carrying the particular colors which had been allotted for the enterprise, which were white with a green cross and the letter F on one side and on the other the names of Ferdinand and Isabella crowned.

The whole company kneeled on the shore and kissed the ground for joy, returning God thanks for the great mercy they had experienced during their long voyage through seas hitherto unpassed, and their now happy discovery of an unknown land. The admiral then stood up, and took formal possession in the usual words for their Catholic majesties of this island, to which he gave the name of St. Salvador. All the Christians present admitted Columbus to the authority and dignity of admiral and viceroy, pursuant to the commission which he had received to that effect, and all made oath to obey him as the legitimate representative of their Catholic majesties, with such expressions of joy and acknowledgment as became their mighty success; and they all implored his forgiveness of the many affronts he had received from them through their fears and want of confidence. Numbers of the Indians or natives of the island were present at these ceremonies; and perceiving them to be peaceable, quiet, and simple people, the

admiral distributed several presents among them. To some he gave red caps, and to others strings of glass beads, which they hung about their necks, and various other things of small value, which they valued as if they had been jewels of high price.

After the ceremonies, the admiral went off in his boat, and the Indians followed him even to the ships, some by swimming and others in their canoes, carrying parrots, clews of spun cotton yarn, javelins, and other such trifling articles, to barter for glass beads, bells, and other things of small value. Like people in the original simplicity of nature, they were all naked, and even a woman who was among them was entirely destitute of clothing. Most of them were young, seemingly not above thirty years of age; of a good stature, with very thick black lank hair, mostly cut short above their ears, though some had it down to their shoulders, tied up, with a string about their head like women's tresses. Their countenances were mild and agreeable and their features good; but their foreheads were too high, which gave them rather a wild appearance. They were of a middle stature, plump, and well shaped, but of an olive complexion, like the inhabitants of the Canaries, or sunburnt peasants. Some were painted with black, others with white, and others again with red; in some the whole body was painted, in others only the face, and some only the nose and eyes. They had no weapons like those of Europe, neither had they any knowledge of such; for when our people showed them a naked sword, they ignorantly grasped it by the edge. Neither had they any knowledge of iron; as their javelins were merely constructed of wood, having their points hardened in

the fire, and armed with a piece of fish-bone. Some of them had scars of wounds on different parts, and being asked by signs how these had been got, they answered by signs that people from other islands came to take them away, and that they had been wounded in their own defense. They seemed ingenious and of a voluble tongue; as they readily repeated such words as they once heard. There were no kind of animals among them excepting parrots, which they carried to barter with the Christians among the articles already mentioned, and in this trade they continued on board the ships till night, when they all returned to the shore.

In the morning of the next day, being the 13th of October, many of the natives returned on board the ships in their boats or canoes, which were all of one piece hollowed like a tray from the trunk of a tree; some of these were so large as to contain forty or forty-five men, while others were so small as only to hold one person, with many intermediate sizes between these extremes. These they worked along with paddles formed like a baker's peel or the implement which is used in dressing hemp. These oars or paddles were not fixed by pins to the sides of the canoes like ours; but were dipped into the water and pulled backwards as if digging. Their canoes are so light and artfully constructed, that if overset they soon turn them right again by swimming; and they empty out the water by throwing them from side to side like a weaver's shuttle, and when half emptied they lade out the rest with dried calabashes cut in two, which they carry for that purpose.

This second day, the natives, as said before, brought various articles to barter for such small things as they

could procure in exchange. Jewels or metals of any kind were not seen among them, except some small plates of gold which hung from their nostrils; and on being questioned from whence they procured the gold, they answered by signs that they had it from the south, where there was a king who possessed abundance of pieces and vessels of gold; and they made our people to understand that there were many other islands and large countries to the south and southwest. They were very covetous to get possession of anything which belonged to the Christians, and being themselves very poor, with nothing of value to give in exchange, as soon as they got on board, if they could lay hold of anything which struck their fancy, though it were only a piece of a broken glazed earthen dish or porringer, they leaped with it into the sea and swam on shore with their prize. If they brought anything on board they would barter it for anything whatever belonging to our people, even for a piece of broken glass; insomuch that some gave sixteen large clews of well-spun cotton yarn, weighing twenty-five pounds, for three small pieces of Portuguese brass coin not worth a farthing. Their liberality in dealing did not proceed from their putting any great value on the things themselves which they received from our people in return, but because they valued them as belonging to the Christians, whom they believed certainly to have come down from Heaven, and they therefore earnestly desired to have something from them as a memorial. In this manner all this day was spent, and the islanders as before went all on shore at night.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

[1801]

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

[TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE was a full-blooded negro slave of Haiti who became a revolutionary leader and finally governed the island from 1795 to 1801. The remainder of his story is told in the following extract.

The Editor.]

IT was 1811. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Grégoire, "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand.

He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that, when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British Crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them work at a distance to do."

Mounting his horse and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he (Toussaint) looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe, — soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed, "All France is come to Haiti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life, — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he

comes to make": — and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to the ocean"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children; and carried them to the mountains in safety; then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just

finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the "Marseillaise Hymn," and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the "Marseillaise." And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years, — could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand

would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him, — the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the crusades is, "You lie." Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness, "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters, — one from the French general, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was, "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the Government would have doubted him, — would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus, "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly"; and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords, and told him he was a prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think

you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is damp and wet. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropics was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus: — "Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered this letter. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English Government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years

after to his prison at St. Helena, planned for a tomb, as he had planned that of Toussaint, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

From the moment he was betrayed, the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Maurepas deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Maurepas to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountain saw it, and selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons, hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's camp; and born, as I was, not far from Bunker Hill, I have found yet no reason to think he did wrong. They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband, who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men, carried his next thousand prisoners and sacrificed them on her grave.

The French exhausted every form of torture. The negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot, — others sunk with cannon-balls tied to their feet; some smothered with sulphur fumes, — others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted;

sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands, — others in marshes, and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Rochambeau sent to Cuba for bloodhounds. When they arrived, the young girls went down to the wharf, decked the hounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks; and, seated in the amphitheater, the women clapped their hands to see a negro thrown to these dogs, previously starved to rage. But the negroes besieged this very city so closely that these same girls, in their misery, ate the very hounds they had welcomed.

The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed his efforts. What the sword did not devour, the fever ate up. Leclerc died. Pauline carried his body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying, "Sister, I gave you an army, — you bring me back ashes." Rochambeau, — the Rochambeau of our history, — left in command of eight thousand troops, sent word to Dessalines, "When I take you, I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will whip you to death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from battle-field to battle-field, from fort to fort, and finally shut him up in Samana. Heating cannon-balls to destroy his fleet, Dessalines learned that Rochambeau had begged of the British admiral to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered the boaster to embark undisturbed.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Haiti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you,

go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them.

Haiti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Thus far, she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war, and skillful in civil affairs, but not, like him, remarkable for that rare mingling of high qualities which alone makes true greatness, and insures a man leadership among those otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance, — these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "NO RETALIATION" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest viliage of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noonday; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

"THE MARBLE MEMORY OF JOSEPHINE," EMPRESS OF FRANCE

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

You reach Fort-de-France, the capital of Martinique, by steamer from St. Pierre, in about an hour and a half. . . . There is an overland route — *La Trace;* but it is a twenty-five mile ride, and a weary one in such a climate, notwithstanding the indescribable beauty of the landscapes which the lofty road commands. . . .

Rebuilt in wood after the almost total destruction by an earthquake of its once picturesque streets of stone, Fort-de-France (formerly Fort-Royal) has little of outward interest by comparison with St. Pierre. It lies in a low, moist plain, and has few remarkable buildings: you can walk all over the little town in about half an hour. But the Savane, — the great green public square, with its grand tamarinds and *sabliers,* — would be worth the visit alone, even were it not made romantic by the marble memory of Josephine.

I went to look at the white dream of her there, a creation of master-sculptors. . . . It seemed to me absolutely lovely.

Sea winds have bitten it; tropical rains have streaked it: some microscopic growth has darkened the exquisite hollow of the throat. And yet such is the human charm of the figure that you almost fancy you are gazing at a living presence. . . . Perhaps the profile is less artistically real, — statuesque to the point of betraying the

chisel; but when you look straight up into the sweet Creole face, you can believe she lives: all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there.

She is standing just in the center of the Savane, robed in the fashion of the First Empire, with gracious arms and shoulders bare: one hand leans upon a medallion bearing the eagle profile of Napoleon. . . . Seven tall palms stand in a circle around her, lifting their comely heads into the blue glory of the tropic day. Within their enchanted circle you feel that you tread holy ground, — the sacred soil of artist and poet; — here the recollections of memoir-writers vanish away; the gossip of history is hushed for you; you no longer care to know how rumor has it that she spoke or smiled or wept: only the bewitchment of her lives under the thin, soft, swaying shadows of those feminine palms. . . . Over violet space of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she is looking back to the place of her birth, back to beautiful drowsy Trois-Islets, — and always with the same half-dreaming, half-plaintive smile, — unutterably touching.

THE FER-DE-LANCE OF MARTINIQUE

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

THERE are trees distilling venom, there are plants that have fangs, there are perfumes that affect the brain, there are cold green creepers whose touch blisters flesh like fire; while in all the recesses and the shadows is a swarming of unfamiliar life, beautiful or hideous, — insect, reptile, bird, — interwarring, devouring, preying. . . . But the great peril of the forest — the danger which deters even the naturalist — is the presence of the terrible *fer-de-lance* (*trigonocephalus lanceolatus*, — *bothrops lanceolatus*, — *craspodecephalus*), — deadliest of the Occidental thanatophidia, and probably one of the deadliest serpents of the known world. . . . There are no less than eight varieties of it, — the most common being the dark gray, speckled with black — precisely the color that enables the creature to hide itself among the protruding roots of the trees by simply coiling about them, and concealing its triangular head. Sometimes the snake is a clear bright yellow: then it is difficult to distinguish it from the bunch of bananas among which it conceals itself. Or the creature may be a dark yellow, — or a yellowish brown, — or the color of wine-lees, speckled pink and black, — or dead black with a yellow belly, — or black with a pink belly: all hues of tropical forest-mould, of old bark, or decomposing trees. . . .

The iris of the eye is orange, — with red flashes: it glows at night like burning charcoal.

And the *fer-de-lance* reigns absolute king over the mountains and the ravines; he is lord of the forest and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks, the pleasure resorts. People must remain at home after dark, unless they dwell in the city itself: if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, your friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very center of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods without an experienced escort; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger: at any moment a seeming branch, a knot of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendent yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, stretch, spring, strike. . . . Then you will need aid, indeed, and most quickly; for within the span of a few heart-beats the wounded flesh chills, tumefies, softens. Soon it changes color, and begins to spot violaceously; while an icy coldness creeps through all the blood. If the *panseur* or the physician arrives in time, and no vein has been pierced, there is hope; but it more often happens that the blow is received directly on a vein of the foot or ankle, — in which case nothing can save the victim. Even when life is saved, the danger is not over. Necrosis of the tissues is likely to set in: the flesh corrupts, falls from the bone sometimes in tatters, and the colors of its putrefaction simulate the hues of vegetable decay, — the ghastly grays and pinks and yellows of trunks rotting down into the dark soil which gave them birth. The human victim moulders as the trees moulder, — crumbles and dissolves as crumbles the substance of the dead

palms and balatas: the Death-of-the-Woods is upon him.

To-day a *fer-de-lance* is seldom found exceeding six feet in length; but the dimensions of the reptile, at least, would seem to have decreased considerably by man's warring upon it since the time of Père Labat, who mentions having seen a *fer-de-lance* nine feet long and five inches in diameter. He also speaks of a *couresse* — a beautiful and harmless serpent said to kill the *fer-de-lance* — over ten feet long and thick as a man's leg; but a large *couresse* is now seldom seen. The negro woodsmen kill both creatures indiscriminately; and as the older reptiles are the least likely to escape observation, the chances for the survival of extraordinary individuals lessen with the yearly decrease of forest-area. . . .

But it may be doubted whether the number of deadly snakes has been greatly lessened since the early colonial period. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The favorite haunts of the *fer-de-lance* are to a large extent inaccessible or unexplored, and its multiplication is prodigious. It is really only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane-fields, and makes the public roads dangerous after dark; — yet more than three hundred snakes have been killed in twelve months on a single plantation. The introduction of the Indian mongoose, or *mangouste* (ichneumon), proved futile as a means of repressing the evil. The *mangouste* kills the *fer-de-lance* when it has a chance; but it also kills fowls and sucks their eggs, which condemns it irrevocably with the country negroes, who live to a considerable extent by raising and selling chickens. . . .

THE FER-DE-LANCE OF MARTINIQUE

Domestic animals are generally able to discern the presence of their deadly enemy long before a human eye can perceive it. If your horse rears and plunges in the darkness, trembles and sweats, do not try to ride on until you are assured the way is clear. Or your dog may come running back, whining, shivering: you will do well to accept his warning. The animals kept about country residences usually try to fight for their lives; the hen battles for her chickens; the bull endeavors to gore and stamp his supple enemy; the pig gives more successful combat; but the creature who fears the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and begin to feint, — teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. How the emerald and the topazine eyes glow then! — they are flames! A moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw that dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled in the dust. Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring; — the enemy, still active, has almost instantly re-formed his coil; — but she is again in front of him, watching, — vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke; again the beautiful encountering; — again the living death is hurled aside; and now the scaled skin is deeply torn, — one eye socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied; — before he can attempt to coil, Pussy has leaped upon him, — nailing the horrible flat head fast to the

ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her! — in vain! he will never lift his head: an instant more, and he lies still: — the keen white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebra just behind the triangular skull!

THE ERUPTION OF MONT PELÉE

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD

On the 8th of May, 1902, Mont Pelée, which had been inactive for fifty-one years, suddenly burst forth with scalding steam, liquid fire, stifling gas, and smothering dust. There had been warnings of disaster for several weeks, and a few of the inhabitants had made their way over the mountains, or by boat to Fort-de-France, at the southern end of the island. But the great majority remained. The volcano was evidently uneasy, and threw up clouds of steam and a fine dust which covered everything and darkened the air; but no great damage had been done. The priests were praying in the cathedral and churches, the authorities ordered the people to stay, and many cheerful and hopeful people believed that there would be no serious eruption. Fifty years had passed since any fatal outbreak had occurred; probably after a little smoke, noise, and ashes all would be over.

So the people hoped and waited, till in the twinkling of an eye the whole vast mass of boiling, blazing, suffocating mud and ashes burst from the rent and torn crater, rising miles into the air, to fall the next instant and for hours thereafter, in killing blisters and deadly fumes and choking lava dust on man and beast, orchards and gardens, houses and streets, the wharves and beaches, boats in the harbor, vessels in the roadstead,

and even upon ships far out at sea. Meanwhile the earth was rocking, roofs were whirled away by a tempest, and as the affrighted crowds rushed down the steep streets to the bay of St. Pierre, the sea rose and with an immense tidal wave drowned them by thousands. In the gray dawn of that May morning there were forty-five thousand bright, handsome, living French Creoles, colored people, and negroes in St. Pierre. Instead of sunrise came a rain of fire, amid which the whole population, shrieking, wailing, crazed, crammed the cathedral only to die, climbed the mountains and sought the forests only to be burned or buried alive, fled to the river to find it a torrent of scalding water, and to the sea to meet a watery grave. At noon there was but one living man in the ruined and desolate city of St. Pierre, and he was a negro prisoner, burned, but not dead, in a subterranean dungeon where he had been confined for crime. A strange travesty of justice! All the innocent met a dreadful doom, the one guilty and condemned criminal was saved. I have seen this naked negro, his back scarred and blistered by the heat which found its way even into his prison. He is vouched for by the authorities of Fort-de-France, has come to New York, and, if allowed to remain by the authorities, is to be shown as a curiosity in the United States. He was rescued four days after the eruption, frightened almost out of his senses, unable to say anything except that he heard dreadful noises, and felt intolerable heat, and thought he would die of thirst.

The London "Times" gave a description of the scene as viewed from the deck of the Roddam, which arrived at moorings in St. Pierre half an hour before the erup-

tion on May 8, 1902: The Roddam approached the island very cautiously, the more so that as the land was neared Mont Pelée was seen to be throwing out volumes of black smoke; but as, on reaching the bay, several vessels were seen riding at anchor, Captain Freeman decided to bring his ship also to her moorings. This was about 7.30 on the morning of the 8th.

The captain, the agent, and supercargo were engaged in conversation near the companion ladder, when suddenly, with a mighty, earth-shaking roar, the whole side of the mountain seemed rent in twain from top to bottom, and a solid wall of fire swept over the town and bay. So rapid was its progress that those on board had hardly time to throw themselves wherever shelter was nearest when the vessel was struck with such force by the burning mass as nearly to capsize her, and she was enveloped from stem to stern in a whirlwind of fire.

Alas, for those who reached no shelter! They were never seen again. They either jumped overboard in the frantic effort to escape, or they were swept bodily away. No human being could stand against that terrific deluge of molten ashes. Even those who reached the cabin or hold did not escape, for almost every nook and cranny of the ship was filled with the blazing dust. Captain Freeman sought shelter in the chart-room, but the port-holes being open, the fire streamed in and burned him badly on face and hands.

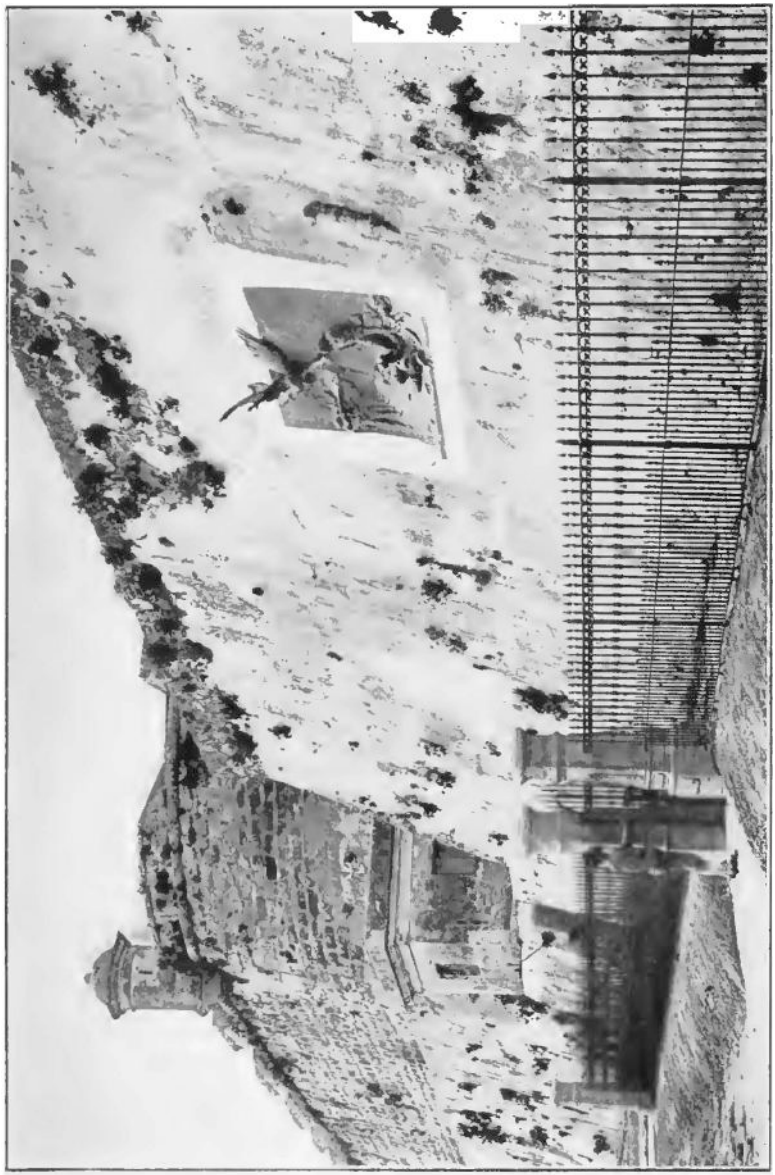
After the first shock was over the captain came out on deck, as soon as it was possible to do so with any chance of safety. The scene was now awful and terrifying — a pitchy darkness had succeeded the cataract of fire, pierced only fitfully by the flames from the fated city.

St. Pierre was blazing from every quarter, and as the flames rose higher, by their lurid light the doomed inhabitants could be seen, wildly running from place to place, vainly seeking a way of escape, and even above the roar of the flames could be heard their piercing shrieks of agony and despair. By heroic efforts the ship was saved and reached St. Lucia after seven hours. Every part of the vessel was heaped with ashes like powdered pumice-stone; there was not a square inch of her deck but was strewn with them; and when one came to realize that when these ashes descended on the ship they were aglow, some idea could be formed of the awful nature of the danger through which the vessel had come.

Moving slowly about were a few gray figures, clothes, hair, and beard covered with the same coating of ash. They looked like men suddenly stricken with age. One of these gray figures came up to the ship's agent as he went aboard. "You don't know me?" And, indeed, it was hard to recognize this seemingly old man, with face all scorched and blackened hands held up helplessly swollen to three times their natural size, and burned and blistered cruelly — only his voice betrayed him.

"Why, captain, you have come through an awful time."

"Aye, sir, from hell's gates! But look to the others, I'm all right."



Execution Wall, Havana

EXECUTION WALL, HAVANA

"ADJOINING Morro is Fort Cabañas, of the same general order of architecture — wonderful architecture, rambling, but symmetrical. Morro was built beginning in 1587, and Cabañas was built in 1763 to 1774. Where so many patriots were executed, the Cuban Government has set a tablet in the wall, which is chipped by the bullets of the executioners, and surrounded it by an iron fence. It was the habit to stand prisoners facing the wall and then shoot them in the back. The picture shows a number of the dead on the ground and one soldier standing in the act of turning and defying his executioners with the challenge, 'You shall not shoot me in the back.' Above this is the Angel of Peace extending the laurel wreath."—*Thomas Rees.*

THE COURT OF JUSTICE OF GENERAL GOMEZ

[1895]

BY GROVER FLINT

[GOMEZ was a native of Santo Domingo. At one time he served in the Spanish army; but he felt so indignant at Spanish methods that he left the army and became a planter. In the revolution of 1895, he was put at the head of the Cuban forces; but when the Americans landed, he placed his followers at their disposal.

The Editor.]

RAIN fell intermittently day and night during the last week in May, and the forest trails became sloughs, wherein horses splashed to their knees, covering the backs of riders ahead with black mud. The rivers were swollen, and in the shallowest fords, water rippled above the saddle-girths, and your mount fought for a footing. Marches were therefore short, and made in the mornings. Of afternoons, Gomez had offenders from all parts brought before him, and the journey was like riding the circuit with a British magistrate of the last century. Evil-doers were run to ground and *majaces* were punished. In Camaguey many officers had become demoralized. They were not hard-pressed enough to fight in self-defense, and they grew fond of ease in camp and cottage. Samples of discipline like the following were common.

Scene. — A bit of worn canvas stretched on poles between two palms. Beneath it Gomez in a hammock, with Colete sitting in the grass, writing, at his side. Bosa,

Miguelito, and half a dozen alert *ayudantes* in background. Soldiers and *asistentes* in groups to right and left.

Enter, in a cloudburst of geniality and clean linen, fat, elderly man, with white mustache and red face. He gives his horse to an *asistente*. He wears a shiny pistol-belt and crossbelt with the stars of a major, top boots, and silver-mounted machete.

The major. — "Ah, citizens, gentlemen, my respects to you all. My respects to the commander-in-chief. I report at my general's order. I trust my general is well." (Removes his hat and bows before headquarters.)

Gomez (testily). — "Lift up the tent. Let me see the man. I can't see the fellow." (Arranges his spectacles and peers from beneath canvas.) "Ah! indeed! A *co-man-dan-te*. How many men have you?"

The major. — "About fifty, my general."

Gomez (raising his voice). — "Answer my question directly; how many men have you?"

The major (embarrassed). — "Just fifty-five, my general, and forty rifles."

Gomez. — "Are your men well, in good health? Have they ammunition?"

The major. — "Excellent, my general, with some forty rounds per man."

Gomez. — "How near does your family live?"

The major (in mild astonishment). — "Two leagues, my general."

Gomez. — "Go to them to-day. Prepare your equipment, turn over your men and your arms to Colonel Bosa at once. To-morrow I will send you to Pinar del Rio, to Maceo, where there is fighting, where you will have to fight."

The major. — "My general!"

Gomez. — "Monday you allowed the Spanish convoy to pass through your district without attacking them. You have men, you have arms and ammunition, you are strong; how is this?"

The major. — "But, my general, I did not know they were coming."

Gomez. — "But you should know; it is your business to know. I knew. Every one knew. The *asistentes* knew. It is easy enough to go one way and let the Spaniards go another." (Rising and addressing his officers.) "Here, who wants an *asistente?* Here is a good strong man for an *asistente,* — but no, you must fight; you shall be a private soldier. Tear off those stars which you disgrace; you are a common soldier."

The major. — "But, my general, remember my services in the last war. I fought in the Ten Years' War."

Gomez. — "The more shame you. This is as if I said I had money but I spent it; I had health but I lost it. Do you think the war is already over? It is not when a man comes here saying, 'I am of ancient family, or I am a college professor, or I am a millionaire,' that he is respected; but only when he can say, 'I fight.' White or black or yellow, 'I fight' is a man's glory here. We respect men for service alone, and your service does not entitle you to respect. Oh, I have heard of you many times before. It is my duty as commander-in-chief to make you fight as a common soldier. Here, Colonel Bosa, take this private soldier away."

And before the column was halfway through Camaguey, a major and three captains were privates of the *escolta.*

HOW FREEDOM CAME TO PORTO RICO

[1898]

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

SPAIN formally released Porto Rico from her sovereignty at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 18, 1898, by the withdrawal of her troops from the capital city of San Juan. It was the breaking of the last tie which has bound the easternmost fertile isle of the western hemisphere to a galling yoke of tyranny and taxation for nearly four hundred years.

The dawn of this memorable day in Porto Rican history came clear, colorless, and hot; not a cloud dotted the sky, and, as the sun rose toward the zenith, the narrow, brick-paved streets of San Juan quivered with moist heat, and, in the breathless air, the surging crowds elbowed one another for positions of vantage within the narrow shadows of noonday.

Two days before the ceremony, every hotel in the town was crowded to its utmost capacity, and, on the night before the evacuation, strangers slept three and four together in the tiny, dark rooms, whose only source of light was the stained-glass doors opening into a central rotunda, suffering all night long from an infestation of humming, insatiable mosquitoes.

In the harbor lay a Spanish transport, ready to carry home the soldiers; while outside, on a calm ocean, lay our ships loaded with blue-uniformed men, waiting for the moment when the booming of the midday gun was

to sound the death-knell of Spanish supremacy and give Porto Rico to the American Government.

At daybreak on Tuesday, the last callings of the Spanish bugles rang through the town from the *cuartels* of San Cristobal and Morro, and sixteen hundred Spanish soldiers prepared to march through the massive-walled portals, down the narrow streets of the town, and out to the westward suburban town of Santurce, where they were to camp temporarily until the arrival of a second Spanish steamer; but, through the courtesy of General John R. Brooke, commanding our forces, they were granted permission to remain in their barracks until all the Spanish transports arrived.

A surrender of the conquered to the conqueror is a sad function from its very nature, but in this instance it was far more than sad; it was the acme of human misery, arising, however, not from the hurt done to martial spirit, but from the annihilation of happy homes. The Spanish soldiers and Guardia Civil have married largely among Porto Rican women and have become factors in the domestic life of the island. The evacuation programme did not provide for a condition like this, so the Spaniard went back to his own country,— though only for a time, perhaps,—and his wife and children must weep and go hungry until his return.

As if in answer to the shrill blasts of Spanish bugles, came the deeper notes of our own, echoing back from without the city limits, and soon the steady, sturdy tramp of our own stalwart men resounded between the low walls of the city streets. *We* were going to cheer our country's flag and glory in our new possessions — *they*

— well, no one knows what the Spanish soldiers felt; a mixture, perhaps, of pleasure in going back to their hillside vineyards, of heartache at leaving their loved ones, and of well-marked hatred for those who had broken Spain's arrogant power.

As the hour of twelve drew near, American soldiers stood before the white front of the balconied home of past Spanish governor-generals, and in the plaza before the Chamber of Deputies and the City Hall, and again at the gates of the castles of Morro and San Cristobal, patiently awaiting the coming of the hour. Around them at all these places, were gathered queer, interesting, and withal motley crowds of American tourists and newspaper-men, of well-dressed Spanish and Porto Rican merchants and landholders. Little talk was indulged in, and enthusiasm, if there was any, was withheld from active expression. The minutes were passed in hushed waiting, a straining of eyes toward the bare flag-poles, and a nervous consultation of watches.

Now it was coming, and a long-drawn breath sighed through the packed crowds, followed by the first uneasy shuffling of feet. The cry of "Attention!" caused every soldier to straighten rigidly on his heels, except a few poor fellows who had dropped, weak and sweltering, under the fierce heat of the sun, and lay uncaring beneath the shaded walls. The newsmen craned their necks in eager expectancy, and the click of adjusted camera shutters could be heard from every point of elevation.

At each flagstaff a shoulder-strapped man stood grasping the flag-halyards, trying them now and again

in fear lest they might fail at the critical moment, and, from their high-perched positions, they watched the clock-towers or looked seaward toward the bold, rugged, fortified castles for the first flash of fire and smoke from the great black guns.

Ding! and the little, sweet-toned bell of a near-by cathedral sang the first stroke of twelve; it was overpowered in its first vibrations by the deep-bellowing clang of the great bell on the City Hall. They answered each other in rhythmic chime, the ponderous and the weak, one after another, until the last echoing thrill of twelve made Porto Rico ours.

The Stars and Stripes rose gently over every building, and were wafted by a new-born breeze, as if in sympathy with the rousing cheers of the surging Americans beneath, and as if in salutation to the roaring guns which belched their smoke far to seaward, as they boomed out the twenty-one shots of honor and of freedom.

It was a deeply impressive ceremony — done without ostentatious display, done without gold-laced uniforms or martial panoply, but well done. The very simplicity of the celebration appeals to American hearts. Our attitude was not that of the dictator, but of the protector. No bombastic speeches wounded the still sensitive Spanish pride, no great military pomp caused the teeth of a vanquished enemy to grind in hidden rage; we raised our flag softly, proudly, if you like, but we raised it with an outstretched hand of friendship.

With the floating of our flag over Spain's provincial capital of San Juan, the United States became, not only

the master of a veritable Garden of Eden, but the possessor of a vast amount of government property. In the cities of the whole island permanent structures have been erected, in the nature of buildings for officials, barracks for soldiers, many hospitals, and, on the sea-coast, massive stone forts. In San Juan, itself, our prizes include two wonderful stone forts, whose gray, moss-covered walls tell a story of antiquated defenses, which would, however, even now offer a very material protection against modern projectiles. On them were mounted fifty-six guns, new and old, twenty-eight of which are fairly modern, six-inch, breech-loading, rifled guns, and four modern mortars. In the magazines were stored immense quantities of powder and ammunition; in fact, shortly before war was declared, an entire ship-load of the most approved projectiles was landed at San Juan, and now belongs to our Government. Again, in this city, we now own a five-storied infantry barracks which has been constructed during the last five years, and will hold one hundred thousand men. It was damaged badly, but not beyond repair, during the three hours' naval bombardment of the city, when it was believed that Cervera's fleet lay in hiding in the harbor. There are two other immense barracks, but they are of old Spanish architecture — the Cuartel San Cristobal and the Marine Barracks. The United States also owns a new city hall and a great public building, the "Intendencia," both facing the plaza of the city. The value of our entire acquisitions runs up into millions of money, which have been expended by Spain in furnishing homes for her soldiers and her officials, and in the vain attempt to protect and hold her colonial possessions, even though,

in years gone by, she has valiantly and successfully repelled all assailants.

The American officers who had the honor of raising the flags at San Juan were Major J. T. Dean at the governor's palace; Colonel Goethals, of the Engineer Corps, over the "Intendencia"; Major Carson, of the Quartermaster's Department, at the City Hall; and Major Day, in command of a battery of the Fifth Artillery, over Morro Castle. Major Day also raised the first American flag floated at Ponce.

Few troops took active part in the ceremony: two battalions of the Eleventh Infantry at different points; troop A of the Sixth Cavalry at the palace, and the Fifth Heavy Artillery at Morro and San Cristobal. All the afternoon, however, the soldiers were marching from camps without the city's limits, until at nightfall several thousand men were scattered through the town. On Monday night at every street corner stood the Spanish Guardia Civil, the official tyrant of the island, while sentries of the Spanish army were posted near all government buildings; when Tuesday's sunset came, our armed soldiers paced back and forth over the self-same posts, while the Spanish soldiers — without guns, though armed with bayonets — wandered through the town as aliens, or gathered in clusters, in animated discussion. It was a curious metamorphosis.

Almost at the moment that the brilliant planet Venus shone faintly in the waning light of evening, a great gun on Morro Castle, manned by men in blue, belched forth a farewell salute to day. The long white curls of smoke were wafted eastward slowly out to sea, and, as its billows ascended high in the air, the sinking sun tinted

their topmost crest with rosy light, an omen, it was said, that the black cloud of Spanish cruelty had passed away, and in its stead had dawned the pearl- and rose-colored promise of future happiness for Porto Rico.

END OF VOLUME