

The World's Story

South and Central America, Portugal

Volume Twenty-One

Eva March Tappan

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 21
South and Central America, Portugal

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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

Volume 21
South and Central America, Portugal

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SOUTH AMERICA

I

STORIES OF THE INCAS

HISTORICAL NOTE

ABOUT the year 1200 a clan or tribe of Peruvian Indians known as the Incas set out on a career of conquest that made them within three centuries the rulers of a great part of western South America. Over this vast territory, which included what are now the highlands of Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and northern Chile, the Incas, or Children of the Sun, established themselves as a ruling class or nobility. Their government, which was highly centralized, was administered by a monarch who was regarded as both king and god, assisted by a chief priest, a council, district rulers, and a host of minor officials.

By the sixteenth century the kingdom of the Incas had reached a high degree of prosperity and civilization. The land appears to have been owned in common by the different tribes, and all able-bodied persons were obliged to assist in working it. Agriculture was highly developed and much of the country was covered with a network of irrigating canals. The buildings of the Incas were put together without mortar, yet often the blocks of stone fitted so exactly that a knife blade could not be thrust between. They were also famous road-builders, constructing military highways through mountains and over valleys, one of them, at least, two thousand miles in length. They excelled in the manufacture of textiles and pottery, possessed some knowledge of astronomy, medicine, and surgery, and knew how to smelt and mould metals.

In 1531, Peru was invaded by a small band of Spaniards commanded by Francisco Pizarro. Their guns, armor, and horses gave the invaders so great an advantage over the natives that, in spite of the disparity of numbers, they were able to conquer and enslave this great empire, and to destroy, in their greed for gold, the remarkable civilization that was being slowly built up in this out-of-the-way corner of the world.

THE STOLEN CHILD OF THE INCA

[Before 1532]

BY SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

[BEAUTIFUL Princess Micay had been promised in marriage to the chief of the Ayamarcas, but her father finally gave her hand to the Inca Rocca, of the tribe of the Huayllacans. On this account war arose between the two tribes. The Huayllacans at length begged for peace. This was granted, but with a secret understanding that they would steal Cusi Hualpa, the little son and heir of the Inca Rocca, and deliver him up to Tocay Ccapac, chief of the Ayamarcas. This story had been handed down from the time before the coming of Pizarro.

The Editor.]

IN accordance with the agreement, a treacherous plot was laid. An earnest request was sent to the Inca that his heir, the young Cusi Hualpa, might be allowed to visit his mother's relations, so as to become acquainted with them. Quite unsuspicious, the Inca consented and sent the child, who was then about eight years of age, to Micucancha, or Paupu, the chief place of the Huayllacans, with about twenty attendants. The young prince was received with great festivities, which lasted for several days. It was summer-time. The sun was scorching, and the child passed his time in a veranda or trellis-work, called *arapa*, covered with bright flowers.

One day it was announced that the whole tribe must march to some distance to harvest the crops. As it was still very hot, the Huayllacan chief insisted that the

young prince should remain in the shade, and not accompany the harvesters, who had to go a considerable distance under the blazing sun. The prince's attendants consented, and all the tribe, old and young, boys and girls, marched up the hills to the harvesting, singing songs with choruses. All was bright sunshine, and their *haylli*, or harvest song, was in praise of the shade: —

"Seek the shadow, seek the shade,
Hide us in the blessed shade.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha.

"Where is it? where, where, O where?
Here it is, here, here, O here.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha.

"Where the pretty cantut [1] blooms,
Where the chihua's [2] flower smiles,
Where the sweet amançay [3] droops.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha.

"There it is! there, there, O there!
Yes, we answer, there, O there.
Yahahaha,
Yahaha."

The child listened to the sounds of singing as the harvesters passed away out of sight, and then played among the flowers surrounded by his personal attendants. The place was entirely deserted. When the sound of the singers had died away in the distance there was profound silence. Suddenly, without the slightest

[1] Phlox. [2] Thrush. Chihuayhua is a calceolaria
[3] Amaryllis aurea.

warning, the war-cry "Atua! Atua!" was heard in all directions, and the little party was surrounded by armed men. The Orejones struggled valorously in defense of their precious charge until they were all killed, when the young prince was carried off.

Tocay Ccapac waited to hear the result of his treacherous raid in his chief abode, called Ahuayracancha, or "the place of woof and warp." When the raiders returned, they entered their chief's presence, with the young prince, shouting "Behold the prisoner we have brought you." The chief said, "Is this the child of Mama Micay, who should have been my wife?" The prince answered, "I am the son of the great Inca Rocca and of Mama Micay." Unsoftened by his tender years, or by his likeness to his beautiful mother, the savage chief ordered the child to be taken out and killed.

Then a strange thing happened. Surrounded by cruel enemies with no pitying eye to look on him, young Cusi Hualpa, a child of eight years, stood up to defy them. He must show himself a child of the sun, and maintain the honor of his race. With a look of indignation beyond his years he uttered a curse upon his captors. His shrill young voice was heard amidst the portentous silence of his enemies. "I tell you," he cried, "that as sure as you murder me there will fall such a curse upon you and your children that you will all come to an end, without any memory being left of your nation." He ceased, and, to the astonishment of his captors, tears of blood flowed from his eyes. "*Yahuar huaccac!*" "*Yahuar huaccac!*" ("He weeps blood,") they shouted in horror. His curse and this unheard-of phenomenon filled the Ayamarcas with superstitious fear. They recoiled from the murder.

Tocay Ccapac and his people thought that the curse from so young a child and the tears of blood betokened some great mystery. They dared not kill him. He stood up in the midst unhurt.

Tocay Ccapac saw that his people would not kill the young prince then, or with their own hands at any time, yet he did not give up his intention of gratifying his thirst for vengeance. He resolved to take the child's life by a course of starvation and exposure. He gave him into the charge of shepherds who tended flocks of llamas on the lofty height overlooking the great plain of Suriti, where the climate is exceedingly rigorous. The shepherds had orders to reduce his food, day by day, until he died.

Young Cusi Hualpa had the gift of making friends. The shepherds did not starve him, though for a year he was exposed to great hardships. No doubt, however, the life he led on those frozen heights improved his health and invigorated his frame.

The Inca was told that his son had mysteriously disappeared, and that his attendants were also missing. The Huayllacan chief expressed sorrow, and pretended that diligent searches had been made. Inca Rocca suspected the Ayamarcas, but did not then attack them, lest, if the child was alive, they might kill him. As time went on, the bereaved father began to despair of ever seeing his beloved son again.

Meanwhile the prince was well watched by the shepherds, and by a strong guard, which had been sent to insure his remaining in unknown captivity. But help was at hand. One of the favorites of Tocay Ccapac, named Chimpu Urma, or "the fallen halo," had proba-

bly been a witness of the impressive scene when the child wept blood. At all events, she was filled with pity and the desire to befriend the forlorn prince. She was a native of Anta, a small town at no great distance from Cuzco. As a friend of Tocay Ccapac she was free to go where she liked, within his dominions and those of the chief of Anta, who was her father.

Chimpu Urma persuaded her relations and friends at Anta to join with her in an attempt to rescue the young prince. It had been arranged by the shepherd and guards that, on a certain day, some boys, including Cusi Hualpa, should have a race up to the top of a hill in front of the shepherds' huts. Hearing this, Chimpu Urma stationed her friends from Anta, well armed, on the other side of the same hill. The race was started, and the prince reached the summit first, where he was taken up in the arms of his Anta friends, who made a rapid retreat. The other boys gave the alarm, and the jailers (shepherds and guards) followed in chase. On the banks of a small lake called Huaylla-punu, the men of Anta, finding that they were being overtaken, made a stand. There was a fierce battle, which resulted in the total defeat of the Ayamarcas. The men of Anta continued their journey, and brought the prince safely to their town, where he was received with great rejoicings.

Cusi Hualpa quite won the hearts of the people of Anta. They could not bear to part with him, and they kept him with great secrecy, delaying to send the joyful news to the Inca. Anta is a small town built up the side of a hill which bounds the vast plain of Suriti to the south. There is a glorious view from it, but the climate is severe. At last, after nearly a year, the Anta people

sent messengers to inform the Inca. The child had been given up for lost. All hope had been abandoned. Rocca examined the messengers himself, but still he felt doubt. He feared the news was too good to be true. He secretly sent a man he could trust, as one seeking charity, to Anta, to find out the truth. The Inca's emissary returned with assurances that the young prince was certainly liberated, and was at Anta.

The Inca at last gave way to rejoicing, all doubt being removed. Principal lords were sent with rich presents of gold and silver to the chief of Anta, requesting him to send back the heir to the throne. The chief replied that all his people wished that Cusi Hualpa could remain, for they felt much love for the boy, yet they were bound to restore him to his father. He declined to receive the presents, but he made one condition. It was that he and his people should be accepted as relations of the Inca. So the young prince came back to his parents, and was joyfully received. Inca Rocca then visited Anta in person, and declared that the chief and his people were, from henceforward, raised to the rank of Orejones. The Huayllacans made abject submission, and, as Cusi Hualpa generously interceded for them, they were forgiven.



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MACHU PICCHU, A RUINED CITY OF THE INCAS

(Photograph)

By the Peruvian Expedition of 1912, led by Professor Hiram Bingham, the marvelous ruins of Machu Picchu were explored. Professor Bingham believes that this was the Incas's city of refuge. It was perched upon a lofty mountain ridge, and protected by stupendous precipices. It was a city of narrow streets and a vast number of stairways, often winding ingeniously between two mighty ledges, and occasionally barely wide enough for one person. Sometimes both stairs and balustrades were cut from a single stone. There were fountains or tanks of water, and there were carefully built stone houses.

Besides having the ability to plan and carry out great architectural and engineering works, the people who built this city were exceedingly skillful in the making of pottery, and they knew well how to cultivate the ground. It is evident that not only the bits of land for a long distance around the city, but every foot of the numerous terraces within the town were made use of for agriculture.

Machu Picchu was not discovered by the Spaniards, and was, indeed, practically unknown until the first visit of Professor Bingham, in 1911. It is the largest and most important ruin discovered in South America since the days of the Spanish conquest.

For the privilege of presenting the remarkable picture of Machu Picchu here reproduced, the editor is indebted to the kindness of Professor Hiram Bingham, Director of the Peruvian Expedition of 1912, under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographic Society.

HOW PIZARRO CAPTURED THE INCA

[1532]

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

It was not long before sunset, when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chessboard. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The

bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostles, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned

the Spanish Emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles V, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his scepter and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, — "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death

by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his Deity, — then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains, — "my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, — "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, — "Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once; I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the

echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, — all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows, right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, — as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and, such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bodies as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under

their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca"; and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men, — the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would

have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

THE GOLDEN RANSOM

BY CHARLES BRADFORD HUDSON

[THE following extract is from a novel whose scenes are laid in the time of the coming of the Spaniards to Peru. "Cristoval" is a Spaniard who has shown himself friendly to the captive Inca, and has advised him to offer a golden ransom. The Inca's offer of the vast amount of gold to secure his freedom is historic.

The Editor.]

THE Spaniards were unprepared for the splendor of their entertainment. Banqueting was a function which the Peruvians had developed to a degree of elegance hardly equaled in Christendom. The table was laden not only with the choicest viands of the region, but with a lavish display of plate that dazzled the eyes of the guests and rendered the *veedor* suddenly speechless.

The Inca watched closely to observe the effect of the gold, and a moment convinced him that Cristoval was right. He noted the quick lighting of Pizarro's saturnine countenance and the significant glance at his companions, though the leader gave no other sign. Some of his officers retained less of their equipoise, and there were ejaculations of the names of saints, the Faith, the Cross, the Sacrament, and the like, invoked to witness their astonishment. Mandoza broke into a coarse guffaw and slapped his neighbor on the back. De Soto, Hernando Pizarro, Cristoval, and two or three others of

the cavaliers of gentle breeding, stood with faces reddened or pale with humiliation, until Pizarro put an end to the exhibition with a stern, "Attention, señores! For the sake of Heaven, be silent! Ye are at the table of a gentleman."

An uncomfortable constraint of some minutes' duration followed the seating of the company. The Inca meditated upon the manifest craving of his guests for the tableware, a greediness to him preposterous. The Peruvians were diligent miners of the two precious metals, not because they assigned to them any especial value, but for the reason that they were beautiful and adaptable to purposes of decoration. The idea of their use as a medium of exchange, that they could be representative of the value of other things, of the luxuries, comforts, and even necessities of life, was beyond the Inca's conception. Money was a thing unknown in Tavantinsuyu, and Cristoval had not yet explained to him its use in Christendom. But Atahuallpa saw the Spaniards display an interest in his plate which seemed emotional, even passionate, and which made them oblivious, not only of the common courtesy due to him as their host, but of their own dignity. The unaccountable appetite excited at once his wonder and scorn.

After a moment, however, he recalled the obligations of hostship, and with Felipillo's help engaged different ones in conversation. Pizarro swallowed his irritation and took part with more graciousness than Atahuallpa had suspected him capable of showing, and the chill which had threatened to mar the evening gradually wore away. There were several of his nobles present, and they joined as freely in the sociability as circum-

stances permitted; for at the royal table the extreme formality of the court was for the time suspended, and the rigid distinction of prince and subject laid aside.

At last the table was cleared, cups were served and filled with *chicha*, and the Inca, dipping his finger-tips into the liquor, filliped a few drops into the air as a libation to Inti, the Sun. He raised his cup and bowed to Pizarro. The latter responded, and in accordance with an ancient custom of the Peruvians remarkably like our own, the Inca touched his cup to that of his guest, and they drank together. Thus, with each of the company in turn Atahuallpa took a sip of *chicha*. This ceremony completed, he turned again to the Spanish commander and said with nonchalance: —

"I perceive, Viracocha Pizarro, that your people are attracted by some of our metals — especially so by gold. It is something you have in your own country?"

"It is something which some of us have in our own country, my Lord Inca," replied Pizarro; "and of which more of us have little; but something, by the Faith, which all of us are pushing hardily to get!"

"Ah!" said the Inca. "But you possess a metal of far greater value in your iron, Viracocha. It hath surprised me that you can set so much importance upon one of comparatively little worth. But, — I would ask a question, — can freedom be purchased with gold?"

Surprised by its suddenness, Pizarro seemed to fail for a moment to find a reply.

"Can freedom be purchased with gold, Viracocha Pizarro?" repeated Atahuallpa.

Pizarro recovered himself, and replied with empha-

sis: "By the Crucifix, that it can! — provided gold enough be offered."

"Provided gold enough be offered!" repeated the Inca, unable to conceal his eagerness. "Then hear me, General Pizarro! Promise me liberty, and I will cover the floor of this room with gold!"

The company ceased talking. Pizarro looked at him in astonishment, while a smile of incredulity went round the table. Atahuallpa misinterpreted the silence and the expression, taking them to mean that his offer was too meager. He looked from one to another for a moment, then sprang to his feet, and striding to the wall, stretched his hand above his head as far as he could reach.

"I will fill the room to this height with gold, Viracochas! — Is it enough?" he demanded, his eyes blazing with hardly suppressed excitement. "Is it enough?"

Still the Spaniards were silent — dumb with amazement. Several had arisen. "Mad!" whispered one. The Inca stood waiting for their reply, his arm upraised, his commanding figure drawn to its full height, glittering in the lamplight with gems and golden decorations, while his dark eyes gleamed from beneath the fringe of the *llautu* as he surveyed the astonished Viracochas.

"Is it not enough?" he demanded again. "Then a like amount of silver."

"Hold, in the name of Heaven!" exclaimed Cristoval warningly in Quichua.

Pizarro regained his voice: "What sayest thou, Peralta? — Can he do it? Ask the noble beside thee!"

The noble answered with emphasis in the affirmative.

"Then 't is done!" shouted Pizarro, unable to restrain

his excitement. "Done! Agreed, my Lord Inca! We accept your offer. Make good your terms, and you are a free man — at liberty to go and come without let or hindrance. Here is my hand upon it. Wait! — We'll give you an instrument in writing. Zapato, step out and send an orderly for my secretary. Hernando, mount a chair and scratch a mark with thy dagger where the Inca put his hand. My lord, deign to raise your hand again. By the gods, señores! What say you to 't? A hundred thousand demons! D' ye believe your ears? We are all rich men! Ask the noble again, Peralta, whether he can do it! — Ask another of them! Saith he yes? Art sure? Blood and wounds and gods of war! Ha, ha! What say ye to 't, señores?"

Pizarro's cold reserve had gone. Cristoval had rarely seen him smile before; now he laughed, even roared, not pleasantly; and his pale countenance showed unaccustomed color. The *veedor* had pulled several times at his sleeve, unheeded.

"Pizarro!" he whispered. "Pizarro! Hold off a bit! He would have offered more, I am sure of it!"

Pizarro turned upon him with impatience: "Oh, a curse upon thy money-gluttony, Rogelio! Hath it no bounds? Art insatiable? Be silent!"

"He had opened his mouth to offer more, I'll swear it! Oh, misery!" snuffled the *veedor*, as he turned away.

The room was in a hubbub. Every man was on his feet, talking at the top of his voice and gesticulating. Now the *chicha* flowed without stint. When the secretary entered and set about the work of drawing up the agreement, they crowded upon him, explaining, suggesting, and advising, until in despair he appealed to

the commander, and they were ordered back while Pizarro dictated the document. Rogelio was a notary, and the paper was duly attested and sworn to, the Inca looking on with interest, and making his mark at last in accordance with a confusion of instructions from the wrought-up Spaniards. The business finished, he retired with a faint significant smile to Cristoval; but his going was almost unnoted by the others, and they lingered over their *chicha* and their jubilation until the small hours, when the guard was summoned to carry certain ones to their quarters. Rogelio was hauled from a corner, and awoke to bitter tears and incoherent reproaches hurled against Pizarro's want of commercial sense.

THE EXECUTION OF ATAHUALLPA

[1533]

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS

HAVING paid a magnificent and right royal ransom, Atahuallpa naturally demanded to be set at liberty. I have no doubt that this was the original intention of Pizarro; that he would have released him under such conditions as would have insured his subordination to the Spaniards; but the arrival of Almagro and his men brought about a complete change of affairs. From the first they were inimical to the Inca, partly, perhaps, from a jealous feeling that he should have been captured by Pizarro and his soldiers; partly because they feared that whatever gold might come in would still be claimed as a portion of his ransom. This unfavorableness of sentiment was early detected by Atahuallpa, who, when Hernando Pizarro took leave of him, exclaimed, "I am sorry that you are going; for when you are gone, I know the fat man and the one-eyed man" — that is, Riquelma, the king's treasurer, and Almagro — "will combine to kill me." He had another and even more powerful enemy in the interpreter Felipillo. Thus it came to pass that the question of the disposal of Atahuallpa was much discussed in the camp, under influences which did not bode him well. About the same time rumors reached Pizarro of the gathering of the Peruvian army, as if it had suddenly awakened from its long lethargy, and designed to strike a blow for the na-

tional independence. Brave as the Spanish captain was, and conscious of the superiority he derived from the arms and discipline of his men, he knew that they were but a handful in the midst of millions, and that at any time a well-conceived combination or a skillful surprise might set aside the superiority on which he relied, and overwhelm him with ruin. He could not afford, therefore, to throw away a single chance, and the release of Atahuallpa might have been such a chance, as it would have afforded the Peruvians a center, a rallying-point, so to speak, and a legitimate and, in their belief, heaven-sent leader. On the other hand, if he held him prisoner, he was liable to a thousand annoyances and anxieties; Atahuallpa would naturally intrigue for his liberation or to effect his escape, or the Peruvians would be incited to some desperate attempt on behalf of their imprisoned monarch. Pizarro was perplexed and uneasy; for throughout his Peruvian expedition he was a close copyist of Cortés, and here was a dilemma in which he had no example of Cortés to guide him. In adopting the principle that whatever was expedient was just, he adopted one which Cortés was not fond of recognizing.

His hesitation is shown by the circumstance that he published a formal and official document, fully discharging the Inca of further obligation in respect to the ransom, though its exact terms had not been, and perhaps never would have been, fulfilled. Yet, at the same time, he expressed an opinion that considerations of safety and security rendered necessary the detention of the Inca until additional reinforcements came from Spain. While he thus wavered, the rumors of an Indian attack revived; an army, it was said, was assembling

at Quito, and would be supported by thirty thousand Caribs; and many tongues connected with this menacing movement the name of Atahuallpa. When Pizarro repeated the story to Chilicuchima, the gray-haired veteran pronounced it a calumny. Pizarro next went to the Inca himself: "What treason is it you are meditating against me? against *me*, who have treated you with honor, and trusted in your words as in those of a brother?" "Why do you mock me?" replied the Inca; "why are you always saying these jests of me? What are we, I and my people, — how can we conquer men so valiant as yours? Do not cast these gibes at me." This he said (we are told) with great composure, but he did not convince Pizarro, who remembered that he had often spoken with the same coolness and astuteness, so that the Spaniards had been surprised to see such prudence in a barbarian.

Perceiving that he had not removed the general's suspicions, Atahuallpa again asserted his innocence. "Am I not," he said, "a captive in your hands? How could I conceive such a design as you speak of, when I should be the first victim? And little do you know of my people if you think they would enter upon it without my orders, when the very birds in my dominions would not dare to fly in opposition to my will."

But the belief of the troops in a general rising of the natives deepened every hour. A large force, it was said, had been concentrated at Guamachucho, some ninety miles from the camp. Pizarro seems to have shared their apprehensions. He caused the Inca to be loaded with fetters; he doubled his patrols, and went the rounds in person to see that vigilant watch was kept. The soldiers

slept on their arms; the horses were all saddled and bridled in readiness for immediate service. What was more to the purpose, two Indian spies were sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position. They returned with the information that the Peruvian army was slowly advancing through a mountainous district; that Atahuallpa had at first ordered it to retreat, but had afterwards canceled the order, and named the hour and place at which the attack was to be delivered, saying that if it was delayed he should be put to death. The soldiers, and especially those of Almagro's party, were more clamorous than ever, and openly declared that Atahuallpa's death was essential to the safety of the Spaniards. They were supported by Riquelma the treasurer, and other royal officers, who had accompanied Almagro to the camp. Pizarro still shrank from so extreme a measure as the death of his prisoner, and Hernando de Soto and a few others nobly protested against it, asserting that there was not sufficient evidence of his guilt. It occurred to Pizarro to dispatch Soto at the head of a small force to reconnoiter the country about Guamachucho, and ascertain if the rumors of warlike movements were based on fact or fictitious. But while Soto was absent there came to the camp at Caxamalca a couple of Indians, who were attached to the Spanish army, and they declared that the Peruvians were only three leagues from Caxamalca, and would attack on that or the following night. The excitement then became so intense that Pizarro consented to bring the Inca to immediate trial. The usual formalities were observed. Pizarro and Almagro presided as judges; a doctor of laws acted for the prosecution; and an advocate was assigned to the pris-

oner. Twelve charges, drawn up in the form of interrogatories, were preferred. Of these the most important were, that the Inca had ordered the assassination of his brother, and fomented a conspiracy against the Spaniards. He was also accused of idolatrous practices, and of lavishly and unprofitably expending the revenues of the kingdom since the conquest, of prosecuting unjust wars, and wasting his estates upon his kinsmen. It can hardly be said that any of these matters came within the cognizance of an invading power, except the alleged conspiracy; but they seem to have been formally investigated. The principal witnesses were the two Indians, whose evidence was wholly unsupported; the judges, however, declared Atahuallpa guilty, and sentenced him to be burnt at the stake. He was offered another form of death if he embraced Christianity — a religion which could hardly have been recommended to him by the conduct of its Spanish professors!

An angry discussion followed the declaration of the sentence. Many of the Spaniards protested against its being carried out. They were not insensible to the claims of honor, justice, and good faith, and insisted that Pizarro was bound by the promise he had given. They even suggested that the Inca should be transferred to Spain, where the charges against him could be examined by the proper tribunals. They denied the authority of the court that had condemned him, and impugned the validity of the evidence brought before it. In all this they were fully justified; the trial was a gross outrage on the law of nations; their sole error lay in supposing that any Spanish tribunal had a right to sit in judgment on an independent prince. Their courageous and manly

protest failed, however, against the bloodthirstiness and panic fears of the majority, and all that remained for them was to record in writing their sense of the iniquity of a procedure which has left an indelible blot on the Spanish name.

We acknowledge much force, however, in the reasoning of the historian that this vehement debate, and the large majority against Atahuallpa, militate against the common belief that his death was the result of a previous and stern resolve on the part of the Spanish commander. I am convinced that Pizarro shared in what was obviously the opinion of most of his soldiers, that the Inca had secretly ordered military preparations, and that he regarded his death as an urgent measure of self-preservation. It must be admitted that this argument does not absolve him from the guilt attaching to so cruel and unprecedented an outrage, but it furnishes an excuse which will be accepted by persons capable of calmly considering the position of the Spaniards, and the hopes and fears by which they were swayed. The whole transaction is an illustration of the great truth which common experience is continually demonstrating, that one ill deed inevitably leads to another, that good cannot come out of evil. The invasion of Peru was the initial crime, and it necessitated a long series of crimes over the record of which our shocked humanity may well turn pale.

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, his emotion was uncontrollable. With tears in his eyes, he exclaimed: "What have I or my children done that I should meet such a fate?" Turning to Pizarro, he continued reproachfully: "And from *your* hands! You, who have received so much kindness and friendliness

from my people — you, with whom I have shared my troubles — you, whom I have loaded with benefits!" He implored him to spare his life, promising double the ransom already paid, if only time were given him to collect it, and offering any guaranty that might be required for the safety of the Spanish army, down to the meanest soldier. Pizarro listened to this touching appeal with tears. "I myself," says an eyewitness, "saw the general weep." But though he wept, he did not — perhaps he could not — relent; and when Atahuallpa found that death was inevitable, he prepared to meet it with a dignity worthy of his rank and race.

By sound of trumpet the Inca's doom was proclaimed in the great square of Caxamalca; and two hours after sunset, on the 29th of August, it was carried into execution. Atahuallpa was brought to the place in chains, with Father Valverde, who had affixed his signature to the sentence, by his side, actively laboring to convert him to Christianity, even at the last hour. When the royal victim was bound to the stake, with the fagots heaped around him, the father held up a cross, imploring him to embrace it and be baptized, and promising that if he did so the painful death to which he had been sentenced should be commuted for the milder form of the *garrotte*. This argument proved effectual; he consented to abjure his own religion, and receive baptism. The ceremony was performed by Valverde, and the new convert received the name of Juan de Atahuallpa. He then expressed his desire that his remains might be interred with those of his maternal ancestors at Quito, and commended his young children to the care and protection of Pizarro. With stern composure he submitted himself

to the hands of the executioner, and was suddenly strangled, while the Spanish soldiers around him muttered their *Credos* for the welfare of his soul. His body that night was exposed in the great square, and on the following morning interred with solemn funeral pomp in the Church of San Francisco. Pizarro and the principal cavaliers attended in mourning garb, and the troops listened attentively to the service read and chanted by Father Valverde. In the middle of it a loud lamentation was heard outside the church, the doors were suddenly burst open, and many Indian women, the wives and sisters of the murdered Inca, swept up the central aisle, and with tears and sobs prostrated themselves around the corpse. They piteously protested that the funeral rites of their lord should have been celebrated in the Peruvian fashion, and expressed their desire to sacrifice themselves on the grave, and accompany his spirit to the golden land of the Sun. The Spaniards informed them that Atahuallpa had died in the Christian religion, and that the God of the Christians required no human sacrifices. They were then excluded from the church, but several, on retiring to their residences, carried out their vows, and by committing suicide confirmed their devotion to the murdered prince.

A day or two later, Hernando de Soto returned; and great was his indignation when he was informed of the cruel deed done in his absence. Repairing at once to the presence of Pizarro, he found him with a large felt sombrero, by way of mourning, drawn down over his eyes, his attitude and bearing suggestive of sorrow, and perhaps remorse. With a soldier's abruptness, he said to him: "You have acted rashly, for Atahuallpa was falsely

accused. There was no army at Guamachucho, nor did I anywhere see the signs of insurrection. If it were necessary to bring the Inca to trial, he should have been sent to Castile, to be judged by the Emperor. I would have pledged myself to have seen him safely on board ship." Pizarro acknowledged his precipitancy, and threw all the blame on Riquelma, Valverde, and the more pertinacious members of the majority, who, in their turn, recriminated against Pizarro. The quarrel was loud, violent, and prolonged; but as they could not bring the dead back to life, the contending parties at length subsided into silence.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF THE INCAS

[After 1532]

FROM THE SPANISH OF VALVERDE

[It was generally believed in Ecuador that the Incas had hidden a vast amount of gold in a lake on a peak of one of the Llanganati Mountains. A Spaniard named Valverde was said to have learned its whereabouts from the father of his Indian wife, and in consequence to have become enormously rich. Valverde was thought to have bequeathed his secret to the King of Spain, and to have left a "Derrotero," or guide to the mysterious place. Several expeditions were sent in quest of the treasure, but it still remains undiscovered — or non-existent. The following is a translation of the "Derrotero," made by the English botanist Richard Spruce.

The Editor.]

Placed in the town of Pillaro, ask for the farm of Moya, and sleep (the first night) a good distance above it; and ask there for the mountain of Guapa, from whose top, if the day be fine, look to the east, so that thy back be towards the town of Ambato, and from thence thou shalt perceive the three Cerros Llanganati, in the form of a triangle, on whose declivity there is a lake, made by hand, into which the ancients threw the gold they had prepared for the ransom of the Inca when they heard of his death. From the same Cerro Guapa thou mayest see also the forest, and in it a clump of *sangurimas* standing out of the said forest, and another clump which they call *flechas* (arrows), and these clumps are the principal mark for the which thou shalt aim, leaving them a little on the left hand. Go forward from Guapa in the direction

and with the signals indicated, and a good way ahead, having passed some cattle-farms, thou shalt come on a wide morass, over which thou must cross, and coming out on the other side thou shalt see on the left hand, a short way off, a *jucál* on the hillside, through which thou must pass. Having got through the *jucál*, thou wilt see two small lakes called "Los Anteojos" (the spectacles), from having between them a point of land like to a nose.

From this place thou mayest again descry the Cerros Llanganati, the same as thou sawest them from the top of Guapa, and I warn thee to leave the said lakes on the left, and that in front of the point or "nose" there is a plain, which is the sleeping-place. There thou must leave thy horses, for they can go no farther. Following now on foot in the same direction, thou shalt come on a great black lake, the which leave on thy left hand, and beyond it seek to descend along the hillside in such a way that thou mayest reach a ravine, down which comes a waterfall: and here thou shalt find a bridge of three poles, or if it do not still exist, thou shalt put another in the most convenient place and pass over it. And having gone on a little way in the forest, seek out the hut which served to sleep in or the remains of it. Having passed the night there, go on thy way the following day through the forest in the same direction, till thou reach another deep dry ravine, across which thou must throw a bridge and pass over it slowly and cautiously, for the ravine is very deep; that is, if thou succeed not in finding the pass which exists. Go forward and look for the signs of another sleeping-place, which, I assure thee, thou canst not fail to see in the fragments of pottery and other marks, because the Indians are continually passing along there. Go on

thy way, and thou shalt see a mountain which is all of pyrites, the which leave on the left hand, and I warn thee that thou must go round it in this fashion .

On this side thou wilt find a pasture in a small plain which having crossed thou wilt come on a cañon between two hills, which is the way of the Inca. From thence as thou goest along thou shalt see the entrance of the tunnel, which is in the form of a church-porch. Having come through the cañon, and gone a good distance beyond, thou wilt perceive a cascade which descends from an offshoot of the Cerros Llanganati, and runs into a quaking bog on the right hand; and without passing the stream in the said bog there is much gold, so that putting in thy hand what thou shalt gather at the bottom is grains of gold. To ascend the mountain, leave the bog and go along to the right, and pass above the cascade, going round the offshoot of the mountain. And if by chance the mouth of the tunnel be closed with certain herbs which they call "salvaje," remove them, and thou wilt find the entrance. And on the left-hand side of the mountain thou mayest see the "huayra" (for thus the ancient called the furnace where they founded metals), which is nailed with golden nails. And to reach the third mountain, if thou canst not pass in front of the tunnel, it is the same thing to pass behind it, for the water of the lake falls into it.

If thou lose thyself in the forest, seek the river, follow it on the right bank; lower down take to the beach, and thou wilt reach the cañon in such sort that, although thou seek to pass it, thou wilt not find where; climb, therefore, the mountain on the right hand, and in this manner thou canst by no means miss thy way.

II

PERU, CHILE, BOLIVIA, AND ECUADOR

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE influence of the blows struck for freedom in the other South American States early in the nineteenth century was a little slow in affecting Peru; but in 1824, a decisive victory over the Spanish forces took place at Ayacucho, and Peru became a republic. Like other South American republics, however, it has been shaken by revolutions. About the middle of the nineteenth century, the value of the guano and nitrate beds was discovered, and immense wealth flowed into the Peruvian treasury. In 1879, war broke out with Chile over the ownership of these same beds, and Chile won the prize.

Chile had become free from Spain in 1818, but her lack of boundary lines was a continued source of trouble. The line between Chile and Argentina was settled in 1902 by arbitration; but that between Chile and Bolivia was difficult because of the enormous value of the nitrate deposit in the disputed territory. This led to war between the two countries in 1879–83, and here, as in the war with Peru, Chile was victorious.

Bolivia was part of the territory subdued by the Spaniards in 1538. In 1780, insurrection against Spanish rule arose; but it was not until 1824 that the country became free. The story of the State has been in the main one of revolution and civil war, with only occasional intervals of peace.

Ecuador, on becoming free from Spanish control, united with New Granada and Venezuela in forming the Republic of Colombia. This union lasted but a short time, and in 1829 Ecuador became an independent republic. Civil wars and struggles between different parties have filled the years from then until now. Ecuador has a fertile soil and exceedingly valuable mineral resources, though they are as yet undeveloped.

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD

[About 1865]

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT

THIS South American line [the Lima and Oroya Railway] is not an ordinary mountain railway: it is an audacious marvel of engineering science. Nor does it merely offer facilities for sight-seeing among the impressive Cordilleras, but acts as a traffic highway between the coast and the mines on the high inland plateau.

As might be supposed, the difficulties which the engineers had to break down were numerous and stupendous. Moreover, the work was extremely costly. In the case of the Oroya road it averaged about £60,000, or $300,000, per mile, and altogether £8,500,000 ($42,500,000) were sunk in the enterprise — more than the total cost of the St. Gothard Railway, with its famous tunnel and one hundred and seventy-two miles of track.

The first attempt to subjugate this range by the iron road was made in the sixties by a daring Philadelphia engineer, Henry Meiggs. His idea was ambitious in the extreme. He proposed to start from Callao, lift the metals over the crests of the mountains, drop down the other side on to the Highlands, and to push across the plateau until he gained a point on the mighty Amazon which could be reached by steamer from the Atlantic. By this means the Pacific seaports of South America would be brought into closer touch with the markets of

the Old World, avoiding the protracted and hazardous journey round Cape Horn. That the idea was never carried to success was one of the sorry tricks of Fate. Internecine strife and wars with neighboring States sapped the financial strength of Peru to such an extent that there was not enough money to complete this grand scheme. Possibly some day the steel thread will be picked up again at Oroya and forced to its original objective.

For the first one hundred and seven miles this railway makes a continual ascent; there is not a single foot of downhill in the whole distance. Work was commenced in 1870, and was pushed forward so energetically that in the course of twelve months Meiggs had completed twenty miles of the line, and had the earthworks well advanced as far as Chosica, some thirty-three miles out of Callao. In order to ease his task as much as possible, the engineer decided to follow the Rimac River into the mountains. But as the innermost recesses of the Cordilleras are gained, the river narrows considerably, until it plunges merely through a slender defile, the walls of the peaks dropping down precipitously into the water. The result was that the engineer found it very difficult to find a natural lane for his metals, so he had to hew and blast galleries, to swing first from one bank to the other, in order to seize the slightest foothold.

He had plunged forty-seven miles into the mountains and had gained an altitude of about one mile, when he was brought to a dead stop. The mountain along which he had crawled laboriously broke off abruptly. Further advance was impossible. To have cut a tunnel would have been a Herculean task, and as the mountain wall

dropped straight down below, and towered to a dizzy height above him, he found himself in a quandary. A few feet immediately above him, however, he espied a ledge running parallel with that on which he had laid his track. He resolved to gain that upper gallery; but the crucial question was, How?

Then he hit upon a brilliant idea. It was something new and untried in railway engineering, but as he had already tested all existing methods to gain the point at which he now stood, there was no alternative but to devise new ways and means of overcoming perplexing situations as they arose, despite the apparent novelty of the solutions. He resolved to lift the track from the lower to the upper ledge by a "V-switch."

The embankment on the outside of the track at the point he had gained was leveled off, and a small turntable was erected. From the latter two short lines were laid down at an angle to the track in the form of a widely opened "V," with the turntable at the apex. The main line cuts across the top of the V, forming a triangle, and continues a short distance beyond. The manner in which the train is lifted from the one level to the other is as follows. The engine pulls it up the lower line on to the section crossing the top of the V, and in such a way as to be between its two angular limbs. The engine is uncoupled, and runs down one leg of the V on to the turntable, which is then swung round until the engine faces the other arm of the V, up which it passes until it gains the main line. It is now at the rear of the train which it was pulling a few minutes before. The engine is coupled up, and the train is pushed backwards until it is over the switch connecting with the upper level. It then proceeds

forward in the usual manner. In reality it makes a zig-zag course up the mountain-side.

This ingenious means of overcoming such a difficulty was tried first at San Bartholomé, and proved so very economical and simple a solution of a grave difficulty that it was freely introduced by the inventor whenever similar conditions were encountered. True, the process of uncoupling and recoupling the engine occasions a little delay, but the switch was cheaper and quite as effective as a loop, even if the latter could have been built, for it was found possible to lay the turntable between two tiers of metal on a gradient not exceeding one in twenty-five. Altogether there are twenty-two of these switches on the system. The majority of them are of the simple type that we have described above, but in some cases there is a double zigzag when the difference in level was extreme, and did not permit of the connecting bank line being raised at an easy grade. The adoption of the "Meiggs V-switch," as it is popularly called, saved the engineer thousands of pounds.

In one case the switch is set in a very precarious situation, for the climbing line winds along a perilous ledge blasted out of the solid flank of the peak, and the traveler's heart thumps every time the train lurches as he looks down upon the curling river far, far below on the one, and the mountain wall combing some two thousand feet above him on the other, hand. The Oroya line has been described as a railway of sensations, and it is an apt description. During the process of "V-ing" a train the voyager has ample opportunity to contemplate his peculiar situation at leisure.

"Highly ingenious and simple" was the verdict of the

railway world when they realized Meiggs's handiwork. "But what is going to happen if a descending train runs away at one of these switches? Will it make a bee-line for the bottom of the cañon through the air, or pile up against the dead-stop?"

Meiggs, however, did not anticipate trains running amuck in this manner, but he guarded against any such contingency, because brakes sometimes will fail to act on a descending grade. Consequently, at the end of each line in a V-switch he provided a substantial bank of earth. This was a fortunate precaution. Some years ago a train, in proceeding from the upper to the lower level, did run away on the falling bank. It crashed into the solid embankment at the dead-end, and came to a stop in an ungainly, heterogeneous mass of twisted iron-work and splintered wood. Nobody was hurt, the débris was removed, and the runaway engine was recovered, overhauled, replaced in service, and is running to-day, little the worse for its misadventure.

Owing to the peaks of the Cordilleras being separated from one another by yawning ravines, extensive bridging became imperative. Some are short, insignificant spans; others are lofty, spidery structures, which were completed at the expenditure of many human lives from disease and accident. As a matter of fact the railway earned an unsavory reputation owing to the high mortality that attended its realization.

The Verrugas Bridge was the greatest offender in this respect. It was the greatest undertaking of its type on the line. It is five hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and cleaves the air two hundred and twenty-five feet above the bed of the ravine. There are bigger and

loftier bridges in other parts of the world, but few have been so troublesome to erect. At the time it was undertaken it was the most remarkable structure of its kind, and by the time it was completed £12,600 or $62,000, had been expended. It lies at an altitude of 5839 feet, and was carried on three masonry piers, the center and main support being built up from the bed of the gorge. This pier measured fifty feet square at the base, and was of solid masonry, thus forming a substantial plinth for the slender iron superstructure.

All the component parts of this bridge had to be kept within certain limits of dimension and weight, to enable them to be hauled up from the coast and set in position on the site. Large gangs of workmen were crowded upon the work, because, until this bridge was set in position, material could not be transported to the other side of the gorge for the continuation of the grade.

But the task was dogged by ill luck. Work was in full swing, when a mysterious and malignant disease broke out. So furiously did it rage that the men were swept off like flies. There was no means of checking its ravages. It became known far and wide as the "Verrugas fever." It resisted diagnosis and treatment, but there was no denying its deadliness. As a result, labor gave the district a wide berth. It struck down natives and white men indiscriminately. Just how many men succumbed to the attacks of this epidemic probably never will be known. Men contracted the malady, died, and were buried all within the space of a few hours after reaching the site; indeed, it is chronicled that one man fell a victim after crossing the bridge only once.

This mysterious and terrible scourge threatened to

stop the whole enterprise, though Meiggs spared no effort and money to bring about its completion. The most attractive inducements were held out to workmen to come up and risk their lives, but only the more adventurous, fascinated by the high wages, dared to face death in an uncanny form. It was mainly through the efforts of such happy-go-lucky spirits that the gorge was spanned ultimately. Meiggs himself appeared to bear a charmed life, for he haunted the fated gorge day and night. But the awful experience seriously undermined his health, his constitution was wrecked, and he was changed into an old man.

Still he clung tenaciously to his enterprise. The gorge crossed, he found himself among the wildest fastnesses of the Andes. The mountains became steeper, the intervening gulches deeper and more difficult to cross. Landslides were of such frequent occurrence that they might well have struck terror into his heart. Yet he fought his way forward. Blasting became heavier and heavier, wide-sweeping curves more frequent, the ascent steeper and steeper, and tunneling through projecting spurs more frequent.

In these upper reaches the trains play a gigantic game of hide-and-seek, darting in and out among the labyrinth of tunnels. In a distance of fifty miles he had to drive his path through no less than fifty-seven of these obstructions, while altogether there are sixty-five tunnels in the one hundred and thirty-eight miles of the railway's length. The line doubles and redoubles upon itself in the most bewildering manner in order to gain points on the mountain-sides. In the course of eleven miles between Matucana and Tamboraque this scaling

by means of the zigzag was exceedingly heavy. Standing at the latter station and looking down, one can see tier after tier of the gleaming metals, until they are lost to sight far below.

Five miles beyond Tamboraque another remarkable achievement had to be accomplished. The line tunnels a peak, to emerge upon the brink of a drop into the river below as straight as a brick wall. On the opposite side is another towering pinnacle. To span the gulf a heavy bridge was necessary. It is called Infiernillo Bridge, and never was a name more fittingly bestowed. Its erection by false work or scaffolding was out of the question, as in this region not a tree exists. It had to be built out from the sides, the men being suspended in cradles and loops dangling from ropes attached to brackets driven into the solid rock above. The builders found swinging the tools from such crazy footholds to be perilous in the extreme, but there were no other means by which the bridge could be erected. It is a frail link between two dark yawning mouths in opposite towering crests, and the traveler as he rattles across can scarcely quell a shudder.

So energetically did Meiggs pursue his self-appointed task that in six years he had carried the line eighty-eight and one half miles into the Andes, and had gained an altitude of twelve thousand two hundred and fifteen and one half feet. All the men that he could possibly procure were pressed into service; at one time the railway gave employment to eight thousand laborers. The amount of blasting necessary to prepare the road-bed for this single line of standard track was enormous, something like five hundred thousand pounds of explo-

sives being used every month. The strain inseparable from such an enterprise told its tale upon the bold engineer, whose iron constitution could not withstand the anxieties and worries of the Verrugas fever, and the exposure to a rarefied atmosphere, without receiving an indelible mark. The first signs of a complete breakdown appeared as the railway was approaching Chicla, and when this point was gained in 1877 he succumbed.

The removal of the guiding spirit brought the whole undertaking to a stop. Meiggs had completed two thirds of the undertaking, and had broken the back of the difficulties. For fourteen years not another foot of line was graded. At last the Peruvian Corporation of London, which had taken over the railway, settled a contract for its completion with William Thorndike, who also hailed from Philadelphia.

The new engineer carried the line a further 3450 feet above the sea, following the surveys of Meiggs, and then became confronted with his greatest obstacle — the piercing of the summit crest. Thorndike had to hew his way through the bosom of a pinnacle for over 3855 feet at an altitude at which such work never had been attempted before. The trying character of the situation was augmented by the rarity of the atmosphere, and the fact that he had to force his way through the region of the terrible mountain sickness, with a low prevailing temperature such as is encountered in the region of eternal snow and ice. Such conditions retarded the boring of the Galera Tunnel, as it is called, more than the stern resistance of the rock. The workmen invariably fell victims to the sickness, though the undertaking was not accompanied with the heavy mortality that

characterized the building of the Verrugas Bridge far below. Mountain drilling, blasting, excavating, and the removal of the heavy soil proved exacting and fatiguing, and a man could work only for a few hours at a stretch. By skillful organization and careful husbanding of his forces, however, the engineer succeeded in forcing the metal track through the mountain at record speed.

The Galera Tunnel is the crowning point of a magnificent achievement. In the center you stand on the Great Divide of the South Americas, nearly sixteen thousand feet above the ocean. When a bucket of water is upset, one half of the liquid runs eastward toward the Atlantic, while the other flows westward to the Pacific. Oroya is thirty-one and one half miles distant from the eastern portal of the tunnel on the great inland plateau of the continent, and only a little less than three thousand five hundred feet below it. On this section construction was very rapid, as there were no untoward difficulties to be overcome.

About the same time as the Oroya Railway was commenced another great line was undertaken some miles to the south. In this instance the port of Mollendo was the Pacific terminus, the inland objective being Puno, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, that remarkable inland sea nestling among the crests of the Alps some 14,660 feet above the Pacific. The total length of this line is three hundred and thirty-two miles, and it divides with the Antofagasta Railway to the south the traffic between La Paz and the seaboard. Though it does not compare with the Oroya or Central Railway of Peru as an engineering achievement, yet it possesses certain individual characteristics, the tumbled mountain

country experienced farther north giving way to open expanses of bleak, dismal desert.

This line in its ascent of the Andes skirts the base of that most majestic of mountains, the smoking El Misti, whose snow-capped crater rises like a grim sentinel far above the other visible points of the mountain chain. Here the mountains are nobler and wider apart, so that one can grasp better their magnificent proportions, while their flanks are not so scarred, and there is an absence of those fearsome, yawning ravines. In making the ascent the line describes broad-sweeping curves to avoid projecting peaks, and throughout the whole distance there is a notable relief from the zigzags and switches so frequent on the sister line.

On this road, however, the moving sand threatened to be an implacable enemy. In the higher altitudes the sand is piled up into quaint little cones ranging from ten to twenty feet in height, and from the distance their incalculable number and regular lines present the appearance of a vast army of men grimed and covered with the dust, which illusion becomes emphasized when they are seen moving across the plains in a steady, rhythmic manner under the influence of the wind. When the railway was built it was anticipated that elaborate precautions would be requisite to keep the track clear of this encumbrance, but it was found that the trains could plough their way through the mass with little difficulty.

In the higher levels the sand gives way to a country of broken rock — a land absolutely void of any sign of life. This monotonous waste continues to the shores of the lake, where the dank water-grass and limpid water

offer a welcome relief to the aridity experienced for so many hours. This railway was constructed with remarkable rapidity for the Land of Paradoxes, as the whole three hundred and thirty-two miles were built in five years, and thus the isolated waters of Titicaca were linked with the Pacific by the iron road.

Not only was this railway much cheaper to construct than the Central or Oroya line, but its maintenance is not so harassing as the former system. The engineers of the Oroya road are engaged in a constant war with the elements. The landslide is the most relentless foe that has to be combated. A big slip on a slope, an avalanche of snow, huge boulders, and miscellaneous débris rattle down the mountain-sides with terrific fury, blotting out the track and sweeping bridges away in their mad career.

The Verrugas Bridge was dogged by ill fortune after its completion, for in one of these visitations the whole structure was demolished through the main central pier being knocked away. The tangled and twisted metal was left rusting in the ravine, for the bridge-builders' art had advanced considerably since the old bridge was designed, and in reconstruction it was found possible to span the gorge on the cantilever principle without the central support. All the other bridges on the railway are being rebuilt gradually on these lines, and when this task is completed the engineer will have one danger the less to fear — the collapse of the slender link of communication across the gulches.

One can enjoy a most exhilarating experience on this railway. This is the descent from Galera Tunnel to Vallao on a small hand-car. It is a glorious coast down-

hill for no less than one hundred and seven miles. One rushes down inclines, swings round curves, threads tunnels, and whisks across gorges at the exhilarating speed of forty-five miles an hour. It is a unique sensation — one of the many marvels associated with this remarkable railway, which is not merely a striking evidence of civilization, but a perpetual monument to the seven thousand lives devoted to its construction.

HOW TO CONDUCT A SPANISH-AMERICAN REVOLUTION

[About 1860]

BY F. HASSAUREK

A SPANISH-AMERICAN revolution, to be successful, must originate with, or be supported by, the soldiery. The conspirators begin with bribing a portion of the garrison of an important post. Military barracks will never be attacked without a previous secret understanding with some of the officers and men who are in charge of the post. In the negotiations for such purposes the ladies take a most active part. They are passionate politicians, and very energetic secret agents. They carry letters and dispatches, excite discontent, conceal political refugees and facilitate their escape and keep their banished friends posted as to the state of affairs at home. During my residence in Ecuador, several of these female agitators were banished the country by President Garcia Moreno. They went, hurling defiance into his teeth. He could imprison or shoot the men, who trembled before him, but he could not break the spirit of the women.

The moment a revolutionary party has secured a foothold somewhere, they resort to the customary mode of Spanish-American warfare. Its principal features are forcible impressments, and forced loans and contributions, in addition to which they seize all the horses, mules, cattle, provisions, Indians, and other property

they can lay hands on. The Government does the same. There is no legal or equitable system of conscription or draft. By common consent, "gentlemen" (that is to say, white men of good families) are exempt from it; but the poor, the half- or cross-breeds, the journeymen, mechanics, and farm laborers, are seized and impressed wherever found, and without reference to age, condition, disability, or the time they may have served already. The appearance of the recruiting officers on the street always creates a panic among those liable to be "recruited." It is a pitiful spectacle to see those poor fellows run away in all directions, wildly chased by the officers and their men. Compulsory service in the army is a calamity greatly dreaded by the populace, and from which they will try to escape in a thousand different ways. They will flee to the mountains, and hide themselves in forests or deserts; they will take refuge in churches or convents, or in the houses of foreign representatives or residents, and they will not show themselves on the streets or public highways until the danger is over. When they are near enough to the frontier, they will leave the country in order to avoid impressment. In Peru alone there are over ten thousand Ecuadorians who left their own country to avoid impressment. Ecuadorian soldiers are but poorly clad and poorly paid. Many of them have to go barefoot. When their services are no longer required, they are discharged without the means to return to their homes. Under these circumstances, it cannot appear strange that such soldiers should revenge themselves on society whenever an opportunity offers. When marching from one place to another, they will take from the poor people living

along the public highways whatever they can find. Hence, when it becomes known that a regiment or company of soldiers will march through a certain district, the people living along the road, even in times of profound peace, will hide their valuables, drive away their horses, mules, cattle, or sheep, take their provisions, chickens, etc., to some out-of-the-way place in the mountains or forests, and make preparations as if they expected the arrival of a savage enemy. The houses along the road will be deserted; the men will carefully keep out of the way of the marching columns; and only now and then an old woman will be found to tell the soldiers how poor she is. Many a time when, during my travels in the Cordillera, I stopped at a hut to buy eggs or other provisions, the people told me with a sigh: "We have nothing to sell, sir; the soldiers were here and took all we had."

The first measures of a party which succeeds in a revolution or civil war are generally acts of retaliation or revenge on the vanquished, who may congratulate themselves if only forced contributions are resorted to. The wealthy members of the losing party are notified by the new "Government" that within a certain number of days or hours they must pay a certain sum of money. If they refuse, the amount is sometimes raised, and even doubled, and the victims are imprisoned, either in their own houses or in the military barracks, until they "pay up." If they are storekeepers, their goods are seized as security. If they are hacienda-owners, their cattle or horses are taken in lieu of money. If they are women, they are placed under a military guard, and not allowed to leave their rooms, or to consult with their friends,

until they comply with the arbitrary edict of the despot of the day. I shall relate but one instance of the many that came to my knowledge. In 1860 a contribution of several hundred dollars (I do not recollect the exact amount) was imposed upon a gentleman who had held office under the Government that had just been overthrown. He being absent from Quito on his hacienda in Esmeraldas, on the coast, a detachment of soldiers was sent to his house with a command to his wife to pay the money. The lady protested that her husband had left her no money, and that she was unable to pay the required amount. Her answer was deemed unsatisfactory, and her house was surrounded by soldiers, who did not allow anybody to enter or to leave it. She was not permitted to send for victuals or for water, nor was she allowed to employ counsel or to see her friends. For three days and nights she was kept a prisoner, until, coerced by starvation, she yielded at last, and paid the amount which had been assessed without warrant of law by the caprice of the victorious party.

A political adversary is considered an outlaw, who may with impunity be treated in the most arbitrary and cruel manner by those in power. His haciendas are laid waste by soldiers quartered on them; his cattle and horses are at the mercy of a reckless Government. The greatest sufferers, however, are the owners of beasts of burden, whether they take part in political affairs or not. Their horses and mules are taken whenever they are needed for the transportation of military stores. They are used generally without compensation to the owner, who may congratulate himself if they are at last restored to him. Their galled backs and emaciated

bodies are the pay he gets, all constitutional and legal provisions to the contrary notwithstanding. Those who own mules or donkeys which they hire out to travelers, or on which they bring their vegetables to market, keep away from cities in times of war or civil commotion, for fear of being robbed of their means of subsistence. Their beasts they send to the fastnesses of the mountains until the danger is over. Thus the city markets will be but scantily supplied, merchants cannot ship their goods, travelers find no means of transportation, and the whole country suffers and decays because Governments will not respect individual rights and private property.

When the country is threatened with war, foreign invasion, or revolution, or when a violent change of government has taken place, the houses of foreign ministers, consuls, and other foreigners are eagerly resorted to by all classes of the population. Not only will ladies and gentlemen take refuge there, but such houses will be depositories for all sorts of valuables, — goods, trunks, and boxes, belonging to merchants, mechanics, private citizens, and even the Government. During the war with New Granada, in 1862, when it was feared that General Arboleda, after his victory at Tulcan, would march to Quito and occupy the town, the Government made arrangements to deposit the silver bars belonging to the mint in the house of one of the foreign ministers. The houses of foreigners are respected, not only because the Governments to which they belong are expected to shield them with a strong arm, but also because even the victorious or ruling party are interested in maintaining the sacredness of asylums to which, perhaps to-morrow, it may be their turn to resort as the vanquished. In

Ecuador, foreigners alone enjoy the rights and privileges which the constitution, on paper, guarantees to the citizen. The persons of foreigners are secure; their servants are not taken away from them; their beasts are never interfered with; their property is respected; and if they have a diplomatic representative in the country, they are favored in a thousand different ways. They are the only class of persons who can carry on business in safety. Of course, they will suffer from bad times, when the country is desolated by revolutions or civil war, but they have little to fear from the Government and party leaders; and while forced contributions of money or goods will be exacted from the native capitalists; while their servants and laborers, horses and cattle, will be taken away from them; the person, property, laborers, and servants of a foreigner will be secure. No wonder, therefore, that every extensive landowner, every wealthy merchant in the country, wants to make himself a foreigner. I was almost continually troubled by persons who wanted to know how to make themselves North American citizens. Everybody, almost, who has any thing to lose is anxious to abjure his nationality, and place himself under the protection of a foreign flag.

THE UNCONQUERABLE ARAUCANIANS

[Twentieth century]

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

THE most indomitable of the native races in the New World, with the exception of the red men of North America, have been the Araucanians of Chile. They are the proudest, richest, and bravest of the Indians of South America. At the time of the conquest this race occupied the greater part of Chile, and had spread across the Andes into a part of Patagonia, which country they shared with the Tehuelches, the so-called giants. For three hundred years they waged a successful warfare against the Spanish invaders, and the Republic of Chile which later succeeded the Spanish province. It was not until 1884 that they were finally conquered, and submitted to the Chilean Government after certain rights and privileges were guaranteed to them. So long as the Chileans attempted to conquer the Indians by brute force they failed, just as had the Spaniards before them. It was not until some tact and judgment were used that any real progress was made in the subjugation of these people.

According to the early account the Araucanians were given to agriculture, and the valleys south of the present city of Santiago teemed with an industrious and energetic race. The Incas had spread their sovereignty south of Santiago as far as the Maule River, and this probably accounted in part for the agricultural development

there. Some writers claim that the Incas had enslaved the Araucanians and compelled them to do their work. At any rate the Spaniards encountered little opposition in their conquest before that river was reached. The fact is that these people were really divided into three different tribes. The tribes that lived along the coast were fishermen, those that lived on the higher lands were hunters, while those who occupied the more fertile valleys were agriculturalists. It was estimated by some of the early writers that there were at that time no less than a half-million of these Indians. This estimate is no doubt excessive, and half that number would be nearer the truth. They knew not the use of any metals, excepting silver, which they worked into various forms. Silver breastplates were worn by the wives of the *caciques*, or chiefs, which told of the number of their children, as large families were their boast. They also wore large crescent earrings and great silver suns as breastpins, with hieroglyphics upon them which told of a nature worship. Bracelets formed of a multiplicity of minute silver beads were also fashioned very attractively, and in later years silver stirrups were manufactured for the head men. Even to-day this race is noted for its silverwork.

Down upon this stronghold of the Araucanians came Pedro de Valdivia in 1550, with two hundred horsemen and some other troops. This force no doubt made an imposing appearance, as it marched along with their coats of mail, helmets, swords, and spears flashing in the sunlight. The only firearms were clumsy arquebuses borne by the infantry, and fired from a wooden support by the aid of a fuse kept alight only with great difficulty.

And yet the Spanish soldiers at that time were considered to be the best in the world. They continually marched in order of battle, preceded by an advanced guard and carrying their baggage in the center. From the time Valdivia reached the river Itata his march was a continuous conflict, although he managed to get as far as the river Bio-Bio.

How two hundred men were able to make this trip through a thickly populated country can be explained by reason of the superior weapons and armor of the Spaniards, as well as the fact that they used horses. These animals at that time were unknown among the native races, and inspired them with terror just as they did the Aztecs in Mexico. The Indians had only wooden lances, arrows of the simplest manufacture, and clubs; and yet they managed to stand against the Spaniards at times until hundreds of them were slain. On one occasion the Spanish records say that Valdivia was beset with twenty thousand Indians. As fast as one body of the Indians was routed, another took their place. Compact masses of the Indians at times surrounded the Spaniards. The horses were clubbed, and this together with the war-cries of the attacking force created a terrible confusion. When the Indians were finally beaten off, the ground was literally covered with the dead bodies of their comrades. Every Spaniard was wounded. This battle is known as that of Addalien.

The cruelty of the Spaniards in this invasion was something terrible at times. After the battle of Penco, where, according to the chroniclers, forty thousand Indians attacked the invaders, Valdivia cut off the nose and right hand of two hundred prisoners, and sent them

back to terrorize their comrades in this mutilated condition. They treated the natives with absolute contempt, and endeavored to reduce them to abject slavery. Valdivia practically had no choice in the matter. Each soldier had to be paid a grant of land, with a certain number of slaves. The soldiers were of a fierce and intractable character, and it was almost impossible to maintain any sort of discipline among them. Valdivia founded the city of Imperial, fortified it, and employed the natives in washing the gold found in this district. He also established the city of Villa Rica, which means the rich village, and was so named because of the wealth and fertility of that valley, and another town that was named after himself. In fact he endeavored to establish a string of fortified outposts throughout that entire section of the country. The Indians were parceled out among the conquerors, Valdivia retaining for himself about forty thousand. Although at this time the Spanish population of the valley did not exceed one thousand, yet they were able after a while to force the Indians to do their work. The men were attended by a numerous retinue of servants wherever they went, and even the women wanted to be followed by a large concourse of slaves when they attended church. Rank and importance seemed to be indicated by the number of menials.

The end, however, was not long in coming. It was due to an Indian boy, named Lautaro, who had been raised in the household of Valdivia himself, that their freedom was finally obtained. He had learned to manage horses, and to use the Spaniards' weapons. Taking some of these animals, he joined his people and stirred up a general insurrection. A public assembly of the

tribes was called, and Lautaro presented a definite plan for a campaign against the enemy. When Valdivia arrived on the scene to put this revolt down, he found some of the towns already in ashes. Lautaro, although only twenty-one years of age, had shown a genius for war and was in command, and had already established some discipline among his troops. Not a single Spaniard escaped in a battle, or series of skirmishes, that was fought, although thousands of the Indians fell. Contrary to the example set by the Spaniards, Lautaro simply killed his prisoners by beheading them without any preliminary torture. Valdivia himself was captured by the Indians. That general at once offered two hundred sheep for his release, and promised to withdraw all of his troops from their territory. The Indian caciques, however, would not consent to this, and, at a prearranged signal, one of the Indian soldiers struck him on the head with a club and killed him. It is said that his body was afterwards eaten by the assembled caciques, in order to give them heart in the struggle against the Spaniards. This seems to have been a custom among many primitive races. Thus was a struggle begun which lasted for three centuries.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

[THE tunnel referred to is more than ten thousand feet above sea-level. The boundary line between Argentina and Chile runs near the center of this tunnel.

The Editor.]

ALMOST immediately over the tunnel, and nearly three thousand feet higher, stands the famous statue, known as the Christ of the Andes. This statue was erected in 1904 as a symbol of perpetual peace between the two neighboring nations. It was cast in bronze from the cannon of the two nations, which had been purchased through fear of impending war. Its location is on the new international boundary line that had just been established by arbitration. Near it is a sign with the words "CHILE" on one side, and "ARGENTINA" on the other side.

The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet in height. In one hand it holds the emblem of the cross, while the other is extended in a blessing, and as if uttering the one magic word "Peace." On one side is a tablet with the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." On another side is the inscription: —

"He is our Peace
Who hath made both One."

III

VENEZUELA, COLOMBIA, AND THE GUIANAS

HISTORICAL NOTE

BOTH New Granada and Venezuela were under the rule of Spain from the time of their settlement by the Spaniards until the nineteenth century. In 1810 they revolted, and, under the leadership of Bolívar, won their independence. Ecuador united with these States to form the Republic of Colombia; but this union was soon dissolved, and in both New Granada, now called Colombia, and Venezuela the too common tale of the South American States was repeated — outbreaks, insurrections, and civil wars. Between 1873 and 1888, Venezuela was under the sway of Guzman, and for those years only was there quiet in what has been called the "turbulent Republic of the North."

During the sixteenth century the Spaniards planted a few colonies in Guiana, and the country was visited by missionaries. It is divided into three parts, held by England, Holland, and France respectively.

British Guiana has railroads and telegraph lines and savings banks and nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants. About half the people of Dutch Guiana live in Paramaribo, a clean-looking little town, with broad, well-shaded streets and well-kept houses. Of French Guiana as a whole, little is known save that it is the home of fevers. Here it is that France sends some of her convicts. Just off the coast is the famous Devil's Island, where Dreyfus was imprisoned.

The land and contiguous water lying between the Leeward Islands and the Isthmus of Darien was formerly known as the "Spanish Main." This was the route of the Spanish treasure-ships on their way from Mexico, Central America, and the northern shores of South America. It is famous for many a wild tale of piratical exploits.

THE ADVENTURES OF COLUMBUS OFF THE COAST OF TRINIDAD

[1498]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

On the 2d of August he [Columbus] continued on to the southwest point of Trinidad, which he called Point Arenal. It stretched toward a corresponding point of Terra Firma, making a narrow pass, with a high rock in the center, to which he gave the name of El Gallo. Near this pass the ships cast anchor. As they were approaching this place, a large canoe with five-and-twenty Indians put off from the shore, but paused on coming within bow-shot, and hailed the ships in a language which no one on board understood. Columbus tried to allure the savages on board, by friendly signs, by the display of looking-glasses, basins of polished metal, and various glittering trinkets, but all in vain. They remained gazing in mute wonder for above two hours, with their paddles in their hands, ready to take to flight on the least attempt to approach them. They were all young men, well formed, and naked, excepting bands and fillets of cotton about their heads, and colored cloths of the same about their loins. They were armed with bows and arrows, the latter feathered and tipped with bone, and they had bucklers, an article of armor seen for the first time among the inhabitants of the New World.

Finding all other means to attract them ineffectual, Columbus now tried the power of music. He knew the

fondness of the Indians for dances performed to the sound of their rude drums and the chant of their traditional ballads. He ordered something similar to be executed on the deck of his ship, where, while one man sang to the beat of the tabor, and the sound of other musical instruments, the ship-boys danced, after the popular Spanish fashion. No sooner, however, did this symphony strike up, than the Indians, mistaking it for a signal of hostilities, put their bucklers on their arms, seized their bows, and let fly a shower of arrows. This rude salutation was immediately answered by the discharge of a couple of cross-bows, which put the auditors to flight, and concluded this singular entertainment. . . .

After anchoring at Point Arenal, the crews were permitted to land and refresh themselves. There were no runs of water, but by sinking pits in the sand they soon obtained sufficient to fill the casks. The anchorage, at this place, however, was extremely insecure. A rapid current set from the eastward through the strait formed by the mainland and the island of Trinidad, flowing, as Columbus observed, night and day, with as much fury as the Guadalquiver when swollen by floods. In the pass between Point Arenal and its corresponding point, the confined current boiled and raged to such a degree that he thought it was crossed by a reef of rocks and shoals, preventing all entrance, with others extending beyond, over which the waters roared like breakers on a rocky shore. To this pass, from its angry and dangerous appearance, he gave the name of Boca del Sierpe (the "Mouth of the Serpent"). He thus found himself placed between two difficulties. The continual current from the east seemed to prevent all return, while the rocks which

appeared to beset the pass threatened destruction if he should proceed. Being on board of his ship, late at night, kept awake by painful illness and an anxious and watchful spirit, he heard a terrible roaring from the south, and beheld the sea heaped up, as it were, into a great ridge or hill, the height of the ship, covered with foam, and rolling toward him with a tremendous uproar. As this furious surge approached, rendered more terrible in appearance by the obscurity of night, he trembled for the safety of his vessels. His own ship was suddenly lifted up to such a height that he dreaded lest it should be overturned or cast upon the rocks, while another of the ships was torn violently from her anchorage. The crews were for a time in great consternation, fearing they should be swallowed up; but the mountainous surge passed on, and gradually subsided, after a violent contest with the counter-current of the strait. This sudden rush of water, it is supposed, was caused by the swelling of one of the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Paria, and which were as yet unknown to Columbus.

Anxious to extricate himself from this dangerous neighborhood, he sent the boats on the following morning to sound the depth of water at the Boca del Sierpe, and to ascertain whether it was possible for ships to pass through to the northward. To his great joy, they returned with a report that there were several fathoms of water, and currents and eddies setting both ways, either to enter or return. A favorable breeze prevailing, he immediately made sail, and passing through the formidable strait in safety, found himself in a tranquil expanse beyond.

WHAT SIR WALTER RALEIGH THOUGHT OF GUIANA

[1595]

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[In the sixteenth century there was a general belief that somewhere in the world existed a country of gold, "El Dorado," as it was called. Where this wonderful land with its inconceivable quantities of gold and gems might be, no one knew, but the Spaniards sent out numerous expeditions in search of it. In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh became one of the seekers. The following extract is from his own account of his experiences in Guiana, and paints what he believed concerning the country, for here he expected to find El Dorado.

The Editor.]

The empire of Guiana is directly east from Peru towards the sea, and lieth under the equinoctial line, and it hath more abundance of gold than any part of Peru, and as many or more great cities than ever Peru had when it flourished most. It is governed by the same laws, and the emperor and people observe the same religion and the same form and policies in government as was used in Peru, not differing in any part; and as I have been assured by such of the Spaniards as have seen Manoa, the imperial city of Guiana, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, that for the greatness, for the riches, and for the excellent seat, it far exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation; it is founded upon a lake of salt water of two

hundred leagues long, like unto *mare caspiu.* And if we compare it to that of Peru, and but read the report of Francisco Lopez· and others, it will seem more than credible; and because we may judge of the one by the other, I thought good to insert part of the 120th chapter of Lopez, in his "General History of the Indies," wherein he describeth the court and magnificence of Guaynacapa, ancestor to the Emperor of Guiana, whose very words are these: "All the vessels of his home, table, and kitchen were of gold and silver, and the meanest of silver and copper for strength and hardness of the metal. He had in his wardrobe hollow statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs that the earth bringeth forth, and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth. He had also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold and silver, heaps of billets of gold, that seemed wood marked out to burn. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold. Yea, and they say the Ingas had a garden of pleasure in an island near Puna, where they went to recreate themselves when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kinds of garden herbs, flowers, and trees of gold and silver, an invention and magnificence till then never seen. Besides all this, he had an infinite quantity of silver and gold unwrought in Cuzco, which was lost by the death of Guascar, for the Indians hid it, seeing that the Spaniards took it and sent it into Spain."

And in the 117th chapter, Francisco Pizarro caused the gold and silver of Atabalipa to be weighed after he had taken it, which Lopez setteth down in these words following: "They found fifty and two thousand marks of

good silver, and one million, and three hundred twenty and six thousand and five hundred pesoes of gold."

Now, although these reports may seem strange, yet if we consider the many millions which are daily brought out of Peru into Spain, we may easily believe the same, for we find that by the abundant treasure of that country the Spanish king vexeth all the princes of Europe, and is become in a few years, from a poor king of Castile, the greatest monarch of this part of the world, and likely every day to increase if other princes forslow the good occasions offered, and suffer him to add this empire to the rest, which by far exceedeth all the rest; if his gold now endanger us, he will then be unresistible.

THE STORY OF BOLÍVAR

[1817–1830]

BY LINDON BATES, JR.

In the latter part of March, 1817, a score of horsemen were riding towards Angostura from the northern sea-coast, some on mules, some on mangy horses. Most were sallow-skinned Creoles clad in civilian dress, sombrero on head, sword and pistol at the belt; a few wore dingy uniforms. One, a gigantic negro, bore the insignia of an officer of the Black Republic of Haiti. Two, military of bearing, keen of eye, had the weather-worn red of the British Grenadiers; half a dozen barefoot peons in ragged ponchos rode behind with the sumpter burros.

A slight figure in faded blue regimentals faced with red led the band. Only thirty-four years old, he looked fifty. His dark and wrinkled face was drawn and puckered. Hardship, dissipation, and the bitterest disappointment had left their marks.

Born of a noble and wealthy Caracas family, he had been sent to Europe at the age of sixteen. He had visited France, then under the Consulate, still vibrant with the recent revolution; he had played and beaten at tennis the Prince of the Asturias, against whom, as Ferdinand VII of Spain, he was now in a duel to the death for the freedom of South America. He had married at the age of nineteen and been widowed within the year. He had returned to Paris and broken his health in wild living. At Rome he had refused to kiss the cross on Pius VII's shoe.

He had returned to Caracas and had taken part in the junta which drove out Emperan, the Spanish captain-general, forced the establishment of a National Congress, and drafted the Declaration of Rights of April 19, 1810, — celebrated now as the Venezuelan national holiday. He had gone to England and had brought back the banished General Miranda. He had with his "Societa Patriotica" secured the Declaration of Independence of July 5, 1811. He had fought against the Royalists, been overwhelmingly beaten, and fled to Cartagena. He had returned while Spain was in the throes of conflict with Napoleon, and entered Caracas amid delirious enthusiasm in a chariot before which girls strewed roses, hailing him "El Libertador." He had been defeated once more and had been obliged to flee to Jamaica. A negro spy, hired to assassinate him, had killed his secretary by mistake. Now at length, by the aid of a Dutch shipowner and the President of the negro republic of Haiti, he had been enabled to come back on this final attempt at South American liberation.

"A monkey" ("Mono") he was once nicknamed, and not unlike a monkey he seemed with his thin little body and his wrinkled face. But one look from his dark brooding eyes told of the fiery, unconquerable soul that burned in the slight frame. The man was Simon Bolívar, the Washington of Spanish America. On this March day in 1817, heading his tattered little cavalcade, he was passing through the anguish of his Valley Forge.

The sky behind was reddened with the fires of Barcelona. The four hundred devoted troops left to hold the Franciscan monastery had been butchered to a man, and the Spaniards were giving the city to the sack. One

thousand of the townspeople had been massacred, some on the altar steps. Women and children were being hunted through the streets. Dogs roamed the byways eating their fill of the neglected bodies.

Nor was Barcelona alone. Town after town that had given the Revolutionists harbor had fallen to the Royalists and had suffered a like fate. Boves, the butcher, condemned as a "ladron del mar," a renegade Revolutionist leading a band of desperadoes which the Spaniards themselves nicknamed "The Corps of Hell"; Rosete, with his branding-iron "R" for the foreheads of Republicans; Morales, whom even Boves had called "Atrocious" — these were all in the pay of Spain. Before them fell the town of Acumare. Its streets were left a shambles of the dead and the dying. Old men, women, and children lay with the rest. Valencia surrendered upon the oath of Boves, sworn in the presence of the Holy Sacrament, to respect the lives of everybody; yet, as soon as arms had been surrendered, the governor, ninety of the leading citizens, sixty-four officers, and three hundred and ten troops were slaughtered. Caracas surrendered to Boves on similar terms, which were similarly observed. Boves issued an order that any who had conspired against Spain should be shot, and the slaughter recommenced. Aragua was stormed and some three thousand townspeople were massacred.

Now Barcelona, the last of Venezuela's northern cities, had fallen, and all that were left to follow Bolívar were fifteen officers and a few peons as their servants. Help from abroad there was almost none. President Madison had issued an order forbidding any aid from United States citizens to the struggling Revolutionists. Great

Britain stood apathetically by her ally, Spain. The feeble little negro republic of Haiti alone had lent support in men and money, asking in return only Bolívar's promise, which he loyally kept, to give freedom to the slaves of Venezuela.

In the colonies themselves even, pitifully few were his sympathizers. The white population in Venezuela, but two hundred thousand in number, was practically the only element in the country interested in any way in the outcome of the struggle. These native-born Creoles, tyrannized over by the arbitrary power of the viceroys and Spanish officials, excluded from office and emolument, while their trade and manufacturing were garrotted by prohibitive laws, were in general dissatisfied with Spanish misrule, but were averse to the fearful sacrifice which resistance entailed. The king had refused to the Venezuelans permission to found a university in Maracaibo, because, in the opinion of his fiscal, "it was unsuitable to promote learning in southern America, where the inhabitants appeared destined by nature to work in the mines." The making of wine and oil, the growth of almonds or grapes, the manufacture of cloth, trade with the outside world, or even with any Spanish port, other than Seville, were prohibited. Oppressed by these abuses, the native whites still refrained from rallying in any great number to Bolívar.

The Indians, two hundred and seven thousand in number, stigmatized as "a race of monkeys, filled with vice and ignorance, automatons unworthy of representing or of being represented"; the negro slaves, sixty thousand in number, and the mixed bloods, forty-three thousand souls in all, though their grievances were far

greater than those of the native whites, for the most part simply followed as they were led or paid.

With but a small portion of the Creole population as its support, the Revolution was imperiled hourly by the insatiable vanities and jealousies of the rival leaders. The Libertador had heard ring in his ears the cry of the mob at Guiria, "Down with Bolívar — up with Marino and Bermudez!" Would liberty never come? Was this river of blood all that the years of devoted effort were to bring? Bolívar at the front of his twenty men hung his head in the agony of defeat and failure.

"Halt, halt!" whispered one of the riders suddenly; "what is that glitter beyond the trees?"

A horse neighed to the right of the party.

"An ambuscade!" cried hoarsely the first of the red-coated officers.

The drooping figure of Bolívar stiffened, the dark eyes flashed, he turned in his saddle. Then in a voice of thunder he cried: —

"Columns extend right and left! Attack on both flanks."

It was an order to an imaginary force behind. The officers of his escort repeated the order and rode forward, discharging their pistols. The ambuscade melted away. The Spaniards, inferring a superior force, had taken flight.

The insurgent party continued southward. As it marched, here and there wild llaneros and peons were drafted in by payment, promise, or impressment. With a force swelled to some hundreds, Bolívar reached the Orinoco. In the city of Angostura, to be later renamed in his honor Ciudad Bolívar, he surprised and blockaded the feeble Spanish garrison.

Piar, the mulatto chief of a band of Republican cutthroats who had combined patriotism with profit by seizing the persons and property of the Capuchin Friars along the Caroni, now joined Bolívar. The latter sent him to attack San Felix. The bloodthirsty but efficient half-breed defeated the Spanish garrison and took prisoner the governor, seventy-five officers, and two hundred men, all of whom he remorselessly slaughtered.

Fearing now lest the monks whom Piar had captured would embarrass his movements, Bolívar sent a message to one of the mulatto's officers in charge, saying: — "Transport the prisoners to La Divina Pastora."

The officer, not knowing of the town thus named, and supposing that he was to send the monks to "the Divine Shepherdess" in heaven, forthwith massacred them all. Neither of these atrocities was punished. Of such deeds was the war. Murder marched alike with Royalist and Revolutionist.

On July 17, the weak Spanish forces abandoned Angostura and Los Castillos. The Orinoco was in possession of the Revolutionists. Bolívar's joy was intense. The capture of Angostura marked the turning-point in this struggle, as the capture of Trenton had signaled the turn of the tide for Washington.

A few days after the capture of Angostura, Bolívar's staff met in the thick-walled house which lodged the Libertador. The members of his provisional cabinet were there — Zea, Martinez, Brion, Colonel Wilson, commander of the "Red Hussars," the English Dr. Moore.

A map lay on the table before them, blue pins locating the Royalist troops. These occupied Cartagena, Valen-

cia, Caracas, Barcelona, the cities all along the north coast. A few red pins showed the scattered centers of the Revolutionists: Santander in New Granada; Mariño and Bermudez on the northeast, opposite Trinidad; Arismendi on the island of Margarita. What was to be the next move?

"I propose that we stay here and meet the troops sent against us," suggested Zea.

Colonel Wilson objected. "The Spaniards will beat Mariño and Bermudez one after the other and then overwhelm us."

"The colonel is right," insisted Bolívar. "We must strike while they are separated."

"Join Bermudez and Mariño in the northeast," counseled Martinez; "march westward along the coast and attack Morillo. He had only seven hundred Spaniards on the island when he attacked Arismendi."

Bolívar shook his head. "Better fight alone than with them. They will sacrifice me, the Republic, and anything else to their vanity and love of power. You know how Bermudez drew his sword on me at Guiria, and the plots to kill me."

There was silence for a moment; the fate of Spanish South America hung on the decision. A rattle of hoofs sounded outside. A rough voice demanded admission.

"I would see General Bolívar; I come from Uncle Paez," called the mounted figure.

"Bring him here," said Bolívar.

A half-breed llanero, barefooted, clad in dirty cotton shirt and trousers, his head thrust through a great blue poncho, shambled in before the council.

"Which is Bolívar?" he asked. The leader was

pointed out, and the llanero approached and put his hand familiarly on the officer's shoulder — the undisciplined plainsman's greeting.

"Uncle Paez sends me to you to tell that the unconquered Bravos de Apure, with a thousand llaneros, will ride with you against the Spaniard."

The members of the council looked at each other. Paez with his vaqueros, roving over the boundless plains of the interior, from which for four years he had been harrying the Spanish outposts, was hardly known to most of these Caracenos and Margaritans, though Bolívar had heard of his exploits in New Granada.

Bolívar seized the map. "Where is Paez?" he cried.

"By the Apure, near San Fernando," said the peon.

In a flash the Libertador's mind was made up. He turned to the llanero: "Ride to General Paez and say I march to join him."

He rose to his feet and pointed to the map. "See, señores, here lies our route. We hold in Angostura the gateway to the Orinoco. As far as Santa Fé de Bogota there is no force to oppose us along the line of the Orinoco and Apure. We are in the rear of the enemy, whose strength is in the coast towns. Here we have cattle and horses. Here we can raise recruits from the llaneros, who care not for whom they fight and who are for us now that Boves is gone. If beaten, we can retreat like Tartars to the immeasurable plains. We will march to Apure and join Paez" — he hesitated. "Morillo will come down thus from the North in haste. We will meet him" — his finger halted, then pointed to the plain near Calabozo, — "we will meet him here. Now gather our forces and organize. This is the death-grapple."

Recruits flocked to Bolívar's standard. To pay them he confiscated the property of all Spaniards. The blood-stained Piar, found plotting against Bolívar, as Lee against Washington, was more summarily treated. He was shot and his force was attached to Bolívar's own. With two thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry the leader started from Angostura on the 31st December, 1817, up the Orinoco. Bolívar was joined on the way by his fugitive lieutenant, Zaraza, and a remnant of men. On January 31, he united with General Paez and added one thousand cavalry and two hundred and fifty infantry to his army.

Together they marched against Morillo. At El Dimante the Apure River barred their way. If it were not passed their sudden attack on Morillo would be checked, and the Spaniard could rally his forces. Moored to the opposite bank was a Spanish gunboat, three flat-bottomed flecheras, and several canoes. Bolívar paced up and down nervously.

"You have brought me here, General Paez; how will you get me across?" he asked querulously.

"On those flecheras over there," said Paez nonchalantly.

Bolívar looked after him in amazement. Paez had already gone to his llaneros.

"We must have those flecheras, children," he cried; "who will come with Uncle Paez and capture them?"

"Choose whom you want, Uncle," was the answering shout.

Fifty llaneros he picked out. On horseback, lance in hand, they entered the stream and swam into the current. Two men were seized by caimans and dragged

below as Bolívar's force breathlessly watched them. The forty-eight reached the flecheras and the gunboat, the Spaniards too surprised to resist seriously. In a tumult of triumph the boats were sailed across the river. On February 12, Bolívar appeared before the surprised Morillo near Calaboza. The small Spanish force was attacked, beaten, and massacred without quarter.

Then the fortunes of war turned against the Libertador. He was driven back to the Orinoco. But reinforcements had begun to come in now that he held firmly the great river artery. Several hundred blacks from Haiti joined him. An Irish Legion came, commanded by General Devereux, and a British officer, "English" by name, one of Wellington's trusted subordinates, arranged for the equipment and shipment of twelve hundred good troops. Most of these were soldiers of fortune, veterans left without congenial occupation at the close of the Napoleonic wars.

Notable among the volunteers was Francis M. Drexel, of Philadelphia, an Austrian portrait-painter, who later, with Bolívar's backing, was to found the great banking-house of which John Pierpont Morgan is now the head.

By the end of 1818, Bolívar had won out sufficiently to issue a call for the Congress of Angostura to meet on January 1, 1819, to frame a republican form of government and replace the military dictatorship.

The magnificent dream of the Libertador now took shape. It was to erect upon the ruins of Spanish power a great centralized Republic, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Caribbean Sea to the valley of the Amazon, covering all of northern South

America. Against the party that desired to carve up this vast territory into a number of small sovereign States loosely federated, Bolívar threw the whole weight of his vast influence. He pleaded before the Congress: "I have been obliged to beg you to adopt centralization and the union of all the States in a Republic one and indivisible."

The Congress wavered and then sided with Bolívar. There was decreed a unified Republic, including what are now the Republics of Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. Of this empire, named Greater Colombia, Bolívar was chosen the first President.

The ideal of the Libertador had triumphed. But the bulk of this domain was yet to be conquered. The first assault was planned against the Spaniards in the northwest, in New Granada.

Here the flames of resistance had been kept alight by General Santander, with whose ragged band it was Bolívar's immediate purpose to unite. By the middle of June, 1819, this preliminary move had been successfully taken.

But the Andes had yet to be crossed, and at the worst time of the year. The passage of the Cordilleras with a tattered and steadily diminishing handful of famished men was an act of desperate courage. It meant four weeks of weary climbing over snow-capped peaks and through freezing torrents. The road traversed by the poor wretches was marked by crosses in memory of those who had perished in the snow sierras. But beyond those awful mountains lay the smiling plains of New Granada, and its populace was friendly to the Patriot cause.

Disregarding all recognized rules of the game of war, Bolívar, who was in terrible need of provisions and arms, determined to leave the enemy across his line of communications and make direct for the important town of Tunja. It was taking a risk, but a necessary risk, and one that was completely justified by the result. For Barriero, the Spanish general, conceiving that he must fight for the defense of Tunja, gave Bolívar battle at Boyacá and was utterly routed. Barriero broke his sword across his knee and surrendered, with many officers and some sixteen hundred men. The Patriot army had to mourn the loss of only thirteen killed and fifty-three wounded.

Everywhere now Bolívar was victorious. He marched to Bogota, from which Samano, the Spanish viceroy, fled.

Returning eastward, he fought the desperate battle of Carabobo, which finally freed Venezuela from the Spanish yoke. The dogged heroism of the British Legion, which lost a third of its men and two commanders in succession, saved the day. As Bolívar rode past their shattered ranks that night he hailed them "Salvadores de mi patria." All of its survivors were made on the field of battle members of the "Order of Liberators."

On into Peru went Bolívar, proclaimed Dictator by the inhabitants. On the field of Ayacucho, while the Dictator was absent, his second in command, General Sucre, fought and won a last great battle in which the Spanish army was completely routed and dispersed. The ground for miles was strewn with the silver helmets of the Spanish hussars.

Ayacucho, the death-blow to Spanish power in South

America, was the culminating point of Bolívar's career. Dictator of Peru, President of Greater Colombia, Organizer of the new State of Bolivia, his authority extended over a territory two thirds as large as Europe. He had indignantly rejected all suggestions for monarchy and a personal dynasty. As the Libertador he had fought to free, not to enslave. For one brief moment as splendid a vision as man has ever cherished was real — the great South American Republic.

Almost in an hour the whole structure fell. Against him rose the generals who had shared his glory, Santander in New Granada, Paez in Venezuela. Sucre, dissatisfied, abandoned Bolivia. Peru demanded the end of the dictatorship. Bolívar's ungrateful fellow-countrymen cried out against his inordinate ambition. In his home city of Caracas an attempt was made to assassinate him.

Attacked on all sides by those whom he had befriended and raised to power, Bolívar resigned from the Presidency and retired to Cartagena. Even here the enmity of jealous hate hounded him. He prepared to leave South America for a refuge in the West India Islands. But before he could sail the end had come. Exhausted by the terrible exertions of his life of warfare, broken in spirit, bankrupt in hope, he died in December, 1830, at the age of forty-seven. So little had he personally profited by his supreme position that he had to be buried at the expense of his friends.

Thus ended the long line of Conquistadores who battled for Trinidad and Guiana. For each was the draught of bitterness after all his heroism and all his glory. Columbus carried back to Spain in irons, De

Berrio dead of disappointment, Raleigh executed by his treacherous king, Picton brought to trial for peculation, Nelson falling for a nation that refused his last prayer, Bolívar dying despised and penniless in the country he had freed, — tragedy, grim and relentless, had marched side by side with the Conquistadores.



STATUE OF BOLÍVAR, CARACAS, VENEZUELA

THE personal appearance of Bolívar is thus described by Ducoudrey-Holstein: "Simon Bolívar is five feet four inches in height, his visage is long, his cheeks hollow, his complexion livid brown; his eyes are of a middle size, and sunk deep in his head, which is covered thinly with hair. His mustaches give him a dark and wild aspect, particularly when he is in a passion. His whole body is thin and meager. He has the appearance of a man sixty-five years old. In walking, his arms are in continual motion. He cannot walk long, but becomes soon fatigued. He likes his hammock, where he sits or lolls. He gives way to sudden gusts of resentment, and becomes in a moment a madman, throws himself into his hammock, and utters curses and imprecations upon all around him. He likes to indulge in sarcasms upon absent persons, reads only light French literature, is a bold rider, and passionately fond of waltzing. He is fond of hearing himself talk and giving toasts. In adversity, and destitute of aid from without, he is perfectly free from passion and violence of temper. He then becomes mild, patient, docile, and even submissive. In a great measure he conceals his faults under the politeness of a man educated in the so-called *beau monde*, possesses an almost Asiatic talent for dissimulation, and understands mankind better than the mass of his countrymen."

THE SWORD OF BOLÍVAR

UNKNOWN

With the steadfast skies above us,
And the molten stars below,
We sailed through the Southern midnight,
By the coast of Mexico.

Alone, on the desolate, dark-ringed,
Rolling and flashing sea,
A grim old Venezuelan
Kept the deck with me,

And talked to me of his country,
And the long Spanish war,
And told how a young Republic
Forged the sword of Bolívar.

Of no base mundane metal
Was the wondrous weapon made,
And in no earth-born fire
Was fashioned the sacred blade.

But that it might shine the symbol
Of law and light in the land,
Dropped down as a star from heaven,
To flame in a hero's hand,

And be to the world a portent
  Of eternal might and right,
They chose for the steel a splinter
  From a fallen aerolite.

Then a virgin forge they builded
  By the city, and kindled it
With flame from a shattered palm tree,
  Which the lightning's torch had lit, —

That no fire of earthly passion
  Might taint the holy sword,
And no ancient error tarnish
  The falchion of the Lord.

For Quito and New Granada
  And Venezuela they pour
From three crucibles the dazzling
  White meteoric ore.

In three ingots it is moulded,
  And welded into one,
For an emblem of Columbia,
  Bright daughter of the sun!

It is drawn on a virgin anvil
  It is heated and hammered and rolled,
It is shaped and tempered and burnished,
  And set in a hilt of gold;

For thus by the fire and the hammer
  Of war a nation is built,

THE SWORD OF BOLIVAR

And ever the sword of its power
Is swayed by a golden hilt.

Then with pomp and oratory
The mustachioed señores brought
To the house of the Liberator
The weapon they had wrought;

And they said, in their stately phrases,
"O mighty in peace and war!
No mortal blade we bring you,
But a flaming meteor.

"The sword of the Spaniard is broken
And to you in its stead is given,
To lead and redeem a nation,
This ray of light from heaven."

The gaunt-faced Liberator
From their hands the symbol took,
And waved it aloft in the sunlight,
With a high, heroic look;

And he called the saints to witness:
"May these lips turn into dust,
And this right hand fail, if ever
It prove recreant to its trust!

"Never the sigh of a bondman
Shall cloud this gleaming steel,
But only the foe and the traitor
Its vengeful edge shall feel.

SOUTH AMERICA

"Never a tear of my country
Its purity shall stain,
Till into your hands, who gave it,
I render it again."

THE ASPHALT LAKE OF TRINIDAD

[Twentieth century]

BY LINDON BATES, JR.

A LONG run in the automobile brings us to the celebrated Asphalt Lake. The straggling village at its edge is an extraordinary spectacle. Not a house but is twisted out of plumb. The land is the source of never-ending litigation, because the slowly shifting currents of the pitch bottom in a few years move yards and gardens on to other men's property, distort boundaries into every possible shape, carry landmarks a hundred yards away. Some natives are doing a little desultory digging here before the territory of the Asphalt Company begins. A green bamboo across the road marks its boundary.

There shiftlessness ends and system begins. Well-built, mosquito-proof barracks for the workmen, with shower-baths and clothes-racks, grace the bare hill. A long pier extends far out to sea and the houses of the officers are built over piles alongside, swept by every breeze. On a cable-way to the ship waiting off the pier-end goes a slow line of big steel buckets, and negroes stand sending the asphalt contents down a chute into the hold.

The manager of the lake, Mr. Procter, clad in khaki and riding gaiters, welcomes us with strange drinks and Cuban cigars on his swaying house above the waters of the Gulf of Paria. We lunch with him and his engineers. After a chat we follow back the half-mile-long cable-way to the lake.

The abomination of desolation is this lake. In spots a palm killed by the asphalt droops disconsolately. A few tufts of grass have secured a footing in places. But for the rest it is a solid mass of black, dull, evil-smelling pitch, with pools of water here and there in which swim little parboiled fishes. Against any of the hot spots in the world, bar none, this can be backed. The tropic sun beats down; the black asphalt reflects it back like the entrance of a furnace. One's feet are unbearably hot through the heavy leather and one sinks if he stands still for a moment. A hundred and fifty degrees have been recorded on the lake.

A wicked-looking black snake six feet long glides into the bushes near the margin of the lake. It has been sunning itself on the asphalt. No wonder the serpents are supposed to be creatures of the Devil. As for ourself, fifteen minutes' stay takes away every bit of vitality we can summon. Not enough interest is left in life to inquire what the negroes hewing with mattocks at the asphalt receive in wages. They earn the pay, whatever it is. There is no mechanical way yet discovered by which the stuff can be dug. Hour after hour these negroes hack out, with a few blows of the mattock, the brittle pitch, which flakes away in pieces a foot square. They lift the burden to their heads and dump it into steel buckets, which start their slow way to the ship. The holes fill up in a few days with new pitch.

"The lake is ninety to one hundred acres in extent now," says Mr. Procter, "but it is gradually shrinking with the removal of such large quantities. A good percentage of the asphalt pavement in the world comes from this one lake and its geological complement in

Venezuela. We leased it under a forty-seven-year contract with the Trinidad Government, to which nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year has been paid in royalties. Such mining is the nearest thing there is to digging money out of the ground."

"Yes, but your Asphalt Trust is welcome to it," says Mr. Jefferson. "If I had a thousand a day to dig pitch I would not take it."

MODERN COLOMBIA

[Twentieth century]

BY FRANCIS E. CLARK

COLOMBIA has shared but little as yet in this upward progress, by reason in part of her difficult geographical position, which has placed her temperate and most largely peopled section so far in the interior and made it so inaccessible to the coast. "Weeks of the most difficult journeying are required to get to the seacoast from Bogota, or to any of the other States of Colombia, and Panama might as well be on the other side of the globe, so far as practical communication goes," says Mr. Dawson.

Very early in her history, the Spaniards, lured on by gold, made their way to the healthful tablelands in the interior, and there Quesada, their leader, established his capital on the site of the ancient Chibcha city. 'The Chibchas were a large nation of a very considerable degree of civilization. They made cotton cloth, mined the precious metals and emeralds, used money as a circulating medium; lived in houses; built splendid temples; established a very effective form of government, — in fact, in many lines of civilization, were scarcely inferior to the Incas or Aztecs. But they had no military organization or genius, and two hundred Spaniards soon conquered them and reduced them to vassalage.

The next three centuries were centuries of rapacity and oppression, of bloodshed and revolt and stern

reprisals. We cannot follow their wearisome years in detail. At last, the people awoke to a sense of their rights and their wrongs. The ferment of the French Revolution began to work in far-off and backward Colombia. The troubles of Spain in the Napoleonic wars gave the people their opportunity, and in 1808 the series of revolts began which, at last, under Bolívar, gave Colombia and the other republics their so-called freedom, or, at least transferred the location of their tyrants from Spain to their own shores, and gave them "grafters" of their own nation, instead of foreign oppressors, to batten on the national necessities.

The history of the last hundred years has been a history of revolutions, new constitutions, and the constant swinging of the pendulum from extreme republicanism to dictatorship, and back again, but often, at both extremes, with a set of rapacious and corrupt rulers in power. Presidents and cabinet officers, who have been personally honest and who have desired better things for Colombia, have been handicapped by lack of power to inaugurate reforms, by the inertness of the people, and by the desperate condition of the finances of the country.

Bolívar plunged the country hopelessly in debt at the very beginning of her independent national life, by recklessly borrowing money for his mercenary troops and for his navy. Dishonesty and continued reckless borrowing increased this debt, until it amounted to thirty-five millions of dollars. After the separation of Venezuela and Ecuador from Colombia, each country nominally assumed its proportionate part of the debt, which, in Colombia's case, has been repeatedly scaled down, and even the interest has scarcely been paid.

Yet, in spite of debts, bad government, and revolutions, Colombia remains a State great in territory and enormously rich in natural products. The gold it contains alone would make it rich, if intelligently mined and conserved. Along the river banks it is said you find "pay dirt" everywhere, and cannot wash the soil of these banks at any point without finding "color." Since the Spanish conquest, more than three quarters of a billion dollars' worth of the yellow metal have been taken out of Colombia, and the mines are still far from being exhausted.

Bogota, the capital, is a city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and is the literary and intellectual, as well as the political center of the country. It has an American-installed street railway and system of electric lights, and a library of fifty thousand volumes. The Spanish spoken in Bogota is said to be particularly pure, and she has contributed more perhaps to the literature of South America than any other one center.

The event in Colombian history of most interest to American readers was the last revolt of Panama, which separated that province from the rest of Colombia, and made it possible for the United States to dig the great canal. I have called it "the last revolt," for Panama has been in a chronic state of secession for hundreds of years. At times her connection with far-off and inaccessible Bogota was merely nominal; at other times she was held in absolute and rasping vassalage, which galled her spirits and tempted her to constant efforts to break away from Colombia. In 1885 "the very delegates who nominally represented her in the constitutional convention were residents of Bogota, appointed by President

Nunez; military rule became a permanent thing on the Isthmus; all officials were strangers sent from the Andean plateau; and the million dollars of taxes wrung each year from the people of Panama were spent in maintaining the soldiers who kept them in subjection."

One of the periodical revolts of Panama occurred in 1895, but it was premature and ill-managed, and was speedily put down by the Colombian troops. A much more formidable rebellion broke out in 1899 and resulted in a three years' civil war, in which thirty thousand men were slain. No wonder then that the Panamanians were all ready to take advantage of the hitch in negotiations between the United States and the Colombian Governments, when the corrupt officials at Bogota held out for more than the ten millions offered for the canal rights, and threatened to hinder, if not prevent, the eventual building of the canal through Panama.

Then came Panama's golden opportunity, and she seized it by declaring her independence. The new Republic of Panama was proclaimed November 3, 1903. All the resident inhabitants were practically in favor of the new republic, whose interests were entirely bound up with the canal. The prompt recognition of Panama by the United States, ten days later, and by France fifteen days later, prevented Colombia from repeating the bloody scenes of 1899–1902, and made it possible to build the canal, which will vastly promote the progress, unification, and civilization of the world.

IV
BRAZIL

HISTORICAL NOTE

BRAZIL was seen in 1500 by both Pinzon of Spain and Cabral of Portugal. As it was east of the Pope's "Line of Demarcation," it fell into the hands of Portugal, and a year later the Portuguese made a settlement on the island of São Vicente. Bahia, the early capital, was founded in 1549. In the Napoleonic days, the exiled royal family of Portugal fled to Brazil. In 1822, soon after their return, Brazil declared its independence, and crowned Dom Pedro, Prince Regent, as emperor. He was succeeded by his son, Dom Pedro II. He ruled wisely and with devotion to the country, but in 1889, discontent arose, a republic was proclaimed, and the emperor and his family were forced to leave Brazil within twenty-four hours. Since that time the country has remained a republic.

Brazil is larger than the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, but contains less than one fifth as many inhabitants. The great need of the country is immigrants to develop the vast area of untilled land. There is scarcely a plant that will not grow somewhere within its boundaries, and with present methods of preventing tropical diseases, Brazil must soon become one of the great food-producing countries of the world.

THE DISCOVERY OF BRAZIL

[1500]

BY ROBERT GRANT WATSON

IN the year 1499, Vicente Yañez Pinzon, of Palos, one of the three brothers who had sailed with Columbus in his first voyage seven years previously, obtained from the King of Castile the necessary permission to embark on an expedition of discovery on the Atlantic. Pinzon, who was accompanied by two nephews, as well as by several sailors who had sailed with Columbus, set out with four caravels from the port of Palos, putting to sea in the beginning of December. After passing the Canary and the Cape Verde Islands, the expedition proceeded to the southwest. Having sailed about three hundred leagues, they crossed the Equator, and lost sight of the North Star. On crossing the equinoctial line they encountered a terrible tempest; but the confused mariners looked in vain for a guide whereby to steer. Pinzon pursued his course resolutely to the west, and after sailing for about two hundred and forty leagues farther, being then in the eighth degree of southern latitude, he beheld, on the 20th of January, a point of land, which he called Consolacion, but which is now known as Cape St. Augustine, in the province of Pernambuco. The sea was discolored, and on sounding, they found sixteen fathoms of water. Pinzon, as in duty bound, landed with a notary and took formal possession of the territory for the crown of Castile. The natives whom he saw in

the neighborhood declined to have any dealings whatsoever with the strangers; and not liking their appearance, the commander made sail next day and stood to the northwest until he came to the mouth of a river, where he again encountered a multitude of naked Indians with whom his men had a desperate encounter, in which a number of Spaniards were wounded or slain. Discouraged by this reception, the navigator now stood forty leagues to the northwest, being once more near the equinoctial line. Here the water was so sweet that he replenished his casks from it.

Astonished at this phenomenon, he stood in for land, and arrived among a number of islands whose people he found hospitable and in no way afraid of intercourse with the strangers. By degrees Pinzon realized the fact that these islands lay at the mouth of an immense river, a river so great that its dimensions can scarcely be realized by one accustomed even to the largest of European streams, such as the Danube or the Volga, far less by one whose ideas of an inland stream were formed by the Guadalquiver. The mariner had in fact alighted at the mouth of the mightiest of the mighty streams of the New World, a river which pours into the ocean a greater volume of water than even the Mississippi or the Plata; he had reached the Amazon, a stream which, discovered at its mouth by one Spaniard, was, a few years later, to be traced throughout the greater part of its course down to the ocean by another Spaniard, the ill-fated Orellana.

The Amazon at its mouth has a breadth of no less than thirty leagues, the volume of water proceeding through which penetrates for forty leagues into the sea before

losing its sweetness. Whilst lying at the mouth of this river, Pinzon encountered a sudden swelling of the stream, which, meeting the current of the ocean, caused a rise of more than five fathoms, the mountain waves threatening his ships with destruction. Having extricated his vessels with no small difficulty from this danger, Pinzon, finding that there was no object to detain him in this region, showed that he was not less civilized than other Spanish navigators at the time in the matter of requiting hospitality, by carrying off thirty-six natives as slaves.

Having the polar star once more to guide him, the mariner pursued his course along the coast, passing the mouths of the Orinoco, and entering the Gulf of Paria, where he took in brazil-wood, and from which he emerged by the celebrated Voca del Drago. He subsequently reached Palos about the end of September of the same year, having lost two of his vessels at the Bahamas. Vicente Pinzon has the glory of having been the first European to cross the equinoctial line on the western Atlantic and of having discovered Brazil.

WHY BRAZIL BELONGED TO PORTUGAL

[1500]

BY THOMAS BONAVENTURE LAWLER

ALL the people of Europe believed that the voyages of Columbus had opened for Spain a westward route to the eagerly sought Spice Islands. As Vasco da Gama had given to Portugal an eastward route to these islands, it was probable that serious trouble might arise between the Portuguese and the Spaniards. At this time practically all the Christian nations were in communion with the Roman Catholic Church. Spain and Portugal, therefore, were glad to turn to the Supreme Pontiff, as head of the Church, to pass judgment on any disputed questions. As early as 1454 Portugal had asked Pope Nicholas V to confirm her title to the territory which the Portuguese had discovered along the coast of Africa. This request was granted. Later decrees of the Popes gave Portugal the title to all lands already found, or which should be found by them, not only from Morocco southward, but even to the Far East. By these decrees Portugal obtained the sole right to the water route around Africa to India.

Spain did not long delay in securing from the Supreme Pontiff title to her discoveries. Less than two months after the return of Columbus, Pope Alexander VI granted to Spain exclusive rights to the lands which she had just discovered. It was now more and more evident that there would soon be war between Spain and Portu-

gal, unless the disputes arising from their recent discoveries should be settled. Both of these nations were very anxious to avoid war. They therefore asked the Pope to mark the boundary between their territories. The Pope believed that the fairest method would be to give to Spain the lands to the west, and to Portugal those to the east. He therefore drew a line, called the "Line of Demarcation," from the North to the South Pole, one hundred leagues west of any one of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. It was supposed that these two groups of islands were on the same meridian.

This decision was acceptable to Portugal. She soon changed her mind, however, as she feared this division would forever shut her out from the New World across the Atlantic. She therefore asked to have the line moved farther westward, and with Spain's permission the line was drawn (June 7, 1494) three hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. This change was a fortunate one for Portugal, since it gave her title to a part of South America, as we shall now see.

The Portuguese were at this time frequently sending vessels to India to fetch the silks, dyestuffs, and spices of the rich Eastern ports. Early in the year 1500, Cabral, a Portuguese nobleman, sailed with a splendid fleet of thirteen ships on the long journey to India. He planned to trade with the Oriental princes and to establish posts for commerce with India.

Cabral took with him rich presents to win the good will of the Eastern kings. Desiring to avoid the dangerous coast of Africa, he sailed farther westward than was usual. Without his knowing it, his vessels were carried by the great South Atlantic current to the west.

To his great surprise he saw, one April morning, land on the horizon.

Cabral called the newly discovered country Vera Cruz (True Cross), a name later changed to Santa Cruz (Holy Cross). The name Brazil, by which it is now known, was given to it from the dyewood, which is exported in large quantities to Europe.

If this land were to the east of the Line of Demarcation, it belonged, of course, to Portugal. Cabral believed this to be a fact, and he therefore set up a large cross, and claimed the country for his king. At the same time he sent back a vessel to Portugal with the glad news of his discovery. It was later found that the Line did run through this part of the New World, and for this reason Portugal secured Brazil. She held it for almost four hundred years, and the Portuguese language remains to this day the tongue of the people, while in nearly all the remainder of South America the Spanish language is spoken.

HOW KING JOHN VI CAME TO BRAZIL

[1808]

BY D. P. KIDDER AND J. C. FLETCHER

[IN the days of the French Revolution, Portugal fell into the power of Napoleon. The Portuguese King, Dom John VI, could remain at home and in all probability lose his throne, or he could go on board the British squadron, sail to Brazil, and rule an enormous domain in South America. He chose the latter course.

The Editor.]

BY a royal decree he [Dom John VI] announced his intention to retire to Rio de Janeiro until the conclusion of a general peace. The archives, the treasures, and the most precious effects of the Crown, were transferred to the Portuguese and English fleets; and on the 29th of November, 1807, accompanied by his family and a multitude of faithful followers, the prince regent took his departure amid the combined salvos of the cannon of Great Britain and of Portugal. That very day Marshal Junot thundered upon the heights of Lisbon, and the next morning took possession of the city. Early in January, 1808, the news of these surprising events reached Rio de Janeiro, and excited the most lively interest.

What the Brazilians had dreamed of only as a remote possible event was now suddenly to be realized. The royal family might be expected to arrive any day, and preparations for their reception occupied the attention of all. The viceroy's palace was immediately prepared,

and all the public offices in the Palace Square were vacated to accommodate the royal suite. These not being deemed sufficient, proprietors of private houses in the neighborhood were required to leave their residences and send in their keys to the viceroy.

Such were the sentiments of the people respecting the hospitality due to their distinguished guests, that nothing seems to have been withheld; while many, even of the less opulent families, voluntarily offered sums of money and objects of value to administer to their comfort.

The fleet having been scattered in a storm, the principal vessels had put into Bahia, where Dom John VI gave that *carta regia* which opened the ports of Brazil to the commerce of the world. At length all made a safe entry into the harbor of Rio, on the 7th of March, 1808. In the manifestations of joy upon this occasion, the houses were deserted and the hills were covered with spectators. Those who could procured boats and sailed out to meet the royal squadron. The prince, immediately after landing, proceeded to the cathedral, and publicly offered thanks for his safe arrival. The city was illuminated for nine successive evenings.

In order to form any idea of the changes that have occurred in Brazil during the last fifty years [1] it must be remarked that, up to the period now under consideration, all commerce and intercourse with foreigners had been rigidly prohibited by the narrow policy of Portugal. Vessels of nations allied to the mother country were occasionally permitted to come to anchor in the ports of this mammoth colony; but neither passengers nor crew

[1] This was written in 1857.

were allowed to land excepting under the superintendence of a guard of soldiers. The policy pursued by China and Japan was scarcely more strict and prohibitory.

To prevent all possibility of trade, foreign vessels — whether they had put in to repair damages or to procure provisions and water — immediately on their arrival were invested with a custom-house guard, and the time for their remaining was fixed by the authorities according to the supposed necessities of the case. As a consequence of these oppressive regulations, a people who were rich in gold and diamonds were unable to procure the essential implements of agriculture and of domestic convenience. A wealthy planter, who could display the most rich and massive plate at a festival, might not be able to furnish each of his guests with a knife at table. A single tumbler at the same time might be under the necessity of making repeated circuits through the company. The printing-press had not made its appearance. Books and learning were equally rare. The people were in every way made to feel their dependence; and the spirit of industry and enterprise were alike unknown.

On the arrival of the prince regent the ports were thrown open. A printing-press was introduced, and a "Royal Gazette" was published. Academies of medicine and the fine arts were established. The Royal Library, containing sixty thousand volumes of books, was opened for the free use of the public. Foreigners were invited, and embassies from England and France took up their residence at Rio de Janeiro.

From this period, decided improvements were made in the condition and aspect of the city. New streets and squares were added, and splendid residences were

arranged on the neighboring islands and hills, augmenting with the growth of the town, the picturesque beauties of the surrounding scenery. The sudden and continued influx of Portuguese and foreigners not only showed itself in the population of Rio, but extended inland, causing new ways of communication to be opened with the interior, new towns to be erected, and old ones to be improved. In fact, the whole face of the country underwent great and rapid changes.

The manners of the people also experienced a corresponding mutation. The fashions of Europe were introduced. From the seclusion and restraints of non-intercourse the people emerged into the festive ceremonies of a court, whose levees and gala-days drew together multitudes from all directions. In the mingled society which the capital now offered, the dust of retirement was brushed off, antiquated customs gave way, new ideas and modes of life were adopted, and these spread from circle to circle and from town to town.

Business assumed an aspect equally changed. Foreign commercial houses were opened, and foreign artisans established themselves in Rio and other cities.

This country could no longer remain a colony. A decree was promulgated in December, 1815, declaring it elevated to the dignity of a kingdom, and hereafter to form an integral part of the United Kingdom of Portugal, Algarves, and Brazil. It is scarcely possible to imagine the enthusiasm awakened by this unlooked-for change throughout the vast extent of Portuguese America. Messengers were dispatched to bear the news, which was hailed with spontaneous illuminations from the La Plata to the Amazon.

DOM PEDRO II, THE EXILED EMPEROR

[1889]

BY MARIE ROBINSON WRIGHT

DOM PEDRO held a meeting of his ministers and councilors of State. He endeavored to form a new ministry, with Saraiva at the head, but Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca objected to this, and sent the following message to the emperor: "The democratic sentiments of the nation, combined with resentment at the systematic repressive measures of the Government against the army and navy, and the spoliation of their rights, have brought about the revolution. In the face of this situation, the presence of the imperial family is impossible. Yielding, therefore, to the exigencies of the national voice, the Provisional Government is compelled to request you to depart from Brazilian territory with your family within twenty-four hours. The Government will provide at its own expense the proper means for transport, and will afford protection for the imperial family during their embarkation. The Government will also continue the imperial dowry fixed by law until the constituted Assembly decides thereon. The country expects that you will know how to imitate the example set by the first Emperor of Brazil on April 7, 1831."

Dom Pedro's answer to this communication, which was promptly sent to Fonseca on the same day, was as

follows: "Yielding to the imperiousness of circumstances, I have resolved to set out with my family tomorrow for Europe, leaving this country, so dear to us all, and to which I have endeavored to give constant proofs of deep love during the nearly half a century in which I have discharged the office of chief of State. While thus leaving with my whole family, I shall ever retain for Brazil the most heartfelt affection and ardent good wishes for her prosperity."

On the same day, the Condessa d'Eu, Princess Isabel, issued the following manifesto: "With a broken heart I part from my friends, from the whole people of Brazil, and from my country, which I have so loved and still do love, toward whose happiness I have done my best to contribute, and for which I shall ever entertain the most ardent good wishes."

The Conde d'Eu, husband of Isabel, wrote to the Minister of War, resigning command of the artillery, and requesting leave to go abroad, adding that he had loyally served Brazil, and that but for the circumstances which obliged him to quit the country, he "would be ready to serve it under any form of government."

At two o'clock in the morning of the following day, General Deodoro sent one of his officers and a detachment of soldiers with orders to the imperial family to embark forthwith, it being deemed unadvisable to wait until daylight lest some demonstration in the streets might lead to bloodshed. The Crown Princess Isabel, the Conde d'Eu, and their children walked to the quay, which was but a short distance from the palace, followed immediately by the emperor and empress in a carriage

guarded by troops. The party embarked on a steam launch, and were taken on board a man-of-war which conveyed them to Ilha Grande (the present quarantine station, about sixty miles from the capital), where they remained until the afternoon, when they were transferred to the steamship Alagoas, accompanied by two lieutenants of the navy commissioned to see that the steamer went direct to Lisbon. The Alagoas was also convoyed a part of the way by the Brazilian ironclad Riochuelo.

The first official notification of the revolution received abroad was sent to the Brazilian Legation in London, and read as follows: —

BRAZILIAN MINISTER, LONDON: —

The Government is constituted as the "Republic of the United States of Brazil," the monarchy is deposed, and the imperial family have left the country. Tranquillity and general satisfaction prevail. The executive power is entrusted to a Provisional Government, whose head is Marshal Deodoro, with myself as Finance Minister. The Republic respects all engagements, obligations, and contracts of the State.

RUY BARBOSA,
Finance Minister.

It is a remarkable fact, and without a parallel in history, that within a few days after the proclamation of the Republic there was little to indicate, from the general appearance of things, that the Empire had ever existed. The London "Times," in an editorial commenting on the event, said: "The Brazilian Revolution

has been carried out with a sobriety, a coolness, an attention to detail, and a general finish about all the arrangements, which in all the circumstances of the case are really remarkable." The "Fortnightly Review" remarked: "The leaders of the revolution did nothing more than peacefully enact a change upon which the heart of the country had long been set."

In the carrying-out of their programme, the republicans showed no animosity toward the old emperor, for whom, personally, there was a general feeling of regard. Their quarrel was not with the gentle scholar who represented in his person the monarchical government, but with the system itself and the constituted authorities who had abused its powers. Dom Pedro II was a man of many good qualities, a student, and a lover of science. Agassiz once said of him: "Alas! Dom Pedro is a most unfortunate man; for, if he were not an emperor, he would be a scientist." An impartial biographer describes him as "not a man born to rule millions." Art, engineering, classical lore, nothing came amiss to him, and he talked equally well on all subjects, albeit he was inclined to push scholarship to pedantry. He was refined and courtly in manner, and scrupulously careful to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of others. He never refused to visit a school, a hospital, or institution of any kind; he was in his element in any international exhibition, equally interested in every department. He gave foreigners of culture a cordial welcome to his court whatever might be their social position; and he never, to the day of his death, ceased to puzzle over the problem as to why every Brazilian had not tastes similar to his own. He was not without a sense of humor, as

shown in his remark to the expert who was explaining the working of a big wheel in a factory exhibit in England: "One thousand revolutions a minute, you say? Why, that beats South America!"

AN AMERICAN COLONY IN BRAZIL

[1910]

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

In traveling over Brazil I frequently met with American young men and women who informed me that they came from the Villa Americana. So often did that name reach my ears that I decided to visit this place, and see for myself what kind of a settlement it was, and how these voluntarily expatriated fellow countrymen lived in this land so different from our own. It is a journey of about two hours from Campinas on the Paulista Railway.

But first let me tell you the history of this colony. At the close of the Civil War many Southern families, whose plantations had been devastated by the Northern armies, felt that they could not live again under the old flag. Proud-spirited and unconquered, these brave Southern veterans who had marched with Stonewall Jackson, and the Lees and Johnstons, decided that they would leave the land that had given them birth, and seek fortunes anew in a new land, and amidst new surroundings. Brazil appealed to the leaders in this movement because the plantation system was similar to that under which they had been raised, and slavery was legal in that land, which was still an empire. A few men went as an advance guard and selected a site about one hundred miles northwest of the city of São Paulo. A favorable report was made to those still back in the States, and it was not long before several hundred families had

left their Southern homes, and were making new homes underneath the Southern Cross. In all it is estimated that at least five hundred American families located in that section of the State of São Paulo, Brazil, between the years 1865 and 1870. They came from Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and perhaps one or two other of the seceding States.

As I stepped off the *rapido*, as the express train is called down there, the name Villa Americana, which means American Village, on the neat little station struck a sympathetic chord in my heart. It seemed good also to see a number of tall, slender men, typical Southern types, such as one might see at almost any station in Tennessee or Georgia, standing on the platform awaiting the incoming train. One member of the colony, who was in the government employ, was with me and performed the introductions necessary. "How do you do," "Glad to see you," "Come around and see me," and similar cordial expressions came from every one. And the best of it is that they were sincere, and not the empty, meaningless expressions so often heard. It was a pleasure to accept several of these invitations, as many as my limited time allowed.

On entering the home of perhaps the most prosperous member of this colony, I felt like standing at "attention," and giving a salute when I saw the silk starred and striped banner of Uncle Sam fastened up on the wall of the "best room." The house itself, with its large hall, roomy apartments, and broad veranda surrounding the house, looked like one of the plantation houses so common in the South. This man had a large family of children, all of whom, with one exception, had been

educated in the schools of the United States, and two boys were at that time in one of our colleges. About the whole house was an American atmosphere that warmed the very heart's blood in a traveler so far away from home. And so it was in the other houses I visited; in every one was the same cordiality, the same pleasure at seeing some one from the "States," and the same loyalty to everything American. In some of the younger members one could detect a slight accent in speaking English, which is always noticeable when children learn a Latin tongue in their babyhood. The older ones said that these young people speak the Portuguese with a similar foreign accent. The young ladies of the American colony, and there are a number of them, were typical American girls, bright, cheery, and free as their sisters at home, and so different from the Brazilian young women among whom they live, and who are so hampered by the customs and traditions of the race. We took a "trolley" ride over the settlement, but it is rather different from the American trolley, for it is nothing more than an old-fashioned buckboard.

Many of the original members of the colony became dissatisfied, and returned to their former homes. There are, however, four or five hundred Americans still living in this colony, or within a radius of a few miles. A few have moved to other parts of Brazil, and others have intermarried with Brazilians; but, in general, they have remained true to their Americanism. Some of the original families purchased slaves and worked their plantations in that way, until that institution was abolished in 1888. A few have prospered very much, but many others have done just fairly well. One of the wealthiest

men made his little fortune out of watermelons. Others have sugar plantations and make brandy, or raise coffee; and still others do general farming, similar to what they were accustomed in the Southern States. A Protestant church, called the Union Church, adorns one hill, and a schoolhouse in a conspicuous building is in another part of the village.

Some one had told me that the war was a tabooed subject; that the few older members still left were fighting the battles over. When I met the oldest member of the colony, who had left the United States in 1865, the impulse came to test this subject. I mentioned the fact that my own father had served in the Union army and fought for his country on that side. This old man, who was past the allotted threescore and ten, and who had fought with that intrepid warrior, Stonewall Jackson, then told me the whole history of the colony, and the causes that led to its establishment. "It was a mistake," he said, "but we did not realize it then, and afterwards it was too late to sacrifice what we had here and move back. We still love the old flag." When I left, he gave me the Brazilian embrace as a special mark of favor; and I verily believe that I left a good friend in this old man who had the traits that we all love in the Southern gentleman.

When Senator Root, then Secretary of State, visited Brazil four years ago,[1] a new station was named Elihu Root in his honor on the Paulista Railway, and this name stands out conspicuously on every time-table of that line. The special train conveying him passed through the Villa Americana, and he was asked to stop

[1] This was written in 1910.

and address the Americans. When the train stopped, many of the older residents met him with tears in their eyes; and, I was told, the eyes of the distinguished American were not dry; and he has said that it was the most pathetic incident in his trip. He was asked whether it would be better for the colony to remain in Brazil or return to the United States. "Stay where you are," he said, "and be good Brazilians. You will find the States so changed that they would no longer seem like home."

The Secretary was right. A few months before my visit one of the prosperous members of the colony went, with his family, to his old home in Texas, with the intention of remaining there. He left his property in the hands of an agent for sale. A few weeks after his arrival in Texas he cabled to his agent not to sell the property, as he was coming back. In a few months he and his family returned to the Villa, giving as his reason that the old neighborhood had changed so much that it did not seem so much like home as Brazil.

The members of this colony are now Brazilian subjects, the younger ones because of their birth in that land, and the older ones by virtue of a general proclamation. Few of them actually take any part in the politics of the land. All of them, of course, speak the Portuguese language, but use the English in their homes. They are still Americans at heart.

V
PARAGUAY AND URUGUAY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE most interesting part of the history of Paraguay is the tale of the dominion of the Jesuit missionaries, whose rule lasted from 1609 to 1768. They established missions, or "reductions," where they not only gave the Indians religious instruction, but also taught their converts civilization and morality and the manner of carrying on various trades. At the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1768 there were four hundred thousand natives in these missions.

Paraguay declared its independence in 1811, but for many years was under the control of dictators. One of these, Carlos Lopez, died in 1862, and was succeeded by his son, Francisco Solano Lopez, who schemed to seize parts of Brazil, Bolivia, and Argentina. A desperate war followed. Lopez, infuriated by his lack of success, accused of conspiracy not only some of his civil officers, but also members of the foreign legations. Among these was the American Minister, Charles A. Washburn, together with two of his official family. These last two were subjected to torture and their lives were saved only by the timely arrival of an American squadron. Lopez executed his own brother and sister, and had his mother flogged again and again. Finally, in 1870, he was slain by the Brazilians, and his country breathed freely once more. The later history of the country has been uneventful.

The early history of Uruguay, from its discovery and first colonization to the nineteenth century, is hardly more than a series of struggles between Spaniards and Portuguese. Spain won the prize, but in 1811 the little country declared its independence and in 1814 accepted the rule of the Protector Artigas. But peace is rarely of long duration in South America, and soon the little State, much smaller than Nebraska, was annexed to Brazil. A little later it again became independent and a full-fledged republic. In 1864 an alliance was formed with Brazil and Argentina against Lopez. Change followed change, but the country is rich, and it may be hoped that a future of quiet as well as of prosperity lies before it.

LIFE AT A PARAGUAYAN "REDUCTION"

BY MRS. MARION G. MULHALL

[THE following extract describes the everyday life of one of these mission centers.

The Editor.]

EACH mission was laid out in chessboard fashion, in blocks, the streets intersecting each other at right angles. The huts were of sun-dried bricks, with tile roofs, the only structures of note being the church and college, which formed two sides of the plaza, or principal square. The college, or residence of the fathers, of whom there were two in every mission, was of massive proportions, in the shape of a quadrangle, with corridors on each side as a shelter from the sun, but so devoid of luxury that the windows had wooden shutters instead of glass. The workshops were generally two hundred feet in length, with all the necessary appliances for blacksmiths, carpenters, stone-cutters, and such-like trades. Each mission had also a granary, an armory, and a town hall for the use of the alcaldes. The high moral character of the Jesuits tended in a great measure to their influence over the natives, with whose temporal affairs they seemed to meddle as little as possible. The alcaldes managed all the municipal matters, subject, of course, to the orders of the *cura*, who acted as governor and administered all public works. The second father was styled *teniente*, and attended solely to spiritual concerns. Austerity formed no part of the Jesuit

system, which was rather of an easy character, to suit the simple natives, while the habits of order and discipline were on a military footing. Everything that regarded the public interests was conducted with the utmost formality, and the church feasts and ceremonies were of a brilliant and impressive nature.

The Jesuits remained mostly in their schools and workshops, being seldom seen in public unless on great occasions, or in church, surrounded by a number of acolytes, in rich vestments. Their only recreation was to cultivate a garden attached to the college, in which all the fruits and vegetables of Europe or the tropics might be found.

All clothing was made by the women, who were not allowed to work in the fields, but received, each week, eighteen ounces of cotton to spin. The men wore white trousers, and a shirt and cap, besides a poncho on festivals; the women, a species of toga and petticoat fastened with a belt. All went barefoot, no one but the fathers wearing shoes, and all were equal, having the same food and clothing. Widows, orphans, and persons too old to work, were supported by the rest, the fruits of all labors being in common, and laid up in storehouses, to be given out as required. Maize and mandioca were the staple food, with rations of beef three times a week. At first the Guaranis were prone to drunkenness, but this was cured by penances; and no pains were spared to cultivate among them a taste for music, dancing, and feats of skill in horsemanship or the use of arms.

Every morning, about sunrise, the church bell summoned the people to mass, after which there was an hour for breakfast. Then the day's labors commenced, the

artisans and apprentices betaking themselves to their various trades in the workshops, while the rest of the male population went out to field labors. A band of music always led the way, the rest following in procession, carrying the statue of some saint, which they deposited under a shade while they performed their work; they rested during the heat of the day, afterwards working for a couple of hours, and then a procession was again formed, marching back, with sound of music as before, to the mission.

The amount of labor was indeed light, but we must remember, not only the heat of the climate, but also that the physical type of the Guarani race was by no means robust, or capable of sustained exertion. Feast-days were very numerous, averaging six or eight per month, besides Sundays, and on such days of repose the afternoon was spent in all manner of innocent amusements; sometimes a concert of select airs from the Italian masters, sometimes a variety of dances or athletic sports. Women never danced, but boys were trained to represent charades, and men performed war-dances that were doubtless handed down from their ancestors. Sham-fights and other martial exercises were also frequent, including archery and musketry practice. The consumption of powder was considerable, but it was mostly for fireworks, of which the Indians were extremely fond, and each mission usually made enough for its own consumption.

As the Jesuits particularly cultivated a sentiment of loyalty to the Spanish throne, one of the grandest fêtes in the year was the king's birthday. On the day preceding it, a procession was formed to convey the king's

full-length portrait from the armory to the church, a band of drums and violins leading the way, and the Indians rending the air with cries of "Viva el Rey, nuestro Señor," as they placed the picture in the portico of the church. Dances and "running the ring" on horseback ensued till sunset, when the picture was carried back with the same solemnity to the armory, for the night. Next morning, at daybreak, the bells rang out a merry peal, and the festival began with the procession of the king's portrait, in which all the inhabitants took part, as well as in a grand *Te Deum*, sung by a powerful choir under the direction of the fathers. After the church festivities, there was horse-racing, the horses carrying bells, and the riders performing a variety of feats of agility. In the afternoon long tables were spread, and as soon as the dishes were blessed by the Jesuits, the inhabitants sat down to a banquet. The whole concluded with illuminations and fireworks. On such a festival as this, the alcaldes and other municipal officers had scarfs and maces, although they went barefoot like the rest.

St. Michael being the general patron of *misiones*, his feast-day was celebrated with great pomp, but each mission had also its own saint's day, and celebrated likewise the saint's day of the father who acted as governor. On the occasion of a local fête of the latter kind it was customary to invite the Jesuits and alcaldes of other missions near. Scouts were posted at certain distances to announce by a *feu-de-joie* the approach of the expected guests, who were received with the utmost distinction, and conducted to the college amid the joyful acclamations of the villagers and the inevitable dis-

charge of rockets and mortars. But the greatest festival in the year was Corpus Christi, the principal feature being the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The plaza in front of the church was fitted up in a most tasteful manner for the occasion: on each of the four sides was an avenue formed of green branches, with an altar at each corner. As the procession issued from the church the band appeared, playing joyful music, to which the church bells pealed in unison. Then came a long train of cross-bearers, acolytes bearing tapers or swinging vessels full of incense, and lastly the alcaldes supporting the "baldacchino" or awning, under which walked the priest carrying the Most Holy Sacrament, followed by a large crowd of men and women. Boys danced before the "baldacchino" as it proceeded around the plaza, while others threw on the ground roasted maize, which looked like flowers. At each of the four altars already mentioned the priest halted to bless the seeds, vegetables, and other products. An eyewitness has left a vivid account of the impression produced on him at seeing trophies of grain, clothing, pottery, etc., set up in the plaza for benediction. All manner of church ceremonies and public festivals had a particular charm for the Indians.

"Nor lacked they store of innocent delight,
Music and song, and dance and proud array.
Banners and pageantry in rich display,
The altar drest, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the way,
And festal tables spread for old and young."

THE ESCAPE OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER FROM PARAGUAY

[1868]

BY CHARLES A. WASHBURN

THOUGH I repeatedly reminded Caminos that we were ready to depart; that, our baggage having gone aboard, we were very uncomfortable in the house, and that I had no further business to detain me, yet I received no notice that the Paraguayan steamer was prepared to take me on board. I now observed that the guards about my house were very much strengthened, and as the darkness shut down on the evening of the 8th I saw that soldiers were posted around the house at a distance of about two rods from each other. The object of this I could not understand at the time, but regarded it as an indication that something of a very disagreeable nature would soon occur. But a letter which I received from Commander Kirkland the next day, September 8, explained why this extra precaution had been taken. The letter was dated near Lambaré, a point less than two leagues from the capital, and it appeared as though Lopez was afraid that an attempt would be made to rescue us all by force. However, the Wasp[1] did not come any higher up, and remained only a few hours at that place, when she returned and anchored opposite Villeta. She had only moved higher up in order to be

[1] The American vessel which had been sent, under Commander Kirkland, to bring home Mr. Washburn.

out of the way of the shots from the Brazilian vessels that were bombarding the Paraguayan fortifications at Villeta. Supposing that the Wasp was still at Lambaré, my poor wife, who by this time was getting more alarmed than ever, urged that we should start on horseback and leave everything behind us. But she little knew the difficulties which we should have to encounter. I knew that if Lopez was determined to detain us we should not escape in any such way, and that if he did allow us to leave he would furnish us with such facilities that he could parade his magnanimity as a signal proof of his respect for the laws of nations, and his consideration especially for the United States.

[One excuse after another was made for delaying permission for Mr. Washburn's departure. One was that it rained, and so it was not convenient to have his baggage carried to the vessel! After all possible excuses had been exhausted, he was at last notified that he might leave.]

At eleven o'clock we started from the house; and as we left, our poor Paraguayan servants seemed abandoned to despair. I would gladly have taken them all, and so I told Basilio; but he said it would be worse than useless for me to try to take him away, as he would not be allowed to go, and I had better not claim him as belonging to my Legation. He begged me, if I ever returned to Paraguay, to inquire for him and of his fate. He feared that he would be sent to this Antonio Jara, and subjected to the most cruel treatment. I told him he would doubtless be taken as a soldier, but I hoped nothing worse than that would come upon him. He said that was nothing, he was willing to go as a soldier,

but that it was the flogging and the torture that he dreaded. What became of him I have never learned.

That day, very early in the morning, the house had been surrounded by a large force of police and soldiers. Directly in front were standing all the time as many as twenty persons, two or three mounted; and at each corner there were eight or ten more. I again told Bliss and Masterman that they had my free permission to say anything about me that could save them from torture or prolong their lives. I said to them substantially these words: "We have all seen how Carreras, Rodriguez, Berges, Benigno, and the others who have been taken, have made declarations against us all that are entirely false, that have no foundation whatever. We know that the declarations which have been given in the letters of Benitez as coming from them were never made by them, or that, if they were made, they must have been previously subjected to the most terrible tortures. That there is not a particle of truth in them we all know. You will be taken, very likely, and tortured until you will corroborate what they have said. Now you have my permission to say anything against me; you will not hesitate to save yourselves by admitting everything true or false which you may find Lopez is determined you shall admit. You may accuse me, if you can save your lives by it, of any crime you can imagine; you may charge me with sorcery, or stealing sheep, or anything else. Nobody will believe it in Paraguay, and certainly nobody will believe it outside of Paraguay. It can do me no harm; and if your declarations should ever be published, they will prove to the world what an infamous wretch Lopez is, for everybody will know that any decla-

rations of that kind must have been extorted by torture or the fear of torture." Bliss and Masterman were convinced that they would be arrested as soon as they stepped beyond the precincts of the Legation. We conversed as to the order in which we should leave. At one time it was suggested that they should remain in the house, and claim that they were still in the Legation if Lopez's soldiers should enter to take them. This, however, was thought to be not the most prudent course to take, but that they should accompany me as far as they were permitted to, and never leave me unless taken by force. The French and Italian consuls had come to accompany me from the house to the steamer, and Bliss and Masterman bade us all good-bye. They had, indeed, little hope that they would ever meet any of us again. Possibly, if I got away, something would come to their relief ere they had been put out of the world.

[The two men were correct in their forebodings, for they had no sooner left the house than they were seized by the officers of Lopez.]

They were gone, taken from me by force, and within three feet of my own house. Could I yet save them? There was but one way. A Quixotic attempt to rescue them by my single arm might involve me in their destruction, but could not help them. They had begged me to do nothing to still further enrage Lopez until I was beyond his power. I therefore moved on towards the river in company with the consuls, and with my family, that were anxiously waiting for me on the bank, went on board the steamer. The consuls then left us and re-

turned to town. At this time they were in great anxiety in regard to themselves. The Frenchman was particularly anxious, as he told me before we left the house that his chancellor had been already accused, and would be very likely arrested, and that as for himself it was very probable he would have fetters upon his ankles before night.

We were now aboard the steamer, and I impatiently awaited the moment when she should cast off; but every moment seemed an hour. I still had great apprehensions that I should be detained, and I believed that Masterman's baggage would be the pretext for so doing. In the mean while a number of peons came from the arsenal to the boat, bringing on board some heavy boxes containing the money of the Englishmen which had been withdrawn some days before from my Legation. With them came Mr. Hunter, an Englishman and the head man of the arsenal. I had not seen him to speak with him since some weeks before, when I had met him in the street and he had told me that he was afraid to speak to me. On this occasion he came on board, and the only sentence he said to me in English was to request me to talk to him in Spanish. I had hoped to learn from him something of the fate of his countrymen who had been at my house and had left it some two months before, but I saw the danger he was in, and that it would not do for him to say anything to me which the spies of Lopez could not understand and report. Therefore I only talked with him in Spanish, and of the most commonplace matters, but could learn nothing of the condition of others for whose welfare I felt the keenest anxiety. But when this money had come on board it was clear

that we should finally get off; and yet never was order so welcome to my ears as that which was given to the engineer of the boat, about an hour after, to get under way. It was about two o'clock when we started, and I was expecting to find the Wasp lying near Lambaré, and I watched, as the boat rounded the point, with straining eyes, to catch a glimpse of the Star-Spangled Banner. But we passed Lambaré, and went on and on, and no sight of the Wasp; and then again I began to suspect that there was treachery, and that we were all to be taken to headquarters to be subjected to I knew not what. In about two hours or a little more after leaving Asuncion we came in sight of Villeta, and there lay the Wasp in front, with her flag flaunting in the breeze. I now realized that our dangers were passed; and yet it was not till we had come to anchor, and I saw my wife and child in the gig of the Wasp, and took my seat beside them, that I could believe that Lopez had consented to forego the pleasure of seeing me brought before his "solemn tribunal."

A VISIT TO ARTIGAS

[About 1815]

BY W. H. KOEBEL

[FERNANDO JOSÉ ARTIGAS became prominent in the Revolution of 1810. He was too independent to follow any leader, and was soon outlawed. He then raised a force of gauchos (cattle-drivers), and seized Paraguay. For five or six years he was dictator of the State; but, in 1820, Francia overcame him and exiled him to Candelaria.

The Editor.]

J. P. ROBERTSON, an English chronicler of the period, gives an interesting account of a meeting with Artigas. Assaulted and robbed by a band of the noted chief's adherents, he boldly set out for Purificacion to claim redress. His words deserve quotation at some length. "I came to the Protector's headquarters," he says, "of the so-called town of Purificacion. And there (I pray you do not turn skeptic on my hands) what do you think I saw? Why, the most excellent Protector of half the New World, seated on a bullock's skull, at a fire kindled on the mud floor of his hut, eating beef off a spit, and drinking gin out of a cow-horn! He was surrounded by a dozen officers in weather-beaten attire, in similar positions, and similarly occupied with their chief. All were smoking, all gabbling. The Protector was dictating to two secretaries, who occupied, at one deal table, the only two dilapidated rush-bottom chairs in the hovel. To complete the singular incongruity of the scene, the floor

of the one apartment of the mud hut (to be sure it was a pretty large one) in which the general, his staff, and secretaries were assembled, was strewn with pompous envelopes from all the provinces (some of them distant some one thousand and five hundred miles from that center of operations) addressed to 'His Excellency the Protector.' At the door stood the reeking horses of couriers arriving every half-hour, and the fresh ones of those departing as often. . . . His Excellency the Protector, seated on his bullock's skull, smoking, eating, drinking, talking, dispatched in succession the various matters brought under his notice with that calm, or deliberate, but uninterrupted nonchalance, which brought most practically home to me the truth of the axiom, 'Stop a little that we may get on the faster.' . . . He received me, not only with cordiality, but with what surprised me more, comparatively gentlemanlike manners, and really good breeding. . . . The Protector's business was prolonged from morning till evening, and so were his meals; for, as one courier arrived another was dispatched, and as one officer rose up from the fire at which the meat was spitted, another took his place."

The general politely took his visitor the round of his hide huts and mud hovels, where the horses stood saddled and bridled day and night, and where the tattered soldiery waited in readiness for the emergencies that arose so frequently. When Robertson submitted his financial claim, Artigas remained as amiable as before. "'You see,' said the general with great candor and nonchalance, 'how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you six thousand dollars just now is as

much beyond my power as it would be to pay you sixty thousand or six hundred thousand. Look here,' said he, and so saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvas bag at the bottom of it. 'There,' he continued, 'is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to three hundred dollars; and where the next supply is to come from I am as little aware as you are.' " Notwithstanding this, Robertson then and there obtained some trading concessions that, he says, repaid him the amount of his claim many times over.

Surely this picture reveals Artigas more truly than all the long-winded polemics that have raged about the famous Uruguayan. It is given by one whose sympathies were against the aims of the gaucho chief, and who has proved himself no lenient critic. Yet the description fits no mere cut-throat and plunderer. On the contrary, it reveals a virile personality, a thinker and worker of a disposition that goes far to explain the adoration accorded him by his troops. Artigas, at the hands of the visitor who had sufficient cause for his ridicule, comes to light as a *man* — contemptuous of poverty, misery, and sordid surroundings so long as his goal remained as clear and distinct as it ever was to his sight.

The picture is not without its pathetic side. It shows Artigas in the heyday of his power, yet even then hard put to it to supply his men with clothes and the common necessities of life. Imagine the calm force and philosophy of a being capable of governing more than a third of a million of square miles of territory with the assistance of a treasure of three hundred dollars! Nevertheless, these *opera-bouffe* conditions represented the highest point of material prosperity to which Artigas ever

attained. For five years he ruled thus, grappling desperately with the invading Brazilian armies, and resisting the efforts of the Buenos Aires forces to regain control of the four Argentine provinces that had espoused his cause.

URUGUAY AND THE URUGUAYANS

[Twentieth century]

BY FRANCIS E. CLARK

As one sails down the great muddy estuary called the River Plate, he sees, near the place where it debouches into the Atlantic Ocean, a small rise of ground which almost anywhere else would escape observation. Here, however, with perfectly flat shores all about and prairies extending back for hundreds of miles, the one solitary hill assumes an impressiveness out of all proportion to its size. The eye has been so long accustomed to monotonous levels that it hails Cerrito as an alpine wonder. Some old prints represent it as a veritable Mont Blanc, dominating the little city that nestles at its base.

It evidently appealed to the imagination of Ferdinand Magellan, as he sailed by this coast on his great and momentous voyage around the world, for he cried out, "I see a mountain," — "Montevideo." This was on the 15th of January, 1520, and since then every one who has pronounced the name of the capital of Uruguay has said the same, "I see a mountain," for that, of course, is what the name means. Around this famous hill history has been busy ever since, for Montevideo is Uruguay in a more emphatic way than Paris is France or Buenos Aires is the Argentine.

In reading the story of Uruguayan history one is in

doubt whether it savors more of comedy or tragedy, the questions at issue seem so trivial, the results of the conflict so bloody, and the stage so small as compared with the world's larger conflicts. The tragic element prevails, however, for the causes of the innumerable wars were very real and very important to the people who took part in them, since men do not bleed and die for what they regard as of no consequence.

Another wonderful thing that strikes the student of Uruguayan history is the rapid recuperation of the country after the most disastrous foreign and civil wars. One year we read of the country pillaged, the city of Montevideo bombarded and sacked, thousands of the able-bodied men killed in war, and other thousands self-exiled because of the defeat of their party. The next year we read of a great increase in population, wealth, and governmental revenues, and of unlimited borrowing for internal improvements.

The fact is that Uruguay, in spite of her limited territory and population, is so rich in available resources, chiefly cattle and sheep, and has such a commanding and strategic situation on the Atlantic Coast that she cannot be kept down either by her own foolish fights or by foreign foes. She is said to have averaged a revolution every two years for three quarters of a century, and yet, though each revolution sets her back a twelvemonth or so, in the remaining peaceful twelvemonth she regains the population and wealth she lost and distinctly forges ahead.

For a long time her history was wrapped up with that of her powerful neighbors, Brazil on the north and Argentina on the south. She was embroiled in all their

wars, as well as her own, and was alternately ruled by one or the other.

General Don José Gervasio Artigas is considered the founder of the Uruguayan nation, though he was never chosen to office by the people and was disastrously defeated and driven into exile by the Brazilians; an exile in which he spent the last thirty years of his life. He was little more than a guerrilla chief, "who for twenty-five years kept the soil of Uruguay and of the Argentine Mesopotamia soaked in blood." But he awakened national aspirations in the hearts of the people, and for this reason he has been canonized as a national hero, and his body buried in state in Montevideo.

It was my fortune to be in Montevideo on the 19th of April, an anniversary day familiar to a Massachusetts man, when I found the banks and shops closed, and the city wearing a general holiday air. It could not be, I thought, that six thousand miles away they were celebrating the Concord fight and the battle of Lexington, and I was soon informed that it was the anniversary of the "Landing of the Thirty-three"; a day as religiously observed in Uruguay as the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims in New England.

And who were the famous "Thirty-three"? Merely a band of adventurers who, on the 19th of April, 1825, landed on the shores of a river in the southwestern corner of the country. Uruguay was then under the domination of Brazil, and the people in town and country were restive under her sway. The famous Thirty-three soon rallied to their standard practically all the people. Even the soldiers who were in the pay of the Brazilian government refused to fight their compatriots, their

officers deserted to the enemy, and soon, in spite of desperate efforts on the part of Brazil, Uruguay was free and independent.

Argentina favored her cause; the intrepid Irish admiral, William Brown, battered the Brazilian fleet at sea, and in 1828 Brazil as well as Argentina gave up its claims to Uruguay and guaranteed her independence for five years.

But the distracted little country was not to enjoy a prolonged peace, for in 1832 a civil war broke out, which, with certain periodic breathing spells, may be considered to have lasted ever since. At least the revolutions have been so numerous that they cannot be individually recorded in a short chapter of history, and few of these revolutions have been altogether bloodless.

During the later years of the nineteenth century, however, they lost much of their ferocious character, and were little more than political overturnings, when the outs struggled to get in, and the ins fought to stay in. The "Blancos," the aristocratic conservative party, was always opposed by the "Colorados," the democratic liberal party recruited largely from the common people and the cowboys of the plains, and in the end the Blancos were defeated and liberal ideas prevailed.

In spite of these disturbances, political, martial, and commercial, the country grew in wealth and population, and improved every breathing spell from war to take an advance step in prosperity. By 1890 the immigration to Uruguay had run up to twenty thousand a year, and the population had increased to seven hundred thousand, a gain of more than one hundred per cent in twelve years. In 1897, President Borda was assassinated

in the streets of Montevideo, while marching at the head of a religious procession. A grocer's clerk was seen to walk deliberately up to him, press a pistol against his white shirt-front and fire point-blank. Of course the president fell, and he was buried without a post-mortem examination. When the grocer's clerk, who was arrested red-handed, came to be tried for his life, his lawyer pleaded that, according to Uruguayan law, a post-mortem examination was necessary to prove whether the president died from fright, heart disease, or a pistol shot, so his client could not be convicted. The jury, strange to say, took the lawyer's view of the case, and condemned the assassin to two years' imprisonment for "insulting the president"; — an insult with a vengeance, indeed! A Philadelphia lawyer could not have made a more ingenious plea, or one of our own Tammany juries executed a worse travesty on justice.

Montevideo strikes the tourist, fresh from the stir and bustle of mighty Buenos Aires, as rather a sleepy old town and as somewhat commonplace if he comes from the north, with the glories of beautiful Rio in his eyes. But its inhabitants are never tired of praising it for its situation, its climate, and its sedate business ways, which, I have been assured more than once, are far superior to the greed for the almighty dollar evinced in Buenos Aires and Rio, and preëminently in the United States.

The city has a substantial, Old-World appearance, and when the new electric street cars supplant all the old mule cars, as they very likely will do before this book is printed, one great want of easy communication will be supplied. There are some fine residences in the outskirts

of the city, with beautiful gardens in which every sub-tropical plant will grow, and the sea which surrounds the city on every side but one, brings salubrious breezes and bathing privileges to all; a boon which the Buenos Aireans appreciate, for they flock hither in large numbers every summer for their health. Large steamers, compared by one over-partial writer to the Fall River boats between Boston and New York, join the two cities with a nightly service, and the connection between these great cities of the south both socially and commercially is very close.

The great wealth of Uruguay, outside of Montevideo, as a business and distributing center, is found in her flocks and herds which dot her fertile plains. Here is a country which, though it is the smallest in South America, is yet as large as England, and is practically one vast pasture. Every part of it is easily accessible. There are no lofty mountains and few impassable jungles, but it is a country of rich, luscious grasses, where fat cattle and sheep thrive by the million. One company alone, the famous Liebig Extract Company, which manufactures beef tea for the world, owns one million and two hundred thousand acres in Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay, but largely in the former country. On its enormous ranches are two hundred thousand horned cattle and sixty thousand sheep, and over six million head of cattle have passed through its hands in the fifty years of its existence. Twenty-five hundred workmen are employed in this business, and $17,500,000 have been distributed in dividends. These enormous figures show on what a large scale business is sometimes conducted even in a little republic.

The future of Uruguay will doubtless be less stormy than the past, — it could hardly be more so. Those who are best informed assure me that there are signs of political stability that have never been seen before, and though there may be periodic revolutions in the years to come, they are not likely to be accompanied by bloody civil wars, or greatly to upset the course of business and social life.

VI
THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1776, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay were united in the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires, and were ruled by Spain; but in 1810 the viceroyalty revolted against Spain and won its independence, although this was not acknowledged by the mother country until 1842. Uruguay became a bone of contention between Brazil and the "United Provinces of Rio de la Plata," as the land was now called. This struggle resulted in the independence of Uruguay. In 1831, Buenos Aires, Entre Rios, Corrientes, and Santa Fé united. Buenos Aires was the most powerful of these provinces, and General Rosas, its captain-general or governor, became dictator of this union, the Argentine Confederation. After his downfall, in 1852, Buenos Aires struggled unsuccessfully for independence of the other States. Argentina has had to meet disputes about boundaries, wars, uprisings, and military insurrections. During the last few years, however, its progress has been marvelous, and its population has increased amazingly. Its resources are so great that it may fairly be counted as one of the wealthy countries of the world.

For many years Patagonia was a veritable no man's land, for no country seemed to have any special desire to claim it. In 1881, however, it was divided between Argentina and Chile. It has shown itself to be a valuable acquisition, as it affords most excellent pasturage for sheep. It is described as a region of wonderful beauty. The temperature is not extreme, there is a generous supply of moisture, and it is quite possible that this country, which for so long a while played the part of the "ugly duckling," may prove to be a land of great richness and fertility.

ARGENTINE INDEPENDENCE

[1810–1910]

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

On the 25th of May, 1910, the Argentine nation in general, and Buenos Aires in particular, observed with appropriate ceremonies the one hundredth anniversary of their independence. Great preparations were made to insure a celebration that should suitably represent the importance of the event.

In 1810, Buenos Aires had been a Spanish colony for two hundred and fifty years following her foundation in the sixteenth century. But the Spanish Crown had never valued highly the great rolling prairies drained by the Rio de la Plata. There were no mines of gold or silver here, and Spain did not send her colonists into far-away America to raise corn and wine that should compete with Spanish farmers at home. Buenos Aires was regarded as the end of the world. All persons and all legitimate commerce bound thither from Spain were obliged to go by way of Panama and Peru, over the Andes, across the South American continent, before they could legally enter the port of Buenos Aires. The natural result of this was the building-up of a prosperous colony of Portuguese smugglers in southern Brazil. Another result was that no Spaniards cared to live so far away from home if they could possibly help it, and society in Buenos Aires was not nearly so brilliant as in the fashionable Spanish-American capitals of Lima, Santiago, or Bogota.

During the closing years of the eighteenth century the Spaniards became convinced of their short-sighted policy and made Buenos Aires an open port. The English were not slow to realize that this was one of the best commercial situations in South America, and that far from being the end of the world, as the Spaniards thought, it was a natural center through which the wealth of a large part of South America was bound to pass. The great Mr. Pitt, who was most interested in developing British commerce with South America, felt that it would probably be necessary to introduce British manufactures in the wake of a military expedition, and decided to seize Buenos Aires, which was so poorly defended that it could easily be captured by a small resolute force.

Accordingly in June, 1806, an attack was made. The viceroy, notwithstanding repeated warnings, had made no preparations to defend the city, and it was captured without difficulty. There was great rejoicing in London at the report of the victory, but it was soon turned to dismay by the news of a disgraceful and unconditional surrender. The sudden overthrow of the English was due largely to the ability of a local hero named Liniers, who played successfully on the wounded pride of the Porteños.

The significance of the episode is that it gave to the Porteños the idea that the power of Spain could be easily overthrown, and that they actually had the courage and strength to win and hold their own independence.

Hardly had the city recovered from the effects of its bombardment by the English before events, destined to

produce a profound change throughout South America, commenced to attract attention in Spain. Napoleon inaugurated his Peninsula campaigns, and the world beheld the spectacle of a Spanish king become the puppet of a French emperor. In July, 1809, a new viceroy, appointed by the Spanish Cortes then engaged in fighting against Napoleon, took possession of the reins of government in Buenos Aires. In the early months of 1810, Napoleon's armies were so successful throughout the Spanish Peninsula that it seemed as if the complete subjection of Spain was about to be accomplished.

On May 18, the unhappy viceroy allowed this news from Spain to become known in the city. At once a furor of popular discussion arose. Led by Belgrano and other liberal young Creoles, the people decided to defy Napoleon and his puppet King of Spain as they had defied the soldiers of England. On the 25th of May, the viceroy, frightened out of his wits, surrendered his authority, and a great popular assembly that crowded the plaza to its utmost capacity appointed a committee to rule in his stead. So the 25th of May, 1810, became the actual birthday of Argentina's independence, although the acts of the popular government were for six years done in the name of Ferdinand, the deposed King of Spain, and the Act of Independence was not passed by the Argentine Congress until 1816.

No sooner had Buenos Aires thrown off the yoke of Spain than she began an active armed propaganda much as the first French Republic did before her. Other cities of Argentina were forcibly convinced of the advantages of independence, and the armies of Buenos Aires pressed

northward into what is now southern Bolivia. It was their intention to drive the Spanish armies entirely out of the continent, and what seemed more natural than that they should follow the old trade route which they had used for centuries, and go from Buenos Aires to Lima by way of the highlands of Bolivia and Peru? But they reckoned without counting the cost. In the first place the Indians of those lofty arid regions do not take great interest in politics. It matters little to them who their masters are. Furthermore, their country is not one that is suited to military campaigns. Hundreds of square miles of arid desert plateaux ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea, a region suited only to support a small population and that by dint of a most careful system of irrigation, separated by frightful mountain trails from any adequate basis of supplies, were obstacles that proved too great for them to overcome. Their little armies were easily driven back. On the other hand, when the Royalist armies attempted to descend from the plateaux and attack the Patriots, they were equally unsuccessful. The truth is that southern Bolivia and northern Argentina are regions where it is far easier to stay at home and defend one's self than to make successful attacks on one's neighbors. An army cannot live off the country as it goes along, and the difficulties of supplying it with provisions and supplies are almost insurmountable. The first man to appreciate this was José San Martín.

It is not too much to say that San Martín is the greatest name that South America has produced. Bolívar is better known among us, and he is sometimes spoken of as the "Washington of South America." But

his character does not stand investigation; and no one can claim that his motives were as unselfish or his aims as lofty as those of the great general to whose integrity and ability the foremost republics of Spanish South America, Argentina, Chile, and Peru, owe their independence.

San Martín was born of Spanish parents not far from the present boundary between Argentina and Paraguay. His father was a trusted Spanish official. His mother was a woman of remarkable courage and foresight. His parents sent him to Spain at an early age to be educated. Military instincts soon drew him into the army and he served in various capacities, both in Africa and later against the French in the Peninsula. He was able to learn thoroughly the lessons of war and the value of well-trained soldiers. He received the news of the popular uprising in Argentina while still in Spain, and soon became interested in the struggles of his fellow countrymen to establish their independence. In 1812, he returned to Buenos Aires, where his unselfish zeal and intelligence promptly marked him out as an unusual leader. The troops under him became the best-drilled body of Patriots in South America.

After witnessing the futile attempts of the Patriots to drive the Spanish armies out of the mountains of Peru by way of the highlands of Bolivia, he conceived the brilliant idea of cutting off their communication with Spain by commanding the sea power of the West Coast. He established his headquarters at Mendoza in western Argentina, a point from which it would be easy to strike at Chile through various passes across the Andes. Here he stayed for two years governing the

province admirably, building up an efficient army, organizing the refugees that fled from Chile to Mendoza, making friends with the Indians, and keeping out of the factional quarrels that threatened to destroy all proper government in Buenos Aires. In January, 1817, his army was ready. He led the Spaniards to think that he might cross the Andes almost anywhere, and succeeded in scattering their forces so as to enable him to bring the main body of his army over the most practical route, the Uspallata Pass.

The expedition was successful, and in 1818 San Martín had the satisfaction of administering such a decisive defeat to the Spaniards at Maipo as to insure Chilean independence. With the aid of a remarkable soldier of fortune, Thomas Cochran, Earl of Dundonald, and an interesting group of Anglo-Saxon seamen, San Martín drove the Spaniards from the West Coast and captured the city of Lima. The aid which was given him by Buenos Aires and Chile was not sufficient to enable him to penetrate the great Andes of the interior and totally destroy the last Spanish army. He sought Bolívar's aid, but that proud Liberator would only come as commander-in-chief. So, rather than sacrifice the cause of independence, San Martín, with unexampled self-effacement, gave up his well-trained veterans to Bolívar and Sucre and quietly withdrew to his modest home in Argentina. His unwillingness to enter into political squabbles, his large-minded statesmanship, and his dignified bearing did not endear him to his fellow countrymen, and he was forced to pass the declining years of his life in Europe, an exile from his native land.

The history of the period is full of petty personal

rivalries and absurd political squabbles. Against these as a background the magnificent figure of San Martín, efficient soldier, wise statesman, and unselfish patriot, stands out plainly distinct. His achievements are worthy to be remembered with those of the greatest heroes of history. His character, the finest South America has ever produced, has few equals in the annals of any country.

For many years he was disliked by his fellow patriots because he openly expressed the belief that they were not fit for pure democratic government. Since his day many South Americans agree with him.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS

[About 1870]

BY DR. DOMINGO FAUSTINO SARMIENTO

FIRST comes the *rastreador*, or tracker; then the *baqueano*, or guide; the *payador*, or bard; and the *gaucho malo*, or outlaw.

The rastreador possesses the highest development of gaucho instinct. He can tell, in a confused track of animals' feet, how many of them are laden or have riders. He can even detect the footstep of a person or animal that he knows, and follow it in the most miraculous manner for hundreds of miles. Nature seems to give him a special instinct in these vast plains for the recovery of a lost animal or the pursuit of a fugitive. Whenever a robbery occurs, the person robbed, instead of applying to the authorities, sends for the nearest rastreador, covering up, meanwhile, very carefully whatever footmarks the intruder may have left. The rastreador examines it closely, mounts his horse, and rides away, now and then casting his eyes to the ground, and following the trail like a bloodhound; until, after weeks and months, he brings the criminal to justice. The latter seldom asserts his innocence, as the judge usually regards the rastreador as infallible. The stories told of Calibar, who was well known in San Juan for forty years, are surprising. It happened once that, while he was gone to Buenos Aires on business, his best saddle was stolen. His wife, having covered the footmark as

usual, showed it to him on his return after two months. A year and a half later, he was seen, one afternoon, with his head bent down, walking along a street in the suburbs of San Juan, till he entered a certain house, and found there his lost saddle, soiled and torn. In 1830, a criminal under sentence of death having escaped from prison, Calibar was sent in pursuit. The fugitive had taken every precaution to leave no track, and walked for some distance up the course of a shallow stream; but Calibar was not to be baffled, and followed the stream till he came to a place where he saw drops of water on the grass. "He got out here," he said. Following the criminal through fields and plantations, and over walls, he finally led the soldiers into a small vineyard, where, having examined all the approaches to the house, he said they would find him inside. The soldiers searched the premises, and, coming out, maintained that the man had escaped. Calibar, however, insisted that he was inside, and so it proved. The unhappy man was shot next morning.

The baqueano, or guide, is hardly inferior to the rastreador in importance. He knows every inch of country for five hundred miles around his abode, and is the only map by which South American generals conduct their campaigns. He is always at the side of the commander, and the fate of the army depends on him. Rarely, if ever, does he betray the confidence reposed in him. He knows every pool of water, fresh or salt, and many a secret ford across a river, or passage through a swamp, by which he can shorten the route. In the darkest night, whether in the midst of a forest or on a boundless plain, in which his companions may think themselves lost, he

dismounts for a moment, plucks a few leaves or a handful of grass, and chews them; by the taste he can tell pretty nearly where he is, and especially whether he is near salt or fresh water. He then mounts again, tells his companions that they are so many leagues from this or that place, and starts off at an easy gallop in a given direction without even a star to guide him. In the Pampas it often happens that a traveler may meet one of these baqueanos, and ask him to guide him to a certain place two or three hundred miles off. The baqueano will glance along the horizon, reflect for a moment, and, fixing his eye on a given point, start off like an arrow, riding day and night until he reaches his destination. He knows of the approach of an army forty or fifty miles off, and the direction it is taking, by the course which the deer, guanacos, and ostriches follow. When the enemy gets nearer, he can tell, by the volume of dust, whether their force numbers hundreds or thousands; his commander relying upon his estimate as infallible. If the condors and other birds of prey are wheeling in circles overhead, he can tell, from their manner, whether it is an enemy in ambush, an encampment recently abandoned, or merely a dead animal.

The payador is a kind of wandering minstrel, who sings of the wars and adventures of the day, like the troubadours of the Middle Ages. He goes about from "rancho" to "pulperia" with his guitar, singing of the outlaws of the Pampas or the raids of the Indians. He is a living chronicle of customs, history, and exploits, and his verses would form, perhaps, many a valuable link for the future historian of these countries. He has no home, his dwelling is wherever the night may find him, his

fame and fortune are his verses and his guitar. In every rural dance, in every festive gathering, his is the place of honor. So much is music a passion of the gauchos that at every "pulperia" or wayside inn a guitar is always hung over the counter for the use of the first group of wayfarers. The payador sometimes mixes his own exploits with those of his heroes, for he is not uncommonly a fugitive from justice, either for killing a friend, stealing a horse, or for some daring adventure. The character of his songs is generally monotonous, unless under some sudden inspiration.

The gaucho malo, or outlaw, has his home in the desert, and despises the people of the towns, glorying in the epithet which is given to him. He has probably been a fugitive for years, and his name is so much dreaded that it is only whispered with a certain amount of respect. He lives in a clump of thistles or wild hemlock; his food consists of game, unless when he lassoes a cow, which he kills for the tongue, leaving the carcass for the birds of prey. He will suddenly present himself in a village from which the police have just gone in pursuit of him, talk with the neighbors as they form an admiring circle around him, get some tobacco and yerba, remount his horse, and if he sees the police in sight, quietly trot away toward the desert without any symptom of fear, or even looking back. The police will not pursue him, for they know that their horses are no match for his "pangare," as famous as himself. If he happens to be surprised by the police, and surrounded, he rushes at them knife in hand, and, leaving two or three of them on the ground dead or wounded, leaps on the nearest horse and escapes, while the bullets vainly

whistle after him. The payador of the district adds this fresh exploit to his list of songs. Sometimes he will appear at a village dance, take part in the festivity, and retire as suddenly and unmolested as he came. But he is not a common robber or assassin, and would not think of stopping a traveler. If he steals, it is only horses. He knows every horse in the province, and can tell in a moment where any lost one may be found. He is often employed to recover such animals, and will deliver them up for a stipulated sum at a given time and place, with the utmost punctuality. Dishonest traders frequently buy stolen hides from this class of outlaws.

I remember an amusing occurrence in Azul, a town about two hundred miles south of Buenos Aires, where the principal shopkeeper, who was also justice of the peace for the district, made a bargain with a gaucho named El Cuervo, or "The Crow," to take hides from him *without asking questions*. It was arranged that every evening after dusk El Cuervo was to throw the hides over the wall of the shopkeeper's yard. I may mention that the shopkeeper had one of the largest estancias in the neighborhood, and people did not speak well of the way in which he had acquired his wealth. For several nights El Cuervo threw over the wall half a dozen or more hides, and was paid next morning a few dollars for each. It was not long before one of the shopkeeper's peons, or laborers, in stacking out the hides, observed his master's mark. As soon as the hides began to dry in the sun the mark became plainly visible. The shopkeeper was furious, and said to El Cuervo, "You scoundrel, you have killed and skinned some of my cattle"; to which the gaucho replied, "Master! whose

cattle did you want me to kill unless your own?" The shopkeeper, being justice of the peace, did not dare to punish El Cuervo, and wisely said no more about it, seeing that the gaucho had outwitted him.

A REAL PATAGONIAN

[About 1880]

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE

WE had not gone far when we saw a rider coming slowly toward us, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the presence of a real Patagonian Indian. We reined in our horses when he got close to us, to have a good look at him, and he doing the same, for a few minutes we stared at him to our hearts' content, receiving in return as minute and careful a scrutiny from him. Whatever he may have thought of us, we thought him a singularly unprepossessing object, and, for the sake of his race, we hoped an unfavorable specimen of it. His dirty brown face, of which the principal feature was a pair of sharp black eyes, was half-hidden by tangled masses of unkempt hair, held together by a handkerchief tied over his forehead, and his burly body was enveloped in a greasy guanaco-capa, considerably the worse for wear. His feet were bare, but one of his heels was armed with a little wooden spur, of curious and ingenious handiwork. Having completed his survey of our persons, and exchanged a few guttural grunts with Gregorio, of which the purport was that he had lost some horses and was on their search, he galloped away, and, glad to find some virtue in him, we were able to admire the easy grace with which he sat his well-bred looking little horse, which, though considerably below his weight, was doubtless able to do its master good service.

Continuing our way we presently observed several mounted Indians, sitting motionless on their horses, like sentries, on the summit of a tall ridge ahead of us, evidently watching our movements. At our approach they disappeared over the ridge, on the other side of which lay their camping-ground. Cantering forward we soon came in sight of the entire Indian camp, which was pitched in a broad valley-plain, flanked on either side by steep bluffs, and with a little stream flowing down its center. There were about a dozen big hide tents, in front of which stood crowds of men and women, watching our approach with lazy curiosity. Numbers of little children were disporting themselves in the stream, which we had to ford in order to get to the tents. Two Indians, more inquisitive than their brethren, came out to meet us, both mounted on the same horse, and saluted us with much grinning and jabbering. On our arrival in the camp we were soon encircled by a curious crowd, some of whose number gazed at us with stolid gravity, whilst others laughed and gesticulated as they discussed our appearance in their harsh guttural language, with a vivacious manner which was quite at variance with the received traditions of the solemn bent of the Indian mind. Our accouterments and clothes seemed to excite great interest, my riding-boots in particular being objects of attentive examination, and apparently of much serious speculation. At first they were content to observe them from a distance, but presently a little boy was delegated by the elders, to advance and give them a closer inspection. This he proceeded to do, coming toward me with great caution, and when near enough, he stretched out his hand and touched the boots gently

with the tips of his fingers. This exploit was greeted with roars of laughter and ejaculations, and emboldened by its success, many now ventured to follow his example, some enterprising spirits extending their researches to the texture of my ulster, and one even going so far as to take my hand in his, whilst subjecting a little bracelet I wore to a profound and exhaustive scrutiny.

Whilst they were thus occupied I had leisure to observe their general appearance. I was not struck so much by their height as by their extraordinary development of chest and muscle. As regards their stature, I do not think the average height of the men exceeded six feet, and as my husband stands six feet two inches I had a favorable opportunity for forming an accurate estimate. One or two there were, certainly, who towered far above him, but these were exceptions. The women were mostly of the ordinary height, though I noticed one who must have been quite six feet, if not more. The features of the pure-bred Tehuelche are extremely regular, and by no means unpleasant to look at. The nose is generally aquiline, the mouth well shaped and beautified by the whitest of teeth, the expression of the eye is intelligent, and the form of the whole head affords a favorable index to their mental capabilities. These remarks do not apply to the Tehuelches in whose veins there is a mixture of Araucanian or Fuegian blood. The flat noses, oblique eyes, and badly proportioned figures of the latter make them most repulsive objects, and they are as different from a pure-bred Tehuelche in every respect as "Wheel-of-Fortune" from an ordinary cart-horse. Their hair is long and coarse, and is worn parted in the

middle, being prevented from falling over their faces by means of a handkerchief, or fillet of some kind, tied round the forehead. They have naturally little hair on the face, and such growth as may appear is carefully eradicated, a painful operation, which many extend even to their eyebrows. Their dress is simple, and consists of a "chiripá," a piece of cloth round the loins, and the indispensable guanaco-capa, which is hung loosely over the shoulders and held round the body by the hand, though it would obviously seem more convenient to have it secured round the waist with a belt of some kind. Their horse-hide boots are only worn, for reasons of economy, when hunting. The women dress like the men except as regards the chiripá, instead of which they wear a loose kind of gown beneath the capa, which they fasten at the neck with a silver brooch or pin. The children are allowed to run about naked till they are five or six years old, and are then dressed like their elders. Partly for ornament, partly also as a means of protection against the wind, a great many Indians paint their faces, their favorite color, as far as I could see, being red, though one or two I observed had given the preference to a mixture of that color with black, a very diabolical appearance being the result of this combination.

The Tehuelches are a race that is fast approaching extinction, and even at present it scarcely numbers eight hundred souls. They lead a rambling nomadic existence, shifting their camping places from one region to another, whenever the game in their vicinity gets shy or scarce. It is fortunate for them that the immense numbers of guanaco and ostriches makes it an easy matter for them to find subsistence, as they are extremely

lazy, and, plentiful as game is around them, often pass two or three days without food rather than incur the very slight exertion attendant on a day's hunting.

But it is only the men who are cursed or blessed with this indolent spirit. The women are indefatigably industrious. All the work of Tehuelche existence is done by them except hunting. When not employed in ordinary household work they busy themselves in making guanaco-capas, weaving gay-colored garters and fillets for the hair, working silver ornaments, and so forth. Not one of their least arduous tasks is that of collecting firewood, which, always a scarce article, becomes doubly hard to find, except by going great distances, when they camp long in one place.

But though treated thus unfairly as regards the division of labor, the women can by no means complain of want of devotion to them on the part of the men. Marriages are matters of great solemnity with them, and the tie is strictly kept. Husband and wife show great affection for each other, and both agree in extravagant love of their offspring, which they pet and spoil to their hearts' content.

The most prominent characteristic of the Tehuelche is his easy-going good humor, for whereas most aboriginal races incline to silence and saturnine gravity, he is all smiles and chatter. The other good qualities of the race are fast disappearing under the influence of "aguardiente,"[1] to the use of which they are getting more and more addicted, and soon, it is to be feared, they will become nothing more than a pack of impoverished, dirty, thieving ragamuffins.

[1] An intoxicating liquor.

After having sat for some time on horseback, in the center of the numerous circle above referred to, we dismounted, the act causing fresh animation and merriment in our interviewers, whose interest in us, after a thorough examination, had begun to flag somewhat. An object which greatly excited their feelings was a rifle belonging to my brother, and their delight knew no bounds when he dismounted and fired it off for their edification once or twice at a distant mark. At each discharge they set up a lusty howl of satisfaction, and nothing would do for them but for each to be allowed to handle the weapon and inspect its mechanism. There was a trader in the camp who had arrived about the same time as we did, and amongst other wares he had brought a rusty carbine with him for sale. He was called upon by the Indians to produce it and fire it off to compare its qualities with those of my brother's rifle. This he proceeded to do, but seven times in succession the cartridges missed fire. Each time this happened he was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter, and it was evident that both he and his weapon were the objects of most disparaging remarks on the part of the Tehuelches. One of them, a man of some humor, brought out a small piece of ostrich meat and offered it to the trader in exchange for his carbine, saying in broken Spanish, "Your gun never kill piece of meat as big as this. Your gun good to kill dead guanaco." At which witticism there was renewed and prolonged applause, as the newspapers say.

IN BUENOS AIRES

[Twentieth century]

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

A GENERATION ago the traveler to Buenos Aires was obliged to disembark in the stream seven or eight miles from the city, proceed in small boats over the shallow waters, and then clamber into huge ox-carts and enjoy the last mile or two of his journey as best he could. Since then, extraordinary harbor improvements, costing millions of dollars, have been completed, and ocean steamers are now able to approach the city through dredged channels. Yet such has been the phenomenal growth of the port that the magnificent modern docks are already overcrowded and the handling of cargo goes on very slowly, retarded by many exasperating delays. The regular passenger and mail steamers are given prompt attention, however, and the customs house examination is both speedy and courteous, in marked contrast to that at Rio. In years to come, the two other important ports of Argentina — Rosario, higher up the Rio de la Plata, and Bahia Blanca, farther down the Atlantic Coast — are destined to grow at a rapid rate because of the better docking facilities they will be able to afford.

Bahia Blanca in particular is destined to have a great future, as it is the natural outlet for the rapidly developing agricultural and pastoral region of southern Argentina.

Buenos Aires, however, will always maintain her political and commercial supremacy. She is not only the capital of Argentina, but out of every five Argentinos, she claims at least one as a denizen of her narrow streets. Already ranking as the second Latin city in the world, her population equals that of Madrid and Barcelona combined.

Hardly has one left the docks on the way to the hotel before one is impressed with the commercial power of this great city. Your taxicab passes slowly through crowded streets where the heavy traffic retards your progress and gives you a chance to marvel at the great number of foreign banks, English, German, French, and Italian, that have taken possession of this quarter of the city. With their fine substantial buildings and their general appearance of solidity, they have a firm grip on the situation. One looks in vain for an American bank or agency of any well-known Wall Street house. American financial institutions are like the American merchant steamers, conspicuous by their absence. The Anglo-Saxons that you see briskly walking along the sidewalks are not Americans, but clean-shaven, red-cheeked, vigorous Britishers.

In some ways this is an English colony. The majority of the people do not speak English, except in the commercial district, and the Englishman is here on sufferance. But it is his railroads that tie this country together. It is his enterprises that have opened thousands of its square miles; and although the folly of his ancestors a century ago caused him to lose the political control of this "purple land," the energy of his more recent forebears has given him a splendid heritage. Not only

has he been able to pay large dividends to the British stockholders who had such great faith in the future of Argentina, he has made many native Argentinos wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

Landowners, whose parents had not a single change of clothes, are themselves considering how many motor-cars to order. Their patronage sustains the finely appointed shops which make such a brave display on Florida and Cangallo streets. These streets may be so narrow that vehicles are only allowed to pass in one direction, but the shops are first class in every particular, and include the greatest variety of goods, from the latest creations of Parisian millinery to the most modern scientific instruments. Fine book shops, large department stores, gorgeous restaurants, expensive to the last degree, emphasize the wealth and extravagance of the upper classes. It is hardly necessary to speak of the more usual evidences of great wealth, palatial residences that would attract attention even in Paris and New York, charming parks beautifully laid out on the shores of the great Rio de la Plata, and a thousand luxurious automobiles of the latest pattern carrying all they can hold of Parisian millinery.

One does not need to be told that this is a city of electric cars, telephones, and taxis. These we take for granted. But there is a characteristic feature of the city that is unexpected and striking: the central depots for imported thoroughbreds. Only a few doors from the great banks and railway offices are huge stables where magnificent blooded horses and cattle, sheep and pigs, which have brought records of distinguished ancestry across the Atlantic, are offered for sale and command high prices.

These permanent cattle shows are the natural rendezvous of the wealthy ranchmen and breeders who are sure to be found here during a part of each day while they are in town. So are foreigners desirous of purchasing ranches and reporters getting news from the interior. The cattle fairs offer ocular evidence of the wealth of the modern Argentino and the importance of the pastoral industry. There are over a hundred million sheep on the Pampas. Cattle and horses also are counted by the millions.

The problems of Argentine agriculture and animal industries are being continually studied by the great landowners, who have already done much to improve the quality of their products. Argentina has worked hard to develop those industries that are dependent upon stock-raising. The results have amply justified her. The exportation of frozen meat from Argentina amounts to nearly twenty million dollars annually. Only recently one of the best-known packing-houses of Chicago opened a large plant here and is paying tribute to the excellence of the native stock. Every year Argentina sends to Europe the carcasses of millions of sheep and cattle as well as millions of bushels of wheat and corn, more in fact than we do. Of all the South American Republics, she is our greatest natural competitor, and she knows it. Nevertheless, she lacks adequate resources of iron, coal, lumber, and water-power, and notwithstanding a high protective tariff, can never hope to become a competitor in manufactured products. Argentina exports more than three times as much per capita as we do, and must do so in order to pay for the necessary importation of manufactured goods. It also means that she will always find it to her advantage to buy her goods from England,

France, and Germany, where she sells her foodstuffs. Brazil can send us unlimited amounts of raw materials that we cannot raise at home, while at present Argentina has little to offer us. Yet we are already buying her wool and hides, and before long will undoubtedly be eating her beef and mutton,[1] as England has been doing for years.

The number of "North Americans" in Buenos Aires is very small. While we have been slowly waking up to the fact that South America is something more than "a land of revolutions and fevers," our German cousins have entered the field on all sides.

The Germans in southern Brazil are a negligible factor in international affairs. But the well-educated young German who is being sent out to capture South America commercially, is a power to be reckoned with. He is going to damage England more truly than Dreadnoughts or gigantic airships. He is worth our study as well as England's.

Willing to acquit himself with and adapt himself to local prejudices, he has already made great strides in securing South American commerce for his Fatherland. He has become a more useful member of the community than the Englishman. He has taken pains to learn the language thoroughly, and speaks it not only grammatically but idiomatically as well; something which the Anglo-Saxon almost never does. He has entered into the social life of the country with a much more gracious spirit than his competitors and rarely segregates himself from the community in pursuing his pleasures, as the English do. His natural prejudices against the Spanish way of doing things are not so strong.

[1] This came to pass in 1914.

His steamers are just as luxurious and comfortable as the new English boats. It is said that even if the element of danger that always exists at sea is less on the British lines, the German boats treat their passengers with more consideration, giving them better food and better service. No wonder the Spanish-American likes the German better than he does the English or American. Already the English residents in Buenos Aires, who have regarded the River Plate as their peculiar province for many years, are galled beyond measure to see what strides the Germans have made in capturing the market for their manufactured products and in threatening their commercial supremacy. And neither English nor Germans are going to hold out a helping hand or welcome an American commercial invasion.

Meanwhile the Argentinos realize that their country cannot get along without foreign capital, much as they hate to see the foreigner made rich from the products of their rolling prairies. They realize also that they greatly need more immigrants. The population is barely five per square mile, and as a matter of fact, is practically less than that, for so large a part of the entire population is crowded into the city and province of Buenos Aires. Consequently they are doing all they can to encourage able-bodied immigrants to come from Italy and Spain.

And the immigrants are coming. My ship brought a thousand. Other ships brought more than three hundred thousand in 1908. Argentina is not standing still. Nor is she waiting for "American enterprise." During 1908 considerably more than two thousand vessels entered the ports of the Republic. Four flew the American flag.

CENTRAL AMERICA

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the time of the coming of the Spaniards, Central America was inhabited by a race known as the Mayas. That this race was well along on the road to civilization is attested by the ruined cities that are scattered through the tropical jungles of Central America and Yucatan.

In 1502 the coast of Central America was sighted by Columbus. A few years later the country was subjugated by Spain, and until 1821 it was called Guatemala. In that year Guatemala proclaimed its independence, but during the following year, what are now the five States, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala, were united in the Mexican Empire of Iturbide. One year later, they had freed themselves and had become the Republic of the United States of Central America. In 1839, this union was dissolved, and a second one, formed soon afterwards, was also dissolved. Indeed, the history of these States for many years has consisted of attempts to form an enduring union.

A SACRIFICE TO TOHIL

BY WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM

[TOHIL was a god of the Quichés, a powerful Indian tribe of western Guatemala at the time of the Spanish conquest.
The Editor.]

ON the platform where Frank and I had stumbled over the confused piles of rubbish and tried in vain to trace the buildings, so distinct only forty years before, the mighty Gucumatz had built high the altar of the blood-thirsty Tohil, — a steep pyramid in the center of the rebuilt Gumarcah, now called Utatlan. Our knowledge of the ceremonial of that Quiché worship is but slight; but enough is known to give an air of reality to the pile of rubbish that alone marks the site of the holy place of this ancient kingdom. I sat near the base of the altar, and the city walls arose about me; the ruin of three centuries departed, and again all was new and full of busy life. Around me, but at a suitable distance from the altar-temple, were the palaces of the princes, built of cut stone and covered with the most brilliant white stucco. From the flat roofs of these massive dwellings floated banners of many colors and strange devices; arches of evergreens and flowers spanned every entrance to this plaza, whose floor was of the smoothest, whitest stucco, and heaps of fragrant flowers were piled at the palace doorways, and about the great altar that towered like a mountain of light in the midst. All around me were the phantom forms of the Indios, clad in garments

of rich colors, but silent and expectant; I seemed to know them all and understand their tongue. It was the most sacred festival of the year; the rains had ceased, and the summer was beginning, — and a summer at Utatlan was a delight unequaled in the outer world.

For many months the high priest and king had hidden himself from the sight of man, high in the mountains that overlook the Quiché plain. In his *casa verde* he was engaged in prayer and meditation, while his only food was fruit and uncooked maize. His body was unclothed, but stained with dismal dyes; and twice every day, as the sun rose and set, he cut himself with an obsidian knife on his arms, legs, and tongue, that he might offer his choicest blood to the divinity he worshiped. Once only in his life must he do this; and scattered in the remote mountain hermitages were many nobles keeping him company in the spirit. These were the fathers of the young men who had not yet offered their blood, and had been selected to be the god-children of their king and priest. In these lonely retreats the fathers taught their sons manly duties, and drew their blood from the five wounds.

The votaries had gathered from their various cells at the sound of the drum, which was beaten only on most solemn occasions, and were marching in procession to the plaza. I could see them as they filed on to the narrow causeway that led into the town, and then they were lost to sight as they climbed the steep ascent. In profound silence these men and youths, naked as they were born, entered the inclosure and seated themselves at the foot of the altar steps. The solemn silence was now suddenly broken by a crash of trumpets and drums,

while a procession of a different kind took up its march to the temple. Bright colors and the gleam of gold and precious stones, the clang of barbaric music and the sound of holy songs, reached the eye and ear as the idols, which had been carefully concealed since the last *fiesta*, were now brought to the place of sacrifice. Strange things these were, — not of "heaven above, nor the earth beneath, nor of the waters which are under the earth," but carved from wood and stone and decked with beaten gold, hung with jewels, and borne triumphantly on the shoulders of the noblest citizens. Then all was joy and bustle in the plaza. The hermits were clothed with new robes and welcomed back with honor, the high priest put on his robes and miter, and for a while the people gave themselves up to music and dancing and ball-playing; it seemed as if life had no other end. But a terrible solemnity was to come. Even among the dancers I saw men clothed in a peculiar but rich garb, — generally of another people, but not always foreign; and I knew that these men had for days before the festival gone freely through the town, entered any house, even the royal palace, where the food they sought was freely given them, and they were treated with marked respect. Outside the city walls were some of them, with collars about their necks, attended by four officers of the king's guard. Food and drink were free to these honored men; but they were captives taken in war, or perhaps men who were obnoxious to the king, and were to be sacrificed to Tohil. A terrible death awaited them; but they regarded their fate as a matter they could not help, and with Indian stolidity enjoyed the frolics of the people and smiled at care. It was

strange to see how little any one seemed to be affected by the certainly approaching death of their fellows. Every one knew what was coming; but no dread anticipation marred the festive scene.

The music ceased in the plaza, the chief idol was placed on the altar top, and the priests and nobles seized the victims by the hair and passed them, struggling, one by one up the steep steps of the altar to the chief priest, who stood high on the sacrificatorio in the sight of all the people. There was no murmur, not even a shudder, among the multitude, only the involuntary shrieks of the sacrifice as the priest cut into his breast with the stone knife and tore out his quivering heart. Holding this in the golden spoon of the temple, he placed it reverently in the mouth of the idol, loudly chanting this prayer: "Lord, hear us, for we are thine! Give us health, give us children and prosperity, that thy people may increase! Give us water and the rains, that we may be nourished and live! Hear our supplications, receive our prayers, assist us against our enemies, and grant us peace and quiet!" And the people cried, "So be it, O Lord!"

The body had been extended on a rounded sacrificial stone and the neck held securely by the yoke; but now it was hurled down the side of the pyramid where there were no steps, and those appointed carried the remains to the cauldron whither those who had the right came for the cooked meat, the hands and feet being reserved for the officiating priest. One by one the victims were offered to the idol, while the pyramid was no longer white, but crimson; and their death-shrieks were ringing in my ears, when Frank laid his hand on my shoulder

and asked if I was asleep. Called back to deserted ruins and the humdrum present, I could not entirely shake off the impression of the past. On that little mound where we were sitting so peacefully, hundreds, yes, thousands, of our fellow men had writhed in agony to satisfy the enmity of their fellows or to be an acceptable offering to the gods who were supposed to be their creators.

COPAN

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

[DEEP in the mountains of Honduras is a level plain whereon stand the ruins of a city. There are remains of palaces, temples, and other public buildings; there are bits of stone pavements, fragments of colossal statues, columns, and pyramids; there are sewers made of stone and cement; there are portions of what were once massive stairways; and there are obelisks covered with hieroglyphics. The builders of this city and of others equally mysterious must have lived in Honduras long before the coming of the Spaniards, long before Columbus discovered America; but who they were and when they lived are as yet unanswered questions.

The Editor.]

FAR in the wildest quinine wood
We found a city old, — so old,
Its very walls were turned to mould,
And stately trees upon them stood.
No history has mentioned it,
No map has given it a place;
The last dim trace of tribe and race, —
The world's forgetfulness is fit.
It held one structure grand and mossed,
Mighty as any castle sung,
And old when oldest Ind was young,
With threshold Christian never crossed;
A temple builded to the sun,
Along whose somber altar stone
Brown bleeding virgins had been strown
Like leaves, when leaves are crisp and dun,
In ages ere the Sphinx was born,
Or Babylon had birth or morn.

BALBOA

[1513]

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

[THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON says: "It is exciting to hear how Balboa, crossing the Isthmus of Darien in 1513, came, for the first time, in sight of an unknown sea, — the vast Pacific Ocean; how he knelt on the mountain-top from which he saw it, and thanked God for this great discovery; and how, descending to the shore, he waded in, waist-deep, and, waving his sword, took possession of the ocean for the King of Spain, and pledged himself to defend it for his sovereign."

The Editor.]

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf
Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar
The Indian's golden ore.
And hid among the freighted casks,
Where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men,
Three hundred years ago!

But when the fading town and land
Had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face,
And not a fear had he!
"What villain thou?" Fernandez cried,
"And wherefore serve us so?"
"To be thy follower," he replied,
Three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face,
A courage firm and bold,
His words fell on his comrades' hearts,
Like precious drops of gold.
They saw not his ambitious soul;
He spoke it not — for lo!
He stood among the common ranks
Three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay
At golden Darien,
A murmur, born of discontent,
Grew loud among the men:
And with the word there came the act;
And with the sudden blow
They raised Balboa from the ranks,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath
The banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul,
As he had grasped the sword.
He saw the mountain's fair blue height
Whence golden waters flow;
Then with his men he scaled the crags,
Three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled brakes,
The rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned darts
From many an ambush shed.

BALBOA

He gained the turret crag — alone —
  And wept! to see below,
An ocean, boundless and unknown,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height
  The banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still,
  As still he grasped his sword.
Then down he rushed with all his men,
  As headlong rivers flow,
And plunged breast-deep into the sea,
  Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head
  The conquering flag of Spain,
He waved his gleaming sword, and smote
  The waters of the main:
For Rome! for Leon! and Castile!
  Thrice gave the cleaving blow;
And thus Balboa claimed the sea,
  Three hundred years ago.

CHIEF NICARAGUA AND THE SPANIARDS

[1522]

BY FREDERICK PALMER

GIL GONDALEZ DÁVILA effected the conquest [of Nicaragua] in 1522 with one hundred horses, four men, and his grand conceit and winning manners.

He found a large, indolent native population, existing easily off the plentiful fish in the rivers and the products of the bountiful soil, divided into many tribes and, in the highlands, sharing the Mayan civilization. The first chief he met was Nicoya, whom he told of the all-powerful Christian God, who could send unbelievers to hell-fire and believers to heaven. According to the persuasive Gil's report to Spain, Nicoya concluded immediately in favor of bliss rather than burning, and he and all his followers were baptized. In return for salvation, Nicoya made Gil a present of all his gold idols and gold-dust to the value of sixteen thousand castellanos.

Back in the hills was a mightier chief, Nicaragua, from whom the country takes its name. Nicoya warned Gil that Nicaragua might fight valiantly if angered; or if approached properly he might accept Christianity. So Gil sent an embassy with this message: "Tell him that a captain cometh, commissioned to these parts by the great King of the Christians, to tell all the lords of these lands that there is in the heavens, higher than the sun, one Lord, maker of all things, and that those believing and obeying Him shall at death ascend to that

loftiness, while disbelievers shall be driven into the fire beneath the earth. Tell him to be ready to hear and accept these truths, or else to prepare for battle."

Nicaragua's answer was that of a proud and hospitable gentleman. "Tell those who sent you," he said, "that I know not their king, and therefore cannot do him homage; that I fear not their sharp swords, but love peace rather than war; gold has little value, they are welcome to what I have. In regard to the religion they teach I will talk with them, and if I like it I will adopt it."

Gil now proposed an exchange of gifts before discussing spiritual affairs. In return for gold valued at fifteen thousand castellanos he gave a shirt, a red cap, and a silk dress. After this successful bargain, he harangued Nicaragua on the value of Christianity through the grace of the King of Spain. But Nicaragua begged to ask the missionary a few questions.

"You who know so much of the maker and of the making of this world, tell me," he said, "of the great flood, and will there be another? In the universal end, will the earth be overturned, or will the sky fall and destroy us? Whence do the sun and moon obtain their light, and how will they lose it? How large are the stars? How are they held in the sky and moved about? Why are the nights made dark and the winters cold? Why did not the Christian's God make a better world? What honor is due Him? And what rights and duties has man, under whose dominion are the beasts? Whither goes the soul, which you hold to be immortal, when it leaves the body? Does the Pope never die, and is the great King of Spain a mortal, and why do the Christians so love gold?"

Gil answered all most satisfactorily, according to his accounts, though he does not say how. "Came these men from heaven?" Nicaragua asked of the interpreter. "Yes," was the answer. "But in what way?" asked Nicaragua; "directly down, like the flight of an arrow, or riding a cloud, or in a circuit like a bent bow?" The interpreter's reply is not recorded. Possibly he said that this detail was known only to the King of Spain.

After he had exercised his wits long enough, Nicaragua concluded: "I see no harm in it. We cannot, however, give up our war-paint and weapons, our gay decorations and dances, and become women." Then, according to Bancroft, "upon a high mound, whose summit was reached by steps, Gil Gonzalez had planted the cross upon first entering the town. A procession headed by the Spanish and the native leaders now marched solemnly about the town, and ascended the steps of the mound on their knees, chanting their hymns of praise the while. Proceeding to the temple, they erected there an altar, and jointly placed upon it the sacred emblem, in token the one of giving and the other of receiving the true faith." Gil says that in one day he personally catechized every one of the nine thousand and seventeen natives. His exactitude about the number ought to be convincing to any skeptic.

But peace in Nicaragua was transient. Gil's men were soon trying by treacherous attack to force such gold from the natives as they would not give. Other conquerors set claim to this land of treasure, with its amiable people. Among them was Cortés. These quarrels were carried to the court of Spain when not fought out on the spot; and while Guatemala was under single-

headed authority, Nicaragua became the scene of the broils of fortune-hunters, who set the example for the feuds of leaders and communities which followed independence.

At the end of Spanish dominion in 1822 Nicaragua must have had nearly two millions population. The prosperous cities of Granada and Leon each had a hundred thousand. Then for more than thirty years the civil tumult of municipality against municipality, house against house, family against family, and neighbor against neighbor continued. Men of wealth were forced to beggary on the highways. The fertile plateau of the northern midland was devastated and depopulated, until, by 1850, probably less than five hundred thousand people remained.

WILLIAM WALKER, "THE LAST OF THE FILIBUSTERS"

[1853–1860]

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

[In 1853, William Walker, an American, led an expedition to conquer the Mexican State of Sonora, and proclaimed himself its president. This scheme was not a success; and two years later he was ready to undertake another. This was to aid the land speculators in Nicaragua. Sixty-two followers accompanied him to that country, and he was joined by a few natives. Victory came swiftly. He entered the city of Grenada, and was made secretary of war and then commander-in-chief. The next step was his election as president of the country. Then came insurrection and defeat. Twice he set off with a small force to arouse a revolution in Honduras, but he was at length captured, tried by court-martial, and shot.

The Editor.]

I LAY this crude wreath on his dust,
Inwove with sad, sweet memories
Recalled here by these colder seas.
I leave the wild bird with his trust,
To sing and say him nothing wrong;
I wake no rivalry of song.

He lies low in the level sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.

THE LAST OF THE FILIBUSTERS

Perhaps 't was this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low sad song of tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as roses' tears.
In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy-lipped and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
A shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,

And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more:
I turned me down the olive shore,
And set a sad face to the sea.

THE CARGADORS OF GUATEMALA

[Twentieth century]

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

THE Indians are obliged by law to do carrying work across the country when desired and paid for their services. If the traveler is unable to get a *cargador*, an appeal to the proper official will secure one within a reasonable time. That official will, if necessary, arrest a man and lock him up overnight in the *cabildo*, in order to have him on hand when wanted. They can only be obliged to go about a two days' journey from home and carry a hundred pounds. Their wages are only a few cents per day in gold, so that their services do not come very high. In case of attempted overcharge the *jefe* (local governor) will settle all disputes, and he is generally very fair in his conclusions. Many of the *cargadors* use a framework called a *carcaste* in which to carry their loads.

If one desires to engage a *cargador*, it is necessary to give him enough time to prepare *tortillas* for the journey. With a basket of these, a plenteous supply of coffee, a cup, and a few twigs for fire, the Indian is ready for the journey. He will not need to buy anything on the road except some fruit or a little "white-eye," the native brandy. Their excuse for this extra would be like the old Guatemalan, who said, "One wants to get rid of his memory once in a while." At night they light their fires either in the public hall, or out of doors under the

brilliant starlit canopy, where they make their coffee and warm their *tortillas*. Embers of these fires may be seen on every hand as one journeys across the country. The men are unobtrusive, and even when gathered together in considerable numbers they are quiet if any strangers are present. Among themselves, however, they are gay and light-hearted and seem to enjoy life.

These *cargadors* are an ancient and honorable institution in Central America. From time immemorial they have transported baggage and produce from one part of the country to another, and they rather look upon the encroachment of railroads with disfavor, for it will curtail their business. They will carry a mule's load of one hundred and fifty pounds at even a greater speed, averaging five or six miles an hour, for they travel at a sort of jog trot. Some of the couriers in olden times were very fleet of foot, for they used to be kept busy in time of war before the introduction of the telegraph. President Rufino Barrios had a runner in his employ of whom it is said that he carried a dispatch thirty-five leagues into the interior and returned an answer in thirty-six hours, making the two hundred and ten miles over mountains at the rate of six miles an hour, including stops and delays for food and sleep. When equipped for the road these men wear a costume consisting of short trousers, like bathing-trunks, a white cotton shirt, and sandals made of cowhide.

HAPPY LITTLE COSTA RICA

[Twentieth century]

BY FREDERICK PALMER

A FRENCHMAN, Leferrière, writing of this little-known region thirty years ago in "De Paris à Guatemala," says, "The Costa Ricans dislike wasting their resources in wars or war material, preferring the arts of peace and to welcome those bringing wealth from other countries."

The policy and character of the old social order remain unchanged. Still talking of union, Costa Rica's instinct is as naturally for isolation as that of Switzerland. She has never been an aggressor against her neighbors. But if Central America is assailed, her response is immediate as a measure of self-protection. Without her assistance, William Walker, the filibuster, would not have been beaten in Nicaragua. Her little army administered the decisive defeat to his forces and then marched back from those unpleasant lowlands to its own pleasant highlands.

Neighboring dictators have learned a wholesome respect for the men who have the qualities of the farmer and the planter, which the Boers exemplified. At a signal of danger they will, as Don Carlos Peralta said, come riding in from all directions, rifle in hand, confident of their ability to defeat any tatterdemalion lot of conscripts from the other republics. They have suffered presidents who grew autocratic and who won office by chicanery and ballot-box stuffing. But every president

has a check. He knows that he may look out of the window one morning to see men on horseback streaming into town. So public opinion exists and has an effect.

Clannishness makes the Costa Ricans love company. Their fraternal feeling, which is the growth of time, leads to the greeting of "brother" as men pass, and other Central Americans have nicknamed them the "brotherly people." While outlying regions wait on development, the population centers around San José, the new, and Cartago, the old, capital. San José is one third the size of Guatemala City, and its first distinction to the approaching visitor is an electric car line, when he has seen none since leaving the City of Mexico.

The streets are scrupulously clean and well paved. Sanitation is the hobby of the president, Gonzalez Vigez, whom the weekly "Life" — for San José included in its free press a humorous weekly — always pictures with a mosquito on the top of his bald head; and one of the local newspapers is of the opinion that he is otherwise the head of a perfectly incapable administration, and tells him so daily.

No city of its size at home — and none is, of course, a capital — has so many attractive shops. That rich coffee land is prodigal, creating an extravagant people. If this year's crop is bad, why not live while you live? and no doubt next year's crop will be good. Señora and señorita must have Parisian hats for the church parade, and beautiful gowns for the opera. Imported dainties for the palate reappear in the store windows after being absent since leaving the City of Mexico. Costa Rica spends so freely that her foreign trade amounts to five times the average *per capita* of the other Central

American countries. Ten million people of the Costa Rican type in Central America would soon change our attitude of disinterestedness. Then there would be a commercial prize on our borders worth having.

The light-hearted Costa Rican is proudest of the beauty of his women and his opera house. What would be the use of the opera house if it were not for the beautiful women? as Don Carlos well said. Some of them are fair-haired and have blue eyes, a distinction worth a dowry to any San José girl. They are devoted to religion, and their influence sways fathers, husbands, and sons. Though freedom of worship is guaranteed, Costa Rica recognizes the Church by an annual grant, and every Sunday morning the well-uniformed, European-appearing garrison marches to the cathedral, which is the only one I saw in Central America that was in repair.

That crowning piece of Costa Rican extravagance, the National Opera House, which cost a million dollars in this town of twenty thousand people, is a tribute to their cultivated taste. We had not its equal in New York in architectural pretensions until the New Theater was built, and on the American continent it is surpassed only by the national theaters in Mexico, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires. The marble for its staircase came from Italy; artists were brought from abroad to paint the scenes of coffee and banana culture which should express the source of Costa Rican wealth. And the love of music is no affectation. It is a serious matter, with predilection for the Italian and French classics and for rigid observance of stage conventions, and a discriminating exhibition of pleasure or displeasure over the performers' work. . .

San José boasts its polo teams, its football eleven, and baseball nines. Nothing which belongs to a great world capital seems wanting, at least in miniature. There is a national fondness for beautiful parks and impressive public buildings. Though the Costa Ricans took relatively little interest in the Treaty of Washington, it was considered a national honor to have the court of peace sit in the one country which had been peaceful, and when Mr. Carnegie gave the money to build a palace for housing the judges at Cartago the attitude changed to positive enthusiasm. A national library is building; an enormous penitentiary stands outside the town as an example of architectural pride. Future generations may grow up to it. At present the guests are as lonely as the scattered few in a summer hotel just before the autumn closing time.

The insane asylum, set in a garden of palms and flowers, might be mistaken for the suburban residence of some multimillionaire. But I should not call it an insane asylum. This is against the rules of modern science, as I was reminded by the director, educated in Germany, who showed me through a hospital modern in every respect. Whatever public institution I visited the impression was the same. The national museum was not a travesty, the art school had a score of busy pupils, boys and girls, and the high school and the girls' seminary lose little by any foreign comparison: while on the severely practical side, the public abattoir, well ordered in keeping with what doctors trained abroad had concluded was the best precedent, would not have been thought complete without an ornamental front to soften the thought of the butchery within to passers-by.

And that new department store kept by a German! It opens up a world of gossip about bargains, and is a drain on many a coffee estate. But no Costa Rican woman, you may be sure, will ever allow any bargain to permit the sale of a rood of the family coffee land. Issue debentures, yes; but sell, never! From generation to generation the land is held, and its value, close to San José, would astound a Western farmer who owns a valuable wheat farm. That coffee plant is capricious. It grows better nowhere in the world than here.

After all my ineffectual efforts to find out about exports and imports in the other countries, what a pleasure it was to be referred to a bureau which filled your pockets and arms with statistical information and your mind with confidence that the information was at least approximately correct. The Spanish-American custom of no land tax still prevails. Costa Rica is a country of landowners, large and small, and if one wants to borrow money, instead of laying a mortgage he can issue debentures on his property. Titles are clear and the books open to all to see whatever loan stands against any holding. Taxes are chiefly on imports and by weight, but under a more reasonable scale than elsewhere.

But there is a fly in the amber. Proud little Costa Rica, so scrupulous about her national honor, has been defaulting the interest on her national debt for many years. She loved those handsome buildings, and paying for dead horses was most trying. However, be it said to her credit, her citizens were always apologizing for the fact, which represented at least a stage of self-consciousness; and, at last accounts, arrangements were under way to settle with her creditors and begin a new career.

PORTUGAL

I

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

HISTORICAL NOTE

Up to the middle of the twelfth century, Portugal, or Lusitania, as the Romans called the country, was only a part of Spain, and, like the eastern part of the peninsula, it was overrun first by Germans, then by Moors. About the time of the Cid, that is, in the middle of the eleventh century, King Ferdinand of Castile conquered the northern part of Portugal. There were many savage battles between the Christians and the Moors, but finally Count Alfonso of Portugal won a great victory at Ourique in 1139, and became King of Portugal. Wars with Spain followed, and a little later quarrels with the Pope; but the early part of the fourteenth century was marked by brilliant progress. It was during this period that Portugal's commercial enterprise began to flourish.

HOW THE FIRST KING OF PORTUGAL WON HIS KINGDOM

[1139–1185]

OSWALD CRAWFURD

[TOWARD the end of the eleventh century, King Alfonso VI of Spain appealed to all Christians to help him against the Moors. Among those who came to his aid was Count Henry of Burgundy, who afterwards married the king's daughter and became "Count of Portugal." It was their son, Alfonso Henrique, who won the battle of Ourique and became Alfonso I of Portugal.

One of the Moorish chroniclers describes as follows the method of this warlike king in capturing a stronghold.

The Editor.]

"THIS enemy of God," says the exasperated annalist, "would set about the taking of strong places in this fashion. Choosing a dark and stormy night, he would sally forth with only a handful of picked men. Arrived before the castle he intended to attack, the king it was in person who would be the first to scale the walls. When he had reached the parapet, he would throw himself upon the first sentinel, and holding a dagger to his breast, compel him to answer the usual challenge of his fellows without arousing their suspicions. After this he would wait in the embrasure of the battlements till his men had followed; then suddenly the king would raise his war-cry of *Sanctiago!* and the whole party would fall furiously, sword in hand, upon the garrison."

[Two of his captures, of special importance, the towns of Santarem and Lisbon, are thus described.]

The continued possession by his enemies of the great stronghold of Santarem, a *point d'appui* for yearly aggression, was, we are told, an unceasing vexation to the soul of the Portuguese king. This city and citadel lay, and still lie, on the north bank of the Tagus, in the center of a rich plain, which extended wedge-like into the heart of the desert border-land of Estremadura. It therefore was the Saracen position which lay nearest and was most threatening to the Christians. Santarem was believed to be impregnable; an opinion justified to this day in the eyes of those who have traced out the ruins of its Moorish citadel on an eminence overlooking the Tagus, and surveyed the natural and artificial scarps and counterscarps of the hillsides along which it is built.

Warfare in that age and country was, as we have already seen, to a great extent, an affair of sieges; and, in so far as it was so, the advantage was altogether with the Saracens. In the art of building strong places, of taking them, and of resisting capture, the Christian nations of Europe had inherited, and had not improved upon, the clumsy artillery (if we may use the word in its first sense) of the Romans; and the crusaders in Asia Minor and Syria found themselves as much inferior to the Saracens in this branch of the military art as did the Christians of Spain and Portugal. The defenders of Santarem, therefore, felt perfectly secure in a strong, watchful garrison; in their lofty turrets, garnished with all the artifice of Arabian war science; and securer still in the proved ignorance of their enemies.

To take Santarem openly and in the light of day was

clearly impossible; but it was an age in which stratagem made an essential and honorable branch of the art of war, and in which branch of it the keener and more subtle wits of the Orientals were also greatly at an advantage.

In the spring of the year 1147, King Alfonso Henrique lay at Coimbra, his capital, when he schemed an attempt upon Santarem. He is said to have obtained exact information of the height and position of the walls and towers of Santarem, to have prepared scaling-ladders, and to have sketched out a plan of assault. In three night marches, his small army had passed the fifty or sixty miles of wild and deserted country that lay between Coimbra and Santarem, successfully eluding the observation of the Saracen outposts and watchers by the way: on the third, some hours before daylight, he was under the walls of the city. The ladders were set, the walls scaled, and the troops, following their king with the war-cry of *Sanctiago e Rei Affonso!* overpowered the garrison, and the redoubtable stronghold of Santarem was in the hands of the Christians.

The capture of Santarem was of more importance to the Christian cause in Portugal than any event within the previous fifty years. It extended Christian territory to the Tagus, made Moorish aggression more difficult, and the Christian invasion of Gharb easier than before.

The king, however, now meditated an exploit far greater than this, and which, if accomplished, would carry the fame of the Portuguese nation to every Christian court and camp in Europe. This was the capture of Lisbon itself. But although to take an outpost like Santarem by a sudden and unexpected assault had been

proved to be possible, there were circumstances connected with the defenses of Lisbon which rendered its capture, with the resources of the King of Portugal, quite beyond the bounds of possibility.

Lisbon was at this time the richest and most populous city of the Peninsula. Moorish accounts compute the number of its inhabitants at between four and five hundred thousand. Its magnificent sea approach had long made it the chief emporium of trade between Europe and northern Africa. The city lies on the northern bank of the Tagus, where the river broadens into a lake-like estuary: from the edge of the water rose the city, as it still rises, amphitheater-wise upon hilly ground. On the northern slopes of these hills was situated the Kassba, or Moorish citadel, with its round turrets, its ditches, and its battlemented curtains. Strong lines of fortification extended from either side of the fortress to the river, and inclosed the whole city, except on the river side, where it was sufficiently protected by the Moorish fleets. The efforts of the Portuguese against so formidable an enceinte would certainly have proved futile, and it is not likely that even the enterprising King Alfonso Henrique would have made any attempt, but for a wholly unlooked-for occurrence.

Two years before the capture of Santarem, the first crusade had ended in complete disaster to the Christian arms in Asia Minor, and levies were already gathering in France and in Germany for a fresh expedition to the East. A large force of Frenchmen and Germans were at this time traveling overland to Palestine, along the route which had already been followed by a previous generation of crusaders; but the levies from England, North

Germany, and the Low Countries, not unaccustomed to the sea, preferred, to the fatigues of a tedious journey afoot through Hungary and modern European Turkey, the long and dangerous voyage from the mouths of the Rhine, down the British Channel, across the Bay of Biscay and through the Pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean. News of these sea-traveling crusaders had probably reached the King of Portugal, through France, long before its slow and timid navigation had brought the fleet within sight of his shores; and it is almost certain that he had foreseen and planned the combination which he subsequently put into practice.

The German crusaders under Arnulph of Areschot, and the Flemings under Christian of Gistell, had put in at Dartmouth, there to join the English contingent. These latter were commanded by four Constables, and the whole force assembled in the port of Dartmouth numbered about thirteen thousand fighting men, of whom the greater number probably were Englishmen.

It happened that among the English crusaders was a scholar, no doubt a churchman of the inferior rank, who subsequently drew up a lengthy account, in the form of a letter, of the voyage and of its various incidents, in a manner so graphic that it furnishes us with by far the best and fullest description that has come down to the present time of the curious episode of the siege of Lisbon.

The English portion of the fleet first made land on the coast of northern Spain, then, creeping round westward, they put in at Oporto to await the arrival of the Flemish and German contingent, from whom they had parted company in a gale.

At Oporto, the crusaders were met by the bishop of

that city, who had the king's commands to receive them courteously, and to invite them to proceed to Lisbon and to join the Portuguese troops in an attack upon that stronghold. After some discussion, and upon the arrival of the rest of the crusaders, it was agreed by them to join their forces to those of the king, in a work kindred to that for which they had left their own country. The fleet accordingly set sail for the Tagus, while the king's troops marched thither by land. Much of the letter is taken up with accounts of the dissensions between the members of the various nationalities which composed the crusading armies, and the mode in which peace was kept among these unruly warriors by the king of the Portuguese.

The powerful fleet of the crusaders cut off the communications of the Lisbon garrison by water, and the troops, disembarking and joining with the Portuguese, were sufficient to encompass the whole city; but the Moorish garrison was a strong one, and the defenses in good order. Continual sorties were made from the city, and in the fighting which took place, the advantage was as often on the side of the Saracens as of the besiegers. Finally the English troops succeeded, after heavy loss, in penetrating the suburbs of the city, which, though lying outside the city wall, were tenanted by a large population. Here also were the grain stores of the inhabitants, and from this time the garrison suffered severely from famine.

In the various arts of siege warfare, the Saracens had always the advantage. They were the more ingenious, and the more watchful, and the more active. A tower on wheels built by the English crusaders was burnt;

another, constructed at great expense of time and trouble by the Germans, met the same fate; mining works, prepared by the Flemings on a large scale, were countermined by the garrison and destroyed. The war engines of the Saracens were superior in size and power to those of the Christians, and the besiegers were assailed by overpowering showers of stones and darts whenever they advanced to the assault.

Finally, however, a Pisan engineer devised a wooden tower on wheels, of unexampled proportions. Englishmen and Portuguese worked in company at its construction, and fifty English and fifty Portuguese soldiers having manned this moving castle, and each man of the hundred having been supplied with a piece of the True Cross, it was rolled up to the city wall amid the breathless expectation of the besieging hosts. The Saracens, seeing the imminence of their danger, sallied forth in great numbers and attacked the approaching tower. The Pisan engineer, who directed the operation, was wounded and disabled by a stone hurled from a Moorish catapult. The tide, flowing unusually high, covered the sands on which the tower was moving, and cut off support from the besiegers; but it came nearer and nearer, and finally reached to within a yard of the parapets, whose height it equaled. Then a drawbridge was thrown across, and the English and the Portuguese were preparing to enter the city, when the Saracens, seeing further resistance to be useless, surrendered. The city capitulated, and was mercilessly sacked. The king lost no time in devising for the captured city a form of municipal government, which strongly testifies to his liberality, toleration, and wisdom, in an age when the

narrow bigotry and ferocity of kings and rulers were usually as conspicuous as these qualities in their subjects. The Moslem population were treated by the Portuguese in a manner which was in singular contrast to the contemporary atrocities of the crusaders in the East, for the Moors of Lisbon were neither put to the sword, nor compelled to change their religion, nor enslaved, nor even banished. They continued to reside in the city, and they enjoyed, under a charter granted by the king, considerable liberties and privileges. They retained in their own hands the election of a judge, and the taxation to which they were subjected does not appear to have been excessive. The king's administration of church affairs was equally liberal and judicious. He appointed many foreign ecclesiastics to the newly created chief offices of the Church; among whom Gilbert, an Englishman, was the first Bishop of Lisbon.

The king likewise turned his attention to the establishment of a navy, which his countrymen had never yet possessed. He favored naval enterprise by conferring knightly rank and the privilege of citizenship on native and on foreign sailors, and he drew thereby Flemings, Englishmen, and North Germans into the new commercial marine of Portugal. Thus encouraged by a wise protection and by impartial justice, soon after the capture of Lisbon and what might have been its commercial ruin, its trade acquired a sudden, and a great, and a permanent development.

[As the years passed, King Alfonso Henrique left warfare with the Moors to his son Sancho, and gave his attention to the welfare of his people. When he was seventy-five years old, however, the Moors made a determined effort to regain

Santarem. Sancho, shut up in the beleaguered city, had done everything in his power, and it did not seem as if he could hold out many hours longer. The following story tells what came to pass.]

From the towers of Santarem, the hard-pressed garrison perceived a numerous troop of rapidly approaching cavalry. Presently they distinguished the pennons and banners of Christian knights, and as the troop came nearer, they recognized the well-known form of the old king himself, riding at the head of his knights. He had come by forced marches to the succor of his son from the extreme north of Portugal. The gates of the city were thrown open, the garrison sallied forth, and joining the king's men, they fell together upon the vast host of the Saracens. The besiegers, panic-struck at the sudden apparition of the terrible King of Portugal, the triumphant shouting of the garrison, and the sudden combined assault, were put to flight; the emir himself was slain, and his armies driven over the Tagus, and forced to a disastrous rout across the Moorish frontier; and thus, by what seemed a real miracle in contemporary eyes, was Portugal freed in a day from the greatest peril with which it had ever been threatened.

THE PENANCE OF A PRINCE

[About 1240]

BY EDWARD McMURDO

[FERDINAND, Infante of Serpa, brother of King Sancho II, had not only shown utter disregard of the authority of the Church, but he had wantonly destroyed her property and that of her clergy, he had desecrated her sanctuaries, and he had with the utmost brutality put her devoted ministers to a violent and cruel death. As the years passed, the blackness of his crimes became a torture to him. He found neither peace by day nor rest by night. He made up his mind to go to the Pope and beg for absolution, no matter how severe a penance might be decreed for him.

The Editor.]

FERDINAND departed from Portugal, and proceeded to Rome, where he was to meet the persecuted bishop and some of his victims. He cast himself at the feet of Gregory IX, who absolved him, yielding to the petitions of the very ones whom the infante had offended. The penance enjoined on the delinquent was proportioned to the gravity of the crimes, and the reparation such as, humanly speaking, could be exacted. The Pope bade the infante return to Portugal, and not only restore to the Church all he had taken, but likewise redeem, as far as he could, conformably to the will of the prelates, the damages and affronts made generally to the Church; and that, far from persecuting the Bishop of Lisbon and his relatives and friends, he should protect and defend them, and abstaining from again placing violent hands

on ecclesiastics, he should deliver up the price of the blood he had spilt to the relatives of the dead or to the Church to which they belonged. Yet this was not all that the repentant infante had to perform. During Lent he was to go through a long process of expiation. With unshaven beard, and head covered with ashes, he was to assist, at the porch of the temple, in all the offices and services of the forty days, and during these days he was forbidden to wear silk, scarlet, or embroideries in gold. On Good Friday the bishop or priest should then come to him according to the ceremonial of the ritual, and taking his hand, admit him to the communion of the faithful, and on that day to clothe ten poor persons, after washing their feet. During the whole of Lent he was to feed five beggars at his own table; but on Fridays he was to eat his meals on the ground, from only one dish, and served solely by one servant.

After his admission into the Church on Good Friday, he was to proceed barefooted to all the churches of the town, and then be permitted to shave and wash himself. Besides this, for seven years he was to perform a great number of fasts, and to abstain from flesh-meat on Saturdays, except in urgent cases, or on Christmas Day, should it fall on that day.

The penance enjoined especially for the deaths which took place in Santarem was more severe. After the first week of his arrival at that town, the infante, simply clothed in a tunic and cloak, barefooted, and cords around his neck, was to quit the Dominican Convent, and passing through the Monastery of the Hospitallers, proceed to the Church of Sancta Maria da Alcaçova, and in the porch be scourged by a priest, the Psalm

Miserere me, Deus, being meanwhile intoned. Besides this, he was to redeem twenty captives, have no alliance with Saracens, nor live in their midst, or assist them against the Christians, but, on the contrary, combat them unceasingly for three years, particularly on the frontiers of Portugal. Before departing, Ferdinand swore, in presence of the pontiff, to be the defender of the Church, obeying the apostolic legates, and honoring them.

[The remorse of Ferdinand was so sincere that he fulfilled with the utmost strictness the long and difficult penance enjoined upon him.

The Editor.]

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

[About 1347]

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS

[ABOUT the middle of the fourteenth century, Alfonso IV was on the throne of Portugal. His son, Dom Pedro, greatly loved the beautiful Inez de Castro. She and her powerful friends were so rapidly gaining influence over the prince that King Alfonso finally yielded to the enemies of her family and allowed her to be assassinated. Pedro at once rebelled against his father; and two years later, when he himself had become king, he put her murderers to death with terrible tortures. He declared that she had been his lawful wife and that royal homage should be paid to her. Her body was taken from the tomb, arrayed in magnificent robes, and a crown set upon the head. Then it was placed upon the throne. The line of grandees filed before her under the watchful eye of the king, each one kneeling in deference and swearing fealty to her as his lawful sovereign. Her body was then laid upon a bier, and at night, through a long avenue lined with torch-bearers, it was borne to its resting-place among the sovereigns of Portugal.

The Editor.]

THERE was music on the midnight,
From a royal fane it rolled;
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly tolled.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hushed the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, — of death!

PORTUGAL

There was hurrying through the midnight,
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter grew their tread,
As it neared the minster gate.
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
In the center of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jeweled robes fell strangely still, —
The drapery on her breast
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!

Then died away that haughty sound;
And from the encircling band
Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
— It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turned
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for him to bear.

Alas! the crown, the scepter,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed. — Bear back the dead
Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight, —
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapped in his folding robe
When they lowered the dust again.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

'T is hushed at last the tomb above, —
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

THE BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS PHILIPPA

[1385]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

[PORTUGAL was still an unimportant little country, often engaged in warfare with the more powerful land of Spain. Each country sought for allies. Castile found them in the French; Portugal in the English. In 1385 the great battle of Aljubarrota was fought, and the Portuguese were the winners. The English archers had been of great service to them in this battle, and now the barons and knights and magistrates of the principal towns in Portugal met together in Lisbon to plan how to make a closer alliance with England. The way was open. The Duke of Lancaster, uncle to Richard II, King of England, had married a daughter of the late King of Castile. Their daughter Constance had, then, a claim to the Castilian throne. Therefore, the wily Portuguese wrote some letters to the duke, saying that now was the time to stand for the rights of his daughter, and that if he wished to enter Castile, he might pass through Portugal. In England, at that date French was the court language, and Latin the literary language; therefore, the letterswere written in both tongues, and a messenger was chosen who could speak French as easily as Portuguese, one Lawrence Fongasse.

The duke was well pleased with the suggestion, and set out with his wife and children and men-at-arms for Portugal.

The Editor.]

THE King of Portugal was well pleased at the arrival of the English knights, and commanded that they should be comfortably lodged. When they were ready, Don Martin d'Acunha and Don Fernando Martin de Merlo, who were acquainted with the king's habits, introduced

them to him. He received them very graciously; and after some conversation, which they knew well how to keep up, they presented the falcons and greyhounds. The king cheerfully accepted them, as he was fond of the chase. They returned the king thanks, on the part of the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, for the handsome mules he had given them. The king replied, these were trifles, merely tokens of affection, such as lords desirous of maintaining love and friendship ought to make to each other; but he should soon offer more splendid presents. Wine and spices were now brought, of which the English knights having partaken, they took leave of the king and returned to their lodgings, where they supped. On the morrow, they were seated at the king's table. Sir John d'Ambreticourt and Sir John Sounder were at another table with the great barons of the kingdom, among whom was Lawrence Fongasse, squire of honor to the king, who was well known to these knights, having been acquainted with them in England; on which account he made them the best cheer in his power, and this he knew well how to do.

The dinner the King of Portugal gave to these knights was very handsome and well served. When over, they adjourned to the council-chamber, and the knights, addressing themselves to the king, the Count d'Acunha and the Count de Novaire spoke as follows: "Sire, with all the compliments the Duke of Lancaster has charged us to pay you, he ordered us to say that he is very desirous of having a personal interview with you." The king replied, he was equally anxious for it, and added, "I beg of you to hasten everything as much as possible, that we may have a conference together." "That will be very

proper," said the barons of Portugal; "for until you meet, you will never understand each other. You may then confer on the most effectual means of carrying on the war against the King of Castile." "That is true," answered the knights. "Be speedy about it, then," said the king, "for if the duke wishes to see me I wish also to see him." They then entered on other conversation; for the council was to determine when and where this meeting should take place, and inform the English knights of it. This was done. It was agreed the King of Portugal should go to Oporto, and the Duke of Lancaster advance along the borders of Galicia; and somewhere between them and Oporto the meeting was to be held. When the English knights had remained three days at Coimbra, they departed and followed the same road back to St. Jago, where they related to the duke and duchess all that had passed. They were with reason well satisfied with it, for their affairs seemed now likely to be attended to.

When the day of meeting approached, the Duke of Lancaster left his army, under the command of his marshal, at St. Jago, and attended by three hundred spears and six hundred archers, and Sir John Holland (who had married his eldest daughter) with many knights, rode toward the frontiers of Portugal. The King of Portugal, hearing that the duke was set out from St. Jago, left Oporto with six hundred spears, and went to a town called in that country Monçao, the last town of Portugal on that side. The duke came to a town on the frontiers called Melgaço. Between Monçao and Lemgaço runs a small river through meadows and fields, over which is a bridge called Pont de More.

On a Thursday morning, the King of Portugal and the Duke of Lancaster had their first interview at this bridge, attended by their escorts, when they made acquaintance with each other. On the King of Portugal's side had been built a bower, covered with leaves, in which the duke was entertained at dinner by the king. It was a handsome one; and the Bishop of Coimbra, the Bishop of Oporto, as also the Archbishop of Braganza, were seated at the king's table with the duke, and a little below him were Sir John Holland and Sir Henry Beaumont. There were many minstrels, and this entertainment lasted until night. The King of Portugal was that day clothed in white lined with crimson, with a red cross of St. George, being the dress of the Order of Avis, of which he was grand master. When the people had elected him their king, he declared he would always wear that dress in honor of God and St. George, and his attendants were all dressed in white and crimson. When it became late, they took leave of each other, with the engagement of meeting again on the morrow. The king went to Monçao, and the duke to Melgaço, which places were only separated by the river and meadows. On the Friday, after hearing the Mass, they mounted their horses, and rode over the Pont de More, to the spot where they had met the preceding day. The house which had been erected for this occasion was the fairest and greatest that had ever been seen there. The king and duke had each their apartments hung with cloth and covered with carpets, as convenient as if the king had been at Lisbon or the duke in London.

Before dinner they had a conference on the state of their affairs, how they should carry on the war, and

when they should commence it. They resolved to order their marshals to continue their attacks during the winter, which the king was to pass in Portugal, and the duke at St. Jago; and it was settled that, early in March, they would unite their forces, and march to combat the King of Castile, wherever he might be, and whomever he might have with him; for the English and Portuguese, when united, would be full thirty thousand men.

When this had been determined, the king's council introduced the subject of marriage with their king; for the country was very desirous he would marry, as it was now time; and by it they would be much strengthened; and they thought he could not make a better choice for himself, nor one more agreeable to them, than by intermarrying with the House of Lancaster. The duke, who saw the attachment the king and the Portuguese had for him, and that he had need of their assistance, as he was come from England to Portugal to regain his kingdom of Castile, replied with a smile, addressing the king: "Sir King, I have at St. Jago two girls, and I will give you the choice to take which of them shall please you best. Send thither your council, and I will return her with them." "Many thanks," said the king: "you offer me more than I ask. I will leave my cousin Catherine of Castile; but I demand your daughter Philippa in marriage, whom I will espouse and make my queen." At these words the conference broke up, as it was dinner-time. They were seated as on the preceding day, and most sumptuously and plentifully served, according to the custom of that country. After dinner, the king and duke returned to their lodgings.

On the Saturday after Mass, they again mounted their

horses, and returned to Pont de More in grand array. The duke this day entertained at dinner the king and his attendants. His apartments were decorated with the richest tapestry, with his arms emblazoned on it, and as splendidly ornamented as if he had been at Hertford, Leicester, or at any of his mansions in England, which very much astonished the Portuguese. Three bishops and one archbishop were seated at the upper table: the Bishops of Lisbon, of Oporto, of Coimbra, and the Archbishop of Braganza. The King of Portugal was placed at the middle, and the duke somewhat below him; a little lower than the duke, the Count d'Acunha and the Count de Novaire. At the head of the second table was the deputy grand master of Avis: then the grand master of St. James, in Portugal, and the grand master of St. John, Diego Lopez Pacheco, Joao Fernandez Pacheco his son, Lopo Vasquez d'Acunha, Vasco Martin d'Acunha, Lopo Diaz d'Azevedo, Vasco Martin de Merlo, Gonzalves de Merlo, all great barons. The Abbot of Aljubarrota, the Abbot of St. Mary, in Estremadoura, Sir Alvarez Pereira, marshal of Portugal, Joao Rodriguez Pereira, Joao Gomez de Silva, Joao Rodriguez de Sa, and many other Portuguese knights, were there seated; for not one Englishman was at the table that day, but served their guests. There were numbers of minstrels, who played their parts well; and the duke gave them and the heralds one hundred nobles[1] each.

When this festival was ended, they took a most friendly leave of each other, until they should meet again. The king returned to Oporto, and the duke to

[1] About one hundred and sixty-five dollars.

Melgaço, from whence he journeyed toward St. Jago. The Count de Novaire escorted him with one hundred Portuguese lances, until he was out of all danger, when he took leave and returned to Portugal. The duchess was very impatient for the duke's return, to hear how the conferences had passed; of course, you may suppose, she received him with joy. She asked what he thought of the King of Portugal. "On my faith," replied the duke, "he is an agreeable man, and has the appearance of being a valiant one, and I think he will reign powerfully; for he is much beloved by his subjects, who say that they have not been so fortunate in a king for these hundred years. He is but twenty-six years old, and, like the Portuguese, strong and well-formed in his limbs and body to go through much labor and pain." "Well, and what was done in regard to the marriage," said the duchess. "I have given him one of my daughters." "Which?" asked the duchess. "I have offered him the choice of Catherine or Philippa; for which he thanked me much, and has fixed on Philippa." "He is in the right," said the duchess; "for my daughter Catherine is too young for him."

A JOUST AT THE COURT OF PORTUGAL

[About 1400]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

DURING the stay of the Duke of Lancaster in Entença, a herald arrived from Valladolid, who demanded where Sir John Holland was lodged. On being shown thither, he found Sir John within; and, bending his knee, presented him with a letter, saying, "Sir, I am a herald-at-arms, whom Sir Reginald de Roye sends hither: he salutes you by me, and you will be pleased to read this letter." Sir John answered he would willingly do so. Having opened it, he read that Sir Reginald de Roye entreated him, for the love of his mistress, that he would deliver him from his vow, by tilting with him three courses with the lance, three attacks with the sword, three with the battle-axe, and three with the dagger; and that, if he chose to come to Valladolid, he had provided him an escort of sixty spears; but, if it were more agreeable to him to remain in Entença, he desired he would obtain from the Duke of Lancaster a passport for himself and thirty companions.

When Sir John Holland had perused the letter, he smiled, and, looking at the herald, said, "Friend, thou art welcome; for thou hast brought me what pleases me much, and I accept the challenge. Thou wilt remain in my lodging with my people, and in the course of to-morrow, thou shalt have my answer, whether the tilts are to be in Galicia or Castile." The herald replied,

"God grant it." He remained in Sir John's lodgings, where he was made comfortable; and Sir John went to the Duke of Lancaster, whom he found in conversation with the marshal, and showed him the letter the herald had brought. "Well," said the duke, "and have you accepted it?" "Yes, by my faith, have I: and why not? I love nothing better than fighting, and the knight entreats me to indulge him: consider, therefore, where you would choose it should take place." The duke mused awhile, and then said: "It shall be performed in this town: have a passport made out in what terms you please, and I will seal it." "It is well said," replied Sir John; "and I will, in God's name, soon make out the passport."

The passport was fairly written and sealed, for thirty knights and squires to come and return; and Sir John Holland, when he delivered it to the herald, presented him with a handsome mantle lined with a minever, and twelve nobles. The herald took leave and returned to Valladolid, where he related what had passed, and showed his presents.

News of this tournament was carried to Oporto, where the King of Portugal kept his court. "In the name of God," said the king, "I will be present at it, and so shall my queen and the ladies." "Many thanks," replied the duchess, "for I shall be accompanied by the king and queen when I return."

It was not long after this conversation that the King of Portugal, the queen, the duchess, with her daughter, and the ladies of the court, set out for Entença in grand array. The Duke of Lancaster, when they were near at hand, mounted his horse; and, attended by a numerous company, went to meet them. When the king and

the duke met, they embraced each other most kindly, and entered the town together, where their lodgings were as well prepared as they could be in such a place, though they were not so magnificent as if they had been in Paris. Three days after the arrival of the King of Portugal, came Sir Reginald de Roye, handsomely accompanied by knights and squires, to the amount of six-score horse. They were all properly lodged; for the duke had given his officers strict orders they should be well taken care of. On the morrow Sir John Holland and Sir Reginald de Roye armed themselves, and rode into a spacious close in Entença, well sanded, where the tilts were to be performed. Scaffolds were erected for the ladies, the king, the duke, and the many English lords who had come to witness the combat; for none had stayed at home.

The two knights who were to perform this deed of arms entered the lists so well armed and equipped that nothing was wanting. Their spears, battle-axes, and swords were brought them; and each, being mounted on the best of horses, placed himself about a bow-shot distant from the other; but at times they both pranced about on their horses most gallantly, for they knew every eye to be upon them. All being now arranged for their combat, which was to include everything except pushing it to extremity, though no one could see what mischief might happen, nor how it would end; for they were to tilt with pointed lances, then with swords, which were so sharp that scarcely a helmet could resist their strokes; and these were succeeded by battle-axes and daggers, each so well tempered that nothing could withstand them. Now, consider the perils those run who

engage in such combats to exalt their honor; for one unlucky stroke puts an end to the business.

Having braced their targets and examined each other through the visors of their helmets, they spurred on their horses, spear in hand. Though they allowed their horses to gallop as they pleased, they advanced on as straight a line as if it had been drawn with a cord, and hit each other on the visors with such force that Sir Reginald's lance was shivered into four pieces, which flew to a greater height than they could have been thrown. All present allowed this to have been gallantly done. Sir John Holland struck Sir Reginald likewise on the visor, but not with the same success, and I will tell you why: Sir Reginald had but slightly laced on his helmet, so that it was held by one thong only, which broke at the blow, and the helmet flew over his head, leaving Sir Reginald bare-headed. Each passed the other, and Sir John Holland bore his lance without halting. The spectators cried out that it was a handsome course.

The knights returned to their station, when Sir Reginald's helmet was fitted on again, and another lance given to him: Sir John grasped his own, which was not worsted. When ready, they set off full gallop, for they had excellent horses under them, which they well knew how to manage, and again struck each other on the helmets, so that sparks of fire came from them, but chiefly from Sir John Holland's. He received a very severe blow, for this time the lance did not break; neither did Sir John's, which hit the visor of his adversary without much effect, passing through and leaving it on the crupper of the horse, and Sir Reginald was once more bare-headed. "Ha," cried the English to the French, "he does

not fight fair; why is not his helmet as well buckled on as Sir John Holland's? We say he is playing tricks: tell him to put himself on an equal footing with his adversary." "Hold your tongues," said the duke, "and let them alone: in arms every one takes what advantage he can: if Sir John thinks there is any advantage in thus fastening on his helmet, he may do the same. But for my part, were I in their situations, I would lace my helmet as tight as possible, and if one hundred were asked their opinions, there would be fourscore of my way of thinking." The English on this were silent, and never again interfered. The ladies declared they had nobly jousted; and they were much praised by the King of Portugal, who said to Sir John Fernando, "In our country they do not tilt so well, nor so gallantly: what say you, Sir John?" "By my faith, sir," replied he, "they do tilt well; and formerly I saw as good jousts before your brother, when we were at Elvas to oppose the King of Castile, between this Frenchman and Sir William Windsor; but I never heard that his helmet was tighter laced than it is now."

The king on this turned to Sir John to observe the knights, who were about to begin their third course. Sir John and Sir Reginald eyed each other, to see if any advantage were to be gained, for their horses were so excellent that they could manage them as they pleased, and sticking spurs into them, hit their helmets so sharply that their eyes struck fire and the shafts of their lances were broken. Sir Reginald was again unhelmed, for he could never avoid this happening, and they passed each other without falling. All now declared they had well jousted; though the English, excepting the Duke of Lancaster, blamed greatly Sir Reginald: but he said, he

considered that man as wise who in combat knows how to seize his vantage. "Know," added he, addressing himself to Sir Thomas Percy and Sir Thomas Moreaux, "that Sir Reginald de Roye is not now to be taught how to tilt: he is better skilled than Sir John Holland, though *he* has borne himself well."

After the courses of the lance, they fought three rounds with swords, battle-axes, and daggers, without either of them being wounded. The French carried off Sir Reginald to his lodging, and the English did the same to Sir John Holland.

II
EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

HISTORICAL NOTE

KING JOHN I, who married Philippa, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, came to the throne in 1385. Their four sons all did them honor, but the best known among them is Prince Henry, called the "Navigator," because of his warm interest in the discoveries of the captains whom he sent out to gain knowledge of the world. During his lifetime, his explorers crept cautiously down the western coast of Africa to within fifteen degrees of the equator; but, far more than this, his interest in discovery was an inspiration to his countrymen, which lasted for half a century after his death. It led them to sail around the vast unknown mass of land called Africa, and to find their way to the Indies. Trade was opened, and a great Portuguese empire in India was founded. From 1500 to 1600 treasure poured into the successful little country. This was the time of Portugal's glory.

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

[1394–1460]

BY JOHN FISKE

[PRINCE HENRY, by his victory over the Moors at Ceuta in northern Morocco, won so great a military reputation that on his return he was overwhelmed with invitations to become the leader of armies. The Pope asked him to command the papal forces; and in England, Castile, and Germany, troops were ready to follow his word.

The Editor.]

SUCH invitations had no charm for Henry. Refusing them one and all, he retired to the promontory of Sagres, in the southernmost province of Portugal, the ancient kingdom of Algarva, of which his father now appointed him governor. That lonely and barren rock, protruding into the ocean, had long ago impressed the imagination of Greek and Roman writers; they called it the Sacred Promontory, and supposed it to be the westernmost limit of the habitable earth. There the young prince proceeded to build an astronomical observatory, the first that his country had ever seen, and to gather about him a school of men competent to teach and men eager to learn the mysteries of map-making and the art of navigation. There he spent the greater part of his life; thence he sent forth his captains to plough the southern seas; and as year after year the weather-beaten ships returned from their venturesome pilgrimage, the first glimpse of home that greeted them was likely to be the

beacon-light in the tower where the master sat poring over problems of Archimedes or watching the stars. For Henry, whose motto was "Talent de bien faire," or (in the old French usage) "Desire to do well," was wont to throw himself whole-hearted into whatever he undertook, and the study of astronomy and mathematics he pursued so zealously as to reach a foremost place among the experts of his time. With such tastes and such ambition, he was singularly fortunate in wielding ample pecuniary resources; if such a combination could be more often realized, the welfare of mankind would be notably enhanced. Prince Henry was Grand Master of the Order of Christ, an organization half military, half religious; and out of its abundant revenues he made the appropriations needful for the worthy purpose of advancing the interests of science, converting the heathen, and winning a commercial empire for Portugal. At first he had to encounter the usual opposition to lavish expenditure for a distant object without hope of immediate returns; but after a while his dogged perseverance began to be rewarded with such success as to silence all adverse comment.

The first work in hand was the rediscovery of coasts and islands that had ceased to be visited even before the breaking up of the Roman Empire. For more than a thousand years the Madeiras and Canaries had been well-nigh forgotten, and upon the coast of the African continent no ship ventured beyond Cape Non, the headland so named because it said "No!" to the wistful mariner.

THE SEARCH FOR PRESTER JOHN

[1486]

BY JOHN FISKE

[For more than three hundred years a legend had been in existence about a mysterious "Prester [priest] John." According to the story, some Nestorian Christians had built up a mighty kingdom somewhere in Asia, and this Prester John was its sovereign. His realm was said to contain most marvelous wild beasts and even more marvelous races of men. It was rich in precious stones; the earth swarmed with ants that dug gold, and the water with fish that gave forth a brilliant purple dye. The sovereign's palace was more magnificent than the imagination could picture, and seventy-two great kings paid tribute to its master. Such was the land of Prester John; and small wonder is it that King John of Portugal, nephew of Henry the Navigator, longed to get into communication with such a country of marvels.

Moreover, the thoughts of all mercantile nations were turning toward India; but no one knew the shape and size of the mass of land called Africa that hindered their approach to the East, or whether it would be possible to sail around it. What knowledge had been gained of it had come chiefly from the voyage of an enterprising captain, one Diego Cam, who in 1485 had crept cautiously down the African coast one thousand miles beyond the mouth of the Congo River.

The Editor.]

About the time that Diego Cam was visiting the tribes on the Congo, the Negro King of Benin, a country by the mouth of the Niger, sent an embassy to John II of

Portugal with a request that missionary priests might be sent to Benin. It had been thought that the woolly-haired chieftain was really courting an alliance with the Portuguese, or perhaps he thought their "medicine-men" might have the knack of confounding his foes. The Negro envoy told King John that a thousand miles or so east of Benin there was an august sovereign who ruled over many subject peoples, and at whose court there was an order of chivalry whose badge or emblem was a brazen cross. Such, at least, was the king's interpretation of the Negro's words, and forthwith he jumped to the conclusion that this African potentate must be Prester John, whose name was redolent of all the marvels of the mysterious East. To find Prester John would be a long step toward golden Cathay and the isles of Spice. So the King of Portugal rose to the occasion, and attacked the problem on both flanks at once. He sent Pedro de Covilham by way of Egypt to Aden, and he sent Bartholomew Dias, with three fifty-ton caravels, to make one more attempt to find an end to the Atlantic coast of Africa.

Covilham's journey was full of interesting experiences. He sailed from Aden to Hindustan, and on his return visited Abyssinia, where the semi-Christian king took such a liking to him that he would never let him go. So Covilham spent the rest of his life, more than thirty years, in Abyssinia, whence he was able now and then to send to Portugal items of information concerning eastern Africa that were afterwards quite serviceable in voyages upon the Indian Ocean.

The daring captain, Bartholomew Dias, started in August, 1486, and after passing nearly four hundred

miles beyond the Tropic of Capricorn, was driven due south before heavy winds for thirteen days without seeing land. At the end of this stress of weather he turned his prows eastward, expecting soon to reach the coast. But as he had passed the southernmost point of Africa, and no land appeared before him, after a while he steered northward, and landed near the mouth of Gauritz River, more than two hundred miles east of Cape of Good Hope. Thence he pushed on about four hundred miles farther eastward as far as the Great Fish River, where the coast begins to have a steady trend to the northeast. Dias was now fairly in the Indian Ocean, and could look out with wistful triumph upon that waste of waters, but his worn-out crews refused to go any farther, and he was compelled reluctantly to turn back. On the way homeward the ships passed in full sight of the famous headland which Dias called the Stormy Cape; but after arriving at Lisbon, in December, 1487, when the report of this noble voyage was laid before King John II, His Majesty said, "Nay, let it rather be called the Cape of Good Hope, since there was now much reason to believe that they had found the long-sought ocean route to the Indies." Though this opinion turned out to be correct, it is well for us to remember that the proof was not yet complete. No one could yet say with certainty that the African coast, if followed a few miles east of the Great Fish River, would not again trend southward and run all the way to the pole. The completed proof was not obtained until Vasco da Gama crossed the Indian Ocean ten years later.

This voyage of Bartholomew Dias was longer and in many respects more remarkable than any that is known

to have been made before that time. From Lisbon back to Lisbon, reckoning the sinuosities of the coast, but making no allowance for tacking, the distance run by those tiny craft was not less than thirteen thousand miles.

THE FIRST VOYAGE TO INDIA

[1497]

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON

[THE year 1497 had come, and the way to the Indies had not yet been found. Columbus had made two voyages across the Atlantic Ocean and had come to what he supposed was the coast of Asia; but there were rich cities in Asia, and he had seen none of them; he had not even found gold or silver or pearls or precious stones or spices. Evidently Columbus was a failure.

But the search for a route to India could not be laid aside; for wealth untold was waiting there for the fortunate country that could open commerce with the East. King John II of Portugal had begun to make ready to send out an expedition by water to find India and the kingdom of Prester John when, in 1495, he died. His successor, King Manuel, was determined to carry out these plans, and almost the first exercise of his royal power was to order the completion of preparations.

The Editor.]

THE King, Dom Manuel, at once gave orders for the completion of the ships which Dom John had commenced, and directed that they should be as strong and serviceable as possible. The sailors who had gone on a previous expedition were collected, and the ships were supplied with double the usual amount of sails and tackling, as well as with artillery, munitions, and provisions, including all sorts of fruits, especially preserves for the use of the sick; nor were priests for confession forgotten.

Rich merchandise, and gold and silver articles, gob-

lets, swords, and daggers, shields and spears, all highly ornamented, fit to present to the rulers of the countries to be visited, were also collected. All the slaves to be found who could speak Eastern languages were purchased, that they might act as interpreters. The king, having made these preparations, had next to fix on a leader for the expedition. Among the cavaliers who attended his court was one who had already seen much service at sea, Vasco da Gama, a man of noble lineage, son of Estevan da Gama, formerly comptroller of the household of King Dom Alfonso. The king, summoning Vasco into his presence, offered him the command of the squadron he proposed sending out to discover a way to the East Indies by sea.

The cavalier at once gladly accepted the honorable charge, saying at the same time that he had an elder brother, named Paulo da Gama, whom he requested the king to appoint as captain-major to carry the royal standard. The king, pleased with his modesty, and satisfied that he was a man especially fitted for the undertaking, granted him his request, but desired that he himself should carry out all the arrangements for the expedition.

Paulo, in consequence of a quarrel with the chief magistrate of Lisbon, had been compelled to quit the city. He was summoned back, and a free pardon granted him. The two brothers having selected a particular friend, Nicholas Coelho, to command one of the ships, the three, without loss of time, set to work to prepare them for the voyage. They were named respectfully the St. Miguel, the St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael. The crews were at once directed to learn the arts of carpenters, ropemak-

ers, caulkers, blacksmiths, and plank-makers, receiving additional pay as an encouragement, while they were furnished with all the tools necessary for their crafts. Da Gama also selected the most experienced masters and pilots, who now, instead of being guided by their charts, would have to depend upon their own sagacity, their compasses, and lead-lines, for running down strange coasts and entering hitherto unknown harbors. To save the officers and trained seamen as much as possible from risking their lives, Da Gama begged the king to order six men who had been condemned to death to be put on board each ship, that they might be sent ashore in dangerous regions, or left in certain places, to acquire a knowledge of the language and habits of the people. These cut-throat gentlemen were, as may be supposed, afterwards a source of no small trouble and anxiety to the commanders of the ships.

The preparations for the voyage being completed, the king and queen, with their court and many of the nobles of the land, assembled in the cathedral of Lisbon, to hear Mass, and bid farewell to the gallant explorers. The three captains, richly dressed, advanced to the curtain behind which the royal family had sat during the service, and dropping on their knees, kissed their sovereign's hand, and expressed their readiness to expend their lives in the important undertaking with which he had entrusted them. They then, mounting their horses, and accompanied by numerous nobles and gentlemen, as well as by a procession of priests and monks, with tapers in their hands, chanting a litany, to which a great concourse of people uttered responses, rode down to the harbor. The king went with them in his barge as they

joined their several ships, bestowing on them his blessing, and earnestly praying that they might enjoy a prosperous voyage and return home in safety. Vasco da Gama embarked in the St. Raphael, Paulo in the St. Gabriel, and Nicholas Coelho, in the St. Miguel. The ships were all of the same size, measuring about one hundred and twenty tons, and each carried about eighty persons, officers and men. They were accompanied by a store ship of two hundred tons, under the command of Gonzalo Nunez, which was to continue with them only a part of the way, and to supply them with provisions and stores. It was on Saturday, the 8th of July, 1497, the anchors being weighed and the sails loosed, that Vasco da Gama proceeded down the Tagus on his memorable voyage.

He first steered so as to reach the Cape de Verde Islands, where he had ordered the ships to rendezvous in case of separation.

Having sighted the African coast, they again stood out to the westward, meeting with a heavy gale, against which they had to beat for several days, until the crews were almost worn out, and the ships received no little damage. Being separated, as it was expected would be the case, they all steered for the Cape de Verde, where Paulo da Gama, Coelho, Diaz, and Nunez rejoined one another, but the captain-major had not arrived.

At length his ship made her appearance, when, to show their joy, they saluted him with salvos from their artillery, for fears had been entertained that he was lost.

Having taken in water and repaired the damaged spars and rigging, they again sailed. Here Diaz parted from his friends to proceed on his separate voyage.

After battling with wind and waves for five months, they entered a bay to which the name of St. Elena was given. Here they set up an astrolabe of wood three spans in diameter, which they mounted on as many poles in the manner of shears, to ascertain the sun's altitude.

While Vasco da Gama was thus employed with his pilots, he observed behind a hill two Negroes, apparently gathering herbs. He immediately ordered his people to surround them, which they did, one being caught.

As the poor captive was too frightened to understand the signs made, the captain-major sent for two Negro boys from his ship, and made them sit by him and eat and drink, to banish his fears. At length the Negro appeared to have overcome his alarm, on which Da Gama induced him to point out by signs where his people were to be found. Having given him a cap and some beads and bells, the captain-major ordered him to be set at liberty, making signs to him to return to his companions and tell them that if they would come, they would receive similar articles.

The Negro, fully comprehending what was desired, set off, and returned with a dozen men, to whom various presents were made. They appeared, however, not to value articles of gold and silver and spices. The next day upwards of forty more came, and were so familiar that a man-at-arms named Fernando Veloso begged permission to accompany them, and obtain more information about their country. While he was gone, Coelho remained on shore to look after the crews, who were collecting wood and catching lobsters, while Da Gama, not

to be idle, went in chase of some young whales. Having speared a whale, the rope being made fast to the bow of the boat, the animal in its struggles nearly upset her, but fortunately running into shallow water, offered no further resistance.

As it was getting late in the day, the boats were about to return to the ships, when, just as they were shoving off, Vasco da Gama saw Fernando Veloso, who was somewhat of a braggadocio, coming rapidly down the hill, looking every now and then behind him. On this the captain-major directed Coelho, whose boat was nearest, to pull in and take him off. The sailors, however, for the sake of frightening Fernando, rowed on slowly.

Before he reached the beach, two Negroes sprang out and seized him, when, as matters were becoming serious, some sailors leaping on shore struck right and left at Fernando's assailants in a way which brought blood from their noses. Perceiving how their companions were being treated, a number of other Negroes rushed out, very nearly catching the boaster, and began throwing stones and shooting arrows at Coelho's boat. Fearing that matters might grow serious, Vasco da Gama rowed in to try and pacify the natives; but before he could do so he received an arrow through his leg, and the master of the St. Gabriel and two seamen were also wounded.

Finding that nothing could induce the natives to be friendly, and Veloso having been rescued, Vasco da Gama ordered the boats to return to the ship, and then sent back a party of crossbow-men to chastise the savages.

No information about the cape or the people had been gained, for Fernando could only describe the dangers he had encountered. Accordingly, the anchors were weighed and the squadron stood out to sea. The wind, however, blew hard from the southward, while tremendous waves rose up, threatening destruction to the vessels, and, as they could only sail on a bowline, they continued for many days standing off land. They then tacked and stood back, when once more they out about close-hauled, so that they at length reached a far southern latitude. The heavy sea still running and the wind blowing harder than ever, the crews suffered greatly; still the captain-major insisted on continuing his course. Once more tacking and making the land, the masters and pilots became much alarmed from seeing it extend away to the west, and they declared that it went across the sea, and had no end to it.

Vasco da Gama, on hearing of their complaints, assured them that the cape was near, and that by making another tack on their return they would find that they had doubled it. He accordingly ordered the ships to be put about, doing his utmost to raise the sinking courage of his companions.

On the ships sailed, day after day, in spite of the heavy winds and seas. He himself took no repose, sharing the hardships his men were enduring, never failing to come on deck, as they did, at the sound of the boatswain's pipe. The terrified and disheartened crews of the several ships clamored loudly to return to Portugal, but their captains told them that they had resolved to follow the fortunes of their leader.

At length the pilots and masters entreated Vasco da

Gama to tack back again, on the plea that the days were short, the nights long, and the vessels leaky, while the winds blew strongly, and cold rain and sleet came beating in their faces. He accordingly ordered the ships to be put about, declaring at the same time, should he find that they had not weathered the cape, he should again tack, as he would never turn back until he had accomplished his object.

The weather now happily began to moderate, and the crews believing that they were approaching the land, their spirits rose. Vasco da Gama's wish was to keep close-hauled; but at night, when he was asleep, the pilot kept away, hoping thus to ease the ship and more quickly to get sight of land. As the admiral carried a huge lantern at the poop, the others followed, each showing a light one to another.

Finding that they did not make the land, they were convinced that their great object was accomplished — the dreaded Cape of Storms, now joyfully called the Cape of Good Hope, doubled. So it was, and Vasco da Gama had established for himself a name imperishable on the page of history. With great joy, they praised God for delivering them from the dangers to which they had been exposed.

Sailing free, with all canvas spread, they one morning sighted a range of lofty mountains, their peaks touching the clouds, at which, falling on their knees, they returned thanks to Heaven. Though they ran on all day, they were yet unable to reach the land till the evening. At night they continued along the coast, which here trended from west to east. During the night they sailed on under single canvas to the eastward. They passed sev-

eral large bays and rivers, from which fresh water came forth with powerful currents. They also found many fish, which they killed with spears.

A bright lookout was kept in the foretop for shoals which might be ahead, while pilots hove the lead, but found no bottom. At night they stood offshore under easy sail.

Thus for three days they ran on, until they discovered the mouth of a large river, when, shortening sail, they entered it, a boat going before and sounding. At length they came to an anchor. Here they found good fishing, but no beach was to be seen, rocks and crags forming the shore.

Vasco da Gama and Coelho then went on board Paulo's ship, where the three captains dined together, and talked cheerfully over the dangers they had encountered and their prospects for the future. The captain-major next day sent Coelho up the river in a boat; but after proceeding twenty leagues, finding no inhabitants, he returned, when the ships got up their anchors, and, aided by the current, the boats towing, they sailed once more into the open ocean.

They now continued their course along the land, entering several other great rivers and bays, but meeting with no one on shore nor any boats at sea, and keeping all the time a good lookout so as not to run on the rocks or on shoals. As the country appeared to be unpeopled, the captain-major determined to enter no more rivers. All day long they ran on in sight of the shore in the hope of at length seeing some towns and villages, and at night they stood away to sea, shortening sail.

After being becalmed for some time, another heavy

gale arose, and, fearful of being driven on shore, they again stood off land. When they had got, as they supposed, far enough out, they sent down the loftier spars, secured the lower masts and yards with additional stays, and, with all canvas furled except their foresails, prepared to weather the storm. On finding the fierce wind which began to blow, the pilot and master urged the captain-major, for fear the ships should founder, to run back along the coast and enter the river which they had before discovered; but he replied that he would not allow such words to be spoken, for, as he was going over the bar at Lisbon, he had sworn not to turn back a single foot of the way he had once gained, and whoever should dare to counsel such a proceeding should be hove overboard.

Notwithstanding that the tempest increased, he remained firm. The gale now blew from one quarter, now from another. At times the wind fell; but the sea continued tossing about with such power that the ships, laboring severely, were in great danger, now lurching on one side, now on another; while the men had to secure themselves from being washed overboard or dashed along the decks. As yet things had not grown to their worst. It became difficult even to work the pumps, while the water came in both from above and below, and many of the crew sank and died. Again the pilots and masters of the other vessels urged their captains to put back; but they received the same answer as before, that as long as Vasco da Gama set the example they could not accede to their request, while he declared that even should he see a hundred die before his eyes, return he would not, for that by so doing they would lose all their labors. He

reminded them that having already doubled the Cape of Storms, they were in that region in which India was to be discovered. "Trust in God, He will deliver us," he added.

Notwithstanding the brave words of their leader, the seamen continued to clamor; but even though the sea began to go down and the wind to abate and the ships were able to get nearer each other, the crews with loud cries insisted that they should seek for some harbor where they might be repaired.

On this Vasco da Gama swore by the life of the king that from that spot he would not turn back a span's breadth until they had obtained the information they had come to seek.

[So it was that Vasco da Gama worked his way up the eastern coast of Africa. The St. Miguel was so badly injured that it had to be abandoned, but he pressed on, and at length some native pilots were found who agreed to guide him to India. The next selection describes his reception by the king in Calicut.

The Editor.]

HOW PORTUGAL OPENED COMMERCE WITH INDIA

[1498]

BY JULES VERNE

[In May, 1498, Vasco da Gama, after making the first voyage around Africa, anchored his vessels six miles below Calicut.

The Editor.]

The enthusiasm on board was great. At last they arrived in those rich and wonderful countries. Fatigue, dangers, sickness, all were forgotten. The object of their long labors was attained! Or rather, it seemed to be so, for there was still needed the possession of the treasures and rich productions of India.

Scarcely were the anchors dropped when four boats came off from the shore, performing evolutions around the fleet, and apparently inviting the sailors to disembark. But Da Gama, rendered cautious by the occurrences at Mozambique and Mombaz, sent on shore one of the criminals who were on board, to act as a scout; ordering him to walk through the town and endeavor to ascertain the temper of its inhabitants. Surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, assailed by questions to which he could not reply, this man was conducted to the house of a Moor named Mouçaida, who spoke Spanish and to whom he gave a short account of the voyage of the fleet. Mouçaida returned with him on board, and his first words on setting foot on the ship were "Good luck!

good luck! quantities of rubies, quantities of emeralds!" Whereupon, Mouçaida was at once engaged as interpreter.

The King of Calicut was at this time at a distance of forty-five miles from his capital, so the captain-major dispatched two men to announce the arrival of an ambassador from the King of Portugal, being the bearer of letters to him from his sovereign. The king at once sent a pilot, with orders to take the Portuguese ships into the safer roadstead of Pandarany, and promised to return himself on the morrow to Calicut; this he did, and ordered his Intendant, or Catoual, to invite Da Gama to land and open negotiations. In spite of the supplications of his brother, Paul da Gama, who represented to him the dangers which he might incur, and those to which his death would expose the expedition, the captain-major set out for the shore, upon which an enormous crowd of people were awaiting him.

The idea that they were in the midst of a Christian population was so rooted in the minds of all the members of the expedition, that Da Gama, on passing by a pagoda on the way, entered it to perform his devotions. One of his companions, however, Juan de Saa, noticing the hideous pictures upon the walls, was less credulous, and whilst throwing himself upon his knees, said aloud, "If that be a devil, I intend nevertheless to adore only the true God!" A mental reservation which caused amusement to the admiral.

Near the gates of the town the crowd was even more closely packed. Da Gama and his companions, under the guidance of the Catoual, had some difficulty in reaching the palace, where the king, who in the narrative is

called the "Zamorin," was awaiting them with extreme impatience. Ushered into halls splendidly decorated with silken stuffs and carpets, and in which burned the most exquisite perfumes, the Portuguese found themselves in the presence of the Zamorin. He was magnificently attired, and loaded with jewels, the pearls and diamonds which he wore being of extraordinary size. The king ordered refreshments to be served to the strangers, and permitted them to be seated, a peculiar mark of favor in a country where the sovereign is usually only addressed with the most lowly prostrations. The Zamorin afterwards passed into another apartment, to hear with his own ears, as was proudly demanded by Da Gama, the reasons for the embassy and the desire felt by the King of Portugal to conclude a treaty of commerce and alliance with the King of Calicut. The Zamorin listened to Da Gama's discourse, and replied that he should be happy to consider himself the friend and brother of King Emmanuel, and that he would, by the aid of Da Gama, send ambassadors to Portugal.

There are certain proverbs of which the force is not affected by change of latitude, and the truth of that one which says, "The days succeed each other and have no similarity," was proved the next day at Calicut. The enthusiasm which had been aroused in the mind of the Zamorin by the ingenious discourse of Da Gama, and the hope it had awakened of the establishment of a profitable trade with Portugal, vanished at the sight of the presents which were to be given him. "Twelve pieces of striped cloth, twelve cloaks with scarlet hoods, six hats, and four branches of coral, accompanied by a box con-

taining six large basins, a chest of sugar, and four kegs, two filled with oil, and two with honey," certainly did not constitute a very magnificent offering. At sight of it, the prime minister laughed, declaring that the poorest merchant from Mecca brought richer presents, and that the king would never accept such ridiculous trifles. After this affront Da Gama again visited the Zamorin, but it was only after long waiting in the midst of a mocking crowd, that he was admitted to the presence of the king. The latter reproached him in a contemptuous manner for having nothing to offer him, while pretending to be the subject of a rich and powerful king. Da Gama replied with boldness, and produced the letters of Emmanuel, which were couched in flattering terms, and contained a formal promise to send merchandise to Calicut. The Zamorin, pleased at this prospect, then inquired with interest about the productions and resources of Portugal, and gave permission to Da Gama to disembark and sell his goods.

But this abrupt change in the humor of the Zamorin was not at all agreeable to the Moorish and Arab traders, whose dealings made the prosperity of Calicut. They could not look on quietly whilst foreigners were endeavoring for their own advantage to turn aside the commerce which had been hitherto entirely in their hands; they resolved, therefore, to leave no stone unturned to drive away once for all these formidable rivals from the shores of India. Their first care was to gain the ear of the Catoual; then they painted in the blackest colors these insatiable adventurers, these bold robbers, whose only object was to spy out the strength and resources of the town, that they might return in force to

pillage it, and to massacre those who should venture to oppose their designs.

Upon arriving at the roadstead of Pandarany, Da Gama found no boat to take him off to the ships, and was forced to sleep on shore. The Catoual never left him, continually seeking to prove to him the necessity of bringing the ships nearer to the land; and when the admiral positively refused to consent to this, he declared him to be his prisoner. He had very little idea as yet of the firmness of Da Gama's character. Some armed boats were sent to surprise the ships, but the Portuguese, having received secret intelligence from the admiral of all that had happened, were on their guard, and their enemies dared not use open force. Da Gama, still a prisoner, threatened the Catoual with the anger of the Zamorin, whom he imagined could never thus have violated the duties of hospitality; but seeing that his menaces produced no effect, he tried bribery, presenting the minister with several pieces of stuff, who thereupon at once altered his demeanor. "If the Portuguese," said he, "had but kept the promise they had made to the king, of disembarking their merchandise, the admiral would long ago have returned on board his ships." Da Gama at once sent an order to bring the goods to land, opened a shop for their sale, of which the superintendence was given to Diego Dias, brother to the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, and was then allowed to go back to his ships.

The Mussulmans placed obstacles in the way of the sale of the merchandise by depreciating its value; Da Gama sent his agent Dias to the Zamorin to complain of the perfidy of the Moors and of the bad treatment to

which he had been subjected, requesting at the same time permission to move his place of sale to Calicut, where he hoped that the goods would be more easily disposed of. This request was favorably received, and friendly relations were maintained, in spite of the Moorish intrigues, until the 10th of August, 1498. On that day Dias went to announce Da Gama's impending departure to the king, reminding him of his promise to send an embassy to Portugal, and asking him to allow Da Gama a specimen of each of the productions of the country. These were to be paid for on the first sale of goods which should take place after the departure of the fleet, it being intended that the employees of the factory should remain at Calicut during Da Gama's absence. The Zamorin, instigated by the Arab traders, not only refused to execute his promise, but demanded the payment of 600 seraphins as customs' duty, ordering at the same time the seizure of the merchandise, and making prisoners of the men employed in the factory.

Such an outrage, such contempt for the rights of nations, called for prompt vengeance, but Da Gama understood the art of dissimulation; however, on receiving a visit on board from some rich merchants, he detained them, and sent to the Zamorin to demand an exchange of prisoners. The king's reply not being sent within the time specified by the admiral, the latter set sail and anchored at the distance of sixteen miles from Calicut. After another fruitless attack by the Hindus, the two agents returned on board, and a portion of the hostages whom Da Gama had secured were given up. Dias brought back with him a curious letter from the Zamorin to the King of Portugal. It was written upon a palm

leaf, and shall be quoted in all its strange laconicism, so different from the usual grandiloquence of the Oriental style: —

" Vasco da Gama, a noble of thy palace, is come into my country, which I have permitted. In my kingdom there is much cinnamon, cloves, and pepper, with many precious stones, and what I desire from thy country is gold, silver, coral, and scarlet. Adieu."

THE SPEECH OF VASCO DA GAMA TO THE KING OF CALICUT

[1498]

BY LUIS DE CAMOËNS

[THE "Lusiad," from which the following extract is taken, was begun by Camoëns when in Africa fighting against the Moors. "In one hand I carried the pen, in the other the sword," he says. Returning to Portugal, a satirical poem which he wrote exiled him to China. Here he completed the "Lusiad." This poem pictures the exploits of Vasco da Gama and also what is greatest and most beautiful in Portuguese history. Camoëns was at length permitted to return home, but his genius received little recognition, and the poet whose writings are the glory of Portugal died in extreme poverty.

The Editor.]

THE Regent ceased; and now with solemn pace
The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor.
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the monarch sate,
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars: high o'erhead
The golden canopy its radiance shed:
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone.
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.

An hoary sire submiss on bended knee
(Low bow'd his head), in India's luxury,
A leaf, all fragrance to the glowing taste,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Brahmin, soft and slow he rose,
Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,
And leads him to the throne: in silent state
The monarch's rod assigns the captain's seat;
The Lusian train in humbler distance stand:
Silent the monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke
The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke;

"From where the crimson sun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the western waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty king,
And holy vows of lasting friendship bring
To thee, O monarch, for resounding fame
Far to the west has borne thy princely name,
All India's sovereign Thou! Nor deem I sue,
Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due,
Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile,
Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,
From where the North Star gleams o'er seas of frost,
To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,
Whate'er the sea, whate'er the land bestows,
In my great monarch's realm unbounded flows.

"Pleased thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My sovereign offers friendship's bands sincere:
Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise,
Then every bounty of the smiling skies

Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful commerce on each shore bestow.
Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations fell
Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendship then thy honest wish explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar,
Our banners o'er the crimson field shall sweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe against thy land shall rear
Th' invading bowsprit, or the hostile spear;
My king, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join,
The glory his, the gainful harvest thine."

III
THE LAST FOUR CENTURIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE downfall of Portugal was at hand. Mismanagement lost her an Indian empire; wealth and the possession of slaves encouraged love of luxury; her young men either were slain in war or became emigrants to the colonies; the Jews were expelled, carrying with them intellect and ability as well as riches; the Inquisition was introduced; and, last, King Sebastian set off on a crusade against the Moors of northern Africa and was slain. The kingdom then fell into the hands of Philip II of Spain. In 1640 it was recovered. A century later, the great earthquake destroyed Lisbon and more than 15,000 of its inhabitants.

In the times following the French Revolution, Portugal hesitated, even at the bidding of Napoleon, to break friendship with her old ally, England, and he declared war against her. The royal family fled to Brazil. A few years later, Brazil declared herself independent. At the death of John VI, his second son, Pedro of Brazil, claimed also the sovereignty of Portugal; and meanwhile the younger son, Dom Miguel, seized the Portuguese crown. With the help of England, Dom Pedro's daughter Maria was placed upon the throne. In 1908, the reigning sovereign and his eldest son were assassinated. Not long afterwards, his second son, King Manuel, was driven from his throne by a revolution and forced to flee to England. In 1910 a republic was proclaimed.

THE DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN

[1578]

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

[When King Sebastian was twenty-one, he set off from Lisbon for a crusade against the Moors of Morocco. At the battle of Kassr-el-Kebir he was defeated and slain.

The Editor.]

It was a Lusitanian lady, and she was lofty in degree,
Was fairer none, nor nobler, in all the realm than she;
I saw her that her eyes were red, as, from her balcony,
They wandered o'er the crowded shore and the resplendent sea.

Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride,
His valorous armada (was never nobler sight)
Hath young Sebastian marshaled against the Moorish might.

The breeze comes forth from the clear north, a gallant breeze there blows;
Their sails they lift, then out they drift, and first Sebastian goes.
"May none withstand Sebastian's hand, — God shield my King!" she said;
Yet pale was that fair Lady's cheek, her weeping eyes were red.

She looks on all the parting host, in all its pomp arrayed,
Each pennon on the wind is tost, each cognizance displayed;
Each lordly galley flings abroad, above its armed prow,
The banner of the Cross of God, upon the breeze to flow.

But one there is, whose banner, above the Cross divine,
A scarf upholds, with azure folds, of love and faith the sign:
Upon that galley's stern ye see a peerless warrior stand,
Though first he goes, still back he throws his eye upon the land.

Albeit through tears she looks, yet well may she that form descry,
Was never seen a vassal mien so noble and so high;
Albeit the Lady's cheek was pale, albeit her eyes were red,
"May none withstand my true-love's hand! God bless my Knight!" she said.

There are a thousand Barons, all harnessed cap-a-pie,
With helm and spear that glitter clear above the dark-green sea, —
No lack of gold or silver, to stamp each proud device
On shield or surcoat, — nor of chains and jewelry of price.

The seamen's cheers the Lady hears, and mingling voices come,
From every deck, of glad rebeck, of trumpet, and of drum;

THE DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN

"Who dare withstand Sebastian's hand? what Moor
his gage may fling
At young Sebastian's feet?" she said. "The Lord hath
blessed my King."

[Philip II of Spain had objected strenuously to the crusade of King Sebastian. There are not so very many good deeds to Philip's credit; but this was certainly one of them. The undertaking was full of danger; there was more than a possibility that his nephew Sebastian would lose his life; and if this came to pass, Philip would have a good claim to the crown of Portugal. All he could accomplish, however, was to extort from Sebastian a promise that he would not venture into the interior of the country.

After the death of Sebastian there were seven claimants to his throne. Philip was the winner of the prize, and in 1581 he was proclaimed King of Portugal. There were many who did not believe that King Sebastian was dead, and as one impostor after another appeared, claiming to be the lost sovereign, there was always a party ready to lend its support. In 1640, a carefully planned rebellion broke out. The result of it was that the Duke of Braganza, a descendant of the royal family, became king.

The Editor.]

THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON

[1755]

BY REV. CHARLES DAVY

[IN 1755 Portugal was visited by a terrible earthquake. As Holmes puts it, —

"That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down."

The Editor.]

THERE never was a finer morning seen that the 1st of November; the sun shone out in its full luster; the whole face of the sky was perfectly serene and clear; and not the least signal of warning of that approaching event, which has made this once flourishing, opulent, and populous city, a scene of the utmost horror and desolation, except only such as served to alarm, but scarcely left a moment's time to fly from the general destruction.

It was on the morning of this fatal day, between the hours of nine and ten, that I was set down in my apartment, just finishing a letter, when the papers and table I was writing on began to tremble with a gentle motion, which rather surprised me, as I could not perceive a breath of wind stirring. Whilst I was reflecting with myself what this could be owing to, but without having the least apprehension of the real cause, the whole house began to shake from the very foundation, which at first I imputed to the rattling of several coaches in the main street, which usually passed that way, at this time, from Belem to the palace; but on hearkening more attentively,

I was soon undeceived, as I found it was owing to a strange frightful kind of noise under ground, resembling the hollow distant rumbling of thunder. All this passed in less than a minute, and I must confess I now began to be alarmed, as it naturally occurred to me that this noise might possibly be the forerunner of an earthquake, as one I remembered, which had happened about six or seven years ago, in the island of Madeira, commenced in the same manner, though it did little or no damage.

Upon this I threw down my pen and started upon my feet, remaining a moment in suspense, whether I should stay in the apartment or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed equal; and still flattering myself that this tremor might produce no other effects than such inconsiderable ones as had been felt at Madeira; but in a moment I was roused from my dream, being instantly stunned with a most horrid crash, as if every edifice in the city had tumbled down at once. The house I was in shook with such violence, that the upper stories immediately fell; and though my apartment (which was the first floor) did not then share the same fate, yet everything was thrown out of its place in such a manner that it was with no small difficulty I kept my feet, and expected nothing less than to be soon crushed to death, as the walls continued rocking to and fro in the frightfulest manner, opening in several places; large stones falling down on every side from the cracks, and the ends of most of the rafters starting out from the roof. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so gloomy that I could now distinguish no particular object; it was an Egyptian darkness indeed,

such as might be felt; owing, no doubt, to the prodigious clouds of dust and lime raised from so violent a concussion, and, as some reported, to sulphureous exhalations, but this I cannot affirm; however, it is certain I found myself almost choked for near ten minutes.

[The narrator hastened out of the house and through the narrow streets, where the buildings either were down or were continually falling, and climbed over the ruins of St. Paul's Church to get to the river's side, where he thought he might find safety.]

Here I found a prodigious concourse of people of both sexes, and of all ranks and conditions, among whom I observed some of the principal canons of the patriarchal church, in their purple robes and rochets, as these all go in the habit of bishops; several priests who had run from the altars in their sacerdotal vestments in the midst of their celebrating Mass; ladies half dressed, and some without shoes; all these, whom their mutual dangers had here assembled as to a place of safety, were on their knees at prayers, with the terrors of death in their countenances, every one striking his breast and crying out incessantly, *Miserecordia meu Dios!* . . . In the midst of our devotions, the second great shock came on, little less violent than the first, and completed the ruin of those buildings which had been already much shattered. The consternation now became so universal that the shrieks and cries of *Miserecordia* could be distinctly heard from the top of St. Catherine's Hill, at a considerable distance off, whither a vast number of people had likewise retreated; at the same time we could hear the fall of the parish church there, whereby many persons were killed on the spot, and others mortally wounded.

You may judge of the force of this shock, when I inform you it was so violent that I could scarce keep on my knees; but it was attended with some circumstances still more dreadful than the former. On a sudden I heard a general outcry, "The sea is coming in, we shall be all lost." Upon this, turning my eyes towards the river, which in that place is nearly four miles broad, I could perceive it heaving and swelling in the most unaccountable manner, as no wind was stirring. In an instant there appeared, at some small distance, a large body of water, rising as it were like a mountain. It came on foaming and roaring, and rushed towards the shore with such impetuosity, that we all immediately ran for our lives as fast as possible; many were actually swept away, and the rest above their waist in water at a good distance from the banks. For my own part I had the narrowest escape, and should certainly have been lost, had I not grasped a large beam that lay on the ground, till the water returned to its channel, which it did almost at the same instant, with equal rapidity. As there now appeared at least as much danger from the sea as the land, and I scarce knew whither to retire for shelter, I took a sudden resolution of returning back, with my clothes all dripping, to the area of St. Paul's. Here I stood some time, and observed the ships tumbling and tossing about as in a violent storm; some had broken their cables, and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled around with incredible swiftness; several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this without any wind, which seemed the more astonishing. It was at the time of which I am now speaking, that the fine new quay, built entirely of rough marble,

at an immense expense, was entirely swallowed up, with all the people on it, who had fled thither for safety, and had reason to think themselves out of danger in such a place: at the same time, a great number of boats and small vessels, anchored near it (all likewise full of people, who had retired thither for the same purpose), were all swallowed up, as in a whirlpool, and nevermore appeared.

This last dreadful incident I did not see with my own eyes, as it passed three or four stones' throws from the spot where I then was; but I had the account as here given from several masters of ships, who were anchored within two or three hundred yards of the quay, and saw the whole catastrophe. One of them in particular informed me that when the second shock came on, he could perceive the *whole* city waving backwards and forwards, like the sea when the wind first begins to rise; that the agitation of the earth was so great even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, which swam, as he termed it, on the surface of the water: that immediately upon this extraordinary concussion, the river rose at once near twenty feet, and in a moment subsided; at which instant he saw the quay, with the whole concourse of people upon it, sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels that were near it was drawn into the cavity, which he supposed instantly closed upon them, inasmuch as not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. This account you may give full credit to, for as to the loss of the vessels, it is confirmed by everybody; and with regard to the quay, I went myself a few days after to convince myself of the truth, and could

not find even the ruins of a place where I had taken so many agreeable walks, as this was the common rendezvous of the factory in the cool of the evening. I found it all deep water, and in some parts scarcely to be fathomed.

This is the only place I could learn which was swallowed up in or about Lisbon, though I saw many large cracks and fissures in different parts; and one odd phenomenon I must not omit, which was communicated to me by a friend — who has a house and wine-cellars on the other side of the river, viz., that the dwelling-house being first terribly shaken, which made all the family run out, there presently fell down a vast high rock near it; that upon this the river rose and subsided in the manner already mentioned, and immediately a great number of small fissures appeared in several contiguous pieces of ground, from whence there spouted out, like a *jet d'eau*, a large quantity of fine white sand to a prodigious height. It is not to be doubted the bowels of the earth must have been excessively agitated to cause these surprising effects; but whether the shocks were owing to any sudden explosion of various minerals mixing together, or to air pent up, and struggling for vent, or to a collection of subterranean waters forcing a passage, God only knows. As to the fiery eruptions then talked of, I believe they are without foundation, though it is certain I heard several complaining of strong sulphureous smells, a dizziness in their heads, a sickness in their stomachs, and difficulty of respiration, not that I felt any such symptoms myself.

I had not been long in the area of St. Paul's when I felt the third shock, somewhat less violent than the

two former, after which the sea rushed in again, and retired with the same rapidity, and I remained up to my knees in water, though I had gotten upon a small eminence at some distance from the river, with the ruins of several intervening houses to break its force. At this time I took notice the waters retired so impetuously, that some vessels were left quite dry, which rode in seven fathom water; the river thus continued alternately rushing on and retiring several times together, in such sort that it was justly dreaded Lisbon would now meet the same fate which a few years before had befallen the city of Lima; and no doubt had this place lain open to the sea, and the force of the waves not been somewhat broken by the winding of the bay, the lower parts of it at least would have been totally destroyed.

The master of a vessel which arrived here just after the 1st of November, assured me that he really concluded he had struck upon a rock, till he threw out the lead, and could find no bottom, nor could he possibly guess at the cause, till the melancholy sight of this desolate city left him no room to doubt of it. The two first shocks, in fine, were so violent that several pilots were of opinion the situation of the bar at the mouth of the Tagus was changed. Certain it is that one vessel, attempting to pass through the usual channel, foundered, and another struck on the sands, and was at first given over for lost, but at length got through. There was another great shock after this, which pretty much affected the river, but I think not so violently as the preceding; though several persons assured me that as they were riding on horseback in the great road leading to Belem, one side of which lies open to the river, the waves

rushed in with so much rapidity that they were obliged to gallop as fast as possible to the upper grounds, for fear of being carried away.

I was now in such a situation that I knew not which way to turn myself: if I remained there, I was in danger from the sea; if I retired farther from the shore, the houses threatened certain destruction; and at last, I resolved to go to the Mint, which being a low and very strong building, had received no considerable damage, except in some of the apartments towards the river. The party of soldiers, which is every day set there on guard, had all deserted the place, and the only person that remained was the commanding officer, a nobleman's son, of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom I found standing at the gate. As there was still a continued tremor of the earth, and the place where we now stood (being within twenty or thirty feet of the opposite houses, which were all tottering) appeared too dangerous, the courtyard being likewise full of water, we both retired inward to a hillock of stones and rubbish: here I entered into conversation with him, and having expressed my admiration that one so young should have the courage to keep his post, when every one of his soldiers had deserted theirs, the answer he made was, though he were sure the earth would open and swallow him up, he scorned to think of flying from his post. In short, it was owing to the magnanimity of this young man that the Mint, which at this time had upwards of two millions of money in it, was not robbed; and indeed I do him no more than justice in saying that I never saw any one behave with equal serenity and composure on occasions much less dreadful than the present. . . . Per-

haps you may think the present doleful subject here concluded; but alas! the horrors of the 1st of November are sufficient to fill a volume. As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself little less shocking than those already described: the whole city appeared in a blaze, which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress.

It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succor, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and indeed I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together. I could never learn that this terrible fire was owing to any subterranean eruption, as some reported, but to three causes, which all concurring at the same time, will naturally account for the prodigious havoc it made. The 1st of November being All Saints' Day, a high festival among the Portuguese, every altar in every church and chapel (some of which have more than twenty) was illuminated with a number of wax tapers and lamps as customary; these setting fire to the curtains and timber-work that fell with the shock, the conflagration soon spread to the

neighboring houses, and being there joined with the fires in the kitchen chimneys, increased to such a degree that it might easily have destroyed the whole city though no other cause had concurred, especially as it met with no interruption.

But what would appear incredible to you, were the fact less public and notorious, is that a gang of hardened villains, who had been confined and got out of prison when the wall fell, at the first shock, were busily employed in setting fire to those buildings which stood some chance of escaping the general destruction. I cannot conceive what could have induced them to this hellish work, except to add to the horror and confusion that they might, by this means, have the better opportunity of plundering with security. But there was no necessity for taking this trouble, as they might certainly have done their business without it, since the whole city was so deserted before night that I believe not a soul remained in it except those execrable villains and others of the same stamp. It is possible some among them might have had other motives besides robbing, as one in particular being apprehended (they say he was a Moor, condemned to the galleys), confessed at the gallows, that he had set fire to the king's palace with his own hand; at the same time glorying in the action, and declaring with his last breath that he hoped to have burnt all the royal family. It is likewise generally believed that Mr. Bristow's house, which was an exceedingly strong edifice, built on vast stone arches, and had stood the shocks without any great damage further than what I have mentioned, was consumed in the same manner. The fire, in short, by some means or other, may be said

to have destroyed the whole city, at least everything that was grand or valuable in it.

With regard to the buildings, it was observed that the solidest in general fell the first. Every parish church, convent, nunnery, palace, and public edifice, with an infinite number of private houses, were either thrown down or so miserably shattered that it was rendered dangerous to pass by them.

The whole number of persons that perished, including those who were burnt or afterwards crushed to death whilst digging in the ruins, is supposed, on the lowest calculation, to amount to more than sixty thousand; and though the damage in other respects cannot be computed, yet you may form some idea of it when I assure you that this extensive and opulent city is now nothing but a vast heap of ruins; that the rich and the poor are at present upon a level; some thousands of families which but the day before had been easy in their circumstances, being now scattered about in the fields, wanting every conveniency of life, and finding none able to relieve them.

A PORTUGUESE SHOOTING PARTY

[1880]

BY OSWALD CRAWFURD

If I describe a Portuguese shooting party, a *caçada* — I shall be accused by some grave and intolerant readers at home of wishing to make fun of a mode of sport which differs so entirely from our own ways of conducting these matters; but this is not so at all. Some thoughtful persons who love to go deeply into the philosophy of things, may even think that the ethics of the chase are better apprehended in Portugal than at home. In England, to obtain three days of *battue* shooting in the year, we spend a little fortune in the wages of keepers and watchers, in preserving coverts, and in rearing birds. We go some way to corrupt the morals of a parish, and perhaps turn half a dozen idlers into felons; we make tenants discontented, moderate people dissatisfied at seeing wealth and labor so ill and unprofitably spent, the humanitarian world is shocked at an unnecessary slaughter, and the non-sporting world of thinkers are mortified to see their countrymen engaged in one other form of indefensible folly. We make, in short, a small local revolution, financial and social, to get three days of what is by general consent the very dullest, most monotonous, and most unsatisfactory form of sport in the world.

Nothing of this kind happens in Portugal. There has been no preparation whatever for the sport, there is no expense, and there can be no temptation to poaching

where there is no artificial abundance of game. There is absolutely no seriousness about the matter at all, it is amusement and relaxation pure and simple that is soughtfor; there is no heart-burning between rival shots, no bribing of keepers, no favoritism, no ill-will possible anywhere; and lastly, no unpleasantly heavy bag to carry home after a long day's walking.

A dozen gentlemen agree to bring their dogs together, and a pack numbering thirty or forty of all degrees — lurchers, terriers, greyhounds, and even pointers — is collected. Another dozen friends and acquaintances join the party. Among the whole of the gentlemen six or eight only carry guns; the rest, sticks, the cow-sticks or quarter-staves, which are so much the badge of agriculturists of all classes, that even amateur rustics, gentlemen-farmers on their holiday, seldom go afield without one. Then does the chase begin. Many such a one have I engaged in, and of many heard the incidents narrated in the fullest detail.

In a long and vociferous line we range through the great pine forests or the chestnut woods, poking our sticks into the matted gorse and cistus, banging the tree trunks with resounding blows that echo among the hollow forest aisles. The dogs hunt a little, wrangle, bark, and fight a good deal, and would do so still more, but for the occasional flight, into their midst, of a well-directed cow-stick. Nothing in the shape of game is seen; a brown wood owl, indeed, flitting from an ivied oak tree, is immediately christened a woodcock by some imaginative person, and is brought down, amidst shouts of laughter, by a short-sighted gentleman, who holds up his eye-glass in explanation of his mistake. Another

enthusiastic sportsman walking by my side stops me suddenly, pressing my arm with so much emphasis that I look to see some very large game indeed afoot. He points to a holly tree.

"What is it?" I ask.

"Hush"; with his finger across his lips, and he whispers in my ear, "A blackbird!"

My acquaintance is proceeding to a scientific "stalk"; but though the blackbird is legitimate game in Portugal, the party is too large, the dignity of the occasion too great, for the pursuit of such small deer. Responding to the loud remonstrances of every one present, my companion retires from the pursuit, while the blackbird takes wing and disappears, with a shrill, crowing call.

In the mean time, a great commotion is taking place in the center of our line; every man shouts out "*Coelho!*" Rabbit! every dog gives tongue, every stick is waved in the air, thumped on the ground, or thrown with random aim into the tall undergrowth. Several guns are fired off. Nothing is hit, not even a dog. I observe that the older and more sagacious of the pack, when the first frenzy of excitement is over, retire a yard or two from the coverts, and watch for what may come out, as a terrier watches at a rat-hole. We all run to and fro madly, we charge and jostle each other, we scratch our faces in the bushes, we entangle our feet in the briers, and fall head over heels, we scream with excitement, we shout with laughter.

As yet I have seen nothing; but presently I make out a little animal which I should take for a very large rat if experience did not tell me it was a full-grown Portuguese

rabbit, cantering in a leisurely manner towards two gentlemen with guns stationed on a neighboring knoll, the only members of our party not in motion. These sportsmen cock their pieces, and, aiming apparently at the points of their own boots, fire simultaneously. We run up and look to where the ground is still smoking for the body of the rabbit. We find nothing but the hole of the burrow over which these gentlemen were mounting guard, and into which the rabbit has safely escaped.

We all stop for ten minutes to argue, to recount, and laugh over the misadventure, then set off again through the unending forest glades.

After this episode a boy working at a saw-pit offers to show us a hare half a mile away; we close with his offer, and eventually we shoot both hare and boy. The hare we *bagged* in a most literal sense, but the boy we only wounded very slightly—so slightly, indeed, that he recovered almost by magic from the fearful contortions of face and body which he was making, when he was presented with a silver crown, and, on being questioned, volunteered to be shot in the same way at the same price once a day for the rest of his lifetime. At first, I was seriously alarmed by his howls, and some of the eight gentlemen with guns who had fired sixteen barrels, more or less, in his direction, turned pale as possible murderers. The poor boy was an outsider, and his interested howls were no test of his courage. I am convinced that no one of our party would have made any fuss at all for a pellet or two; indeed, under the excitement of the rare appearance of game, the fusillade at these hunts is so hot and so irregular that no man who cannot trust his nerves under fire should ever join a Portuguese *caçada*.

Still it is use and temperament that make men cool; and, well as the Portuguese have shown that they can stand fire in more serious fields than those of sport, I do not quite think they could come up to the equanimity which I have myself seen displayed by an English game-keeper.

It is within my knowledge how, in a famous shooting country, an underkeeper was placed in the center of a large wood to stop the birds. An Eton boy was among the shooters, and getting, as boys will, out of the regular line, and coming near to where the keeper was posted, he saw, glancing through the thick underwood, that person's brown-gaitered legs. The boy, taking them for a hare, fired; but observing that the beast, as he thought, hopped away a short distance unhurt, he loaded his single-barreled gun and fired again, so continuing to load and fire in hot haste — the faithful servant dodging about a good deal among the bushes, but never actually deserting his post. At last the line of shooters and beaters came up: —

"Well, gentlemen," said the keeper, "I'm glad you've come at last; the little gentleman have been a-pouring it into me, terrible!"

As to the hare of which I said that we bagged her in a very literal sense, it happened in this way: we found her on her form, and she had not, I am sure, left it two yards before she was coursed and caught by the greyhounds, attacked by the lurchers, and shot by every one who had a gun; consequently she was killed before she had given any sport whatever. She made amends, however, afterwards. Among the pack was an ill-looking lurcher, whose bad character had caused remonstrances to be addressed

to the owner by the other sportsmen. "*Coitado!* Poor dog!" said his possessor, "let him come. He will be miserable if we leave him, and howl so that my wife will wish herself dead!"

He came, and stuck to his master's heels the whole morning in the most exemplary manner. When the hare was killed, it was his master who carried her, holding her by the hind legs, and the dog, seeing his opportunity come, suddenly gripped the animal in his teeth, and held on with such force, as his master tried to pull it away, that presently the dog was left with the head and the master with the body. Others of the pack, attracted by the noise, seized that part of the hare still held by the gentleman, and got it from him, while another detachment of dogs pursued the lurcher with the head in his mouth. Then began a novel kind of chase, with more shouting and flying about of quarter-staves, and laughing and tumbling down. Some of us tried to recover the body, some chased the head. We were very much out of breath before we again got together the two portions of the hare.

"Bring the needle and thread!" was called out — *the* needle and thread! necessities in this kind of sport where the game is set upon by such packs.

They were brought. The decapitated quarry was cleverly sewn together, the fur smoothed down, and then gravely insinuated into a narrow linen bag, also brought for the occasion.

Then we pushed on again, and presently a volley from the whole force brought down a red-legged partridge; a little farther on and the dogs started a fox in a thick piece of gorse. We shot him. Another volley at close

quarters proved fatal to a woodcock, whose long bill was nearly all that remained to prove his identity and the straight shooting of the eight gentlemen who had fired. Then came luncheon, and we fought all our battles over again, killing the slain many more times than thrice. Then we degenerated into politics — local chiefly, and election matters, just as we should have done at home.