

Great Lives from Latin America

MONTH NINE

SELECTED AUTHORS

Great Lives
of Latin America

Selected Authors

Libraries of Hope

Great Lives of Latin America

Great Lives Series: Month Nine

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Contents by Region

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U.S. Civil War

Julia Ward Howe
Clara Barton

Francisco Pizarro

1476 – 1541 A.D.

On a large farm in Truxillo, a town of old Spain, about the time that Columbus discovered America, young Francisco Pizarro held the useful but unromantic position of swineherd. His parents cared nothing for him, he hardly knew what a piece of money looked like, no one ever thought of teaching him to read or write; but his heart was full of pluck, and his head of vague plans for great adventures. Those were exciting years in Spain, for wonderful stories of her new possessions poured across the Atlantic, and certainly lost nothing in glamour and romance as they were repeated. Sailing off to an unknown land on an uncharted sea held no terrors for Pizarro, and the rumors of gold-mines sounded pleasantly in his ears. Fired with ambition to begin life afresh, in 1509 he set out from Seville for the New World where all men stood an equal chance of winning fame and treasure. His baggage consisted of a sword and a cloak. His two sole assets were pure grit, and a dogged perseverance that knocked difficulties out of the way like ninepins.

As yet only a small fragment of America had been explored: the West Indies where Columbus landed on his first voyage; the Atlantic coast region of what is now Central America; and the neighboring South American shore to the east of the Isthmus of Panama, or Darien as it was called then. By the end of ten years Pizarro was neither rich nor famous, but he had made a name and place for himself in the new colony, and was engaged in raising cattle with a business partner named Almagro. He owned his own house on the outskirts of

the city of Panama, his farm and his Indian servants, and was held "as one of the principal people in the land…having distinguished himself in the conquest and settling, and in the services of his Majesty." During these years Pizarro had many times experienced the emergencies and hardships of the explorer's life, and he had seen before his eyes the rainbow vision of gold. A hard worker, afraid of nothing under the sun, always dependable, he became the right-hand man of Balboa, who was a leading spirit in many excursions over the isthmus.

Balboa, unlike most of these Spanish leaders, was diplomatic in his relations with the Indians, and soon made friends with the caciques, or chiefs, of neighboring tribes. It was in 1511, when they were paying a visit in the home of a powerful cacique named Comogre, that Pizarro and Balboa first heard the dazzling tale of the wealth of Peru. As a polite little attention their host presented them with many golden trinkets. At this windfall the guests completely lost their heads and good manners and began such a "brabbling" about the dividing of the gold, that the dignified Indians listened in astonishment and disgust.

Finally, as the chief's son stood watching the beautiful ornaments being weighed and haggled over as if each Spaniard's life depended on grabbing the most, he lost his temper and struck the scales with his fist. As the gold scattered about the room he cried the fateful words which led to the conquest of Peru:

"What is this, Christians; is it for such a little thing that you quarrel? If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes and to risk life itself, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you." The Indian prince pointed toward the west, and told about a sea of which the white men had never heard. It lay beyond the mountains of the isthmus, and whoever would find the land of gold must sail south for a distance of six suns. "But," he added, "it is

necessary for this that you should be more in number than you are now, for you would have to fight your way with great kings."

Two years later Balboa proved the truth of the Indian's words when he crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Pizarro, his chief lieutenant, was the first man to scramble after him to the top of a high peak and look down upon the southern sea. When this news reached the court of Spain the king appointed a governor named Pedrarias to go to the isthmus and superintend the sending out of expeditions to the south. Hundreds of adventurers clamored to sail with him, for they had heard that in the New World "the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers."

The 1,500 men who set out for Panama with such high hopes found disease and fever instead of gems, and hunger instead of gold. In the first month 700 died. The cavaliers in their brocaded court costumes could be seen in the streets choking down grass to keep themselves alive, or trying to exchange a gorgeous embroidered cloak for a pound of Indian meal. As time went on a few adventurers who had sailed a little way down the coast brought back gloomy reports, and most of the colonists had had enough of expeditions which usually turned out to be all danger and no reward. Pizarro saw his opportunity. He was over fifty years old then, but he had lost none of his adventurous spirit, and if there was any gold in Peru he determined to find it.

In 1524 he and his partner sold their farm, and with a third associate formed a company to fit out an expedition. Each promised to contribute his entire fortune, and since Pizarro had the least money he agreed to do the most dangerous part of the work, the taking command of the exploring party. It was almost impossible to find volunteers, and the crew had to be made up largely of newcomers who had no idea what lay in store for them, and "black sheep" who felt

that they could be no worse off than they already were.

By the end of the year one little ship was tossing its way through heavy tempests along the shores of an unknown land, and one hundred miserable men were complaining bitterly because Pizarro had brought them on a wild-goose chase. They had found neither food nor inhabitants, only tangled, dripping forests and vast swamps. Sheets of rain closed in about them day and night; they could see nothing but the black, angry ocean and gray sky; none knew where they were going or what worse horrors lay in store for them. The ship had to be sent back for supplies and while it was gone twenty-seven of the men who remained behind with Pizarro died of exposure and starvation. When they finally discovered a few solitary hamlets, the Indians were suspicious and unfriendly and attacked the little party. Only Pizarro's fierce bravery, so spectacular that it awed the Indians, saved the expedition from ending then and there. No explorers ever chose a worse time of year or wore a more inappropriate costume; there in the dreadful humidity of the rainy season, right in the region of the equator, these poor soldiers, every time they landed to search for food or villages, had to drag along as best they could under the weight of full suits of armor.

It was all a dismal failure, but Pizarro had not the slightest intention of going back empty-handed. Instead he went back part of the way and waited until another expedition could be organized by his partners. Then he started out all over again. For 500 miles he sailed along the coast of what is now Colombia, and the farther his ship went the more mythical seemed the great empire he was seeking. Again and again the ship would have to be sent back for supplies or repairs, while Pizarro and some of his men stayed behind in the midst of every danger of disease, starvation and Indians. Through all these periods of desolate waiting Pizarro never allowed himself to show a moment's discouragement before his soldiers. No one worked harder than he in foraging for food,

and in caring for those who were too weak to look out for themselves. "In labors and dangers he was ever the first." Whenever he had a chance he would remind the men of the great rewards that lay before them, the gold they were going to find, and the triumph of bringing it home to show the scoffers in Panama.

When the ship returned they would sail a little farther. One time when Pizarro landed, hoping to have a chat with the Indians, an ominous troop of warriors gathered on the beach. The only thing that saved the Spaniards, too few in number to protect themselves, was a cavalier who fell off his horse. The Indians had never seen a horse before, and supposed that horse and rider were all one great monster. When they saw it divide into two pieces they fell back in alarm and the Spaniards had time to hurry on board their ship.

The greatest difficulty always came when Almagro would go back for supplies. On one occasion the soldiers, angry at the thought of another long, miserable wait, wrote letters to their friends protesting against "the cold-blooded manner in which they were to be sacrificed to the obstinate cupidity of their leaders." These letters Pizarro ordered to be destroyed, but one ingenious soul wrote a gloomy account of all their sufferings and hid it in a ball of wool which he sent to the governor's wife as a sample of a product of the country. He added a postscript in the form of a rhyme which caused great excitement in Panama:

"Look out, Señor Governor,
For the drover while he's near;
Since he goes home to get the sheep
For the butcher who stays here."

This not only prevented any new volunteers from joining the expedition, but the governor was so enraged at the loss of life and at Pizarro's stubbornness that he sent off two ships with orders for every Spaniard to return. When the ships

came to take them back to home and comfort, Pizarro and his men were half dead with hunger and exposure, and so haggard and unkempt that they were hardly recognizable.

Pizarro had sunk his whole fortune in this enterprise. His good name depended on it. He was not a young man with the world before him. Life would hold nothing more if this great hazard failed. It was an investment and he intended to collect the dividends. With the ships riding at anchor behind him, he stood on the beach and faced his little company. Drawing his sword he traced a line in the sand from east to west. "Friends and comrades," he said, pointing with his sword as he spoke, "on that side are toil, hunger, fatigue, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south." And he stepped across the line. Thirteen others followed him and together they stood and watched the ships, bearing their companions, vanish on the horizon. They had no food, no shelter, only the clothes they wore, no ship to take them farther, and they knew nothing of the empire they were seeking. Building a crude raft, they conveyed themselves to an island not far off where they were able to shoot game with their crossbows, and there for seven months they waited for help to come.

Meanwhile the two partners in Panama argued with the stubborn old governor until they won his consent to fit out a relief ship on condition that within six months Pizarro return and report what he had been able to accomplish. It was on this little ship that Pizarro reached Peru and the Empire of the Incas.

Just three years after he had sailed from Panama, Pizarro anchored off Tumbez, on the Gulf of Guayaquil, about where Ecuador joins Peru to-day, and sent friendly messages and presents to the Indians. The messenger returned with such marvelous stories of wealth that none believed him until they

had seen for themselves. There were houses of stone, vessels of gold and silver, a temple lined with plates of gold, and gardens adorned with animals carved from gold. The Spaniards went wild with joy; the last grumbling skeptic had to admit that they had found their El Dorado. The Indians were generous and hospitable, and when the six months were nearly over Pizarro had been presented with enough gold ornaments and llamas to convince any one of the glorious success of his expedition, and he returned to Panama in triumph. But a new governor now held sway on the isthmus, and he refused to be impressed with Pizarro's report. "I have no desire to build up other states at the expense of my own," he told them; "nor throw away more lives than have already been sacrificed by the cheap display of gold and silver toys and a few Indian sheep." The three partners had no more money. Yet there lay the magic empire waiting to be plundered, the greatest prize a nation ever dreamed of appropriating. Pizarro made up his mind to go to Spain and tell his wonderful story to the king, Charles V, carrying with him specimens of the treasures he had found. Charles, impressed with the sincerity and reliability of the rough old soldier, appointed him governor of Peru with the title of marquis, and put into his capable hands the double duty of converting the Indians and stealing their empire.

This race of Indians, whose country stretched for 2,000 miles along the western coast, were far more intelligent and civilized than any other natives of the western hemisphere with the exception of the Aztecs of Mexico. Their government was orderly and prosperous, a veritable Utopia founded upon implicit obedience to their king, called the Inca, and devoted worship of their deity, the sun-god. Land and work were allotted to the head of each family, and rigid laws protected the lives and rights of the people. Not a foot of land was wasted. By a remarkable system of irrigation dry ground was prepared for cultivation; the Indians had spent years of

labor in making land by carrying earth in baskets and covering up the bare rocks. Their fine roads and fortresses, and the plentiful provisions of grain which they thriftily stored away in their great granaries each year were used to good purpose by the Spaniards and in no small degree helped them in the conquest.

Within two years the conquerors, or *conquistadores*, though at no time numbering more than 300, had subdued these hordes of prosperous, contented Indians, and had replaced the Inca dynasty with the first Spanish viceroyalty. The real stimulus behind all their bravery and sacrifice was wealth and fame; religion was their ostensible reason for the conquest, and in the name of the Church they practised all the cruelties and treacheries necessary to crush the empire.

When Pizarro arrived in Peru an Inca had just died and bequeathed his kingdom to two sons who were now fighting each other. In the midst of the war Atahualpa, Inca of the northern half, heard that a party of strange white men had landed in his country, that they carried extraordinary weapons, and rode upon great, terrifying beasts which galloped over the ground with marvelous speed. He consented to an interview with the white chief. With a force of about 150 soldiers the dauntless Pizarro struck into the heart of the Indian territory. In the native city of Cajamarca, 200 miles south of San Miguel, the first Spanish settlement, he met the Inca.

Pizarro had conceived a plan so daring that another man would never have dreamed of its possibility. He believed there was only one way for so small a band of men to conquer so great a nation. Atahualpa must be kidnapped. The Indians from the beginning of their national existence had been so completely under the domination of their Inca, whom they believed to be a divine being, that without him they must fall into utter confusion. If, as Pizarro reasoned, the Inca with his huge armies had treacherous designs on the Spaniards, their only hope lay in trapping Atahualpa before he could trap

them. In the open square in the middle of the city he pitched his camp and sent word to the Inca that he was waiting to receive him as "a friend and a brother."

The next morning the royal procession passed through the city gates. First came 300 Indian boys with bows and arrows, singing, followed by 1,000 men resplendent in livery of red and white squares like a chess-board. Other troops wore pure white and carried silver hammers. Eighty chiefs in costumes of azure blue bore the glittering throne of the Inca in an open litter high above their heads. As Atahualpa approached the square not a Spanish soldier was in sight, but a priest, Pizarro's chaplain, stepped forward to greet him, with a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. The pope, he announced briskly, had commissioned the greatest monarch on earth to conquer and convert this land and people, and in a learned theological discourse he pointed out to the Indians the necessity of being baptized at once. The Inca gravely inquired where he had learned these things.

"In this," said the priest, handing him the Bible.

The Inca opened the book eagerly and held it up to his ear.

"This is silent," he said. "It tells me nothing," and he threw it to the ground.

This so enraged the priest that he cried to the Spaniards: "To arms. Christians, to arms! Set on at once! I absolve you."

The governor gave the signal and the soldiers rushed from their hiding-places. With their horses, muskets and swords, they terrified and slaughtered the helpless Indians until they fled in confusion. Pizarro himself snatched the Inca from his throne and carried him off to the Spanish camp.

The governor treated the prisoner with much kindness. The Indian was quick and intelligent. In twenty days he had learned enough Spanish to converse with his jailers, and was a good match for them in chess and cards. He soon perceived that what the Spaniards were after was gold. One day he

made a bargain with Pizarro. In return for his freedom he promised to fill the whole room in which they were standing as high as he could reach with gold ornaments. The room was seventeen feet wide and twenty-two feet long, and the point he had touched on the wall was nine feet from the floor. He dispatched his messengers to all parts of the empire, and the Spaniards marveled at the treasure which was being heaped up in their camp without effort on their part. As the gold in the room rose higher and higher they became too impatient to wait until all of it had been brought; they began the melting and weighing. When all was ready for division the entire amount was valued at the equivalent of $15,500,000, the largest sum in gold that men ever saw in one place at one time. One fifth had to be reserved for the crown; the rest was divided among the men. The outcome of the adventure was far greater than the wildest hopes and dreams of those who shared in it.

Now that Atahualpa had paid his magnificent ransom he naturally demanded his freedom. But Pizarro knew too well the danger of allowing the Inca to return to his own people. On the pretext of punishment for conspiracy, of which there was never one particle of evidence, he was condemned to death after the formality of a mock trial.

"What have I or my children done, that I should meet such a fate? From your hands too," he said to Pizarro; "you, who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from me!"

Pizarro was not the man to allow any feelings of sympathy to stand in the way of his great enterprise. Atahualpa, the last of the Inca dynasty, was strangled in the public square. There were many fierce battles with the Indians after that time, but they never recovered their power. They had always been dominated by any force which they believed mightier than themselves — their Inca, the sun-god, and now the

Spaniards. They never really believed they were capable of resisting the white men whom they thought so vastly superior to them-selves; and this racial lack of self-confidence was the reason for their downfall.

Associated with Pizarro in the conquest were his three brothers, all as valiant and persevering as himself. While they took command of the Spanish troops, the governor with his extraordinary executive ability began to plan for settlements and cities. In a fine strategical position, near the coast and connected with the Indian cities by the Inca's military roads, Pizarro founded Lima. All the Indians living within a hundred-mile radius were mustered to lay out streets and build houses. Farther up the coast Truxillo, named after the governor's birthplace, was founded as headquarters for the northern region.

The soldiers explored in all directions, plundering palaces and temples in their search for gold. In Cuzco, capital of the empire, they found a mine of wealth in every building, and in a cavern near the city, where the Indians had tried to conceal them, they found ten statues of women and four of llamas wrought from gold and silver. "Merely to see them," writes one of the Spaniards naively, "was truly a great satisfaction."

As soon as the Indians found what the Spaniards were hunting for, they began to hide their treasures. All the gold which Atahualpa collected is said to be far less than the amount which the Indians buried or threw into lakes because they could no longer guard it. Many years later an Indian once took a large measure of maize, and dropping one grain out of it, said to the white men: "The Christians have found just so much; the rest is so concealed that we ourselves do not know the place of it."

The rough soldiers, most of whom had never known what it meant to have money to spend, now became habitual gamblers, and many a night with one throw of the dice or flip of a card a man would lose all the treasure he had sacrificed so

much to win.

As the news of the conquest reached Europe other adventurers flocked to Peru. One of them wrote: "I determined to go to Peru, a newly discovered land, where there is an infinite quantity of gold. But the gold is not to be obtained for nothing, for 80 men out of every 100 who go in search of it die. It is very certain that a great prize is never gained at small cost." Another cavalier told his friends: 'T declare, on my faith that, if they offered to make me a king on condition that I went through all this again, I would not do it, but I would rather be a doctor's stirrup boy."

While Pizarro was building his city of Lima, he heard that Cuzco had been burned to the ground by the Indians, and that his brothers were holding the fortress against the besiegers. Before he could send them aid worse news reached him. Ahnagro, who had been granted by royal permit the privilege of conquering and plundering the southern half of the empire, where Chile is to-day, had returned from a fruitless journey. The tribes in the south, which had been subdued previously by the Incas, were poor and ignorant, and Almagro was dissatisfied with his share of the bargain. Finding Pizarro's men in Cuzco worn out after their months of fighting, he attacked them and took the city himself. Civil war now supplanted Indian wars. The two Spanish factions engaged in a fiercer battle than the natives had ever seen, and from the surrounding heights the Indian spectators yelled in triumph as they watched their enemies kill each other. Almagro was captured and executed by the orders of one of the brothers, Hernando Pizarro, the governor refusing to intercede to save the life of his old friend and business partner.

The followers of Almagro, called "Men of Chile," who had shared their leader's ambitions, were bitter enemies of Pizarro and stirred up much discontent in Lima. The governor was constantly warned of his personal danger from conspiracies and urged to banish the offenders from the colony, but he

hardly gave the matter a second thought. "Be in no pain," he told his friends, "about my life; it is perfectly safe as long as every man in Peru knows that I can in a moment cut off any head which dares to harbor a thought against me.

One day in June, 1541, while Pizarro was dining with twenty guests in his own house, a band of "Men of Chile" broke into the entrance hall. "To arms! The Men of Chile are coming to kill the marquis!" cried a page. Most of the guests dropped through the open windows into the garden below. Pizarro rushed forward to meet the assassins as they poured into the dining-room. "What shameful thing is this?" he cried. "Why do you wish to kill me?" He was over seventy years old, but he fought so valiantly that the struggle lasted several minutes, and two of the conspirators were killed. Then some one exclaimed: "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and they dashed his brains out upon the stone floor. "The old lion died fighting and, in his death agonies, kissed the sign of the cross, which he traced on the floor, in blood which flowed from his own veins."

The Men of Chile poured into the streets at the news of the governor's death and took possession of the city.

A viceroy was sent out by the king to rule in Pizarro's place, and as settlers began to flock to the new country, Spanish colonies grew up like magic. The invaders became a ruling caste dependent for their livelihood on the unpaid labor of their Indian serfs, who worked the mines and tilled the land which had once been their own. The race, but a few years back so contented and prosperous, became a race of slaves, almost without exception treated harshly or cruelly by their masters. The atrocities of Spanish officials two and three hundred years later, James Bryce says, "were at once the evidence of what Spanish rule in Peru had been and a prestige of its fal…. There were dark sides to the ancient civilization, but was it worth destroying in order to erect on its ruins what the Conquerors brought to Peru?"

José de Anchieta

1534 – 1597 A.D.

In the midst of the ancient forests of Misiones, a province in northern Argentina, half hidden by banks of gorgeous wild-flowers and riots of shrub and fern, are a few remnants of dark stone wall, and bits of broken, moss-covered statue — all that is left of the busy Jesuit mission towns which once stretched from the coast of Brazil inland to the Paraguay and Parana Rivers. To this remote region of the world the Jesuit priests had first penetrated in the sixteenth century, and collected the wild, roving Tupi-Guarani Indians into peaceful villages with such ease and dispatch that "every one published that the new order, whose founder was born at the time Christopher Columbus began to discover the new world, had received from heaven a special mission."

The Franciscan monks who came to South America with the conquistadores had forced their religion upon the Indians. A few had even dared to say a good word for the poor natives, and a Dominican bishop named Las Casas had fiercely championed their cause in Mexico and Peru; but the first concentrated effort to make the Indians contented and industrious, as they had been before ever the white man appeared, and to protect them from the cruel exploitation of Portuguese and Spanish settlers, was this great enterprise of the Jesuit fathers, the earliest missionaries on the continent.

First they came to the Brazilian coast. Brazil was not Spanish territory like all the rest of the New World. A Portuguese nobleman named Cabral had happened upon the eastern shores of South America while he was trying to find

the East Indies. A year later Amerigo Vespucci hurried across from Lisbon to inspect this new piece of Portuguese property, and he called the country Brazil, because, instead of the gold and silver he wanted, he found nothing of commercial value except brazil-wood, used in Europe for dyes. One of the earliest large settlements in Brazil was built up on the capacious Bay of Bahia, and when, in 1549, several hundred colonists came to live there, among them were a number of Jesuits, sent by John III of Portugal to convert the Indians, just as the Franciscans had been sent with the Spaniards by Charles V.

The priests were assigned plots of land and with their own hands chopped trees, sawed wood, hauled stones, and built a church, a college, and small houses for themselves. By that time their clothes hung in rags, they had no money, and often they were reduced to begging alms. But they had no desire for property, or comforts, or even the necessities of life. By law of their order, self-denial and the "acquisition of eternal goods" were the sole aims of a Jesuit. One father describes their early settlements: "What houses are these that the clergy inhabit? A few miserable straw huts. What furniture do they possess? The breviary and manual to baptize and administer the sacraments. What is their nourishment? Mandioca root, beans and vegetables; and the majesty of God is witness that they have passed twenty-four hours without even partaking of roots, in order not to beg of the Indians and thus become a burden to them."

When a new governor was sent to Bahia, he brought with him more Jesuits, who scattered among the Indians in all directions, building rude settlements, gathering the tribes together, and teaching them not only good morals but how to work their farms. Among these pioneers was a pale, ascetic youngster, Jose de Anchieta. He had been born in Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, of rich and aristocratic parents. They sent him at fourteen to the Portuguese university at Coimbra, where he won many honors, especially in rhetoric,

poetry and philosophy. His reputation for brilliancy reached the ears of the Jesuits who were always anxious to discover talented young proteges, and by the time he was seventeen they had persuaded him to join their order and begin training for the priesthood. During his novitiate, part of his day's schedule was to attend mass eight times, and his duties at each service required such constant kneeling that sometimes he would almost faint from exhaustion before night. His knees grew lamer and lamer, yet he refused to give in to what he considered a wicked bodily weakness, and he kept his suffering secret until he became dangerously ill. As a result of this neglect his spine was permanently injured, and all the money his father possessed could never smooth out the hump in his back. The fear that he might have to give up his training tortured him more than all the pain of his three years of illness, until he was reassured by one of the priests who predicted: "Do not worry so about it, my boy, for God intends that you shall yet serve him in this order."

Then in 1553, when the expedition was preparing to sail from Lisbon for Bahia, Anchieta's friends decided to send him along for his health. No one knew much about Brazil, but glowing reports had convinced the Portuguese that the climate and food were a sure cure for all ailments.

Anchieta reached Brazil eager to begin immediately on some branch of the mission work, and the provincial, or chief Jesuit, appointed him to go to the colony of Sao Paulo to start a little college for the training of young settlers who wished to join the order. There in the wilderness this teacher, twenty-one years old, gathered his pupils into the first classical school in America, instructing them in Latin, Spanish, and the Tupi language. Within a year, besides opening the school and teaching his classes, he had found time to learn the Indians' language, and to write a Tupi grammar for the use of the Jesuit missionaries.

In the report which he sent back to the provincial, he said:

"Here we are, sometimes more than twenty of us together in a little hut of mud and wicker, roofed with straw, fourteen paces long and ten wide. This is at once the school, the infirmary, the dormitory, refectory, kitchen and storehouse. Yet we covet not the more spacious dwellings which our brethren have in other parts. Our Lord Jesus Christ was in a far straiter place when it was his pleasure to be born among beasts in a manger."

The little house had no such luxury as a chimney, and was usually so full of smoke that the classes would adjourn to the front yard to recite under the shade trees. A mat, hung at the entrance, served the purpose of a door, and the pupils slept in hammocks slung from the rafters. Banana leaves were the only dishes.

"I serve here as barber and physician," Anchieta wrote, "physicking and bleeding the Indians, and some of them have recovered under my hands when their lives were despaired of." He also learned to make alpargatas, a variety of tough shoe which could stand hard wear. "I am now a good workman at this," he said, "and have made many for the brethren, for it is not possible to travel with leathern shoes among these wilds."

There were no textbooks in this little school. The only way of assigning lessons was for Anchieta to write out on separate leaves copies enough to go around. This sometimes took him all night, and the class, when it arrived in the morning, would find its teacher just where he had been the night before, the pen still in his fingers. For Anchieta persistently ignored every feeling of weariness, and forced himself to go without sleep until he grew accustomed to the loss of it. For many hours in the night he would be on his knees in some quiet, remote spot under the stars, praying for strength to do all he saw needed to be done.

After the Tupi grammar was finished, he commenced on a dictionary. Both of these were sent to Portugal and printed

there for the use of Jesuits who were preparing to work among the Indians in South America, Anchieta was not only the first scholar and the first educator, but the first poet in Brazil and the father of Brazilian literature. Instead of forbidding the Indians and the townspeople to sing their merry, ribald ballads, he wrote beautiful canticles for them which became so popular that the boys whistled them on the street, and they entirely took the place of the old songs. Some of his hymns, chanted daily by his pupils, told whole Bible stories which he had turned into verse.

Then he wrote a play, and the settlers came from far and wide to the first theatricals ever given in the New World. Like the old English morality plays, Anchieta's comedy was presented for the purpose of teaching the people a lesson, and he chose it as the most vivid way of driving home a few good morals. It was given out-of-doors on a summer afternoon. The acts of the play were written in Portuguese, but interludes in Tupi were inserted between acts so that the Indians in the audience could follow the action.

The Jesuit priests were always supposed by the simple, ignorant people to be capable of performing wonderful miracles. Legends of the supernatural powers which Anchieta possessed would fill large volumes. All the traditional wonder-stories seem to have collected about his name. At this outdoor play he first won his reputation. After the people were all seated and the actors were about to sally forth, heavy clouds gathered, and the audience was on the verge of rushing for shelter when Anchieta appeared on the stage and held up his hand for quiet. There would be no rain, he said, until the play was over. For three hours the storm held off, and then, just as the last person reached shelter, the clouds broke and the rain poured down.

Anchieta really loved the natives and they knew it. He never regarded either an Indian or a half-breed as an inferior being. They were all his friends. Men held him in such

reverence that they believed the elements and all living things obeyed his will. "The birds of the air," it was said, "formed a canopy over his head to shade him from the sun. The fish came into his net when he required them. The wild beasts of the forests attended upon him in his journeys, and served him as an escort. The winds and waves obeyed his voice. The fire, at his pleasure, undid the mischief it had done, so that bread which had been burnt to a coal in the oven was drawn out white and soft by his interference."

Reports of his remarkable powers and his influence over the wild Indians reached the ears of the provincial, and he was recalled from Sao Paulo for promotion. Though not yet a priest, he was sent out on journeys into the wilderness with the Jesuit fathers who went to convert and collect into villages the roving bands of Indians. One of his feats which won the admiration of his order was the conversion of an old Indian reprobate, aged one hundred years, who had lived long enough, one might suppose, to become set in his ways.

In small groups, often only two men together, the Jesuits pushed their way through regions where white men had never gone, exploring, learning native customs, establishing settlements. Those who traveled with Anchieta always had a tale worth telling at the end of their trip. One time in the mountains they camped for the night in a tent. Toward dawn Anchieta went out to pray as usual in the open country. When he returned to the tent he took something from the store of provisions and threw it outside.

"There, my little ones! Take your share!" they heard him say.

"Whom did you give that to?" they asked.

"To my companions."

Next morning in front of the tent they found the footprints of two panthers. While Anchieta prayed they had sat by his side, then followed him home.

The natives were easily attracted by the elaborate

ceremonies and ritual of the church, by the processions, the banners with mysterious words on them, the gorgeous priests' robes, the drums and flutes which made them want to sing and march and dance. The crude magnificence of the churches filled them with awe. Religion to them meant a series of delightful entertaiimients full of mystery and emotion. Sometimes they were allowed to vary the monotony of their work-a-day lives by a holiday, which "appeared necessary to the missionaries, as well to preserve the health of the Indians as to keep up among them an air of cheerfulness and good humor." Besides all these attractions the Jesuit settlements were the only safe refuges from the plantation owners who wanted slave labor. No wonder, therefore, they flourished mightily!

During these years of his wanderings Anchieta constantly exerted his influence to keep the peace between the Portuguese and the powerful tribes of Tamoyo Indians who had formed themselves into a confederation to drive out the settlers, and forever put a stop to their slave-hunting. With an immense war fleet of canoes, each one formed of the trunk of a single tree, they attacked and ravaged Portuguese villages. Young Anchieta and two other Jesuits volunteered to enter the territory of the Tamoyos and propose plans for a truce. Fearless and unarmed they marched straight into the haunts of the enemy, and stayed there two months while negotiations were in progress. The chiefs consented to the truce and Anchieta remained with them three years longer as a hostage, pledging with his life the good faith of his countrymen.

Sometimes the Indians grew restless and wanted to break the truce. Those were crucial moments for the young Jesuit.

"Prepare thyself," they told him one day; "satiate thine eyes with the light of the sun, for we are determined to make a solemn banquet of thee."

"No," said Anchieta calmly. "You are quite mistaken. The

hour of my death has not yet come."

With prayer and good works he filled his days, and gradually the Indians became his friends. "The Tamoyos narrowly watched the conduct of the holy young man," says one writer, "and the contrast between his manners and their own filled them with wonder and admiration. They looked upon him as something come from heaven and they loved him exceedingly because in their illnesses he taught them the use of different remedies; in addition to all this several prodigies were witnessed by them, which tended not a little to exalt him in their estimation."

In his boyhood Anchieta had made a vow to the Virgin to illustrate her life in verse. During the years of his captivity he composed nearly 5,000 stanzas in Latin, writing them out on the sand and then learning them by heart, for, "having neither books nor pens, he could only describe the work on the tablets of his memory." This, his "Hymn to the Virgin," is one of the masterpieces of religious poetry.

After his release Anchieta served for two years as chaplain of an army sent by the king to protect his colonies from the Tamoyos. Then the provincial called him back to Bahia, where his boyhood ambition to become a priest, in spite of his crooked back, was fulfilled.

In the midst of a sermon one day after he had returned to Sao Paulo, Anchieta stopped abruptly and covered his face with his hands. After a pause he seemed to recollect where he was. "Let every one of you recite the Lord's prayer," he said, "in thanksgiving to the Divine Goodness which has this day granted us victory over the Tamoyos." The people were vastly astonished at this revelation, but when the soldiers returned a few days later, it was found that the battle had been won just at the moment when Anchieta halted his sermon.

No one in all the community equaled Anchieta in pluck and energy. The districts where he asked to go on preaching trips were always the most dangerous and exhausting. If any

of his flock went astray he would drop everything else and go and search for them. Once when two Portuguese soldiers escaped from jail and with some of their followers went off into Indian territory to stir up trouble, he set off after them to bring them back. On a stream in the wilderness his canoe was overturned in deep water, and though he was too crippled to swim, one half hour after the accident he was sitting safely on the bank — a miracle which his friends never tired of recounting. Anchieta never could tell them afterward just what happened or how he got ashore; he was conscious only of three things, one writer remarks naively: "Christ, Mary, and not to swallow any water." An illuminating little comment, perhaps, on the fact that with all his faith in the miraculous, the holy father had considerable common sense of his own to depend upon in emergencies! The story ends with rain coming down in torrents, paths full of rocks and brambles, no sign of shelter or chance for a cozy fire and something to eat, and at last, when the dripping, ragged priest hobbles into their midst, the fugitives straightway repent because they have caused him so much pain, and obediently follow him home.

To the people of Sao Paulo and Sao Vicente, Anchieta had become very nearly a saint. The fame of his good deeds, his bravery, his wonderful powers, spread far and wide, and it was not long before he was appointed superior of the Jesuit colony of Santo Spirito, a district about half way between Bahia and Sao Paulo. Rigid self -discipline by now had become a habit with him. While "thinking on divine matters" he forgot to eat. He slept on the bare boards of his dwelling with his shoes, or perhaps a neat bundle of brambles, for a pillow. The three things he needed the most were a desk, a pen and a horse. The first two he borrowed, for of personal property he wished none; and he refused even the gift of a poor old work horse because it would have been too great a luxury. It suited him better to take his trusty staff and make the rounds of his district barefooted. Day and night he was

ready to answer calls for medical aid, though when he was in great pain himself and needed assistance he never could bear to disturb any one, and by sheer will power forced himself not to call for help. Yet Anchieta was by no means a doleful sort of person, and discomfort and illness seem never to have put an edge on his disposition. People loved him for his gayety and friendliness and the most miserable old Indian in town would cheer up when the padre came to pass the time of day.

Once when walking with another priest barefooted through muddy paths, Anchieta said with a simple earnestness: "Some of our fathers wish to be overtaken by death in this college or that, hoping thus for greater security at the last moment and to be helped by the charity of the brethren; but for my part, I could not desire to be in a better condition to die, than to quit life in one of these quagmires, when sent by obedience to the assistance of my neighbor."

By piety alone Anchieta could never have reached so high a place in the community life. He was a good business man, and under him the colony grew and prospered. It took a clear head and a high order of executive ability to govern a settlement, with its church and hospital, its schools, its agricultural and industrial activities, and its outlying towns with hundreds of Indians, whose every move had to be directed. The whole structure depended on the Jesuits in charge.

In the typical Indian village built up by the Jesuits, each inhabitant had his share in the work of the colony, and his plot of land. They were all like happy, contented children whose parents protected them and amused them and saw to it that they were healthy and busy. But they had neither initiative nor self-reliance, their religion was grafted rather than deeply ingrained, and they became so dependent upon the guidance of the fathers that when, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits were gradually driven out from Brazil, the Indians fell into hopeless confusion and returned to their old wild life or were snapped up by the slave-

hunters, while the neat little villages were left to fall to pieces with neglect. The same process was repeated when the Jesuits centered their efforts in Paraguay and northern Argentina. Town after town was abandoned and the once prosperous Indians scattered, when the entire order was finally driven out from all South America by royal decree in 1769.

One day, so tradition goes, Anchieta was sitting on a log of wood by the hearth fire with an old woman who had sent for him to come and hear her confessions. He was politely offered a stool in place of the log, but declined it. "A far more uneasy seat awaits me than that log," he said. Just then a letter was brought to him, sent post-haste by the provincial, directing him to start for Bahia without delay. It said nothing of the reason for this order, but, with his sixth sense, Anchieta knew. When he arrived he found them preparing to install him as provincial of air Brazil.

For seven years the little hump-backed priest held the highest religious office in the New World, and Jesuit power in Brazil reached its zenith. Then, as he grew too ill and feeble to lead the active life of an executive, he resigned, and began on a task of which he had always dreamed, the writing of a history of the Society of Jesus in Brazil.

In 1597, just before the power of his order was broken in Brazil, Anchieta, the noblest product of as fine and self-sacrificing a band of missionaries as ever lived, died after forty-seven years of constant service, dating from the days of his novitiate in the old university town of Portugal. "His body was carried and accompanied by all the Indians of the converted hordes, and by hundreds of inhabitants who in two days traversed, on foot, fourteen leagues," as far as the little coast town of Victoria in Santo Spirito, his burial place.

In the years that followed, open war broke out. The hatred of the Portuguese for the Jesuits, who took away all their slave labor, reached the breaking point. The government which, nominally at least, had always protected the

priests, was not powerful enough to hold back the rising tide of rebellion. To save the Indians and mollify the plantation owners, negro slavery had been introduced. It became the most hideous blot on the tablets of Brazilian history, but it accomplished neither of the results hoped from it. The Indian settlements were destroyed, and the raging Paulistas drove the Jesuits further and further back into the wilderness toward the borders of Paraguay.

It was the end of the prelude of Jesuit activity in South America. During the next century and a half the order flourished in Paraguay and the province of Misiones — Arcadia, it has been called — a land of sunshine and plenty, dotted with peaceful little towns where the missionaries had collected their flocks of Indians. Then came the decree which sent the Jesuit fathers quietly and without resistance out of the country forever, and laid waste all they had built up through the years. The crops grew wild, the herds scattered and dwindled, and a whole race of natives turned from civilization back to savagery. "The life, crafts, and arts of the missions were no more. The successors of the Jesuits found themselves flogging a dead horse." The spirit of the enterprise had vanished, and the Spanish money-makers who expected to reap the profits of the missionaries' industry saw their hopes crumble away. The old missions, the finest heritage of Catholic orders in South America, passed into oblivion.

Had You Been Born a Roman Catholic

The Catholic Church is many things. It is a mystical body of believers in Jesus Christ. It is an extension of the spiritual fellowship which Christ founded upon St. Peter. It is a channel of grace for all who believe. It is a visible organization whose headquarters are in the Vatican and whose leader, the Holy Father, represents the Vicar of Christ on earth. It is the Holy Ghost at work in the world; renewing, redeeming, restoring mankind to its rightful place in the community of God. It is the church universal, but, most of all, it is your spiritual home, had you been born a Roman Catholic.

CATHOLICISM IS THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

All over the world Catholicism has built its churches and surmounted them with its most precious symbol: the cross of Christ. With few exceptions, every church edifice bears this emblem, usually on its tallest spires, the steeple or dome or campanile, reaching toward the sky. In many lands where your faith has conquered pagan cultures, churches were built where heathen shrines once stood, and the cross now looms where non-Christian religions once held sway.

You are at home whenever and wherever you step inside a Catholic church. Whether it is a city cathedral or a jungle chapel, there is a feeling about it that assures you of a Presence. You hear it in the silence, you sense it in the reverence with which worshipers come and go, you recognize it in the customs universally observed and, most of all, you find it in the awareness that here the spirit of the Lord has been enshrined through acts of worship, love, and faith.

Near you, as you enter, is the holy water fount. Whether it is a marble basin resting in the sculptured arms of an angelic image or a tiny porcelain container tacked beside a chapel door, the meaning is the same. You dip your fingers in the water and make the sign of the cross, touching your forehead, chest, left shoulder and then right shoulder. As you make this sign you are assured that there is a community of more than 500,000,000 people throughout the world who understand this salutary act. Regardless of color, station in life, virtues or sins, those who make this blessing know its deep significance. It is a reminder that Christ died upon the cross to redeem your soul. The holy water—water which the priest has blessed and to which a bit of salt has been added as a symbol of everlasting life—reminds you that before you enter into the presence of God you must cleanse your heart of evil and become purified in word and deed.

When you see the altar which dominates each Catholic church, you genuflect because of the Presence which you sense is localized here. Even when there is no service being observed and when you have just stepped into the church for a moment of meditation and prayer, you know the altar is a holy place. It contains the relic of a saint and conceals the consecrated Host which is exposed to view during Benediction, a brief ceremony of praise to this Blessed Sacrament. You believe that the Host represents the actual presence of God and it is small wonder, therefore, that you and all Catholics regard these surroundings as especially holy.

Here in the sacred precincts of your church you enter a pew and kneel to pray. Everything around you is conducive to worship: statues remind you of the presence of the saints, and a perpetually burning light near the altar assures you that God is the votive flame persisting in your faith.

On the walls around you are fourteen "stations of the cross," art works representing fourteen phases of the experiences through which Jesus passed on the *via dolorosa*, the way

of sorry, when He walked to Golgotha. Near the communion rail, which encloses the altar, candles have been lighted by faithful worshipers who have remembered a loved on or who, out of reverence, have left a burning candle as a lingering presence of themselves here in the church.

The worshipers around you also contribute to the sanctity of worship, for they have come seeking the same Presence which has drawn you here. Customarily, women enter with covered heads, and men, of course, remove their hats. In all the world, no surroundings were endowed with the reverence which your people show to the church, and in most localities, churches are open day and night for those who seek the solemn quiet of this house of prayer.

THE ROSARY

To assist you in your devotion and to help you meditate upon the mysteries of redemption, you frequently use a string of beads popularly called the Rosary. The use of beads as an aid to concentration is an ancient practice in many religions. In your faith their employment goes back to about the tenth century. Rosaries have fifty-five (sometimes fifty-nine) beads, with a small crucifix affixed.

It is customary for you, when you feel the need for worship, to take the beads in your hand and meditate upon the fifteen mysteries or events in the life of Mary and Jesus: *the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, the Discovery of Jesus in the Temple at the age of twelve, the Agony, the Scourging, the Crowning with Thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Spirit, the Assumption, and the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin.* You recite the "Hail Marys," repeating an "Our Father" between each set of ten as you meditate upon these mysteries and seek to mingle your life with the life of the Blessed Virgin and the Christ.

The real meaning of the Rosary, as far as you are

concerned, is inherent in the experience of the recitation. You treasure it because of its sentimental symbology, but its pur-pose could be fulfilled without the actual Rosary itself. Yet, as you think about it, the beads themselves are very much a part of your life. When you were a child your mother used to give you a Rosary to play with long before you realized its meaning. Sometimes the thought comes to you that as a little child reaches out for its mother's hand and begs for support, so you reach for your Rosary and hold fast to it. The symbolic joy of divine affection, like the warmth of a mother's love, glows in your heart as you "count" the beads. You address the Blessed Virgin familiarly as one who loves her when you say, "Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." Boldly and confi-dently, you mention her exalted station, "Holy Mary, Mother of God." You beg her intercession for the life of your soul and the souls of all her other children when you recite the words, "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

The Rosary is repeated in your home as part of your family worship. It is often recited at special services in the church, at wakes when someone has died, and even on special radio programs when a priest repeats the meaningful prayers and the faithful followers chant them with him. The Rosary, as a string of beads and as a prayer, would be a most precious part of your faith, had you been born a Roman Catholic.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH

Often as you kneel in prayer or as you meditate upon your relationship with God, your heart fills with a sense of supreme assurance that among the world's many and often conflicting religions, your Church is founded upon infallible truth and endowed by God with divine authority. *You believe that to your Church has been entrusted the obligation of bringing to men the true doctrine of Christ through the Holy Spirit which works through the Catholic Church.* If this function seems to take on

a legalistic tone, it is because Christ empowered His Church with truth, decreed how this truth should be expounded and directed how it should be administered throughout the world.

From earliest childhood you were taught in your home, in your parochial school and in your Church that Jesus Christ was the divine Son of God, miraculously born of the Blessed Virgin Mary and manifesting in His life, death, and resurrection the will and wish of God for the salvation of men. Among His disciples, who were chosen to perpetuate His teaching and commissioned to preach His gospel, was one upon whom primacy was bestowed. This was St. Peter, to whom Jesus said, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matthew 16: 18,19)

This promise was not to end with the death of St. Peter, but was ordained to continue to the end of time through his legitimate successors. Peter was the first pope, and all others of them, through the changing years up to the present pope and all who come after him, are vested with this primacy. The very fact that the Church exists today in this unbroken continuity, despite all the vicissitudes through which it has passed, is proof to you of its divinity and a testimony to its divine mission in the world.

The supernatural authority attending this apostolic succession is evidenced in many ways. For example, the pope is infallible when he defines a doctrine on faith and morals *ex cathedra*. This means that he must speak as the Holy Ghost gives him utterance. It also means that there are four conditions involved: 1) the pronouncement must be made by him as the supreme teacher; 2) the subject matter must concern faith and morals; 3) the judgment which he hands down must

command intellectual assent; 4) the definition must be impartially imparted to the whole body of the faithful. Such is papal infallibility. There is also Church infallibility, which extends beyond faith and morals to include the whole body of revealed truth, most impressively represented in religious rites called sacraments.

THE SACRAMENTS

A sacrament is a channel of divine grace imperative in effecting conformity with Christ. It is also the means through which certain profound truths are articulated and by the use of which the power of Christ is perpetuated in the lives of individuals and the world. The sacraments are so supernaturally endowed that even the human frailty of a priest administering this divine service cannot disavow or despoil their effectiveness. In fact, the Church has a term, *ex opere operato*, which is to say that the sacraments do not depend for their function upon the character of the priest, but that they confer grace and blessing by reasons of themselves, and by virtue of their work.

There are seven sacraments and, had you been born a Catholic, you would look upon them as divine mileposts along the true Christian path. The sacraments are: *Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Holy Eucharist, Holy Orders, Holy Matrimony,* and *Extreme Unction.* You recognize that your life is interrelated "sacramentally" from birth to death, and that in each sacrament there is matter and form as well as grace and benefit.

BAPTISM

Baptism is administered by the priest as soon as possible after the birth of a child. It is a symbol of adoption and, more than a symbol, it is the very act of adoption of the child by God, making him an heir to God's riches and blessings.

Another significant aspect of this sacrament, in which the

infant is lightly sprinkled with water, is the conviction that baptism is a necessary means of salvation. It is so important that should no priest be available, another baptized person may perform the act. Your Church believes that children who die unbaptized are deprived of seeing God in heaven. This does not mean that they are "lost" or that they are condemned to hell, but they do not receive the great glory and blessing of the "Beatific Vision." The authority is clear. Jesus said, "Unless a man is born again of water and the Holy Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." (John 2:5). Your Church teaches that the "baptism of intention" can save a soul, by which is meant that a dying person's sincere and heartfelt longing for baptism may suffice when there is no one around to perform the actual ceremony. The Church also believes that adults who die without baptism or a knowledge of Christ can be saved by the merits of Christ if they truly repent for their sins before death.

CONFIRMATION

Confirmation played an important role in your life and left such an impression that it can rarely, if ever, be erased. This sacrament is the extension of baptism by the laying on of hands, an initiatory rite by which, at the age of twelve or thirteen, you entered through faith and intellectual understanding into the holiness of the Church. To you it seems that your Church has wisely devised a plan for the individual's spiritual development. It is sequential in form: from infancy until you are about six years old, your parents guide you in your religious beliefs; from six or seven until twelve or thirteen, your teachers train you in the way you should go; at confirmation, the priest brings you to the threshold of personal responsibility.

The ceremony of confirmation is so sacred and impressive that, as you kneel with the other confirmants in front of the altar, you are convinced that God's will is being fulfilled in

your life. As the early apostles imparted the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands, so the bishop of your Church imparts the Holy Spirit to you by a similar anointing. First he touches your head with chrism, a mixture of olive oil and balsam, and then he lays his hands upon you, saying, "I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Confirmation is your Pentecostal experience, by which is meant that as the early Christians received the baptism of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, so you now receive it at the hands of the bishop.

PENANCE

The steps in the sacrament of Penance are: *confession, contrition, penance,* and *absolution.* This sacrament was impressed upon you at an early age. When you were six or seven you were instructed that Christianity meant living the good life; the kind of life Jesus would want you to live. Sin, to which all human beings are subject, was explained to you as *any act, word, or thought contrary to right reason and the law of God.* The Ten Commandments were a criteria by which your conduct could be measured. You were also told about an inner monitor, conscience, which warned you when you did wrong and endorsed your actions when you did right. You were taught the value of obedience to God's law, the extent of God's love, and the boundlessness of God's grace.

You were advised of the Church's method for helping you live the good life through the sacrament of Penance, and informed that whenever you fell into sin, God would be able and willing to forgive you and to cleanse you of sin, and to start you forward again on the right path if you were willing to do your part.

The sacrament of Penance was graphically demonstrated to you when, as a child, you made your first confession. You stepped into a confessional booth, found in every Catholic

church, closed the door and knelt in front of a small grill above which hung a crucifix. You made the sign of the cross, remained silent for a moment and then said aloud, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

On the opposite side of the grill, in his own cubicle, the priest, unseen by you—as you by him—sat with his stole around his shoulders, ready to hear your confession. You did not give him your name, nor did he ask for it. You did not feel that you were confessing your sins to a man. Because going to confession was a part of your early religious training, it became your conviction that the confessional booth is a mystical corner in which the confrontation with Christ is no longer a mystery but becomes instead a reality.

The need for confessing your sins is impressed upon you every time you transgress one of the holy commandments. These Ten Commandments are an important guideline for your Christian life. You confess the grave sins of commission, remembering those thoughts and deeds which were done with the full consent of your will. You recognize the gravity of your sinning, but you remember that God sent Jesus into the world to save sinners by pardoning their sins.

The Church makes a distinction between two kinds of sins: mortal and venial. The first include those which cause the offender to forfeit the blessing of God's grace; namely, a deliberate sin of murder, the inflicting of great injury, or the sin of adultery. The second, venial sins, are violations of God's laws which do not alienate the sinner from God, but which, nonetheless, require penance; such sins as petty thievery, outburst of temper, lying, character defamation, and the like. The first, being the more severe, demand the fulfillment of certain requirements which will restore the sinner to a state of grace.

Having confessed your sins to God through the priest, you now hear the inspiring words in which he pronounces the absolution: "I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the

Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Through this pronouncement he has done his part as God's representative on earth, but it still remains for you to do your part before your sins are truly forgiven. You must be sure of two things: 1) contrition, which means heartfelt sorrow for sins committed and the determination to abstain from them in days to come; 2) satisfaction, by which is meant restitution. To replace what you have stolen, to ask forgiveness from those you have injured, to pray for those you have secretly offended —these are virtuous acts connected with satisfaction.

Since the Church believes there is a temporal as well as an eternal punishment connected with sin, it also believes it has the divine power to prescribe certain acts whereby the temporal punishment can be removed. These acts are of many kinds and are granted only where contrition is sincere. They include such recommendations as prayer, fasting, novenas, almsgiving, pilgrimages, and many other penitential practices.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

The sacrament of Penance prepares you spiritually for the sacrament of Holy Eucharist, which is why you go to confession before partaking of Communion. Your first Communion, taken when you were six or seven after necessary counsel and instruction, was a thrilling and soul-lifting experience, an experience which, if your heart and soul are truly grateful, can be repeated every time you partake of this most significant of all the Church's rites. You prepare yourself for the Holy Eucharist by eating and drinking nothing for at least two hours before partaking of this sacrament. Perhaps you are one of those who comply with a former requirement of fasting from midnight until the sacrament is taken, for many of the faithful still adhere to this custom.

To participate in this sacred and mystical sacrament, you walk with folded hands to the communion rail which is near the altar. There you kneel to receive from the priest a

sanctified wafer which his own hands place upon your tongue. Only it is not a wafer, so far as you are concerned. It is, in substance, the actual body of Christ.

This act of transubstantiation is a mystery which even Catholics themselves do not understand and which many non-Catholics openly deny and refuse to accept. Others call it superstition and magic and even "cannibalism," but this is because they do not comprehend the miracle of faith which places the communicant in a state of grace. You are convinced that Jesus himself instituted this Holy Eucharist when, at the last Supper, He took the bread and said, "This is My Body," and, taking the cup of wine, declared, "This is My Blood."

You accept these words literally, confident that when the wafer and the wine have been consecrated by the priest, "transubstantiation" takes place, which means that "His Body" has been actually converted into the "bread." Had you been born a Catholic, you would not only accept this as a fact, you would approach Communion with humble reverence, realizing that it is here that the spiritual union of your soul and Christ becomes a living reality.

The wine is not offered to you. The consuming of it is an act reserved for the priest. In the partaking of the consecrated bread, however, you have shared in the blood as well as in the flesh of Christ. This you truly believe and, as the sacrament of Penance cleanses your soul, so the Holy Eucharist leaves you feeling restored in body, mind, and spirit.

HOLY ORDERS

The sacrament of Holy Orders refers to the ordination of priests, extends through the entire structure of the Church, and is another distinctive sacrament in your faith. By means of it, the priest is endowed with a specific vocation; namely, the right to be Christ's representative in the work of redemption. At the Last Supper, when Jesus Christ, as the High

Priest, instituted the Holy Eucharist, He also conferred upon the apostles the power to offer this sacrifice in His name. This bestowal, your Church teaches, was later followed by a ceremonial act in which the apostles took vows, declaring in the sight of God that they would live the religious life in a special way, and received a blessing by the laying on of hands.

You grew up with the utmost respect for your spiritual teachers, both priests and nuns, because you were convinced of their sincerity and their reverence for their holy calling. Rarely is there a Catholic boy who, at some period in his life, does not thoughtfully consider the priesthood as his vocation. Many Catholic girls somewhere along the way of life seriously contemplate entering convents to become teachers or nurses or members of one of the many orders of religious nuns. So great is the power of these people who have dedicated their lives to Christ and His Church that you often feel that they are the very life-blood of Catholicism.

In your youth your spiritual life took nourishment and direction from these holy priests and teachers. Sometimes you served as an altar boy and were privileged to assist the priest at Holy Mass. You learned a great deal about this service, for the Mass is the immortal setting that holds the precious gem of the Holy Eucharist. The Mass is the re-enactment of Christ's sacrifice in which He is continually lifted up for the sins of men and by means of which he is constantly glorified before His Father in heaven. The ceaseless vigilance and vitality of Roman Catholicism can be seen in the many observances of the Mass to which the Church is dedicated. The services are so arranged that everyone, no matter what his work or his station in life may be, can find an observance of the Mass in which he can participate. And whenever this happens, the priest is the intermediary between God and man. He is your spiritual parent and you reverently call him "Father."

Long years of training have gone into his preparation.

Sacred vows have set him apart from other men. He dresses differently because of his position in the world. He does not marry because he has taken the vow of chastity so that his entire loyalty—body, mind, and spirit—may be dedicated to his calling. He observes special disciplines, reads special offices, and obeys the command of the Church set forth by the bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and the pope himself. He is a man under Holy Orders, your spiritual advisor, director, and friend.

HOLY MATRIMONY

It may seem paradoxical and even contradictory to non-Catholics, but to you it is clear that a celibate clergy can best advise you on the blessings and pitfalls of marriage. Matrimony is a sacrament, deeply spiritual in nature; and why, then, should not a man of God be best informed about its meaning?

You are convinced that idealistically no other religion puts the high credential upon married life or is so earnest about the sacredness of conjugal love as is Catholicism. Marriage is such a solemn undertaking that in the ceremony you and your marriage partner are actually administering this sacrament yourselves. The priest is merely the Church's witness, as other witnesses represent the families concerned.

The true Catholic could never enter marriage lightly or sensually, for he knows that the partner he takes is bound to him in an indissoluble union until death. It is like the marriage of Christ and His Church; sacred, inviolable, eternal. Divorce is absolutely forbidden in Roman Catholicism excepting in extremely rare cases involving adultery, insanity, or continual drunkenness.

Even then the Church requests that no other marriage take place until the death of the mate has dissolved the first marriage.

Marriage, you have been taught, has as its major function

the propagation of the family of God. Because this is a sacred act, your Church opposes artificial methods of birth control in the belief that it leads to unnatural vice. The limitation of a family or a form of so-called "planned parenthood" is in accordance with Catholic doctrine only if the method is controlled by abstinence or the observance of the law of nature as evidenced in the so-called rhythm cycle.

Idealistically the Catholic home is a symbol of what the true Christian family should be like. It is built upon the foundation of faith and patterned after the glorification of God. Toward this end, *every home should be a shrine, every festive table an altar, every participant a worshiper.* Your home, like your Church, has many holy symbols: statues, candles, rosaries, sacred pictures, a Holy Bible, prayer books, and missals. In accordance with tradition, your family would recite certain prayers, fast on special days, attend church regularly, abstain from forbidden acts, and consult the priest on serious or perplexing matters.

Because of the sanctity of marriage and childbirth, the Catholic mother, after having brought a child into the world, often goes to the Church and gives thanks to God. Here she may also receive the special blessing of the priest who, sprinkling her with holy water, recites the 23rd Psalm and speaks a special prayer. This ceremony is called the "churching of women," and is said to have its roots in the Jewish rite of purification.

Because Holy Matrimony is the sacrament upon which the perpetuation of the Church in the world actually depends, it is understandable that Roman Catholicism should frown upon "mixed marriages." It is believed that it is far better for a Catholic to marry a Catholic and a non-Catholic to marry a non-Catholic than it is to cross denominational lines. The Church, which has systematically studied the course of mixed marriages, has decreed that varying religious beliefs in the home cause discord, resentment, and spiritual apathy. Often

both parties are in danger of losing their faith.

Canon law, a law enacted by a church council and confirmed by the pope, forbids a Catholic or Catholics to be married by a non-Catholic minister. It also opposes mixed marriages being performed by a priest in the church, although a priest may solemnize such a ceremony in the sacristy or in the priest's home. Even then, the blessing of the ring or rings must be omitted and no nuptial Mass may be held. It is also necessary for both parties to sign the "marriage promises" in which it is agreed that children born of this union will be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith.

EXTREME UNCTION

As your life began with the sacrament of Baptism, so it is concluded with the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Meditating on this fact, you often feel that your religion is as compact as a holy book and that each chapter heading is sacramental. Life is, indeed, a story lived in Christ. Thus when the final pages are to be written, you look forward in faith to the continuation of life beyond this life.

The final sacrament of Extreme Unction is, actually, a seal of salvation. But it is not only a preparation for death; it may also be a means of healing so that life in this world may be extended. It consists of anointing the seriously ill with olive oil blessed by a bishop. As the priest touches the forehead of the afflicted with the oil, he says, "By this holy unction may the Lord pardon thee whatever faults thou hast committed."

Sometimes the priest anoints the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, hands, and feet, each time speaking a prayer. The comfort of this sacrament to the dying as well as to the loved ones who are bereaved is unspeakably great, for it brings the focus of faith upon the area of need. It consoles both the one who departs and those who remain. God, you sincerely believe, is pleased when His children do His will, and His will is best performed through the Holy Sacraments instituted by Christ,

perpetuated by His Church, and performed by His chosen priests.

THE POWER AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH

Had you been born a Catholic, it would be difficult for you to express fully and completely the power and glory of your faith. It is too vast for words and too complex to be grasped in all its deepest meaning.

Its contrasts extend all the way from monks who live in monasteries secluded *from* the world to parish priests who live as comfortably as men of the world. It includes women who have entered cloisters to spend their entire lives in unseen meditation and prayer to parish women who are very much a part of teeming social life. It embraces miracles of healing like those which take place at Lourdes in France or Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Canada, but it does not deny the use of medical science and human healing skills. It approves of visions like those experienced by a Joan of Arc or a Saint Bernadette, but is extremely cautious of making claims for wholesale apparitions. It views with interest and understanding the stigmata of a St. Francis or a Theresa Neumann, but it allows hundreds of years to pass before it gives an estimate of their validity.

It believes in the outreach of science and accepts the efficacy of relics of the saints. It is supremely intellectual in its scholarship but almost childlike in its affection for the saints. It is a religion of joy and festivity, as seen in parish programs, while at the same time, it is a religion of sombre reflection, attested to by many austere devotional practices. Its liturgical calendar is so filled with holy days and sacred observances that there is hardly a period of the year in which the reminder of God's presence is not made known. It believes in the intercession of saints, in a personal devil, in purgatory, hell, heaven, the resurrection of the body, and a life to come.

It orders its adherents to be loyal to the Church and faithful to its teachings, to go to confession and communion

at least once a year, and, whenever necessary, to sacrifice in the Church's behalf. It requires meatless days, particularly on Fridays, in remembrance of Christ's crucifixion. It stresses strict Lenten observances during the forty days preceding Easter. It believes in masses for the souls in purgatory, in the dogma of the Assumption (that the Blessed Virgin ascended bodily into heaven), allows the use of medals to honor God and the saints, and, in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, deletes the words, "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever," because it is convinced that this was not a part of the original prayer as Jesus prayed it. It encourages its people to read the Bible, but advises them to use the Douay version which was translated from the Latin Vulgate, the Old Testament of which was published first in Douay, France, in 1610.

Your reverence for all these beliefs and practices synthesizes your religious and secular life into one spiritual unity. You are confident that the Church is ever with you and that you are ever with the Church. On special occasions, like the ordination of a priest who may be known to you, or at the consecration of a bishop or an archbishop of your diocese, you feel a great pride, for these are events in which you personally share.

THE DRAMA OF THE CHURCH

Within your lifetime you experienced the elevation of cardinals, those men who, appointed by the Holy Father, constitute the pope's council and are called the princes of the Church. The ceremony, held in St. Peter's in Rome, recalled the ancient rituals of your faith. At the appointed moment in this largest church in the world, a church designed by Michelangelo, the huge bronze doors swung open. Up the steps and through the doors marched towering Swiss guards wearing plumed hats, colorfully striped breeches and vests of yellow and red, looking as if they had emerged from a legend.

Boots clopping sharply on the shining marble floors, heads up and their halberds flashing, they advanced down the roped-off aisles.

Behind them, against a pageantry of soldiers, archbishops, procurators, chaplains, monks, and priests, was the Holy Father borne on a throne carried on the shoulders of twelve stalwart men. *"Viva il Papa!"* cried the throng of worshiping spectators. As some threw kisses or wept for joy and fell to their knees in prayer, while many lifted up their rosaries and cheered, the spectacular procession moved by. The pope is a monarch, the emperor of Vatican State, as well as the Vicar of Christ over a spiritual kingdom that knows no bounds. As he sat in the gestatorial chair like a king, his court surrounded him; and in his holy train came the cardinals, resplendent in their scarlet robes and ermine capes. *"Viva il Papa!"* Though he is a king, he is one with his subjects—one in Christ. Making the sign of the cross over and over, he blessed the people as he was borne toward the high altar which rises over the tomb of St. Peter. Here, where the ninety-five lamps burn day and night, he stepped from his throne into the papal chair which stands immovable seven steps above the hallowed spot where the first pope, St. Peter, lies interred.

Against a background of pomp and ceremony, you heard the age-old chanted ritual and the sublime singing of the Sistine choir, out of the ceremonial Latin. You witnessed the elevation of the "princes of the faith" as one by one the incumbent cardinals brought the scarlet-clad candidates from the chapel. One by one they climbed the seven steps and kissed the Holy Father's ring, the "Fisherman's Ring," a symbol of the office of St. Peter. Then the Pontifical Master of Ceremonies dramatically raised the *galero*, the broad-brimmed red hat, over the head of each kneeling dignitary and intoned the blessing, "In praise of Almighty God and as an ornament of the Holy Apostolic See, receive now the red hat, distinctive of the Cardinal's dignity; it signifies that you

must show yourself intrepid even unto shedding your blood for the exaltation of the Holy Faith, for the peace of the Christian people, and for the growth and glory of the Roman Church. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

THE FAITH OF THE CHURCH

These are your leaders, pledged to martyrdom, if need be, for the sake of the religion in which your life is rooted. And many in the past have given their lives. Many priests have been executed, as they were in the days of the Russian revolution, because they remained true to their vows and true to the Church. But neither death nor oppression has halted the growth of the faith. Not even the passing of the Holy Father retards what you believe to be the steady forward march of the true Christian Church. In fact, during your lifetime you experienced the momentary shock and sadness of the death of Pope Pius XII, a much beloved prelate who was called the Pope of Peace. You mourned with the Church because of your love for him, and you rejoiced with your fellow Catholics when a new Sovereign was elected.

On that day, too, you felt yourself standing among the hundreds of thousands of faithful who crowded St. Peter's Square. You heard the bells toll out their ancient tones, broadcasting to the world that three days of secret balloting by the fifty-one cardinals of the Church had decreed God's will. For three days the multitudes had waited and watched, keeping eyes fixed on a slender chimney above the Vatican roof. In keeping with an old custom, a puff of white smoke would be the signal that the election had taken place. After each period of balloting the smoke had been black, however, but on October 17, 1958, it was suddenly white. The thrill that ran through the waiting crowd spread around the world as the news was flashed that Angelo Cardinal Roncalli had been chosen to fill the throne of St. Peter as the Bishop of

Rome and the Vicar of Christ and had taken as his spiritual name Pope John XXIII in honor of the patron saint of his home parish in Venice.

A deafening cheer rose from St. Peter's Square as a fatherly figure appeared on the papal balcony. Dressed in the elaborate robes of his office, flanked by a group of church dignitaries, he raised his hands and spoke in a loud voice, "*Urbi et orbi!*"—"To the city and the world"; it was a benediction on the city and the world wherever the world extended. It blessed those behind the Iron Curtain and beyond the Bamboo Curtain; it went straight into the hearts of the Roman Catholic people—a half billion of them, with some 50,000,000 in the United States.

This is your Church and your faith which have come down to you through twenty ecumenical councils, the first of which was held in Nicea in 325 A.D. and the most recent of which was called by Pope John XXIII. This is your faith which has emerged out of apostolic times, is built upon great creeds, perpetuated by divine direction, and inspired by the Blessed Trinity: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, each distinct, yet united and equal in essence.

Often, as the Holy Father himself has visualized, you, too, catch a glimpse of a world united, in which all people will live together as one family, each person distinct yet all united in the love and mercy of God, a people of whom it will be said that there is but one sheepfold and one Shepherd. "True peace," said Pope John XXIII in his first public utterance, "will not be given to citizens, to the peoples, to the nations if it is not first granted to their souls; because there can be no exterior peace if it is not the reflected image of interior peace."

Such would be your faith for yourself and your hope for the world, had you been born a Roman Catholic.

Tupac Amaru

1738 – 1781 A.D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The population was so large that every foot of ground was needed for cultivation. Where the mountain sides were too steep for ordinary fields, they built little walls of stone, called terraces, and then filled in behind them with earth carried up

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

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

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

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

not know how to decide upon the right thing to do for themselves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

José de San Martin

1778 –1850 A.D.

A few years after George Washington had won his last battle and the North American colonies were lost forever to Great Britain, the Spanish colonies in South America likewise began to feel the oppression of their mother country's supervision. The Spaniards as lords of the land held every desirable government position and picked all the plums of trade for themselves; while the Creoles, those who had been born in South America of pure Spanish descent, were treated as inferior beings quite incapable of managing the affairs of the country which by inheritance belonged to them.

In Europe a great secret society had been formed by a fiery South American patriot, Francisco Miranda, who dreamed night and day of freeing his country from Spanish oppression. The members pledged themselves to work for this end. Among the initiates of this society was Jose de San Martin, a native of Argentina, who had been sent to Europe for a military education. He had learned the business of war in every branch of the service during almost twenty years of fighting in Spain and France, and he had watched the greatest generals of the day manipulate their troops until he too was master of armies. Yet he had none of that spectacular brilliancy which a great many people seem to expect of a hero. His associates never dreamed that this silent young man, who did a good deal of thinking and not so much talking, was to be a leading figure in the war for independence in South America.

When, in 1812, San Martin arrived in Buenos Aires to

help his country fight for liberty, the sparks of revolution had almost been snuffed out in all the colonies except Argentina. Here the Creoles had declared their independence, deposed the Spanish governor and elected their own officials. The first thing San Martin did was to train a model regiment of cavalry to serve as the backbone for an army, and he showed such splendid powers of leadership that in 1813 he was given command of the patriot forces. Peru, of all the colonies, was the most thoroughly Spanish, and it was so hemmed in by mountains and deserts, by fierce Indian tribes and by Spanish strongholds that no attack on its frontier could ever be successful. San Martin had to plan a way to carry the cause of independence from one small patriotic center, Buenos Aires, right into this heart of Spanish supremacy in America. His solution of the problem he kept as secret as possible so that the Spaniards would be taken by surprise, and even his own staff could only guess at what might happen next.

First he asked to be appointed governor of Cuyo, an Argentine province lying at the foot of the Andes, and in Mendoza, its capital, he began to organize his campaign. The people of this province, many of them exiled Chilean patriots, thoroughly hated the Spaniards and, as he had wisely foreseen, made excellent helpers. San Martin, with his persuasive personality, could always make others feel as he did. Wherever he went patriots sprang into existence as if by magic, and now the entire community set to work to help him prepare his army. Even tiny children drilled and carried flags; and the ladies gave their jewels to pay for arms and provisions, worked on uniforms for the soldiers, and made a great battle flag bearing a glowing sun — the ancient symbol of the Incas.

To only one friend did he reveal the magnificent plan he was working out in the shadow of the mountains: "A small, well-disciplined army in Mendoza to cross to Chile, finish off the Goths (Spaniards) there, and aid a government of trusty friends to put an end to the anarchy which reigns. Allying our

forces we shall then go by sea to Lima. This is our course and no other." But between San Martin and Chile stretched the enormous snow-crowned Sierras of the Andes! No one had ever dreamed that an army with guns, baggage and horses could cross those treacherous passes, some of them 12,000 feet above the sea, and often too narrow to allow more than one mounted man to pass at a time. No wonder San Martin once remarked: "What spoils my sleep is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains."

It took just three years for San Martin, using all the resources of his province, to prepare for his task. This meant drilling his troops, gathering provisions, supervising the manufacture of arms and powder; and planning ahead each move of the army. He gave personal attention to every detail of his plan, from providing portable bridges for use in the mountains, and sledges to carry cannon over the snow, down to hiring the last cook for the commissariat and ordering shoes for every mule in the transport.

His chief diversion during this time was campaigning with chessmen in front of his own hearth fire and many an evening he spent in winning all the games from his friends. He took a fatherly interest in the people, and his quiet kindliness and sympathy were in marked contrast to the tyranny and injustice of Spanish officials. One day a farmer was sentenced for bitterly attacking the patriot cause. There was no room in San Martin's big nature for resentment. With a sparkle of fun in his eye he annulled the sentence on condition that the man supply the troops with ten dozen fat pumpkins. Another day a penitent officer came to him to confess that he had lost at cards a sum of money which belonged to his regiment. San Martin quietly turned to a little cabinet in the corner and took from it a number of gold coins. These he gave to the miserable officer, saying sternly: "Pay this money into the regimental chest, and keep the secret; for if General San Martin ever hears that you told of it, he will have you shot

upon the spot."

There were many periods of great discouragement during these years of preparation, when the Royalists seemed everywhere victorious, but San Martin had only one way of meeting bad news, to go calmly and confidently ahead as if nothing had happened. When word came of a great defeat of the patriots in the north, San Martin invited all his officers to a banquet, and after the dessert was served he rose to propose a toast: "To the first shot fired beyond the Andes against the oppressors of Chile!" The room rang with cheers, and from that moment there was never a doubt in the hearts of his men. They had caught that contagious enthusiasm from their general which was to lead the army to victory.

In January, 181 7, all was ready. A pen-and-ink sketch of the route to be followed and written instructions had been handed to each major officer by San Martin himself. From January 14 to 23 the troops, in six divisions, started off from different points in the province to cross the Andes at intervals along the 1,300 miles of unbroken mountain ranges. The time it would take each to cross had been so accurately reckoned that on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of February, the entire army poured forth from the six passes upon the Chilean plateau, exactly as planned, to find the Spaniards quite distracted and only half way prepared for defense. The two main divisions of the army filed out from the mountains simultaneously and, uniting on the plain of Chacabuco, defeated the Spanish forces on February 12, and marched into Santiago, then the capital, with flags flying. To this day in the great military schools of the world San Martin's march from Cuyo into Chile is used as a model of how a campaign should be conducted.

San Martin refused the honors which people now wanted to heap upon him, even the commission of brigadier-general, the highest military honor the Argentine government could bestow. The only reward he seems to have accepted was a life pension for his daughter, Marie Mercedes, which he used for

her education. With 10,000 ounces of gold given him by the Chileans for his personal use he built a public library in Santiago. And when they unanimously named him as their governor he flatly refused the position. Neither then nor later did he wish any political office which would not directly help along the cause of independence. Personal conquest, glory and profit had no part in his big plan.

The Spanish troops were expert soldiers and greatly outnumbered the invaders of Argentine. After sending for reenforcements, on March 19, 1818, they defeated the patriot forces at Talca, just outside Santiago. It was reported that San Martin had been killed and his army scattered to the four winds. The city rang with Royalist celebrations. But even as the shouts of *"Viva el rey!"* sounded through the streets, San Martin himself rode calmly into town, drew rein before his own house, and as he dismounted, grimly announced to the excited people that he expected to win the next battle and very soon, too.

With the help of friends in Santiago who showered him with money for supplies, he re-equipped his army and marched out to the plain of Maipo to meet the enemy. As he watched their lines forming for battle, he exclaimed: "I take the sun for witness that the day is ours!" At that moment, it is said, the sun in a cloudless sky rose over the crests of the Andes and shone full in his face. Before sunset the Spanish army was put to rout, and the Patriots, within seventeen days of their defeat, had established forever the independence of Chile.

Before the army could hope to find a foothold in Peru, a patriot fleet must sail up the coast to clear the way. Lord Cochrane, an experienced English admiral, took command of the navy in 1818. His ships swooped down on several towns along the coast of Peru and captured them, and his energy and daring struck terror to the Spanish heart. His fiercest onslaughts were directed against Callao, a seaport, six miles

from Lima, capital of Peru and headquarters for the royalist army. By the time then that San Martin's land forces were ready to set out, they had the sea to themselves, and the satisfaction of knowing that the Spanish fleet dared not poke its nose beyond Callao harbor. On August 20, 1820, the United Liberating Army boarded transports at Valparaiso and, under the guidance of Cochrane, sailed for Pisco, a port 150 miles south of Lima. Here San Martin divided his army. A force of 1,200 men were detailed to march northward in a great semi-circle around Lima, and to spread the seed of rebellion through the whole countryside. On the way these soldiers defeated a Royalist detachment sent against them. This success boomed the patriot cause, which already had friends in the neighborhood, and it became so popular that one entire regiment deserted the Spanish camp and begged to be allowed to fight with the newcomers. With the main part of his army San Martin made the other half circle around Lima by sea. Both sections were to meet at Huacho, some 70 miles north of the capital. It was a splendid pageant which sailed in regular order past the port of Callao: first the ships of war flying the scarlet and white flags, designed by San Martin for the new Republic of Peru; then the transports, their decks crowded with eager soldiers. It seemed as if every one in town had come out to stand on the walls and watch the squadron go by.

San Martin had no wish to win battles. He issued this proclamation to his men: "Remember that you are come, not to conquer but to liberate a people; the Peruvians are our brothers." Now that he had shown the Spaniards what they might expect of his army and fleet, he planned to stay quietly in the neighborhood of Lima, and by stimulating the Peruvians with a desire for liberty, lead them to assert their own rights. He formed secret societies which carried the new ideas into every nook of the capital, and through his agents and publications acquired enough influence to cut off the

supply of provisions from the city.

Meanwhile Lord Cochrane had put the finishing touch to his naval victory by capturing the *Esmeralda,* the prize ship of the Spanish fleet. His men in fourteen rowboats stole into Callao harbor by night, crept between the twenty-six gunboats which protected the big ship, boarded her before any one knew what was happening, and carried her off right from under the 300 guns of Callao Castle.

The situation in Lima, cut off from supplies by land and sea, where it was treason even to mention the subject of independence, grew worse every day. A merchant, just arrived from independent Chile, compared its capital with Lima. "We left Valparaiso harbor filled with shipping; its custom-house wharfs piled high with goods; the road between port and capital was always crowded with convoys of mules, loaded with every kind of foreign manufacture, while numerous ships were busy taking in cargoes. In the harbor of Callao the shipping was crowded into a corner and surrounded by gunboats; the custom house stood empty and its door locked; no bales of goods rose in a pyramid on the quay; no loaded mules plodded over the road to Lima." Indeed, this visitor concluded, every one in the city was miserable except the donkeys, who presumably enjoyed having nothing to do.

During the first six months of 1821 a truce was declared at the suggestion of the viceroy, who thought that if the situation were explained to the government in Spain some compromise might be possible. There was no such word as "compromise" in San Martin's vocabulary, but he consented to the truce because he knew it meant just so much more time for his cause to win adherents.

During this truce San Martin spent much of his time on board his own little yacht which lay at anchor in Callao harbor, and there he received visitors. An English sea captain named Basil Hall came to talk with him a number of times, and in his *Journal* — as good reading as any story book — the

captain tells his impression of the great general. "There was little at first sight to engage the attention; but when he rose and began to speak, his superiority was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a big surtout coat and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, handsome man with thick black hair and immense, bushy dark whiskers extending from ear to ear under his chin; his eye is jet black; his whole appearance being highly military. He is unaffectedly simple in his manners; exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindliness of disposition; in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible."

Sitting there at his little table the general explained himself to his friends: "People ask why I don't march to Lima at once; so I might, and instantly would, were it suitable to my view, but it is not. I do not want military renown, I have no ambition to be conqueror of Peru, I want solely to liberate the country from oppression, I wish to have all thinking men with me, and do not choose to advance a step beyond the march of public opinion, I have been gaining, day by day, fresh allies in the hearts of the people."

For a long time Spain had been too busy with her own revolution against monarchy to help her colonies. Neither ships nor advice were forthcoming, and on July 6, 1821, the viceroy hurriedly left Lima with his troops, and took to the mountains. The patriotic army, in a semicircle, settled down on the heights to the north of the city, in plain sight of the residents, but made no move to enter. A few prominent citizens immediately sent an invitation to San Martin to come and protect them from threatened uprisings of the slave and Indian population. The general replied most politely that he would not enter the city as a conqueror; he would come only when the people themselves invited him because they wished

to declare their independence. But to protect them, he ordered his troops to obey any directions given them by the officials of the city.

When the people heard this splendid offer they could not believe it had been made in good faith. The great general must be mocking them! They shook their heads suspiciously and solemnly gathered to discuss the matter. Tongues wagged excitedly all night long till at last a bright idea occurred to "a strange little man folded up in an old dingy Spanish cloak, with a broad-brimmed yellow hat, hooked loosely on one corner of his small square head, and shadowing a face plastered all over with snuff which, in the vehemence of his agitation, he flung at his nose in handfuls." This little person proposed that they order a certain troop of San Martin's cavalry to move one league farther away just to see if it would. The messenger who sallied out to carry this order returned to say that the troop had packed up its baggage and moved exactly as ordered. This put the Peruvians in high good humor and San Martin became more popular than ever. A formal deputation invited him with great cordiality to enter the city, and on July 9 the first section of the United Liberating Army marched into the capital of Peru while cheers of welcome rang through the streets.

San Martin himself rode into the city the next evening in his usual simple, informal manner, accompanied by only one aide. The story is told that he intended to stop on the way and rest for the night at a cottage outside the city. Unluckily this retreat was discovered by two admiring friars who made San Martin miserable with their extravagant praises. When they began to compare him with Caesar he could bear it no longer.

"Good heavens! What are we to do? This will never answer," he told his aide.

"Oh, sir! Here come two more of the same stamp," warned the aide from the window.

"Indeed!" replied the general. "Then saddle the horses again and let us be off."

More praises and compliments were awaiting him in Lima, and the people crowded to greet him. One cold, sedate young priest suddenly forgot his dignity as he shook hands with the great general and burst' forth with a loud shout of *"Viva! Nuestra General!"*

"No, no," said San Martin, "do not say so; but join with me in calling: *'Viva la Independencia del Peru!'*"

On July 15 independence was declared, and the scarlet and white flag waved over a new republic. A great question now confronted the Peruvians: "Who shall govern us?" San Martin's policy had always been that as soon as he had liberated the people his task was over and they must work out their own plans for government, as the Chileans had done. But the Creoles in Lima knew as little about organizing a government as they had known how to break away from Spanish rule. San Martin believed this backwardness was due to their geographical situation which had cut them off from outside influences, and that they needed his help before they could be able to help themselves. He issued a decree which temporarily gave himself the title of "Protector of Peru." In a proclamation to the people he explained his position: "Since there is still in Peru a foreign enemy to combat, it is a measure of necessity that the political and military authority should continue united in my person. The religious scrupulousness with which I have kept my word in the course of my public life gives me a right to be believed; and I again pledge it to the people of Peru, by solemnly promising that the very instant their territory is free, I shall resign the command, in order to make room for the government which they may be pleased to elect."

By his first act in office, San Martin showed that his definition of independence was big enough to include not part but all the people. He wanted liberty for the slaves in Peru as

well as for their masters, so he declared free every person born after Independence Day and every slave who voluntarily enlisted in his army. An English teacher living in Lima during this prosperous year of 1822 wrote: "I never mentioned a wish to San Martin that was not granted in the most obliging manner. After his going away, I scarcely mentioned anything I wished done, that was not refused."

The harbor now opened to all the world. Ships with rich cargoes sailed in and out; the donkeys again had great loads to carry from the wharfs; and the shops were filled with inexpensive articles of foreign manufacture which before this had been rare luxuries. But in spite of their sudden prosperity the Peruvians hampered San Martin in his two-fold task of putting affairs at home in good order and planning for further military campaigns. As he well knew, the national spirit which he had aroused might turn against him at any moment, and he had continually to be on his guard against uprisings. The Creoles grew jealous and factious at the slightest pretext. San Martin was after all an outsider and came from a rival republic. Nearly two thirds of his original army, moreover, unaccustomed to living so near the equator, had been ill of fever and were in no condition to fight.

San Martin now looked for help from quite another quarter. At this time a patriot general named Bolivar had reached the northern frontier of Peru with his army. He was fighting for the cause of independence in the North as San Martin had fought in the South. Here in Peru, these two great Liberators who between them had aroused all Spanish America met for the first time. San Martin, without a thought of possible rivalry, rejoiced in the strength and support so near at hand and planned an alliance which should speedily bring final victory. With great enthusiasm he arranged for an interview at Guayaquil, a province just over the borderline of Peru. Bolivar, however, found the idea of sharing his military triumphs with another not at all to his liking. He "wanted the

glory of driving out the last Spaniard," and he received the proposal of an alliance coldly, even though San Martin offered to take a subordinate position. At the end of the interview Bolivar seemed agitated and restless, while San Martin appeared as calm, grave and unruffled as always. That night a banquet was given in honor of the visitor, at which both generals proposed toasts. Bolivar's came first: "To the two greatest men of South America — General San Martin and myself." Then San Martin, there at the table of the man who had failed him just as the completion of his career was in sight, again showed the quality of his patriotism. "To the speedy conclusion of the war," he cried; "to the organization of the different republics of the continent; and to the health of Bolivar, the Liberator of Colombia!"

The only comment San Martin seems to have made on his interview with Bolivar was contained in a message to his friend O'Higgins: "The Liberator is not the man we took him to be." Without a word to any one of all that had happened, he decided simply to give up his career and leave Peru. If he remained it would mean civil war between himself and Bolivar who would always be intriguing against him. The cause of independence must not be threatened by quarrels between two rivals. No matter what people said of him he knew he must never tell the real reason for his going, because his own men would turn against Bolivar when they ought to help him. His friends must now be Bolivar's friends. His own career, even his good name, were of small importance compared with the fortunes of the republic. From Lima he wrote his decision to Bolivar: "I have convened the first congress of Peru; the day after its installation I shall leave for Chile, convinced that my presence is the only obstacle which keeps you from coming to Peru with your army."

For the next few weeks he worked hard to leave things in order. First he put his army in the best possible condition for service, and drew up a careful plan of the campaign in which

he would have no other share. Then, on September 20, the representatives from the liberated provinces of Peru met, and before this new congress he took off his scarlet and white sash, the emblem of authority, and resigned his office. "I have witnessed the declaration of independence of Chile and Peru," he said in his farewell address; "I hold in my hand the standard which Pizarro brought over to enslave the empire of the Incas. My promises to the countries in which I made war are fulfilled; I gave them independence and leave them the choice of their government."

San Martin had only lame excuses to give for his sudden departure, such as: "My health is broken, this climate is killing me;" and on retiring from office, "My presence in Peru now after the powers I have wielded would be inconsistent with the dignity of Congress and with my own." He was accused of cowardice, and of deserting the republic at the time of its greatest need. No one thought of blaming Bolivar, Not until years later when San Martin's letters were published, and the true reason for his going became known, were the shadows cleared from his name.

On the night of the 20th he rode away from Lima as quietly as he had first entered it, and boarding his yacht at Callao sailed for Chile. But there was no longer a place for him in South America, even in his own province of Buenos Aires, for he despised the small civil wars in which the Argentines were always entangled. So, besides career and honors and reputation, he gave up home and country.

In a little house on the banks of the Seine near Paris, San Martin spent many quiet years with his daughter, reading till his eyes grew too dim, caring for his garden, absorbed in his trees and flowers. He died on August 9, 1850. In his will he left his sword — there was very little else to leave — to the Argentine Dictator.

It was an expression of the deep interest and eager hopes with which he had followed the fortunes of his country to the

very end of his life. His last wish came true and is now written upon his tomb in the cathedral of the Argentine capital: "I desire that my heart may rest in Buenos Aires." Statues have been erected to him in the three States to which he gave his services, and to-day he is honored as the greatest of all their men.

San Martin was a good winner. When he won a victory he used it for the glory of his people and the success of his cause, not for his own fame. He was a good loser — there never lived a better. Just before he left Peru for the last time he sent a message and a present to Bolivar. The message read: "Receive, General, this remembrance from the first of your admirers, with the expression of my sincere desire that you may have the glory of finishing the war for the independence of South America." The present was a war horse, the thoroughbred which San Martin himself might have ridden at the head of the victorious patriot armies.

Simon Bolivar

1783 – 1830 A.D.

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

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

Spanish governor himself.

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

Venezuela was the first colony in Spanish America to declare her independence. Until 1810 no open action was taken. Then, when the news came that the French armies were occupying Spain and that Ferdinand had been deposed in favor of Napoleon's brother, the radical party in Caracas immediately demanded the resignation of Spanish officials, declared "the right of the provinces of America to rule themselves," and appointed its own governing committee, or junta, which should control the affairs of the "United Provinces of Venezuela." The first Congress was convened in 181 1, and on July 5, the Spanish colors were torn in small pieces, and

the flag of the new republic, stripes of yellow, blue, and red, formally adopted.

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

When, in 1812, all the brave hopes of the struggling little Republics were dashed to pieces and every one else had completely lost heart, Bolivar saw his chance to realize the two supreme desires of his life. One was the sincere wish to win independence for his country; the other a selfish ambition to keep for himself the entire glory of doing it. In a few months' time he rose from the inconspicuous position of a volunteer officer, who has been ignominiously defeated at his first action, to be a brilliant military ruler. First he went to Cartagena, the one province of New Granada which had declared its independence, and offered his services. With the few men given him he fought his way toward the borderline of his own State. On the way he heard that just across the Andes in Venezuela a royalist army was preparing to march upon New Granada. He was only a minor officer, with not more than 400 men, and he had had almost no military

experience. Without waiting to ask permission, without plans or preparations, he marched across the mountains and rushed upon the unsuspecting enemy. So energetic was the attack that the royalists, 6,000 in number, were perfectly sure a huge army confronted them and they beat a speedy retreat. Delighted at Bolivar's success the Cartagena junta gave him more troops, but prudently ordered him to pause before going any farther.

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

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

But instead of attending strictly to the business of fighting, Bolivar wasted time in enjoying his new honors and

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

Then Bolivar returned to New Granada, where he had one loyal friend who still believed in him, Camilo Torres, president of the Republic. "As long as Bolivar lives," he declared, "Venezuela is not lost." The revolutionary junta

appointed him Captain-general of the army, and invented for him another of the impressive titles he loved so much: "Illustrious Pacificator." On this occasion Bolivar made a speech in which he boasted that the army of New Granada "would break the chains of all the oppressed peoples of South America."

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

While Bolivar was in exile, the Llaneros were so attracted by the bravery and fair play of a patriotic guerilla chieftain named Paez and so angry at the brutal tyranny of Boves and other Spaniards that they changed their minds and came over to the patriot side. Their successes on the plains of Venezuela put new energy into the revolutionary movement, and Morillo came hurrying back from New Granada in alarm. At this crisis Creole officers had to admit that only one man was great enough to head the revolution, and they petitioned their Liberator to come to the rescue. Bolivar had never left

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

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

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

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

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

By 1818 Bolivar had learned, from his own failures and predicaments and from the example of San Martin, that if he

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

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

their capital, Bogota, in his usual spectacular fashion, a crown of laurel on his head.

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

In 1820 King Ferdinand was again deposed, and the new liberal government in Spain tried to make terms with Colombia during a six months' truce. Bolivar used this breathing space very profitably by recruiting troops which were soon going to show the Royalists just what kind of "terms" they might expect. For, only a year later, Bolivar could at last salute his army, as it passed him in review after the great battle

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

Bolivar then fixed his covetous eye upon the little independent province of Guayaquil and succeeded in reaching its capital ahead of San Martin who wanted to annex it to Peru. He completely cowed the junta by a defiant note: "Guayaquil knows that it cannot remain an independent State; that Colombia cannot give up any of her legitimate rights; and that there is no human power which can deprive her of a handbreadth of her territory." So, as the Department of Ecuador,

Quito and Guayaquil were added to the elastic Republic of Colombia. Foreign nations now recognized the Republic, and the Liberator addressed a bulletin to the people, full of the flowery language he loved to use in public: "From the banks of the Orinoco to the Andes of Peru the liberating army, marching from one triumph to another, has covered with its protecting arms the whole of Colombia. Share with me the ocean of joy which bathes my heart, and raise in your own hearts altars to this army which has given you glory, peace, and liberty."

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

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

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

He sent to Colombia for reinforcements, and his letter shows how his impetuous disposition had been tempered during the years: "The interests of all America are at stake; nothing must be trusted to probabilities, still less to chance."

In July, 1824, Bolivar's Colombian lancers won the battle of Junin in three quarters of an hour. Not a single shot was fired during the entire engagement, but the victory was so complete that the Spanish general, Canterac, retreated five hundred miles! By 1826 Callao, the last and most stubborn fortress in South America, surrendered. Bolivar's name was famous all over the world. "His feats of arms," San Martin had said, "entitle him to be considered the most extraordinary character that South America has produced; of a constancy to which difficulties only add strength." He had fought in more than four hundred battles in the course of twenty years and he had won the freedom of South America, as he once vowed he would.

What Bolivar could not do was to create a normal, orderly, popular government for his countrymen. He made a great political mistake when he tried to weld a number of States, each inclined to be jealous of the other, into one harmonious Republic. They resented his summary methods. What was the use of getting rid of Spanish government if they were not to be allowed to rule themselves as they pleased? When Bolivar began to plan the union of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia — the latter named in his honor — into "the Grand Confederation of the Andes," with himself as supreme authority, rebellion gradually spread through all the north. Venezuela first withdrew from Colombia, and Bolivar was forbidden ever to return to his native State. Ecuador also became a separate Republic. The Congress of Colombia took away his military power because for two years he had managed the affairs of Peru, a foreign State. A pan-American Congress which he attempted to convene in Panama — the first one ever held — was a failure, as well as a prophecy. On every hand were plots against him. Yet his personal prestige was still immense, and if he could have been in a hundred places at once he might never have lost his hold upon the people. One of the very men who schemed for his overthrow wrote: "Such

is his influence and such the secret power of his will, that I myself, on many occasions, have approached him in fury, and, merely on seeing and hearing him, have been disarmed and have left his presence filled with admiration."

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

David Crockett

1786-1836 A.D.

I.—A Neglected Child.

A little ragged boy with frowzy hair and dirty face stood on the bank of a river screaming with rage. He was angry with his older brothers, who were paddling about in a canoe. They did not heed his screams, and would soon be carried out of hearing by the swiftly flowing water.

His little heart was full of anger because they had not taken him with them. But since there is no use in crying when there is no one to hear, the child presently began to sob more quietly.

In a little while he saw a workman running toward the stream, and his screams grew louder. But to his surprise the man ran past him, plunged into the water, swam to the canoe, and with great efforts dragged it ashore.

The little boy did not understand that if the man had been a few minutes later his brothers would have been swept over the falls and dashed to death on the rocks below. But he did know that they were badly frightened, and he thought they deserved it.

No one told him that it was wrong to lose his temper, or that he should be very thankful to have his brothers still alive. For no one cared very much what little David Crockett thought or how he felt.

He was left to take care of himself. No one coaxed him through the mysteries of the alphabet, no one sang him to sleep, or taught him to lisp a prayer.

His hard-working father and mother did not wish to be troubled with children's quarrels. Each one was allowed to fight his own battles. As David had several brothers older than himself, he learned early to stand up for his rights with voice and fist.

He usually had his own way with the boys; for when he did not, he made a great trouble about it, and they found it easier to give up to the headstrong youngster than to oppose him.

His mother scolded him when he bothered her. His father whipped him if he did not mind. The only commandments the boy knew, were: "Mind your father," and, "Don't bother your mother."

David Crockett's first home was a poor little floorless log hut near the present village of Limestone in East Tennessee. There he was born on the 17th of August, 1786, and there he was living at the time of the incident of which I have told you.

The cabin was a comfortless place, with nothing in it to make life cheerful and happy. But David had never known anything better, and so he enjoyed himself, in his own way, as well as though he were living in a palace.

His father was a restless man, never satisfied to remain long in one place; and in a short time the old home was abandoned, and the family moved to another about fifty miles farther west.

Thus the Crocketts went about from one part of Tennessee to another, seldom staying in any one locality longer than two or three years. Wherever they went the wild, wooded country was beautiful. But the shanties in which they lived were always dark and dismal. David spent most of the time out of doors and grew to be a rugged and active boy.

He had a strong will and generally succeeded in doing whatever seemed worth while. He thought it worth while to make his play fellows do as he wished. They looked upon him as their leader and liked him.

On the other hand he had learned that it was not worth while to displease his father. He therefore did his best at any work that his father told him to do. Mr. Crockett thought David a handy boy and found plenty of small jobs to keep him busy.

II.—A Homesick Boy.

When David Crockett was twelve years old his father kept an inn on a forest road where teamsters stopped for food and rest.

One evening David came in whistling. He knew by the wagons outside that there were guests at the house, and he was sure of a good supper. He noticed that everybody stopped talking and looked at him as he entered. He glanced at his mother, who was working over the fire with tearful eyes. Then he saw that his father was dropping silver pieces into his drawer with a look of satisfaction.

He listened with a fast beating heart while his father explained that a driver had hired him to help drive his cattle to market and told him to be ready in the morning to start to Virginia with his new master. A great lump rose in his throat and he found it hard to talk. His mother piled his plate with good things, but he could not eat. The thought of going so far from home among strangers gave him a queer, lonely feeling.

On that other day, long before, when his brothers had left him alone on the shore, he was angry and wished to punish them. But now he had no idea of objecting to his father's order and he knew better than to make a scene. He struggled manfully with his feelings and kept back the tears.

That was in 1798, and there were then few roads or bridges between East Tennessee and Virginia. A four hundred mile tramp over mountainous land was a hardship for even so strong a boy as David Crockett.

Our little hero often got cold and tired and hungry. He was glad when night came. Then after a hearty supper of wild turkey or venison he would throw himself upon a bed of dry leaves and sleep, and dream of home.

The journey ended a few miles from the Natural Bridge in Virginia. David's master was pleased with the work he had done and was kind to him. In addition to what he had paid Mr. Crockett he gave the boy six dollars. No plan had been made for David's return. His employer wanted him to stay with him, and offered to do well by him. But David was so homesick that no place seemed good to him without his father and mother and sisters and brothers.

One day when he was alone he saw some teamsters traveling west. He knew them, for they had once or twice stopped at his father's inn. He begged them to take him home. They were afraid they would get into trouble if they did so without asking his employer; but they felt sorry for him and promised to let him go with them if he would join them at daybreak the next morning at a tavern seven miles up the road.

That night David tied his clothes into a little bundle and went to bed, but not to sleep. He was so happy thinking of going home, and so fearful lest he might oversleep, that he could not close his eyes. In the middle of the night he got up and left the house while every one was fast asleep.

When he opened the door large snowflakes blew against his cheeks. It was dark, but he could see that the ground had a heavy coating of white and the snow was falling fast. This would make his tramp harder. But he had no idea of giving up.

Blinded by the snow and the darkness, he stumbled along toward the highway. He was afraid lest some one should find out that he had left and follow him. When he reached the road he felt safe, for he thought they would not follow far in the dark, and in the morning his tracks would be filled with snow so that they would not know which way he had gone.

With a lighter heart he trudged along in the night and the storm, and reached the tavern a little before daylight. The men were already up and harnessing the horses. They were surprised to see the lad wading through snow almost up to his knees. They warmed and fed him, and then the party started in the gray dawn.

David made himself so helpful that he won the good will of the men, and they wished to keep him in their company all the way. But the heavy wagons moved too slowly for the impatient boy. When within two hundred miles of home he left his friends and set out on foot alone through the wilderness.

Just before he reached a large river he was overtaken by a man riding in his direction. This man was leading a horse and kindly invited the small adventurer to mount it. David continued in the care of this good-hearted man until within twenty miles of home. There their ways separated and David hurried to his father's house as fast as his nimble feet could carry him.

In this adventure the boy showed the energy and determination that in later life won for him the title of "Go-ahead-Crockett."

III.—A Runaway.

David stayed at home that summer and helped his father. In the following autumn a school was opened in the neighborhood. The settlers were glad to give their children a chance to learn to read and write. The young people, large and small, gathered in the log schoolhouse, where the new schoolmaster set them to work to learn their letters. David was one of the pupils.

The first day he watched, in wide-eyed wonder, everything that was done. Then he grew tired of school and thought it very stupid to sit still all day and study. Most of the

people whom he knew were unable to read and write, and he did not see why he need know more than they did. It seemed to him much more manly to be at work. However, he persevered for four days, and was beginning to make some headway with the alphabet, when his school education was brought to a sudden check.

He had a quarrel with one of the school boys. The two boys had a fight on the way home from school. Although the other was the older and the larger boy, David proved to be the stronger. He bruised and scratched his foe unmercifully, and the next day he was afraid to go back to school, lest the teacher should find out about it and punish him.

For several days he left home in the morning with his brothers, but went to the woods instead of to school. Most of the boys liked him too well to tell his father, and the others were afraid of displeasing him. Finally the schoolmaster wrote a note to Mr. Crockett to ask why David did not come to school.

When the severe father learned that David had played truant for fear of a whipping, he said he would give him a harder thrashing than any he had ever dreamed of if he did not go back to school. As David refused to obey, he cut a heavy hickory stick and started after him in a rage.

The boy outran his half-drunken father, and hid till the latter gave up the chase. He felt well satisfied with his escape; but when he began to be hungry he was afraid to go home. He remembered how easily he had made friends among strangers, and decided to run away.

He went to the house of a man who he knew was about to take a drove of cattle to Virginia. As David had had experience in this kind of work, the man very willingly hired him to go with him. When the work was done, instead of returning to Tennessee, the boy found other employment.

He went as far east as Baltimore and engaged to work on a ship bound for London. The wagoner, whom he was with at

the time, was a sensible man and would not let him go to sea. This seemed to David great cruelty, for he did not know what a miserable, friendless little drudge he would have been on the ship.

Compelled to stay on land, he wandered from place to place working on farms, driving cattle, and tending horses. It was never hard for him to make friends or get work. He was a cheerful, jolly boy; every one liked him, and he was so lively and industrious that his work always gave satisfaction. But, work as he would, he could not make more than enough to feed and clothe himself. And new friends and new scenes could not make the faithful boy forget old ones.

He often thought of home, but his father, with a hickory stick, was the most prominent figure in the home picture, and he could not make up his mind to go back. If his father had been angry with him for running away from school, how much more angry would he be with him for running away from home! He was fifteen years old before his longing to see home and friends overcame his dread of punishment.

When at last he came in sight of the familiar little inn after his long absence, he saw wagons before the door. He knew strangers were there and the idea occurred to him to ask for a night's lodging as if he were a passing traveler. He was curious to see if any one would recognize him.

When he went in, the men were lounging before the fire, and the women were getting supper. He sat in the shadow of the chimney corner and took no part in the conversation.

When they went to the supper-table the women gave their attention to their guests, and David could not escape the sharp eyes of his eldest sister. She looked at him keenly for a moment, then jumped up and rushed at him, crying: "Here is my long lost brother."

There was great rejoicing over the returned runaway. When he found how glad all were to see him again, and when he realized how great grief his mother and sisters had suffered,

he felt humbled and ashamed. He saw that it would have been more manly to stay home and take his punishment than to make others suffer so much; and he wished that he had done so.

It is needless to say that in his joy at the homecoming of his big boy, the father forgot the threatened whipping.

IV.—A Hired Hand.

The law of Tennessee required a man to give his son a home and support until he was eighteen years old. In return for that the son's time, labor, and money were under the control of his father.

David Crockett had shown that he could take care of himself. He had unlearned the lesson of childhood, "Mind your father"; and Mr. Crockett saw that it would be hard to keep him at home unless he chose to stay. So he promised to give him his liberty if he would work out a debt of thirty-six dollars which he owed to one of the neighbors.

David was ready to do that. He went at once to the man and agreed to work for six months in payment of his father's debt. He worked faithfully, never missing a day for half a year. At the end of that time he was his own master. His father had no more right to his time or labor.

The youth had no money, but he was capable of making his own way. The man for whom he had been working wished to keep him. But he refused to work longer for him, because the men who met at his place were men of bad habits and character, and he did not wish to become like them.

He went to an old Quaker farmer and asked for employment. The Quaker allowed him to work on trial for a week. Then, being satisfied with his services, he told the boy that if he would work for him six months he would cancel a debt of forty dollars that Mr. Crockett owed him.

David thought it over. He was not responsible for his father's debts. He had done his duty; and his father expected nothing more of him. Surely he owed nothing to the man who had hired him out when he was twelve years old to work among strangers, and who in drunken fury had driven him from home. But he was a generous boy, and the thought of giving his old father a pleasant surprise pleased him so much that he accepted the Quaker's offer.

For another six months he worked hard and faithfully without even visiting his home, though he was only fifteen miles away from it. At the end of that time the Quaker gave him his father's note for the forty dollars. Then he felt proud as a king.

One Sunday afternoon he brushed his hair and his old clothes, borrowed a horse, and rode over to his home. The family gave him a warm welcome. He was now the family pet. He had traveled so much and had so many interesting experiences to relate that even his father listened with respect to his conversation. Then, too, he was his own master, making his own living; and that made them all feel proud of him.

As they sat chattering about various things he took out the note and handed it to his father. The old man looked at it with a troubled face. He thought David had been sent to collect the money. He shook his head sadly, and said he didn't have the money and could not see how he could get it. That was a proud and happy moment for David, but he tried to speak carelessly: "You needn't bother about the money. The note's paid. I paid it myself and just brought it to you for a present."

The hard old man knew that he had not been a very good father to David, and he was so moved by this undeserved kindness that he shed tears. When David saw his father so overcome by his generosity he felt repaid for his six months' labor.

He had now worked a year for his father, and, as he had

had no money in all that time, his clothes were nearly worn out and too small for him. So he bargained to work for the Quaker for a suit of clothes.

While he was doing that, a niece of the Quaker came to the house on a visit. She was a pretty girl and David fell in love with her. When he told her so, and asked her to marry him, she said she had promised to marry her cousin. The poor boy thought he never could be happy again. He could not be gay and light hearted. He became dissatisfied with himself. He thought that if he had had some education the Quaker girl would have liked him better, and so he decided to go to school.

He was seventeen years old, but had never attended school but four days in his life. He did not even know his letters. The Quaker was willing to give him his board and allow him four days a week for school if he would work for him the rest of the time.

Poor David was a big fellow to start to school. But it was not unusual to find boys of his age in the A, B, C class at that time; for there were few schools, and many boys, like David, had had no chance to go to school when they were children. He tried hard and in time learned to write his name, to read from the primer, and to work problems in addition, subtraction and multiplication. But he made slow progress and liked active life better than study.

In the course of time he forgot his disappointment and began to enjoy life again. He was fond of fun and enjoyed dances, harvest frolics, and such rude backwoods amusements. He liked to hunt and was considered one of the best shots in the neighborhood. It was much easier for him to hit the center spot of a target than to get the correct answer to a problem in subtraction.

One of his keenest pleasures was a shooting match. The good Quaker with whom he lived did not approve of this pastime, but David and the young men of his time thought

there was no better sport.

When a farmer wished to raise a little money he would put up one of his fine cattle to be shot for. Tickets were sold for twenty-five cents each, and one man could buy as many as he wished. Bach ticket entitled the owner to one shot. Boards with crosses in the center served for targets. Every young man who could get a gun came to try his luck in winning a portion of the beef.

The one who shot nearest the center was given the hide and tallow; the next got his choice of the hindquarters of the beef; the third got the other hindquarter; the fourth was given his choice of the forequarters; the fifth took the remaining forequarter; and the sixth got the lead in the tree against which they shot.

David was very successful. He sometimes bought several tickets and won not only the first but several other portions of the beef. He could easily sell the meat for money. And you may be sure a youth who worked so hard and was paid so little was glad to hear silver clinking in his own pockets.

V.—A Householder.

In all the country there was no young man more popular than David Crockett. The old people liked him because he was honest, kindhearted, and industrious. The boys thought him the best company in the world, for no one could tell such a funny story, or invent such prime jokes. The girls admired him very much; for they liked to dance with the graceful youth who wore his tattered buckskin suit with the air of a prince.

It is not surprising that after several disappointments he at last found a pretty little Irish girl about his own age, who loved him so much that she did not object to his poverty. His only possessions were the clothes on his back and an old horse

he had bought with half a year's work. But he felt so rich in the love of the little maid that he did not think that the possession of houses and lands was at all necessary to happiness.

After the wedding David took his bride to his father's house, where a large company had gathered to welcome the young couple. They stayed there for a few days, and then returned to the bride's mother, who gave them a spinning wheel and two cows and calves for a wedding present. David rented a cabin and a few acres of ground near by and started farming.

He had the horse and cows to begin with, but no furniture or tools. They could make chairs and tables and beds; and as for a stove there was no need of that, for everybody cooked by the fireplace in those days. The Crocketts' cabin was better fitted up than that of most young couples of that neighborhood.

David's former employer, the Quaker, gave him fifteen dollars. This seemed like great wealth to David and his young bride. They went to the store together and bought pans, dishes, tools, and such other things as they needed, but could not make; and they soon had a cozy home.

The little housewife was a beautiful weaver and her fingers were never idle. David worked on the farm and sometimes went hunting, but he had a hard time to make enough to pay his rent.

A good many families were moving further west, and David Crockett thought it would be a sensible thing for him to move also. It would be pleasanter to support his family by hunting than by farming. Game was, of course, more plentiful in the more unsettled parts of the state.

It was little harder for people who lived as he did to move from one home to another than it is for Indians or Arabs to change their dwelling places. The few household articles worth moving could be packed on two or three horses. The wife and the small children were made comfortable on the

back of some old nag. The rest of the family could walk. Wagons were sometimes used; and in some places where roads had been made through the wilderness, long trains of movers might be seen making their way slowly towards the unsettled west.

In fair weather the travelers spent the night under the open sky by a camp-fire, with perhaps a watchman to keep off wolves and mountain wildcats. If it rained a rude shed was made of tree boughs. A tender wild turkey browned over the wood fire furnished the hungry wayfarers with a delicious repast. When a spot was found that seemed good for a home, it required but a few days' work to clear a garden patch and make a "camp" or hut of logs. In this way David Crockett moved several times.

Hunting was then as profitable an occupation as farming, especially for a poor man who did not have money enough to buy good farming implements and stock. Young Crockett was a fine hunter, and, after moving to his new home, he spent most of the time in scouring the woods for choice game or in dressing skins. The fame of his woodcraft and marksmanship spread through all that part of the country.

This seems to us a shiftless way to live, but it was the best way those poor backwoodsmen knew. We are glad they could be happy and contented with so little. We shall find that they were intelligent and brave, as well. When Crockett was living in Franklin County, Tennessee, trouble broke out between the Creek Indians and the white people. The Indians suddenly attacked the settlement at Fort Minns, in southern Alabama, and murdered about four hundred people. Men, women, and children were killed without mercy. This happened far away from Crockett's home in Tennessee. He had no friends there to write to him about it. He had no daily paper and there was no telegraph then. But one man told another, and not many days passed before the lonely settlers on the remote frontier were talking over the terrible deed

with fear and anger.

David Crockett had always been opposed to war, but he was one of the first to volunteer to fight the Indians. When he told his wife that he was going to the war she urged him not to leave her and her two little children alone in the wilderness. It was hard for him to withstand her tears and entreaties. But he told her that no pioneers, not even they themselves, would be safe unless the Indians were punished. He reminded her that there was a good supply of meat and corn, sufficient to last till his return; and he said that he would probably be back safe and sound in two months.

He did his best to comfort her, but never wavered in his determination to do what seemed as much his duty as any other man's. He could talk well, and his wife, who was really a brave, sensible woman, was soon won over to think as he did. Each went to work to provide for the other's comfort during the separation.

VI.—A Soldier.

The Tennessee boys proved to be the heroes of the war with the Creek Indians. In that war Crockett did good service as a private soldier. He liked adventure, change of scene, and excitement, and the war offered these. Because of his skill with the rifle and knowledge of forest travel he was chosen as a member of a scouting party.

This little band of men went before the army to see where the Indians were and what they were doing. The country was unknown to them, and they were in danger of falling into an ambush of Indians. It was hard to find the silent, swift-footed foe. But the scouts were helped by some of the Cherokee Indians who were friendly to the whites.

When the scouts found a Creek village they sent word to the army. If the town was deserted when the soldiers reached

it they plundered and burned it. But sometimes the soldiers came upon the towns before the inhabitants knew they were near. Then the troops surrounded the surprised Indians. The Indians usually tried to break through the line of soldiers, and sometimes did so. But generally the fire from the guns was so terrible that the Indians were driven back. They then rushed frantically against another part of the wall of soldiers, only to meet the same deadly fire.

At one time when so many of the Indians had fallen in this way that there was no hope of escape, the women and children asked for mercy and were made prisoners. But the warriors were too proud for that. Nearly forty of them crowded into a log house hoping to fight from that shelter. But the soldiers set fire to it and burned them, or shot them as they ran from the flames.

The white people were so infuriated against the Creeks that they treated them as if they were wild beasts. Detachments of soldiers were sent out to scour the country for Creeks and destroy them by fair means or foul.

While our soldiers caused great suffering they had a very hard time themselves. At times the Indians surprised them. Once the famous General Jackson himself was almost defeated by them. But the enemy that gave the United States soldiers the most trouble was hunger. They were in the south far from any source of supplies. Before deserting a town the Indians destroyed their crops and provisions so that they would not fall into the hands of the white men. Therefore the soldiers got no food from the country through which they traveled. At times they had nothing to eat but acorns. Their horses became thin and feeble, and the men were nearly starved.

David Crockett was not less cruel than others to the Creek Indians. But he did much to relieve the hardships of his fellow soldiers. He was always ready with a hearty laugh and a funny story to rouse their drooping spirits. By nature

strong, patient, and generous, he was able and willing to help those less fortunate than himself.

Often he got permission to go hunting and risked his life alone in the forest. Men offered him large sums for the squirrels and wild fowls he brought back. But he refused their offers. He might have gained favor with his officers by giving them his game. Instead he gave all to some sick soldier or divided freely with his messmates.

His popularity with the men, his good common sense and ability, might have secured him promotion to the rank of an officer, had it not been for the independent way in which he sometimes conducted himself.

At one time, becoming dissatisfied with the way in which the captain divided the scant provisions, he led his mess off in the night. It was a good thing for the starving men, for they found plenty of fat turkeys and some bee trees full of honey. The party rejoined the army with a fine buck, and just at the same time some men from the settlements arrived with a supply of corn.

Crockett was one of the men who went home in spite of Jackson's order to stay in the field. The volunteers had served one month longer than the time for which they had enlisted. Their clothing was in tatters and their horses almost worn out.

But Crockett was also one of the few who went back to the war. After visiting his family he supplied himself with new clothes and a fresh horse and returned to the army to serve six months.

In all he enlisted three times. The Indians were then so subdued that there were no more battles. Soldiering became very uneventful and uninteresting. Then Crockett was glad to go back to his cabin on the western frontier.

VII.—A Leading Citizen.

After so much roaming about, David Crockett was at last content to settle down to the quiet life of a farmer. For two years he worked away happily enough. Then a great sorrow came into his life. His wife died, and all the cheer and comfort that had made home sweet to this restless man left the little cabin and it seemed a very poor place.

There was no one now to object to his going to war; no one to welcome him when he came home. He missed the busy hum of the spinning-wheel. The room she had kept so tidy refused to look neat. The children were forlorn and dirty. They cried, and he could not comfort them. They quarreled, and he could not settle their disputes. He saw that he could not fill their mother's place.

He felt helpless and homeless and began to think it would be best for him to marry again. This time he did not select a gay, dancing, rosy-cheeked girl, but a sensible, kindly woman, a widow with two children of her own.

After his marriage, he wished to move again and start afresh. Having been pleased with the country he had passed through during the war, he organized a little party of friends and they started out to explore. When far from home in the wilderness he was taken ill with malarial fever.

He did not lack for good care and kind, if clumsy, nursing. Those were days of true hospitality. The pioneer living alone in the forest had no neighbor on whom he could shift the responsibility of caring for the needy stranger. The sick man was received at the home of a backwoodsman and taken care of. He was ill for a long time. When he reached home at last even his wife was surprised to find that he was still alive.

Soon after his recovery he moved to a famous hunting-ground in southwestern Tennessee that had been purchased from the Indians. At first there was no law or local

government in the new settlement, and none was needed; for the few people who lived there were honest and industrious. But as the fame of the district grew, great numbers of settlers came.

Some of these settlers were selfish and ready to take advantage of the weak. Some were wicked men who had come west to escape punishment and find new victims to cheat. With such characters in the settlement trouble began, and some sort of government was needed to protect the good from the bad.

The settlers met and chose officers to take charge of affairs. They selected good men and left them free to do whatever they thought was right. Thus the officers had great power. David Crockett was one of them. When word was brought to him that a man had stolen, or had refused to pay a debt, or had injured another in any way, he sent his constable after the offender. He listened attentively to both sides of the story. If he found the accused guilty he had him punished.

Sometimes the punishments were very severe and humiliating. Whipping was very common. One of the most frequent crimes was pig-stealing. The pigs were marked and turned loose in the woods. They were an easy and tempting prey for the hungry man.

During the time David Crockett served as officer no one ever questioned the justice of his decisions. He knew nothing about law. He could scarcely write his name; but he had a great deal of shrewdness and common sense, and he understood the men among whom he lived.

Later, when the settlement was recognized by the state, Crockett was appointed "squire" by the legislature. The work of his office became more formal. He had to keep a book and write out warrants for arrests. At first he had to ask the constable for help in this. But now that he saw a use for writing he tried hard to learn and soon was able to write his own

warrants and keep his own books.

When David Crockett started to do anything he was pretty sure to "go ahead." That was true of him in his boyhood when he ran away from his employer to go home, and again when he ran away from school and home. When he was older and began to work he went steadily ahead and gave his father double service. Then, as hunter and marksman, he had won distinction as the bravest and most skillful. In the wars, his neighbors had been satisfied with two months of service, but he had enlisted three times. As a pioneer he had moved again and again; keeping always in the vanguard of civilization.

It was still his disposition to make the most of his opportunities, and having gained some prominence among the settlers he became ambitious. He borrowed money and built a large grist mill, distillery, and powder factory. He was very popular among the backwoodsmen and was made colonel of a regiment of militia. He was ever afterwards called "Colonel" Crockett.

His friends urged him to be a candidate to represent his district in the state legislature. He consented and gave his name as a candidate in February. In March he went to North Carolina with a drove of horses, and was gone three months.

When he returned home he went to work to secure his election. He knew nothing about government. He did not even know the meaning of the word. But he knew that the men who did the voting understood as little about governmental affairs as he did. He knew also that most of them were willing to elect a man whom they could trust to take care of their political interests. So he sought to be popular with the voters. His reputation as a hunter, his ability to tell laughable stories, and his timely "treats" did more to win the good will of the voters than his rival's learned speeches. He was successful from the first.

At that time people came from far and near to the political meetings and had a good time. The first one that Colonel

Crockett took part in was held in Heckman County. Both parties joined in a squirrel hunt that lasted two days. After the hunt, they were to have a great feast in the open air, and the party that got the smallest number of squirrels had to pay all of the expense. Crockett shot many squirrels in that hunt and his party brought in the largest number.

The feast was to be followed by dancing, but as they lingered at the tables talking, some one called for a speech. Both candidates were present, but Crockett was called for first. This was new business for him. He had never paid any attention to public speeches and did not know how to begin. He felt ill at ease and made excuses. But all clamored for a speech, and his rival was especially eager, for he knew Crockett was an ignorant man, and he wished to see him fail.

Perceiving that he could not escape, he mounted the stump of an old forest tree and began. He told the people bluntly that he had come to get their votes and that if they didn't watch out he would get them too. Then he could think of no more to say. After making two or three vain attempts to go on with his speech he gave it up, saying that he was like a man he had heard about who was beating on the head of an empty barrel by the road. A traveler passing by asked him what he was doing that for. He answered that there was some cider in the barrel a few days before, and he was trying to see if it was there yet. Crockett said that he was in the same fix. There had been a little bit of a speech in him a few minutes ago, but he couldn't get at it. At this the people all laughed. Then he told several funny stories.

Seeing that he had made a good impression, he stopped. As he got down from the stump he remarked to those around him that he wasn't used to speaking, and his throat was so dry that he thought it was about time to take a drink. His friends gathered about him and he entertained them in true backwoods fashion, while his rival was left to make his speech to a slim audience.

Before Crockett was called on to speak again he had the good fortune to hear several strong speeches on both sides. In that way he acquired some political ideas which he was able to mix with his funny stories in such a way as to make a very popular stump speech. When election day came there was good evidence of his success. He received twice as many votes as his competitor.

He had a quick, active mind and, by listening to discussions and debates in the legislature, Crockett soon knew as much about public affairs as the other members. He was not at all timid, and spoke frequently.

His wit, his easy, familiar manners, his blunt, straightforward ways, gained him many friends and admirers. He could argue as well with funny stories as most men could with sharp words.

When the session closed and the members went to their homes in various parts of the state, they repeated his stories, and the name of "Davy Crockett" became known all over Tennessee.

VIII.—A Bear Hunter.

A heavy misfortune befell Colonel Crockett while he was in the legislature. His mills were washed away by a spring flood. He was obliged to sell all the property he had left to pay what he owed on the mills. Then he resolved to make another start in the world.

With his little boy and a young man, he went farther west to look for a suitable location. He found a place that seemed to be what he wanted, on the Obion River not far from the Mississippi. The traveler was reminded by the yawning cracks in the earth, that a great earthquake had visited that section. There had also been a great storm or hurricane there not long before, and the fallen timber made a good retreat for bears.

The region was almost uninhabited; but many Indians came there to hunt. It was wild enough to suit any hunter's fancy, and Crockett began to make preparations for the coming of his family.

With the help of some passing boatmen who were taking a cargo of provisions up the river he hastily built a cabin. The men had to wait for the river to rise to take their boat up the shallow stream. They helped Crockett build his house and gave him some provisions, such as meal, salt, and sugar. In return for this, he went with them up the river and helped them unload their boat.

He then went back to his new dwelling. He spent some time hunting deer and bears, clearing a garden, planting and tending his corn, and making rude furniture. When all was ready he returned for his wife and children.

It seemed like old times to live in a little forest cabin, miles from any other white family, depending on the hunt for food and clothes. But since poverty made it necessary to live so humbly, David Crockett could take up the old life cheerfully. His patience and fortitude were as well displayed in the small things of life as in the great.

That winter his supply of powder gave out. It was time to hunt. Then, too, Christmas was coming and the most glorious part of the Christmas celebration was the firing of Christmas guns. Clearly he must have some powder.

There was a keg full of powder that belonged to him at his brother-in-law's, who had settled about six miles from him. But the river was between them, and the country was flooded by the fall rains. In order to reach that keg of powder he would have to wade through water for a mile. There were four inches of snow on the ground, and the water was almost freezing cold.

His wife begged him not to go. But it was of no use. He cut a stout stick to feel the way, so that he should not fall into a ravine or hole, and started. He waded through water almost

up to his waist. Once in crossing a deep place on a floating log he fell into water neck deep. He was so cold that there was scarcely any feeling in his limbs. He tried to run when he got out of the water, but found that he could scarcely walk. Still he struggled on through five miles of rough forest, and at last reached his journey's end.

After hot drinks and a night's rest, he awoke refreshed and well. A thin coat of ice was forming over the water, and he waited two days hoping it would become strong enough to bear his weight. The ice was not so heavy as he had hoped, but he knew that his wife would worry about him and that his children were without meat, and so he shouldered his keg of powder and went ahead.

In some places the ice was thick enough to support him, but he could never tell at what moment or in how deep water it would break. When he fell through he had to take his tomahawk and cut a path for himself through the thin ice.

He reached home safe, and you may be sure the Crockett family fired a merry salute to Christmas that year and feasted on juicy steaks of bear's meat and plump wild turkey.

Bear hunting was Colonel Crockett's favorite sport. In one year he killed one hundred and five bears. The meat was considered a great delicacy, and bearskins were very useful to the hunter and brought a good price in the market.

Then there was enough danger and excitement in hunting those great ferocious creatures to suit Crockett. He had several dogs, scarred like old soldiers from many a battle with the bears. They loved the sport as well as he did. He would tramp through the woods with Betsey (as he called his gun) on his shoulder, and Tiger, Rattler, and the rest of his dogs at his heels, until one of them got the scent of a bear. Then off it would go, followed by the others barking in full chorus. Crockett hurried after them, guided by their barking, and usually found them at the foot of the tree in which old bruin had taken refuge.

He took careful aim, fired, and the great creature would come tumbling to the ground, sometimes dead—usually wounded. Then while the hunter was reloading his gun the nimble dogs would beset the enraged animal, biting it here and there but keeping out of the way of its sharp teeth and strong paws.

If the bear was small the dogs would not give it a chance to climb a tree, but would attack and pull it down before their master came up. In that case he would slip up quietly, put the muzzle of the gun against the bear and shoot, or draw his hunting knife and plunge it into his prize.

He then went home, marking the trees with his tomahawk so that he could find his way back with horses and men. The skin was dressed and the choice parts of the flesh were dried or salted down for food.

The bear often led the dogs and men a hard chase through the thick cane and underbrush, and a faint-hearted hunter would call off his dogs in despair. Crockett rarely gave up. Occasionally he followed the game so far that he had to stay out in the woods alone all night.

Once after a long chase he succeeded in killing a bear in the dark with his hunting knife after a hard tussle. Then he spent the rest of the night in climbing a tree and sliding down it to keep from freezing to death.

In the winter time the bears go into winter quarters. They usually choose some place very hard to reach, like a hole in a dense canebrake or a hollow tree. Then the dogs worry them out of their snug quarters to some place where the men can shoot and handle them conveniently.

Colonel Crockett did not spend all his time hunting bears in the cane. He was engaged in numerous enterprises to increase his wealth; but none of them was successful. Once he tried to make some money by taking two boat loads of staves down the Mississippi to market. But his men were unacquainted with the river. They could not manage the big boats.

They had an accident, and Crockett lost his boats and his staves.

IX.—A Congressman.

David Crockett had gone into the wilderness to get a new start. He was not the man to lie around and wait for a job to turn up. He was poor and must earn a living. As he was a good hunter he found a hunting ground and went to work. He did it simply and naturally, without any idea of attracting attention by it.

But this move made him more prominent than ever. People remembered the odd man who could tell such sound truths in such laughable stories and usually had his way and gained his point with a joke. When they asked what had become of him they were told that he was "hunting bears out in the cane." Then followed thrilling stories of his narrow escapes and the great bears he had taken. When he went to market to sell his skins people crowded around to see them and to hear his stories.

It was no wonder that his friends wanted to send him a second time to the legislature. The opposing candidate was a man of some wealth and culture known as Dr. Butler. He lived in a frame house, and in his best room had a carpet which covered the middle part of the floor.

The pioneers of that region had never seen a carpet and were ignorant of its use. One day the doctor invited some of them, whose votes he hoped to get, to come in for a friendly talk. They accepted his invitation, but could hardly be persuaded to set their feet on the wonderful carpet. They soon went away in no pleasant humor.

"That man Butler," they said, "called us into his house and spread down one of his finest bed quilts for us to walk on. He only wanted to make a show. Do you think we'll vote for

him? Not much! Davy Crockett's the man for us. He ain't a bit proud. He lives in a log cabin without any glass for his windows, and without any floor but the dry ground. He's the best hunter in the world, and a first-rate man all round. We'll vote for him."

And so the man of the people carried the day. At the election he had a majority of two hundred and forty-seven votes—and this was a great victory in that sparsely peopled district.

His friends were now so proud of their "bear-hunter from the cane" that they wanted to send him to Washington to represent them in the national Congress.

The first time he ran for that office he was defeated. He was bitterly disappointed. But he did not lose confidence in himself or in his friends. He said the election had been conducted unfairly. When the time for the next Congressional election came around he tried again.

Crockett had two opponents, Colonel Alexander and General Arnold. Each was more afraid of the other than of Crockett. On one occasion all three had to make speeches. Crockett spoke first and made a short, witty speech. Colonel Alexander then made a long political speech. When Arnold spoke he made no reference to Crockett's speech, but discussed all the points made by Alexander. While he was speaking a flock of guinea-fowls came near and made such a noise that he stopped and asked that they be driven away. When he had finished, Crockett went up to him and said in a loud voice: "Well, Colonel, I see you understand the language of fowls. You did not have the politeness to name me in your speech, and when my little friends, the guinea fowls, came up and began to holler 'Crockett, Crockett, Crockett!' you were ungenerous enough to drive *them* away."

This amused the spectators very much, and they went away laughing and talking about Crockett's cleverness, and all forgot the long speeches of the other candidates.

On election day Crockett was chosen by a large majority to represent one hundred thousand people in our national Congress.

His fame had gone before him to the capital and he found himself the center of observation. He had too much self-respect to feel uncomfortable or shy in his new surroundings. He was himself under all circumstances, and did not affect the manners of others. He saw that he differed from the men about him in many ways; but what of that? Their manners suited their lives and were the outgrowth of their habits; they were like the people they represented. His manners suited his life; they were the outgrowth of his habits; he was like the people he represented. He had nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, he was proud of himself.

However, when the president of the United States invited him to dinner, the thought occurred to him that the table-manners of a huntsman, used to dining on a log in the forest, might not fit the presidential dining table. But he decided to watch the others and "go ahead."

Of course the newspapers made a great many jokes about the uncouth manners of the backwoodsman and held him up for ridicule. But most of the jokes were made in the spirit of fun and only served to whet the curiosity of the readers, and make them wish to know more of the "gentleman from the cane," as he was called.

At the close of his first term Crockett was re-elected. This time he gave the newspapers more to talk about than his bad manners. He had been sent to Congress by a people who regarded Andrew Jackson as their hero. Crockett had served under Jackson in the Indian wars and had been a Jackson man. But when Jackson was elected president, Crockett did not think some of his measures right and voted against them. He knew this would displease most of the men who had sent him to Congress, but he said he would not be bound by any man or party to do what he thought was wrong. By this time

he was well acquainted with public questions, and had strong convictions as to his duty. He was independent of parties and men in his views.

He was a candidate for the next election, but his turning against Jackson had made him so unpopular that, much to his disappointment, he was defeated.

X.—A Traveler.

After two years more of hunting in the backwoods, David Crockett was again returned to Congress by his district. It was during this term that he made his famous tour of the north-eastern states.

He started in the spring of 1834 and visited most of the large cities. On this trip he saw a train of railroad cars for the first time. This is his description of it:

"This was a clean new sight to me; about a dozen big stages hung to one machine, and to start up hill. After a good deal of fuss we all got seated and moved slowly off; the engine wheezing as if she had the tizzick. By and by she began to take short breaths, and away we went with a blue streak after us. The whole distance is seventeen miles and it was run in fifty-five minutes."

Crockett received a warm welcome at Philadelphia. Thousands of people were at the wharf to meet him. When he stepped from the boat he was greeted with cheers and the waving of hats. Men came forward with outstretched hands, saying: "Give me the hand of an honest man."

Colonel Crockett was not a modest man, but he was surprised and a little overcome by this reception. They put him into a fine carriage drawn by four horses, and drove him to a hotel. There was another crowd there, calling for a speech. He was so surprised that he could not make a long speech then, but after a few pleasant remarks he promised the people

to talk to them on the following day if they cared to hear him.

He received calls from many distinguished citizens. On the next day, when he stood before a vast crowd and looked into the expectant, friendly faces, he felt abashed for a moment. But some one shouted: "Go ahead, Davy Crockett." The sound of his old watchword gave him courage and he went ahead and made a speech that did him credit.

Some of the citizens presented him with a watch chain and seal. On the seal were engraved two race horses at full speed. Above them were the words "Go ahead." The young Whigs of Philadelphia gave him a fine rifle.

He was received with great kindness in New York and Boston, where he was invited to banquets made in his honor, and taken around to see the sights of those great cities. At each of the places he made short speeches, greatly to the entertainment of his hearers. Harvard University had recently conferred the degree of LL.D. upon President Jackson; and when Crockett was in Boston, he was invited to pay a visit to that famous seat of learning.

"There were some gentlemen," he says, "who invited me to go to Cambridge, where the big college or university is, where they keep ready-made titles or nicknames to give to people. I would not go, for I did not know but they might stick an LL.D. on me before they let me go…. Knowing that I had never taken any degree, and did not own to any—except a small degree of good sense not to pass for what I was not—I would not go it. There had been one doctor made from Tennessee already, and I had no wish to put on the cap and bells. I told them that I would not go to this branding school; I did not want to be tarred with the same stick; one dignitary was enough from Tennessee."

Crockett was astonished at the comfort and elegance of the homes of the eastern people, especially in New England where the land was so poor. For he was used to measuring people's wealth by the richness of their land. The extensive

shipping business of the coast cities was new to him and filled him with wonder.

His eyes were open to all that was strange or new. He noticed the New York fire department, which was a great improvement on the bucket system to which he was accustomed. On visiting the blind asylum he was astonished to find that the blind were taught to read. Even the distribution of work seemed strange. It looked very queer to him to see New England women working in the factories and New England men milking cows.

Crockett visited several other cities. He found friends wherever he went, and he always left more than he found. He had many warm sympathizers and admirers in the northeast because of the stand he had taken against President Jackson.

Some people were curious to see him because they had heard so much about him. He did not disappoint the curious. He could shoot as wonderfully as rumor had reported. His stories were as ludicrous and his grammar was as bad as any one had imagined. But at the same time his sense and sincerity won the good will and respect of those who laughed.

He went back to Washington pleased with the East and the eastern people, and well satisfied with himself.

At the close of the session he returned to his Tennessee cabin to work for his re-election, proud of the honors he had received and sure of more to come.

XI.—A Daring Adventurer.

David Crockett was greeted at all the large towns he passed through by crowds of people. They always wanted a speech and he was always ready to make one; for his head was full of ideas on public questions. He said some wise things. Men called him a great man and said he would be president some day. No doubt he thought that they were right. But in

the meantime a seat in Congress was worth working for and much more certain.

He made tours of his district, speaking to the people more earnestly than ever before. Though he knew that his enemies were working hard against him he felt sure of success. When the news came that he was defeated, he was almost crushed with disappointment. He was so deeply interested in politics, and so much better fitted for the position than ever before. It seemed cruel that, just at the time he felt most ready to help and be of real use, his services should be rejected.

Hunting had lost its charm. He could not stay in the wilderness doing nothing. There was a war in Texas. The people were trying to throw off the government of Mexico. There was a field for action and glory. David Crockett resolved to go to Texas and help the people in their struggle for freedom.

He arrayed himself in a new deerskin hunting suit and a fox-skin cap with the bushy tail hanging down behind. He was well armed with tomahawk, hunting knives, and his new rifle. His good wife in the dreary cabin bade farewell to her hero with tears. Her heart was full of regret for his past disappointment and full of fears for his future success. But he had not lost his happy faculty of turning his back on bad luck and going ahead. New sights soon made him forget the family parting, and even the bitterness of defeat wore off as he pressed forward, hoping for new and greater honors and victories.

He stopped for two or three days at Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was treated with great cordiality. A feast was made in his honor and when he left the town a company of men rode with him fifty miles. He rode across the country to Fulton, on the Red River, where he took a steamboat for the village of Natchitoches.

On the boat he met a curious vagabond who was gambling in a small way and winning money from the passengers by a

game that he played with a thimble and some peas. He played this game so constantly that Crockett gave him the name of Thimblerig.

Any one else in Crockett's position would have scorned this trifler. But he was pleased with the fellow's wit and good nature. He learned his history of idleness and wrong-doing, and persuaded him to go with him to Texas and at least die better than he had lived.

At Natchitoches he met a handsome young man with a free, graceful bearing and a clear, ringing voice. He said that he was a bee hunter and had been over the Texas prairies many times. He wanted to go to the war, and hearing that Crockett was going had come to join him.

The three men, well mounted on prairie mustangs, left Natchitoches in good spirits. They told stories, or the bee hunter sang spirited songs, as they rode along. The country was new to Crockett, and full of interest. Canebrakes, loftier than those "the gentleman from the cane" was accustomed to, crossed their way. In one place they rode through an avenue of cane, wide enough for two horses. The tall, slender rods of cane, each as long and slim as a fishing pole, fell towards each other at the top, making an arched roof that completely shut out the sun for a quarter of a mile. Wolves, wild turkeys, and droves of wild horses roused the instinct of the hunter. Crockett longed to have a buffalo hunt, but the bee hunter told him he would surely get lost if he attempted it.

One noon as the travelers were resting in the shade of one of the little clumps of trees that dotted the great prairies, David Crockett said he had made up his mind to have a buffalo hunt. The bee hunter said he thought they ought not to separate, and Thimblerig shook his head solemnly as he played with his thimbles and peas on the top of his old white hat. Suddenly the bee hunter sprang from the ground, where he had been lying gazing at the blue sky, jumped upon his

mustang, and without a word started off, leaving his companions in wonder. He had seen a bee, and forgetting his advice to Crockett, had started off in quest of its hive.

While his deserted companions were talking over his strange conduct they heard a low rumbling. The sound grew louder and the earth trembled. The two men seized their weapons and sprang to their horses. A herd of five hundred buffaloes came careering towards them with the speed of the wind and the sound of thunder.

The leader of the herd was an immense fellow with long mane almost sweeping the ground, and stout, bony horns ready to bear down everything that came in his way.

"I never felt such a desire to have a crack at anything in my life," says Crockett. "The big buffalo drew nigh to the place where I was standing. I raised my beautiful Betsey to my shoulder and blazed away. He roared, and suddenly stopped. Those that were near him did likewise. The commotion caused by the impetus of those in the rear was such that it was a miracle that some of them did not break their heads or necks. The leader stood for a few moments pawing the ground after he was shot, then darted off around the clump of trees and made for the uplands of the prairies. The whole herd followed, sweeping by like a tornado. And I do say I never witnessed a sight more beautiful to the eye of a hunter in all my life."

Colonel Crockett now realized that they were escaping from him and he could not resist the temptation to follow. He reloaded his gun and started in full chase. He rode for two hours, but he could not keep pace with the fleet buffaloes. At length he lost sight of them. Then he gave up and began to think of his friend.

In his attempts to go back by a short cut he lost his way entirely. The country was so fair and beautiful it was hard to realize that it was uninhabited. But Crockett looked in vain for signs of the hand of man. Seeing that he made no

headway, he determined to find a stream and follow that.

He soon came upon a herd of mustangs. They noticed his horse and began to circle around it. The circle of prancing horses grew ever smaller and smaller until Crockett found himself in the midst of the herd. His pony seemed to like the situation well enough and frisked and played with its new friends. Anxious to escape, Crockett plied the spurs without mercy and his horse darted forward to the front of the herd. A wild race followed. Every member of the herd strove to overtake the stranger, but encouraged by voice and spur, Crockett's mustang kept in the lead for some time.

"My little mustang was full of fire and mettle," says Crockett, "and as it was the first bit of genuine sport that he had had for some time, he appeared determined to make the most of it. He kept the lead for full half an hour, frequently neighing as if in triumph and derision. I thought of John Gilpin's celebrated ride, but that was child's play to this. The proverb says: 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' and so it proved in the present instance. My mustang was obliged to carry weight, while his competitors were as free as nature had made them. A beautiful bay that had kept close upon our heels the whole way now came side by side with my mustang, and we had it hip and thigh for about ten minutes in such style as would have delighted the heart of a true lover of the turf. I now felt an interest in the race myself, and determined to win it if it was at all in the nature of things. I plied the lash and spur, and the little beast took it quite kindly, and tossed his head, and neighed, as much as to say, 'Colonel, I know what you're after—go ahead!'—and he did go ahead in beautiful style, I tell you."

At last, however, the unburdened horses gained, and one after another galloped past. Crockett was not able to turn his horse from the race until they reached the brink of a river. Here the other mustangs leaped down the bank, plunged into

the swift stream and galloped away on the other side.

But Crockett's horse seemed too tired for the leap. It was utterly exhausted. He relieved it of its saddle and did what he could for its comfort. As evening was coming on he looked around for a safe place to spend the night. There was a large spreading tree near the river. He began to examine the tree to discover its possibilities as a resting place. He was interrupted by an angry growl, and was startled to see, almost within reach of his arm, a huge cougar glaring at him.

He stepped back hastily and shot at the beast. The ball struck the skull and bounded back, merely scratching the skin. There was no time for reloading. The animal sprang at Crockett, but he stepped aside and it fell upon the ground. He gave it a blow with his rifle. The cougar turned upon him. He threw away his gun, drew his knife and stood ready to meet it. Then came a desperate struggle. He tried to blind the creature, but only cut its nose. He tripped on a vine and fell. The beast was upon him. It caught his leg. The hunter grasped its tail and plunged his knife into its side. He tried to push it over the bank. Man and beast rolled down together. Fortunately Crockett was uppermost. Quick as thought his knife was buried in the creature's heart and he was safe.

He looked at the dead cougar in silent thanksgiving for a moment, and then returned to the tree. He made a bed in its topmost branches by spreading a mat of the moss, that hung from the branches, upon a network of twigs. He threw his horse-blanket over the moss and had a comfortable bed; not a safe one, perhaps, but that did not disturb him. He soon fell asleep, and did not wake till morning.

In the morning his mustang had disappeared. The thought of being alone in that wild country, without friend or horse, was not pleasant. While eating his breakfast he heard the sound of hoofs, and looking up saw a party of fifty Comanche Indians mounted and armed coming directly towards him. They looked very fierce and warlike, but proved

to be friendly. Crockett asked them how they knew he was there. They pointed to his fire in answer. They asked about the big cougar that had been wounded so many times. When they heard the adventure they said, "good hunter," invited Crockett to join their tribe, and gave him a horse. He told them he could not stay with them, but would be glad to travel in their company as far as the Colorado River.

Before they had gone far, they saw a herd of mustangs. One of the Indians rode towards them swinging his lasso. All fled but one little fellow. It stood still and ducked its head between its legs. It was easily taken and was found to be Crockett's horse. He was astonished, and wondered why it had allowed itself to be caught. The Indians explained that a mustang never forgets the shock of being thrown by a lasso and is so much afraid of one afterwards that it will never run from it. While on the march they saw many buffaloes and Crockett had the good fortune to shoot one.

When they were nearing the river the alert Indians noticed a thin blue line of smoke curling up against the sky from a clump of trees. The whole party dashed to the spot. Whom should they find but Thimblerig playing his foolish game?

"The chief shouted the war whoop," says Crockett, "and suddenly the warriors came rushing in from all quarters, preceded by the trumpeters yelling terrifically. Thimblerig sprang to his feet and was ready to sink into the earth when he beheld the ferocious-looking fellows that surrounded him. I stepped up, took him by the hand, and quieted his fears. I told the chief that he was a friend of mine, and I was very glad to have found him, for I was afraid that he had perished. I now thanked the chief for his kindness in guiding me over the prairies, and gave him a large bowie-knife, which he said he would keep for the sake of the brave hunter. The whole squadron then wheeled off and I saw them no more."

Thimblerig explained that soon after Crockett had left

him the bee hunter had come back with a load of honey, and thinking that Crockett was lost, they had started on to Texas without him.

While they were talking the bee hunter arrived, bringing a fine turkey for supper. The three were glad to be together once more and went to work with a will to prepare a good supper. Thimblerig plucked the feathers from the turkey; Crockett made forked stakes, which he erected on either side of the fire, and sharpened a long stick. This was thrust through the bird and suspended on the forked stakes so that the turkey might be turned and browned evenly. The bee hunter brought fresh water and made coffee, and they had a merry feast.

XII.—A Hero of the Alamo.

These three men were shortly afterward joined by three others, who were going to the war. They were glad to have company, for they were getting so near the scene of war that they were in danger of meeting parties of Mexican scouts.

They were all bound for the fortress of Alamo, just outside of the town of Bexar, on the San Antonio River. They kept on the lookout for the enemy, but did not encounter any until the last day of their journey. When within twenty miles of San Antonio they were attacked by fifteen armed Mexicans. They dismounted and stood back of their horses. From that position they returned the fire of their assailants with such effect that the party scattered and fled. They then went on their way without being further molested.

They were received at the fortress with shouts of welcome. The bee hunter was known and admired by many of the garrison, and all had heard of Colonel Crockett. Thimblerig, too, though unknown, was warmly welcomed.

The town of Bexar, which is now known as San Antonio,

was at that time one of the most important places in Texas. It had about twelve hundred inhabitants, nearly all of whom were Mexicans or of Mexican descent. It was held by a small band of Texan rangers, most of these being adventurers from the United States. Through the influence of such adventurers the Texans had declared their independence of Mexican rule and had set up a government of their own. This had of course brought about a war; the Mexican army had invaded Texas; and the scattered people of that great territory were forced to fight for their liberties.

David Crockett was well impressed with the "gallant young Colonel Travis," who was in command of the fortress, and thought that he and his little band of one hundred and fifty soldiers would be a match for the entire Mexican army. He was glad also to meet Colonel Bowie, of Louisiana, and hear his tales of adventure and see him handle his famous knife.

On the twenty-third of February the Mexican army marched against San Antonio. Their president, the cruel Santa Anna, was at their head. The impossibility of holding the town against such a host was apparent. The soldiers withdrew to the Alamo, as the fortress was called, and the troops of Santa Anna marched into the town carrying a red flag, to show that no quarter would be given to those who resisted.

The little band of patriots did not lose heart. They raised their new flag—a great white star on a striped field—over the fort. While the flag was going up, the bee hunter sang: "Up with your banner. Freedom"; then the drums and trumpets sounded. Santa Anna sent a message to Colonel Travis demanding the unconditional surrender of the fort. He was answered with a cannon shot. So the siege of the fort was begun. That night Colonel Travis sent a messenger to Colonel Fanning asking aid. But, even if the colonel had received word in time, he would have been unable to send assistance to the beleaguered fortress. The little garrison must

defend themselves as best they could, and with small hope of success.

The Mexicans cannonaded the Alamo from various points. One morning Crockett was awakened by a shot against the part of the fort in which he was sleeping. He dressed hurriedly and ran to the wall, gun in hand. He saw that, opposite the fort, a cannon had been charged and the gunner was stepping up with lighted match.

Crockett took careful aim, fired, and the man fell. Another took his place. Thimblerig, who was with Crockett, handed him another rifle. The second gunner met the same fate. Five men tried in turn to light that cannon. All fell before the deadly fire of Crockett. The others were seized with fear and ran off, leaving the loaded cannon. The sharpshooters of the fort kept watch, and any one venturing within gunshot of the fort had little chance of escaping.

There were occasional skirmishes, as when the messenger sent out by Colonel Travis returned pursued by the enemy. The bee hunter saw and, calling to some of his friends to follow, rushed out to help him. The brave fellow succeeded in driving back the Mexicans, but he received his death wound in the fray.

Day by day, the fortunes of the besieged grew darker and darker. There was no hope of aid. Food and water failed them. The force of the enemy increased constantly, and the attack upon the Alamo became more and more determined.

David Crockett kept a journal of the daily happenings in the fortress. On the last day of February he wrote: "Last night our hunters brought in some corn and had a brush with a scout from the enemy beyond gunshot of the fort. They put the scout to flight and got in without injury. They bring accounts that the settlers are flying in all quarters in dismay, leaving their possessions to the mercy of the invader. Buildings have been burnt down, farms laid waste, and Santa Anna appears determined to verify his threat to convert this

blooming paradise into a howling wilderness."

On the sixth of March the entire army attacked the Alamo. The resistance was desperate. When the fort was taken only six of its defenders were living. Crockett was one of these. He was found in an angle of the building behind a breastwork of Mexicans whom he had slain. A frightful gash in his brow made him look grim and terrible. His broken musket was in one hand and a bloody knife in the other. Poor Thimblerig was found dead not far from him. It is said that in this assault upon the Alamo the Mexicans lost more than a thousand men.

The six prisoners were taken before Santa Anna. Crockett strode along fearless and majestic. Santa Anna was displeased that the prisoners had been spared so long. He frowned, and said he had given other orders concerning them. The swords of his men gleamed and they rushed upon the unarmed prisoners. The dauntless Crockett gave the spring of a tiger toward the dark leader, Santa Anna. But before he could reach him he had been cut down by a dozen swords.

Crockett had had no thought of such an ending of his Texas expedition. But as the dangers had increased, he expressed no regret that he had come. He displayed the utmost devotion to the cause of the Texans. His last written words were: "Liberty and independence forever!" At the time of his death he was not quite fifty years old.

In studying the life of this remarkable man we must always keep in mind the fact that he had no opportunities when a boy to improve his mind. He grew up among ignorant people, and knew but very little about the refinements of civilized life. He was therefore rough and uncouth in manners, and lacked the polish of the gentleman. He was naturally a man of strong character; and whenever he undertook to do a thing he devoted all his energies to it and never gave up until he succeeded. He was very vain of his own achievements, and for this we may pardon him when we remember how much he

accomplished with so little capital.

In 1834, less than two years before the tragic close of his career, Crockett had written and published a highly entertaining history of his own life. It was full of grammatical blunders and of misspelled words, even after it had been revised and corrected by his more scholarly friends; but as the work of a man wholly without school education it was not discreditable. On the title page of the little volume was the motto which he had adopted as the guiding principle of his life. Although he may have often failed to observe this motto as wisely as could have been wished, it is well worth repeating and remembering. It is this:

"I leave this rule for others when I'm dead;
Be always sure you're right—THEN GO AHEAD!"

James Diego Thomson

1788-1854 A.D.

By the brisk tap of his ruler or a toot on the whistle attached to his watch-chain young schoolmaster Thomson would bring his class of one hundred boys to order every morning promptly at ten o'clock to begin the day's program of "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic." In all Buenos Aires this was the only school where a poor man's son could afford to go, and James Thomson, a Scotchman, had been sent all the way from London by the English and Foreign School Society, in the year 1818, to start it and others like it in South America.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century an English boy named Joseph Lancaster, although he had almost no money and less education than a high school boy of to-day, opened a little school in his father's house and taught all the children in the neighborhood without requiring any tuition fee. When the classes grew too large for him to manage all alone, he trained his oldest and brightest boys to be teachers themselves and hear the recitations of the smaller children. Early each morning he would hold a special class for his monitors, as he called them, and teach them the lessons which they in turn were to teach that day. Lancaster's experiment was so successful that in the United States and in many countries of Europe schools just like his were opened, and he became famous as the inventor of the first public school system.

Thomson's business was to establish Lancasterian schools. But he had still another errand in South America. As an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society he had charge

of distributing and selling Spanish Bibles and New Testaments wherever he went. These two projects fitted together very conveniently, for under the popular new school system the Bible was the chief textbook for all reading classes, and even the smallest children learned their a-b-c's from Bible stories. Thomson had home lessons printed on large sheets of foolscap paper, and when the children gathered around the family lamp at night to study and read aloud the next day's lesson, their parents listened, and enjoyed the selections so much that they began to buy Bibles. Every day an imposing array of visitors came to inspect the new school, and before they left had usually ordered reading books, curious to see what the children were studying. An old Indian chief, who came to "visit school," bought a Bible and took it home as a great prize to show his tribe. One enterprising gentleman stole a dozen copies because he knew he could get a good price for them. "It's too bad," said Thomson, "but he will be sure to sell them and so they will be put in circulation anyway."

Few of the people of South America had ever read the Bible, many of the priests knew nothing of what it contained, and it was almost impossible to secure a copy even had it occurred to any one to want to read it. When Thomson arrived in Buenos Aires the custom-house officials frowned darkly upon his boxes of Testaments and hinted that they would have to be examined by the bishop, until he explained that his chief business in their country was to open schools, and that the Bibles were needed for his pupils. This was an "Open Sesame." As he wrote home to his friends: "My prominent object here is the establishment of schools. I freely and openly confess this, and in consequence am everywhere hailed as a friend."

Wherever Thomson went he found encouragement and a warm welcome. He was a Protestant in a Catholic country, but he was too broad and sympathetic to try to force his opinions on other people, and he had a genius for making

friends. He met only one priest in all his travels who disapproved of his sale of Bibles, although just a few years later the distribution of Bibles was absolutely forbidden by the Catholic Church. This priest thought that the Scriptures ought never to be sold indiscriminately to any one who wanted a good new book to read. It might be misunderstood, particularly if no notes were added to explain difficult passages. Thomson and the priest became good friends and spent many an evening amicably discussing their differences of opinion.

As soon as his own school Math all its branches in Buenos Aires was running smoothly, Thomson accepted an invitation from the officials of the Chilean government. They had been begging him to come and open schools for their young people, and had sent the boat fare for his long journey around the cape. In 1821 he left his classes in the care of a priest who had been his right-hand man, and sailed in the brig Dragon for Valparaiso.

In those days, when South Americans were fighting for their independence, they felt a newly awakened ambition for the privileges so long denied them by the Spanish ruling class, and the first thing they wanted was schools. An editorial appeared in the Chilean press a few days after Thomson had landed, under the title of "Public Education":

"Ignorance is one of the greatest evils that man can suffer, and it is the principal cause of all his errors and miseries. It is also the grand support of tyranny, and ought, therefore, to be banished by every means from that country which desires a liberty regulated by laws, customs and opinion…. The only way we can form an acquaintance with great men is by reading. The happy day is now arrived when the infinitely valuable art of reading is to be extended to every individual in Chile. Our benevolent government has brought to this place Mr. James Thomson, who has established in Buenos Aires elementary schools upon that admirable system of Lancaster…. He is going to establish schools on the same plan in this city,

from which, as a center, this system will be spread through all the towns of the state. There is therefore no obstacle in the way for every one in Chile to obtain education."

Governor O'Higgins of Chile, San Martin's friend and ally, was the leading spirit in all public enterprise. He met Thomson with the greatest enthusiasm, and reserved for his use the largest classroom in the University of Santiago, Within two weeks two hundred children were enrolled in the first school. "They are docile and agreeable," wrote Thomson, "I have just been interrupted by one of my scholars who has called upon me and brought me a ham, a present from his mother."

All the important men in the city were interested in the new schools and liked to visit Thomson's classes. With General O'Higgins as president, a School Society was founded in Chile, and a little printing office opened so that primers and lesson books, especially prepared by Thomson for the children, could be published for home reading. There were no shelves in the public libraries packed with books for young people, no low tables covered with children's magazines. There was almost nothing for them to read, and Thomson often wished that he had a large publishing house as a part of his school system.

In 1822, the year when San Martin was living quietly in Lima, Thomson left his schools in Chile in good running order, and went to Peru to begin his work there. With a letter of introduction he called on the great general, "Next day, as I was sitting in my room," he says, "a. carriage stopped at the door and my little boy came running in, crying, 'San Martin! San Martin!' In a moment he entered the room accompanied by one of his ministers. I would have had him step into another apartment of the house more suited to his reception; but he said the room answered very well and sat down on the first chair he reached." Then they talked over the subject of schools. San Martin could hardly do enough to help. A

convent was given Thomson for his headquarters. On the Saturday after his arrival the friars who lived in it were ordered to move to another house; by Tuesday they had gone and the keys were in his possession. The huge dining-room was promptly remodeled to serve as a schoolroom with places for three hundred children, and in a few days the school was well under way.

The Patriotic Society in Lima cooperated with Thomson in establishing the schools, and all expenses, including his salary, were met by the government. Every one treated him so cordially and expressed such interest in his work that he predicted a glorious future for South America. He believed that in another decade or two her republics would outstrip many European nations. 'T do think," he wrote, "that never since the world began was there so fine a field for the exercise of benevolence in all its parts."

Then came a turning point in the history of Peru. The first Congress met to draw up an outline of the new constitution. The whole city buzzed with speculation about the clauses which might or might not be inserted, and groups of gesticulating people stood on the street corners, till it looked like an election day in New York. The clause of state religion was the chief bone of contention, and Thomson was always on the spot when it was debated in Congress. One man proposed that the clause read: "The exclusive religion of the state is the Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome." Since all South Americans were then Roman Catholics anyway, the only Protestants were foreigners like Thomson. The whole question then was whether foreigners should be allowed to worship as they pleased.

"But," said one member of Congress, "why such ado about toleration? Who is asking for it? Or who stands in need of it? We ourselves do not need any such thing, and foreigners who are here seem very little concerned about the subject. It was not religion that brought them to this country, but commerce.

Give them money, therefore, in exchange for their goods, and they will seek nothing else."

A white-haired old gentleman on the committee rose and said: "Gentlemen, this is the first time I have risen to speak in this house, and it is not my intention to detain you long. I understand that the grand and principal features of our religion are these two: to love the Lord with all our heart and strength and to love our neighbor as ourself.... Now I ask whether foreigners residing amongst us are to be considered our neighbors or not. If they are, then we ought to love them. Gentlemen, I have nothing further to add."

One fierce old senator demanded again and again that Roman Catholicism be the only religion tolerated in the country. The majority agreed with him. The clause for toleration was voted down. In those few dramatic moments Peru bound herself for almost half a century to the policy which has kept her lagging behind other nations, even other South American republics, and has retarded her intellectual, spiritual, and commercial development. The article finally inserted in the constitution was this: "The Roman Catholic Apostolic religion is the religion of the state, and the exercise of every other is excluded."

Among Thomson's best friends and helpers were the priests. Protestantism was then such a minute influence in the land that the church had hardly begun to fear its power. One bishop who had voted against the proposed toleration clause afterward learned to know Thomson well, and told him that he had always supposed Protestants to be unfriendly to any kind of religion, and that the article finally adopted was only a safeguard against scoffers, such as the men who had written books on atheism printed in England and France and sold in South America. Thomson pointed out to him just how Congress had cut off its own nose by inserting the clause: "Your law prohibiting the public religious exercises of those who differ from the Catholic Church does not hinder atheists

from settling in this country, as these have no form of religion they wish to practise. It serves only to prevent the coming of those men who are sincerely religious and moral, and who would be of great use to the country by bringing into it many branches of the arts as well as manufactures."

In 1823 war broke out again, and the Spanish army, 7,000 strong, crossed the Andes and descended upon Lima. The administration "judged it most suitable to remove from the scene of military operations," and the patriot army retreated to Callao. With an old friend, a priest of the cathedral of Lima, Thomson escaped to an English vessel lying in Callao harbor, and after waiting several days for a possible opportunity to return to his school, he sailed for Truxillo in northern Peru where thousands of patriots from Lima had already gone. "I supplied myself with some dollars from a friend," he said afterward, "as I had left Lima without money and with scarcely any clothes other than those I had on."

As long as he had to be away from his schools Thomson planned to make good use of his time by traveling along the banks of the Amazon to visit the Indian tribes living there. Just as he had bought a complete stock of glittering brass buttons, needles, scissors, knives, ribbons, and fish-hooks with which to win the good opinion of these natives, word came that the Spaniards had evacuated Lima. Thomson acted decisively, took the first boat back, and reopened his school.

The longer the war continued the poorer the people grew. "This war rivets the attention of all, and devours all the resources," Thomson wrote in a letter.

During the month when they held Lima the Spaniards had destroyed or confiscated property worth $2,000,000, and business everywhere was sadly crippled. The city which had once been the richest in the world was now the poorest. The work of the schools was hampered. Some of the older boys dropped out because their parents feared they might be seized on the way to school by recruiting parties and forced into the

army. Some of the children had to stay at home because they had no shoes to wear. The government which had pledged Thomson's support became too poor to pay his salary. With prices higher than they had ever been he found himself utterly destitute and hurriedly prepared to leave Lima. Just as he had finished his packing he received a message from the parents of his pupils urging him to stay. They pooled all the money they could spare to pay his salary, and promised to support the school until the government was able to do it.

Thomson had a great vision and a great hope for South America. His chief regret was that, because of the unsettled state of the country, it was impossible to open a girls' school, though a large hall had been selected for it and now stood empty. "The education of women," he declared, "is the thing most wanted in every country; and when it is properly attended to the renovation of the world will go on rapidly." He gave much of his time to translating. For the use of a class of twenty-three men who were studying English he prepared a Spanish-English grammar and a volume of extracts from great authors. He heard the story of the Incas and saw the ruins of their empire. Two thirds of the people in Peru were their descendants and spoke their language, Quichua. With the help of an officer of the Indian regiment Thomson translated the Bible for them. For five years he hunted in vain for a man able to translate the Bible into Aymara, another native language spoken in Peru. Then one day after he had returned to London, he met a stranger in a Paddington coach. The two chatted a bit together, and Thomson, seeing that the man was a foreigner, asked him where his home was. He proved to be a native of the very district in Peru where Aymara was spoken, and he knew the language perfectly. Eventually he was appointed to translate the Bible for his countrymen.

Meanwhile Thomson was selling so many Bibles that he wrote home: "If I had ten times as many I am persuaded I could have sold them all." He used to see shopkeepers seated

in front of their little establishments, spending leisure moments in reading their Testaments. The priests encouraged it. One showed his interest by offering to correct the proof-sheets of the Quichua translation.

Thomson was a great admirer of Bolivar, who, like the other great men of the day, supported every movement for the betterment of the people. "Bolivar's weatherbeaten face tells you that he has not been idle," Thomson said of him. "No man, I believe, has borne so much of the burden, or has toiled so hard in the heat of the day, in the cause of South American independence as Bohvar."

For another year Thomson remained in Lima and then the Spaniards again took possession of the city and he declared he felt as if he had been "transported to Spain." The schools were allowed to go on as usual, but the printing of translations had to be postponed because the printing presses were shut up for safe keeping in Callao castle. Until the government should be restored to order no improvements could be made in the schools, and Thomson decided it was the most favorable time to visit other cities.

His supply of Bibles had been exhausted, and no more had come to him from England, so he started off on his trip with eight hundred New Testaments and one sample copy of the Bible. On the way to Guayaquil his ship called at a small port. "I went ashore to see the place," he said, "and took three Testaments with me. I went into a store near the landing place and being invited took a seat upon a bale of cotton. After some general conversation I opened my treasures, and offered the New Testaments for sale at one dollar each. In a few minutes they were bought. Some little time afterward I was asked if I had any more. I replied that I had but that they were on the ship. I immediately went on board and just as we had got the anchor up a boat came alongside in which I recognized the person who had asked me for more Testaments. He came on board and bought two dozen for which he paid me

eighteen dollars."

At another port Thomson went ashore with three Testaments, and was invited to exhibit them in a private house.

"Here," said a neighbor who had come in and was looking at the sample Bible, "here is a book that will tell you all about the beginning of the world and a great many other things."

"I'm not interested in the beginning. I want to know something about the end of it," said another man.

"Then that book in your hands is the very book that will suit you," replied Thomson, pointing to a New Testament. "It will tell you a great deal about the end of the world."

Thomson was a fine salesman, and knew how to advertise his wares. As soon as he reached Guayaquil he had handbills printed which read:

"To be sold at Blank's Store, the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, in one volume, well printed and neatly bound, at the low price of eight rials. This sale will continue for three days only, and it is expected that those who wish to procure for themselves this sacred code of our holy religion will improve the occasion now offered them."

At noon these bills were posted. By one o'clock fifteen books had been sold; by the end of the afternoon one hundred and twenty-two had gone. One of the three days of the sale proved to be a holiday, and all stores were closed, but during a few minutes before breakfast when the store had to be opened for some trifle, eleven people came in to buy Testaments, At the end of the third day the receipts amounted to five hundred and forty-two dollars. While Thomson was waiting at the little river wharf for the boat which was to take him on to the next town, he sold over one hundred more Testaments to people who had missed the sale. Then he climbed into one of the passenger canoes which plied along the river and his boxes were loaded in after him. The canoe was the same shape as the usual Indian canoe, but so large that it could hold perhaps twenty passengers. "The South

American rivers abound in alligators," he reported. "Great numbers of them lie basking on the banks with their horrible mouths wide open, and when the boat approaches them, they plunge into the river and swim around like so many logs floating about you. At one time I counted alligators, in a very short distance, all at one view and on one side of the river, to the number of forty."

After his river trip the rest of the journey had to be made on muleback. The officials of the towns along the road to Quito treated him with great cordiality. Once when he had taken refuge from a sudden storm in a dreary hut among the mountains, a courier arrived, sent by the governor of the town he had just left, bringing a large hamper of luncheon. The best part of it, Thomson said, was a batch of home-made drop-cakes. He was often entertained at the home of the governor of the town where he happened to halt for the night, and more than once he held his sale in the governor's own house, where it had all the festivity of a grand social event.

While riding along an unfrequented road one day he fell in with a talkative friar and the two ambled along together. The friar was bound for a Dominican convent in the next town, and he liked his new acquaintance so much that he invited him to spend the night at this convent and next day hold his sale there instead of at a store. Thomson accepted the invitation, and as soon as the sun rose next morning he posted his handbills and waited for customers.

"The advertisements were scarcely up," he wrote, "when one and another and another came tripping in to purchase a New Testament. In a little the buyers thickened, whilst the friars stood around enjoying the sight, and warmly recommending the books to all who came, and assisted me in the sale when occasion required." In two hours and a half one hundred and four had been sold. People constantly offered large sums for the sample Bible. He told them all it was not for sale, but he sometimes lent it, and he took hundreds of

orders to be filled as soon as the publishers in England could send over a supply. When the priests in the convent found they could not buy the Bible they immediately sat down to read it aloud, and before he left they had promised him to hold a sale themselves. "We were all pleased with each other," said Thomson.

From Quito to Bogota the trail was especially rough and dangerous. Bandits galloped about over the countryside and not long before had robbed and murdered some merchants who had been well protected with arms and guides. Of the mountain traveling Thomson said: "You may be said to be riding upstairs and downstairs in these places," Part of the trip was made in a balsa, a kind of craft consisting of long poles or trunks of trees laid close to each other, with more poles laid over them crosswise. With its bamboo floor and thatched roof it looked like a little floating house.

Thomson's chief desire in going to Bogota was to found a Bible Society. Three hundred of the most prominent citizens of the city attended the first meeting. The question to be voted upon read: "Is it compatible with our laws and customs, as Colombians and as members of the Roman Catholic Church, to establish a Colombian Bible Society in this capital, as a national organization, whose only object is to print and circulate the Holy Scriptures in approved versions of our native tongue?" The motion was carried almost unanimously. It was decided to hold the meetings in a Dominican convent, and a priest was elected secretary. Catholic and Protestant were working together in harmony to introduce the Bible.

In 1826 Thomson returned to England to make a report of his eight years in South America. "I have no hesitation in saying that the public voice is decidedly in favor of universal education." The elective franchise in Peru had been opened to all men who could read and write. But because the Spaniards had kept the Creoles in ignorance so long. Congress permitted them a little leeway, and the rule was not to be put

in force until 1840. Thomson, encouraged by his experiences in Peru, prophesied that by then every one would be qualified to vote!

To-day 75 per cent of the population of South America are illiterate. When the wars for independence were over, the people fell back into their old apathy, the schools declined, the church forbade the use of the Bible. In a few years the results of Thomson's labors had almost disappeared. In Chile the man who had been appointed to superintend the schools returned to England for his health; there was no firm hand to manage the system and it was finally abandoned altogether. After Thomson had left Peru, Bolivar decreed that a central school be opened in the capital city of each province of the state, and a number of young men were sent at the expense of the government to receive the best possible education in England to fit them as teachers. But Bolivar's influence was waning and there is no record that anything came of his plan. The Lancasterian system reached a premature end of usefulness and disappeared with nothing to take its place. The church, the mightiest power in the state, reached out to crush the initiative of the people, and the priests followed the Spaniards as tyrants in the land. They no longer bought Bibles. They burned them in the public squares.

Thomson's eight years made a slight oasis in the barren history of Spanish-American absolutism. It was the time when Protestantism, and the Bible, and religious liberty might have been put there to stay. They were years of wonderful opportunity. The doors were opened a wide crack to let the light shine in and then slammed shut. Progressive forces ever since have been trying to pry them open again. Singlehanded, James Thomson labored in the one golden decade of the Continent of Lost Opportunity.

Juan Manuel Rosas

"Restorer of the Laws"
1793 –1877 A.D.

While the South American Republics were still in the making, about one hundred years ago, Juan Manuel Rosas, not yet eighteen years old, managed his father's great stock farm on the southern plains of Argentina. He was a handsome young giant, of an unusual Creole type, fair enough to look like an Englishman, and so strong, daring and reckless that he became the popular idol of the whole countryside.

The people among whom Rosas lived, whose interests he made his own, belonged to one of the most romantic races in the world, the half-savage Gauchos or herdsmen of the Argentine pampas, descendants of European colonists and native Indians. The homes of the Gauchos were the backs of their own cow-ponies, they galloped over the country as they pleased, and clung as fiercely to personal liberty as to life itself. Once a week they rounded up their herds just to keep track of them. The rest of the time they spent in catching wild cattle, and breaking in horses. Like the llaneros of Venezuela, who refused to fight in places where they could not ride and deserted if their horses were killed, the Gauchos did everything on horseback — fishing, hunting, carrying water, even attending mass.

Viscount James Bryce says of the Gaucho: "He could live on next to nothing and knew no fatigue. Round him dings all the romance of the pampas, for he was taken as the embodiment of the primitive virtues of daring, endurance, and loyalty. Now he, too, is gone, as North American

frontiersmen like Daniel Boone went eighty or ninety years ago, and as the cowboy of Texas and Wyoming is now fast going,"

Rosas had been born in the city of Buenos Aires, but he loved and belonged to the rough, wild, free life of the pampas and there he grew up. Everything the Gauchos did, he could do a little better; even his feats on horseback were more spectacular than theirs. He would mount a horse which had never before been ridden, and with a gold-piece placed under each knee, let the enraged pony buck under him until it was worn out, without displacing the coins. A favorite performance was suspending himself by his hands from the cross bar of a corral filled with wild stallions; at the moment that the fiercest of these dashed by beneath him, he would drop down on its back and without saddle or bridle ride off over the plains till the horse was tamed. Sometimes he would "dare" a Gaucho to lasso the hind legs of his horse as he rode at full gallop, and as the horse was thrown forward, Rosas, pitched over its head, would land gracefully on his feet.

Few ever lived who could control a band of Gauchos. Rosas managed them as easily as he did an unbroken colt. He was the dominant figure of the region where he lived. To him, the young master of great estates, the Gauchos flocked hoping for employment, and so many came that to keep them all busy Rosas had enormous corn and wheat fields planted. His was the first large agricultural enterprise in South America, and the cultivation of crops as an Argentine industry began from that date.

Those were merry and exciting days for Rosas and his Gauchos. "Every festive occasion, every return of the young patron from a visit to town," so the gossip ran, "was celebrated by fiestas and dances lasting two or three days, when a dozen or twenty oxen were roasted in their hides, and Rosas, of course, always won the palm in the dance and in improvisations on the guitar." But there was plenty of hard work and

hard riding done on the estate. Rosas demanded absolute obedience from his laborers, and every rule he laid down for them he was scrupulous in keeping himself. So perfectly disciplined were they that they constituted a small, invincible army, ready to repel all attacks from the dreaded Indian tribes who roamed over the pampas seeking plunder.

Even the Indians themselves fell under the spell of the young leader. One famous chief gave him the title Cacique Blanco, or White Chief, because he had so many followers. Years later when Rosas was governor of Buenos Aires, a large party of his old Indian friends came up to the city to pay him a visit. Some of them caught smallpox while they were there, a disease much dreaded by the Indians, for whole tribes had practically been wiped out by epidemics.

Rosas called on an old chief who had it. Then he showed the little mark on his arm to the other Indians, who had deserted their sick friends, and told them how it had enabled him to visit the chief without danger. With the greatest delight and anticipation 150 Indian men and women begged to be vaccinated, proudly regarding the mysterious little pricks as an infallible charm against the evil demon who brought them the disease.

At the age of eighteen, because his parents criticized his management of the estate, Rosas resigned the position, refused to be dependent on them any longer for money or assistance, and started off to make his own way in the world. For a time he worked in Buenos Aires as a cattle dealer, collecting the cattle from various farms and driving them to the city to sell. Then, with a partner who supplied the capital while he contributed brains and experience, he began the business of salting meat for exportation to Brazil and Cuba. This industry up to that time had been unknown. To-day it is an important feature of Argentine trade. By order of the government, which feared a depletion of stock, Rosas was soon obliged to give up his enterprise. But he had now made

enough money to buy land of his own, and he became a cattle-farmer down on the Indian frontier, 150 miles south of Buenos Aires.

Here he formed another army of devoted Gauchos and peasants for protection against the Indians. His own peons, called Colorados or the Reds, from the color of their picturesque uniforms, served as a mounted guard, and a band of friendly Indians were the vanguard. No one else could have controlled, much less formed into an efficient military machine, these wild, undisciplined elements of the plains, yet without them Rosas might never have become the great military leader of the Republic. When a bitter political war broke out in Buenos Aires, he rushed into the fray at the head of his Gaucho army and took the city by storm. The administration called him the "Liberator of the Capital," and he became the acknowledged commander-in-chief of all the fighting men of southern Buenos Aires. On returning to his farm he added to his popularity among the country people by starting a subscription of cattle to make good the losses incurred during the outbreak.

Then for several years Rosas remained quietly in his own district, organizing his independent army which the loyal Gauchos joined in preference to the government troops. One of his men who had been arrested for murder gave as his excuse: "He spoke disrespectfully of General Rosas, and I killed him." So successful was Rosas in all dealings with the Indians that the government commissioned him to fix a new southern boundary line between Argentina and the Indian territories. Under his influence many wandering tribes which had been a menace to life and property were induced to settle peaceably on farms.

In 1829 another conspiracy threatened the capital. General Lavelle of the Argentine army, returning from a successful campaign against Uruguay, proposed to make himself governor of the province. Rosas with his country militia

completely spoiled the general's plans and forced him to come to terms. There was now no further question of Rosas' growing influence. He had become a power to be reckoned with in the affairs of the Republic.

Rosas and General Lavelle were always deadly political enemies, but it is reported that one night the general rode out all alone to the enemy's camp to talk things over. Rosas was not there, so he sat down to wait. "He was tired after his long midnight ride; for many nights, too, he had slept on the ground, and the sight of a comfortable bed was an irresistible temptation; when Rosas returned to his quarters he found his own bed occupied by the commander of the hostile army fast asleep. Lavelle on awakening accepted his enemy's courteous invitation to remain tucked up between the blankets, and in that comfortable attitude he arranged terms of peace with Rosas."

It took the South American Republics a long time to learn how to govern themselves. The policy of Spain to exclude Creoles from sharing in the business of government had left them unprepared. The rising generation hardly knew what it meant not to live in the midst of revolutions. There had been the great war with Spain; wars between the republics; wars between the provinces within a republic; wars between political parties; and wars between ambitious leaders of the same party who tried to oust each other. In Argentina there had been thirty-six changes of government between 1810, the date of her Declaration of Independence, and 1835, when Rosas became dictator. The strongest and most cruel tyrant kept in power longest. Lawlessness, bloodshed, and murder were commonplaces. It was considered an extraordinary piece of mercy when on one occasion a victorious general ordered only one out of every five of his prisoners to be shot,

Rosas grew up in the midst of revolutions and when he came into power he used the only weapons then in vogue: force, cruelty, contempt of human life. By trampling ruthlessly

on every opposing element, he controlled the high-spirited, rebellious republic for seventeen years, and from a half dozen quarreling provinces he whipped it into a solid nation at a time when union of any kind had seemed an impossible dream.

As a reward for his services in defending the capital against Lavelle, Rosas was elected governor of the province for a three-year term. He put an end to civil war by ordering all who rebelled against his administration to be shot without trial. Thus he organized the first substantial government the Argentine Republic had ever known. The legislature loaded him with honors and gave him the title of "Restorer of the Laws." When his term of office expired he declined reelection, because the legislature refused to give him all the power he wanted.

The next year Rosas headed a great expedition against the wild Indians of the southern pampas who had become so bold and outrageous in their attacks on the country people that no one felt safe over night. They were completely subdued. Twenty thousand are said to have been destroyed, and seventeen hundred captive white women and children liberated. Rosas became more popular than ever — "Hero of the Desert" he was called.

Meanwhile the people of Buenos Aires had been finding out to their sorrow that no one but Rosas could cope with the political situation. Five times they urged him to accept the presidency of the Republic under a national constitution. Before doing so Rosas wisely demanded for himself what other dictators had usurped — an absolute authority, which he urged as necessary for the safety of the State. Into his hands the people of this so-called Republic put "the sum of the public power," and having done so immediately began to hate him and plot against him, as seems to have been the custom in those days. His word was law. If he wanted a man murdered his orders made the murder a legal act.

He used his vast powers to put the various departments of state on a sound basis, and to get rid of all his enemies or rivals. He organized a police and spy system which ferreted out crimes and plots in the remotest corners. No criminal could escape. He put an end to the mishandling of public funds by requiring every official to give an accurate account of all sums received or paid out. During his presidency not one cent was embezzled or lost from the treasury; the employees of the government were paid like clockwork; foreign debts were reduced by a fixed amount each year; and the taxes were lighter than ever before. He encouraged the immigration of peasants who were used to tilling the soil, as an example to his own people, and agriculture prospered so that the country was able to supply its own grain. The cattle industry flourished, for the herds were protected from cattle thieves and Indians, and each owner's brand respected as never before.

Rosas worked as hard as any of his officials to put the public affairs in good order. He personally superintended every department of the administration, working day and night without fixed hours for sleep. He seldom appeared in public, and gave interviews while he walked in his garden. His daughter, Manuelita, was the only person in whom he ever confided. She is said to have been a second edition of her father. He had brought her up like a boy, and she knew so much about national affairs that he often asked her advice on important matters. With her beauty and assumed naivete, she made an excellent spy on occasion, leading on her poor admirers to reveal political secrets which it would help her father to know.

There had gradually emerged from the tangled Argentine politics two distinct parties, the Unitarians and the Federalists. The province of Buenos Aires had always aspired to being a powerful central government, as Paris in the French Republic, controlling the other provinces. The outlying

provinces on the other hand were jealous of her power and wanted a union of states all having equal liberty and privileges, like the United States. Rosas and the Gauchos naturally belonged to the latter party, the Federalists. But during his dictatorship, party lines became decidedly vague, for he at once began to group under the head of Unitarios all who opposed him, no matter what their party preferences. Federalists came to mean Rosas' friends. Unitarians his enemies.

As the Rosista reign of terror began it became an act of treason for man or woman to appear in public without a rosette of scarlet, the Federalist color. Even horses and carriages, houses and shops flew the red flag and bore mottoes with Rosas' slogan: "Long live the Federals! Death to the savage Unitarians!" To be seen on the street without some such mark of loyalty meant suspicion, and suspicion usually meant sudden and violent death. When two harmless ships arrived in port one day from Portland, Maine, loaded with brooms, buckets, and washtubs, the Americans found that their wares could not be sold at any price because they were painted green or blue, the Unitarian colors! A yacht on one of these ships, ordered by Commander Brown of the Argentine navy, could not be received because green and white were its colors. The shrewd Yankee sailors, glad to be obliging, sandpapered off the green paint and laid on two coats of bright Vermillion. On the stern, in neat gold letters, they painted the Rosista motto, and then a crew wearing scarlet and white costumes delivered the boat. The next day the rigging of the American ships displayed long red lines of freshly painted brooms and buckets hung up to dry. They were afterward sold at very fancy prices.

In the first part of his "reign" Rosas' position was often desperate. He was fiercely jealous of foreign interference and his high-handed measures led him into trouble with both France and England. For two years the French navy

blockaded Buenos Aires, but no nation on earth was big enough to tell Rosas what he ought to do. When the French admiral threatened to bombard Buenos Aires, Rosas replied: "For every ball that falls in the town, I will hang a French resident." His stubborn insistence on Argentine rights won great praise from San Martin and it was to Rosas that he willed his sword.

It is said that the Dictator loved to torment and flout foreign naval officers and ambassadors. Sometimes he would keep them waiting months before receiving them at all. One day when two dignified Spanish officers paid him an official visit in the customary full-dress uniform he greeted them in his shirt sleeves. Another time he boasted that he intended to have the maize for his breakfast porridge pounded by the English ambassador. When the minister was seen approaching the palace Rosas sent his daughter to stand in the entrance-hall and pound the maize in a mortar. The visitor politely took the pestle to help her. Rosas and his retinue then appeared upon the scene. Once when he was requested to reply to an ultimatum in forty-eight hours, he waited twenty-five days before condescending to notice it at all.

Montevideo in Uruguay, on the opposite shores of the Plata River, was the refuge for anti-Rosistas, and from there they stirred up trouble. One of them published an article called: "It is a Meritorious Action to Kill Rosas." Another sent a parcel containing a bomb to the Dictator, purporting to be a valuable collection of historic medals. It lay in his library for two days till Manuelita and one of her girl friends happened to open it. The machinery was imperfect and it never exploded.

Opposition to Rosas was in the air, and it culminated in a huge conspiracy. Some of the plotters were among the most prominent citizens of Buenos Aires. But no one could catch Rosas unawares. He was more than a match for the Unitarians who had kept the country humming with civil war for

years. By hospitality and friendliness he liked to lead his enemies on to thinking they had pulled the wool over his eyes. Through his spies he would keep watch of all their little tricks and then turn the tables on them just in time to save himself. On the evening before he knew the outbreak would occur, he invited his friends and his enemies to a wonderful fete in the palace gardens. Among the guests were all those in the conspiracy to execute Rosas next day and confiscate his estates. Within two hours after the last guest had departed that night every one of the conspirators was quietly arrested, brought back to the palace grounds and shot. People heard the steady firing of the guns, but sup- posed it to be "a parting salute" from Rosas to his guests of the evening — and so it was.

The next morning the citizens were invited to hear a public address by the Dictator. At nine o'clock he appeared on a little balcony of the palace, attended only by Manuelita, who carried a red banner bearing the Federalist motto. Then he told the crowds below him what he had done to rid the country of its greatest enemies, the "savage Unitarios."

At about this time a terrible secret society called the Mazorca Club was formed and there were no more revo- lutions. Like the Klu Klux Klan it did its deadly work in the middle of the night and few on its black list ever escaped. Men merely suspected of being Unitarians or friends of Unitarians were stabbed in their beds. Tiny red flags, stamped with the signet of the club, which could not be duplicated by non- members, were attached to the victims. People hardly dared whisper to each other the news that "Last night ten throats were cut!" Even women and children were murdered, and no man dared hide when the Mazorqueros called at midnight, for it might mean death to his family instead. Patrols guarded the coast all night to prevent the escape of suspects. One man managed to get away by embarking openly at noon. Another hid in a cellar for twelve years, living on food which his wife

smuggled in to him. On the day of Rosas' downfall a pale, white-bearded figure crept up out of the cellar into the sunlight like a ghost.

There were only two men in Argentina powerful enough to be possible rivals of the Dictator. One of these, Quiroga, a far worse tyrant than Rosas, showed signs of having designs of his own. Rosas despatched him to a distant province on an errand. On the way Quiroga and his attendants, even the horses drawing the carriage and a dog inside of it, were set upon and killed by unknown ruffians. The other rival, Vincente Lopez, died shortly afterwards, and it was reported that his physician received a handsome reward from the private purse of the president.

By 1842 Rosas, with the help of his favorite general, Urquiza, had either murdered his enemies, driven them to Montevideo, or frightened them into helplessness. The power of the "savage Unitarios" was broken; people were in a state of sullen acquiescence. He had forced internal peace upon the country. Thomas Dawson says of Rosas during those dreadful days in Buenos Aires: "For political reasons he did not hesitate to kill, and to kill cruelly, but he did not kill for the mere sake of killing."

The first man who dared, without having his throat cut, to defy the Dictator was Urquiza himself, once his friend and staunch ally. Urquiza had been appointed governor of Entre Rios, the most independent of all the provinces; he was a loyal Federalist and anxious that his province should receive fair play. The break between the two men occurred because Rosas, though professing to be a Federalist, lived and ruled like a Unitarian. All the power of the Republic was concentrated in Buenos Aires. From there Rosas dictated laws which gave that city special privileges. He even forbade other cities to engage directly in commerce with outside nations; everything had to be sent to Buenos Aires first and shipped from there subject to duty.

In 1851 Urquiza issued a public decree which declared Rosas to be "a despot who has trodden under his feet the brow of a youthful Republic." With the anti-Rosistas who had fled to Uruguay and some of Rosas' troops who had been besieging Montevideo and deserted, besides his own followers, he crossed the Parana River, which separates Entre Rios from the rest of Argentina. His army of 24,000 men was the largest that had ever been assembled for a South American battle, and their thousands of horses swimming across the river presented an extraordinary spectacle. On February 3, 1852, Rosas was defeated. With his daughter he fled to the British Consulate, and thence they boarded ship for England. It was reported that they escaped to the ship disguised as sailors.

Rosas once said to his grandson long afterward: "I want you to remember what I am going to say. Whenever anything was done over there in my name, but which was not directly attributable to me, I always got the blame for it; anything good and right my enemies always put to the credit of my ministers." Rosas has been called the most bitterly hated man in Argentine history. Even to this day they celebrate the date on which he was finally driven from the country. Monuments have never been erected in his memory, nor public squares named after him. But his hands first shaped the constitution of the Argentine nation, and his cruelty and tyranny brought about a reaction in favor of Republicanism. No one ever wanted another Dictator.

Urquiza, who became the next president, finished the work of consolidation; a Federal Constitution, outlined years before by Rosas, was adopted and is in effect to-day. The Republic began to learn her first lessons in self-government, and the stage was clear for the prosperity and industrial development of modern Argentina.

At the age of fifty-six Rosas, in England, again took up the old life he loved so much, the raising of cattle and breeding of horses. For twenty-five years he lived as a peaceful country

gentleman, popular with his neighbors and with his workmen. "No one would have thought," someone used to say, "that the singularly handsome old gentleman who lived quietly and unobtrusively on a little farm near Southampton was the once famous despot of Argentina."

Allen F. Gardiner

1794–1851 A.D.

When the Inca chieftains of Peru fought their way southward among rebel Indian tribes, they found Hving in lower Chile a race of men who refused to be conquered. A little later the Spanish invaders made the same discovery. Here were a stubborn, independent people who loved their liberty and meant to keep it. They proved to be as vigorous warriors as the Spaniards themselves, and quick to imitate their weapons and methods of warfare. So great an honor did these Indians consider death in battle that their chiefs had to hold them back rather than urge them forward. One of their generals, when dying, ordered that his body be burned, so that he might rise to the clouds and there keep on fighting with the souls of dead Spaniards. These Indians, "with bodies of iron and souls of tigers," are the Araucanians, the only natives of the Western Hemisphere who were able to resist European invaders. They have always regarded outsiders as beings inferior to themselves, and this racial pride has made them slow to accept modern ideas. "The most furious and valiant people in America," they have been called, and to this day they have kept a large part of their independence.

At the tip end of South America among the islands of Tierra del Fuego, in Patagonia, live some wandering tribes of grotesque, savage, unkempt natives who are considered about the most degraded and repulsive specimens of the human race. Instead of an articulate language they speak in hoarse, jerky, unintelligible grunts. No vestige of religious belief has been found among them. There is no word, no grunt, in their

language to express deity. When Darwin visited this region he declared that these hopeless creatures were lower than many animals and incapable of being civilized.

These two races more than any others roused the interest and sympathy of Captain Allen Gardiner, an English naval officer, as he traveled in different parts of the world; and among them he tried, but failed, to establish missionary settlements. To a man who has sailed all over the globe, big distances grow trivial, and the races of men seem like members of one large family. Captain Gardiner was never a minister or an appointed missionary. When he started out he had no connection with any mission board; he was simply a Christian layman, anxious to hold out a helping hand to the people in the human family who needed it most.

The superficiality of all religious life in the cities on the west coast of South America which he visited while cruising in H. M. S. Dauntless, had particularly stirred him to indignation: the harshness and intolerance of the priests; the contrast between the spectacular ceremonies in elaborate cathedrals and the poverty and ignorance of the masses of people. If this was the best specimen of Christianity that the most civilized centers could produce, there would seem to be little hope for the Indians. He appreciated the splendid possibilities of the Araucanians, the fine material going to waste; while for the poor Fuegians, utterly neglected and hopeless, he felt the greatest compassion; he knew in his heart that they were worth saving though it might take a hundred centuries. Some one must plunge in and make a beginning. His plan of procedure was to enter these inaccessible regions, live among the natives, learn their customs and language and win their confidence, and when the way was clear bring in missionaries to found a permanent settlement. He worked on the principle that: "We can never do wrong in casting the gospel net on any side or in any place."

At that time he had no success in rousing a similar

enthusiasm for South American Indians among the members of the London Missionary Society. With his own income and the moral support of the Society he went first to South Africa and initiated the Zulu mission. "Poor Captain Gardiner! We shall never see him again," said those people who always look with suspicion upon anything new and novel. With "his clothes, his saddle, a spoon, and a New Testament," he settled down among the natives. "We do not wish to learn it," they told him ominously when he produced his Testament, "but if you will show us how to use the nice musket you may stay." The present of a red cloak put the chief into a most friendly frame of mind, and for three years the mission prospered until a war between the Zulus and the Boers drove all white people from the district.

Then with his wife and two children Captain Gardiner went to South America, eager to begin on his own responsibility a tour of investigation among the Indians. Traveling was no hardship for him. He was a born wanderer and explorer. He loved roughing it in the open: sleeping under the stars, galloping over the plains to visit some rascally Indian chief, crawling through mountain passes on muleback, fording treacherous rivers. He was a superb horseman and swimmer. One time on coming to a river too high to be forded, he says, "I engaged an Indian to swim across with me, and away we went, leaning together on a bundle of reeds. The current was fully four and one half or five knots, but we gained the opposite side in good style, the Indians all aghast to see that a white man could swim as well as themselves."

At Buenos Aires the Gardiners packed themselves and their baggage into a galera, or omnibus, drawn by five mounted horses, which was to carry them over the Argentine pampas to Mendoza. The family slept and did most of its housekeeping inside the galera or by the side of the road, because the post-houses along the way, usually miserable hovels with mud floors, were quite uninhabitable. The main

discomforts were the ragged roads on which the clumsy wagon was "not merely rocked, but agitated to excess"; and the rain leaked in upon the family apartment so freely that Captain Gardiner had to drill holes in the floor to drain it off. One large river had to be forded, and the entire contents of the galera were transferred to a raft floated on casks, while the horses, with the peons on their backs, half swam, half scrambled across with the wagon bumping along behind. There was always danger from wandering Indians who sometimes came galloping down upon travelers, whirling their metal-tipped lassos, and with this possibility to spur them on, the party reached Mendoza in fourteen days, record time.

The next stage of the journey was crossing the Andes on mule-back. The procession which ambled forth from the town began with a piebald mare on a leading string with a jangling bell around her neck. The mules liked the sound of this bell and it kept them from stopping to browse. After the seven baggage mules came the children in panniers, one on each side of a mule, led by a mounted peon. Captain and Mrs. Gardiner in the rear kept a watchful eye on the whole party. "While ascending the winding pathway which leads to the 'Bad Pass,'" writes Gardiner, "one of the mules had, unperceived by me, been stopped by the arriero to have his pack adjusted. Just as we had reached a point where it was impossible for two animals to pass abreast without one of them being hurled down the precipice into the river below, I perceived this liberated mule hastening towards us with apparent determination to pass. So imminent was the danger that the poles were within three or four feet of Mrs. Gardiner's head, who was riding immediately behind me; in another second a mere twist of the animal's body might have proved fatal. Sliding off my horse, I providentially was enabled as promptly to unseat her as I had done myself; we then crept into a hollow formed by an overhanging rock, and with the children waited in safety until the whole cavalcade had passed by."

The River Biobio bordered the territory belonging to the Araucanians. The commandant of this frontier warned Captain Gardiner that his plan to enter was unsafe, but helped him in every way he could. With a servant and a government interpreter, Gardiner rode to the nearest Indian district, and the first person he met happened to be the chief himself, Corbalan. "He received me with much hospitality," Gardiner wrote in his journal, "and before even a hint was given of any intended present, a sheep was ordered to be dressed and killed for our supper. Before we retired, for which purpose Corbalan ordered a smooth bullock's hide to be spread for us on the floor, much conversation took place around the fire, for besides his two wives and other members of his family, some men from the neighborhood had joined the party. Corbalan was informed of my desire to acquire his language, in order that I might impart to his people the knowledge of the true God, as also of my wish to obtain his consent to bring my family and reside in his immediate neighborhood. Such a purpose seemed altogether strange to his ears; still he made no objection, and after some further explanation, he seemed to enter cordially into it."

The next morning neighboring chiefs arrived by invitation to welcome the newcomer. Two of them presented him with boiled fowls. "Where to bestow this unexpected token of friendship in my case was rather puzzling; the interpreter, however, at once relieved me of my dilemma by depositing them in his saddle-bag." Then Captain Gardiner produced some colored handkerchiefs and brass buttons and returned the compliment. A few days later he selected a site for his mission-house. "But," he says, "I had no sooner pointed it out to Corbalan than it became evident that his mind on this point had undergone considerable change… He plainly acknowledged that, notwithstanding what he had said before, he must withdraw his consent. His neighbors, a large and war-like tribe, would be offended; they would not permit a

foreigner to live so near them, for as soon as they heard it they would attack him, and he should not be able to resist them."

In four other districts and the island of Chiloe Captain Gardiner made every effort to get permission to settle. The chiefs were friendly, but either prejudiced against him by the Catholic friars, or fearing that he had some ulterior motive in coming among them, they refused everywhere to let him stay. In one place the chief told him that he had never allowed a stranger to live among his people, but in this case he would make an exception on condition that he be presented with a bar of salt and a pound of indigo. Afterward when Captain Gardiner had rented a little cottage in the village, moved all his furniture into it, set up the bedsteads and prepared everything for his family, the old chief abruptly informed him that in one moon's time he would have to go. This meant repacking all his possessions and carting them back to the frontier, for it was not worth while moving his family for one month's stay. Another chief "quite laughed at my design of passing forwards to visit some other chiefs beyond. No Spaniards, he said, were living in these parts; they were not permitted to remain."

He wrote to a friend: "Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian inhabitants where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned towards the south…. Happily for us the Falkland Islands are now under the British Flag. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and spend the summer among the Patagonians." Patagonia was a land of which a Spanish captain in the 18th century reported that "he had surveyed all…without finding one place fit for forming a settlement upon, on account of the barrenness of the soil."

The government station on the Falkland Islands was small and dreary, but the people welcomed the Gardiners and helped them build a little wooden house on the barren, treeless shore. The weeks went by and no regular sailing vessel

came which could take the Captain over to Tierra del Fuego, Finally the master of a rickety old schooner agreed to make the trip for £100.

The first encounter with the natives was discouraging. Two of them appeared on the beach to meet their callers. "Each had a bow and quiver of arrows. They spoke loudly and made very plain signs for their visitors to go away…. They received the presents which were offered them, such as brass buttons, a clasp knife, and a worsted comforter, and condescended to sit down with what seemed a kind of sullen resolution not to relax their features or utter another word." On making a second landing the party found a more responsive tribe. As soon as they had pitched their tent, the natives with grim curiosity, moved their own tents, seventeen of them, with all their belongings, into a row behind Captain Gardiner's where they could watch proceedings, and in two or three hours had transferred their whole village. Gardiner met here a friendly chief named Wissale and a woolly-haired North American Negro, Isaac, who could speak English. He explained his errand, how he wished to live with them in order to teach them good things out of the Book which he had brought. Wissale was agreeably impressed with this program, enjoyed the refreshments served him, and replied: "It is well. We shall be brothers."

So peaceable were the natives and so friendly was the cheerful old chief that Gardiner joyfully began to plan for a mission-station. With his family he returned to England to collect funds, but he met with little response. The missionary organizations were not prosperous enough to undertake the business, and the popular feeling about South America seemed to be: "It is the natural inheritance of pope and pagan; let it alone." It was not till three years later that he could at last carry out his plan. A new organization named the Patagonian Missionary Society, now known as the South American Missionary Society, was formed for the purpose by

Gardiner, with the help of men who had caught the contagious spirit of his enthusiasm. But by that time it was too late; the golden opportunity had passed. When Gardiner reached the Strait of Magellan once more, bringing a missionary with him, he found that Wissale had lost his wealth and prestige, an unfriendly chief was in power, and the padre in a new settlement not far away had begun to teach the Patagonians to become "Catolicos," Against this combined hostility of natives and white men no Protestant mission could have made headway.

When the two missionaries who had set out with such high hopes returned home again to report complete failure the members of the Society were naturally discouraged. Not so Captain Gardiner. He was a quick, impatient man, so intensely active that when the way seemed closed in one direction he would hurry off on some other enterprise without delay, that he might not waste time where so much had to be done. "Whatever course you may determine upon," he said, "I have made up my own mind to go back again to South America, and leave no stone unturned, no effort untried to establish a Protestant mission among the aboriginal tribes. They have a right to be instructed in the gospel of Christ." Paying his own expenses and those of a young assistant, he sailed back to America, and there selected another desolate, neglected territory for his investigations, the interior of Bolivia. "There is not a single mission in the Chaco, and the whole country is before us," he wrote home.

One after another he visited eleven Indian villages. Each chief received him cordially, and to each he made his request to be permitted to live among them. Pie explained that he was no Spaniard, but belonged to a friendly nation; he promised never to take their land, but to support himself, pay for everything he wanted and bring presents for the chiefs. Eleven times he was refused on one pretext or another. By the time the two travelers reached the frontier again, they were too ill

with fever to explore any further. "We have traveled 1,061 miles," wrote Gardiner, "on the worst roads perhaps in the world. We cannot fly about here as in Chile." After repeated efforts, permission was secured from the government to establish a mission on condition that no proselytizing be done and that the work be carried on among Indians only. With the way thus opened Gardiner went to England to urge that a missionary be sent at once. Just at the time, however, when two Spanish Protestants were about to open the Mission under the auspices of the Society, revolution broke out in Bolivia and with a change in government the attempt had to be abandoned.

It had been a long, disheartening series of failures for Gardiner, but with tireless energy he went ahead with new plans. The cautious committee of the Patagonian Missionary Society failed to dampen his enthusiasm, and he toured through England and Scotland lecturing on the need of a mission among the Fuegians. Often it was difficult to collect an audience. The aborigines of South America were too remote to arouse popular sympathy. On one occasion when a lecture had been widely advertised, Gardiner arrived at the hall, hung up his maps, and waited. Not a soul appeared. On the street, as he walked away afterward with the maps under his arm, he met a friend who inquired if it had been a good meeting.

"Not very good, but better than sometimes."

"How many were there?"

"Not one," said Gardiner, "but no meeting is better than a bad one."

Though his personal magnetism won him many warm friends on this trip, the funds contributed were not sufficient to provide for the expedition he had planned. He proposed, however, to use the money as far as it would go. With four sailors, one ship's carpenter, one decked boat, a dingey, a whaleboat, two wigwam huts, and supplies for six months, he

sailed, in 1848, for the Strait of Magellan on board the Clymene bound for Valparaiso. The little outfit proved pitifully inadequate; the boat should have been twice as substantial to withstand the squalls of that region, and on the first exploring trip was almost swamped.

Gardiner erected his huts on Picton Island. Immediately the Fuegians gathered to watch this remarkable performance, and play mischievous pranks on the white men. One seized a large inkstand and with malicious glee poured its contents over the memorandum Captain Gardiner was writing. They showed alarming partiality for anything they could carry away with them, even the ship's biscuits which had been hidden in a kettle, and articles disappeared so rapidly and mysteriously that the exploring party had to return to the boat to save their property. "A mission vessel moored in the stream must be substituted for a mission house erected on the shore," decided Gardiner after this experience. It meant returning to England, raising more money, and trying to convince the Society that more thorough equipment was essential.

The committee appointed to consider his proposition decided that they could give him nothing but their permission to go ahead, providing he could find the money. An interested woman gave him £700; he himself added £300. With his nautical experience he realized all too well that the little party which finally sailed for Tierra del Fuego a second time was poorly prepared and he warned his companions of all the dangers they must expect. The alternative was abandoning the expedition indefinitely. In 1850, a steamer bound for San Francisco gave them passage: Richard Williams, surgeon; John Maidement, a catechist; Joseph Erwin, the ship's carpenter; three Cornish fishermen, and Captain Gardiner. Supplies for six months were provided, arrangements completed for the delivery of more provisions later, and the two launches. *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, built for use among the islands, "were the admiration of all nautical men who saw

them." They were, however, better suited for use on the Thames River than on the tempestuous Strait of Magellan.

By the end of one month the *Pioneer* was wrecked. The hostility and thievishness of the natives wherever the party landed drove them to take refuge in a retired bay, called Spaniard Harbor, while they waited for the relief party. Their launch seemed like a toy on a big ocean, and Dr. Williams, in his journal, wrote emphatically: "We are all agreed that nothing short of a vessel, a brigantine, or a schooner of 80 or 100 tons burden can answer our ends, and to procure this ultimately the captain has fully determined to use every effort. Our plan of action now is to rough all the circumstances which it may please God to permit to happen to us, until the arrival of a vessel; to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falkland Islands, there learn the language, having acquired it, and got the necessary vessel, to come out again and go amongst them."

At Picton Island where they had arranged for the relief ship to land, they buried bottles containing directions: "We are gone to Spaniard Harbor, which is on the main island. We have sickness on board; our supplies are nearly out and if not soon relieved we shall be starved." White stakes with black crosses showed where the bottles were buried, and on the rocks Captain Gardiner painted "Gone to Spaniard Harbor."

But the weeks passed by and no vessel came. It was difficult to catch fish, the supply of powder gave out, and on a steady diet of pork and biscuit, most of the men became seriously ill. "All hands are now sadly affected," wrote Dr. Williams in June. "Captain Gardiner, a miracle of constitutional vigor, has suffered the least, and if I listened to his own words he is still none the worse but his countenance bespeaks the contrary." For days they lived on a fox which "had frequently paid them visits during the night…making free with whatever came to hand, pieces of pork, shoes, and even books. To the great mortification of Mr. Maidement his

Bible was amongst the latter which being very handsomely bound in morroco was doubtless a booty to the hungry animal!" In July Gardiner wrote: "We have now remaining half a duck, about one pound of salt pork, the same quantity of damaged tea. a pint of rice, two cakes of chocolate, four pints of peas, to which I may add six mice, the latter are very tender and taste like rabbit." Even seeds were made into broth, and rockweed boiled down into jelly.

Gardiner, Maidement and one of the fishermen lived in the wrecked *Pioneer*, drawn up on the beach and covered with a tent, while the other men remained in the *Speedwell*, anchored at the mouth of a little river a mile and a half distant, out of the reach of storms. As they grew weaker it became difficult to make the trip back and forth between the boats. Toward the end of August Gardiner wrote: "One and another of our little missionary band is gathered by the Good Shepherd to a better inheritance, and to a higher and more glorious appointment. Our lives are in his hands, and he can raise up others, far better qualified than we are, to enter into our labors." Not a word of complaint, alarm or impatience appears in the journal which Gardiner kept almost to the last hour.

On August 30, the entry is: "Wishing to spare Mr. Maidement the trouble of attending upon me…. I purposed to go to the river, and take up my quarters in the boat. Feeling that without crutches I could not possibly effect it, Mr. Maidement most kindly cut me a pair (two forked sticks) but it was no slight exertion in his weak state. We set out together, but I soon found that I had not strength to proceed, so I was obliged to return." Alone in his boat dormitory Gardiner wrote farewell letters to his family. To his wife he said: "If I have a wish for the good of my fellowmen, it is that the Tierra del Fuego mission may be carried on with vigor." During those last few days he worked feverishly on the "Outline of a plan for conducting the future operations of the

mission," and an "Appeal to British Christians in behalf of South America," anxious lest he might grow too weak to finish them. One day in the early part of September Maidement retired to a cavern which had been used for sleeping quarters when the tide was not too high. He never returned, Gardiner, the last survivor of the seven, still kept his journal, "He left a little peppermint water which he had mixed, and it has been a great comfort to me," reads the entry, "for there was no other to drink. Fearing that I might suffer from thirst, I prayed that the Lord would strengthen me to procure some water. He graciously answered my petition, and yesterday I was enabled to get out, and scoop up a sufficient supply from some that trickled down at the stern of the boat by means of one of my india rubber overshoes," The next day the journal ended. Afterward on the shore was found a penciled note, torn and discolored and partly illegible:

> Yet a little while, and though…the Almighty to sing the praises…throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food…Maidement's kindness to me…heaven.
>
> September 6, 1851.

Twenty days later the relief ship arrived. Three others were then on the way, sent by anxious friends. The captain wrote in his report: "Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left, and being too weak to climb into it again had died by the side of it." After reading the journal, he added: "As a brother officer, I beg to record my admiration of his conduct in the moment of peril and danger; and his energy and resources entitle him to high professional credit. At one time I find him surrounded by hostile natives, and dreading an attack, yet forbearing to fire, and the savages awed and subdued by the solemnity of his party kneeling down in prayer. At another, having failed to

heave off his boat when on the rocks, he digs a channel under her, and diverts a freshwater stream into it; and I find him making an anchor by filling an old bread cask with stones, heading it up, and securing wooden crosses over the heads with chains."

To the secretary of the Mission Society in London, Captain Moreshead wrote a sympathetic letter, valuable because it gave the opinion of a hardheaded, practical man: "I trust neither yourself nor the Society will be discouraged from following up to the utmost the cause in which you have embarked; and ultimate success is as certain as the present degraded state of the natives is evident. Their state is a perfect disgrace to the age we live in, within a few hundred miles of an English colony."

Far from discouraging further missionary activities, the story of Allen Gardiner, published far and wide, and discussed all over England, gave great impetus to a lagging cause. "They buried themselves on the desert shore," it was said in a current magazine article, "but all the people of England attend their funeral." Those who had been faintly interested began to do something; those who had been utterly indifferent began to think. The public conscience felt an unaccustomed prick. The Society which Gardiner had founded, now on a sound and permanent basis, and profiting by his experiences, energetically arranged to establish a mission on the Falkland Islands. It was resolved "from thence to hold a cautious intercourse with the Fuegians by means of a schooner named the *Allen Gardiner.*" The plans were submitted to experts who recommended that "the vessel be well armed, of from 100 to 150 tons, rigged American fashion fore-and-aft sails, no square ones." Such was the ship launched in 1854, and one of the first volunteers to join the mission party was Gardiner's only son, Allen. On Starvation Beach, Spaniard Harbor, is a tablet bearing seven names. The inscription reads in part:

> "THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF A VESSEL BUILT ACCORDING TO THE WISHES OF THE ABOVE-MENTIONED CAPTAIN GARDINER, AND NAMED AFTER HIM… THE WHOLE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE PATAGONIAN OR SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, TO WHOM THE VESSEL BELONGS, AND OF WHICH SOCIETY CAPTAIN GARDINER WAS THE FOUNDER."

The names of Allen Gardiner, his son and his grandson have all been closely associated with Araucania. At the time of the Society's jubilee in 1894, a special fund for increasing the work among these Indians was raised, and a new and larger mission established in memory of Captain Gardiner. The superintendent of the mission wrote: "Wonderful is the thought that our brave founder tried so hard and failed to gain a footing in this country about fifty years ago, whilst to-day it is our happy privilege to preach the gospel of peace and goodwill towards men in camp, village and town throughout the length and breadth of Araucania."

In one of the finest of the histories of the Argentine Republic there is this little paragraph: "The South American Society has done noble work in supplying buildings and chaplains, and the courage and enterprise of the hardy colonists is a striking episode in the history of colonization." Through those who came after him Allen Gardiner finds his place in the history of the continent.

Domingo F. Sarmiento

1811 –1888 A.D.

In the town of San Juan, near the foot of the Andes in eastern Argentina, lived a fine old family named Sarmiento which could trace its ancestry back in a straight line to the early colonists. On the mother's side, generation after generation had produced men of remarkable intellectual ability — writers, teachers, historians, bishops. The youngest of the family, Domingo, born in 1811, had all the brilliant talents which seemed to be the inevitable heritage of these people. His relatives were "personages," but they were very companionable ones even for a small boy, and there was never a dull moment in the Sarmiento household. With his uncle, a clergyman who had once been chaplain in San Martin's army, he would spend hours talking on history, politics, and good government, and learning a variety of fascinating things about the world.

"I never knew how to spin a top, to bat a ball, to fly a kite, or had any inclination for such boyish sports," Domingo confessed many years later. "At school I learned how to copy the knaves from cards, later I made a copy of San Martin on horseback from the paper lantern of a grocer, and I succeeded, after ten years of perseverance, in divining all the secrets of caricatures." He especially loved to mold saints and soldiers out of mud and play with them. For the saints he invented elaborate ceremonies of worship; the soldiers he and his young neighbors arranged in two armies, and fierce battles were carried on with wax balls, seeing who could knock down the most figures with the fewest shots.

The family was desperately poor. Domingo's mother — one of those great mothers of great men — had married a man who had no money and never quite succeeded in making any. He worked on a farm driving mules, and did various odd jobs for a living, always dreaming of wonderful projects which never amounted to anything. It was the plucky young mother who built their little home. Before her marriage, although it was an unheard-of thing for a woman of good family to work for wages, she had earned a little money by weaving. With this she hired two peons to build a two-room house on a bit of land, "thirty yards by forty," which she had inherited. She put up her loom under a fig-tree on the grass, and while she wove directed the workmen, sometimes even stopping to help them. Each Saturday she sold the cloth she made during the week and from the proceeds paid the men their wages.

"The sunburned bricks and mud walls of that little house might be computed in yards of linen," Domingo once said. "My mother wove twelve yards per week, which was the pattern for the dress of a friar, and received $6 on Saturday, not without trespassing on the night" — quaintly elaborate Spanish phrase! — "to fill the quills with thread for the work of the following day."

With the picture of his mother always before him Sarmiento had the deepest respect for honest work, whether it was done with the hands or with the mind. He kept as a precious treasure the shuttle, two hundred years old, which his mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother had used. No one appreciated better than he the dignity of manual labor, and that in a day when Creole gentlemen scorned to lift a finger in any kind of industrial work. By her own efforts his mother supported the little family, and though sometimes she hardly knew where the next day's meals were coming from, she never told of her poverty. Her wealthy relatives and her brothers, the parish curates, never dreamed how hard the struggle was.

Each morning at sunrise the noise of the whirring loom would wake the family, a signal that it was time to be up. "Other industrial resources had their place on the narrow territory of twenty yards not occupied by the family mansion," Sarmiento wrote. "Three orange trees shed their fruit in autumn, their shade always. Under a corpulent peach tree was a little pool of water for the solace of three or four geese, which, multiplying, gave their contribution to the complicated and limited system of revenue on which reposed the existence of the family; and since these means were insufficient, there was a garden which produced such vegetables as enter into South American cookery, the whole sparkling and illuminated by groups of common flowers, a mulberry-colored rose-bush and various other flowering shrubs…. Yet in that Noah's ark there was some little corner where were steeped and prepared the colors with which she dyed her webs, and a vat of bran, from whence issued every week a fair proportion of exquisitely white starch." Candle-making, baking, and a "thousand rural operations" went on in the busy little household.

"Such was the domestic hearth near which I grew, and it is impossible that there should not be left on a loyal nature indelible impressions of morality, of industry, and of virtue."

Domingo's father was determined that the boy and his two sisters should have opportunities which he himself had missed, and he constantly encouraged them to read and study. "He had an unconquerable hatred for manual labor, unintellectually and rudely as he had been brought up. I once heard him say, speaking of me, "Oh, no! my son shall never take a spade in his hand!" He used to borrow learned works — the *Critical History of Spain*, in four volumes, was one of these — and insist that his son read them every word. Long before school-days Domingo had learned to read. His uncle afterward told him that at the age of four he "had the reputation of being a most troublesome and vociferous reader."

The first book he ever owned was a Roman Guide Book which he used to pore over by the hour. Sarmiento always said that he was indebted to his father for his love of reading.

When he was five years old he went to school. Argentina's declaration of independence had given her colonists a new pride in themselves, an impetus to educate their children who were going to be free citizens of a free country, and the provincial government had opened a primary school, the first of its kind in San Juan. Before that even the children of wealthy parents received almost no education except what they could pick up at home.

"In this school," Sarmiento says, "I remained nine years without having missed a single day under any pretext, for my mother was there to see that I should fulfil my duty of punctuality under the penalty of her indescribable severity. From a child I believed in my talents as a rich man does in his money or a soldier in his warlike deeds. Every one said so, and after nine years of school life, there were not a dozen out of two thousand children who were before me in their capacity to learn, notwithstanding that toward the end I hated the school, especially grammar, algebra, and arithmetic."

After he had gone as far as he could in the elementary school he studied Latin with his uncle, and mathematics and surveying with an engineer. At fifteen he was teaching a class of eight pupils twenty years old who had never learned to read. A year later he became an apprentice in a merchant's shop, spending all the money he could spare for books and all his leisure in reading them.

"I studied the history of Greece till I knew it by heart, and then that of Rome, feeling myself to be successively Leonidas, Brutus, Aristides…. During this time I was selling herbs and sugar, and making grimaces at those who came to draw me from my newly-discovered world where I wished to live."

He read every book he could lay his hands on. Among them were the Bible, a *Life of Cicero*, and two formidable

treatises entitled: *Natural Theology and Evidences of Christianity,* and *The True Idea of the Holy See.* He liked them all, and in his imagination lived over and over again the lives of the characters he read about. He loved best the *Life of Benjamin Franklin.* "No book," he said, "has ever done me more good. ... I felt myself to be Franklin — why not? I was very poor like him; I studied, as he did, to be a *doctor ad honorem!* and to make myself a place in letters and American politics."

Then one day his career as shopkeeper came to a sudden end. "I was told for the third time," he wrote, "to close my shop and mount guard in the character of ensign of militia to which rank I had of late been promoted. I was very much opposed to that guard, and over my own signature I complained of the service, and used the expression, 'with which we are oppressed'!" For this offense Sarmiento was speedily summoned to the presence of the governor. As the boy approached, the governor neither rose in greeting nor lifted his hat. "It was the first time I had presented myself before one in authority. I was young, ignorant of life, haughty by education and perhaps by my daily contact with Caesar, Cicero, and other favorite personages, and, as the governor did not respond to my respectful salute, before answering his question, 'Is this your signature, sir?' I hurriedly lifted my hat, intentionally put it on again, and answered resolutely, 'Yes, sir.' …"

After this bit of pantomime the two eyed each other suspiciously, the governor trying "to make me cast down my eyes by the flashes of anger that gleamed from his own, and I with mine fixed unwinkingly to make him understand that his rage was aimed at a soul fortified against all intimidation! I conquered, and in a transport of anger he called an aide-de-camp and sent me to prison."

"You have done a foolish thing, but it is done; now bear the consequences," his father told him.

Various officials tried to force him to tell the names of people he had heard complain of the government, but he said to them: "Those who spoke in my presence did not authorize me to communicate their opinions to the authorities."

Not long after his release, as the governor was riding through the streets with a train of fifty horsemen, young Sarmiento on a sudden impulse fired a sky-rocket at the hoofs of some of the horses. "We had a wordy dispute," he says, "he on horseback, I on foot. He had a train of fifty horsemen, and I fixed my eyes upon him and his spirited horse to avoid being trampled upon, when I felt something touch me behind in a disagreeable and significant manner. I put my hand behind me and touched — the barrel of a pistol, which was left in my hand. I was at that instant the head of a phalanx which had gathered in my defense. The Federal party was on the point of a hand-to-hand encounter with the Unitario party, whom I served unconsciously at that moment." The governor rode on, worsted for the second time by a mere boy. His spirited rebellion against the tyranny of the government in those dreadful days of revolution and civil war was the cause of these two incidents, and he never hesitated to attack the evils which roused his indignation.

He definitely allied himself with the anti-administration party, the Unitarios, and for the next month gave all his time to studying the political principles of the two great parties of the republic. "I was initiated thus by the authorities themselves into the party questions of the city, and it was not in Rome or in Greece but in San Juan that I was to seek national liberty."

At eighteen he left his shop and joined some troops that were preparing to march against the tyrant Quiroga. He barely escaped being taken prisoner, and finally landed in Mendoza with his father, who followed him everywhere "like a tutelar angel," possibly to restrain his son's hotheadedness. At Mendoza he was appointed a director of the military

academy because of his knowledge of cavalry maneuvers and tactics, most of which he had picked up in the course of his reading. Here he discovered one day a French library which inspired him with a great desire to learn French. He found a soldier from France who agreed to give him lessons. By the end of six weeks he had translated twelve volumes. He kept his books piled on the dining-room table except at meal-times, and it was usually two o'clock in the morning before he closed his dictionary and blew out his candle.

No Unitario's life was safe at this time, and the Sarmiento family with many prominent citizens of the province of San Juan were obliged to seek safety in Chile. In Los Andes on the Chilean side of the mountains Sarmiento taught for a time in a municipal school, the first and only one in the town. Then he walked all the way to the coast to accept the position of a merchant's clerk in Valparaiso at a wage of about sixteen dollars a month. More than half of this he invested in learning English, part going to his professor, and ten cents a week to the watchman on the block for waking him at two in the morning for study. He never worked on Sunday, but he made up for this by sitting up all Saturday night with his books and Spanish-English dictionary. After six weeks of lessons his teacher told him that all he needed further was the pronunciation. Not until he visited France and England years later did he have a chance to learn to pronounce correctly the languages he had acquired in six weeks.

Intensely alert for every opportunity of advancement, Sarmiento shortly became foreman in a great mining plant. With all the rest of his duties he managed to read in English one volume a day of all the works of Sir Walter Scott. The Argentine workers in the mine, most of them exiles like himself, used to meet in a big kitchen after the day's work was over to discuss politics. Sarmiento was always on hand in his miner's costume of "doublet and hose," with a red cap and a sash to which was attached his purse, "capable of holding

twenty-five pounds of sugar." Whether it had any money in it, as is the habit of purses, no one knows. In these discussions Sarmiento was the court of last resort. The men asked him questions, and strangers who sometimes dropped in to listen were often surprised at the remarkable attainments of this young man who looked in his rough clothes like the humblest peon. He used to draw birds and animals and make caricatures to amuse the miners, and he even gave them French lessons. He had a passion for telling others everything he knew himself, and a marvelous gift for making those he taught eager to learn.

But as time went on he longed to recross the mountain pass which lay between himself and home. Ill and almost penniless he arrived in San Juan to find few of his old friends left there. It happened that the government officials needed an expert to solve a complicated mathematical problem. Sarmiento was able to help them, and gained considerable prestige for his cleverness. He made new friends among the brightest of the young Liberals, and together they began to wake up the sleepy, apathetic, intellectually barren little city with a great variety of activities, in which Sarmiento was always the leading spirit.

Under his direction a college for young ladies was founded. Nothing had ever been done before in the province for the education of women, and Sarmiento wrote a vigorous article; setting forth the need of such a school as he proposed. For two years it was his pet enterprise and through it he exerted a very real influence on the community. The energetic little group also started a dramatic society, the first in the country, and invented many public amusements which raised the general tone of society life.

With the help of three of his friends Sarmiento published a periodical named *La Zonda,* which treated of public education, farming, and other topics about which he thought people ought to know. The first two numbers contained

nothing to which the government could reasonably object, but it feared what he might say next. The governor on some flimsy pretext fined him twenty-six dollars. When Sarmiento would not submit to such oppressive methods he was marched off to prison. On the advice of his friends he yielded the point for the sake of his school and the affair blew over. But he was wholly unsubdued.

"My situation in San Juan became more and more thorny every day," he says, "as the political situation became more and more charged with threatening clouds. … I spoke my convictions with all the sincerity of my nature, and the suspicions of the government closed around me on every side like a cloud of flies buzzing about my ears." It was not long before his fearless articles led to his rearrest, and he was imprisoned in a dungeon designed for the worst political offenders. For months his life was a series of narrow escapes. At one time a howling mob of Federalists in the streets demanded his death, and the governor would have ordered his assassination had he dared.

Sarmiento left the prison to go into exile once more in Chile. *"On ne tue pas les idées,"* "Ideas have no country," he said, and went right on contributing articles to the press. For a time he edited a political journal, then gave it up to found a magazine of his own, the Nacional. His vigorous writings on all kinds of subjects thoroughly aroused public opinion and started violent controversies which made men think. There was no greater evil in South America than the indifference of the mass of the people to all questions of public welfare and prosperity. Sarmiento proved a tonic for mental laziness.

When he heard one day that a bitter enemy of Rosas, Colonel Madrid, was in Mendoza preparing to defy the government, Sarmiento turned his back on his editorial desk and determined to return to his own country, and help to fight against the president. Just as they had reached the summit on their way across the Andes, Sarmiento and his

companions spied in the distance hundreds of black, hurrying specks coming toward them. Madrid and his men in retreat were taking refuge in the mountains. Their position, without food, shelter, or medicine, was desperate. Sarmiento fairly ran down the mountain side to Los Andes, hired a secretary, invited himself into a friend's house, and for twelve hours worked to save the lives of those Argentine troops. Before the day was over he had sent twelve mountaineers to help the fugitives, bought and despatched six loads of food and bedding, written to the Argentine minister in Chile for government aid, started appeals for charity, arranged an entertainment for the benefit of the soldiers, and written one of his stirring articles to rouse public sympathy. People responded instantly and in three days sufficient food and medicine for a thousand men had started over the Andes.

"My mother brought me up," Sarmiento wrote, "with the persuasion that I should be a clergyman and the curate of San Juan, in imitation of my uncle; and my father had visions for me of military jackets, gold lace, sabers, and other accouterments to match." But from the time when he was a small boy in the government school Sarmiento had known what he wanted to do more than anything else in the world with his life. Many years later, on the occasion of laying the cornerstone of the Sarmiento School in San Juan, he said in the course of his address: "The inspiration to consecrate myself to the education of the people came to me here in my youth."

The idea of educating the common people in schools supported by popular taxes had never occurred to the people of Chile. In Santiago, now that his project of fighting for Argentina had come to an end, he organized primary schools for the poor, and founded the Monitor for Schools, a journal for teachers, in which he discussed educational problems. Perhaps nothing he did was more important than raising the profession of teacher to a higher plane. At that time teaching was considered to be not only a humble but an unworthy

occupation. A story is told of a robber who had stolen the silver candelabra from a church altar. As punishment he was condemned, not to the penitentiary, but "to serve as a schoolmaster in Copiapo for the term of three years." To this despised profession Sarmiento gave new dignity and importance. He founded the first normal school in either North or South America for the training of men who should make the profession of teaching an honorable one.

One of his students during those years writes of him: "Sarmiento always treated us as friends, inspiring us with that respectful confidence which makes a superior so dear. He was always ready to favor us and help us in our misfortunes; he often despoiled himself of his own garments to give them to his pupils, the greater part of whom were poor. He often invited us to accompany him in his afternoon walks, in order to give us more importance in the eyes of others and to comfort our hearts by encouragement. … He treated his pupils thus, not because we were individually worthy of the honor, but to give importance to our profession, then humiliated, calumniated, despised. He himself, in spite of his learning and his influential relatives, was called by the disdainful epithets of clerk and schoolmaster, and was insulted every day by the supercilious Chileans!"

After Sarmiento had directed the normal school for three years, all the time continuing his writing, editing, and newspaper work, he was commissioned by the Chilean government to visit Europe and the United States to study school systems. During his travels he met distinguished men in all the large countries of the world, and received honors wherever he went. One interesting result of his trip was a conversation he had with San Martin, in which he learned why the great general had ended his career so abruptly. He was the first one admitted to the secret, and it was through him that the Argentines discovered the truth about their greatest patriot. In the United States he became a friend of Horace Mann,

who had first introduced the common school system of education. As soon as Sarmiento reached Chile again, he established this system there.

While he was in exile, he did a large part of the writing which has distinguished him not only as educator and statesman but as a man of letters. Aside from the numerous periodicals he founded from time to time, he published many books, some of them political treatises, some of them travels, and one, Recollections of a Province, largely autobiographical. Perhaps his best-known work is a history of Argentina in the days of the tyrants, called Civilisation and Barbarism, in which he poured out all the bitter rebellion in his heart against the policy of the government.

While Sarmiento was giving so lavishly of his genius to his adopted country, he stood ready at a moment's notice to respond to his own country's need for help. Rosas had decreed a ban of perpetual banishment upon him, but when Sarmiento heard in 1851 that General Urquiza was preparing to march against Rosas, he left Chile at once to offer his services. As a colonel he fought in the famous battle which drove Rosas from the country. Then, seated at the tyrant's own desk, and using his pen, he wrote a vivid description of the battle. Six days later he left the army because he realized that Urquiza had every intention of making himself another such dictator as Rosas. The minute he decided on this he wrote a note to the general in which he told him with his usual uncompromising bluntness that he had chosen a thorny path which could lead only to disaster.

He began now to take a still deeper interest in politics, but refused to accept office because he could not approve of the policy of the government of Buenos Aires which had refused to join a Confederation of Argentine Provinces. But he did accept the directorship of the department of schools of the municipality of Buenos Aires. When he began this difficult, uphill work, a resolution was passed appropriating $600 for all

the schools in the city! After a year he was granted $127,000 for his department, and with it a splendid Model School was erected. When soon afterward he was elected state senator from Buenos Aires, he immediately proposed that extensive public lands recently held by Rosas should become school property and that school-buildings should be built through all the provinces.

He used his great influence to bring about the final union of Buenos Aires with the Argentine Confederacy, and he made a brilliant address before a convention of provincial delegates, opposing a bill to establish a state religion. It was largely through his influence that absolute religious toleration and liberty of speech were declared legal.

The interests of the people were his first concern in public life. He obtained permission to divide a large tract of land near the capital into small farms, and these he sold cheaply to prospective farmers. In the center of this land he built a "Chicago of the desert," as he called it. Squares and streets were laid out, a church, a schoolhouse, a bank, and a railroad station were built, the whole settlement springing up as quickly as a Western mining town in the United States. Thousands of people went on excursions out to the desert to see the marvelous spectacle. At that time thirty-nine farmers held the land. Ten years later 20,000 people lived in the district, and a railroad was built giving it connection with Buenos Aires.

Soon after this he returned to his own province as governor. He founded a university; high schools for boys and girls; and primary schools in every section of the province. After the bad governors who had held sway, the people could hardly believe their good fortune! He left this office after a short term to go to the United States as ambassador from the Argentine Republic. While he was there he determined that his country should have the benefit of every progressive idea that the United States could suggest, and through his books

and reports describing American education, industries, and institutions, he kept the ruling minds of Argentina in close touch with these ideas. The Argentines were devoted admirers of Abraham Lincoln, and Sarmiento wrote a life of Lincoln which he printed at his own expense and sent to South America for general distribution. He started an important review called *Ambas Americas* — "The Two Americas" — which he hoped would bring the two countries into closer sympathy and understanding — a precursor of the work that is being done to-day to promote the mutual friendship and helpfulness of the continents.

After seven years of absence from home he heard from his friends that he was a candidate for the presidency of Argentina, and they urged him to return at once to conduct his political campaign. This he refused to do. He announced no party platform, gave no pledges, took none of the customary measures to influence the voters in his favor, but remained in Washington quietly attending to his business as usual. In 1868 he was elected almost unanimously. "His election," says one writer, "is said to have been the freest and most peaceful ever held in the republic and to have represented as nearly as any the will of the electors." With his administration the old revolutionary days of the republic vanished into the past, and the period of modern Argentina began in peace and prosperity. Even his opponents admitted that the great Schoolmaster President's administration promoted only the best interests of all the people, their education, their resources, and harmony between provinces which had once fought in bitter rivalry.

After his six-year term was over he served in Congress and shared in every intellectual and moral movement, giving all his best powers, up to the time of his death at the age of seventy-seven, that the people of his country might have a little of all they missed in opportunity and happiness during the terrible years of revolution and bloodshed.

In the midst of all the honors which the grateful Argentines heaped upon their noblest statesman, and the incessant demands of public life upon his time and energy, Sarmiento never ceased to work for what, as a boy in school, he had conceived to be the foundation of national life. "Give me the department of schools," he once wrote to a friend. "This is all the future of the Republic."

David Trumbull

1819 – 1889 A.D.

A long, narrow strip of crowded, bustling wharves and business streets, a steep rise of two hundred feet to quiet green hills topped with gay gardens and pretty villas washed in white or blue, snow-crowned Mount Aconcagua in the background, and down in front the blue bay full of ships from all over the world — this is the Valparaiso of to-day, chief port on the western coast of South America. But when David Trumbull, from New England, stood at the railing of the Mississippi as she sailed into the harbor on Christmas day in 1845, "there was not a tree in sight save a cactus on a hilltop. The houses were so scattered as to make little impression, and one would say, 'Where is the city?' "

On every side were sailing vessels. All the ships from New England and the eastern coast of the Americas on their long journey around Cape Horn up to the northwest coast after whales and seals, or to California a few years later when gold was discovered, put in at Valparaiso for supplies and repairs. The old town was a port of call for all merchant and fishing vessels plying along the coast. In the course of one year 1,500 of them anchored in the bay, representing nearly thirty different nations, and 15,000 sailors ran wild in town. To reach this rough, ever-changing population, much of it British and American, David Trumbull had volunteered to go to Valparaiso. His was the first sailor mission in South America.

Trumbull belonged to a fine old New England family, staunch Congregationalists, descendants of John Alden and "the Puritan maiden, Priscilla," and later of old Jonathan

Trumbull, governor of Connecticut when Washington was president of the United States. One of this famous family, Henry Clay Trumbull, once said: "The question is, not whether you are proud of your grandfather, but whether your grandfather would be proud of you. It is a good thing to be in a family line which had a fine start long ago, and has been and still is improving generation by generation. It is a sad thing to be in a family line where the best men and women were in former generations." David was always proud of his ancestors. He once "danced like a schoolboy" when he found proof that the only one ever charged with illiteracy had written his own will. His ancestors would have been equally proud of him, for his is one of the greatest names in the Trumbull family.

After his school days were over, he had a taste of business life in New York — his only "commercial experience," he called it. But it was the wrong trail for David and he quickly changed his mind. He prepared for Yale, and entered in the fall of 1838, just before his nineteenth birthday, bent on being a minister. In the intimacy of school and university life men are quick to discover the caliber of their companions. Trumbull passed muster with high honors, and his status in the college community was an enviable one. "In all that he said or did," said a Yale friend, "there was displayed a certain nobility of character which was the more attractive as it seemed so natural to him. He had a rich vein of humor; and we will add — as it seems to have been a characteristic that was often made a subject of remark during all his life — his face wore a peculiarly joyous expression, which was quite remarkable, and gave an additional charm to the genial smile with which he always greeted those to whom he spoke."

The very year that he graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary, he heard that the Foreign Evangelical Society wanted a young minister to go to Chile. It was a splendid opening for a man of big mentality equal to grappling with difficult situations. There were no Protestant missions,

no Protestant churches on the whole west coast. Pioneer work was what Trumbull wanted. It would be like owning his own business — he could build it up just as he pleased. Out of nothing at all he could create something of great and lasting value. Before he left the family home at Colchester, Connecticut, for Chile, he took his pen and wrote down definitely, so that "he might be able to keep it more in mind," what he considered to be the agreement with God which he had made. In it he said among other things: "My God, I will begin a new life…. I will aim to please thee every day forward. … In my public life as a minister, I will study thy word, and all truth where it can be found, in candor, with prayer; and will apply myself to find out suitable languages, figures and thoughts, that others may be taught by my efforts…. Accept me then with all my powers, not as a gift, but as a favor to myself. Fit me to serve thee, and then make use of me. Do just thy pleasure." Then he signed his name to the prayer as to a contract.

Trumbull preached his first sermon to the sailors on board the Mississippi, anchored in Valparaiso Bay, a few days after his arrival; his first sermon on shore at a little printing shop, with a "printer's horse" for a pulpit and rolls of paper for pews. His first friend in the strange, ugly little city was the chaplain of a small Episcopalian congregation which met in a private room for services on Sunday.

Public worship was forbidden. A Protestant in South America was as much lost as a man without a country. He had no church, no social position, no legal rights. Civil marriage was not allowed, and it was almost impossible for him to find a way to be married, except on board an English or American ship outside the three-mile area of sea over which a country has control. All the cemeteries were owned by the Catholic Church, and the only burial place for a Protestant in Valparaiso was the dumping ground outside the city. Many well-to-do residents, English, Scotch, American or German

business men, once Protestant, had drifted into the Roman Church, simply because there had been nothing else to do, or because their friends or the Chilean women they married were Catholics. "Some of the most potential Roman Catholics here today," Trumbull wrote home, "are of British origin; their parents or grandparents, having had no public worship to attract them, have attended none, and their wives, worthy and good Catholics, have carried their children into that connection, unless they have gone into free thinking."

To conserve this drifting population he organized a Union Church in 1847, with fifteen charter members. All those who had no church of their own he welcomed into his. At first a warehouse was rented for the services, but It was small and so dark that whale-oil lamps had to be lighted even in broad daylight. For seven years the church had no home of its own. Then enough money was saved to buy a plot of land and put up a little building — the first Protestant church in South America. It was hard work even to finish making it. City officials ordered Trumbull to give up his absurd plans, and threatened to call out the police. A Protestant church would be an outrage to the community, and a service held publicly would be breaking the law. Good Catholics were horrified and the priests prepared for battle.

But Trumbull was a capable fighter himself, and he had substantial backing in a. number of English and Scotch merchants, influential residents, who belonged to his church. For six months matters were at a stand-still. Then the government compromised. Services might be held on these conditions: that the building be entirely surrounded by a high wooden fence with one small, inconspicuous gate, shutting off any view from the street; and that hymns and anthems be sung so softly that passersby could never hear them and be tempted to step in to listen. Now at last the Protestant had his niche in the community, and David Trumbull's great ambition was to widen it until Protestant and Catholic should

have equal rights and one church no longer control the affairs of state. The vision of the young minister who had come to preach to the sailors of one port had widened until it took in a whole country, a changed constitution, the overthrow of century-old tradition. "The symbols of religion remain," he wrote of Latin America, "but religion itself has gone. The shadow remains, but the substance has fled." And so, sailors, foreign residents, Chilean people — Trumbull set himself to reach them all, to give them a bit of the genuine spirit of Christ which is the foundation for thought and conduct among all the great nations of earth.

His work among the seamen was the entering wedge. On the ships, in the city hospital where there were always sick sailors, in the jails where other unhappy specimens spent most of their time ashore, Trumbull searched them out, and not a sailor but felt that he had at least one friend in the city. Officials who at first had wanted nothing better than to find fault with him, began to appreciate the neighborliness and good will of the young minister, and gave him permission to go ahead and do anything he liked so long as he worked only among the crews of vessels anchored in the harbor, and among non-Spanish-speaking people. So down on the water-front he opened a Bethel, headquarters for his mission, with flag flying over it so that no sailor could miss seeing it when he passed by.

In 1850 he married a girl from his own New England State, and with her help started a school for girls, "for the education of those who were to be the mothers of the next generation of Chileans." All schools were Catholic then, and the authorities looked with suspicion upon this upstart school in their midst. They hastened to send an examining committee to pick flaws in it, but the committee found nothing it could honestly condemn and came away with high recommendation for the whole enterprise.

Editing newspapers and publishing pamphlets were two of

Trumbull's favorite diversions. He wanted to discuss the big questions of the day before the widest possible audience, and, like Sarmiento, hammer daily on the public conscience until ideas of progress and reform were firmly lodged in people's minds. He published and edited the first Protestant paper in Spanish, calling it La Picdra, which means "The Rock." On the title page were those words of Christ to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." It came out as often as he could gather enough funds to print it. He also published The Record in English, El Heraldo, a Santiago newspaper, and wrote sermons and editorials for a number of Spanish dailies. One time a letter came to him from a society of workingmen, which he sent home to show his friends because it pleased him so much:

"We make it our duty to give you our best thanks in the name of the society. Our statutes do not allow the discussion of religion or politics while in session, but afterwards, adjourning, your periodical is read and each offers his remarks upon it.... Progress and knowledge are advancing rapidly and are waking up minds that have been asleep. Sons of the common people, we from our youth have been educated in the practises of Romanism, and they who know the truth pure and spotless are very few; hence it is necessary that those apostles who try to make it known should be unfaltering in the use of the press in bringing out their publications."

Whenever Trumbull found something he wanted the people to read he had it translated and printed first, and collected the money to pay for it second. He was so often in process of securing funds for one and another good cause, and so successful in doing it, that he said his epitaph ought to be: "Here lies a good beggar."

He began a campaign for circulating Bibles, which, since the days of James Thomson, had gradually disappeared from the land under ban of the church. The archbishop published a letter declaring the Bible to be fraudulent and heretical, and

forbidding its use. Trumbull then rode into the lists armed to the teeth with repartee. He answered the letter and kept on answering letters till his opponent "withdrew in confusion," He liked a chance for a good newspaper skirmish, because of the wide publicity it always gave to his ideas, but "he was always the gentleman and always the friend, and his polemics were full, not of hard hitting only, but also of his genial kindness and irresistible love." This was the secret of his success. He knew how to get along with people.

The most celebrated skirmish of those years was a series of public debates between Trumbull and a fiery Catholic named Mariano Casanova. Dr. Robert E. Speer tells the story: "In Chile there is a Saint of Agriculture who guards the fortune of farmers, giving them rich harvests and sending rain at the appointed times. Since the seasons are fairly regular the good offices of San Isidro are seldom required. Occasionally, however, the rains are delayed, much to the loss of the sower and the distress of the eater. At such times mild measures are used to begin with, and the saint is reminded of his duty by processions and prayers and placated by offerings. If he still refuses to listen, his statue is banished from the church, even manacled and beaten through the streets. In 1863 San Isidro answered the prayers of his devotees with commendable promptitude. Eighteen hours after supplications had been made at his altar rain fell in copious showers. In view of this signal blessing the archbishop called upon the faithful for contributions to repair San Isidro's shabby church. It was at this juncture that Dr. Trumbull entered the lists, and in an article entitled "Who Gives the Rain?" he attacked the practise of saint worship. Casanova replied and the battle was on. Charge and countercharge followed in rapid succession. The affair got into the provincial papers and was discussed all over the country. San Isidro and rain became the question of the day; and at last Casanova withdrew from the field, routed foot and horse."

In all enterprises which were for the public welfare Dr. Trumbull cooperated heartily with the Roman Catholics, adapting himself just so far as he could to the life of the community. Once when a bishop wanted to publish an inexpensive edition of a Catholic New Testament, Dr. Trumbull helped him collect funds, some of which came from members of Union Church. One year a terrible cholera plague raged in the city. Dr. Trumbull was appointed a member of the relief committee and joined forces with the Catholics in relieving the distress of the poor and providing extra hospital space. Again he set to work to collect money, sending a substantial sum to the cure of San Felipe, who afterward wrote him: "That God, who has promised to reward the cup of cold water given in his name, may crown you with all good, is my desire."

In all communities there are men who have a hand in every good work, whose names appear on committees and governing boards, whose influence is felt in matters of state, of commerce, of education. Trumbull was such a man, a leader of national reform, the friend and adviser of the Liberal party. He had once been looked upon with suspicion and hatred. As the years passed by he gained such recognition and respect in Valparaiso and other parts of Chile that "a prestige began to surround him." His dream of reaching the Chilean people as well as the foreign population began to come true. With the backing of the Liberal party he made the first feeble little step toward religious liberty by pushing a bill through Congress which permitted "dissenters" to worship in private, and to establish private schools for their children. But they were not allowed to build any church which looked like a church. It must be elaborately disguised. There must be no telltale bell or steeple to distinguish it from any private house or hall. Before this the services in Union Church had been allowed as a favor to influential British merchants. Now they became strictly legal. Ten years later he could write: "The elections for Congress and president are approaching; in the

platforms of the parties it is encouraging to notice that religious freedom occupies a prominent place."

The cemetery bill and the civil marriage act were the two reforms upon which Dr. Trumbull had set his heart, not only for the sake of foreigners but for the great masses of Chileans who were too poor to pay the exorbitant fees demanded by the priests for burial and marriage rites. The marriage ceremony had become such a luxury that a great percentage of the people decided they could get along very well without it, and the moral fiber of the state grew steadily weaker. After eight years of fighting, the cemetery bill, allowing free burial, was passed by Congress in 1883, and four months later Dr. Trumbull reported: "Our Congress has just passed a civil marriage bill which deprives the Roman Catholic Church of all superiority over other denominations and must reduce its emoluments immensely."

Meanwhile Union Church grew influential and wealthy enough to support its own ministry, so that when the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions took charge of the mission work in Chile, it found an independent congregation, which, far from needing help, stood ready to give both money and cooperation to the Presbyterian mission. Dr. Trumbull longed to have the Board extend its mission work to other cities. "As yet this whole line of coast seems to be left out of everybody's calculations," he wrote. "Its inhabitants would be better off if they lived in Asia. Is America so poor a name to divine by? … Why are these less important to care for than people in the center of Africa, so that when Stanley tells of them half a dozen missionary societies rush to occupy the ground, and here not a single one?" Another letter says: "The manager of the steamship company told me only yesterday that they have five hundred men, English, in Callao, but that there is no service. I know from a number of these men that they desire to have worship; their decided preference is Presbyterian, and you are the people that ought to give it to them. If you will

provide it, you will win credit and you will have assistance. Only do not wait for anybody to ask it, nor for anybody to promise anything. Just sail in like Farragut into Mobile Bay; consider yourself that gallant and daring admiral up in the maintop of the *Richmond*, tied by your waist so as not to fall, and capture the forts of Callao harbor."

The Trumbull home in Valparaiso, built high on the cliffs overlooking the city, was a delightful place to visit. Dr. John Trumbull, one of the sons, says: "With all that my father did, he ever found time to be with and help his children. After my father married Jane Wales Fitch, they came out to Chile on an independent basis, supporting themselves by conducting a young ladies' school for eight or ten years; then, at the request of Union Church, he consented to give it up and devote himself entirely to pastoral and church work, though they were only able to offer as a salary half of what he was then making. At that time I can remember that we had to give up horseback riding — for my brother David and I had been in the habit of riding out to Fisherman's Bay every morning with father for a dip and a swim — in fact, I was but five when he taught us to swim and even to jump off of the spring-board into deep water — and take to footing it. He believed in all manly sports, which, according to him, included everything but shooting, of which he never approved; and he taught or encouraged us to walk, run, play cricket, ride, climb, swim, dive, row, fish, cook, and so forth. On holidays we often went off as a family on picnics to the country, or up the hills and ravines back of Valparaiso, and were taught, like the Boy Scouts of the present day, to be self-reliant and ready for any and every emergency.

"Winter evenings he was in the habit of reading aloud to us Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby*, Scott's *Old Mortality*, and Irving's *Knickerbocker Stories* and *Life of Washington*.

"People might wonder how he found time for all he did.

The secret of it was that he was ever an early riser. By five we were off on our rides or walks, and before that he had often got in an hour's work; and during his later years he had by eight o'clock already done a good day's work,

"As to his children, it was often said the Trumbull children never had any bringing up — that, like Topsy, they simply 'growed.' Certainly I can remember but two trouncings — one for playing with matches at bon- fires on the shingle roof of our house, which, as firemen, we had to extinguish; and again for playing with my brother at William Tell, using a potato which we alternately balanced on our heads, and an old-fashioned musket on which we used up half a box of caps.

"To show that my father's discipline was guided by a tactful wisdom it might be worth while to record that when, as a boy just fifteen years of age, I was sent off alone to the United States, the only sermon which I got was the following: 'John, my boy, there is only one fear that I have in your going from home; and that is, that, since you are so good-natured and ready to please, you may not have the manliness to say no.' That remark drove home, as you can well understand, for once a boy realizes the cowardice of yielding to temptation, the battle against it is more than half won, and I am free to acknowledge that that did more to stiffen my moral backbone than any other spoken word I ever heard.

"We were a large family — four boys and three girls who lived to grow up. All of the boys were sent to Yale and studied professions, while the girls went either to Wellesley or Smith, and were sent, too, by a pastor who had no private means. Good business instincts he had, and that helped; but what really enabled him to give his children an education was that he and my mother were willing to take in young Englishmen as boarders, giving them a home and at the same time receiving payment, so as to let their children have an education. On that he laid great stress, saying that all his desire was to give us an education and let us 'shift without a penny.'"

While Dr. Trumbull was working so hard for the people of Chile, three of his big, merry family died within a short time of each other and just at the age when they were beginning to be of greatest use in the world. The oldest son, David, a student in Yale School of Theology, dived from a yacht off the coast of New London, in an effort to save a boy's life. There was no tender or small boat with the yacht, and by the time his friends were able to tack and reach him he sank. The boy, whom he held up with his last ounce of strength, was saved. Mary Trumbull died a few months after graduating from Wellesley, and Stephen, a physician, died of yellow fever at sea, on the way to Valparaiso.

As Dr. Trumbull grew old among the people he had learned to think of almost as his own countrymen, he decided to adopt the country where he had lived and worked for forty years. One day he appeared before the proper authorities and asked for the privilege of taking out naturalization papers. The usual legal proceedings were waived in his case and the president and all his Chilean friends rejoiced in this proof of his love for Chile. There was no doubt of his welcome. One friend said: "Valparaiso has before felt honored in claiming him as the most worthy and best known of her foreign residents. Now we regard him as a fellow countryman and a true brother." When some of his American friends wrote how surprised and disturbed they were that he had renounced his American citizenship he confessed his reason for doing it. There had been times, during the long years when he was fighting for reforms, that everything seemed utterly hopeless. Then he had made another vow to God. If ever his wishes were realized and the reforms became law, he would express his gratitude by becoming a citizen of Chile. He had kept his vow.

But a descendant of the Aldens must always have loved America best. One of Dr. Trumbull's friends says: "Surrounded by foreigners, he defended his country as bravely as his

Continental ancestors did before him. No Britisher, even in friendly jest, could speak slightingly of the States and escape unwounded. Once an Englishman at his table remarked, 'I never could understand, Doctor, how you keep that picture on your wall, and in such a conspicuous place, too.' The picture represented the Essex in Valparaiso Bay, striking her colors to two English men-of-war. With a smile, and in his dulcet voice, the host replied: 'I wouldn't take anything for that picture. It's the greatest curiosity in the house; for it is the only instance in history where an American vessel ever hauled down her flag to an enemy. Can you duplicate that in English history?'"

On a great stone in the cemetery of Valparaiso is one of countless tributes from his best friends, the people of Chile:

MEMORIAE SACRUM

The Reverend
David Trumbull, D.D.
Founder and Minister of the Union Church, Valparaiso
Born in Elizabeth, N. J., 1st of Nov., 1819
Died in Valparaiso, 1st of Feb., 1889

For forty-three years he gave himself to
unwearied and successful effort
In the cause of evangelical truth
and religious liberty in this country.
As a gifted and faithful minister,
and as a friend he was honored and
Loved by foreign residents on this coast.
In his public life he was the
Counselor of statesmen, the supporter of
every good enterprise, the
Helper of the poor, and the consoler of the afflicted.

In memory of
His eminent services, fidelity, charity
and sympathy this monument
Has been raised by his friends in this community
And by citizens of his adopted country.

One of Dr. Trumbull's Yale friends, writing an "In Memoriam," says: "Perhaps never among any Spanish-speaking people, in either hemisphere, has an Anglo-Saxon, or a Protestant, received such a testimonial of the popular respect. … What Livingstone did for Africa was done for South America by David Trumbull."

Julia Ward Howe

The Singer of a Nation's Song
1819-1910 A.D.

We have told the story of our mother's life, possibly at too great length; but she herself told it in eight words.

"Tell me," Maud asked her once, "what is the ideal aim of life?"

She paused a moment, and replied, dwelling thought-fully on each word:

"To learn, to teach, to serve, to enjoy!"

Life of Julia Ward Howe.

Two little girls were rolling hoops along the street when they suddenly caught them over their little bare arms and drew up close to the railings of a house on the corner.

"There is the wonderful coach and the little girl I told you about, Eliza," whispered Marietta, pushing back the straw bonnet that shaded her face from the sun and pointing with her stick.

It was truly a magnificent yellow coach, pulled by two proud gray horses. Even Cinderella's golden equipage could not have been more splendid. Moreover, the little girl who sat perched upon the bright-blue cushioned seat wore an elegant blue pelisse, that just matched the heavenly color of the lining, and a yellow-satin bonnet that was clearly inspired by the straw-colored outer shell of the chariot itself. The fair chubby face under the satin halo was turned toward the children, and a pair of clear gray eyes regarded them with eager interest.

"She looked as if she wanted to speak!" said Marietta,

breathlessly. "Oh, Eliza, did you ever see any one so beautiful? Just like a doll or a fairy-tale princess!" "Huh!" cried Eliza, the scornful; "didn't you see that she has red hair? Who ever heard of a doll or a princess with red hair?"

"Maybe a witch or a bad fairy turned her spun-gold locks red for spite," suggested Marietta. "Anyway, I wouldn't mind red hair if I was in her place—so rich and all. Wouldn't it be grand to ride in a fine coach and have everything you want even before you stop to wish for it?" How astonished Marietta would have been if she could have known that the little lady in the chariot was wishing that she were a little girl with a hoop! For even when she was very small Julia Ward had other trials besides the red hair. Nowadays, people realize that red-gold hair is a true "crowning glory," but it wasn't the style to like it in 1825, at the time this story begins. So little Julia's mother tried her best to tone down the bright color with sobering washes and leaden combs. One day, however, the child heard a visitor say, "Your little girl is very beautiful; her hair is pretty, too, with that lovely complexion."

Eagerly Julia climbed upon a chair and then on the high, old-fashioned dressing-table, so that she could gaze in the mirror to her heart's content. "Is that all?" she cried after a moment, and scrambled down, greatly disappointed.

Eliza and Marietta would have been truly amazed if they had known that the little queen of the splendid coach had very little chance for the good times that a child loves. In these days I really believe that people would pity her and say, "Poor little rich girl!" She was brought up with the greatest strictness. There were many lessons—French, Latin, music, and dancing—for she must have an education that would fit her to shine in her high station. When she went out for an airing, it was always in the big coach, "like a little lady." There was never a chance for a hop-skip-and-jump play-hour. Her delicate cambric dresses and kid slippers were only suited to sedate indoor ways, and even when she was taken to the sea-

shore for a holiday, her face was covered with a thick green veil to keep her fair skin from all spot and blemish. Dignity and Duty were the guardian geniuses of Julia Ward's childhood.

Her father, Samuel Ward, was a rich New York banker, with a fine American sense of noblesse oblige. He believed that a man's wealth and influence spell strict accountability to his country and to God, and he lived according to that belief. He believed that as a banker his most vital concern was not to make himself richer and richer, but to manage money matters in such a way as to serve his city and the nation as a whole. In those times of financial stress which came to America in the early part of the nineteenth century, his heroic efforts more than once enabled his bank to weather a financial storm and uphold the credit of the State. On one occasion his loyalty and unflagging zeal secured a loan of five million dollars from the Bank of England in the nick of time to avert disaster.

"Julia," cried her brother, who had just come in from Wall Street, "men have been going up and down the office stairs all day long, carrying little wooden kegs of gold on their backs, marked 'Prime, Ward & King' and filled with English gold!"

Mr. Ward, however, did not see the triumphal procession of the kegs; he was prostrated by a severe illness, due, it was said, to his too exacting labors. Years afterward, Mr. Ward's daughter said that her best inheritance from the old firm was the fact that her father had procured this loan which saved the honor of the Empire State.

"From the time I was a tiny child," said Julia Ward, "I had heard stories of my ancestors—colonial governors and officers in the Revolution, among whom were numbered General Nathanael Greene and General Marion, the 'Swamp Fox' whose 'fortress was the good green wood,' whose 'tent the cypress-tree.' When I thought of the brave and honorable

men and the fair and prudent wives and daughters of the line, they seemed to pass before my unworthy self 'terrible as an army with banners'—but there was, too, the trumpet-call of inspiration in the thought that they were truly mine own people."

If a sense of duty and the trumpet-call of her forebears urged little Julia on to application in her early years, she soon learned to love study for its own sake. When, at nine years of age, she began to attend school, she listened to such purpose to the recitations of a class in Italian that she presently handed to the astonished principal a letter correctly written in that language, begging to be admitted to the study of the tongue whose soft musical vowels had charmed her ear. She had not only aptitude, but genuine fondness, for languages, and early tried various experiments in the use of her own. When a child of ten she began to write verse, and thereafter the expression of her thoughts and feelings in poetic form was as natural as breathing.

If you could have seen some of the solemn verses entitled, "All things shall pass," and, "We return no more," written by the child not yet in her teens, you might have said, "What an extraordinary little girl! Has she always been ill, or has she never had a chance for a good time?" It was certainly true that life seemed a very serious thing to the child. Her eyes were continually turned inward, for they had not been taught to discover and enjoy the things of interest and delight in the real world. New York was in that interesting stage of its growth that followed upon the opening of the Erie Canal. Not yet a city of foreigners—the melting-pot of all nations—the commercial opportunities which better communication with the Great Lakes section gave caused unparalleled prosperity. In 1835 the metropolis had a population of 200,000; but Broadway was still in large part a street of dignified brick residences with bright green blinds and brass knockers, along which little girls could roll their hoops. Canal Street was a

popular boulevard, with a canal bordered by trees running through the center and a driveway on either side; and the district neighboring on the Battery and Castle Garden was still a place of wealth and fashion.

It is to be doubted, however, if Julia Ward ever saw anything on her drives to call her out of her day-dreaming self. Nor had she eyes for the marvels of nature. The larkspurs and laburnums in the garden had no language that she could understand. "I grew up," she said, "with the city measure of the universe—my own house, somebody else's, the trees in the park, a strip of blue sky overhead, and a great deal about nature read from the best authors, most of which meant nothing at all. Years later I learned to enjoy the drowsy murmur of green fields in midsummer, the song of birds and the ways of shy woodflowers, when my own children opened the door into that 'mighty world of eye and ear.'"

When Julia was sixteen, the return of her brother from Germany opened a new door of existence to her. She had just left school and had begun to study in real earnest. So serious was she in her devotion to her self-imposed tasks that she sometimes bade a maid tie her in a chair for a certain period. Thus, in bonds, with a mind set free from all temptation to roam, she wrestled with the difficulties of German grammar and came off victorious. But Brother Sam led her to an appreciation of something besides the poetry of Schiller and Goethe. He had a keen and wholesome enjoyment of the world of people, and in the end succeeded in giving his young sister a taste of natural youthful gaiety.

"Sir," said Samuel, Junior, to his father one evening, "you do not keep in view the importance of the social tie." "The social what?" asked the amazed Puritan.

"The social tie, sir."

"I make small account of that," rejoined the father, coldly.

"I will die in defense of it!" retorted the son, hotly.

The young man found, however, that it was more

agreeable to live for the social tie than to die for it. And Julia, beginning to long for something besides family evenings with books and music varied by an occasional lecture or a visit to the house of an uncle, seemed to herself "like a young damsel of olden times, shut up within an enchanted castle." When she was nineteen she decided upon a declaration of independence. If she could only muster the courage to meet her affectionate jailer face to face, she thought that the bars of his prejudice against fashionable society must surely fall.

"I am going to give a party—a party of my very own," she announced to her brothers; "and you must help me with the list of guests."

Having obtained her father's permission to invite a few friends "to spend the evening," she set about her preparations. This first party of her young life should, she resolved, be correct in every detail. The best caterer in New York was engaged, and a popular group of musicians. She even introduced a splendid cut-glass chandelier to supplement the conservative lighting of the drawingroom. "My first party must be a brilliant success," she said, with a smile and a determined tilt of her chin.

A brilliant company was gathered to do the debutante honor on the occasion of her audacious entrance into society. Mr. Ward showed no surprise, however, when he descended the stairs and appeared upon the festive scene. He greeted the guests courteously and watched the dancing without apparent displeasure. Julia, herself, betrayed no more excitement than seemed natural to the acknowledged belle of the evening, but her heart was beating in a fashion not quite in tune with the music of the fiddles. When the last guest had departed she went, according to custom, to bid her father good night. And now came the greatest surprise of all! Mr. Ward took the young girl's hand in his. "My daughter," he said with tender gravity, "I was surprised to see that your idea of 'a few friends' differed widely from mine. After this you

need not hesitate to consult me freely and frankly about what you want to do." Then, kissing her good night with his usual affection, he dismissed the subject forever. Julia's brief skirmish for independence proved not a rebellion, but a revolution. Her brother's marriage to Miss Emily Astor introduced an era of gaiety at this time; and when the young girl had once fairly taken her place in society, there was no such thing as going back to the old life. "Jolie Julie," as she was lovingly called in the homecircle, became a reigning favorite. Even rumors of her amazing blue-stocking tendencies could not spoil her success. It was whispered that she was given to quoting German philosophy and French poetry. "I believe she dreams in Italian," vowed one greatly awed damsel.

However that might be, "Jolie Julie" certainly had a place in the dreams of many. Her beauty and charm won all hearts. The bright hair was now an acknowledged glory above the apple-blossom fairness of her youthful bloom. But it was not alone the loveliness of the delicately molded features and the tender brightness of the clear gray eyes that made her a success. Notwithstanding the early neglect of "the social tie," it was soon plain that she had the unfailing tact, the ready wit, and native good humor that are the chief assets of the social leader who is "born to the purple." Besides, Miss Ward's unusual acquirements could be turned so as to masquerade, in their rosy linings, as accomplishments. Her musical gifts were not reserved for hours of solitary musing, but were freely devoted to the pleasure of her friends; and even the lofty poetic Muse could on occasion indulge in a comic gambol to the great delight of her intimates.

Miss Ward soon tried her wings in other spheres beyond New York. She found a ready welcome in Boston's select inner circle, where she made the acquaintance of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and other leading figures in the literary world. Charles Sumner, the brilliant statesman and reformer, was an intimate friend of her brother, and through

him she met Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who not long after became her husband.

From both Longfellow and Sumner Miss Ward had heard glowing accounts of their friend Howe, who was, they declared, the truest hero that America and the nineteenth century had produced and the best of good comrades. He had earned the name of "Chevalier" among his friends because he was "a true Bayard, without fear and without reproach," and because he had, moreover, been made a Knight of St. George by the King of Greece for distinguished services during the Greek war for independence. For six years he had fought with the patriots, both in the field and as surgeon-in-chief. While in hiding with his wounded among the bare rocks of the heights, he had sometimes nothing to eat but roasted wasps and mountain snails. When the people were without food, he had returned to America, related far and wide the story of Greece's struggles and dire need, and brought back a shipload of food and clothing. Having relieved the distress of the people, he had helped them to get in touch with normal existence once more by putting them to work. A hospital was built, and a mole to enclose the harbor at Ægina. Then, after seeing the hitherto distracted peasants begin a new life as self-respecting farmers, he had returned to America.

At this time he was doing pioneer work in the education of the blind. As director of the Perkins Institution, in Boston, he was not only laboring to make more efficient this first school for the blind in America, but he was also going about through the country with his pupils to show something of what might be done in the way of practical training, in order to induce the legislatures of the several States to provide similar institutions for those deprived of sight. In particular, Dr. Howe's success in teaching Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf-mute, was the marvel of the civilized world.

One day, when Longfellow and Sumner were calling upon Miss Ward, they suggested driving over to the Perkins

Institution. When they arrived the hero of the hour—and the place—was absent. Before they left, however, Mr. Sumner, who had been looking out of the window, suddenly exclaimed, "There is Howe now on his black horse!" Miss Ward looked with considerable eagerness in her curiosity, and saw, as she afterward said, "a noble rider on a noble steed."

In this way the Chevalier rode into the life of the fair lady. As the knight of the ballad swung the maiden of his choice to the croup of his charger and galloped off with her in the face of her helpless kinsmen, so this serious philanthropist and reformer carried off the lovely society favorite, in spite of the fact that he cared not at all for her gay, care-free world, and was, moreover, twenty years her senior. The following portion of a letter which Miss Ward wrote to her brother Sam shows how completely she was won:

The Chevalier says truly—I am the captive of his bow and spear. His true devotion has won me from the world and from myself. The past is already fading from my sight; already I begin to live with him in the future, which shall be as calmly bright as true love can make it. I am perfectly satisfied to sacrifice to one so noble and earnest the day-dreams of my youth.

Dr. Howe and his bride went to Europe on their wedding-trip—on the same steamer with Horace Mann and his newly made wife, Mary Peabody, the sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne. The teacher of Laura Bridgman was well known in England through Dickens's "American Notes," and people were anxious to do him honor. Dickens not only invited the interesting Americans to dinner, but he offered to pilot Dr. Howe and his brother reformer, Horace Mann, about darkest London and show them the haunts of misery and crime which no one knew better than the author of "Oliver Twist," "Little Dorrit," and "Bleak House." The following note, written in Dickens's characteristic hand, shows the zest with which the great novelist undertook these expeditions and his boyish

love of fun:

My dear Howe—Drive to-night to St. Giles's Church. Be there at half past 11—and wait. Somebody will put his head into the coach after a Venetian and mysterious fashion, and breathe your name. Follow that man. Trust him to the death.

So no more at present from Ninth June, 1843. The Mask.

It had been the plan to go from England to Berlin; but Dr. Howe, who had once incurred the displeasure of the king of Prussia by giving aid to certain Polish refugees, and had, indeed, been held for five weeks in a German prison, was now excluded from the country as a "dangerous person." This greatly amused Horace Mann, who remarked, "When we consider that His Majesty has 200,000 men constantly under arms, and can in need increase the number to two million, we begin to appreciate the estimation in which he holds your single self." When, some years later, the king sent Dr. Howe a medal in recognition of his work for the blind, the Chevalier declared laughingly: "It is worth just what I was obliged to pay for board and lodging while in the Berlin prison. His Majesty is magnanimous!"

After traveling through Switzerland, Italy, and France, the Howes stopped for a second visit to England, where they were entertained for a time by the parents of Florence Nightingale. A warm attachment sprang up between them and the earnest young woman of twenty-four.

"I want to ask your advice, Dr. Howe," said Miss Nightingale, one day. "Would it be unsuitable for a young Englishwoman to devote herself to works of charity in hospitals and wherever needed, just as the Catholic sisters do?"

The doctor replied gravely, "My dear Miss Florence, it would be unusual, and in England whatever is unusual is apt to be thought unsuitable; but I say to you, go forward, if you have a vocation for that way of life; act up to your inspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others."

After the Howes had returned to Boston and settled down to the work-a-day order in the Institution the young wife's loyalty to the new life was often sorely tried. She loved the sunshine of the bright, gracious world of leisurely, happy people, and she felt herself chilled in this bleak gray place of sober duties. If only she could warm herself at the fire of friendship oftener! But all the pleasant people lived in pleasant places too far from the South Boston institution for the give and take of easy intercourse. Dr. Howe, moreover, was much of the time so absorbed in the causes of which he was champion-in-chief that few hours were saved for quiet fireside enjoyment.

"I hardly know what I should have done in those days," said Mrs. Howe, "without the companionship of my babies and Miss Catherine Beecher's cook-book." The Chevalier loved to invite for a weekly dinner his especial group of intimates—five choice spirits, among whom Longfellow and Sumner were numbered, who styled themselves "The Five of Clubs." These dinners brought many new problems to the young hostess, who now wished that some portion of her girlhood days lavished on Italian and music had been devoted to the more intimate side of menus. However, she was before long able to take pride in her puddings without renouncing poetry; and to keep an eye on the economy of the kitchen and her sense of humor at the same time, as the following extract from a breezy letter to her sister Louisa can testify:

Our house has been enlivened of late by two delightful visits. The first was from the soap-fat merchant, who gave me thirty-four pounds of good soap for my grease. I was quite beside myself with joy, capered about in the most enthusiastic manner, and was going to hug in turn the soap, the grease, and the man, when I reflected that it would not sound well in history. This morning came the rag man, who takes rags and gives nice tin vessels in exchange…. Both of these were clever transactions. Oh, if you had seen me stand by the soap-fat

man, and scrutinize his weights and measures, telling him again and again that it was beautiful grease, and that he must allow me a good price for it—truly, I am a mother in Israel.

The hours spent with her wee daughters were happy times. Sometimes she improvised jingles to amuse Baby Flossy (Florence, after Florence Nightingale) and tease the absorbed father-reformer at the same time:

Rero, rero, riddlety rad,
This morning my baby caught sight of her dad,
Quoth she, "Oh, Daddy, where have you been?"
"With Mann and Sumner a-putting down sin!"

Sometimes she sang little bedtime rhymes about lambs and baby birds, sheep and sleep; and, when the small auditors demanded that their particular pets have a part in the song, readily added:

The little donkey in the stable
Sleeps as sound as he is able;
All things now their rest pursue,
You are sleepy too.

As soon as Dr. Howe could find a suitable place near the Institution he moved his little family into a home of their own. On the bright summer day when Mrs. Howe drove under the bower formed by the fine old trees that guarded the house, she exclaimed, "Oh, this is green peace!" And "Green Peace" their home was called from that day. The children enjoyed here healthful outdoor times and happy indoor frolics—plays given at their dolls' theater, when father and mother worked the puppets to a dialogue of squeaks and grunts; and really-truly plays, such as "The Three Bears" (when Father distinguished himself as the Great Big Huge Bear), "The Rose and the Ring," and "Bluebeard."

In the midst of the joys and cares of such a rich homelife,

how was it that the busy mother still found time for study and writing?

For she was always a student, keeping her mind in training as an athlete keeps his muscles; and the need of finding expression in words for her inner life became more insistent as time went on. One of her daughters once said:

"It was a matter of course to us children that 'Papa and Mamma' should play with us, sing to us, tell us stories, bathe our bumps, and accompany us to the dentist; these were the things that papas and mammas did! Looking back now with some realization of all the other things they did, we wonder how they managed it. For one thing, both were rapid workers; for another, both had the power of leading and inspiring others to work; for a third, so far as we can see, neither wasted a moment; for a fourth, neither ever reached a point where there was not some other task ahead, to be begun as soon as might be."

Life with the beloved reformer was often far from easy, but there were never any regrets for the old care-free days. "I shipped as captain's mate for the voyage!" she said on one occasion, with a merry laugh that was like a heartening cheer; and then she added seriously, "I cannot imagine a more useful motto for married life." Always she realized that she owed all that was deepest and most steadfast in herself to this union. "But for the Chevalier, I should have been merely a woman of the world and a literary dabbler!" she said.

A volume of verse, "Passion Flowers," was praised by Longfellow and Whittier and won a wide popularity. A later collection, "Words for the Hour," was, on the whole, better, but not so much read. Still, the woman felt that she had not yet really found herself in her work. She longed to give something that was vital—something that would fill a need and make a difference to people in the real world of action.

The days of the Civil War made every earnest spirit long to be of some service to the nation and to humanity. Dr.

Howe and his friend were among the leaders of the Abolitionists at the time when they were a despised "party of cranks and martyrs." It was small wonder that, when the struggle came, Mrs. Howe's soul was fired with the desire to help. There seemed nothing that she could do but scrape lint for the hospitals—which any other woman could do equally well. If only her poetic gift were not such a slender reed—if she could but command an instrument of trumpet strength to voice the spirit of the hour!

In this mood she had gone to Washington to see a review of the troops. On returning, while her carriage was delayed by the marching regiments, her companions tried to relieve the tensity and tedium of the wait by singing war songs, among others:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave; His soul is marching on!"

The passing soldiers caught at this with a "Good for you!" and joined in the chorus. "Mrs. Howe," said her minister, James Freeman Clarke, who was one of the company, "why do you not write some really worthy words for that stirring tune?"

"I have often wished to do so," she replied.

Let us tell the story of the writing of the "nation's song" as her daughters have told it in the biography of their mother:

Waking in the gray of the next morning, as she lay waiting for the dawn the word came to her.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"—

She lay perfectly still. Line by line, stanza by stanza, the words came sweeping on with the rhythm of marching feet, pauseless, resistless. She saw the long lines swinging into place before her eyes, heard the voice of the nation speaking through her lips. She waited till the voice was silent, till the last line was ended; then sprang from bed, and, groping for pen and paper, scrawled in the gray twilight the "Battle Hymn

of the Republic."

And so the "nation's song" was born. How did it come to pass that the people knew it as their own? When it appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" it called forth little comment; the days gave small chance for the poetry of words. But some poets in the real world of deeds had seen it—the people who were fighting on the nation's battlefields. And again and again it was sung and chanted as a prayer before battle and a trumpet-call to action. A certain fighting chaplain, who had committed it to memory, sang it one memorable night in Libby Prison, when the joyful tidings of the victory of Gettysburg had penetrated even those gloomy walls. "Like a flame the word flashed through the prison. Men leaped to their feet, shouted, embraced one another in a frenzy of joy and triumph; and Chaplain McCabe, standing in the middle of the room, lifted up his great voice and sang aloud:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!" Every voice took up the chorus, and Libby Prison rang with the shout of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Later, when Chaplain McCabe related to a great audience in Washington the story of that night and ended by singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," as only one who has lived it can sing it, the voice of Abraham Lincoln was heard above the wild applause, calling, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Sing it again!"

It has been said that what a person does in some great moment of his life—in a moment of fiery trial or of high exaltation—is the result of all the thoughts and deeds of all the slow-changing days. So the habits of a lifetime cry out at last. Is it not true that this "nation's song," which seemed to write itself in a wonderful moment of inspiration, was really the expression of years of brave, faithful living? All the earnestness of the child, all the dreams and warm friendliness of the girl, all the tenderness and loyal devotion of the wife and mother, speak in those words. Nor is it the voice of her life

alone. The trumpet-call of her forebears was in those stirring lines. Only a tried and true American, whose people had fought and suffered for freedom's sake, could have written that nation's song.

Julia Ward Howe's long life of ninety-one years was throughout one of service and inspiration. Many people were better and happier because of her life. It was a great moment when, on the occasion of any public gathering, the word went around that Mrs. Howe was present. With one accord those assembled would rise to their feet, and hall or theater would ring with the inspiring lines of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The man who said, "I care not who shall make the laws of the nation, if I may be permitted to make its songs," spoke wisely. A true song comes from the heart and goes to the heart. A nation's song is the voice of the heart and life of a whole people. In it the hearts of many beat together as one.

Clara Barton

A Very Gentle Little Girl
1821 – 1912 A.D.

To begin at the very beginning, which is a good place to begin, Clara Barton was born on Christmas Day in Oxford, Mass., in 1821. At least that is what her mother and father and five grown-up brothers and sisters told her. Of course she herself could not remember about that. The first thing that Clara could remember, happened when she was two years old. She was playing happily by herself in the front yard when her mother suddenly heard a wail of grief. Her mother hurried to the door.

"Oh! Oh! los' pitty birdie—baby mos' caughted him," sobbed Clara.

"Where did the birdie go, baby?" asked her mother. Clara pointed to a small round hole in the earth beside the steps. At the sight of the hole Clara's mother turned pale and seized the little girl in her arms. The "pitty birdie" that Clara had "mos' caughted" was a snake!

The next thing that Clara could remember was a dreadful thunder-storm that came suddenly across a clean, blue sky and made the world look dark and lonesome and strange. Clara was very much afraid of a cross old black ram that lived in her father's stable and did not like little girls. When the black clouds of the thunderstorm began to race and rumble across the sky, and the thunder began to growl and mutter, little Clara thought that the heavens were full of hundreds of cross black rams with flaming bright eyes and dreadful voices, and she ran to find her mother's lap to hide in.

Rams were the only four-footed things that Clara did not love. Her first friend was a white dog with a pug tail and a friendly tongue, named Button. It was Button who watched small Clara go tumbling and stumbling down the yard in her first steps, and who tried his best to pick her up when she fell down. To the little girl Button was part of the family like her brothers and sisters. Whenever she had a piece of cake or candy given to her, she made the whole family sit in a row, father at the head and Button at the foot, while she gave a bit to each of them.

Besides Button, Clara loved horses almost as soon as she loved her family. One of her brothers named David, who was a grown-up man when Clara was born, used to take his small sister out into the pasture and put her on the back of a wild colt, who would gallop and frisk away with her while she shrieked with joy and waved short, fat arms. When she was a grown-up woman and a nurse on the battle-fields, this knowledge of horses was very useful to Clara Barton. Several times she escaped from the enemy by riding swiftly away, perched on a hard, slippery trooper's saddle on the back of a tall war-horse.

Clara Barton's father had been an officer in the French and Indian wars. He loved to take the little girl on his knees and tell her all about the soldiers and the battles and the charges of the cavalry. Clara used to listen to these stories almost without breathing for fear of missing a single word. Afterwards she would play war with her dolls and arrange battle lines and tactics like a little veteran. Her father told her, too, about the government of the country at the great white city of Washington; the senators, the congressmen, and the President himself. Clara had some queer ideas about these great men that ruled the country. She believed that the President of the United States must be very different from other men, as large as the meetinghouse, perhaps. And she thought that the Vice-president must be as big as the schoolhouse,

anyway.

When she was still almost a baby, Clara began to go to school. Even before she went to the real school her big brothers and sisters had taught her to read and add figures on a slate. Clara had no toy that she loved as much as she did that slate, and now it was decided that she was old enough to carry it to school, strapped carefully up with her primer and spelling-book like other little boys and girls.

The winter drifts on the way to the schoolhouse were too deep for such short legs to wade through, so she journeyed in state, perched high and dry on the broad shoulders of her brother David. Would you believe it, Clara really liked to go to school? She liked to make long rows of figures with her squeaky pencil up and down her slate; she liked to read about wars and great men in her history books, and she loved geography best of all. Sometimes she would take her maps to bed with her, and then in the middle of the night she would wake up her poor sleepy sister and make her light a candle and point out the oceans and rivers and mountains on the map spread out before them on the quilt.

But there was one thing that made Clara unhappy sometimes while she was growing up. She loved her flower gardens, her lessons, her pets, but she was dreadfully afraid of people. Whenever there were strangers about, a queer thing would happen. Clara would almost forget her name, put her fingers in her mouth, look down at the floor, and wish that she might run away and hide. The name of this queer feeling is bashfulness, and perhaps some of you may have had it sometimes. If you have, you can sympathize with Clara.

When she was eight, Clara was sent away from home to a boarding-school in the next town. Her father and mother thought that this might cure that bashfulness of hers. But, instead, it grew worse and worse. The rooms at the new school seemed miles long and wide to poor timid Clara, the days were as long as weeks, and there were so many strange people

around her. She did not dare to eat her meat and potato and pudding at the table because she thought that every one was watching her, although this, of course, was a very foolish idea. By and by she got thin and pale, and then thinner and paler, until at last her father sent for her to come home. Clara Barton never got quite cured of her bashfulness. Even when she was a grown woman, she preferred to stand in front of cannon on a battle-field to speaking before a meeting of strangers.

It was probably because she had no playmates that Clara was so shy. When she was nine years old, however, the family moved to a new home in the same town, where there were six little neighbor girls and boys for Clara to play with. Such a good time as they all had together! They found where the best and biggest chestnuts grew; they played soldier on Rock Hill; they crossed the deepest part of the river on a narrow plank for a bridge, and rode the logs in the mill stream, almost but not quite as far as the dam. It was the boy playmates who taught Clara how to skate. In those prim and proper days only boys owned skates, for it was thought unladylike for girls. But Clara made up her mind to learn to skate. So one dark Sunday morning when all the house was sound asleep, she heard a whistle under her window, pulled on her clothes with cold, excited fingers, and crept downstairs. The boys led the way through the queer, shivery darkness to the pond, strapped a pair of skates on Clara's feet, and started out across the ice. But ice is so slippery! Poor little Clara fell down on her knees very suddenly and very hard, almost before she had begun. And ice is not a pleasant thing to fall on, as some of you may know. The two little knees were cut and bruised and bloody, but Clara was a brave girl and would not cry. Instead she wrapped her woollen comforter around her hurts and limped back home to bed. The next day and for three weeks the poor knees were almost too sore and swollen to walk with at all, but Clara bore the pain like a soldier. But the ache in her

conscience was harder to bear. She had been naughty and had run away to learn skating after she had been told not to. You can put salve and bandages on bruised knees, but the only way to cure a bruised conscience is to do what Clara did—to go and tell mother all about it and be forgiven.

Clara had a special soft spot in her heart for anything or any one that was in trouble. Whenever she was given a canary as a pet, she would open the cage door slyly and set it free, because she thought that the poor bird could not be happy locked away from the blue and green and golden out-of-doors.

Do you think she was wise? When she was eleven and still fond of gentle things—dogs; flowers, and books— her favorite brother David, who had taught her to ride horseback and carried her to school on his big shoulders, fell from a scaffolding and was hurt very badly. Clara became his nurse. She took such good care of David that the doctor would not give his directions to any of the other members of the family. For two years the big brother was ill, sleepless at night, restless all day. And for two years Clara was his faithful little nurse and waited on him patiently until slowly he grew better and at last was his big, strong, handsome self again. In the years when Clara Barton was a wonderful nurse to hundreds and thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, she never forgot her experience with her brother and the skill in nursing that she learned then.

And now Clara was thirteen, and still shy and small for her age. Her mother and father could not understand how uncomfortable it is to be bashful—some fathers and mothers cannot remember that they were ever little folks themselves—and they wanted to send her away to school again. But Clara begged to be allowed to go to work; so finally they consented.

So Clara was given the village school to teach. To be sure she was not quite fourteen, but she knew as much as any teacher, so why not? In the school there were several big,

rough boys who began to make trouble for the timid little teacher, almost before she had taken her hat off on the first day. But Clara soon won their hearts. And how do you suppose she did it? By throwing a ball as straight as they did at recess!

It was because she could do things that most women cannot that Clara Barton became one of the most useful women in the world. And if you do not know why or how she was so useful, I advise you to find out, every one of you! Almost every library has the book called "The Story of the Red Cross," written by Clara Barton herself. It is as interesting as a fairy story, and best of all it is true, and it will tell you what this wonderful woman did for the world.

Clara Barton

The Red Cross

I

In 1861, when the Civil War began, there was a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington whose name was Clara Barton.

She was then about thirty years of age, well educated, refined in manner, intensely energetic. She had been in the Patent Office seven years. Previous to that time she had been a school-teacher. Stories are still current of her wonderful success in school management.

Those were the days when the public schools were but little esteemed, and methods of education were not such as we have now. It is said that when Miss Barton assumed charge of a certain school in New Jersey there were but six pupils in attendance; but such was her genius and such the magnetism of her presence that the number increased within a few months to nearly six hundred. One might think that such success would have made her a schoolteacher for life. But this was not her destiny.

The war began.

Clara Barton read President Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers to fight for the preservation of the Union.

She gave up her position in the Patent Office, and volunteered—volunteered as a nurse without pay in the Army of the Potomac. Her work was not in safe and quiet hospitals far from the sound of danger; it was on the battlefield rescuing and nursing the wounded while yet the carnage and the strife

were there.

It surely required a brave heart to pass through the horrors that followed the struggles at Pittsburg Landing, at Cedar Mountain, at Antietam, and at old Fredericksburg. Very heroic must have been the women who faced those dreadful scenes with only the one thought to give relief to the wounded and the dying.

Toward the close of the war, Clara Barton was appointed "lady in charge" of all the hospitals at the front of the Army of the James—a worthy and well-earned promotion.

Then there came inquiries concerning soldiers whose whereabouts were unknown. Their friends wrote to ask about them. Were they living or dead? If alive, where were they? If dead, when and how did they die? There were thousands of such inquiries, and no one could answer them.

It occurred to President Lincoln to appoint some competent person to conduct a search for all such missing men, to learn their history, if possible, and to place that history on record.

Who was more competent for such a duty than Clara Barton?

At the request of President Lincoln, then very near the end of his career, she undertook the task. With all her great energy and her habits of thoroughness, she carried it through. It was a work of months, taxing all her strength, and requiring the closest application. In the end she was able to report the names and the fate of more than thirty thousand missing men of the Union armies.

Is there any wonder that her health was broken? The years of constant labor, the weight of great responsibilities, had told sadly upon her strength.

When her work was finished, then came the reaction. For days and weeks she was obliged to refrain from every sort of labor. She went to Europe. She spent the next few years in Switzerland, trying to regain her lost strength.

II. Organization of the Red Cross

It was on a midsummer day in 1859 that a great battle was fought at Solferino in the north of Italy. There the Austrian army was defeated by the combined forces of France and Sardinia. At the end of the bloody struggle more than thirty-five thousand men lay dead or disabled on the field of battle. There was no adequate aid at hand for the suffering and the dying. For hours and even days they lay uncared for where they had fallen. It was the old, old story of the barbaric cruelty of war.

While the battlefield was still reeking with horrors it was visited by Henri Dunant, a gentleman of means from Switzerland. His heart was touched at the sight of the suffering that was around him. He gave every assistance that he could; he aided the few surgeons who were on the field, and was instrumental in saving many a wounded man from death.

When he returned home, he could not forget what he had seen. A vision of the battlefield was ever in his mind. He could not rest until he had written the story of the field of Solferino, and had tried to make others understand the horrors which he had witnessed. He delivered lectures and issued circulars, calling upon the good people of all nations to unite in forming a world's society for the care of disabled soldiers on the field of battle.

The work of Henri Dunant led to great results. A world's society was formed. A conference was held at Geneva. Eleven nations agreed to a plan which recognized this society and its work. Its members, its helpers, its hospitals, and the sick and wounded under its care should be free from molestation on the battlefield; and each of the eleven governments pledged its active aid and support.

In order that the workers of the society should be known when in posts of danger, and in order that its hospitals and all their belongings should be protected, it was found necessary to adopt a badge that should be universally known. The badge

chosen was a red cross on white ground. It was adopted in compliment to the Swiss government, whose flag is a white cross on red ground.

Thus it was that upon "the wild stock and stem of war" a noble philanthropy was engrafted. Thus it was that the movement was inaugurated which "gives hope," says Clara Barton, "that the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of war itself may some day at last (far off, perhaps) give way to the sunny and pleasant days of perpetual and universal peace."

It was while seeking health in Switzerland that Miss Barton first became fully acquainted with the objects and the work of the Red Cross. She met and formed friendships with the leaders of that movement. She resolved to give her energies and her life to its support.

III. Miss Barton in France

At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, Clara Barton was still in Europe. She at once threw herself into the work of the Red Cross in the camps and on the battlefields of that war. Her long experience as a nurse with our own armies gave her a great advantage in the management of hospitals and the care of the sick. During the course of that short but bitter struggle, no person did more good than she, no person deserved or won nobler laurels of praise.

After the siege of Strasburg twenty thousand people were without homes; they were without employment; starvation was before them. Clara Barton saw the situation and was the first to act. She provided materials for thirty thousand garments, and parceled these out among the poor women of the city to be sewed and made at good wages. Everywhere her quick eye saw what was needed most, and her quick intelligence showed what was best to be done. Everywhere officers and civilians, the rich and the poor, acknowledged her good work and lent a helping hand.

In Paris after the close of the war the lawless Commune

seized the power. The city was in the hands of men of the lowest character. It was besieged by the army of the republic. The thunder of the cannon was heard day and night. There was constant fighting on the streets. Scores of innocent people were shot down or put to death. In some parts of the city not one person was to be found in his home, so great was the terror and so general the destruction. In the midst of all these horrors, Clara Barton entered the city on foot and began her work of ministering to those in distress.

Among the common people there was but little food. Women and children were starving. On a certain day a great mob surged through the streets crying for bread. The officers were powerless. There was no telling what such a mob would do. Clara Barton stood at the door of her lodgings; she raised her hand and spoke to the infuriated men and the despairing women. They paused and listened to her calm and hopeful words. "Oh, mon Dieu!" they cried. "It is an angel that speaks to us." And they quietly dispersed to their homes.

"What France must have been without the merciful help of the Red Cross societies, the imagination dare not picture. At the end of the war ten thousand wounded men were removed from Paris under the auspices of the relief societies —men who otherwise must have lingered in agony or died from want of care; and there were brought back to French soil nine thousand men who had been cared for in German hospitals."

In recognition of the golden deeds which she had performed in this war, Clara Barton received as decorations of honor the golden cross of Baden and the iron cross of Germany.

IV. The American Association

As yet there was no Red Cross society in America. It therefore became the work of Miss Barton for the next few years to found such a society. It was not until 1882 that the

United States joined the family of nations which at Geneva, eighteen years before, had pledged their support to this movement in behalf of civilized humanity.

The plan for an American society included much more than merely the relief of wounded soldiers. Miss Barton's experiences in Strasburg and in Paris had shown the need and the possibility of wider usefulness. And so the work of the Red Cross Association of America was to relieve suffering wherever it was found, and especially during great calamities, such as famine, pestilence, earthquake disaster, flood, or fire.

Before a month had passed the first call for help was sounded. A great fire was sweeping through the forests of Michigan. For many days it raged unchecked. Homes were destroyed, farms were burned over, every living thing was swept away by the devastating flames, and thousands of people were in dire need of food, clothing, and shelter.

The Red Cross Association was little prepared to meet so great a calamity, but under the direction of its president, Clara Barton, it began at once to do what it could. The white banner with its red cross was unfurled here for the first time. The call for aid was quickly responded to. Men, women, and children hastened to bring their gifts of sympathy and human kindness to be distributed by the society. Eighty thousand dollars in money, food, clothing, and other needful things were forwarded to the suffering people of Michigan.

After that there were calls for help almost every year. There were great floods along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Charleston, South Carolina, was partly destroyed by an earthquake. There were fearful cyclones in the West, causing much destruction of life and property. Wherever there was suffering from any of these causes, Clara Barton with the Red Cross was present to give relief and assistance.

In 1885 and 1886 there was a great drought in Texas. For eighteen months no rain fell. No crops could be raised. Hundreds of thousands of cattle died for lack of forage and water.

Thousands of people were in want of the comforts of life. Through the labors of the Red Cross Association and its president, more than a hundred thousand dollars were contributed for the relief of the distressed.

On the 30th of May, 1889, the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was overwhelmed by a flood caused by the breaking of a dam in the Little Conemaugh River. Nearly five thousand lives were lost, and property to the value of twelve million dollars was destroyed. Scarcely had the first news of the disaster been telegraphed over the country before Clara Barton was on the ground doing the good work of the Red Cross. For five months she remained there amid scenes of desolation, poverty, and woe, which no pen can describe.

She fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless, comforted the sorrowing, and was a ministering angel to the sick, the impoverished, and the despairing. "The first to come, the last to go," said one of the newspapers of Johnstown, "she has indeed been an elder sister to us—nursing, soothing, tending, caring for the stricken ones through a season of distress such as no other people ever knew—such as, God grant, no other people may ever know. The idea crystallized, put into practice: 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

In 1893 occurred the great hurricane in the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina. It was a calamity second only to that of Johnstown, and the number of persons who perished will never be known. There, among black people of the poorest and most ignorant class, Miss Barton labored unceasingly for months. She distributed weekly rations of food to thirty thousand Sea Islanders. She gave them materials for clothing and taught them how to make these into garments. She encouraged them in the rebuilding of their homes. She directed the digging of more than two hundred miles of ditches, thus reclaiming thousands of acres of land. She distributed garden seeds to every householder on the islands,

besides seed corn and grain to the farmers. Within nine months, under the supervision of the Red Cross, industry and prosperity were restored and the poor blacks were enabled to become self-supporting and independent. Is it any wonder that they revered the name of the woman who brought them so much comfort and happiness, and that to this day they name their girls "Clara Barton" and their boys "Red Cross"?

The work of the Red Cross was transferred to other places and other peoples. In Armenia after the Turkish massacres, in Cuba during the Spanish War, in every place cursed by war or afflicted with some great calamity, there was found the Red Cross, doing its noble work.

V. The National Red Cross

As yet the American Association of the Red Cross had but few members and its work was much hampered through the lack of funds and systematic management. In 1893 it was reorganized as the American National Red Cross, but not until twelve years later did its membership exceed three hundred persons.

When the war with Spain began, a number of helping Red Cross societies sprang into existence, each to some extent independent of the national association. This division of management led to much confusion, which resulted in a large amount of unnecessary suffering among the sick and wounded. It frequently happened that in one place there was an over-abundance of supplies, while in another there were none at all. Too many articles of one kind were provided, and too few or perhaps none of another. Nevertheless, despite all these unfortunate circumstances, the Red Cross was instrumental in saving many lives and in relieving much suffering.

"And yet, with proper management, it might have done a great deal more," said many thinking people.

Therefore, in 1900, the society was incorporated by Act of Congress and placed under the supervision of the

government. From that time forward it was to be controlled by a central committee composed of eighteen members, six of whom were to be appointed by the President. The association is now required to report to the War Department on the first day of each year, giving a full account of all its work. A new charter was granted to it in 1905, and the Secretary of War, William H. Taft, was elected president of the association.

Since its reorganization the work of the Red Cross has been much extended and its efficiency very greatly increased. For the sufferers in the Japanese famine, it contributed nearly a quarter of a million dollars. For those rendered homeless by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1905, it gave over twelve thousand dollars. For those who suffered in the great earthquake in California in 1906, it collected and distributed more than three million dollars. Substantial aid was also sent to Chili for those made destitute by the earthquake at Valparaiso, and to China and Russia for the relief of sufferers from the great famines in those countries.

And thus the work of this noble association, founded through the efforts of one heroic woman, continues. Wherever there is great distress or widespread suffering, wherever there is famine, or earthquake, or war, there the National Red Cross, like an angel of mercy, stands ready to relieve, assist, and bless. Perhaps no other organization has ever done so much for the relief of suffering humanity.

Dom Pedro II

1825 –1891 A.D.

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

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

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

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

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

constitutional prerogatives. Viva Dom Pedro II., constitutional Emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil! Viva Dom Pedro II.!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While so many of the South American states were lagging far behind the times, Brazil, under Dom Pedro, caught up with other progressive nations of the world. Liberty of speech

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

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

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

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

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

In 1863 several Brazilian vessels were captured by the English, diplomatic relations between the empire and Great

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

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

Every time he left his country to travel abroad Dom Pedro added great prestige to Brazil, and when he came home he brought with him all the progressive ideas of other lands. In

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

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

Dom Pedro was the first monarch who ever visited the United States. On the occasion of the great Centennial

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

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

In New York, Dom Pedro often arose at six o'clock while

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Imperial coat of arms and flag were ordered to be torn down from all buildings; streets called after the royal family were renamed; the Dom Pedro Railway became the Central

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

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

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

Jane Lathrop Stanford

The Story of a Good Woman
1828-1905 A.D.

There stands a castle in the heart of Spain,
Builded of stone, as if to stand for aye,
With tile-roof red against the azure sky,
Where skies are bluest, in the heart of Spain.
Castle so stately men build not again;
'Neath its broad arches, in its patio fair,
And through its cloisters, open everywhere,
I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
Its inmost secret unto me is known,
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone,—
'T is thine, dear heart, to have and hold alway;
'T is all the world's as well as mine and thine;
For whoso enters its broad gate shall say:
"I dwell within this castle: it is mine."

I wish in these pages to tell the story of a noble life, of one of the bravest, wisest, most patient, most courageous and most devout of all the women who have ever lived. I want to give to those of the university to whom its founders are now but a memory some lasting picture of the woman who saved the university which she and her honored husband founded in faith and hope, and who thus made possible all the good to humanity which may abide in its future. I shall try to make my story as impersonal as I can, as though I spoke not for myself but for all of you men and women of Stanford, those that are and those that are to be. I shall speak with all

gratitude towards the many who have helped in the work of saving the great fund involved, for education, learning and research, and with all charity towards those whose interests or whose conscientious conviction ranged them on the other side. If I am successful, you will see more clearly than ever before the lone, sad figure of the mother of the university, strong in her trust in God and in her loyalty to her husband's purposes, happy only in the belief that in carrying out their joint plans for training the youth of California in virtue and usefulness she was acting the part which in God's providence had been assigned to her. The university called "Leland Stanford Junior" was founded on Love, in a sense which is true of no other. Its corner-stone was love—love of a boy extended to the love of the children of humanity. It was continued through love—the love of a noble woman for her husband; the faith of both in love's ideals—and as an embodiment of the power of love Stanford University stands today.

It is fitting that these statements should not stand as mere words. I wish that in your hearts they may become realities. Not many of you as students or as alumni have seen Mrs. Stanford. The last of the freshmen classes which she knew took its departure in 1909. Still fewer have known Leland Stanford, broad-minded, stout-hearted, shrewd, kindly and full of hope, a man of action ripened into a philosopher. Stanford University has now reached its twenty-second year. During the first two years of its history it was the hopeful experiment of Leland Stanford. The next seven years its history was recorded in the heartthrobs of his wife. The years that follow with all their vicissitudes have been years of calmness and certainty, for the final outcome is no longer open to question. It is my purpose in these pages to tell a little of the story of the six dark years, the years from eighteen ninety-three to eighteen ninety-nine, those days in which the future of a university hung by a single thread, but that thread "the greatest thing in the world," the love of a good woman.

If for an instant in all these years this good woman had wavered in her purposes, if for a moment she had yielded to fear or even to the pressure of worldly wisdom, this story could not have been told. The story would have been finished before it began. The strain, the agony, was all hers, and hers the final victory. And so any account of these years must take the form of eulogy. "Eulogy," in its old Greek meaning, is "speaking well," and my every word must be a word of praise. It is proper, too, that as the President of Stanford through all these trying years I should speak these words, and even that I should give this history from my own standpoint, because there were few besides myself who knew the facts in those days. Some of these facts we can well afford to forget. For the rest, the facts in issue will appear only as needed for the background, before which we may see the figure of Mrs. Stanford.

I first saw the Governor and Mrs. Stanford at Bloomington, Indiana, in March, 1891. At that time, Mr. Stanford, under the advice of Andrew D. White, late the President of Cornell, asked me to come to California to take charge of the new institution which he was soon to open. He told me the story of their son, of their buried hopes, of their days and nights of sorrow, and of how he had once awakened from a troubled night with these words on his lips: "The children of California shall be my children." He told me the extent of his property and of his purposes in its use. He hoped to build a university of the highest order, one which should give the best of teaching in all its departments, one which should be the center of invention and research, giving to each student the secret of success in life. No cost was to be spared, no pains to be avoided, in bringing this university to the highest possible effectiveness. In all this Mrs. Stanford was most deeply interested, supporting his purposes, guarding his strength, alert at every point and always in the fullest sympathy.

Mr. Stanford explained that thus far only buildings and land, the Palo Alto farm and the great farms at Vina and

Gridley, had been given, but that practically the whole of the common estate would go in time to the university, when the founders had passed away. If he should himself survive, the gift would be his and hers jointly, though the final giving would be left to him. If the wife should survive, the property would be hers, and in her hands would lie the final joy of completion. Mr. Stanford gave his reason for not turning over the property at once: He would not deprive his wife of a controlling part in the future. It was not his wish that she should sit idly by while others should create the university. His wife was his equal partner as well as his closest friend. So long as she lived it was his wish that in the building of the university she should take an equal part. This attitude of chivalry in all this needs this word of explanation, for it shaped the whole future history of the university endowment. It was the source of many of the embarrassments which followed and, perhaps as well, of the final success.

The university was opened on the first day of October, 1891, a clear, bright, golden, California day, typical of California October and full of good omen, as all days in California are likely to be. There were on the opening day 465 students, with only 15 instructors, and the first duty of the president was to telegraph for more teachers, laying tribute on many institutions in the east and in the west.

Two years followed, with their varied adventures which I need not now relate. It was on the twenty-second day of June, 1893, that the university community was startled by the sudden death of Leland Stanford. It is not my purpose now to praise the founder of the university. Others have done this and his name belongs to the world. One single incident at his funeral is firmly fixed in my memory. The clergyman, Horatio Stebbins, in his stately fashion, told a story of the Greeks doing honor to a dead hero; then, turning to the pall-bearers, stalwart railway men, he said: "Gentle up your strength a little, for 'tis a man ye bear." A man, in all high senses, in the

noblest of words, a man! was Leland Stanford.

After the founder's death the estate fell into the hands of the courts. The will was in probate, the debts of the estate had to be paid, the various ramifications of business had to be disentangled, and meanwhile came on the fierce panic of 1893. All university matters stopped for the summer. Salaries could not be paid until it was found out by the courts by whom, to whom and from whom salaries were due. All incomes from business ceased. The great corporations had no earnings; the common man suffered with them.

After Mr. Stanford's death, Mrs. Stanford kept to her rooms for a week or two. She had much to plan and much to consider. From every point of view of worldly wisdom it was clearly her duty to close the university until the estate was settled and in her hands, its debts paid and the panic over. Her own fortune was the estate itself. Outside of a collection of rare jewels given by her husband she had practically nothing of her own, save the community estate. This could not be hers until the payment of all debts and legacies had been completed. These debts and legacies amounted as a whole to eight millions of dollars. In normal times there was hardly money enough in California to pay this amount; but these were not normal times and there was no money in California to pay anything to anybody.

After these two weeks, Mrs. Stanford called me to her house to say that the die was cast. She was going ahead with the university. She would turn over to us whatever money she could get. We must come down to bed rock on expenses, but with the help of the Lord and the memory of her husband the university must go ahead and develop its character in the hope of better times ahead.

It was no easy task to do this, as one incident will show. There could be no regularity in the payment of salaries. All salary contracts had to be drawn up with this understanding. If a deficit occurred at the end of the year, the president must

make it good. In the eyes of the law the university professors were Mrs. Stanford's personal servants. They had no other status, and the university had as such no separate or official existence. As personal servants it was finally arranged that Mrs. Stanford should receive from the estate a special allowance for their maintenance. This allowance must pay their salaries, while a registration tax of twenty dollars per year on each student had to cover all other expenses. Tuition had been free, and it has remained so except for this incidental fee, since raised to $30 per year. Even these two sources of income were not accessible at first. The two great farms of Palo Alto and Vina, each a principality in itself, run as experiment stations in horse-breeding and in viticulture, were centers of loss, neither of them up to that time having yielded a dollar of income.

A single incident will make this condition vivid. At one time in August, 1893, Mrs. Stanford received from Judge Coffey's court the sum of $500, to be paid to her personal servants. It was paid in a bag of twenty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces. Mrs. Stanford called me in and said her servants could wait; there might be some professors in need, and I might divide the money among them. I put the money under my pillow and did not sleep that night. Money was too great a rarity with us then. Next morning, on Sunday, I set out to give ten professors fifty dollars apiece. I found not one who could give change for a twenty-dollar gold piece, and so I divided the sum into ten parts, five of forty dollars and five of sixty dollars. The same afternoon, after I had gone the rounds, $13,000 was brought down from the city for us servants as back pay for our services already given. This sum was distributed. After this Mrs. Stanford sent word that as we had some money now perhaps we could spare her the $500. I drew a check for the sum against a long-vanished bank account, and covered the amount in the morning with the aid of some of my associates.

The incident again will explain why for six years the professors were paid by personal checks of the president and why these checks were not always issued regularly, nor for the full amounts. We were all struggling together to do the best we could with whatever might come to us. There was no certainty ahead. Most of the property was of such a character that it could not be divided, but must go in blocks of millions if it went at all, and no one had millions at his disposal for investment anywhere. The estate held a one-fourth interest in the Southern Pacific System and of all its many ramifycations. Kept together it could maintain itself with its representatives on the directorate, but if any division whatever, it would be easy to "freeze out" the small holder.

I pass by many minor incidents of struggle and economy. The farms had to be abruptly closed, the employees all paid and dismissed, no easy task. Then they had to be forced to yield an income. This required wise management and rigid economy at the same time, but for all this Mrs. Stanford proved adequate. She learned her lessons as she went along and took a wholesome pleasure in the Spartan simplicity of her life. If all else failed, she had still the jewels to fall back upon; and she steadily refused to consider the advice (almost unanimous) of her counsel to close the university or most of its departments until some more favorable time. In 1895 she invited the pioneer class, then graduating, to a reception in her city home, one reason being that it was the last class that could ever graduate. We had nothing to run on, save the precarious servant allowance then fixed at $12,500 per month and liable to be cut to nothing at any day. Our expenses in 1893 had been nearly $18,000 per month. Sometimes we could sell a few horses from the stock farm, but it was never clear that the stock farm belonged to the university and not to the Stanford estate, and every dollar we secured for use in this way piled up the possibilities of litigation. All these days were brightened by the steady support of her friends and

advisers, Samuel F. Leib, Timothy Hopkins, Francis E. Spencer and Russell Wilson, as well as by the sympathy of her faithful secretary, Miss Bertha Berner. Mr. Hopkins furnished the Seaside Laboratory and the Library of Biology and paid unasked many minor expenses, his left hand not taking receipts for what his right hand was doing. No one can tell how much the university owes to these men, who in the darkest days planned to make the future possible. Very much, too, the university owed to the fraternal devotion of Mrs. Stanford's brother, Mr. Charles G. Lathrop, who cared with sympathetic hand for the scanty receipts of these harassed days. The warm sympathy of Thomas Welton Stanford of Melbourne, Leland Stanford's younger brother, came from across the seas. His gift of the Library Building came in time to be most welcome.

At last, adjustment of one kind after another being made, there was a glimpse of daylight, when we were thrust without warning into a still darker night. The United States government brought suit for fifteen millions for the purpose of tying up everything in the Stanford estate until the debts of the Central Pacific Railway should be paid. It was not claimed that the university owed anything, or that the Stanford estate owed anything, or that the railway owed anything on which payment was due. As a matter of fact, when the time came the Southern Pacific Company paid in full every dollar it owed the government as soon as it became due, and with full interest. There was never any reason to suppose that it would not do so and never any reason to suppose that it could afford not to pay this debt, for the power to control the line from Ogden to San Francisco, called the Central Pacific, was in itself an enormous asset, worth the value of this debt. Failure to pay this debt would have meant loss of control of the most valuable single factor in any continental railroad system.

The claim of the United States was secured by a second mortgage on the Central Pacific. It was currently supposed

that the railway would be sold to satisfy the first mortgage and that it would realize no more than this sum, leaving, as Mr. Huntington cynically expressed it, nothing but "two streaks of rust and the right of way." The government proposed, by a sort of injunction, to hold up the Stanford property to be finally seized, in case the Southern Pacific Railway System should at some future time be found in debt. There was no warrant in law or in good policy for this suit. One United States judge spoke of it as "the crime of the century." It is not easy to work out the motives which inspired it, political or personal, or whatever they may have been. Fortunately, now, it makes no difference what these motives were, or by whom the act was suggested.

For reasons which I need not discuss, the owners of the three remaining estates (Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Crocker were no longer living) and their successors were unable to give any assistance in the struggle for the endowment of the university. It was necessary for Mrs. Stanford to make the fight alone and at her own cost.

It should be said that none of the present owners or managers of the Southern Pacific were in any way concerned in this matter. The entire ownership and control of the railway company was changed at the end of the century. It is also fair to say that the business man's point of view was wholly adverse to the continuance of university work. It seemed impossible to save the estate and the university together. All receipts of the railroads (there were no profits) were needed to continue its operations, and to spend current receipts in the maintenance of a university seemed to others interested in the stability of the railway system both wasteful and dangerous. A way out was to "stop the circus," to use an expression then for the first time applied to a university. On the other hand, to Mrs. Stanford the estate existed solely for the benefit of the university. To save the estate on these terms was to her like throwing over the passengers to lighten the

ship. And as matters turned out, the university, the estate and the railway were all saved alike.

The story of the passing of the great suit is known to all students of the university, as well as to all friends of higher education. It was brought to trial in San Francisco in the United States District Court, and the university side of the question had the strong support of the great jurist, John Garber. The decision of Judge Ross was against the claim of the government. It was appealed and came before Judges Morrow, Gilbert and Hawley, who again found no merit in the government contention. It was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and here our case seemed hopeless. The Supreme Court moves slowly, and our lifeblood was ebbing fast. It takes money to run a university, and our money was almost gone. To delay the matter was to destroy us, and no one but ourselves had any interest in pushing along the decision. Finally Mrs. Stanford went to Washington to appeal to President Cleveland. She told him our story and beseeched him to use his influence for a speedy settlement. Once for all, let us know the future. At last, President Cleveland took her point of view, and through his influence the Stanford case was placed on the calendar of the United States Supreme Court for speedy trial. Joseph Choate, whose name every Stanford man should hold in grateful memory, supplemented the work of John Garber. The case came to trial, and by a unanimous decision, written by Justice Harlan, Stanford University was finally free!

The students celebrated the victory as college boys can. The United States Postoffice on the campus, a wooden shack long since removed, was painted cardinal red, to its great improvement in appearance. The founder and the president received their ovation. The future of the university was forever assured.

This was the end of the dark days, but not of days trying and difficult. There were still eight millions of dollars to be

paid. There was still the uncertainty as to whether Mrs. Stanford could survive to pay it, and the estate must come into her hands before she could give it to the university. She made many attempts to hasten this transfer. At one time, we have the pathetic figure of the good woman going to the Queen's Jubilee in London, going on board the steamer in New York with all her actual possessions, half a million dollars' worth of jewels in a suitcase carried in her hand. She hoped to sell these to advantage, when all the world was gathered in London. But the market was not good, and three-fourths of them she brought back to California again.

And this seems the appropriate place for the story of the jewel fund. It is told in an address made at the foundation of the Library Building, and again and finally in a resolution of the Board of Trustees.

On May 15, 1905, I said:

"There was once a man—a real man, vigorous, wealthy and powerful. He loved his wife greatly, for she, wise, loyal, devoted, was worthy of such love. And because among all the crystals in all the world the diamond is the hardest and sparkles the brightest, and because the ruby is most charming, and the emerald gentlest the man bought gifts of these all for his wife.

"As the years passed a great sorrow came to them; their only child died in the glory of his youth. In their loneliness there came to these two the longing to help other children, to use their wealth and power to aid the youth of future generations to better and stronger life. They lived in California and they loved California; and because California loved them, as she loves all her children, this man said, 'The children of California shall be my children.' To make this true in very fact he built for them a beautiful 'Castle in Spain,' with cloisters and towers, and 'red tiled roofs against the azure sky'—for 'skies are bluest in the heart of Spain.' This castle, the Castle of Hope, which they called the university, they dedicated to

all who might enter its gates, and it became to them the fulfilment of the dream of years—a dream of love and hope, of faith in God and good will toward men. "In the course of time the man died. The power he bore vanished; his wealth passed to other hands; the work he had begun seemed likely to fail. But the woman rose from her second great sorrow and set herself bravely to the task of completing the work as her husband had planned it. 'The children of California shall be my children'—that thought once spoken could never be unsaid. The doors of the castle once opened could never be closed. To those who helped her in these days she said: 'We may lose the farms, the railways, the bonds, but still the jewels remain. The university can be kept alive by these till the skies clear and the money which was destined for the future shall come into the future's hands. The university shall be kept open. When there is no other way, there are still the jewels.'

"Because there always remained this last resource, the woman never knew defeat. No one can who strives for no selfish end. 'God's errands never fail,' and her errand was one of good will and mercy. And when the days were darkest, the time came when it seemed the jewels must be sold. Across the sea to the great city this sorrowful, heroic woman journeyed alone with the bag of jewels in her hand, that she might sell them to the money changers that flocked to the Queen's Jubilee. Sad, pathetic mission, fruitless in the end, but full of all promise for the future of the university, founded in faith and hope and love—the trinity, St. Paul says, of things that abide.

"But the jewels were not sold, save only a few of them, and these served a useful purpose in beginning anew the work of building the university. A tiled roof was placed on the library building in place of a temporary imitation of painted iron. Better times came. The money of the estate, freed from litigation, became available for its destined use. The jewels found their way back to California to be held in reserve

against another time of need.

"A noble church was erected—one of the noblest in the land, a fitting part of the beautiful dream castle, the university. It needed to make it perfect the warmth of ornamentation, the glory of the old masters who wrought 'when art was still religion.' To this end the jewels were dedicated. It was an appropriate use, but the need again passed. Other resources were found to adorn the church—to fill its windows with beautiful pictures, to spread upon its walls exquisite mosaics like those of St. Mark, rivaling even the precious stones of Venice.

"In the course of time the woman died also. She had the satisfaction of seeing the buildings of the university completed, the cherished plans of her husband, to which she had devoted anxious years, fully carried out. Death came to her in a foreign land, but in a message written before her departure to be read at the laying of the corner-stone of the great library she made known the final destiny of the jewels. She directed that they should be sold and their value made a permanent endowment of the library of the university.

"And so the jewels have at least come to be the enduring possession of all the university—of all who may tread these fields or enter these corridors. In the memory of the earlier students they stand for the Quadrangle, whose doors they kept open, and for the adornment of the church, which shall be to all generations of students a source of joy and rest, a refining and uplifting influence. To the students who are to come in future days the message of the jewels will be read in the books they study within these walls, and the waves of their influence spreading out shall touch the uttermost parts of the earth. "They say there is a language of precious stones, but I know that they speak in diverse tongues. Some diamonds tell strange tales, but not these diamonds. In the language of the jewels of Stanford may be read the lessons of faith, of hope and good will. They tell how Stanford was founded in love of

the things that abide."

It was in these dark days that I was asked by President Cleveland, through Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, to go to Bering Sea to help settle the fur seal disputes.

Before I started, in 1896, Mrs. Stanford said: "Now that our affairs are looking so much better, do you not think that I might afford to bring back my housekeeper?" Her servants then were her secretary, her Chinese cook and an old man, a servant of other days, who served as butler, without salary.

It was in these days, too, that Mrs. Stanford, going to Washington to settle up the household affairs of the mansion occupied while Mr. Stanford was senator, took four hundred dollars with her, lived in the private car owned by the Governor, attended to the packing of her goods and the rental of her house to a senator from New York, and brought back $340 of the amount, which she turned over to me, to be used for the university. I have given this and other details private and personal, but full of meaning, as showing her devotion to the university and her utter unselfishness in carrying out the plans made by herself and her husband for the welfare of the men and women of the coming generations of California and of the world. While matters inside the faculty and the details of instruction were left to those supposed to be experts in these lines, for this was her husband's wish, she had always before her his purposes. "What would Mr. Stanford do under these conditions?" was always her first question; and in almost every instance this question led to a wise decision.

To outside suggestions as to this or that, she used to reply: "I will never concern myself with the religion, the politics or the love affairs of any professor in Stanford University." And this resolution she religiously kept.

With the passing of the government suit, conditions looked brighter. The Board of Trustees was organized as a working body. Mrs. Stanford became its first actual president, and this history passes over into the bright days of the dawn

of the twentieth century.

Mrs. Stanford then left the university for a trip around the world by way of Australia and Ceylon. This was not that she wanted to see the world, or to be absent from her beloved Palo Alto, but that she wished to give to the Board of Trustees absolute freedom in taking up their great responsibilities. She wished them to handle the accumulated funds on their own initiative, without suggestion from herself.

The rest of the story can be told by others, for it is an open record. The whole may be summed up in these words of Mrs. Stanford in a letter written to me September 3, 1898:

"Every dollar I can rightfully call mine is sacredly laid on the altar of my love for the university, and thus it ever shall be."

That all this may seem more real, I venture to quote a few paragraphs from personal letters of Mrs. Stanford written in the dark days from 1893 to 1899.

On November 24, 1895, Mrs. Stanford wrote from the university:

"It has been my policy to say as little about my financial affairs to the outside world as possible, but I feel sure that I am doing myself and our blessed work injustice by allowing the impression among all classes to feel certain there is plenty of money at my command, the future is assured, the battle fought and won.... I only ask righteous justice. I ask not for myself, but that I may be able to discharge my duty and loyalty to the one who trusted me, and loved me, and loves me still. I am so poor myself that I can not this year give to any charity; not even do I give this festive season to any of my family. I do not tell you this, kind friend, in a complaining way, for when one has pleasant surroundings, all we want to eat and wear, added to this have those in their lives we can count on as friends, it would be sinful to complain. I repeat it only that you, my friend, may know, I ask only justice to the dear ones gone from earth life and the living one left.

"I am willing you should speak plainly to any one who may question as to the university or myself. I have many devoted and true, loyal friends in Washington, and I am sure, did they know I was kept from my rights, they would speak their sentiments openly, and when it was known a public sentiment was in my favor and against their unfairness, it would cause a different course to be pursued toward me… I have kept myself and my affairs in the background. It has been an inspiration from the source from which all good comes, from my Father God—I trust Him to lead me all along the rest of the journey of life. He has led me thus far through the deep waters, and joy will come, for He never deserts the widow, the childless, the orphan. I have His promise 'blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.'" On December 28, 1895, she said:

"I must confess to a feeling of great pride in our entire body of students, both male and female, and I think we are all in a way under obligations to them for their uniformly good conduct, and a desire, as my dear husband once expressed it, to be ladies and gentlemen."

On July 29, 1895, she wrote:

"I send a precious letter from Mr. Andrew White for you to read. I read it with a heart running over with various emotions. Mr. Stanford esteemed him so highly I could not but feel like asking God to let my loved ones in heaven know the contents of this letter. I prize this letter beyond my ability to express. It lifted my soul from its heaviness. My heart is one unceasing prayer to the Allwise, All Merciful one, that all will be well for the future of the good work under your care. When the end of our troubles is over, all (these letters) will be placed in your hands for future reading by our students, a story for them when I have passed into peace."

After the decision of Judge Ross (July 6, 1895), she wrote:

"I dare not let my soul rejoice over the future. It must be more sure than it is now. I hope and pray that the final

decision will be as sure as the first. It means more to me than you or the world have dreamed. It means an unsullied, untarnished name as a blessed heritage to the university. My husband often used to say: 'A good name is better than riches.' God can not but be touched by my constant pleading, and this first decision by Judge Ross makes me humble that I, so unworthy, should have received the smallest attention." From Paris, August 30, 1897, she wrote:

"I wish the rest of my responsibilities caused me as little care as does the internal working of the good work. I am only anxious to furnish you the funds to pay the needs required. I could live on bread and water to do this, my part, and would feel that God and my loved ones in the life beyond this smiled on the efforts to ensure the future of my dear husband's work to better humanity."

Again, in 1897, she wrote to her trusted solicitor, Russell Wilson:

"I stand almost alone in this blessed work left to my care…"

On December 14, 1900, she writes:

"I could lay down my life for the university. Not for any pride in its perpetuating the names of our dear son and ourselves, its founders, but for the sincere hope I cherish in its sending forth to the world grand men and women who will aid in developing the best there is to be found in human nature." These extracts, largely from business letters, will show better than any words of mine her spirit and her faith. These must justify and give life to the words I used on February 28, 1905, the date on which Mrs. Stanford passed away in Honolulu:

"The sudden death of Mrs. Stanford has come as a great shock to all of us. She has been so brave and strong that we hoped for her return well rested, and that her last look on earth might be on her beloved Palo Alto. But it was a joy to her to have been spared so long; to have lived to see the work

of her husband's life and hers firmly and fully established.

"Hers has been a life of the most perfect devotion both to her own and her husband's ideals. If in the years we knew her she ever had a selfish feeling, no one ever detected it. All her thoughts were of the university and of the way to make it effective for wisdom and righteousness.

"No one outside of the university can understand the difficulties in her way in the final establishment of the university, and her patient deeds of self-sacrifice can be known only to those who saw them from day to day. Some day the world may understand a part of this. It will then know her for the wisest, as well as the most generous, friend of learning in our time. It will know her as the most loyal and most devoted of wives. What she did was always the best she could do. Wise, devoted, steadfast, prudent, patient and just—every good word we can use was hers by right. The men and women of the university feel the loss not alone of the most generous of helpers, but of the nearest of friends."

To these words, spoken when the shock of the death of the mother of the university first came to her children, I added later a single thought as to Mrs. Stanford's conception of the future development of the university:

"It should be, above all other things, sound and good, using its forces not for mental development alone, but for physical, moral and spiritual growth and strength. It should make not only scholars, but men and women, alert, fearless, wise, God-fearing, skilled in cooperation and eager to do their part, whatever the struggle into which they may be thrown. To this end she would have the university not large but choice. There should be no more students than could be well taken care of, no more departments than could be placed in master hands, no teachers to whom the students could not look up as to men whose work and life should be an inspiration to them. The buildings should be beautiful, for to see beautiful things in a land of beauty is one of the greatest

elements in the refinement of clean men and women. Great libraries and great collections the university should have, but libraries and collections should be chosen for their fitness in the training of men. And with all the activities of athletics, of scholarly research, of the applications of science to engineering, the spirit of 'self-devotion and of self-restraint,' by which lives have been 'made beautiful and sweet' through all the centuries, should rise above all else, dominating the lower aspirations and activities as the great church towers above the red tiles of the lower buildings. But for all this, the Church should exist for men—for the actual men who enter its actual doors—not men for the Church. For this reason, any special alliance with any of the historic churches of Christendom is forever forbidden.

"We do not yet see all these things. Rome was not built in a day, nor Stanford in a century. But as the old pioneers returning now behold in solid stone the dream-castles of their college days, so shall you, Stanford men and women, find here as you come back to future reunions the university of your dreams, the university of great libraries and noble teachers, the university of the perfect democracy of literature and science, 'of self-devotion and of self-restraint,' the university in which earnest men and women find the best possible preparation for work in life, the university which sends out men who will make the future of the republic worthy of the glories of the past, the university of the plans and hopes of Leland Stanford, the university of the faith and work and prayer of Jane Lathrop Stanford."

Francisco Penzotti

1851–1925 A.D.

"Never in my life have I fought so much with priests and friars as in these last months…there hardly passes a night when I do not dream of being in combat with them." These, his own words, tell a common experience of Señor Francisco Penzotti's life in South America as distributing agent of the American Bible Society. The business of such an agent is to sell Bibles to all who will buy them, and like all evangelical work it has been carried on in the face of the most desperate opposition on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy, who control the religious life of the State. One of the beliefs of the Roman Church is that the Bible, as we know it, should not be placed in the hands of the ignorant because they will misinterpret its teachings. The only version allowed for common use is the result of careful pruning and editing by the papal hierarchy, believed to be the only infallible authority.

And so, when the agents for the Bible Society opened Bible shops, and canvassed city and town from door to door, peddling the best book in the world, not in English — that would not have bothered the priests — but in Spanish, the people's own language, the alarmed bishops rose up in their pulpits and urged that all unite in their efforts to crush "these monsters of heresy."

Ignorant, fanatical, warped in spirit and morals, the majority of clergy in South America have done little credit to their Church, and it is with this powerful priest ring, never truly representative of the Catholic faith at its best, that progressive elements have continually been at war. The

dramatic experiences of Señor Penzotti first held up for ridicule before the eyes of the whole world the absurd spectacle of fourteenth century bigotry lingering on at the end of the nineteenth.

Penzotti was born in Italy in 1851, of staunch Roman Catholic parents. When thirteen years old he was invited by relatives to go with them to South America. It seemed to his boyish imagination like a fairyland of promise, and he set off with the same high hopes that bring the ambitious immigrant to New York. For many years he lived in Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, passively accepting the only religious faith he knew anything about. Then one night — he was now twenty-five years old — a friend proposed in an idle moment that, just for the novelty of it, they drop in at a theater where a preaching service was to be held.

"I went with him more from curiosity than interest," Penzotti said afterward. "We entered what had been a theater, and what was then the only place of preaching the gospel in the city. Later the house became known as the Thirty-third Street Temple of the Methodist Episcopal Church. … I went out from there that night profoundly impressed." No Protestant in the city was half so energetic during the next few weeks in attending services as Penzotti. His enthusiasm and his talents attracted attention and he was appointed an evangelist of the little embryo church which was struggling so hard to make a place for itself in the community. "Naturally I did not have the experience at that time which I now possess," he says, "but instead I should like to possess to-day the zeal and energy of those times."

Arrangements to launch the work of Bible distribution in the northern republics, particularly Bolivia, had just been completed. Penzotti was chosen to accompany Mr. Andrew Milne, the agent, on a preliminary trip through these new and difficult regions. The last man who had dared to sell Bibles in Bolivia had been murdered and thrown into the river, and the

exploring party received due warning of what they might expect: "Huge mountains bar the way to the circulation of God's word there; mountains of prejudice and obstacles, that are only equaled by the immense Andes themselves for altitude and difficulty, have to be scaled and overcome." They met with unexpected success, however. The civil authorities helped them; the people, when not too much afraid of the priests, were eager to hear the preaching and read the Book; and in a few months over 5,000 Bibles were sold.

The next year Penzotti was put in charge of the campaign. Traveling in Bolivia in those days meant riding on mule-back over abominable roads or no roads at all. There were no inns; no hospitable friends waiting to welcome him; often nothing but the bare ground to sleep on after a hard day; and no extra money for comforts of any kind. But there were no monotonous moments in that adventurous trip of Penzotti's. The unexpected always lay in wait around the next corner. In one of his audiences he was surprised to see a number of priests who listened with courteous attention to all he had to say. After the service they hastened forward to shake hands and congratulate him on his eloquence. They had come to propose that he return to the Catholic fold, and as a special inducement they promised that he should be an ordained priest in a year's time. In the next city he was given the municipal hall for his meetings and people crowded to hear him. When the priest heard of this he sent all the boys he could muster, armed with rockets and tin horns, to interrupt the meeting, and for a few minutes it was a hand-to-hand fight until the rowdies were driven away.

The worst hornet's nest of all was the city of Cochabamba. At first Penzotti made good sales, but as soon as the priests discovered what was going on, trouble began. The bishop, whose slightest word carried great weight, circulated a warning among the people against this "mutilated, adulterated and false" Bible. Penzotti managed such situations with a high

hand. He took his Bible and a copy of the warning and proceeded to the bishop's house. He always liked to have it out face to face with the priests. "As he did not know me, he gave me an entrance into his study," Penzotti tells the story. "Once there I told him that I was the one who had introduced the Bible which he was calling false. I put one of my Bibles in his hand and said to him: 'Be so kind as to prove what you have said, since, if you do not, I have the right to accuse you of libel before competent authorities.' It seemed to me that he was more frightened than I should have been able to be. If he had been another kind of man he would have had the people after me, and there would not have remained any more than my ashes!" But the bishop carelessly flipped over the pages and remarked profoundly that these might be the very best of books, yet since they were not approved by the Church he had a papal order not to admit them.

By this time the harm was done and the whole city grew threatening. Five hundred women belonging to a sacred order hurried from house to house to warn families not to buy Bibles under pain of excommunication. Priests trailed Penzotti wherever he went, crying: "Here comes the heretic! Beware!" A bonfire in a public square meant that his wares were being disposed of in the priests' own favorite fashion. "I went on with my work as before," he writes, "going from door to door, but in vain; there was not a living soul that did not know, and the sale stopped entirely. Indeed I had much to do to resist the return of the books already sold, and had it not been for the protection of the authorities I don't know how it might have fared with me. Several warned me that I ought to withdraw, as my life was in danger."

Penzotti always has a ready answer for priestly sallies. Once when he caught a priest in the act of twisting the meaning of a Bible verse, he publicly exposed the fraud. "Let me tell you that though you have the best of me this time," said the priest furiously, "this same Book says that the gates

of hell shall not prevail."

"Much less the gates of the Vatican," returned Penzotti.

During his travels Penzotti found that the terrible poverty of the people was often a hindrance to the sales. Sometimes a fifty-cent Bible would be paid for in several installments. He frequently distributed books on approval. One old lady who had the rare opportunity of comparing her Romish Bible with the priest's own Bible, was greatly astonished to find the latter just like the Bible the dreadful stranger had left at her door. When she came upon the second commandment, she exclaimed: "To think that this should be here and the padre not teach it to us! He must be deceiving us in other things, too; I shall learn for myself." She kept her new Bible.

"After I left Cochabamba," Penzotti reported, "several persons rushed into print, each one giving my ears a pull, but withal I have no doubt it will in the end contribute to the furtherance of the work." It did. As often happens, opposition makes fine advertising, and the fame of Penzotti and his book spread far and wide.

From Bolivia he crossed over into Chile, a difficult journey over the mountains. "You have to cross at a height of 18,000 feet," he wrote, "where there are no living beings nor vegetation of any kind. The only indication of the way is the line of white dry bones of beasts of burden and travelers killed in snow storms." In the Chilean towns he was well received and preached to large audiences who usually gathered in the town hall or a theater. From one town he reported: "Mr. Milne was here last year and sold so many Bibles that most people have them. As a result, there is a greater demand now for other instructive books of which we have only a limited supply." At the end of thirteen months of constant preaching, canvassing and traveling Penzotti returned to Montevideo. In all this time not a line from his family or friends had reached him because, as he said, "in the places where I visited and was persecuted, one of the forms which the persecution took was

the capturing of my correspondence."

Penzotti tells the story of a little colony of enthusiastic Protestants which sprang up all by itself in one Chilean town: "A little more than a half century ago this place was destroyed by a tidal wave. When the waters retired the people went to remove the ruins in search of what they could find. One man found, below a strata of sand and mud, a book. For curiosity's sake he carried it to his house, where he cleaned it and put it out to dry. It happened to be a New Testament. It was a book unknown to him, so he read it to see what it was all about. Various neighbors gathered to listen to the reading of the marvelous book, and when I visited this place I found the man at the head of an interesting group of people, all converted by that book dug out from the mud."

Because of his rare gifts as a Bible salesman, Penzotti was appointed agent for the Pacific coast by the American Bible Society in 1887, the year after his trip through the north. "He is one to go forward where others turn back," it was said of him, "and he not only understands his work but loves it." So they gave him the most important and difficult field of all, Peru. With his family he went to Callao to live and there in the heart of the enemies' country he tackled the problem of religious freedom single-handed.

"Very little had been done with the Bible," he says, "and the gospel had never been preached in the language of the country. My first care was hunting a place where I could preach to the people. Then I went from door to door with the Bible, reading to the people, explaining it to them, and inviting them to attend the meetings.

"My first audience consisted of two people besides ourselves. The following Sunday four people came; the next ten; then we went up to twenty; after that, to forty, fifty, sixty, eighty, until the hall could hold no more, and the problem of hunting a larger place presented itself. It was with difficulty that we were able to find anything, and then what we found

was in such poor condition that with our own hands we had to fix the ceiling, floor, lights, and make benches and other necessary furniture. Many of those who were interested came every night to get it ready. At the same time I had to raise funds for the rent and to buy materials."

From pulpit and press attacks came thick and fast, and the civil authorities, wishing to keep their popularity with the ruling class, did little to stop outbreaks of violence in the streets. One city official at least was not afraid to express his opinion. The clergy brought him a petition demanding the banishment of Señor Penzotti. He told them he would attend a meeting and see for himself what terrible harm there was in it. He liked it. When the priests called next day he said to them: "What do you wish to do to the gentleman anyway? He preaches the truth and that is precisely the thing we need."

Among other little tricks, the ingenious priests sold thin paper images of the Virgin for which they claimed miraculous powers. Whenever a foreigner carrying a valise came into sight, this figure must be rolled into a pill and swallowed as a means of protection against the impending evil! Processions formed and marched past Penzotti's house shouting: "Long live the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion!" and "Death to Penzotti! Down with the Protestants!" Showers of stones and mud were thrown at the house and insulting epithets were chalked on its walls. Crowds of men, and even women, would gather in front of the old warehouse used for the services, and he in wait to molest any one who went in or out. The keyhole was so often stopped up with pebbles that a padlock finally had to be put on the inside of the door. One night a priest fastened on a padlock of his own and locked in the whole audience. Then he crossed to the sidewalk opposite to watch what happened.

"There was no other way of getting out than by that door," says Penzotti. "There were a number of windows but they were very high and had gratings. One of the brothers did not

come to the meeting that night. About nine o'clock he felt a desire to come, but said to himself: 'It is very late; the meeting will be over now.' Yet it seemed that something told him to go to the hall; and so he just put on his hat and came. On reaching the door he heard us singing a hymn. He wanted to come in but the door was locked with a padlock on the outside. He could not imagine what had happened, and then the thought came: 'Some enemy has done this!' Feeling around in his pocket he discovered a key that unlocked the padlock. He opened the door. The priest who was observing on the opposite sidewalk, lifted his hands to his head exclaiming: 'These heretics have the devil's own protection!'"

Penzotti had been particularly warned to keep away from Arequipa, the most Catholic city in the whole country. Sure enough, he had been there only a few hours when his arrest was ordered by an influential bishop, he was clapped into jail on the charge of selling corrupt literature, and his boxes of books confiscated. During nineteen days of imprisonment Penzotti made friends among the other prisoners and held services for them. They seemed to like what they heard, especially the inspector who had arrested him at the mayor's command. When the order for his release came from the president at Lima, Penzotti found the beaming inspector waiting at the prison door to congratulate him and invite him home to breakfast.

A few months later, in July, 1890, Penzotti was arrested and imprisoned in Callao without bail. The article of the Peruvian constitution which he was accused before the court of crimes of violating was this: "The State professes and protects the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion, excluding all other public worship." As a matter of fact Penzotti had taken great pains beforehand to understand this law and act within his rights; for he had been told by the Peruvian minister of justice, through the United States legation: "You can do whatever the constitution allows and nothing that it forbids."

A service of worship, to be considered "private," had to be held in an orderly manner, with closed doors, and no one admitted except by tickets obtained in advance. These requirements had been scrupulously met. For seventy years the Church of England in Peru had held services in English and met with no opposition; while on the same block with Penzotti's warehouse, the Chinese population peacefully worshiped in their joss house.

The whole situation was just this: the Roman Church would not tolerate Protestant preaching in the Spanish language.

"The plan of my enemies in placing me in an unbearable cell," said Penzotti, "was that I might die in it, or solicit liberty on condition that I leave the country. When I had been in prison forty days my wife went to Lima to talk things over with a representative of a foreign government to see if he could do anything. He replied: 'I believe I could do something at once to secure his liberty on condition that he goes directly on board ship and leaves the country.' My wife said to him: 'Mr. Consul, we have come to remain in Peru, and it has not entered our minds to leave it.'"

In his broken English Penzotti wrote to the Bible Society in New York: "To-day is sixteen days I am shut in the prison with the criminal people. The Catholic people are doing very much to make our work stop, but for all that I can see, they are lighting more the fire and doing the work good.

"In Peru the people are thinking of asking the government to grant them liberty of worship and the president is going to do all he can for it. Many distinguished people from the capital come to see me in my prison and want me to explain the Bible, and have much love for our work. The alcalde told me I am gaining more in these days of prison than in ten years of work. I am doing what I can with the prisoners. They have made a petition for me to preach to them Sundays."

It was in a dark, damp, underground dungeon that the

priests had landed their quarry while they tried to prove that holding religious services for a handful of Protestants in a private room was illegal. This dungeon was an arched place built into the side of a hill, and had been used in the days of the Spaniards for a gun-powder vault. Now that it was occupied by human beings the people called it Casas Mafas, or "The House that Kills." Penzotti found written on the wall of his cell a little Spanish verse. In English it is this:

> "Cell of my sorrows,
> Grave of living men;
> More terrible than death,
> Severer far than fetters."

The worst criminals in the State were kept here, any one of whom "would willingly have stuck a knife into him for $5 and a promise of freedom." Meals consisted entirely of raw peas and parboiled rice. The governor of the prison liked Penzotti and allowed him to receive visitors who often brought him food. Through them he continued to direct his work.

"My family and my congregation were also persecuted," he wrote. "However, they were not annihilated, but went on with the work without missing a single service during those months that I remained in prison."

The lawsuit dragged along as slowly as the priests could make it. Three times Penzotti was acquitted, and the case taken to a higher court. On the obsolete principle that a man is guilty until he can prove his innocence he was paying the penalty for what he had not done. Excitement over the case spread through the whole country. In Lima 2,000 people, among them the leading citizens of the city, held a mass meeting to agitate the question of religious liberty. The press and all liberal elements were roused in his favor, and when even political pressure had failed to free him, loud were the

demands for a change in the constitution. So great was the popular interest in Penzotti's predicament that merchants referred to it in their business advertisements:

THE PENZOTTI QUESTION

Rice and Cocoa at Reasonable Prices.
For Sale at Blank's

On walls and sidewalks enthusiastic citizens expressed their sentiments in chalk. Some of these signs read: "Death to Penzotti! Down with all Protestants!" Others said: "Hurrah for Penzotti! Down with the priests!" Whenever the Penzotti children left the house they were followed by jeering mobs, and it became necessary to send the two oldest daughters to Santiago to school, so great was the danger and humiliation of their position in Callao.

Then help came from an unexpected quarter. A prominent New York mining engineer, Mr. E. E. Olcott, had been making a tour of the desolate mining regions of Peru. One Sunday morning just after he had returned to Lima from the wilderness, he saw a clipping from a New York paper saying that a Protestant missionary was confined in a Callao jail. He gave the item little thought, believing it to be merely newspaper talk. But after attending service at the little Episcopal church, he dropped in at the English Club to make inquiries from his acquaintances there.

"Any truth in that statement? Well, I should say so!" he was told. "You're a nice Christian to be going to church this morning! You ought to be doing something to get this man out of jail. Come down on the one o'clock train to Callao with me, and you'll have a chance to see for yourself."

That afternoon Mr. Olcott found Senor Penzotti out in the courtyard of the prison, surrounded by friends from his congregation. One woman who was there said to Mr. Olcott: "Oh, we must get him out from here. He is the first one who

ever told me I could go directly to my Savior and talk things over. I always thought I had to go to the padre."

"Show me where you sleep," Mr. Olcott asked him. "They say that it's pretty hard." It was one large room, unlighted and unaired. At night the 165 prisoners, men and women, some of them murderers, were all huddled in there together to sleep as best they could on the damp floor.

"I'm going to send my photographer down here tomorrow," said Mr. Olcott when he was leaving. This was before the day of the kodak and snapshot.

"You can't get a picture without permission, and they will never give you permission," Penzotti told him.

It was two days before Mr. Olcott had to sail for New York. He went back to Lima and said to his young assistant: "I want you to go over to Callao tomorrow and take photographs of the cathedral and the post-office and the custom-house and the city hall. Then go down to the jail and find a prisoner there with a long, bushy black beard, named Penzotti. Get him to show you where he sleeps. When he goes inside, you stay outside and push the door shut. He'll look out of the window to see what's become of you. Then take a picture of him looking through the bars."

The next night the boy returned pale and trembling and so excited he could hardly tell what had happened. "They almost kept me in the jail too," he said. "I'd just taken the picture when a guard rushed down and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him I'd only just arrived, and I got away with the plates, but the police are after me!"

They set to work at once to develop the pictures. The plates were put to dry in an air bath and a little later Mr. Olcott came in with a lighted candle to see if they were behaving properly. A loud explosion followed. With his hair and eyebrows badly singed Mr. Olcott hastened to examine the oven, expecting to find his plates destroyed. But the explosion, it proved, had been in the lower part, and there on the

top shelf sat the plates uninjured. The next day they were smuggled on board the steamer and hidden under the pillow in Mr, Olcott's stateroom.

The picture of Penzotti gazing from the prison window was published in the *New York Herald* with an article which caused extensive comment. Other influential people became interested, and diplomatic pressure was brought to bear. On the same day cablegrams from the Court of St. James and Washington reached Lima. "A taste of feudalism like this," said an editorial in the *Herald*, "gives us a new and strange sensation. When the Pope declares himself in favor of religious liberty it seems odd for one of the South American States, and that a Republic, to hang back. But we haven't any doubt that Peru will pull herself together and see that the stigma of imprisonment for religion's sake is wiped out."

"It is no longer Penzotti, a prisoner before the whole world," people said, "it is Peru which is a prisoner in the hands of the clergy."

Just three weeks after Mr. Olcott reached New York Penzotti was released from "The House that Kills." Years after the two men met in Panama when Penzotti embraced Mr. Olcott in true South American fashion and greeted him as "Mi Salvador."

"I left the prison at five o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by a great number of people who surrounded and congratulated me. On the following Sunday the church was packed with people until there wasn't even room for a pin. From that time the work continued to grow without many persecutions or difficulties." The record of Bibles sold in Peru showed one result of the impetus which publicity gave the work: in 1892, 18,000 more were sold than in 1891.

After his acquittal Senor Penzotti called at the headquarters of the foreign legations in Lima. In a newspaper next day, one of the officials said this of him: "We were able to appreciate for ourselves the magnanimity which characterizes

him. Not a single word of reproach fell from his lips, nor a single complaint against his persecutors."

He started at once on a trip down the coast to superintend the work of the Bible Society. That was Penzotti's way of taking a much-needed vacation.

The next year he was appointed agent for Central America and the Isthmus of Panama, and since 1908 he has superintended the work of the River Plate republics. His successor in Peru, Dr. Thomas B. Wood, wrote: "The work that Penzotti has accomplished in Peru as a founder and pioneer is a success that not many can gainsay. The way seems open to go up and possess the whole land." In November, 191 5, the Roman Catholic clause of the constitution was struck out, and to-day any form of worship is legal.

"Now, on going to Peru," says Penzotti, "all doors are open to me except the prison doors, thanks to God."

George Washington Goethals

1858-1928 A.D.

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.
--Percy Mac Kaye.

When a boy has a name like George Washington Goethals he must have something out of the ordinary about him to let it pass with his companions on the playground. Should he prove a weakling, should the other boys discover any flaw in the armor of his self-confidence, such a name would be a mockery and a misfortune.

Is there any one who cannot recall certain rarely uncomfortable moments of his childhood when he wished that the fates had provided him with a Christian name that the other chaps couldn't send back and forth like a shuttlecock, with a new derisive turn at each toss? One expects to endure a certain amount of "Georgie Porgie" nonsense, which has the excuse of rime if not of reason, but when one also has a last name that nobody ever heard of before, he finds himself wishing sometimes that he had been born a Johnson or a Smith.

"I don't believe that I quite like our name," remarked little George Goethals in the confidence of the family circle one evening, "It is a bit queer, isn't it?"

"It's a name to be proud of, son," was the reply. "It's a

name to live up to. For more than a thousand years it has been borne by strong, brave men. It belongs to the history of more than one country and century, and the way it was won makes a pretty story."

"Tell me the story!" begged the boy, breathlessly, his eyes dark with interest.

"In the days when knights were bold, a man named Honorius, whose courage was as finely tempered as his sword, went with the Duke of Burgundy from Italy into France. In a fierce battle with the Saracens he received a terrible blow on the neck which would have felled most men to the ground, but his strength and steel withstood the shock and won for him a nickname of honor—Boni Coli (good neck). Later, when he was rewarded for his valor by a grant of land in the north country which is now Holland and Belgium, this name was changed after the Dutch fashion into *Goet Hals* (*good* or *stiff neck*), and became the family name of all that man's descendants, who made it an honored name in Holland. When your ancestors came to America they hoped that it would become an honored name in the new country, and it must be your part to help bring that to pass."

The boy's eyes grew thoughtful. "For more than a thousand years it has been the name of brave men," he repeated to himself. "But it is an American name now, isn't it?" he added anxiously.

"Yes, son, it is just as American as it can be made," his father returned with a laugh. "We call it Gō'thals—there is nothing more truly American than a thing that has *go*, you know—and we've given you the name of the first American to go with it."

"I'll show that an American Goethals can be as brave as any Dutch one," George boasted.

"Strong hearts and brave deeds speak for themselves, son," he was reminded, "and they are understood everywhere, whether the people speak Dutch, English, or Chinese."

As the boy's school-days went by, it seemed that he had made that truth his own. In his studies he showed that common sense and thoroughness are better than mere dash and brilliancy. On the playground he let others do the talking, content to make his reply when he had his turn at the bat—or not at all. And the knightly baron of old who won the name of Good Neck could not have held up his head and faced his world with a stronger and more resolute bearing than did this American school-boy.

To those who knew him it was no surprise when he entered West Point; and it was no surprise to any one when he graduated second in his class.

"Of course, he wouldn't be first," one of his classmates said; "that would have been too showy for G. W. I don't know any one to whom just the honor of a thing means less. He's glad to have done a good job, and of course he's glad to be one of the picked few to go into the engineer corps."

As if unwilling to part with the young lieutenant, West Point kept him as an instructor for several months before sending him on to Willett's Point, where he remained in the Engineering School of Application for two years.

He soon proved that he had the virtues of the soldier and the leader of men—loyalty and perseverance; loyalty, that makes a man able to take and give orders without becoming a machine or a tyrant; and perseverance, that makes him face each problem with the resolution to fight it out to the finish.

There were years when he was detailed to one task after another. Now it was the development of irrigation works for vast tracts of land in the West where only water was needed to make the section a garden spot of the continent. Then, when his system of ditches was fairly planned out, he was ordered off to cope with another problem, the building of dikes and dams along the Ohio River to curb the spring floods and to make the stream a dependable servant to man. Always he was "on the battle-front of engineering," facing nature in

her most obstinate moods and conquering obstacles that stood in the way of achievement.

Sometimes when he was sent to a new point on the firing-line, leaving others to carry his work to completion, he would say to himself a bit ruefully, "What would it be like, I wonder, to stay by a job till the day of results?" But always his experience was the same. This year, orders took him to canal work along the Tennessee River; the next, perhaps, found him detailed to the work of coast fortifications at Newport. He was sent for a time to the Academy at West Point as instructor in civil and military engineering, and for a while he was stationed at Washington as assistant to the chief engineer of the army. Everywhere he showed a love of work for the work's sake, a passion for a job well done. But what was rarer still, he showed a reach of understanding that was as broad as his practical grasp was firm. He always saw the relation between his own job and a greater whole.

"While he keeps his eye on the matter in hand, it doesn't shut out a glimpse of the things of yesterday and to-morrow. That's why he's so reasonable and why his men will follow wherever he leads," it was said.

When the Spanish-American war broke out he went to Porto Rico as chief engineer of the First Army Corps. There his initial task was to construct a wharf where supplies could be landed, while a war vessel, which had been detailed for the purpose, stood guard over the operations. When the chief engineer looked at the heavy surf breaking on the beach his eye fell upon some flat-bottomed barges which had been captured by the warship, and a plan for quick and effective construction recommended itself on the instant.

"Fill the barges with sand, and sink them as a foundation for the wharf," was his order.

Only one, however, had been so appropriated when the amazed admiral in command of the man-of-war sent his aide to direct the engineer to call a halt in his extraordinary

proceedings.

"I am acting upon orders from my commanding officer and can take none from any one else," replied Major Goethals, while the work with the second barge went on merrily. In a trice the aide returned with the warning that unless the orders were obeyed, the man-of-war would open fire on the rash offender.

"You'll have to fire away, then," was the reply, "for we shall not stop until we have completed the work we were sent here to do and landed the stores."

The admiral did not send a shot after his threat, but he did forward a complaint to the engineer's commanding officer, who directed that lumber be employed instead of the barges.

Major Goethals sent back the reply that there was no lumber to be had, and, while the offended admiral darkly threatened a court-martial, completed the wharf.

"It was pretty uncomfortable during the time the admiral passed by without speaking, was it not?" a brother officer asked the major.

"Well—we landed the supplies," returned the engineer, quietly, as if that was the only thing that mattered after all. As usual, he was content to let results speak for themselves.

All of the work that this master engineer had done up to this time, however, was really unconscious preparation for a mighty task that lay waiting for a man great enough to face with courage and commanding mind and will the difficulties and problems involved in the biggest engineering job in America, or, indeed, in the whole world—the digging of the Panama Canal. Ever since Columbus made his four voyages in the vain hope of finding a waterway between the West and the East, ever since Balboa, "silent upon a peak in Darien," gazed out over the limitless expanse of the Pacific, it had seemed as if man must be able to make for himself a path for his ships across the narrow barrier of land that nature had left

there as a challenge to his powers. At first it seemed that it must be as simple as it was necessary to cut a canal through forty miles of earth, but time showed that the mighty labors of Hercules were but child's play compared to this.

Before Sir Francis Drake, the daring pirate whom destiny and patriotism made into an explorer and an admiral, died in his ship off the Isthmus in 1596, a survey had been made of the trail along which the Spanish adventurers had been carrying the plunder of their conquests in South America across the narrow neck of land from the town of Panama to Porto Bello, where it could be loaded on great galleons and taken to Spain. For three centuries men of different nations—Spain, France, Colombia, and the United States—made surveys and considered various routes for a canal, but when they came face to face with the project at close range, the tropical jungle and the great rocky hills put a check on their ventures before they were begun.

In 1875, however, when the Suez Canal was triumphantly completed by the French canal company it seemed as if Count de Lesseps, the hero of this enterprise, might well be the man to pierce the New World isthmus. Blinded by his brilliant success, the venerable engineer (de Lesseps was at this time seventy-five years old) undertook the leadership of a vast enterprise to dig a similar canal across Panama. A canal was a canal; an isthmus was an isthmus. Of course, the man who had made a way for ships through Suez could join the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific at Panama. No one seemed to realize that the digging of a ditch through one hundred miles of level, sandy desert was an entirely different problem from cutting a waterway through solid rock and removing mountains, to say nothing of diverting into a new channel the flow of a turbulent river and reconciling the widely different tides of two oceans.

Other engineers realized that the difficulties in the way of a sea-level ditch were stupendous and that the lock canal was

the type for Panama. Trusting, however, in the careless plans of Lieutenant Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse of the French Navy, who did not cover in his hasty survey more than two thirds of the territory through which the canal was to pass, Count de Lesseps estimated that the work could be completed for $120,000,000, and promised that in six years the long-sought waterway to the Pacific and the East would be open. None could doubt that the tolls paid by ships which would no longer be compelled to round Cape Horn in order to reach the western coast of the continents of North and South America, the islands of the Pacific, and the rich trading centers of the Orient, would repay tenfold the people who supplied the money for the great enterprise.

Trusting in the magic name of the engineer who had brought glory to France and wealth to those who had supported his Suez venture, thousands of thrifty people throughout France offered their savings in exchange for stock in the canal company. But the only persons who ever made any money out of the enterprise were the dishonest men in high positions who took advantage alike of the unsuspecting optimism of de Lesseps and the faith of the public in his fame. They drew large salaries and lived like princes, while, for want of proper management the money expended for labor and machinery on the isthmus was for the most part thrown away. Many of the tools imported were suited to shoveling sand, not to removing rock. The matter of transportation for men and supplies seemed not to have been considered at all. And the engineers and workmen fell prey in large numbers to yellow fever and malaria, for at that time it was not known that the mosquito was responsible for the spread of these diseases. Even the splendid hospitals built by the French provided favorable breeding-places for the carriers of the fever germs.

The success of any large enterprise depends above everything else on the skilful handling of the problems of human engineering. For the quality of any work depends on the

character of the workers. This means that a master of any great undertaking that involves the labor of many must first of all be a master of men. The successful engineer of the Panama Canal had not only to secure the loyalty and cooperation of all the workers of many races and prejudices, but also to provide comfortable houses, wholesome food, and healthful living conditions, alike for body and mind, of his army of workers. The French did not know the country in which they worked—the difficulties and dangers it presented. They did not know the men who worked for them—their needs and how to meet them. They did not know the men they worked with—their inefficiency and graft and how to forestall them. The de Lesseps enterprise was, therefore, doomed to failure. After expending $260,000,000 (more than twice as much as the entire cost of Suez) in nine years, less than a quarter of the canal was dug and the chief problems, presented by the unruly Chagres River and the floods of the rainy season, were still untouched.

This is not the place to describe the disorderly retreat of the French forces, who hastily abandoned work and workers, tools and machines, like so much wreckage of a hopeless disaster.

Some of the rascals and swindlers were punished; many others escaped. The aged de Lesseps—acclaimed as a hero yesterday, denounced as a traitor to-day— died of a broken heart. Thousands of poor people lost their little savings and with them their hope of comfort in their old age. When the United States offered to pay forty million dollars for all that the French company had accomplished, and all that it possessed in the way of equipment, plans, and privileges, the stockholders were only too glad to close the bargain.

The whole story of how the United States went about this world job makes one of the most interesting chapters of our history. It is, however, "another story." We cannot here go into the matter of how Panama became a republic

independent of Colombia, and how the United States purchased for ten million dollars a strip of land ten miles wide, five miles on either side of the canal, across the isthmus. This Canal Zone is "as much the territory of the United States as the parade-ground at West Point," the ports of Balboa and Cristobal are American, and the United States holds the right to enforce sanitary regulations in the cities of Panama and Colon at either end of the canal and to preserve order when the Panama authorities prove unequal to the task.

The shout went up from all over America: "Make the dirt fly! Show what the spirit of 'get there' and Yankee grit can do!" Of course, the temptation to produce immediate results was great. But the clear-seeing men in control said: "There must be no headlong rush this time. We will be content to make haste slowly and take steps to prevent the evils that have defeated those who have gone before. We must clean the cities, drain the swamps, make clearings in the rank growth of the jungles. We must make a place even in the tropics where health and happy human living are possible."

But the "clean-up" slogan was not able alone to conquer the specter of disease. Yellow fever still haunted the sanitary streets and byways. Only through the heroism of brave men who loved their neighbors better than themselves and who were willing to die that others might live was the secret learned. The experiments to which they gladly offered up their lives proved that the bite of a particular kind of mosquito was responsible for the spread of the disease, and that, if this insect could be destroyed, yellow fever would be destroyed with it. Colonel Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer, whose watchword was "First prevent, then curb, and, when all else fails, cure," was the leader in the fight for healthful conditions on the isthmus.

But all this time we have been talking much about the battle-ground and little about the general who led the forces to victory.

It was clear that the time was ripe. The moment cried out for a man of power—one whose might as an engineer could command the forces of earth and ocean, and whose understanding of the even more difficult problems of human engineering would make him a true leader of men.

In 1905 Mr. Taft, who was at that time secretary of war, journeyed to Panama to see how the work was going forward and to plan for the fortifications of the canal. He took with him an officer of engineers, a tall, vigorous man of forty seven, with gray hair, a strong, youthful, bronzed face, and clear, direct, blue eyes. No trumpet sounded before Major Goethals to announce the man of the hour—the one whom destiny and experience had equipped for the great work. He studied every phase of the giant enterprise, and, when he returned to Washington, prepared a report that showed not only a thorough understanding of every detail, but also a broad comprehension of the problems of the whole. His recommendation of a lock canal was submitted by the secretary of war to the President, and with it went Mr. Taft's recommendation of Major Goethals for the position of chief engineer. Experience had proved that divided authority and changes in policy through changes in management were serious drawbacks.

"If I can find an army officer equal to the job, he will have to fight the thing out to the finish," said President Roosevelt. "He must manage the work on the spot, not from an office in Washington. He must be given full power to act and to control; and he must be a man big enough to realize that large authority means only large responsibility."

After carefully considering Major Goethals' record and reports and then talking with the man himself, the President became convinced that he had found the right chief for the work and the army of workers. But when it was generally known that an army officer was to command at Panama, people shook their heads. "The high-handed methods of the military will never succeed there," they said. "Shoulder-straps

cannot do the work!"

On the occasion of Major Goethals' first appearance before his staff of engineers and other assistants it was very clear that they looked upon the departure of their late chief, Mr. Stevens, with regret that became keener as they anticipated the formality and rigors of military control. When it was the new leader's turn to speak they faced him silently. Major Goethals stood tall and firm like a true descendant of the "Good Neck" of old, but he looked them in the eyes frankly and pleasantly.

"There will be no militarism and no salutes in Panama," he said. "I have left my uniform in moth-balls at home, and with it I have left behind military duties and fashions. We are here to fight nature shoulder to shoulder. Your cause is my cause. We have common enemies—Culebra Cut and the climate; and the completion of the canal will be our victory. I intend to be the commanding officer, but the chiefs of division will be the colonels, the foremen the captains, and no man who does his duty has aught to fear from militarism."

Let us see how they went against the first enemy, Culebra Cut; the channel that was to be made through the formidable "peak in Darien" known as Culebra Mountain. It is only seven o'clock, but the chief engineer—*Colonel* Goethals, now—is at the station ready to take the early train.

"Suppose we walk through the tunnel," he remarks. "You know the dirt-trains have right of way in Panama. We should hesitate to delay one even for the President of the United States or the Czar of all the Russias."

At the end of the tunnel a car that looks like a limousine turned switch-engine is waiting on a siding for the "boss of the job." Painted light yellow, like the passenger-cars of the Panama Railroad, it is known among the men as the "Yellow Peril," or the "Brain-wagon." But if any one expects, as a matter of course, to see the colonel in the "Yellow Peril," he is as likely as not doomed to disappointment. The chief engineer

drops off, now to see men drilling holes for dynamite, now to watch the loading of the dirt-trains from the great steam-shovels.

As we see the solid rock and rocklike earth of Culebra we realize that without dynamite the canal would be impossible. Let us watch for a moment the tearing down of the "everlasting hill." Deafening machine-drills pierce the rock or hard soil with holes from three to thirty or forty feet in depth. These holes, which have been carefully arranged so as to insure the greatest effect in an earth-quaking, rock-breaking way, are filled with dynamite and then connected with an electric wire so that the pressure of a button will set off the entire charge. A rumble and then a roar—the earth trembles—heaves—then great masses of rock, mud, and water are hurled high in the air. A fraction of Culebra larger than a six- or seven-story building is frequently torn down by one of these explosions and the rock broken into pieces that can be seized by the steam-shovels and loaded on the dump-cars.

It is interesting to see how, through an ingenious arrangement of the network of tracks, the loaded cars always go on the down grade and only empty trains have to crawl up an incline. Much of the rock taken from the cut is used to build the great Gatun Dam, that keeps the troublesome Chagres River from flooding the canal. The rest goes to the construction of breakwaters at the ends of the waterway or to the filling of swamps and valleys.

The "brain-wagon" is going along without the head. He is climbing blithely over the roughest sort of ground, now dodging onrushing dirt-trains, now running to shelter with the "powder-men" at the moment of blasting.

A question here, a word there, and on he goes. It seems as if even the steam-shovels know that there is a masterhand at the helm and vie with one another to see which can take up the most earth at a bite. You would think any man would be completely played out after such constant jumping and

climbing under the hot rays of a tropical sun, as the hours draw near to noon, but the colonel pulls up the long flight of steps that lead from the cut and remarks briskly, "Nothing like a little exercise every morning to keep your health in this climate!"

"There never was such a man for being on the job!" exclaimed one of his foremen, admiringly. "The only time the colonel isn't working is from ten P.M. to five A.M., when he is asleep."

No despotic monarch in his inherited kingdom ever had more absolute power than had the Man of Panama. The men from the chiefs of divisions down to the last Jamaican negro on the line realized that he was master of the business and that his orders sprang from a thorough understanding of conditions and a large grasp of the whole. He was a successful engineer, however, not only because he knew the forces of nature that they were working to conquer in Panama, but also the *human* nature he was working *with*. He knew that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and that no matter how perfect his plans and how powerful his huge machines and engines, the success he strove for would depend first of all on the character and the cooperation of the workers.

"The real engineer must above all feel the vital importance of the human side of engineering work," he declared. "The man who would move mountains and make the flow of rivers serve human ends must first be a master of human construction."

He knew that if there were to be able and willing workers in Panama, they must be provided with the means of comfortable and contented living. It was not enough to defeat death in the form of plague and fever; it was necessary to make life worth while. For man could not live by work alone in a land of swamps and jungles. Houses with screened porches, with gardens, and all the comforts and conveniences to be found at home were provided for the five thousand

American engineers, clerks, and foremen. Ships with cold-storage equipment brought food supplies from New York or New Orleans, and every morning a long train of refrigerator-cars steamed across the isthmus carrying fresh provisions to all the hotels, town commissaries, and camps.

"You needn't pity us because we live in the Zone," said Mrs. Smith. "We get just as good meat and green vegetables as you can in market and at wholesale prices. Our house is rent free, with furniture, linen, and silverware provided. We have electric lights and a telephone. We even have ice-cream soda and the movies!"

The Man of Panama knew that all work and no play would not only make Jack a dull boy, but also a poor workman. Recreation buildings were provided where one could enjoy basket-ball, squash, bowling, or read the latest books and magazines. There were clubs for men and for women, band concerts, and a baseball league.

"The colonel not only gave time and thought to the things that kept us contented and fit," one of the engineers said, "but he always had time for everybody who felt he wanted a word with him. The man who was handling the biggest job in the world nevertheless seemed to think it was worth while to consider the little troubles of each man who came along. Have you heard the song they sing in Panama?

"Don't hesitate to state your case, the boss will hear you through;
It's true he's sometimes busy, and has other things to do,
But come on Sunday morning, and line up with the rest,—
You'll maybe feel some better with that grievance off your chest.
See Colonel Goethals, tell Colonel Goethals,
It's the only right and proper thing to do.
Just write a letter, or, even better,
Arrange a little Sunday interview."

The colonel's Sunday mornings were remarkable occasions. You might see foregathered there the most interesting variety of human types that could be found together anywhere in the world—English, Spanish, French, Italians, turbaned coolies from India, and American negroes. One man thinks that his foreman does not appreciate his good points; another comes to present a claim for an injury received on a steam-shovel. Mrs. A. declares with some feeling that she is never given as good cuts of meat as Mrs. B. enjoys every day. Another housewife doesn't see why, if Mrs. F. can get bread from the hospital bakery, she can't as well; because she, too, can appreciate a superior article!

"Of course, many of the things are trivial and even absurd," said the colonel; "but if somebody thinks his little affair important, of course it is—to him. And that is the point, isn't it? He feels better when he has had it out; and if it makes the people any happier in their exile to have this court of appeal, that is not a thing to be despised. Besides, first and last I come to understand many things that are really important from any point of view."

"He is the squarest boss I ever worked for," declared one of the locomotive engineers," and I'll tell you the grafters don't have any show with him. He had a whole cargo of meat sent back the other day because it wasn't above suspicion. I happen to know, too, that he turned back a load of screening on a prominent business house who thought that they could save a bit on the copper—that for a government order it would never be noticed if it was not quite rust-proof."

The canal was finished not only in less time than had ever been thought possible, but also with such honest and efficient administration of every detail that nowadays, when the statement is sometimes made that no great public enterprise can be carried through without more or less mismanagement and jobbing, the champion of Uncle Sam's business methods retorts, "Look at Panama!"

The colonel's quiet mastery in moments of stress was perhaps the most interesting phase of his human engineering. The representatives of a labor union threaten a strike unless he orders the release of one of their number who has been convicted of manslaughter. "When will we get our answer?" asked the spokesman.

"You have it now," replied Colonel Goethals. "You said that if the man was not out of the penitentiary by seven this evening you would all quit. By calling up the penitentiary you will learn that he is still there. That is your answer. It is now ten minutes past seven."

"But, Colonel, you don't want to tie up the whole work!" protested the leader.

"I am not proposing to tie up the work—you are doing that," was the reply.

"But, Colonel, why can't you pardon the man?"

"I will take no action in response to a mob. As for your threat to leave the service, I wish to say that every man of you who is not at his post to-morrow morning will be given his transportation to the United States, and there will be no string to it. He will go out on the first steamer and he will never come back."

There was only one man who failed to report the following day, and he sent a doctor's certificate stating that he was too ill to be out of bed.

Human engineering was especially called into play when the Man of Panama faced committees of inquiry and investigation from Congress. A pompous politician once demanded in a challenging tone and with a sharp eye on the colonel, "How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?"

"One cubic yard," was the reply.

"You evidently do not understand my question," rejoined the investigator in the manner of one who is bent on convicting another through his own words. "How much cracked

stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?"

"One cubic yard."

"But you don't allow for the sand and concrete." The implied accusation was spoken with grave emphasis.

"Those go into the spaces among the cracked stone," was the unruffled reply. The smile that went around the room was felt rather than heard, but the pompous politician had no further questions.

This master of men, who was never known to yield his ground when he had once taken a stand, was always a man of few words. He preferred to let acts and facts do the talking.

"You know, Colonel Goethals," said a prominent statesman on one occasion, "a great many people think we are never going to carry this job through to the finish. What would you say when diplomats of the leading powers come at you with questions and declare it will never be done?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the reply.

On another occasion the boss of the job said: "Some day in September, 1913, 1 expect to go to Colon and take the Panama Railroad steamer and put her through the canal. If we get all the way across, I'll give it out to the newspapers—if we don't, I'll keep quiet about it."

It was said of old that if one had faith enough he could move mountains. We cannot doubt that the Man of Panama carried through his great work because he had faith—not a passive faith that hoped and waited, but an active *faithfulness* that worked in full confidence that destiny worked with him. And this faith and loyalty was a living power that enkindled like faithfulness in those who worked with him.

The Man of Panama is General Goethals now, but when any admirer would imply that his generalship—his administration and human engineering—was the chief factor in the success of the great work, he invariably replies that he was but one man of many working shoulder to shoulder in a common cause. The simple greatness of the "prophet-engineer" and

leader of men was shown in the words with which he accepted the medal of the National Geographic Society:

"The canal has been the work of many, and it has been the pride of Americans who have visited the isthmus to find the spirit which has animated the forces. Every man was doing the particular part of the work that was necessary to make it a success. No chief of any enterprise ever commanded an army that was so loyal, so faithfully that gave its strength and its blood to the successful completion of its task as did the canal forces. And so in accepting the medal and thanking those who confer it, I accept it and thank them in the name of every member of the canal army."

Since the completion of the canal, its master-builder has been called to serve his country in more than one great crisis. At the time of the threatened railroad strike in the fall of 1916, he was made chairman of the commission of three appointed by President Wilson to investigate the working of the eight-hour law for train operators, which was the subject of dispute, between the managers of the roads and the men who ran the freight-trains. In March, 1917, he was selected by Governor Edge of New Jersey to serve as advisory engineer on the construction of the new fifteen-million-dollar highway system of that State.

Wilfred Barbrooke Grubb

1865-1930 A.D.

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

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

The government once cared nothing for its Indian residents, and they had no share in the fortunes of the country. When Paraguay went to war they enjoyed it mightily. Said

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

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

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

So it was on foot and on horseback that Grubb pushed into the interior over the same wild trails where many a large

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

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

a bed on top of his baggage and went to sleep.

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

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

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

He directed his new friends to build him a hut of palm-logs and sticks, with grass thatching, and to put a bush in the doorway to keep out prowling dogs — a necessary precaution, for it was considered bad luck to kill a dog and each family owned at least three. Provisions of sun-dried meat were hung

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

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

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

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

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

While on a hunting trip with the Indians, Grubb found a possible site for a mission station in a region called

Thlagnasinkinmith, or "the place of many wood-ticks," and at once he began the process of moving. So far all provisions had been fetched from the river by Indian carriers, a laborious business not often to the taste of those selected to go.

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

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

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

"Are you angry?"

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

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

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

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

For ten days he lived alone in his log hut. "The wild scene

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

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

been dining on a savoury rattlesnake, but he never flinched. He took part in wrestling matches and water sports, romped with the children, and chatted gayly with the women, whose favor was worth winning, for they held an important position in the community life. The men were all used to long marches from one hunting ground to another, and their powers of endurance, trained by years of continual wandering over the country, were tremendous. Grubb never allowed himself to betray his weariness. What they did, he did.

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

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

"I was awakened by a terrible hubbub among the people,"

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

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

An hysterical old woman was supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. While four men were holding her down and a wizard was trying to drive out the demon, Grubb strolled up with a bottle of strong liquid ammonia, and held it under the patient's nose. Her cure was instantaneous and complete. To find out how they managed their tricks, Grubb feigned a pain in his arm and sent for old Redhead, the witchdoctor. After sucking the painful spot, Redhead produced three fish-bones

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

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

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

building up a powerful church." The very first convert was persuaded to give a little talk before his clan about the things he had learned.

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

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

To-day in the heart of the Chaco there is a village called the Garden Colony of Enmakthlawaia where each Indian owns his own house, garden, and cattle, earns his living by a

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

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

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

The story of the Chaco Mission, like that of all great achievements, leaves untold half the adventures and dangers and difficulties that are calmly accepted as all a part of the day's program. They are the privilege of explorers, scientists, sea-captains, bridge-builders, missionaries — all the men who lead the way for others to follow. A tourist in Paraguay said of the Chaco missionaries: "Like the plucky young fellows they

are, they seem to have concealed the real hardships they endure."

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