PIRATES AND AMAZONS

OF

SOUTH AMERICA

BY

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THRILLING ADVENTURES, STARTLING EXPLOITS, RECKLESS DARING.

A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF THE BOLDEST AND STRANGEST CHARACTERS THAT THE WORLD HAS EVER PRODUCED, TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE FEERLESS AMAZONIAN WARRIORS INHABITING THAT COUNTRY WITH WHOM THE BADGE OF HONOR WAS REVENGE, AVARICE AND CRUELTY.

WITH REALISTIC FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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HE SPENT EIGHT DAYS DIVIDING THE SPOILS IN SIGHT OF THE ANGRY GARRISON. See page 171

CHAPTER I

WILD HUNTERS OF HISPANIOLA

The arc of islands extending from Venezuela to Florida has a continuous history of bloodshed and terror. From the landing of Columbus at San Salvador to the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, the West Indies have been an endless scene of calamity and crime. During a century of that time this central sea of islands was a swarming hive of the most remarkable desperadoes that the world has ever known. Their hatred of Spain amounted to a frenzy. They called themselves "Brethren of the Coast," but Spanish subjects spoke of them only as "Demons of the Sea."

Spain boasted that it was her divine mission and will to enslave all heathen and heretic nations. In the characteristic exercise of this intolerance, she established a vampire dominion in America which cost the subjugated territory more than thirty million lives. The struggle against her cruel rapacity and merciless greed was begun by the feeble Caribs when she entered the Western Hemisphere, and, after four centuries under the talons of her Inquisition and oppression, the final act of ejectment was completed

by the powerful American republic to save the farmers of Cuba. Meanwhile the conquest, occupation and expulsion of Spain have been a pestilence of injury to American development, while calling forth some of the most daring and heroic deeds that have ever been recorded in the savage antagonisms of men. Tudor captains, famous in English history; privateers, bearing at their mast-heads the colors of England, Holland or France; Buccaneers, creeping with murderous daring along the coasts; and corsairs boldly flying the black flag—all delighted alike in carrying terror and devastation to the subjects of Spain.

There was a hundred years' carnival of cruelty and glory, disaster and victory, pillage and ransom, massacre and retaliation, which swept Spanish commerce from the western seas and ravaged the Spanish Main with fire and sword, from Florida around Cape Horn to California.

The most powerful nation in Europe was unable to prevent its western possessions from becoming a scene of unmitigated

> "Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
> Roaring deep and fiery sands,
> Clanging fights, and flaming towns;
> Sinking ships and praying hands."

Until a quarter of a century after the discovery of America no foreign vessel ventured to approach the West Indies, where Spain asserted exclusive dominion.

In 1517 England sent two ships to visit the Great Cham of Tartary. Being separated by a storm, one reached the coast of Brazil, and then sailed northward into the Caribbean Sea and anchored off a port in San Domingo. The captain asked leave to come

ashore and trade. As such an intruder had never before been known in those waters, the request was forwarded to the *audiencia*, or supreme court of the island. Meantime the *castellano* or governor of the castle became so much incensed at the audacious presence of the stranger that before the answer of the *audiencia* could arrive, he trained the guns of the castle upon the vessel and drove it away. That a foreign ship had been allowed to sail unscathed through Spanish seas caused great inquietude at Madrid, and the *castellano* was severely censured for not seizing the bold intruder, so that he might not live to boast in Europe of such a feat. An edict was issued declaring all such trespassers to be pirates, and commanding that they should henceforth be treated as such. Pope Alexander VI confirmed this claim when he issued his famous Bull of Donation, threatening the excommunication of all who presumed to encroach upon the divine rights of Spain in America.

In answer to the complaints of a Spanish ambassador concerning the infringements of the English, Queen Elizabeth of England struck the chord of European opposition by saying: "I do not see why my subjects should be debarred from traffic in America, nor will I acknowledge titles given by the Bishop of Rome to lands of which Spain is not in actual possession."

In a prophetic way, Thomas Gage, an English priest sent to Mexico, wrote previous to 1648: "The Pope's donation excepted, I know of no title that the Spaniard hath but force, which by the same title and a greater force may be expelled. And to say that the inhuman butchery which the Indians did formerly

commit in sacrifice of so many reasonable creatures to their wicked idols was a sufficient warrant for the Spaniards to divest them of their country, the same argument may by much better reason be enforced against the Spaniards themselves, who have sacrificed so many millions to the idols of their barbarous cruelty."

The broad assumption and arrogant intolerance of Spain is well stated by Hakluyt, a writer of that time, who says: "Whoever is conversant with the Portuguese and Spanish writers shall find that they account all other nations for pirates, rovers and thieves which visit any heathen coast that they have sailed by or looked upon."

The exploits of Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru opened such glorious fields of adventure and wealth that the islands were neglected for the continent, and when Spain awoke to the menace of foreign colonists in the central sea it was too late.

Francisco Preciado, a noted character of that time, declared that there was "enough country to conquer and plunder for a thousand years;" but the desperate struggle begun by the natives was continued by those who took their places, until at the end of four hundred and six years, Spain was driven by the enlightened conscience of an American republic from her last foothold of plunder in the Western Hemisphere.

The English vessel driven from San Domingo in 1517 was followed by other adventurous vessels during the interval of the following century, but it was not until James Warner, in 1625, under authority from James I of England, landed a party of settlers on the island of St. Christopher, that Europe began seriously

to set at naught the authority of Spain in the West Indies. In the same year (some historians assert that it was by common consent, and on the same day) a party of Frenchmen also settled on the island.

In 1630 Frederick de Toledo, on his way to drive the Dutch from Brazil, was directed by the Spanish governor to stop at St. Christopher and massacre the French and English colonists. This was done, without regard to age or sex, and every vestige of habitation was destroyed.

The few who were absent or had escaped at the first alarm to neighboring islands, soon convinced the English, French and Dutch scattered along the bow of Lesser Antilles that they must organize for perpetual reprisal and retaliation against the Spaniards, or be exterminated.

Some Norman French, about the time of the settlement on St. Christopher, went west to Hispaniola in a trading vessel from Dieppe, and the Dutch promised to furnish them all needful supplies in exchange for hides and meat yielded by the swine and cattle running wild in the forests of Hispaniola, the offspring of those which escaped from settlements abandoned during the previous century by the Spaniards.

These hunters, in 1630, had become generally known as Buccaneers, from their manner of curing meat by means of smoke, and the Dutch traders were called sea-rovers or filibusters, because their traffic was unauthorized and in defiance of Spanish law. Several historians refer to the word *buccaneer* as being derived from a native Carib or Haitian word designating the house in which meat was smoked for preservation. A French philologist very plausibly asserts that it origi-

nated from "boucane," which he claims to have been Norman patois for smoke, as used by the first Buccaneers, who were Norman French.

Murray, the English philologist and lexicographer, says that it came from the word "bucan," a Tupi or allied Brazilian word for the framework or hurdle on which meat is roasted, and was brought into use in the West Indies by the English, French and Dutch from Guiana.

But the origin given to the word by Spanish authorities is most interesting. They say that it is derived from the low Latin word "hircus," he-goat, a term used in the first century of the middle ages by the Norman French. Owing to the peculiar pronunciation of the Normans it became changed into "buccus," from which the modern French get the word "bouc," he-goat—figuratively, a licentious man, the goat having been in all ages the satirical symbol for licentiousness and filth. The word "boucan" came to mean not only a house for goats, but any house sheltering licentious, filthy and abandoned characters.

The first European visitors to the wild hunters of Hispaniola found them living in rude huts, in which was an enormous fireplace, where meat and hides were hung up to be smoked and dried for preservation. Smoke filled these abodes, and the stench was unendurable to a civilized man. Because of their filthy and licentious life, their houses were called "boucans," and they received the name "boucaniers."

Whatever truth there may be in the different theories of origin, the word was a cant and accidental term which became the historical name for all the

pirates and privateers ravaging the Spanish dominion from their unassailable retreat in the West Indies.

Angered at the unauthorized intrusion of Dutch traders and Norman hunters, the Spaniards organized a fleet of revenue cutters, called *guardacostas*. They were ordered to cruise continually around the islands of the Caribbean Sea and along the Spanish Main. Every vessel they met that could not show proper Spanish authority for being in western waters, or that had on board any contraband goods whatever, was to be taken and every person put to the sword.

The brutal mission of the *guardacostas* often tragically failed. Sometimes the vessel they attacked sent them ignominiously to the bottom of the sea, and it is on record that even the cattle-hunters' *piraguas* often beat them off. In one instance, related by a voyager of that time, a *piragua* loaded with hides and containing six Hispaniola hunters, was intercepted off the western end of Haiti by a sloop of the *guardacostas* containing a score of men and a mounted gun. The hunters threw their cargo overboard and primed their heavy muskets with the intention of selling their lives as dearly as possible. The fight lasted half an hour, and they had been able to pick off three or four of their pursuers before a shot from the cannon struck the *piragua* and sunk it.

One of the hunters, when he rose to the surface, found himself directly under the bow of the sloop. Near him a rope attached to the anchor was dragging in the water. He caught it as it was sweeping by, and knotted a loop through which he thrust his arm for greater security in maintaining his precarious hold.

It was near sundown, and the sloop ran into a

well sheltered inlet and cast anchor. Presently a little surf-boat was lowered from the vessel, and three men went ashore. Two, with strings of water-calabashes on their shoulders, went in search of fresh water, while the other, after building a fire and preparing some meat to roast, began to look for fruit and nuts.

While he was gathering some mangoes, a blow from a club felled him to the ground, and the escaped hunter armed himself with the lance and cutlass of his victim.

As the water-carriers were returning, under the weight of their calabashes, the rear man was run through with a lance, and as the survivor turned to see the cause of his comrade's fall, the sudden stroke of a cutlass almost severed his head from his body.

The hunter then tied together a bundle of pine-knots thick with rosin and saturated it with grease from the roasting meat. Making a funnel of some bark, he filled it half full of hot ashes and then put in some live coals which he covered carefully with more hot ashes.

The tropical night had fallen quickly, and under cover of the darkness he stowed his funnel of fire and the inflammable bundle, augmented by several arm-loads of dry sticks, into the surf-boat, and rowed noiselessly out to the sloop. On the rudder, projecting above the water, he fixed firmly his mass of inflammable materials. In this he placed the live coals, and blew them to a flame. Rowing back to the shore, he took a position where he could see the growing fire eat into the stern of the vessel. A strong breeze acted on the coals like a blacksmith's bellows, boring the clear fire into the wood with such speed that in a few

THE WILD HUNTER—DANCING IN FEROCIOUS DELIGHT

minutes the flames were pouring into the interior and wrapping themselves over the sides of the sloop.

The frightened Spaniards rushed from the cabin, where they were smoking and gaming, only to see that the vessel was beyond saving. They endeavored to lower a boat, but the flames drove them away. Some began to hunt for their valuables, while others sprang overboard to swim ashore. But, as the chronicler relates, the flames that consumed the sloop made the woods as bright as day and revealed the wild hunter, with a lance in one hand and a cutlass in the other, dancing in ferocious delight as he killed every man that reached the shore.

More serious to the Spaniards than the occasional loss of a *guardacostas* and its crew, was the famous case of Jenkins' ear.

Jenkins was a Scotch trader, whose vessel was boarded off the coast of Hispaniola by the *guardacostas*. With the usual insolence and insult they examined his commission and made a useless search for contraband goods. Enraged because they could find no plausible pretext for slaying British subjects, they began to harass and maltreat the crew so shamefully that Captain Jenkins was forced to interfere. Then they turned their abusive attention to him. Being outnumbered three to one, the trader dared not resent the abuse, expecting every moment to hear an order for their massacre. The Spaniards were unable to provoke an act by which they could excuse the slaughter of legally equipped British subjects. But, as the Spanish captain was about to leave the vessel with his men, he drew his sword, and saluting the captain, brandished it about the Scotchman's head and clipped off his ear.

"There, sir," said the Spaniard, picking up the severed member from the floor and handing it with an obsequious bow to the owner, "you have my compliments. Carry this to your king, and tell him that we will do the same to him should he ever dare to trespass on our domain."

Captain Jenkins returned to London with the message and the ear. He traveled all over England, arousing the people with his stories of Spanish arrogance and abuse. At last he was invited to tell his story to parliament.

"What did you think when you found yourself in the hands of those barbarians?" asked a member of parliament.

Holding aloft the ear, he cried in a stentorian voice, "I recommended my soul to God and my cause to my country!"

The anger of England swept parliament off its feet, and the complacent disregard of Spanish insolence in the West Indies came quickly to an end. Demands were made on Spain which led to war in a few months, after which that nation found itself on the next lower step toward the lowest place among the powers, while other colonists were able more firmly to establish themselves in the islands and on the continent. But the *guardacostas*, although confined in their operations more closely to strictly Spanish waters, continued their almost unbearable intolerance until driven from the seas by the Buccaneers.

Early in 1636 a French privateer from Martinique reached Havana with one vessel. Seven hundred ducats was demanded and paid as a ransom for the town. The next day three war-ships from Mexico

arrived, and in great haste set off in pursuit of the pirate. A few days later the three war-ships returned, but they were commanded by the French, who assured the people of their distinguished consideration for having been presented with three such fine vessels. However, the French declared that they felt assured that the people of Havana would further enhance that distinguished consideration by giving them another souvenir of seven hundred ducats. There was prompt compliance under the guns of three war-ships manned by such polite and amiable men.

In 1638, the Spanish government, unable to subjugate the hunters of Haiti, determined to exterminate them. To that end the bloody work of the *guarda-costas* was supplemented on land by the formation of ten bands each composed of fifty mounted lancers. They were armed with pistols, sabres and lances. The guns of that period were too cumbersome and heavy to be carried on horseback.

If anything was lacking to complete the detestation and hatred in implacable and desperate men, it was quickly furnished by the unmitigated atrocities of these merciless bands of "Spanish fifties." They were no respecters of person, age, sex or nationality, and with their advent began the reign of anarchy and terror which for so many generations made the West Indies the plague-spot of the world.

The "fifties" never dared to meet the Buccaneers in open fight, but always resorted to surprise and stratagem. The Buccaneers' guns, four and one-half feet long, and carrying ounce balls, were too deadly to be faced openly. These guns were prepared for their special service by the renowned gun-makers, Brachie

of Dieppe and Gelu of Nantes. Russel, a historian of the West Indies, says that some of their guns were by special order made to carry balls weighing a pound or more. In the military museums of Europe some of these weapons are still preserved.

Many stories are told of the fear which the "fifties" had for the Buccaneers' guns. In one instance a Buccaneer and his companion were surprised in an open space by a band of lancers. The two men leveled their guns, and the horsemen began to circle around them, out of range. Then the Buccaneers turned themselves back to back, ready to bring down the first advancing horsemen. In their skull-caps on the ground they deposited their ammunition and stood braced for the assault that never came. After maneuvering for an hour or more well out of range, the lancers concluded that it was best to run away and thus live to fight another day.

A well authenticated story relates that two "fifties" once surprised a camp of a dozen Buccaneers on the beach about two miles from any adequate protection against charging horsemen. The evening before, through some neglect, a soaking rain had wet their powder, and they were engaged in drying it when the lancers appeared. They seized their empty guns and leveled them at the horsemen as if determined to make a desperate defense. The chargers stopped and then retreated out of range. Three of the hunters then calmly gathered up the camp outfit and started for the forest, escorted by their comrades. The lancers swept round them and made several efforts to charge, but every time their courage weakened before the threatening guns, and they circled around well

out of range. These dramatic demonstrations continued until the forest was reached, where the Buccaneers in wild glee danced about and shouted their derision to the chagrined Spaniards, who saw, by the unmistakable signs of the hunters, that their guns had been powderless and harmless.

The best story coming down to us illustrative of hose times, relates that a score of French hunters on he northern coast of Haiti, finding themselves menced by the "fifties," contrived a singular death-trap or their ruthless enemies.

They found a wide gorge half a mile in length, unning through a low, precipitous cliff overhanging he sea. The entrance was not more than thirty feet ride, and near it they made their camp. In the rainy eason a stream of water flowed over the broad bed, ut in the dry season the sandy gravel made an admirble roadway through to the bay. Their first care was o pile up logs as high as they could against the sides ust within the gorge, so that they would fall forward nd choke up the entrance when they were set on fire. nterspersed among them was the most inflammable aterial to be found in the forest. Fifty feet above is, on top of the bluff on each side was placed ore of similar material which could be set on fire and ushed over. This would serve the double purpose a signal beacon and of a means to make the entrance passable. Concealed on a ledge under the overnging rocks, at the other end of the passageway, as a light boat capable of holding the ten men who ok turns remaining each day to defend the camp and orehouse, while the others were away hunting.

One day the ten defenders of the camp discov-

ered a semicircle of a hundred horsemen closing in upon them, two "fifties," with lances poised and horses coming at the top of their speed. One of the hunters secreted himself in the pile of logs while the others gathered up their guns and ran with all possible haste down the gorge. The lancers followed them with slackened speed, however, and considerable ca tion, fearing an ambush. But the running Buccanee were in plain view, and the lancers thundered c down the passageway till they drew up their panti horses in the edge of the surf and saw the fugitiv sitting contemptuously in their boat just out of reacl Enraged at not being able to get the men, a compar was left to watch them while the others went back destroy the camp and storehouse. At a turn in tl gorge a remarkable sight met their eyes. The who entrance seemed to be covered by a mass of yellc flame, and a bright fire was just shooting up from huge pile of logs on the bluff above. Not compr hending the situation, they rode up to the wall of fi and looked stupidly at it. In a few minutes th heard their companions riding furiously toward the from the rear.

"The Buccaneers are escaping around the bluff the shore," they cried, and then stopped short at t' spectacle before them.

At this moment a man stepped from behind t fire on the bluff and leveled his gun. As the sou of its discharge rolled through the gorge, a lancer f from his horse mortally wounded.

Realizing the desperate situation, the panic-strick lancers spurred their horses in a mass toward the fi in an effort to ride through it. But the horses,

THE PANIC STRICKEN LANCERS SPURRED THEIR HORSES TOWARD THE FIRE, ETC.

front fell upon the burning logs and threw their riders over into the fire from which they never arose. The other horses in a wild stampede wheeled and ran back to the sea in an ungovernable mass. But the waves and the rocky walls were utterly impassable. Gaining control of their horses, the lancers urged them back over the half-mile way, scanning the sides to see if there was not some pathway to the top. A joyful shout announced that one had been found. The Spaniards leaped from their horses and began to climb upward. Half-way to the top the ones in advance were crushed backward by falling stones. Others pressed forward, but met the same fate. Then they scattered in every direction and tried to climb the rugged walls in a score of places at once. But their best efforts were unavailing.

At this time the forms of the Buccaneers from the boat appeared at the edge above, and the roar of their big guns rumbled over the gorge, bringing death at every sound.

"Let us rush through the fire," some one cried, and a stampede of the desperate men was made to get through the barrier of flames. Many of them leaped upon the blazing logs, only to go down under a rain of fire poured from the bluff above. Others endeavored to find hiding-places, but there were Buccaneers on both sides of the gorge who knew every rock and crevice along the whole half-mile of the death-trap, so that the Spaniards were picked off at leisure.

Night came on as a respite, but bright bonfires illuminated every possible place of escape, while the entrance was kept at an impassable heat by means of burning wood pushed over the sides of the bluff.

The next morning the miserable wretches that still survived raised a white flag, and cried for quarter, but the wild hunters of Hispaniola had never seen an act of mercy. The cowering enemies, kneeling together and holding aloft the white emblem, had never withheld a stroke that could kill a Buccaneer, and their appeal was only a craven reminder of their own unmitigated brutality. Besides, the Buccaneers had no way to keep prisoners, and to free these enemies was only to add that many men to the ranks of exterminating pursuers. Such a thing as Spaniards praying for quarter had never been seen before by them. They gloated over the spectacle for a moment, and then a fierce shout of joy mingled with the roar of their guns, and the few remaining wretches were soon killed.

The Buccaneers had no use for horses, and those that were found shivering at the far end of the gorge were turned out to run wild or to return to whence they came with their mute story of a remarkable retaliation.

The crimes of these Spanish "fifties" perpetrated in the attempt to exterminate the wild, uncouth cattle-hunters of Hispaniola, and the unbearable insolence of the *guardacostas* towards the English, French and Dutch traders and settlers of the West Indies, caused that quenchless thirst for vengeance in unconquerable men, and cost untold lives and treasure during more than a hundred years of the most amazing reprisals that the history of greed and hate has ever known.

The Spaniards on the eastern side of the Haitian mountains often went hunting in gay parties, followed

by a pack of half a hundred or more bloodhounds. Much more pleasure was taken in setting the hounds upon the trail of a hunter and his *engagé* than upon that of any other game in the way of their chase. It was much more exciting to see the dogs tear a man to pieces than a boar. They looked upon this enemy as worse than a beast. To be sure, he was ugly and uncouth. He was as savage as he was stubborn and unconquerable.

Exquemelin, the Dutch Buccaneer historian, says that he had seen them returning from a hunting expedition looking like men who had been working ten days in a slaughter-house without washing.

Dampier, an English sea-rover, describing the Buccaneers in the history of his voyages, says: "When they have killed a beef, they cut it into four quarters, and, taking out the bones, each man makes a hole in the middle of a quarter, through which he inserts his head; thus carrying it like a frock, he trudgeth home. If he chances to tire from the heaviness of his load, he cuts off a part and flings it away."

The dress of the original Buccaneers consisted of a short skirt and leggins made from the untanned hide of a bull. They wore skull-caps and moccasins made from the untanned leg skin of a boar.

The *guardacostas* and the Spanish "fifties" not only failed to exterminate these wild hunters, but their numbers and the profits of their traffic grew with each succeeding year.

The fame of these men without families, home or country, and subject to no laws of man or God, was spread through Europe by returning sailors, and many dare-devils sought that life as an escape from the

requirements and restrictions of their native land. Be sides, many of the Buccaneers became capitalists in small way and needed servants. A species of appren ticeship became the custom. A three years' servitud frequently more severe than the bondage of any mo ern slavery, was equivalent to the price of passa across the ocean and provided an apprenticeship th guaranteed in time all the rights of an independe Buccaneer. These *engagés*, as they were called, b came for three years the absolute property of the Bu caneer who paid the captain for their passage ov Fabulous stories told by returning sailors concerni the wonders of the West Indies, led many adventu ous young men of good birth to sell themselves *engagés*. The three years' work was usually a drea ful service, under brutalized masters. It is relat that one remonstrated because he was not allowed single rest day in the year. In his argument he sai "Does not God in his ten commandments say, 'S days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but t seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; it thou shalt not do any work?' "

"But I say in one commandment," cried t angered master, "that six days thou shalt kill bull and on the seventh carry their hides to the shore."

The murder of *engagés* by their masters was not uncommon, and an interesting story is told of one that was left for dead in the forest where he was lost for a year. One of his master's dogs, to which he had been kind, remained with him, sharing the suffering that was inevitable. When found he was followed by a number of boars which he had tamed and trained to decoy young pigs within his reach.

CAT-HAULING—PULLING A CAT ALONG THE NAKED BACK OF A MAN

Cat-hauling—that is, pulling a cat by the hind feet along the naked back and legs of a man bound to the ground on his face—was a common punishment for failure to return home with a given number of hides. One master boasted that he had beaten to death a hundred of his servants on account of their laziness.

At this time the Buccaneer hunters had become masters of the western end of Hispaniola, and they began to fortify themselves in little communities which the Spaniards dared not attack.

Then the Spanish government executed a bit of folly that was characteristic. In order to drive the Buccaneers from the island, the Spaniards decided to destroy the source of the hunter's gain.

Years before this the Spaniards had used huge bloodhounds to hunt down and exterminate the Carib Indians. Many of these dogs ran wild, and it was estimated that they had become more destructive to the swine and cattle than the hunters were. This suggested an idea, and all the dogs that could be procured were turned loose in Hispaniola. In after years they became such a pest that only persistent and unlimited poisoning saved the island from ruin.

Meantime, the Spanish "fifties" changed their occupation from hunters of men to hunters of cattle. Within a year the task was accomplished, and a singular reversal of conditions then took place. The hunters of boars and bulls became the hunters of men. Within three years the energies of the entire class of hunters were changed, and the uncouth Buccaneers of the forest became the daring Buccaneers of the sea.

Excited to murder, massacre and revenge from

being constantly and most savagely attacked at all times and places without, as far as they could see, any semblance of reason or excuse, they were the fit prototypes of the reckless and daring hordes who terrorized the Spanish seas and plundered the Spanish Main. They destroyed Spain's western commerce, demoralized her sea-power, exhausted the sources of her fabulous riches, and prepared the way for a division of the Western Hemisphere between the weakened residue of the Latin people and the irresistible, growing race of Anglo-Saxons.

When the hunters in the Haitian hills could find nothing more to kill but their enemies, the situation was well prepared for the beginning of a reign of terror, in which occurred some of the most startling deeds of daring, and in which were developed some of the greatest desperadoes that the world has ever known.

CHAPTER II

"SINGEING THE SPANIARD'S BEARD"

The anarchists of the central sea were composed of desperate and daring characters from every port in Europe. Driven from their calling as hunters in the grassy plains and tangled forests of Hispaniola, the numbers of the pirating Buccaneers grew in a few years to be an irresponsible and irresistible aggregation of licentious and reckless men of every grade, calling and purpose, who lived in bold defiance of Spain, and with unrestrained rapacity terrorized the whole of Spanish America.

"Singeing the Spaniard's beard," was a jocular term to express the delight of most Europeans at any damage inflicted on Spain, and they openly rejoiced at the dare-devil exploits of the Buccaneers. Every country tried to empty its desperate and abandoned characters into the West Indies, and it was not long till the island plantations and settlements occupied by the enemies of Spain were filled to overflowing with the outcasts and outlaws of all sea-faring nations.

To plunder the Spaniards, laden with the spoils of Mexico and Peru, afforded the gratification of their propensity for excitement, profit and revenge. Although there were many notable instances among the Buccaneers of fidelity, integrity, generosity and unselfish friendship, yet the lawless life fostered to a degree never before known the character of daring

ferocity and unrestrained riot. No one can think of their exploits without feelings of amazement, and yet the memory of their debauches and the horror of their outrages swamp their history in a flood of shame. No abundance of physical vitality was able to preserve them from the destruction assured by their moral anarchy and depravity. Their long career was maintained almost wholly through the close sympathy, secret assistance and open asylum afforded by the Dutch, French and English around the bow of islands from Curaçao, just outside the Gulf of Maracaibo in Venezuela, to St. Christopher, two hundred miles southeast of Puerto Rico.

When the Spaniards, with their characteristic lack of foresight, destroyed the occupation of the Buccaneer hunters of Haiti, instead of abandoning that part of the West Indies, as was expected, the hunters, aided by some adventurers from St. Christopher, commissioned as privateers, seized the small, rock-bound island of Tortuga, six miles from the northwest coast of Haiti, and fortified it as a base of operations against their Spanish oppressors. Until 1664, when the French West India Company became masters of Tortuga, and sent D'Ogeron of Anjou as governor, the little island was the scene of constant conquest, massacre and reconquest between Buccaneers and Spaniards, or of quarrels between the French and English for supremacy. France warred against Holland, England against France, and all with Spain until unrestricted anarchy was master of all. If the energies of the Buccaneers had been united for one purpose under wise leadership, they could have founded a great republic in the West Indies, or estab

lished a vast empire on the continent. Russell, an early writer on the West Indies, says: "If conquest, not plunder, had been an object of their enterprises, they could have conquered America."

All that available force, in the time of D'Ogeron, was scattered over the West Indies in hordes of petty sea-robbers, and the reign of terror was well under way. A frightened fisherman, seeing an unknown sail or hearing a sound he could not understand, would run to the nearest town with the direful news that the Buccaneers were coming. The terrified villages would throw their gold and silver into the wells or mortar them up in the walls; the women would bury their jewels in the bottom of their cellars and flee to the plantations; all the horses and mules to be found would be loaded with valuables and sent into the woods; the old men would lock themselves up in the churches, and those capable of fighting would bar and bolt themselves inside the fortress. Often it was a false alarm, but the possibilities were too serious for their conduct to seem in any way ludicrous. The Buccaneer was to the timid a hideous monster. The Spaniards were constantly "seeing visions of the saucer-eyes and hearing the chattering teeth of the demons of the sea."

The priests and monks caused the people to believe that the Buccaneers did not have the human form, but were like apes, and that they lived on the flesh of women and children.

De Lussan wrote in his interesting history: "It is not from a chance story that I came to know the impressions wrought in the people that we were men who would eat them; for one day, after taking the

town of Queaquilla, a young gentlewoman that waited upon the governess of the place, happened to fall into my hands. As I was carrying her away to the place where the rest of the prisoners were kept, and to that end made her walk before me, she turned back with tears in her eyes, saying: '*Senior, pur 'lamor de Dios no mi como;*' that is, 'Pray, sir, for the love of God do not eat me!' Whereupon, I asked her who had told her that we were wont to eat people, and she assured me that the fathers told them that we were not of human form, and that we lived on the flesh of our prisoners.''

The Buccaneers were favorite texts when ecclesiastics wished to picture the conduct of devils or to explain the diabolical nature of Satan; and it may be truthfully said that those conscienceless terrors of the Spanish Main usually merited the most that was said of them.

When any extraordinary misfortune befell a family, the cause was frequently found to be in the Satanic presence of some object that a Buccaneer had once touched. The ground on which the sea-rovers walked was anathematized by the bishops, and the houses in which they slept were often burned as the only means of purification. Persons touched by the dreaded freebooters were under the ban as lepers and outcasts until due penance had achieved absolution for them.

The poor fishermen, to whom the pirates were often generous, dared not accept any favor short of life itself, the ecclesiastical assurance being that the fisherman's boat, if once used by a Buccaneer, would curse and drown the owner if he ever used it again. Spanish crews sometimes became pirates themselves,

THEY WERE THEN BURIED UP TO THEIR NECKS IN THE SAND

rather than return home after having lost their vessel, and captains frequently committed suicide rather than be taken prisoner.

When Don Juan de Guzman y Torres, with his fleet of treasure-ships containing two judges of the chancery of Mexico, some Dominican friars, and two inquisitors, with the rich proceeds from the sale of half a million indulgences, sailed from St. Juan de Ulloa, they were promptly overhauled by a Dutch sea-rover, lying in wait for them at Cape St. Anthony. But the Spanish captain led a lively chase to get away. He ran for the Bay of Matanzas, near Havana, and grounded his galleons on the sandbanks, from which the Spaniards escaped to the shore with all they could carry. Pie de Palo, the Dutch captain, so named by the Spaniards because of his wooden leg, was not to be thus cheated, and he ordered his sailors ashore after the fleeing men, who proved to be very poor runners. They were soon overtaken and made to deliver up their riches. The two inquisitors, finding that they could not escape, took their valuables, which consisted of rare jewels, in a bag each had carried strapped about his waist, and were seen to hide them in the sand. While the others were turned loose to reach Havana as best they could, these two were kept against their violent protestations. They were then carried within arm's-length of their secreted treasures and buried up to their necks in the sand. One arm was left free, and the assurance was given that until the bags of jewels were unearthed they would be compelled to remain there without food or drink. Within an hour each held aloft his bag of jewels and claimed release. Pie de Palo affected to

believe that their ability to get the jewels was so remarkable as to be nothing short of witchcraft, which he could not condone. They were, therefore, carried away, and marooned on the first desert island.

Captain Guzman y Torres was arrested on his arrival at Havana, and sent to Spain, where he was imprisoned. In a short time he became insane, and was in that state beheaded for losing his vessels to the Buccaneers.

Although Spanish officers, sailors and soldiers, arriving home after being defeated by the Buccaneers, were compelled to meet social ostracism, excommunication and frequently death from court martial, yet such was the terror inspired in them by the Buccaneers that they had no courage to stand up against the furious and unwavering onslaughts of these dreaded foes.

The priests were doubtless responsible for much of this enervating fear. The hatred they endeavored to instill went beyond hatred into terror. They never neglected an opportunity, when they could get hold of the body of a Buccaneer, to carry it to the plaza of the town under the most awesome ceremonies of purification, publicly to pour the anathemas of the church upon it, and to tear the body limb from limb and burn it, while the people implored the absolution and protection of the saints.

Horses, pack-animals, or dogs that had ever done service for the Buccaneers were supposed to be henceforth possessed of the devil. They were either killed and burned, with religious ceremonies, or were driven into the forest, where they were said to live with the wood-demons in fantastic carousal until death released the tortured flesh from the fearful presence.

After L'Olonois, often referred to as the arch-fiend of pirates, had retired from sacking Gibraltar in Venezuela, it took more than a year for the priests to relieve the people of the Satanic presences left by the Buccaneers. At last nothing remained but a parrot, said to have been left by one of the pirates. That it was possessed of a very shrewd devil was proven by the fact that for a long time neither prayer nor trap, priest nor hunter, could capture or kill it. When the death of the bird was at last accomplished by a zealous novitiate, it was under such harrowing circumstances that the poor fellow almost lost his reason. The novitiate was returning to town one afternoon from a neighboring plantation, when in the edge of the woods he heard a most remarkable sound of two birds fighting on the lower limbs of a tree. He discovered that it was a hawk and the parrot. With a prayer for his personal safety, he crept up close to the tree, determined to do his best to help the hawk kill the parrot. Hardly had he done so, when the fighting birds fell almost at his feet. The hawk was getting the best of the struggle when suddenly the parrot became a fox and at once fastened with a death-grip on the hawk's throat. The novitiate poised the light lance he carried and thrust it at the shoulder of the fox with all his might, when a wild boar instead of the fox rushed noisily away with the lance sticking in his side.

Quaking with fear, the young monk was about to flee in an opposite direction, when the scream of a panther arrested his flight. Looking around he saw the boar and the panther in combat. They fought furiously, but the boar was fast failing from the loss of blood caused by the lance-thrust. The novitiate

was rejoicing at the assured death of the Satanic beast, when suddenly he saw in its place a powerful ape with the features of a Buccaneer. It sprang back from the claws of the panther and drew the lance from its side. The panther with a cry of terror ran away and the ape strode toward the terrified monk. The strength of the man forsook him, and he fell, holding aloft his cross. The beast, with a horrible roar, sprang upon him, but, wonderful to relate, in seizing the prostrate man it touched the cross. The ape fell back as if struck with a club, its body trembled like a leaf, a death-groan burst from its lips, and in its place a dead parrot lay on the ground.

How long he lay unconscious the monk did not know, but securing his lance, where the ape had let it fall, he stuck it through the body of the Buccaneer bird and brought it in triumph to the town.

A celebration was held, the parrot was burnt amid great thanksgiving and rejoicing, while the monk who had suffered so was showered with blessings and presents.

De Lussan saw a curious example of excommunication when he passed through the town of Realejo, which had been occupied, some time before his expedition, by Buccaneers. He says: "We found it deserted by all its inhabitants because of the excommunication they had thundered out against themselves."

"Some perhaps will be surprised to hear of this extravagant humor," he continues, "but there is nothing truer, than that when freebooters have several times taken the same place from them, their prelates, after excommunicating and cursing the same,

quit it entirely, and will not even bury their dead whom we killed, supposing them to be, for the aforesaid reason, unworthy of burial."

The French, however, were very religious. Lionel Wafer says that those with whom he associated always went through elaborate devotions while preparing for an expedition and repeated their prayers unceasingly when about to make an attack. The Spanish historians say that as soon as the French Buccaneers captured a town their first act was to impress a priest into their service, enter a church and chant the Te Deum.

De Lussan, in writing of the inability of the French and English to live peacefully together, says: "One of the chief things that made us disagree, was their impiety against our religion; for they made no scruple when they got into a church to cut down the arms of a crucifix with their sabres, or to shoot them down with their fusees and pistols, bruising and maiming the images of the saints with the same weapons, in derision of the adoration we French paid unto them. And it was chiefly from these horrid disorders that the Spaniards equally hated us."

But instances are not wanting to show that the English sometimes exercised a horse-play piety that was amazing to the terrified Spaniards. On one occasion, when Daniel and his crew took possession of a town near Porto Bello, they found most of the people in church, where the performance of mass was about to take place. To the consternation of the worshipers, the pirates came into the church and took possession of the front pews. They demanded to be included in the ceremonies. The horrified

priests could not refuse. Some of the men were irreverent, and the captain sharply rebuked them for their impiety. One of the men behind Daniel could not restrain his amusement at the dress and action of the priest, which seemed to him to be very laughable. Daniel roared out to him several times to be contrite, humble, and to reflect sadly on his many sins.

The trembling priest let fall the consecrated host, and the laughing pirate could not restrain an audible gulp of merriment.

"Take that, you impious wretch," cried the pious captain, turning and firing a bullet into the man's heart, "and go to hell, where you belong!"

Needless to say that the piety of the occasion was not again disturbed. But when the ceremonies were over the pirates locked the doors, and made the priest take up a collection, which was largely assisted by the altar candles, the pirates acting as errand-boys to go to the people's homes for such valuables as had not been brought to church.

Captain Sawkins, on a long voyage in 1681, threw all the dice on the ship overboard because he discovered that they had been used on the Sabbath day. Captain Sharpe, who became commander at Sawkins' death, restored the use of dice, and was deposed from the command because he and a few of his friends won too often. Captain Watling was then elected commander. He at once banished dice, and required the strictest observance of the Sabbath day.

When Grammont captured Campeachy he found a festival in honor of Saint Louis in progress. Determined not to be outdone by the Spaniards in honoring their patron saint, and to show the people the

gratitude he felt for a victory so easily won, he collected all the logwood within a radius of fifty miles, and burnt it in the course of the ceremonies. The terrified priests were compelled to continue the festival an inordinate length of time, and the panic-stricken people had to look on with all the appearances of religious delight at seeing a million dollars' worth of their property ascending in holy smoke!

The piety of the Buccaneers is frequently referred to by De Lussan, although, from the irreverence of his remarks, one is led to suppose that he was rather free from it himself. No more romantic scene can be imagined than that of their most perilous position in the remarkable march De Lussan and his men made from Panama across the isthmus. The descriptions of Xenophon do not surpass his story, and their heroic fortitude was not less than that exercised by the Ten Thousand Greeks. Half-way to the end of their journey through the tropical forests, they were suddenly aroused one morning by the stirring tones of a bugle. About an equal distance on the other side another was immediately heard to send forth the clear notes of a reply. The little band of Buccaneers, in the midst of a hostile country containing a thousand times their own number of fighting men, and fresh from the sacking of Panama, heard the trumpet signals with no small trepidation. Gathering up their camp materials, they hastened forward. The strains of martial music on each side from unseen foes progressed with them. The invisible musicians kept the pace of the Buccaneers, stopping when they stopped and proceeding as they proceeded. The echoing tones were lively and joyful, as if encouraging them on to an unforeseen

death. Each morning they were aroused by the re-echoing reveille.

Five days the invisible serenade kept up, when the Frenchmen learned that on each side of them there were one hundred and fifty Spanish horsemen. Prevented from searching for food, the hunted men were almost starved when they approached the plantations about Segovia. Their advance pickets brought the joyful news that across a valley they could see a herd of cattle. The little band of two hundred and eighty men moved on with renewed animation, to find that the animals they had mistaken for beeves were in reality the saddle-horses of a strong cavalry force drawn across the only pass between the mountains. A reconnoitering party found that the Spaniards had intrenched themselves behind three tiers of breastworks, stretching across the way. The sides of the mountains were covered with matted vines, and filled with hidden pits and precipices. The prospect was appalling, but it is said that a snared rat is the most dangerous, and the Buccaneers were not to be slaughtered without a desperate struggle. Night came on, and the half-starved Frenchmen formed a plan. Eighty men were left to protect the baggage from the invisible horsemen, who had drawn very near on each side, while the others stripped themselves of everything but guns and cutlasses, in order to scale the supposedly impassable mountain and fall upon the rear of the unsuspecting Spaniards in the intrenchments. Orders were given that if nothing was seen of the attacking men within an hour after the sound of the first gun, the eighty Buccaneers left behind must abandon their baggage and shift for themselves.

TWO SPANISH SENTINELS WERE PROMPTLY SHOT

De Lussan says: "We said our prayers as low as we could that the Spaniards might not hear us, as we were separated from them but by a narrow valley. We set forward to the number of two hundred men, by moonlight, it being an hour within night, and about one more after our departure we heard the Spaniards also at their prayers. Finding that we were near, they fired six hundred muskets to frighten us, besides which they made a discharge at us of all the responses of the litany of the saints."

The entire night was spent in toiling a quarter of a mile on the mountain side to get to the rear of the intrenchments. When morning came, they found the road in the rear of the Spaniards. A heavy fog covered everything from sight, and they crept up within a few feet of the rear intrenchment. The sentinel passed and repassed without seeing them. The Spaniards were at their morning prayers; and, from their invocations to the saints, the Frenchmen concluded that they were filled with a great terror of the foes which they believed to be in front.

Two Spanish sentinels walked into the crouching Buccaneers, and were promptly shot. The sound of muskets in their rear spread consternation among the Spaniards of the first intrenchment, and they fled into the woods. The Buccaneers took possession of the first breastworks and began to fire into the defenseless rear of the second intrenchment. The Spaniards there rushed off into the woods, leaving most of their guns and sabres behind. Those in the third or front intrenchment held out till they saw the gleam of muskets through the fog, when they also ran away. But the network of trees that they had cut down on

each side was their destruction. Tangled among the branches they were shot down and cut to pieces without the loss of a man to the Buccaneers. Sixty men then mounted cavalry horses and rode across the valley to the place where the eighty men had been left with the baggage. On arriving there they found the captain of the three hundred invisible cavalrymen that had accompanied the Buccaneers in such an uncanny way, writing out terms of surrender for the eighty men, who had been persuaded that their two hundred comrades had all perished. The sixty Buccaneers at once charged upon the three hundred horsemen and captured most of them. The arms, horses and baggage of the Spaniards were taken, but the prisoners were set free. The reunited and victorious Frenchmen made the mountains ring with the Te Deum, and spent the day in joyful devotions to the saints.

Religion has never been found to be much of a restraint to greedy men, and the desecration of the churches was to be expected, since their costly adornments were too great a temptation even for the pious Frenchmen. Often the altars were made of silver, and frequently the images were mounted on solid gold bases.

In 1666, when the Buccaneers sacked Maracaibo, they carried away all the altars, pictures, crosses, images, confession stalls, and even the church-bells, with which to furnish a church at Tortuga, where they could more properly offer thanksgiving for their successes and invoke the blessings of the saints on their undertakings.

Many of the Buccaneers were men of high breed-

ing and education. Lionel Wafer was a skilled physician, and he tells of two men in his company who took turns in translating *extempore*, for pastime, the Greek New Testament.

Some claimed to be actuated by high principles of social philosophy. A noted example of this was Caraccioli, an Italian priest whom Misson, a sailor in the French navy, met in Rome. Together they planned to live to the letter the philosophy of the priest. Caraccioli believed that a needy man had as much right to any property in his way, which satisfied his needs, as if that need was for water or for air. He taught the doctrine that wealth and poverty are both equally wrong, and are mutual curses.

Misson listened to the theories of the priest and became an ardent disciple. He got Caraccioli a commission with him on the same vessel in the navy. Misson was daring, and the priest was subtle. By the time the French man-of-war had reached the Antilles, most of the crew thought them very worthy fellows. A curious opportunity occurred to promote their ambitions. France and Spain were then at war, and England was helping Spain. Off Martinique, their vessel, the "Victoire," encountered the English man-of-war, "Winchelsea." A fierce engagement took place, in which every French officer was killed except the navigating officer, who was about to strike colors, when Misson waved his sword aloft, declared himself captain and ordered Caraccioli to act as his lieutenant. The fight was continued three hours, when the magazine of the "Winchelsea" blew up, destroying the ship and all on board.

Caraccioli immediately saluted Misson as com-

mander of the "Victoire," and then summoned all the men to appear before the captain on deck. Misson, in a few graceful words, informed them that the vessel was henceforth to be subject to no nation, but was the common property of all who chose to remain with him on her decks. Those who did not wish to share the life proposed would at once be set ashore. Without a dissenting voice they cried: "Long live Captain Misson and his worthy lieutenant, the learned Caraccioli."

The begrimed and blood-stained men held up their hands, and were sworn by the pirate priest; then the captain made them another speech.

"Since we have resolved," he said, "to seize and defend that liberty which the ambitions of men have taken from their fellow-men, and which can be esteemed by candid judges as only a brave and just resolution, I am under obligation to recommend a brotherly love among you, the banishment of private piques and grudges, and a strict agreement of harmony among you in all our affairs.

"In throwing off the oppressions of tyranny, none must be so forgetful as to follow the example of tyrants, and turn against justice; for when equity is trodden under foot, misery, confusion, distrust and ruin naturally follow. You must in all things remember the Supreme Being who guards and guides you in your victories as well as in your defeats.

"You may be assured that those born and bred in slavery have had their spirits so warped and broken that they are incapable of just and generous thinking. Ignorant of their birthright to the sweets of liberty, they will brand this noble crew and our glorious lives

LONG LIVE CAPTAIN MISSION

with the insidious and unjust names of pirates and piracy. Their sense of right and wrong is so perverted that they will think it meritorious to be instrumental or to rejoice in our destruction.

"But self-preservation being the first law of nature, we cannot do otherwise than declare war against all who refuse to accord to us such necessities as we may require, and against all who will not give us free entry to their ports. Henceforth we are brothers in all the liberties of life and death."

Then he sailed away to become the Don Quixote of the seas.

Caraccioli would not have black colors. He declared that they would have no affiliation with the signs or symbols of pirates, since they were honest men resolved to assert the liberty which nature had provided for them.

On their pennant they wrote their motto: "Destruction for the rich, preservation for the poor." A white ensign was adopted inscribed with the motto: "For God and Liberty." They practiced severely a gallant knight-errantry of the ocean.

"Ours," said Caraccioli, in one of the frequent speeches made on deck by the captain and his lieutenant, "is a brave, just, innocent and noble cause, the cause of liberty and the inalienable right of man to life and therefore to all that is needed to continue life."

They kept close to their creed, and the first vessel they captured was set free because they found that it did not contain a single man who could justly be condemned as rich. The next ship taken was in charge of a dozen wealthy merchantmen. These they

marooned—that is, set ashore upon an uninhabited island, and sent the others away in the vessel after having equally divided all the valuables found among the crews of the two ships.

Off the coast of Guinea, Africa, they captured the Dutch vessel "Nieuwstadt," from Amsterdam, which, to their disgust, had on board a cargo of slaves. They took the chains from the slaves and fastened them upon the Dutch, then clothed the negroes in the garments of their late masters. After this they set the negroes free upon the mainland.

The captives did not enjoy the severe discipline on board, and there were some words which the Dutch seemed to repeat unnecessarily a great many times. Upon inquiry it was found, to the horror of Caraccioli, that the Dutch were swearing. Immediately he ordered all the offenders to be gagged. Misson was greatly concerned lest his men should be injured by the bad example of the Dutch prisoners.

"As I have the honor to command you," he said, "I cannot see you run into such odious vices without much fear, as I have a paternal affection for every one of you. I will give the Dutch notice that the first whom I catch either with an oath in his mouth or with liquor in his head, shall be brought to the geers, whipped and pickled, as an example to his nation. As to you, my companions, my friends, my children, gallant, noble, generous and heroic souls, whom I have the honor to command, I entreat you to make a law among ourselves for the suppression of what would otherwise restrain us from the Source of Life, and consequently leave us destitute of our Father's protection."

Eleven of the Dutchmen were so charmed with their captor that they joined his crew, and the others were put aboard a vessel that was taken not long after.

Captain Misson sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, and touched at the Island of Johanna between Madagascar and the coast of Mozambique. Here they found among the natives conditions favorable for establishing a government in accordance with Caraccioli's socialistic philosophy. Misson married the sister of the island's queen, and Caraccioli married her niece, while most of the sailors readily fell in with the plan, and took dusky wives. After numerous adventures they transferred their colony to the north coast of Madagascar, where they founded a settlement called Libertatia. Forts were built at advantageous points on the bay and well equipped. In the course of time, a motley collection of men was gathered here under a peculiar form of government, in which Misson was chief executive, with the title of lord conservator. Captain Tew, an English pirate of some note, having joined them, was made admiral. Caraccioli being secretary of state. The English and French, always violently quarreling, lived at opposite points on the bay. One day all the English but Captain Tew and a few friends, went aboard the remodeled "Victoire" for a cruise, when a sudden storm sunk the ship and all on board. About the same time the natives attacked the French settlement, killing Caraccioli and all but forty-five men. Tew proposed that the survivors go to America and settle down for life with the fortune they still retained. The plan was accepted by Misson; but off Cape Infantes the Frenchman's vessel went down

in a storm, and the strange career of the pirate-philosopher came to an end.

Among the many strange characters roaming the seas in those days were heroes who had served under the great Tudor captains; others had fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and many were veterans of the Irish wars of Cromwell. Many had commissions from the English government as privateers. This was especially the case for several years after Blake's victory over the Spaniards at Santa Cruz in 1657. When the English under Cromwell in 1654 obtained control of Jamaica, mainly through the assistance of the Buccaneers, it was easy to obtain commissions as privateers. Nearly any one could get such a commission, if he had the means to pay the price, until the year 1672, when there was a general revocation of privateering privileges. As the Spaniards at Havana were a constant menace to the English in Jamaica, the Buccaneers sailing as English privateers were a great protection. During the war between France and Spain in 1684, privateers were publicly fitted out in the Carolinas to prey on Spanish commerce. By this time almost the entire arc of Lesser Antilles, with Jamaica and Barbadoes, were under the control of the Dutch, French and English. Spanish trade was frightened from the seas, and the vast wealth wrung from the natives on the continent began to gather in the chief fortified towns, Panama, Cartagena, Porto Bello and Maracaibo. These places were supposed to be impregnable, but the Buccaneers took them and their enormous wealth with less resistance than met Cortez and Pizarro from the Aztecs and the Incas.

Many a criminal from the slums of the European

ports suddenly found himself with more wealth than he knew how to enjoy, and he would proceed forthwith to squander it in orgies on shore that seem incredible to relate.

As an instance of the mania for gambling there was a noted French gambler named Vent-en-Panne, who once received five hundred crowns as his share in a capture. The first night on shore at Jamaica he lost it all, including three hundred crowns which he succeeded in borrowing. He became a servant in the wine-shop, and lighted pipes for the players until he earned enough to enter the gambling lists with a small stake. His luck turned, and he won twelve thousand crowns. He determined to quit gambling and return to Paris. He boarded an English vessel that touched at Barbadoes. There he met a rich Jew, who persuaded him to play for some small stakes. The wagers increased, and the Frenchman invariably won until he had thirteen hundred crowns additional, one hundred thousand pounds of sugar, and a plantation equipped with a mill and sixty slaves.

The Jew ran out of the house and borrowed some money, and the play continued thirty-six hours without intermission. At the end of that time the Jew owned everything, even to the suit of clothes on the Frenchman's back. These the Jew allowed him to retain, and he returned beggared to Tortuga.

The following story is told of two comrades returning to Jamaica with ten thousand crowns from a successful cruise. One of them engaged in a game with the governor, and lost all of his own money, besides that of his companion and some small sums of money he succeeded in borrowing of others. The next day his

creditors decided to have him imprisoned and perhaps sold for debt. Hearing of this, he went to the governor and told him that he had a slave hired to a neighboring planter that he would sell at a low price to relieve himself of debt and to gain a start in the locksmith business, in which he and his companion were expert. The governor desired to look at the slave. That afternoon the Buccaneer appeared with his negro, and as on examination he proved to be of unusual health and strength, the sum asked was paid and the slave set to work.

The next morning the negro had disappeared, and what seemed almost miraculous, he was never found, notwithstanding the strict search instituted by the governor. In a few years the two companions became rich in their business and decided to return to Europe. Before sailing, they went to the former governor, who was then living in poverty and obscurity in a neighboring village, and laid before him the sum of money he had paid for the negro, with good interest added.

"What is that for?" he asked, in astonishment.

"It is to repay you for the loan you so kindly made us a few years ago," was the reply.

"Here is the negro you bought of me," he continued, pointing to his companion. "He blacked himself all over, and kinked his hair with a hot iron. When night came he took a bath, and your negro had vanished."

The delighted governor drank a bumper to their health, and wished them a merry journey home.

CHAPTER III

HONOR AMONG PIRATES

The Buccaneers have been called the vikings of the new world. Among the earlier West Indian pirates there was a chivalrous class which seemed to be the last of a race of gentlemen adventurers descended from the crusaders.

But the exploits of the heroic period of the Buccaneers soon degenerated into wild onslaughts and bloody conquests of the cross-bones and black flag. Only by the broadest use of the word Buccaneer can it be made to include all the contemptible freebooters and daring captains of the West Indian seas since the days of the hunters of Hispaniola. The class composed of truly chivalrous knights of the sea became at last a reckless and degenerate horde of maritime Ishmaels, plundering ruthlessly and spending in hideous debauchery.

When Captain Townley was asked why his men squandered their gains in such riotous living, he gave a characteristic answer: "Exposed as we are to such a variety of dangers, our life is totally different from that of other men. Why should we, who are alive to-day and may be dead to-morrow, think of hoarding up? We reckon only upon the day we live, never thinking of that which may or may not come. In the liberty we live, it is not needful to take thought for

the morrow. As our days are numbered, it is rather our concern to squander life than to preserve it."

Like other evil-doers among mankind, they had a certain philosophy with which to absolve their conscience and to grant a kind of perpetual indulgence to their deeds.

Captain Bartholomew Roberts, a good representative of the dime-novel pirate, excused himself with a utilitarian theory. When asked by the self-constituted interviewer of that day why he chose such a rough and dangerous calling, he wrote out his answer in this manner:

"In an honest service there are, in common, low wages and hard labor: in this there are Plenty, Satiety, Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power. Who would not balance Creditor on this side when all the hazard that is run for it is, at the most, only a sour look or two at choking? No, a merry life and a short one shall be my motto."

Roberts was well qualified to speak of his calling. He got his wish of "a merry life and a short one," but, in the meantime, he captured more than four hundred merchant vessels and squandered several princely fortunes in the riotous dens of the English West Indies. He talked like a pettifogger, but he fought like a tiger and died—like a pirate, with a grapeshot in his neck.

The latter-day Buccaneers and pirates have been very reasonably called the rattlesnakes and cobras of the seas. In their commonwealth, the wickedest was adjudged the most suitable leader. Teach, otherwise known as Blackbeard, took an original method of

THEY WENT INTO THE HOLD OF THE VESSEL AND SET FIRE TO A POT OF SULPHUR

impressing his men with a respect for his Satanic abilities and command.

"Come," he said to his drunken companions, "let us make a hell of our own, and see who can longest bear it."

They went into the hold of the vessel, closed the hatches, and set fire to a pot of sulphur.

Then they drank and cursed and defied the powers above and below, until the fumes of sulphur began to strangle them. One after another cried for air and begged to be let out, until the chief was left alone.

The contest between Satan and the pirate continued so long that the friends of the captain became alarmed. They raised the hatches, and he came forth smiling as one on whom the fuel of the inferno could have no effect.

Charlevoix, who was very familiar with the habits of the Buccaneers, says that "with the exception of a certain honor among them, and their abstinence from human flesh, few savages were more wicked, most of them being much less so."

In 1694 Montauban took his men to Paris. He complains in his story that "they spent a world of money there, and proved horribly extravagant. All the nights they spent in divertisements and the days in running up and down the town in masquerade, causing themselves to be carried in chairs with lighted flambeaux at noon—of which debauches many died."

Nevertheless, the Frenchmen in this crew always sang the canticles of the *Miserere* when about to attack a ship or a town, while the Englishmen among them often chanted a psalm of David. None of them ever began a meal without first saying grace, and their

first act in a sea-fight was to fall on their knees and pray for victory and abundant booty.

Montauban was once in command of some free-booters who had agreed to act as the escort of a certain Spanish ship. At sea some of the crew proposed to possess themselves of the vessel, which was known to be richly laden. Montauban at once resigned his command and prepared to go aboard the Spanish ship to fight in its defense.

"What!" exclaimed his men, "do you think we approve of the treachery you abhor? Let us discharge the guilty!"

A council was called, and a decision reached that men so dishonest should have no part in an expedition which Montauban commanded, and they were at once marooned.

It was Montauban who stood godfather to the son of a negro chief at Cape Corsa, assisting at the ceremony of baptism, which was performed by a Portuguese priest. He says of this sponsorship: "I did it with so much the more pleasure in that I was helping to make a Christian and to sanctify a soul."

The English Buccaneers furnished few examples of quixotic characters. Some were fantastic in dress, others were erratic, but with religion and philosophy they reckoned little. Stede Bonnet was as noteworthy as any of them. He was a retired mayor in Barbadoes, of advanced age and eminently a man of peace. He was a religious leader of the best repute, and knew nothing about sailing a vessel or commanding men on shipboard. Suddenly he disappeared from his luxurious home with all his ready money. His family and neighbors could learn nothing of him, until the

report was verified that he had cut loose from civilization and turned pirate. He fitted out a sloop of ten guns and manned it with seventy men. Painting the name Revenge in big letters on the sides of the sloop, he sailed away in search of booty and glory.

He shortly fell in with the ship of Teach, who was popularly known as Blackbeard, and they concluded to cruise together. Teach soon saw that Captain Bonnet was making a ridiculous figure, both as commander and pirate. They were dining together, when Teach informed his surprised guest that it pained him to see so old a man burdened with the fatiguing cares of a pirate vessel. At seventy years of age a man was entitled to relinquish his labors to younger men and spend his remaining days in ease and contentment. Such was the lot that Captain Teach had decided upon for Captain Bonnet. The cabin of the vessel was the best place for the noble mayor, and Captain Teach would personally see to it that he was surrounded with all the luxuries of a palace. Remonstrances were in vain, and Captain Bonnet in his cabin bore the stigma of being a pirate without securing any of the glory.

The old man at last came ashore at Bath, Maine, where he signed the king's pledge of pardon to pirates. But war breaking out between Spain and England, he asked the privilege of fitting out a privateer. He changed his name to Thomas, and got a vessel which he named "Royal James," in honor of the pretender to the British throne, son of James II of England. He was determined to have a pirate crew, and therefore sailed in search of a lot of desperadoes whom Teach had marooned.

The "Royal James" needed some repairs, and her commander put into a port in North Carolina. Not finding suitable timber, he seized and broke up a ship to supply his wants. There was general indignation at this outrage, and a private gentleman named Rhett fitted out, at his own expense, two sloops which, in the name of the law, were pressed into service. The old man had sailed into the Cape Fear river with his piratical crew, and Captain Rhett followed him. But the pursuers, being poor sailors, went aground in the mouth of the river and could not get off. The so-called Captain Thomas came down the river to attack Rhett, and likewise went aground within pistol-shot of him.

As the tide went out the ships all careened in the same direction, so that the decks of the pirate ship were away from the pursuers, and the unfortunate Captain Rhett found his vessels every minute more exposed to the fire of the pirates. For five hours they fought, with little loss to either side. When the tide began to come in, it was readily seen that the first ship to float would be the victor.

Captain Rhett's vessels being nearer the center of the river, sailed out, and the pirate crew forced their captain to surrender. Most of them, on various technicalities, escaped, but Stede Bonnet, alias Captain Thomas, was held in custody. He wrote a letter to the Governor that was marvelous for its pathos, contrition and religious fervor. His plea was that since God had forgiven his sins, the Governor should do likewise. It made a great impression on the people and aroused much sympathy for its author. The Governor was considered unnecessarily cruel; but he was deaf to all

appeals, and the septuagenarian pirate was executed according to the law.

The oft quoted reference to honor among thieves was not well substantiated among the Buccaneers. They could but rarely trust one another, and less often trust their captain.

The conduct of De Pontis at Cartagena is an interesting and characteristic example. After sacking that city, he persuaded his men that it was very unwise to have their enormous booty of nearly seven million dollars distributed among the small boats. He declared that it should be deposited together and carried intact to Tortuga in his large and safe vessel, when the division could be made. The Buccaneers consented, and when morning came the men in the small ships, who had done all the fighting, saw the treasure-ship standing out to sea. The despoiled and enraged pirates soon found that they were helpless. De Pontis could not be overhauled. In the midst of their impotent curses, some one cried, "De Pontis has left our share at Cartagena; let us return there and get it."

The advice was at once acted upon, and the frightened inhabitants saw the scourge of which they had just bought themselves free, re-entering the harbor. But on landing the pirates assumed a very righteous air. Two of their men in some way killed a native woman. With great solemnity and manifest indignation they tried the culprits and condemned them to be shot as an example before the people.

Then they ordered all the principal inhabitants into the cathedral. Some genius among them prepared a delectable address, which they compelled the bishop

to read from the pulpit, while the Buccaneer chiefs stood at the altar railing with guns across their arms and sabers either in their hands or stuck in the floor before them.

"We are not ignorant that you consider us as men devoid of faith and of all religion, as infernal beings rather than men," so the bishop read. "The abhorrence you have of us hath been often manifested by the opprobrious terms with which you affect to describe us; and your mistrust of us is plain from your refusal to treat with us, thus forcing us to effect your capitulation at the point of the sword.

"You see us returning here so soon after our departure, and wonder at the cause. We are here armed and capable, as you see, of avenging ourselves for any injustice you may be so ill-advised as to do to us. The paleness visible upon your countenances plainly shows that you expect the most severe treatment; and your conscience tells you, no doubt, that you deserve it.

"Be at last undeceived, and acknowledge in this instance that the injurious appellations with which you stigmatize us are not to be applied to us, but to the infamous General De Pontis, under whose command we lately fought you and defeated you. That vile traitor to whom we opened the gates of your city and whom you would never have permitted to enter except at our behest, hath seized upon the spoils acquired at our hazard, through our courage and your generosity, thus by that act of impudence and injustice compelling us to return to you. Our moderation must justify our sincerity. We will quit your city immediately upon receiving five million livres, which

is less than a sixth of that demanded and received from you to be rid of our traitorous commander. This is the whole of our claim, and we pledge our sacred honor to you that we will then instantly go away. But if you refuse us so moderate and just a contribution, look at our sabers. (Here there was a flourish and clank of weapons from the Buccaneers standing near the bishop.) We swear by them that we will spare no person. And should the misfortune which threatens you come upon you, and upon your wives and children, accuse none but yourselves for your ungenerous natures, and the worthless De Pontis, whom you are at liberty to load with all kinds of execrations that you may feel in your hearts, and you may fire at him all the anathemas that your bishops may command."

At the close of this address a priest was made to mount the pulpit and exhort the people to contribute liberally to the collection about to be taken up, and thus as soon as possible satisfy their visitors.

The Buccaneers then went among the congregation, collected all the available money and jewels, and secured pledges for ransom. But, since the city had just paid nearly seven million dollars to De Pontis as ransom, it could not easily raise a million more, and was therefore given up to pillage by the impatient pirates. On their way out of the harbor, they ran afoul of a fleet of Dutch and English ships. The small vessels with all on board were sunk, but the largest one, carrying the booty, escaped to San Domingo.

It was an age of duplicity and betrayal from kings to Buccaneers. The West Indian governors them-

selves, who waxed fat from the spoils of the pirates, never lost an opportunity to cheat them of all they could, and then blackmail them out of the rest.

A somewhat ludicrous and yet notable example of this was afforded in the year 1687, by Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, the only son of General Monk, the Cromwellian commander who restored Charles II to the throne.

In 1639 a rich plate-ship or Spanish galleon sank off the southern coast of Cuba; and the Duke of Albemarle, having become governor of Jamaica, fitted out and manned a vessel with a crew of his own selection, and sent it on an expedition to see what could be got from the sunken ship. He promised the Buccaneers who had told him of the treasure and who acted as guides and divers, half of all they could get. The story told by the Buccaneers was found to be true, and in a short time they had gathered a princely fortune on board the governor's vessel. When it arrived at Spanish Town the governor had the silver stored in the safety vaults of the government, promising to make the required division of the spoils in a few days. But the days grew into weeks and months, and the importunities of the Buccaneers for their share of the rich find were unheeded. At last the governor died. His widow was as reluctant to part with any of the treasure as her husband had been, and the Buccaneers laid a plot to seize her in the king's house at Spanish Town and hold her for a ransom equivalent to their rightful share.

Luckily for her, one of the men in the plot conceived the idea that the reward he would get for revealing it to her would be greater than he could get other-

wise, and the trouble would be much less. She promised him a sum beyond all his expectations; but no sooner had she heard the story than she ran to the assembly, then in session, and implored a body-guard, leaving the luckless informer unrewarded. An English war-ship then in the harbor being about to sail, she was put aboard with all her wealth and taken to London. Soon after she fell into a state of mental imbecility, and imagined that the Emperor of China, hearing of her great wealth, was coming to marry her. The first Duke of Montague, being of a thrifty turn of mind, thought it a capital idea to humor the conceits of the demented lady. So he impersonated the Emperor, and visited her in the most brilliant Oriental robes he could find. His suit progressed rapidly, and in a few days they were married. The guardians of her wealth turned it over to the Duke, and he had her confined in a madhouse, where she lived to the age of ninety-eight years.

Cibber, the dramatist, thought it all such a good jest that he founded on her career a popular play, entitled "The Sick Lady Cured."

The existence of honor among pirates is well exemplified in the career of Vane, a notorious freebooter who was overtaken by his fate in the year 1719. He began his piratical life by making off with the vessel that contained all the treasure representing several months' weary work by his companions on a sunken Spanish galleon off the coast of Florida. After a notorious career he was at last wrecked on an uninhabited island in the bay of Honduras. He and twenty of his companions escaped with nothing but their lives. They were kept alive by help from native

fishermen, who occasionally visited the island, until a vessel from Jamaica chanced to put in for water. The captain, whose name was Halford, proved to be a Buccaneer who had once been on an expedition with Vane.

Vane was delighted, and felt no hesitancy in disclosing himself and asking to be taken away.

"Charles Vane," said Captain Halford, when the emaciated and smooth-tongued pirate made his request. "I can't trust you aboard my ship unless I carry you as a prisoner; for I shall have you caballing with my men, knocking me on the head, and running away with my vessel a-pirating before we are out ten days."

The wretched man made vigorous protests of his honesty.

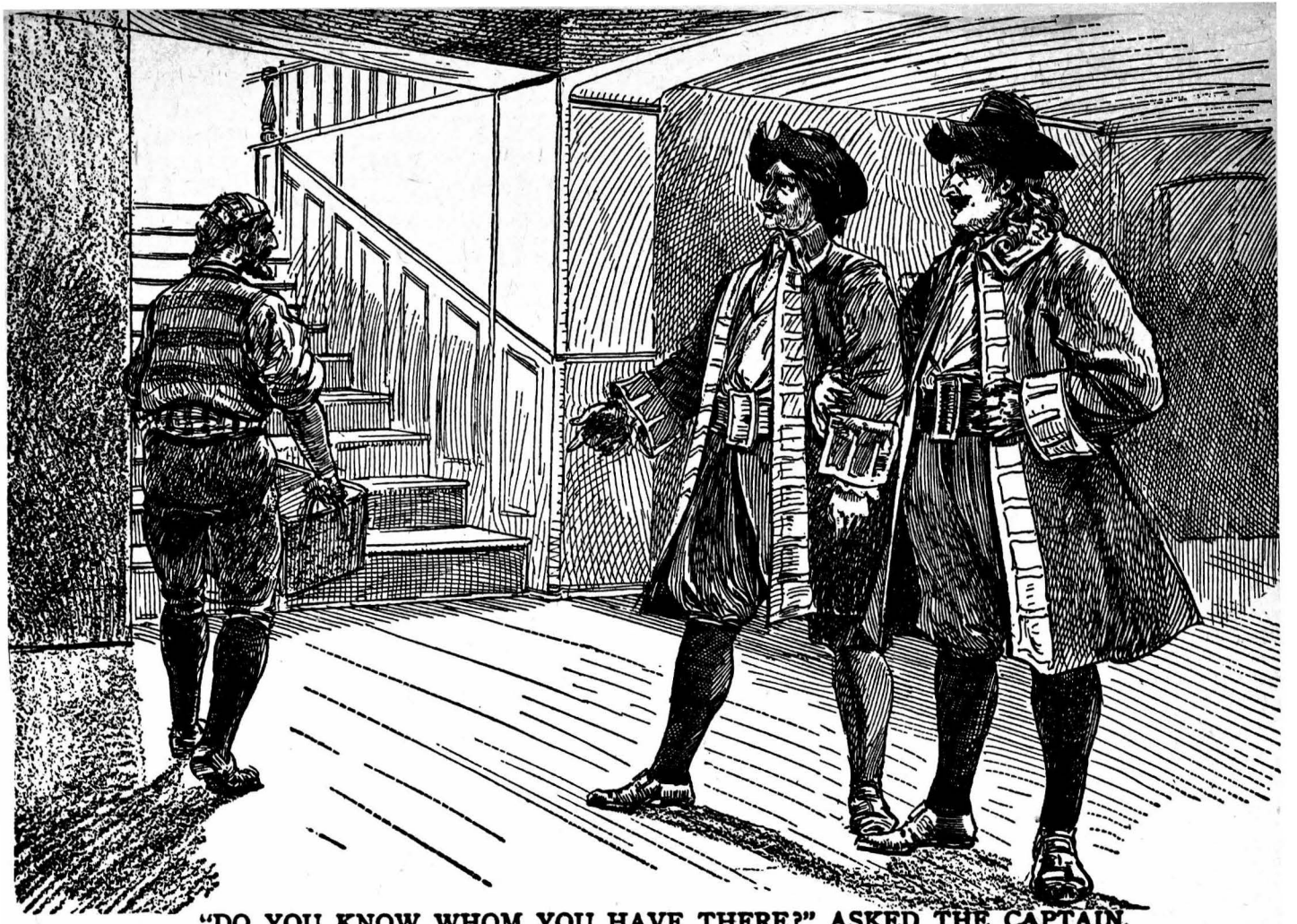
"I am going down the bay," said Halford, "and I will be back in a month. If I find you here, I will carry you to Jamaica and hang you."

"What! Would you have me rob the poor fishermen of their boats and try to get to Providence in a dory?" asked the miserable man.

"If your stay here is a matter of conscience, after having been a common robber, pirate and murderer for so many years," replied Halford, "I advise you to stay where you are."

The captain then sailed away.

In a few days another vessel touched at the island, and Vane told the captain a very plausible story of an honest man in distress. The captain concluded to allow him to work his passage, but the evil star, so thoroughly believed in by Sir Henry Hawkins, was evidently in the ascendant with him. They had not



"DO YOU KNOW WHOM YOU HAVE THERE?" ASKED THE CAPTAIN, POINTING TO VANE

been at sea a week when they met Captain Halford returning. The vessels hailed each other, and Captain Halford came aboard. Vane was at work in the hold when the two captains came walking along the cabin, arm in arm. Captain Halford chanced to look down and see Vane.

"Do you know whom you have there?" asked the captain, pointing to Vane.

"A poor fellow whom I found cast away on an island from a trading sloop. He seems to be a pretty brisk hand."

"It's the pirate Vane," said Halford.

The kind-hearted captain was shocked at having on his vessel so notorious a desperado.

"If you like," said Halford, "I'll take him aboard and surrender him at Jamaica. Nobody is safe while he is around."

A few weeks later the wretched malefactor was hanged at Jamaica.

The capacity for liquor was almost as great an evidence of fitness for leadership among the Buccaneers as the capacity for crime. There was no worse indictment against the character of a latter-day pirate than sobriety, and the man who would not get drunk was their true villain.

Harry Glasby was notably one of those who would neither get drunk nor drink, yet on all sides he was acknowledged to be one of the best fellows that ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship. He was so liked, in fact, that he was made commander of one of Roberts' ships. But that a man who would not drink could not be trusted was proven when Roberts' fleet was being careened and scraped at San Domingo.

Glasby and two others tried to escape, although they had signed articles fixing death as the penalty for desertion. They were soon missed; and before they could get away from the coast were overhauled and brought back. A trial was at once ordered. Within an hour the judges were selected, and they gathered around a big bowl of rum punch in the steerage. Pipes were filled, and the smoke of tobacco and grease lamps soon charged the scene with colors as dark as the deeds of the men. Articles of indictment were read, and they were arraigned for violating statutes of their own making. The letter of the law was clearly against them, and the fact proved. Nothing remained but to pass sentence. The presiding judge arose to pronounce judgment, when one of the judges sitting opposite to him said, "Let us take another drink and smoke another pipe."

The presiding judge dipped the cup in the bowl of rum and passed it around as if he had arisen for that purpose. Then they smoked in silence, while the three prisoners looked on in gloomy anticipation of the end.

Valentine Ashplant, the judge who had asked for time, slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, leaned back in his chair, and brought his fist down heavily upon the table, as he exclaimed: "Glasby shall not die. Damnation seize my soul if he does!"

There were some grunts of disapproval.

Then Ashplant arose and delivered his judgment in a scintillating setting of oaths as thick and heavy as the smoke about his head: "Gentlemen and fellow-men: I'm as good as the best of ye. I never turned my back to any man in my life who was fit to

live. Glasby's a good fellow, and I love him. He'll live and repent of this misdeed, or I'll die with him. The gun that kills him has got to kill me, if it can shoot first."

He then laid his pistols on the table in front of the other learned judges.

The argument was good, and a unanimous verdict of not guilty was returned for Glasby, but the others were not so fortunate. They had no champion; and so were a few minutes later tied to the mast and shot to death for their crime.

A few years later an English gunboat, sent out by the Governor of Jamaica, captured the sloop of which Glasby was master. Most of the men were strung up to their own yard-arms, but Harry Glasby was sent to Spanish Town for trial. So many testimonials of his good character poured in upon the Governor that he was pardoned, and put on board a merchant vessel bound for Liverpool.

Although elaborate laws were drawn up by many of the Buccaneer chiefs and were signed by the crews, yet justice usually meant the whims or caprice of those whose duty it was to judge. In a life without domestic responsibility or patriotism, it is impossible to suppose the equitable administration of law, and the clearest evidence of degeneration or anarchy is the inability to secure individual justice. The whole history of the Buccaneers stands as an unimpeachable testimony to that truth.

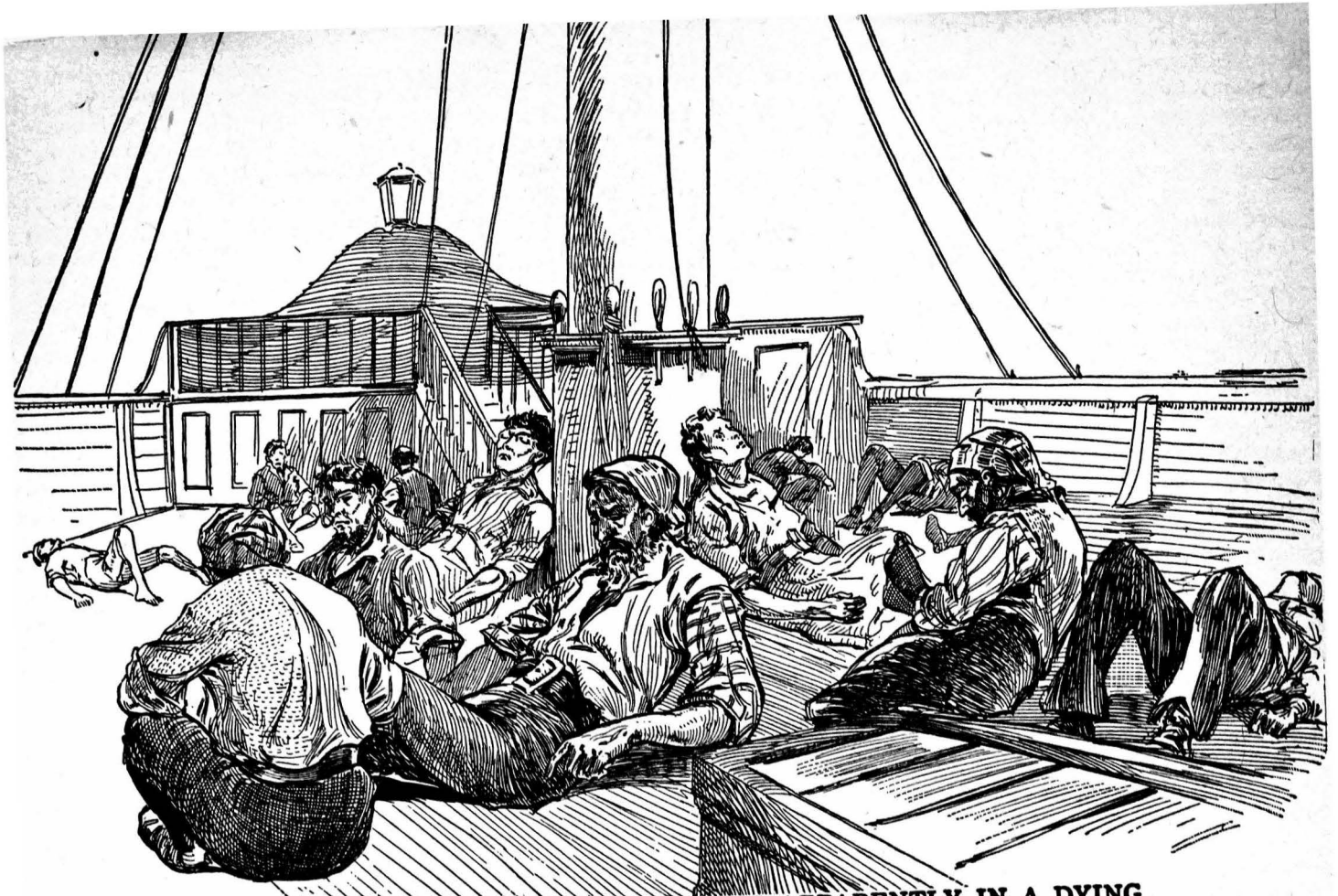
They had no system of authority whatever. The superiority of force and fear was the only insignia of office. Obedience was otherwise assured only in battle. Life on shipboard was a reign of confusion.

Some wanted to sing while others desired to sleep. Quarrels over dice and cards were frequent, and the fittest as to alertness and strength usually survived. They rarely went to the place first chosen for attack. Frequently by bad navigation they rode far out of their course and were compelled to attack a place never thought of before. With unparalleled fortitude and stoicism they often endured thirst and hunger which would have killed less hardened men in half the time.

On one occasion Montbar, called the exterminator by the Spaniards, lost his course, and with two hundred men was ten days without food or drink, after having been on short allowances long enough to have exhausted ordinary men. They had abandoned all effort to steer the vessel, and were lying about the decks apparently in a dying condition, when they were hailed by a Spanish coaster, whose curiosity had been aroused by the strange ship that bore all appearances of being deserted.

To the astonishment of the Spaniard, the most cadaverous apparitions he had ever seen in the forms of men sprang to their feet on the deck, grappled his vessel, swarmed over the gunwales, and fell upon his sailors with a ferocity probably never before equaled, even in Buccaneers. In half an hour not a Spaniard was left alive, and within another hour nearly half the pirates were dead from their unlimited gluttony.

The Buccaneers lived always in extremes, always in carousal and uproar. They rarely planned an attack, and usually depended upon a reckless rush. If they used any strategy in a sea-fight, it was to approach the enemy so as to avoid a direct fire of heavy artil-



THEY WERE LYING ABOUT THE DECKS APPARENTLY IN A DYING CONDITION

lery. Their best marksmen, as rapidly as possible, picked off the helmsmen, those at the sails and the gunners. If they were in a very inferior boat, they always got under the stern of their enemy's vessel, where the guns could not be depressed to strike them. They would then wedge the rudder, and board in several places at once.

A Jesuit writer of that time says that "Once on board, nothing could prevent them becoming masters of the ship, however numerous the crew. The Spaniard's blood grew cold when those whom they called and looked upon as demons came in sight, and they frequently surrendered at once in order to obtain quarter. If the prize was rich, their lives were spared; but if the cargo proved poor, the Buccaneers often threw the crew into the sea in revenge."

CHAPTER IV

STRATEGY, COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

The Buccaneers were always eager to attack anything in their way that promised booty or glory, and they were so uniformly victorious as to achieve a prestige which in many respects they never deserved. Their strategy usually was of the crudest kind, and only the stupidity of the Spaniards made it successful.

Not infrequently the personal jealousies and animosities of the Spaniards contributed as much as fear to the success of the Buccaneers.

De Lussan tells us that at Queaquilla the people prayed them to destroy the town of Ginandego because of its rhodomontade, which was obligingly done. We can infer from this that the people of Ginandego were so boastful of what they would do if Buccaneers came, and so insulting to those who had submitted to the sea-robbers, that the inhabitants of Queaquilla were glad to see Ginandego destroyed and the braggarts humbled. Long continued idleness and luxury had enervated the Spanish soldier so that he felt little enthusiasm in risking his life to guard the bullion hoarded up by his superiors. As there was never any way to estimate the number of their assailants, who usually came upon them secretly and suddenly, discretion was therefore considered the better part of valor. A handful of men by surprise and dash would often win victories that appeared incredible, and secure

plunder in quantities that made thievery in Europe seem profitless. The first regularly equipped Buccaneering expedition known at Tortuga was that of Pierre-le-Grand, a native of Dieppe, about the year 1654. He began the long series of extraordinary exploits against the Spaniards by capturing, with a canoe and twenty-eight men, the vice-admiral and his ship, which was lying off Cape Tiburon, on the west coast of Hispaniola. The dusk of the evening concealed their insignificant numbers and permitted them to reach the vessel unperceived. All clambered on deck except the chirurgeon, who sunk the skiff and joined his friends through a port-hole. As yet they were undiscovered, and the first warning given the Spaniards was with the bursting open of the cabin door. Half a dozen burly forms appeared thrusting pistols in their faces and flourishing swords about their heads.

"Jesus, bless us! We are beset with devils!" cried the captain, who was playing at cards with the vice-admiral.

In a few minutes the Spanish sailors were prisoners under the hatches, and Pierre-le-Grand was master of the ship. It was well provisioned and richly laden with silver. Wiser than most pirates, Pierre-le-Grand set his prisoners ashore, sailed to France, disposed of his cargo and ship, divided the spoils fairly among his men and settled down to spend the rest of his life as a gentleman of means.

With even more reckless audacity, in the early days of Buccaneering, John Davis went to Nicaragua in a small sloop with ninety men. They sailed up a river about one hundred miles, and hid their vessel

under the boughs of a tree at the shore. Taking eighty of his men in three canoes he traveled at night, and about midnight of the third day reached the town. To the sentinel's hail of "Who goes there?" he replied that they were fishermen. Two Buccaneers went ashore and stabbed the sentinel to prevent any outcry. Then, led by an Indian who had once been a slave in the town, they came to the houses, and, each man knocking on a door, was admitted by the hospitable and unsuspecting owners. Soon cries and lamentations were heard on every side. The alarm spread, and the people were in frantic fear. Then the citizens began to arm themselves and to collect in the plaza. Orders were hastily sent to the garrison of six hundred mounted men. Two hours of pillage passed, and the alarm-bell began to ring. Davis knew that they must be well out of the town before the people recovered from their panic or discovered the insignificant number of the robbers. The Buccaneers collected in a hollow square about those carrying the booty. With a score of the principal citizens as prisoners, they began their retreat, followed by ten times their number of armed men. The six hundred cavalrymen attacked them, but were repulsed, and they reached their boats with plunder worth $60,000. The whole expedition had occupied only eight days, and not a single man had been lost.

Another pirate named Davis was one of the most accomplished strategists of his kind. He was so diplomatic, courtly and hospitable that he has been aptly called the "Ulysses of the seas." Having persuaded the crew of a sloop at Martinique to seize the

vessel and make him captain, he started out on the peculiar career of Buccaneering by strategy.

While plundering a French ship of twelve guns, which he had surprised and captured without firing a shot, another with twenty-four guns and sixty men hove in sight. His men were afraid of the newcomer, but Captain Howell Davis was a man of resources, and he promised to capture the ship by strategy if they would obey his orders.

Arranging the prisoners on the deck of his prize as if they were a part of the crew, and leaving enough of his men on board the French vessel to sail her, he boldly went alongside the approaching French ship. Running up the black flag, he demanded immediate surrender. The French captain, astonished at the audacity of his little antagonist, replied with a similar demand.

Then they exchanged broadsides, and Captain Davis told the Frenchman that if he did not surrender by the time the larger vessel came up, no quarter would be given. By this time the French prize was coming on at full sail, her decks apparently crowded with Buccaneers. Believing the odds too great, and a massacre of his men imminent, the French captain surrendered, allowing his men to be bound and placed in confinement on board the sloop.

His next strategetical exploit was at Santiago, where he landed for water. The governor of the castle did not like the appearance of his visitors, and plainly told them so. They indignantly denied the imputation that they were pirates; but night having come on, they suddenly rushed into the poorly guarded fort and turned its guns on the governor's mansion, where the

retreating soldiers had hurriedly fortified themselves. In a few hours, having pillaged and dismantled the fort, the bold gentry sailed away, just as the distracted inhabitants had collected their wits and prepared themselves, twenty to one, to overwhelm the impudent invaders.

Their force had now reached the superior number of seventy men, and they resolved to steer for Africa and attack the castle or fort at Gambia, on the coast of Guinea. Reaching Gambia without mishap or adventure, the captain represented himself to the governor as a trader, with a cargo of iron and plate to exchange for slaves. The governor was so pleased with the trader and his two companions that he invited the gentlemen to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, but Davis said he must return to his vessel to see it properly anchored, declaring, however that he would return in due time for the dinner. He went out to his sloop, and soon returned with half a dozen of his men, each with a double brace of pistols concealed under his waistcoat. He directed them to the guardroom, where a sentinel and three or four soldiers had charge of a quantity of arms and ammunition.

Dinner was not quite ready, and the governor ordered his servants to prepare a bowl of punch. When it was ready and the servants had left the room, Davis arose, and presenting a pistol at the head of the astonished governor, said sternly: "Surrender the fort at once or you are a dead man." Then the boatswain fired a shot through the window as a signal for the Buccaneers at the guardhouse to secure the soldiers there. In a few minutes the black flag of the

"SURRENDER THE FORT AT ONCE OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN"

pirates was floating from the flagstaff of the fort, as a signal for the others in the sloop to come ashore.

After securing all the booty at hand, they were about to set sail when they perceived a French vessel of fourteen guns bearing down upon them.

Davis prepared for the struggle, and ran up the black flag. To his joy and surprise the stranger also ran up a black flag. These brothers in the black-flag business then started on a cruise together. Off the coast of Sierra Leone, Davis being in advance, fell in with a vessel much larger than his own. As he came alongside, the ship fired a broadside at him and displayed the black flag. Davis fired a gun to leeward, and also flung out a black flag. Then there was another happy meeting of freebooting brethren.

Together they attacked the fort at Sierra Leone, and the soldiers fled, then Davis was chosen commodore of the squadron. With this formidable combination, much damage might have been done if the French and English had been able to remain at peace with each other. But they soon quarreled and separated.

Davis went to the Isle of Prince, and represented himself to the governor as commander of an English war-vessel sent out to hunt pirates. The Portuguese authorities were so pleased to have such a vessel in their habor that they did her the special honor of sending a file of musketeers to escort her commander to the fort.

His plan was to present the governor with a few negroes in token of good will, and to invite him with all the chief personages of the place to dine on shipboard, where they were to be seized and held for ransom.

Everything promised success, when a negro, overhearing the plan, sprang overboard in the night and carried intelligence of the plot to the governor. Soon discovering the absence of the negro, the pirates suspected what had occurred, and the morning confirmed their doubts. Determined not to fail, they landed and attacked the now well-prepared fort. They succeeded in setting it on fire, and were in a fair way to capture it when Davis fell, mortally wounded. Deprived of their commander, they wavered, and then retreated to their boats in good order, keeping the Portuguese at bay. At the boats there was a sharp conflict, but the Buccaneers pushed off from the shore without leaving a man behind them. Davis, with the rallying strength of a dying man, raised himself and fired both his pistols at the enemy and fell back dead.

In contrast to the strategy of Howell Davis was the impetuosity of Lawrence De Graff, a Dutchman, born at Ostend. His name became such a terror that the monks of the Spanish Main included in their prayers a petition to be delivered from "Lorencillo," as they called him. The French spoke of him as "Laurient," and his exploits have thus been ascribed to three different men.

So invincible was he considered that the "Brethren of the Coast" were accustomed to use his name as a war-cry to demoralize the Spaniards. Many vessels are known to have surrendered at the sound of his name without firing a gun. Knowing that no quarter would ever be shown him, he always fought with preparations to blow up his powder-magazine should the fight go against him.

At Cartagena it was learned that he was near with a small vessel, poorly equipped and manned. Two frigates were sent to capture him, but by the impetuosity and swiftness of his attack he captured them both, and thanked the city for their splendid donation.

Not long after, the admiral and vice-admiral of a galleon fleet, each in a vessel carrying sixty guns, were ordered to take him at any cost.

As they approached, he made a speech to his men. "You see," said he, "that we are to kill or be killed. You have had too much experience not to be sensible of your danger, and you are too courageous to fear it. Valor, rashness, and even despair itself must now be employed. When I see that we are lost, our powder-magazine will be exploded as near under the enemy's side as we can get."

He ran his vessel directly between the two Spanish men-of-war. His sharpshooters, ranged on each side, killed forty-eight Spaniards at the first fire. He sent a French shot at the mainmast of the larger vessel, and cut it down. Not a Spaniard could appear at the guns, the sails or the helms without being shot down. Despairing of victory over such an antagonist, the admiral abandoned the vice-admiral and left De Graff conqueror. The French government was so delighted that it made De Graff a citizen, and issued to him a special pardon for having killed his ranking officer, Van Horn, in a quarrel.

A little later the Spaniards at Cartagena tried again to capture him, sending out three ships, carrying together seventy-eight guns. In a four hours' action he killed four hundred Spaniards and sunk their ships.

The French then being at war with the English, he

landed at Jamaica, leveled three forts, burnt a town and carried off three thousand slaves, besides a ship-load of rich merchandise.

One time, while prowling about Cartagena, he gave chase to a vessel of forty-eight guns and four hundred men. His sloop struck on a reef and went to pieces. His men got their long boats overboard, continued the chase and captured the prize.

In 1686 he was made a major in the French army. Later he was made commandant at the Isle de la Vache. Two thousand Spaniards came to drive the settlers away, but when they heard who commanded the French, they retreated.

In 1694 De Graff headed an invasion of Jamaica with fourteen vessels and five hundred and fifty men. Fourteen hundred musketeers, with twelve heavy guns, defended the intrenchments; but he drove them out, with a loss of one-third of their number and captured nine ships, losing only twenty-two of his own men.

After this he was accused of intriguing with the enemies of France, and Du Casse instituted proceedings against him. The Spaniards offered in 1696 to make him a vice-admiral in their navy, but instead of accepting he tendered his services to the governor of Jamaica. The governor replied: "You have betrayed three nations, and will not be true to the fourth."

It is believed that he then retired from active service and lived long in peaceful obscurity, since there is no record of his subsequent career. A man so famous could not have met a violent death without some of the contemporaneous writers having made a note of it.

He was described as being tall and of distinguished

bearing. His face was fair, and he wore his mustache so long that it could be tied back of his neck. He had a courtly address, and never laid aside his drawing-room manners. He was fond of music, and the walls of his abode were adorned with many kinds of musical instruments interspersed with his guns and pistols. Next to courage, musical ability was the surest passport to his esteem. De Graff was one of the few genuine gentlemen of the sea.

The uniform ease with which the Buccaneers overcame the Spaniards make the latter appear as exceptionally easy victims. But they were often to the last degree courageous and obstinate in defense. It was the quickness and the terrific energy of the pirates that made them so formidable. The Spaniards were not alone in suffering ridiculous defeats. Even the English have in their records numerous similar accidents of fortune.

Captain Peralta, a brave old Andalusian, captured by Sawkins and Sharpe at Panama in 1680, after the most desperate battle of their career, said: "The English are the most valiant men in the world. They always fight openly, and so succeed. We, in common with all other nations, resort to all imaginable ways to protect ourselves, and so lose."

In the West Indian *mélange* of nations there was a perpetual kaleidoscopic change of friendship and mastery. The allies of yesterday were likely to be hammering at one another's heads to-day, and storming a fort side by side on the morrow.

The English had a garrison of fifty men in a fort at Tobago. M. Vincent, governor of Grenada, concluded that he could take it with twenty-five volun-

teers. He landed at night, and the next morning, taking up a position just over the brow of a hill from the fort, proceeded to make a great noise with two drums, as if a large force were being mustered in battle array.

M. Vincent, under a flag of truce, sent one of his men to the fort, with a demand for immediate surrender or no quarter would be given, as the French army had other urgent work to do and could not tarry long. If they wished to talk over terms, the commander must come himself, as there was no time to waste in parleying.

The messenger, contrary to the laws of war, carried a gun, but the English commander came out to meet him, carrying only his sword. After the Frenchman had very impressively urged the necessity of haste in the negotiations, the English commander concluded to accompany him back to the French army and so facilitate matters. At the top of the hill, the English captain looked down upon a French army of only fourteen volunteers. But the messenger's gun was pointed at his breast, and he was compelled to send back an order for surrender.

The comedies of these islands were well-nigh as numerous as the tragedies; and the land-crabs, so execrated by the American soldiers in the Cuban campaign of the Spanish-American war, have a specially good story to their credit.

Cromwell sent Admiral Penn and General Venables with nine thousand men to strike the Spaniards a fatal blow in San Domingo. Some hard fighting had been done, with but little result, when the English planned a crushing surprise at night. The advance line had

formed and started forward in the dark from the boats, when from behind the copse they heard the clatter of what seemed to be an overwhelming force of mounted Spanish lancers. These veterans of Cromwell could fight Britons, Scots and the Irish, but Spanish lancers in the dark were an unknown danger. They paused, and the lancers paused. Unquestionably the English were in the presence of an appalling ambush. They pressed forward again with all their usual courage, but the clatter began again with redoubled sound, as if all the forces of Spain were about to be turned loose upon them. An attack by unseen foes seemed imminent. A panic seized the English veterans, and they fled to their boats. No urging could induce them to return, and shortly afterward the unsuccessful expedition sailed for England.

The terrifying lancers were proven not long after to have been only frightened land-crabs, scurrying through the dry leaves in frantic efforts to escape from their new foes. How much they had to do with the history of unhappy San Domingo is a subject for curious speculation. Cromwell imprisoned the two commanders, and they died in disgrace.

The spirit of brigandage was at that time abroad among all nations, but there still remained many a noble example of unwavering fidelity to lofty ideals.

Laudonnière's case is an instance. In 1564 he was sent by the French king with three ship-loads of picked-up characters to found a colony in the Carolinas. Etienne was a Genevan adventurer, who had come over with Laudonnière in the expectation of great fortune easily won. Being disappointed, he succeeded in persuading sixty-six of his comrades to seize

two of the smaller vessels and proceed on an expedition against the Spaniards. Great secrecy was maintained until everything was well prepared for revolt.

Laudonnière was sick in bed when the mutineers surprised him with their demands. He counseled them against the evil they were about to do, and warned them of their fate. But with the true swagger and blasphemy of pirates, they said: "All has been considered, sir. The step is irrevocable, and we are determined that it shall be by your authority."

Laudonnière's attendant tried to prevent their rough conduct toward the sick man and was severely stabbed. A commission duly prepared was thrust into the commander's face; and with a dagger at his throat, he was forced to sign it.

Off the coast of San Domingo they captured a richly laden patache containing the governor of Jamaica and his two sons. In order to get the heavy ransom he promised, they allowed him to send his negro servant, with a message for the money, to his wife at Spanish Town. He secretly gave other instructions, and the next morning three war-vessels blocked the entrance of the harbor. The smaller vessel being near the open sea escaped, but the other was captured. The men were put in irons, and the trial was proceeding when Laudonnière arrived in pursuit of them. They made a pitiful appeal to their old commander to save them, but he sternly informed them that it was what he had hoped to be able to do to them himself. One wretch, as he was being led away to be hanged, stretched out his hands to his late companions, crying, "Comrades, can you suffer us to perish thus and make no effort to save us?"

LAUDONNIERE'S ATTENDANT WAS SEVERELY STABBED

"Pirates are not our comrades," was the reply their former messmates indignantly threw back at the condemned men. Colonial governors and prominent merchants generally were not so scrupulous as this in their regard for justice on the high seas. The governors of the Carolinas and the merchants of New York had easy consciences in that respect. Many a princely fortune in New York was acquired by illegal traffic with the West Indian pirates.

The meteoric six months' career of Captain Worley furnished abundant evidence of the complicity of New York merchants of high standing, but no action was ever taken against them.

Captain Worley left New York in September of 1718 with a small open boat and eight men armed with six muskets. Meeting a shallop just outside the bay, they came alongside and boarded it before the owners discovered their intention. They exchanged boats, keeping all that was serviceable, and in a few days found three small sloops anchored off the Jersey coast. These they easily captured, and fitting out the best one, sailed on their way unmolested. At the end of five months they had a large, swift-sailing sloop and a shallop, well armed and manned.

Off the coast of Virginia they saw two vessels heading for the James River, and at once decided to effect their capture. They hastened to reach the mouth of the river first. Seeing the peculiar maneuvers of the sloop and shallop, the people of Jamestown thought all four of the vessels were pirates coming to attack the town, and hasty preparations were made for as strong a defense as possible.

The two vessels approached without swerving from

their course; and when they were within hailing distance Worley raised the black flag. But the approaching vessels displayed in answer the colors of English men-of-war.

The excited people of Jamestown had rushed down to the shore when the news of the approaching pirates spread among them, and a hearty cheer echoed across the waters when they saw that the pirates were trapped.

Worley and his men fought till only he and another man were left alive. These two were brought ashore and hanged at once, so that the penalty could be exacted before they died of their wounds. Among the papers found in their boats were receipted bills from numerous reputable New York merchants, together with considerable evidence to show that Worley had started on his career at their instigation.

It is very clear that there could have been no profit in piracy if there had not been a ready market for the booty, and the vast wealth accumulated at the riotous ports of Jamaica, Providence, St. Christopher, Martinique, Curaçao and Barbadoes made many envious merchants at Marseilles, Liverpool and New York endeavor to emulate the example.

In 1712 the merchants of Marseilles openly fitted out a plundering expedition. Cassard, the corsair from Nantes, was placed in command. He arrived at Surinam with thirty-eight well equipped vessels, and plundered the Dutch with such wantonness and brutality that they abandoned their houses and took refuge in the woods.

As a diversion Cassard, who was not as pious as the average French Buccaneer, went into a Jewish syna-

gogue with some of his jesting and jeering men dragging a squealing hog by the hind feet. It was taken to the sacred precincts and killed with mock solemnity, and its sacrilegious blood scattered over everything.

In a few days some wealthy Jews succeeded in buying him off for a quarter of a million dollars.

Cassard then went to Curaçao and demanded an immediate and unconditional surrender.

"We are anxious to see so charming a captain," was their taunting reply. "Sail in and visit us"

Agreeably to the invitation the corsair fleet sailed into the harbor, and was as expeditiously driven out. The Dutch were so well prepared that Cassard found if he accomplished anything it must be done by strategy. Part of his fleet was sent off on a cruise around the island, while the remainder began a steady bombardment of the forts. At night he secretly landed a force of men near the forts and erected elaborate breastworks of earth. These he fitted with the best guns from his ships, and when morning came he opened a fiercer bombardment than before, both from his fleet and the land batteries. In a few hours the fort became untenable, and a timely assault drove the Dutch soldiers back into the town. Cassard then turned the guns of the fort on the town, and demanded a ransom of six hundred thousand louis d'or, which was paid in three days.

He then sailed for Martinique, where he found himself superseded in command and the fleet ordered home.

On the way they fell in with an English fleet. His admiral signaled him not to attack. He instantly replied: "My duty to my country is greater than my

duty to my admiral. My country commands me to fight my king's foes wherever they are found."

Finding two vessels some distance from the main body, he attacked and captured them before the rest of the English fleet could come to their assistance. With these prizes he sailed on to Brest alone. But the political powers, if not the fates, were against him, and the "Hero of Nantes" was soon after thrown into prison on the charge of "importuning the cardinal and the king's ministers too much for so-called rights."

He was released after a long imprisonment, but it was to die of neglect in poverty and misery, robbed of his share in the rich spoils turned over to the merchants of Marseilles.

There is now a statue to him in his native town.

CHAPTER V

HUMOR, LOVE AND GENEROSITY

The humorous side of Buccaneer life was never told by the writers from whom is taken all that is known of those anomalous characters of the sea. It was the theory that they fought and plundered only for the means wherewith to be hilarious, and it is supposed that most of their days, and nights as well, were spent in a kind of uproarious jocularity. "A merry life and a short one," was their motto, and it ought to have furnished material for a very amusing history with which to parallel the tragedy.

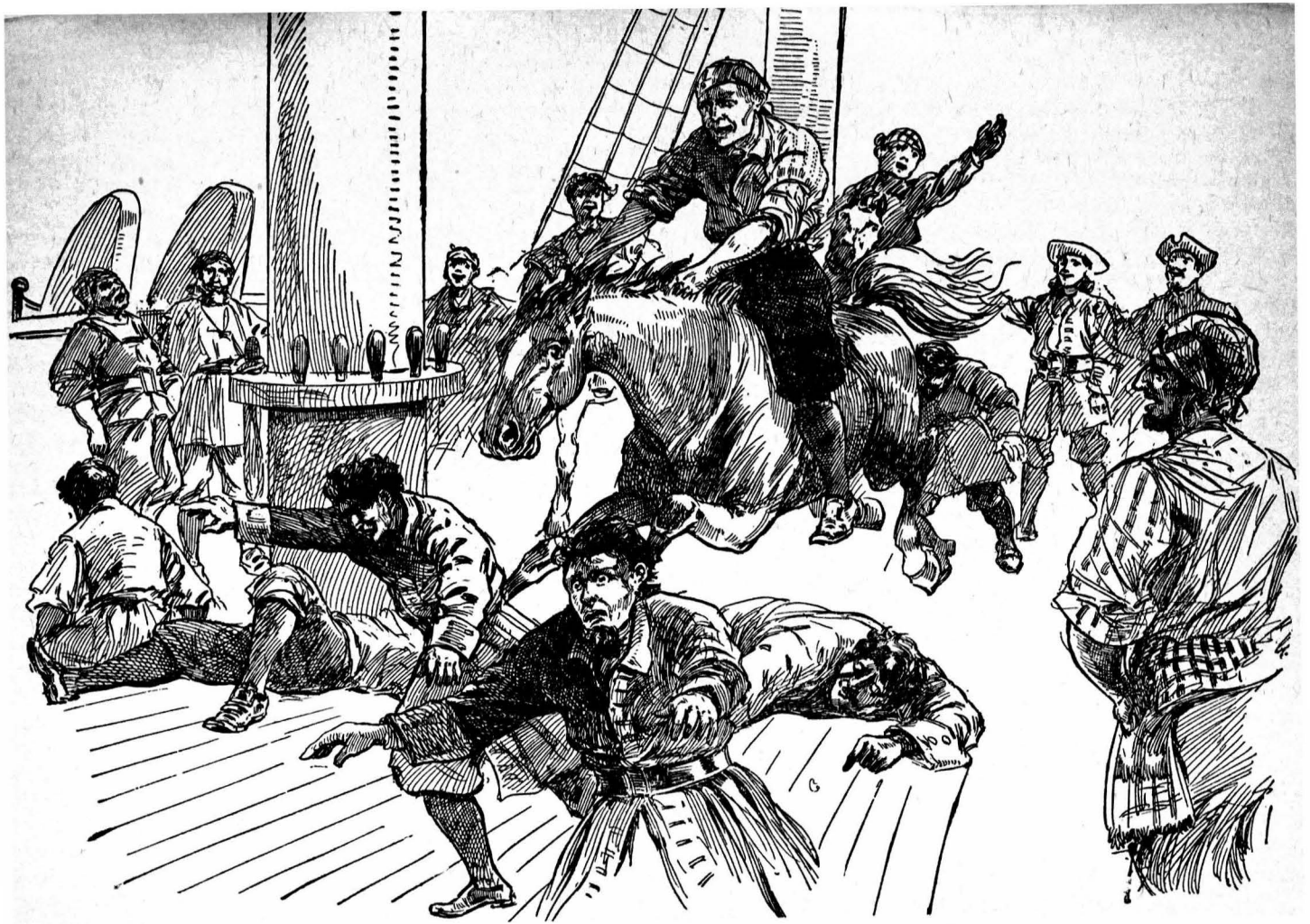
The Spanish writers were too full of hatred, the Dutch too gloomy, the English too stolid, and the French too pious and boastful to shed any light on the humors of the pirate. But glimpses may be had through them all of a very merry life indeed, however much it was tempered with horse-play brutality and ruffianly carousal.

Off St. Christopher one of Ned Low's crews captured a cargo of horses from Rhode Island. The crew and passengers were put out on deck and the horses stampeded among them, while the Buccaneers, forming an outside ring, cursed and shouted in uproarious glee, as they beat and prodded the maddened animals till many of the unfortunate men inside were fatally injured and most of the horses had jumped overboard. Then the pirates sprang upon the backs of the remain-

ing horses and rode yelling around the decks, driving them over the people and colliding with one another in side-splitting hilarity. When one of the Buccaneers was thrown off, he immediately began to beat the nearest passenger and overwhelm him with abuse for not bringing saddles, bridles and spurs, as no gentleman could ride safely without them.

Ned Low was a fit leader for such a crew. He was born in the slums of Westminster and trained to the form of thievery known as "kinchin lay,"—that is, the robbery of errand children. Then he became a footman in the lobby of the House of Commons, where he earned a wide reputation in his fraternity as a successful gambler. Being of a restless disposition, he shipped to Honduras as a log-wood cutter. There, in 1720, he persuaded twelve of his companions to help him steal a small *piragua*, in which they recklessly put to sea. The third day out they captured a serviceable sloop and soon after fell in with Lowther, who made Low his lieutenant. The partnership did not last long; and after an inglorious career, Lowther was run upon the shore of San Domingo by a vessel of the South Sea Company, and chased into a lignum vitæ forest so closely by the Spanish governor that he killed himself.

Low had a more extended career. He operated chiefly between Barbadoes and the English colonies on the American coast. He defeated many expeditions sent to capture him and outrode the terrible hurricane of 1722, which nearly destroyed Port Royal and foundered almost every vessel in its path. His career was that of the most brutal type of pirates, almost equal in bloody ferocity to the archfiend known



THEY RODE YELLING AROUND THE DECKS

as L'Olonnois, the stories of their abominable atrocities and tortures inflicted upon defenseless prisoners being too sickening and horrible to relate or to hear.

He had an especial hatred for New Englanders, and he never lost an opportunity to practise upon them the most unutterable cruelties. It is one of the curious features of history that so notorious a character should suddenly disappear and nothing be known of his end. After capturing and destroying several million dollars' worth of shipping, and torturing to death several hundred persons, he sailed toward the coast of Guinea, and was heard of no more.

It was customary, when a captain had paid a ransom for his ship, to take a receipt showing that he had purchased immunity from further demands. Many of these quittances are on exhibition in the British Museum, and some of them show a sort of grim humor which the victims were doubtless unable to appreciate.

One of them is worded thus: "This is to whom it doth or doth not concern: That we, gentlemen of the Lone Rover, have received ten pounds of gold-dust as a token of respect from Captain Holder of the brig Moonshine. Furthermore, it is the honorable discharge of his ship from further obligations to his brethren of the sea. Witness our hands, February 20, 1722. "BEAUTY WHIPSKIN,

"Boatswain.

"UGLY PLUGHEAD,

"Ship's Carpenter."

In 1687 Captain David met the Spanish ship Catalina off Callao. The ship defended itself, not aggressively, but very persistently, and the pirates had recourse to rum to keep up their spirits in the

face of such extended resistance. They continued to fall to the leeward, and tried twenty times to board, but they were so drunk that they could not climb over the side of their vessel. The best they could do was to prop themselves up against the sides of the cabin and fire at the enemy's deck. For two days the drunken Buccaneers floundered around their antagonist, who, gaining courage from the harmless exertions of the pirates, hoisted the bloody flag. But on the third day the men became sober enough to get to the windward and bear down directly on the Spaniard. Terror-stricken at the recovered strength of the Buccaneers, the Spanish captain ran his ship ashore, where it went to pieces, and all but two men were drowned.

About the same time an expedition of French and English Buccaneers, ravaging the coasts about Panama, captured Santa Catalina and sent sixty mounted men to take Nicoya. Here they found among the Governor's effects some entertaining letters from the Governor of Panama.

"These new Turks," said he, "land at places on the coast so high that no sentinels have ever been placed there, and they pass through forests and swamps with the ease and facility of wild beasts. When they come to a town or encounter a force, they briskly fall on, singing and dancing as if they were going to a feast. But worst of all, those enemies of God and the saints profane the churches, defile the holy places and destroy the servants of the High and Holy One. Whenever these irreligious men set their hands against us, whether on land or sea, the devil and his angels direct them to victory."

Having made themselves masters of Guayaquil, they retired to the little island of La Puna, which was a paradise of tropical beauty, and lived a month in a state of bliss as the guests of the conquered people. It was a continuous revel of feasting and dancing to the sound of lutes, harps, theorbos and guitars.

Ravenau de Lussan, who was one of the merriest of the lot, says: "After the Spanish ladies came to know us better, they did not retain all the aversion for us that had been inculcated into them when we were strangers. Our people were so charmed with this way of living that they forgot their past miseries, and thought no more of danger from the Spaniards than if they had been in the middle of Paris.

"Among the rest, myself had one pretty adventure. A young gentlewoman, lately become the widow of the treasurer of the town, who had been slain when it was taken, was one of our prisoners. Now, this woman appeared so far comforted for her loss, out of a hard-heartedness they have in this country toward one another, that she proposed to hide me and herself in some corner of the island until our people were gone, and then she would bring me to Guayaquil to marry her; that she would procure me her husband's office, and vest me with his estate, which was very great."

The gallant then told the Spanish lady that he feared her friends could not so easily master their resentment toward one of their enemies.

To prove his suspicion unfounded, she obtained secretly a written guarantee from the Governor and all the chief officers that he should be treated as one of them.

De Lussan found himself much perplexed and much inclined to accept her gracious offers.

"I had two powerful reasons to induce me thereunto," he says, "one of which was the miserable and languishing life we led, in perpetual hazard of losing it. The advantageous offer of a pretty woman with a considerable settlement would free me from all that. The other proceeded from the despair I was in of ever being able to return to my native country. But when I began to reflect upon these things with a little more leisure and consideration, and resolved within myself how little trust was to be given to the promises and faith of so perfidious and vindictive a nation as the Spaniards, I was decided, in spite of the grief and tears of this pretty woman, to prefer the continuance of my troubles, with the ray of hope I had of again seeing France. Thus I rejected her proposals, but assured her that I should retain even as long as I lived a lively reciprocation of her affections and good inclinations toward me."

New Year's Day, 1688, they set out on their overland journey across the isthmus — a remarkable and masterly retreat, in which three hundred invisible Spanish horsemen accompanied them on each side for several days through the thick forests, with continuous strains of martial music. The hardy men fought their way through the trap set for them, and reaching the coast, found a vessel bound for Jamaica. By a bribe they induced the captain to go beyond and land them in the French settlement in Haiti. Later, Ravenau de Lussan reached Dieppe, of which he wrote: "I had so little hopes of ever getting back

that I could not for the space of fifteen days take my return for any other than an illusion; and it proceeded so far with me that I shunned sleep, for fear that on awakening I should find myself again in those countries out of which, by the providence of God, I was now safely delivered."

De Lussan was also somewhat of a philosopher as well as a Buccaneer. As a digression from his story of the warm friendship which showed itself in tears and lamentations when the Buccaneers accepted as a ransom forty-two thousand pieces of eight,* and sailed away from the island of La Puna, he says: "In this respect the Spanish ladies were not singular. The women of Mexico and Peru met the ardor of the first Spaniards with no less complacency; and, in more ancient times, the Phrygian damsels solaced themselves with the love of the Greeks while Troy was in flames—and woman is still woman. If the author might risk a sportive conjecture on this subject, he would say that as love in the language of every people is represented under the similitude of war and conquest, and beauty as the proper reward of valor, perhaps the ladies think the conquerors of their country have an unquestionable right to their affections; or perhaps their simpler minds, not being able to separate the idea of gallantry in love from that of gallantry in war, believe that a hero in one way, must also be a hero in the other."

Kingsley's "Isle of Aves" was inspired by De Lussan's stirring story of La Puna, although one wonders why the Aves Islands were selected as the scene of the lively poem. Two stanzas are as follows:

*A "piece of eight" equals $1.00.

Oh, the palms grew high in Aves and fruits that shone like gold;
And the colibris and parrots, they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in the sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

Ravenau De Lussan passed through all the experiences of a Buccaneer except hanging. He served as *engagé* three years under a man so brutal that his personal appeal to the Governor secured his release. Being indebted to the Governor for some borrowed money, he says: "I thought it the part of an honest man to repay it. But not having the wherewithal, I bethought myself of borrowing from the Spaniards as much money as I wanted,—the more especially as this mode of raising funds is attended with one great advantage: nobody is under the obligation of repaying."

He started out with De Graff, but finally entered the expedition to Panama, which his pen has rendered so memorable for the insight given into the life and character of the Buccaneers.

His style is always piquant and entertaining.

In fording a river at the outset of their expedition some lost their guns, but he says: "God was very good to them, disposing of enough by drowning so that those who lost their arms were thereby supplied."

In speaking of the scenery at Cheriquito, he says: "It would have been very delightful if we had not been too hungry to enjoy it."

At Granada he recorded the following impatient complaint: "The rascally Spaniards! Many of them

THE BUCCANEERS SENT A SPANIARD TO THE ALCADE WITH A CANOE-LOAD OF HEADS

preferred to be tortured to death rather than to disclose their paltry bags of silver."

He left his countryman Grognet, and followed the fortunes of Captain Townley, an Englishman, toward Panama, across the isthmus. They took the town at the Bay of Villia, and a curious rivalry and diversion sprang up between the *alcalde mayor* of the province and the Buccaneers. The Spaniards killed three Buccaneers, and stuck their heads upon poles at the river-bank where the men were captured. The pirates, coming to this place, took the gruesome objects down and elevated four of their prisoners' heads in like manner. Then the *alcalde* released one of his Buccaneer prisoners with all the heads of the other prisoners that he could carry in his arms. The Buccaneers, not to be outdone, sent a Spaniard to the *alcalde* with a canoe-load of heads. At this the *alcalde* acknowledged himself overreached, and dropped out of the unequal exchange.

De Lussan says of these remarkable amenities: "I confess this was a violent way of proceeding, but we had no other method left us to bring the Spaniards to reason, and we knew them to be people, who, without we showed this resolution, would despise us, and be so much the more bent on ruining us in a short time, by how much the more indifferent we showed ourselves, for they are not courageous unless they believe their enemies are of a cowardly nature."

At their demand for a ransom of the town, the *alcalde* replied: "All the ransom I take upon myself to give is powder and ball, whereof I have a goodly store awaiting you. As to the prisoners you have taken in the village, I commit them into the hands of

God. Moreover, our people are coming in from all directions in the hope of meeting such famous visitors."

This angered the Buccaneers so that they burned the town and killed all of the prisoners who could not produce a satisfactory ransom.

At this the *alcalde* paid the ransom demanded, and added ten beeves, twenty sheep, and three hundred pounds of meal for every day that the distinguished visitors chose to remain.

Unhappily, when they sailed away, they forgot to take any water with them, and so were compelled to anchor off the Isle of Iguana for the purpose of rectifying the mistake. The water there was too brackish to be drunk, and the nearest to be had was on the mainland, but the Spaniards had followed them, and four thousand soldiers lined the shore.

With his usual drollery, De Lussan says: "We resolved, rather than die of thirst, to make a descent with two hundred men on terra firma, in order to procure some water, in spite of the Spaniards, whom we found about an hundred paces from the seaside, lying in the grass. After a short fight, we put them all to flight, seeing we were a people who would hazard so much for so small a matter."

The Spaniards often made elaborate plots for the destruction of invading Buccaneers, but "the devil keeps his own," as they believed of these irresistible enemies.

On one of King's Islands, near Panama, the Buccaneers captured a Greek, who was captain of a *piragua*. He desired to join them, saying that he could lead them to some rich and unguarded prizes in the river Seppa.

De Lussan says: "He brought us, two hours before daylight, to the town; and as the moon shone very bright, we stayed for some time waiting for a cloud to obscure it, to facilitate our approach to the ships in the port, whereof we saw two already, which to our thinking had the sails loose. In this was the lure and snare to which the Greek captain led us; but, by the effect of mere chance or rather our own good fortune, we turned away to a ship which we unexpectedly saw going out of port, and gave her chase, taking her without a gunshot. Upon examination of the captain, we discovered that the President of Panama had sent us a Greek, who was to suffer himself to be taken by us, and to whom he had promised a very great reward if he succeeded in the project he had formed of destroying us. The means that had been agreed upon to effect it were to bring us under the forts of that town, allured with the hopes of taking those ships there, wherewith the Greek captain had amused us; and whereof that which seemed to us to have her sails loose was but a sham ship, a pistol-shot from the fort, which was built upon firm land, of sorry planks, ill set together, in which they had set up masts, and adorned her with some sails. As this was the most prominent object, and the first that offered itself in sight, it was not doubted that we, who must believe the same to be on the water, would row up to her, where our canoes must infallibly run far aground and the Spaniards would fall upon us and quickly overpower and destroy us. This information, so advantageous to us, was not so advantageous to our Greek captain. We paid this Greek friend, who had

troubled himself so much for us, by sending him into the other world."

De Lussan abounds in euphemisms for murder. In the river Boca del Chica an Indian guide ran down to the shore and begged to be taken on board, thinking they were Spaniards.

De Lussan says: "We quickly disabused my gentleman, letting the traitor know to whom we had been so kind in our passage by the same river, before he made peace with the Spaniards, that we were become his enemies since he was become ours, and then put him out of a condition ever to serve the Spaniards or to injure us."

After fighting some Spanish vessels all day off the port of Panama, they succeeded in capturing two and driving the others away. While throwing their dead overboard and mending their rigging, they saw two sail bearing toward them from Panama. It was a reinforcement sent to assist the vessels that had just been driven away.

Ravenau De Lussan says: "We bethought ourselves of a stratagem to amuse and make them believe we were taken, which was by putting up Spanish colors in our ships and in the prizes, with English and French ones under them. These two ships came directly up to our ship and we received them after another manner than the one they expected. They fired upon us with great precipitation, and made off toward the little frigate, which they supposed still to be theirs. On approaching close, one of their barks received some grenades, which sent her to the bottom, while one of our *piraguas* boarded the other and found four packs of cords, all of the same length,

which they had made ready to tie us up with. But they reckoned their chickens before they were hatched, since these ropes were the occasion that no quarter was given to those in the bark where the ropes were found. We could not but scoff and laugh at the President of Panama, who had sent us ropes wherewith to hang his own men."

At Queaquilla they arranged a very spectacular combat. Seeing a superior number of sail bearing down upon them, they made five hundred of the citizens go out in canoes to witness the fight, and kept on their own decks the Governor and his chief officers to have them witness the cowardice of their sailors. The Buccaneers ran up alongside the Spanish ships, and dared them to board. After taunting them in this way for a few hours, several of the ships were captured and the others dispersed.

Lionel Wafer and Ringrose, two Buccaneer writers, have added many entertaining descriptions of life among the strange devastators of the Spanish Main. Wafer and Ringrose were with the famous expedition in which were Sawkins, Sharpe, Watling, Coxon and others of almost equal notoriety. Wafer was a surgeon, and in returning with Coxon across the isthmus, had among the Indians his most desperate adventures. While he was emptying some powder from a can, a man smoking a pipe came by. An explosion followed, injuring his knee so that he could not travel. Four others who were previously wounded decided to remain with him among the Mosquito Indians, with the forlorn hope that they would recover and find a way to escape.

In a few days Wafer won the good will of the

Indians through a curious but rather perilous incident.

The chief's wife fell ill of a fever, and the Indian medicine-man seated her, naked, on a stone, while he dexterously shot tiny arrows into her flesh to bleed her. Wafer proposed to get the blood with less torture and better results. The chief was incredulous, but let him try, with the understanding that if any harm came to her the surgeon's head would pay the penalty. Wafer took the lancet and caused the venous blood to flow freely and without pain. The chief was alarmed at the copious flow, and swore by his tooth, which was the most dreadful oath the Mosquito Indians knew, that if his wife died he would burn Wafer at the stake. Luckily the woman recovered very quickly after a short sleep, and was correspondingly grateful. Lacenta, the chief, made a speech, calling him the wonder among medicine-men. He was carried around on the shoulders of men to be kissed by every member of the tribe. The chief determined to keep him, and it was only after the failure of several stratagems that the men, who had recovered from their wounds, were enabled to escape to the coast.

The Indians had a very poor breed of dogs, and Wafer proposed to go to England and get them some that would carry the hunters on their backs and run down any animal in the forest. After swearing Wafer by his tooth that he would return with the dogs and marry the chief's daughter, the Indians escorted them safely to the shore, and protected them until a ship hove in sight and took them aboard. During this time, Wafer had preserved his journal by carrying it in a bamboo cane stopped at both ends.

In the narratives of Ringrose, a pleasing story is told in evidence that even such enemies as the Spaniards and the Buccaneers could be friends in the face of a common danger, and that the Spaniards could likewise be grateful.

April 17, 1680, after taking the town of Santa Maria, the Buccaneers embarked in thirty-five canoes found there and started down the river to the Pacific Ocean. Ringrose was in one of the heaviest boats. A fearful storm arose in the Gulf of San Miguel, and they were overturned in the surf near an island. The crew succeeded in reaching the shore, where they spent the night in the utmost misery. The next morning they succeeded in kindling a fire, and presently discovered that six Spaniards had been washed ashore, in even a worse condition than their own. These Spaniards were fugitives from the sacking of Santa Maria, but the common misery and the proximity of death made them all forget their animosities. They came together around the same fire, and shared in common the food they could find. Ringrose calls the night he spent there "the sorrowfullest night that till then I ever experimented."

The following afternoon they succeeded in attracting the attention of eight Indians in a *piragua*, who were found to have been allies at the sacking of Porto Bello. The Indians desired forthwith to kill the "Wankers," as the Spaniards were called in cant phrase, but Ringrose succeeded in getting five of them off in his canoe, the Indians having insisted on retaining the other for a slave.

The *piragua* hurried off in the attempt to overtake the other Buccaneers, and, late at night, lights were

seen, which the Indians declared belonged to their tribe. A landing was effected, but as they came ashore, sixty Spaniards appeared instead of friendly Indians. The nimble Indians jumped overboard and got away. The Buccaneers tried to defend themselves, but were speedily overpowered. None of the Spaniards could speak English, or French, but Ringrose found one who could speak Latin. He learned that the Spaniards had been prisoners from Santa Maria, and were marooned there by the Buccaneers. The Spaniards decided to make their prisoners an example of retaliation, and torture them to death. But the captive Spaniards, who had remained dazed in the boat, scarcely believing it possible that the captors were their friends, now came forward and interfered. Their story had a strange effect. The Spanish captain came forward and embraced Ringrose, and made him sit with him at his table and eat. He then gave the Buccaneers a canoe, and bade them in God's name depart in peace, with the prayer that they would be as fortunate as they had been merciful and generous.

They set off along the dangerous coast at once, not daring to land in the dark. Next morning they saw a *piragua* dart out from an inlet and pull rapidly toward them. They prepared for a fight, supposing the approaching men to be Spaniards, but there was soon a mutual surprise. They were Buccaneers, who were rejoiced to find Ringrose and his men instead of Spaniards. Accounts differ as to the fate of this gallant writer, but there seems little room for doubt that not long after, he was killed and his entire company massacred in a small town about sixty miles from Compostela, in Jalisco.

Unfortunately there are to be found recorded but few acts of humanity between the Spaniards and the Buccaneers. In fact, to show any form of mercy was looked upon as a degeneracy unfitting the man of such conscience for the legitimate requirements of Buccaneering. However, Exquemelin records in his journal, under date of January 27, 1681, that Captain Sharpe tried to save the life of an old *mestizo*, or half-breed Indian, who was condemned to be shot under the charge of having told lies about Arica. They were about to attack that place, and the Indian declared, contrary to their belief, that it had been strongly fortified a short time before. Captain Sharpe took a bowl of water and washing his hands, said: "Gentlemen, I am clear of the blood of this old man; and I will warrant you a hot day for this piece of cruelty whenever we come to fight at Arica."

"These words," said Exquemelin, "were found at the latter end of this expedition of Arica to contain a true and a certain prophecy; our misfortune was that we took the old man's information to be all contrary to the truth."

Regret would be a strange word in the vocabulary of a Buccaneer, and yet not all were able to stifle every sentiment of conscience or repress altogether the feelings that animate the breasts of men.

CHAPTER VI

PHANTOMS OF THE SEA

The pirates of the West Indies performed such astounding exploits during the closing decades of the seventeenth century that, according to the writers of that time, "the mention of their names made the craven grow pale and the boldest less braggart."

However, their admirable courage and desperate valor were almost wholly physical. Bloody combats and wild adventures had no terrors for them, but the phantoms of the sea made them tremble and cringe in superstitious fear.

The English Buccaneers were usually about as fully convinced as the Spaniards that the devil had full charge of their careers, although the French believed that their prayers secured the protection of the saints. It was an age of superstition, and the sea had many phantoms real enough to make the most incredulous quake with dread.

Gibbon said, "There is but a plank between the sailor and eternity," and sometimes, in the face of ocean's terrors the glimmerings of conscience made the Buccaneer feel that perhaps there was not even a plank between him and hell.

The Buccaneers invariably believed in supernatural signs and visitations. Dampier thought the incursions of the French and English across the isthmus to the South Sea had been foretold by a witch. On captur-

ing a mail-vessel from Spain bound for Cartagena, he found that every letter to the merchants from their European correspondents warned them that an old woman had been told in a dream that the pirates would find an open door to the South Sea and would ravage the western coast.

Exquemelin describes the terrible effects of a dying negro's curse upon his master, who had beaten him to death.

"Scarce three or four days had passed," says the Buccaneer writer, "after this horrible deed than the Almighty Judge who had heard the cries of that tormented wretch, suffered the evil one suddenly to possess this barbarous and inhuman homicide, so that he beat himself and tore his own flesh after a miserable manner, till he lost the very shape of man, not ceasing to howl and cry without rest by day or night till he died."

About the year 1710, when Lewis was off the coast of Guinea, he gave chase to a swift-sailing Carolina slaver. It showed him a clean pair of heels, and was about to escape. In a rage Lewis ran aloft like a cat, tore a handful of hair from his head and threw it into the air.

"There, good devil," he shrieked, "take that as a token till I come."

The sails swelled out with such a volume of wind that the fore and mainmast were carried away. Nevertheless, the pirate vessel began to gain in the chase, and in an incredibly short time ran alongside the slaver, whose captain was so deranged with fear that he made no resistance.

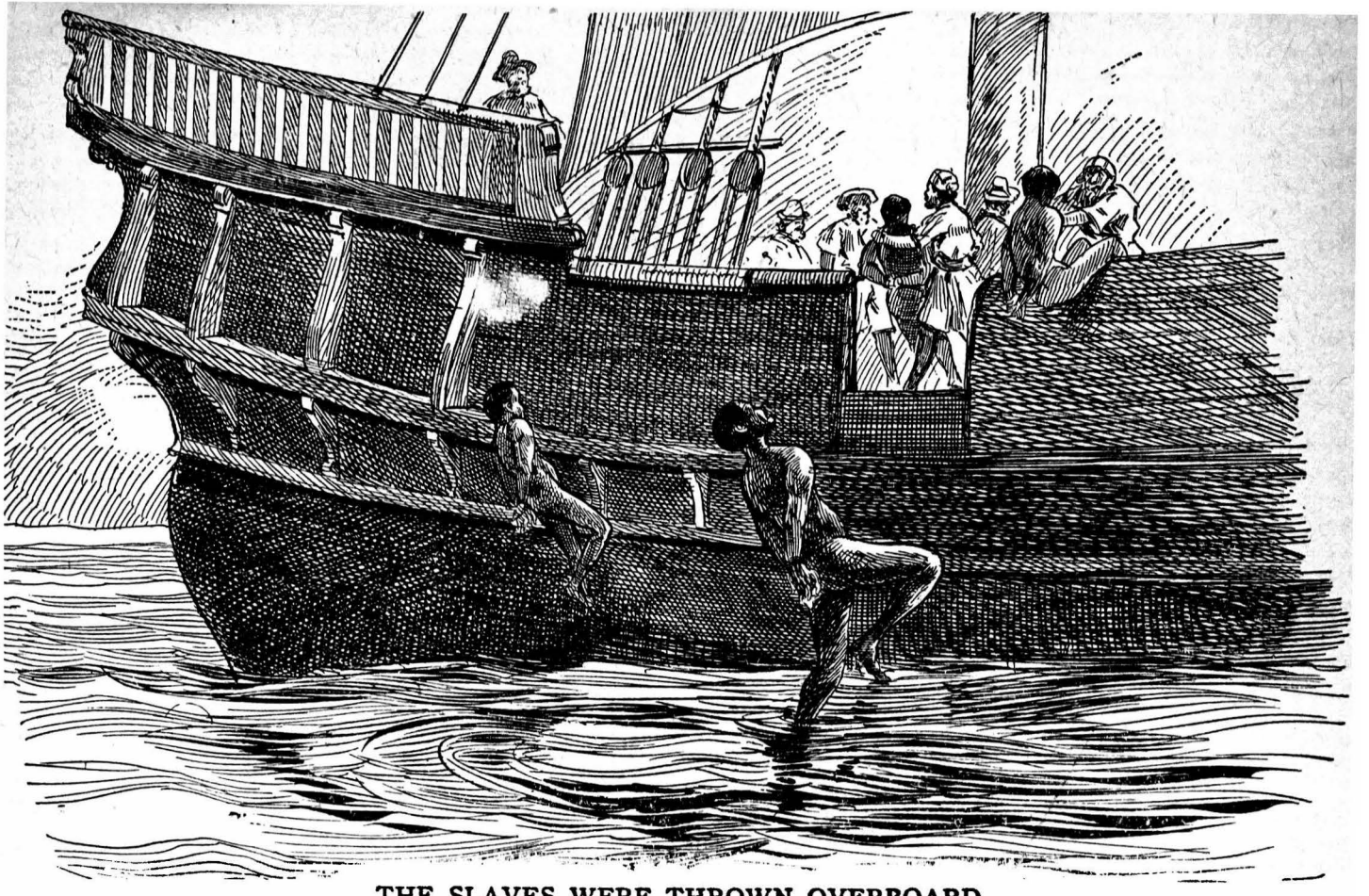
The slaves on board, being of no value to the

pirates, were ordered to be thrown overboard; but, as Lewis walked among them, a Frenchman named Le Barre chanced to see him fix his gaze on a diminutive and grizzled negro. The black dwarf returned the stare, his eyes glowing more and more like those of a cat in the dark.

Lewis walked over to Le Barre, who was tying the blacks together to make quicker work with them, and, pointing out the impish dwarf, said: "I have a fancy to keep that one for a servant. Unloose him from the rest."

As there was a negro boy near the dwarf, not far from the same size, Le Barre pretended to think he was the one meant. So that when Lewis had gone away the negro boy was put aside, and the dwarf, with the rest, thrown into the sea. It was quite dark, although not yet night, when that uncouth creature was pushed over the side of the ship. He gave an unearthly shriek as he struck the water, and a black cat, heretofore unseen in the ship, struck upon Le Barre's back, scratched his face, and then sprang into the rigging. Immediately a terrific tempest swept the sea and almost swamped the ship. But it was soon over, and as Le Barre went to the cabin the cat walked before him with arched back and swaying tail. In the captain's cabin it stopped and gave Lewis the same look that Le Barre had seen given by the dwarf.

The first word spoken by Le Barre to Lewis showed that the captain was greatly enraged. Peremptory orders were given to go immediately and fetch the slave. Le Barre brought the boy to the cabin, whereupon Lewis ran the miserable slave through with his sword and beat the unfortunate man over the head



THE SLAVES WERE THROWN OVERBOARD

with the flat of the bloody weapon. In the midst of his misery Le Barre noticed that the cat looked on with eyes glinting with pleasure.

At the first opportunity Le Barre tried to run it through with his sword, but quick as he was, the cat was quicker, leaping into his face and scratching him almost blind.

Le Barre secretly informed his French brethren of this remarkable state of affairs, and they were unanimous in the belief that the devil was leading them to certain destruction. Frequent reports came to Le Barre from his friends of Satanic interviews held by Lewis with the diabolical beast, which none could kill.

These interviews were often pointed out to the Englishmen by the quaking French, who piously crossed themselves during the scenes. But the English were scoffers, and they rather liked the black compact that they believed made them irresistible to their enemies.

Some time was spent in African waters, and the evidence that Lewis was wholly in the power of Satan became so indisputable that the Frenchmen determined to use the first opportunity to escape.

At last a large sloop, suited to the needs of the French, was taken. As they were numerically stronger than the English, they fitted it out to their satisfaction, with such provisions and ammunition as they chose, and parted company with the demon-possessed English captain and his friends. Le Barre was chosen commander, and as the wind was blowing hard, they went to a safe anchorage under the lee of the adjacent coast, where they proceeded to arrange their stowage.

Meantime Lewis was frantic with rage at their conduct. Unexpectedly to the French, he prepared his guns for a broadside, and, running alongside their sloop, he called out, "Cut down your masts, or I will sink you." The French being unprepared for such an attack, were compelled to accede to his demands. Then they were ordered ashore, the goods taken back and the sloop scuttled.

The case of the French seemed hopeless, and they begged to be received again on board under the former conditions.

Lewis would not consent, but allowed Le Barre and five others to join him in an all-night debauch in his cabin.

Pretending to be very drunk, the Frenchmen watched Lewis and saw him listen intently to a long warning cry from the cat. He at once went to it in an adjoining room, where the animal seemed to be awaiting him. He sat down, and the cat, springing upon his shoulders, rubbed its nose upon his face and uttered many peculiar sounds. Then it jumped to the floor and disappeared. Lewis arose and staggered out of the room to his drunken companions. The negro cook, having been looking for him, now ran up and said: "Captain, one of the Frenchmen has jumped overboard and swum ashore. They will be boarding us in an hour."

"It is my fate," cried Lewis, in the hearing of all sober enough to hear. "I cannot help it. The devil has just told me that I am to be murdered to-night."

The prophecy proved true, for within an hour the French came pouring unhindered over the sides of the ship. At the first sound of their arrival Le Barre ran

Lewis through with his sword, and the battle for supremacy began. Although the French were more numerous and more desperate, the English prevailed, for there was hardly a Frenchman whose face was not terribly lacerated by the claws of the black cat. As the French were driven over the sides of the ship, they saw the diabolical animal run up the mainmast, sparkling with light like a ball of fire. It ran screaming to the end of the topmost yard-arm over their heads, and, springing out into the darkness, faded away and was seen no more.

A more harrowing story is to be met with in Spanish chronicles of the earlier days of the privateers. It is confirmed by the testimony of many a Buccaneer and *guardacostas* sailing along the shores near the Rio de la Hacha.

As Sir Francis Drake sailed along those coasts in December of 1595, plundering and burning the towns, one village was forewarned by a fisherman whose smack escaped the English fleet. The frantic inhabitants buried their treasures and prepared for flight. The children of the village, about fifty in all, were placed in care of the fisherman on board his boat, while other boats were being provisioned and prepared to carry the people away in safety when the dread privateers made their appearance. A sudden squall arising, the fisherman's smack, with its precious cargo, was torn from its moorings and driven out to sea before the eyes of the distressed parents. But the fisherman was a hardy sailor, and would have safely carried his little passengers into port if the English fleet, which was then approaching, had not fired upon him and forced him farther out to sea. In their efforts

to escape from the English, the distracted parents soon lost sight of the fisherman's boat. In a day the English were gone, and the sleepless people thronged the shores all night in the hope of seeing the fisherman return. Suddenly a glad cry brought all the people to a point on the shore. But it was a ghostly sight that presented itself. The boat was coming full toward them from the open sea, but there were only the outlines of hull, spar, mast, ropes and sail, all in rays of the whitest light. The fisherman was at the helm, and about him the glowing figures of the village children. The parents cried aloud in anxious doubt as they recognized the familiar forms. As a poet wrote:

> Near and more near the ship came on,
> With all her broad sails spread;
> The night was thick, but a phantom light
> Around her path was shed,
> And the gazers shuddered as on she came,
> For against the wind she sped.

As she neared the terror-stricken watchers, the white lines of sail and hull began to fade, the ropes and spars fell one by one into the glistening sea, the faces of the children grew pale, and their outstretched arms fell slowly to their sides. Then, amid the shrieks of the agonized parents, the ghostly vision disappeared, the waters lashed the shore in darkness, and a mighty storm drove the people to their desolate homes.

The chronicler relates that the vision appeared persistently in the way of Admiral Drake. Whenever he looked out upon a dark night the fisherman and his children could be seen in their boat far away on the horizon. In the gloom of every approaching storm,

the mystical sails of the ghostly boat could be seen wide-spread as it rode toward them on the wings of the tempest.

He sailed in January for Escudo, but the glowing phantom followed him. It tracked him to Porto Bello, and the story of the children he had driven out to their death in the sea at Rio de la Hache was continually pressed upon him. The supernatural reproach weighed on his mind. His fearless eyes grew dim, and his brain was racked with feverish dreams. A few days later he died, and the cannons boomed a martial salute over the chieftain as his leaden coffin sank into the sea.

As the fleet sailed away those in the lookout saw the phantom sloop glide swiftly over the grave of the great Tudor captain and disappear in the white mists that arose near the shore.

How much of this is the fancy of the Spanish writer we cannot know, but historians, poets and novelists of every generation since that time have given ear to the marvelous stories of supernatural scenes which plagued the privateer, the Buccaneer and pirate in their career of cruelty and crime.

Under the anomalous conditions of their life on the treacherous sea, the French Buccaneers were strangely religious, while the English were more reasonably full of the worst forms of superstition and devil-worship. Many old women of Jamaica and other English West Indies thrived on the sale of good winds and prosperous voyages. The Mosquito Indians had an enviable reputation as sorcerers. Pirates in those waters frequently went several days out of their course to consult those old women and medicine-men. Nearly

every Buccaneer carried charms against storms, Spaniards and the ubiquitous devil. Some of them sought through the sorcerers to appease the devil, and endeavored to secure interviews in order to sell their souls. Men steeped in rum and hardened by bloodshed could not be expected to sail the tragic deep with less faith in black magic and devil-worship.

Treasures were always buried by the Buccaneers with special incantations and invocations to Satan. Blackbeard said he could tell no one where his gold was buried, as he had left it in the care of the devil, with the promise that the one who lived longest should keep it. Captain Kidd very ceremoniously buried his Bible before giving himself completely over to piracy, and of him the poet wrote:

> He ploughed for rich harvests of silver and gold,
> He gathered them all in the deep;
> And he hollowed his granaries far in the mold,
> Where they lay for the devil to keep.

At New Providence there was a wrinkled Indian wench of great age, who had, about the year 1720, acquired considerable fame among the Buccaneers. She sold strings in which she tied knots of wind and weather. Captain Condent, who had shipped from New York as quartermaster on a merchant sloop, and had coolly taken possession of it, having planned a long voyage, went to her and secured her good will by paying double the price she asked for a string she had given him. After carrying havoc to the shipping about the Cape Verde Islands and enriching his crew with abundant booty, he steered for Brazil. Finding that the knots in his wind-and-weather string were becoming few, he thought to economize by making

some captured monks pray for the winds and weather desired. They proved poor substitutes, as their prayers seemed to avail nothing. Then he had them ridden around the deck like horses, and flogged to improve their faith, but without perceptible results, although he kept the incompetent priests praying day and night, until they fell speechless and exhausted. Believing them to be impostors, he threw them overboard, fully convinced that his string alone had the genuine power.

From Brazil he went on a profitable cruise to the East Indies and returned to Zanzibar, off the east coast of Africa, where he destroyed some Dutch fortifications and took more booty. He now decided that he had had enough of fortune and adventure. After discussing the matter with his crew, they unanimously voted to go to St. Mary's, divide the spoils of their long cruise and settle for life among the natives.

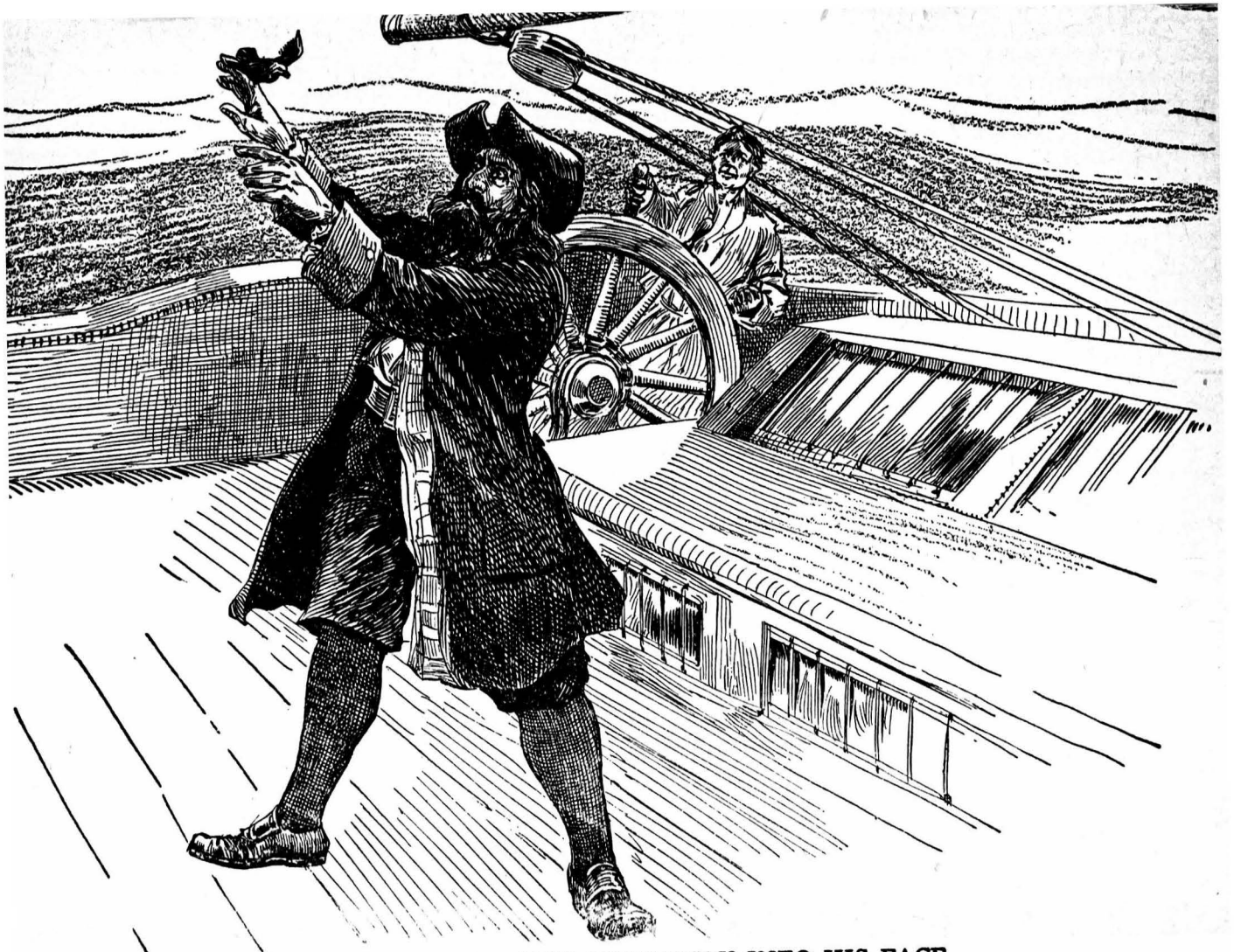
But the last knot in his magic string had been used, and a prolonged calm settled upon the sea about them. For many days they lay upon the glassy water without a movement of the sails or a ripple in the sea. They had plenty of food, but water became scarce and the crew suffered intolerably from thirst. When they had about given up in despair, a storm as fearful as the calm fell upon them. It did not seem possible that they could escape destruction. In the midst of the roaring tempest Captain Condent bethought himself that some latent power might yet remain in the string. Swinging it over his head, he cried aloud several times to the Indian witch of New Providence on the other side of the globe. Suddenly the string slipped through his fingers like an eel and flew away with the storm. The tempest began to subside, but

when morning came he found that he had lost all reckoning as to where they were, and the murky sky afforded no opportunity for observation. The general opinion prevailed that they should steer to the southwest, and the captain was giving orders to that effect when a strange bird, smaller than a wren, flew furiously into his face. He beat it off, but whenever he attempted to repeat the order it renewed its attack. Warned by this, he changed his order and commanded the helmsman to steer south. The bird immediately flew straight upward until it was lost to sight. The captain adhered to his orders, although the crew threatened mutiny because of their suffering for water. Another day, and the men determined to submit no longer to the dangerous superstition of their captain. He was seized and bound, and the ship turned to the southwest. Hardly had the ship started on its new course when the cry of "Sail ahead!" was heard. Straight before them, growing clearer out of the mist and moving slowly in the same direction, were the dark outlines of a vessel like their own. But what made the crew gasp with horror was to see skeletons manning the rigging and sitting about the deck. At the wheel an enormous specter, horned according to the descriptions they had heard of Satan, sat grinning at them as they drew nearer. A sulphurous vapor seemed to float backward, almost stifling them.

As the German poet wrote:

> The ship was black, her masts were black,
> And her sails coal-black as death,
> And the Evil One steered at the helm
> And mocked at their failing breath.

Suddenly the specter ship became stationary, and



A SMALL BIRD FLEW FURIOUSLY INTO HIS FACE

at the same time breakers were heard on the shoals of a reef ahead.

The vessel was at once turned southward, just in time to avoid destruction. Then the crew again turned the ship to the southwest, and the specter ship again loomed up before them. This was warning enough, and they turned south, soon leaving the ghastly specter far behind. The crew released the captain, and as he came on deck he pointed ahead and uttered the joyful cry of land. Through the murky atmosphere they saw dimly the point of a rocky headland. In a little while they reached a sheltered cove and lowered a boat to go ashore for water.

Captain Condent led the way. When they sprang ashore and gained the top of the rock they saw a great cross standing before them, made of stones fastened one upon the other, while at its base lay a corpse with an upraised arm pointing along the shore. A bird, which Captain Condent believed to be the one that flew in his face on the ship, twittered a moment on the cross, and darted away in the direction of the pointing arm.

Although almost too weak to walk, Captain Condent and his men went resolutely in the direction indicated. Half a mile they struggled along the rocky way, when they heard a groan somewhere near.

Then there was the exhilarating shout of "Water! Water!" from one of the men ahead. A moment more and they all fell on their knees at a little stream and drank their fill of the life-giving liquid. As they arose there stood looking at them half a dozen emaciated forms that could hardly be called the figures of men. They could hardly speak, but it was soon

learned that they were all that remained of a score of Portuguese marooned on that desert island three months before by Burgess. Food was at once procured for them from the ship, and, when the vessel was well supplied with water, they sailed away southward to St. Mary's, where they made a just division of their spoils and settled among the natives. A few months later a pardon was issued to them by the Governor of Mascarenhas. Condent went to the Isle of Bourbon to live, and he became such an honored member of society that he married the Governor's sister-in-law. Some time later he went to France with his ill-gotten gains, and became a prosperous merchant at St. Malo.

The Buccaneers were very prone to lay the cause of the specters they saw to cruel deeds of the Spaniards. Their forecastle yarns of adventure nearly always contained a ghost scene from some place of Spanish bloodshed. As Scott wrote in Rokeby, they loved to tell—

> How by the desert isle or key,
> Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty;
> Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear
> Appalled the listening Buccaneer;
> The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,
> Ring from the moonlit groves of cane.

Idleness, ignorance, rum and a spark of conscience to light up a little the career of cruel deeds, filled the imagination of the motley crew with a rich store of legends and ghostly romances during their long voyages in many climes among many strange people.

However, their blood-chilling experiences were not all as supernatural as they seemed. Sometimes their

incorporeal visitors became either ludicrous or deadly realities.

Pirate crews, which were often so troubled by an extra man among them, who came and went, like the evil one searching for the man he wanted, were sometimes likewise disturbed by awaking in the morning with an extra sail that had joined their fleet in the night. These phantom ships frequently proved to be vessels that had been sacked by pirates and abandoned, with their tragic story of blood and dead men upon the deserted decks. Derelicts of this kind became so common that pirates often claimed that the vessels they brought ashore and sold had been found abandoned on the high seas.

In 1720, while Roberts was carousing in wantonness and luxury at Devil's Island, in Surinam River, Guiana, four of his lighter vessels going out on a short expedition up the coast were caught in a heavy fog just off the mouth of the river, where they anchored over night. Rumors that some Portuguese war-ships were expected along the coast led them to observe unusual precautions. When morning came the fog suddenly began to lift with the rising of the sun, and the coming of a stiff breeze. Out of the rising fog they saw bearing down swiftly upon them a gigantic ship whose mighty sails, swelled with the half-gale, were driving her upon them as if they were pigmies or children's toys. There was no time to discover whether it was a phantom or an unheard-of monster built as a man-of-war. Guns began to boom, and each ship was soon so covered with the smoke of its own firing that no one could see what had become of

the enemy. As there was no answering discharge, and they were not run down, the gunners ceased firing, and the smoke quickly went with the wind in a thick cloud. In the midst of it a glimpse of the white specter could be seen. They hastily weighed anchor and followed. In a little while they came alongside of an insignificant sloop, which had been looming in such frightful proportions in the lifting fog, and boarded it. The bloody corpses of a dozen Spaniards and two Buccaneers told the tragic story. As they bent over the bodies a ghostly voice in the rigging startled them, but their fears were quieted when they found that the sound came from a parrot, swearing in the choicest Castilian. Having no use for the vessel, they left it to continue its gruesome voyage toward the southern seas.

Some of these uncanny experiences were not so harmless. Now and then they brought deadly results.

In 1718, off the Bermudas, one of Blackbeard's crews boarded a large fishing-smack drifting aimlessly with the wind, and found the last man aboard dying of the smallpox. Many of the pirates, in their haste to get away, sprang overboard, but the haste was useless, since in a few weeks nearly half of them were dead from the dread disease, before its course was run.

Montbar, the exterminator, on stopping at one of the islets of the Windward Islands to careen his vessel, discovered that the inhospitable place was occupied by well-armed Spaniards equal in numbers to his own. With his usual ardor he set upon them, warning them to expect no quarter. His work of death was soon finished, only one being left alive. From him he heard a curious story.

The ship in which they came there was one of the best that ever sailed the seas. It was a slaver, and had a full cargo when a storm arose and mysterious leaks began to fill her hold with water. The pumps were set to work in full force, and the ship's carpenter, with a number of slaves, continuously sought for the strange apertures in the bottom of the vessel, but none could be found. Sometimes the pumps had nearly drained the hold, when the water would begin to creep up again. The carpenter became alarmed, and was filled with superstitious dread. It was surely supernatural. The slaves howled continually in dismal chorus, and the pumps began to wear out and break down in a most unaccountable manner. The ship seemed doomed; and when they came to the islet or reef on which Montbar found them, the opinion unanimously prevailed that some malignant spirits of the deep had determined to sink them in the sea. The vessel was now half full of water, and only one of the pumps would work. At a council it was decided to load their small boat with provisions and go ashore, in the hope that some Spanish vessel would soon pass that way. The negroes filled the air with the most dismal howls and lamentations at their cruel fate. But, curiously enough, the dozen or more selected by the Spanish officers to be taken ashore refused to go, and even forcibly resisted all attempts to make them get into the boat, so determined were they to remain with the sinking ship.

However, the Spaniards dragged the cook overboard into the boat, and on the shore offered up grateful prayers for their delivery.

They expected to see the ship go to the bottom

within an hour, but to their surprise it seemed to rise in the water. The sails were spread to the breeze, and to their amazement it began to move majestically away. The negro cook stretched out his arms implor-ingly toward the departing vessel.

The slave was at once put to torture in order to make him confess that sorcery had been practiced, and that black magic had been used to save the ship for the negroes. His explanation was very simple. Among them were a number of expert divers, who had volunteered to find the leaks in the bottom of the hold. They had secured knives and cut numerous holes in the bottom of the ship in which they could dexterously insert or take out the close-fitting plugs they had made. The carpenter had relied on the slaves almost entirely, and wherever he appeared they closed up the leaks under pretense of searching for them, while others reopened the places as soon as it was safe to do so.

With the rigging full of negroes exultingly waving adieu to the chagrined Spaniards, the ship bore away over the horizon, never to be heard of again.

THE NEGRO COOK STRETCHED OUT HIS ARMS IMPLORINGLY TOWARD THE DEPARTING VESSEL

CHAPTER VII

WOMEN PIRATES

The domestic affairs of the Buccaneers, like all their other moral obligations and institutions, were in a state of chaos. Some of them, however, had honorable families, which had no suspicion that the loved and respected head of the household, while away on his long voyages, was cutting throats, sinking ships and sacking towns. Others had wives at nearly every port at which they had entrance for regular trade.

Charles Eden, Governor of North Carolina, who was so intimate with Blackbeard, performed the ceremony which gave that unmitigated ruffian his fourteenth wife. She was only sixteen years of age at the time, and it is said that he treated her horribly. When Blackbeard came to his last fight, one of the pirates, who knew her, asked him if his wife knew where he had buried his treasure.

"I do not tell secrets to women," he replied, with his usual vocabulary of rabid oaths. "Not one of them ever got a secret from me. The devil is the only one I can trust!"

There are many romantic stories of smooth-tongued pirates breaking the hearts of high-born maidens and bringing disgrace into honorable homes by the discovery that the dashing young man of good credentials and lavish means had been an outlaw on the seas.

Many efforts were made to induce the sea-rovers to become colonists with a fixed domestic life, but kings' pardons and bounties could not reclaim them from the strange infatuation of their dangerous calling.

In 1664, when the French West India Company were given control of the French colonies, they sent a garrison to insure the safety of the people, and then almost depopulated the slums of Paris in order to furnish Haiti and Tortuga with wives for the Buccaneers.

The price of their passage was the only fee required, and most of the men left their sea-faring occupations to become planters. Each man made his own marriage statement; and in the absence of church or legal forms, it constituted the only ceremony.

"I take thee," said they, "without knowing or caring to know who thou art. If anybody from whence thou comest would have had thee, thou wouldst not have come in quest of me. But no matter—I do not desire thee to give me an account of thy past conduct, because I have no right to be offended at it in a time when thou wast at liberty to behave either ill or well according to thy pleasure and will, and because I have no reason to be ashamed of anything thou wast guilty of when thou didst not belong to me. Give me only thy word for the future. I acquit thee of thy past."

But there was a significant warning in conclusion. Striking his hand on the barrel of his gun, he would say: "This will revenge me for any breach of faith in thee; if thou shouldst prove false, be assured that its aim at thee will be true."

Laurence De Graff, whose first wife had been a

IN A FURY SHE FLEW AT HIM WITH A DRAWN DAGGER

Spanish lady of rank, was one day near some of these women, when he made an insulting remark which one of them overheard. In a fury she flew at him with a drawn dagger and forced him to retract everything he had said. Filled with admiration at a woman's doing what no Spaniard had ever been able to do, he at once proposed marriage, and was accepted. It is recorded that she was a worthy helpmeet for the fierce old fighter.

The average home of the few Buccaneers who had families was a curious place. Usually it was a more commodious log or stone house than those of the neighbors, filled with an incongruous mixture of squalor and luxury. The primitive simplicity of his environments and his uncouth mode of life made picturesque and gaudy the rich relics of despoiled ships and sacked towns which adorned his house. Here and there in the huge fireplaces, bars of silver were to be seen, used as andirons, and sometimes images of the saints supported the chimney cranes, from which greasy pots were suspended over the fire to prepare the daily food. There would be nothing astonishing in seeing a child riding as a horse a golden candlestick robbed from some altar in the isthmus, or using a cross as a mallet to crack a handful of nuts.

Doubtless there were sometimes warlike wives who went with their husbands on short expeditions, but the stories of women pirates are hardly authentic enough to have much interest. That women often smuggled themselves aboard in men's clothing, enrolling themselves as members of the crew, is evident from the fact that nearly all articles of agreement signed by pirate crews included a clause specially prohibiting any

sailor from allowing such a thing to be done. Roberts stipulated that the death penalty should be the punishment of any one concerned in a woman's getting aboard.

It is quite likely, however, that there were two women, Mary Reed and Annie Bonney, who fully deserved the title of pirates.

Mary Reed was brought up as a boy in England by her widowed mother in order to secure part of an estate from her husband's relatives, and to enable the child so much the better to help obtain a living, as they were in great destitution. The plot to obtain the inheritance having failed, Mary refused to wear the garb of her sex and ran away as footboy to a French lady. This was far from being a congenial occupation, and she enlisted as a cadet in a Flanders regiment. From that she was promoted to a place in the cavalry, and was then transferred for a time to a man-of-war. Meantime she had fallen in love with a young Fleming who had been a comrade in the army. Her sex being discovered, she was married to the young man, who had become a subordinate officer. So many presents were given them by friends in the army that they were enabled to set up a public tavern, after having secured honorable release from the service. In a short time her husband died, and a neighboring tradesman cheated her out of her property. Finding herself once more destitute, she resumed masculine attire, and enlisted in a regiment in Holland. A little later she shipped as a common sailor on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. On the way, they were captured by English Buccaneers, and as she acknowledged that she was a native of England, they

sent the rest away and detained her on board, not suspecting her sex.

About this time the general amnesty proclamation was given out to induce the sea-rovers to become respectable citizens, and Mary Reed settled with the other sailors in the newly acquired English territory of Jamaica.

In a short time the reformed sailors found themselves destitute and with little means to keep themselves in the necessities of life. Hearing that Captain Rogers was preparing at New Providence an extensive privateering expedition, she went with her comrades to enlist.

Captain Rogers had hardly left port when his crews mutinied and sailed away with the black flag at their masts. Strange to say, on board there was another woman in disguise. This was an equally famous heroine of subsequent pirate stories, named Annie Bonney. Like Mary Reed, her origin was also obscure. Her father was an attorney who had run away from Cork with his servant girl and gone to the Carolinas. Soon after a girl child was born, and the mother died. Annie lived with her father until she was old enough to fall in love, when she ran away with a sailor, whom her father detested. They went to New Providence, and he became a pirate. After a time she ran away with Captain Rackham, accompanying him in many of his most dangerous piratical expeditions. This time they chanced to sail on board the same vessel with Mary Reed.

Through some subtle influence which philosophers may be better able to explain, the two disguised women fell in love with each other. The grief was

doubtless mutually poignant when the revelation came that they were both women. It is claimed, with no apparent reason for contradiction, that no one in the crew was aware of their sex excepting Captain Rackham, who, becoming jealous of Annie Bonney's continued intimacy with Mary Reed, was told the secret. What names they bore as men the chronicler does not state.

Captain Rackham, soon after they sailed, asked Mary Reed why so handsome a man should choose such a dangerous life, which must end in battle or at "Execution Dock," as they called the gallows.

"Hanging is no hardship," she replied; "but if it were not for the fear of it, every cowardly poltroon ashore would turn pirate, and so infest the seas that the gallant men of courage would starve. So the dastardly rogues stay at home to cheat the widows and orphans, and to oppress the poor, who have no money with which to buy justice."

The stories of which these women are the heroines stretch out to great length, but nothing is more reliable than that their ship soon ran afoul of a British man-of-war. The fire from the warship that swept their decks became so hot that the pirates began to hide themselves in the hold. This continued till Mary Reed, Annie Bonney and Captain Rackham alone remained above. Enraged at the cowardice of the crew, the two women shouted true pirate invectives at the recreant men and fired their pistols in among them, killing one man and wounding others.

Some of the crew were hanged as soon as captured by the captain of the man-of-war, and the rest were taken to Jamaica, where most of them were executed.

The two women were among the condemned, but on the discovery of their sex, they were reprieved. Afterward Annie Bonney was pardoned, but Mary Reed died in prison.

Owing to the fact that Europe endeavored to sweep its slums into the West Indies, there was little possibility of the Buccaneers forming a respectable home life, notwithstanding the accession of every new king brought wholesale pardons, and the governments did all they could to induce the pirates to settle down as planters. After each proclamation of pardons, the pirates came into the colonies like bees returning to the hive from a clover field. But according to descriptions of Tortuga, St. Christopher, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Providence and other favorite places in Jamaica, Haiti and Barbadoes, the towns wallowed in such licentiousness and vice as to be second only to the ancient Sodom and Gomorrah.

One of Exquemelin's numerous editors defines Tortuga as "the refuge for all sort of Wickedness, and the Seminary of Pyrats and Thieves."

Thomas Gage, a priest in Central America, was converted to Protestantism by seeing a mouse run away with the consecrated host while he was praying over it, previous to administering the sacrament. After this, he went through the West Indies and wrote a book about them, which was published in 1648 in England. According to his observations he was surprised that some dreadful calamity had not overwhelmed such unspeakably immoral places, since they were worse than ever Babylon had been.

Bishop Coke, who came to the West In at the time Wesley brought Methodism to the ' 1 col-

onies of America, found even at that late date, when there were only sporadic attempts at piracy, that the old Buccaneer haunts were still dens of carousal, debauchery and vice.

The pirates' hilarity, like their cruelty, was too abominable to be recorded; and from merely incidental descriptions, we are left to suppose that such home life as they had was no better than the brothel.

Since most of them came to shocking deaths, it is doubtless best that there was no one to lament their fate. Even of those who quit piracy and returned to their native land, few escaped ignominious ends. The actual life of the Buccaneer and the romantic story which dazzled the public were vastly different.

The career of Captain Avery illustrates this fact exceptionally well. The Spanish Governor of Peru fitted out two ships at Bristol, England, to defend the western coast of South America against pirates, on one of which Avery was first mate. The two ships, each of thirty-four guns and one hundred and twenty men, were ordered to stop at Corunna, on the northwest coast of Spain, to receive some Spanish-American officials. With little difficulty Avery formed a conspiracy among the men, and the night before the officials were to come on board, sailed out of the harbor upon his piratical career.

After receiving some recruits at Madagascar, they went to the River Indus, where they had the exceptional fortune to capture a Mohammedan vessel bearing the Emperor of Delhi, known as the Great Mogul, his daughter and many of the chief personages of his court, on a religious pilgrimage to Mecca. These

devotees were traveling in magnificent state, and had on board the richest cargo of offerings for the shrines and altars of the sacred city. The personal adornments of diamonds and other jewels were alone enough to make a considerable fortune for every pirate engaged.

The booty was stored in Avery's vessel, as the safest place, each chest of gold and jewels bearing three seals, so that nothing could be stolen without it being known. Early one dark night the sloop having Avery and the treasure on board steered out of the course they were on toward Madagascar, and when morning came the men on the other sloop saw that all the immense booty was gone as if the ocean had swallowed it.

The pirates having the treasure thought that they had done their companions a very shrewd turn. To quote Avery's historian: "None of his men had any Qualms of Honor rising in his Stomach to hinder them consenting to this piece of treachery."

But Avery found his chests of diamonds to be a most burdensome fortune. He sold his ship at the Island of Providence, and left some of his men. With a smaller vessel he sailed along the New England coast, but nowhere dared to offer his diamonds for sale. Meanwhile, as each departing pirate had received only an insignificant share of the plunder, the larger part remained in his possession; and, moreover, all of his first associates had given place to men ignorant of his career and of its gains. He continued his efforts to dispose of his diamonds, but concluded that it was not safe to offer them in so new a country as America, and so sailed for Ireland. On the north

coast he sold his sloop; and keeping the costly diamonds for himself, set out to find a purchaser. He went to Dublin with his immense fortune tied about his waist. But he could find no one to trust, and often suffered for the means to buy food and lodging. At Bristol he took counsel of some old friends. They advised him to put the diamonds into the hands of some respectable merchants whom they would bring. The merchants came, and advancing a small sum, agreed to dispose of the diamonds. When his money was gone, Avery importuned them for more, but their reply was that if he did not cease troubling them, they would hand him over to justice.

Johnson, the pirate's historian, says of this: "Our merchants were as good Pirates on land as Avery was on the Sea." He became beggared, and in a few months died in consequence of past excesses and present privations. Doubtless most of those fine Asiatic diamonds, recut and polished, now adorn the fair throats and glossy hair of many a blushing beauty, but the bones of the pirate lie in a pauper's grave.

When Avery captured the Great Mogul, the British East India Company had at best only a precarious hold, and Mohammedan hatred needed only a breath to stir the tribes to united revolt. The Nabob was in a fury at the outrage of the English pirates, and the stockholders of the company in England feared that the English would be swept out of India. The exploit became the sensation of the day in Great Britain. Avery's name was on every tongue, and the most marvelous stories of him were implicitly believed. It was said that he had married the Great Mogul's daughter, and lived in splendid state. But, worse than

all, the apparently authentic rumor came that he was building forts, erecting magazines, strengthening the Nabob's army, and collecting an enormous fleet. With the army he was to make himself master of India, and his fleet was to sweep the seas. Even the size of his royal family was known, and the descriptions of his increasing power were so alarming that propositions were gravely considered as to whether it was better to attempt to fight him or to enter into treaty with him. Meanwhile, the most popular play in England was called "The Successful Pyrate," purporting to describe his career. Long before this the poor man had died at Biddeford, England, without even enough money to buy himself a coffin.

In like manner, the career of Captain Kidd has been overestimated. Circumstances made him famous, not anything remarkable in his career.

In 1691 he was living on Cedar street, near William, in New York, having married Mrs. Sarah Oort, the widow of a rich merchant. His tastes were refined, and he was a well respected man. He was a close personal friend of Governor Slaughter, who judicially murdered Leisler. This governor gave Kidd one hundred and fifty pounds from the public funds, "as suitable reward for the many good services done to the Province of New York," so the testimonial read.

Lord Bellomont was transferred from the governorship of Barbadoes to that of New York, and he at once proposed to send Kidd on an expedition against the pirates that were then almost driving commerce from the ocean. Lord John Somers, the Chancellor of England, subscribed one thousand pounds, and altogether the promoters were as noble as the expedi-

tion was disastrous. The *Adventurer*, a galley of two hundred and eighty-seven tons, was fitted out with thirty guns at a total cost of about thirty thousand dollars.

William III at the court of Kensington, gave the royal commission "to our trusty and well-beloved captain William Kidd," to capture certain pirates and to make reprisals on merchant ships from France. Since it was their charge to rob the robbers and to take at first hand from France, there was no very exalted virtue at stake. Captain Kidd was to get one-fourth of all that was taken, and the remainder was to be divided equally among the men, according to rank. The service was specially arranged on the plan of "no prey, no pay." Only desperate characters were therefore attracted, and the one hundred and fifty-five men at last secured were fit characters for any career of outlawry.

Soon after Kidd sailed, Governor Fletcher wrote to the London Board of Trade that "it will not be in Kidd's power to govern such a horde of men under no pay."

From New York he sailed to the Madeiras for a supply of wine, then to the Cape Verde Islands for other necessary supplies. After this he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, bound for Madagascar, the grand rendezvous for the pirates of the world. If he had secured a few prizes here, history might have ranked him high among the great sea-captains of Great Britain, with his career ending in Westminster Abbey instead of at "Execution Dock." His ill-fortune was doubtless galling, for his noble patrons expected him to get rich, whatever the cost.

In those days all Mohammedans were called Moors, and other non-Christian people Gentiles. To attack and despoil them was no considerable sin according to the sentiment of the times. Therefore, when a richly laden fleet of Mocha ships came through the Strait of Babelmandeb, the temptation was too great to be resisted, and the *Adventurer* sailed in among them like a hawk upon chickens. Her thirty guns roared with all their might, and the vessels scattered like frightened fowls. However, there were two that did not fly before the enemy. One hoisted English colors and the other the Dutch standard. They were warships, acting as convoys for the Mocha fleet, and Captain Kidd was glad to get out of range of their terrible broadsides.

Off the coast of Malabar he captured a Moorish ship having on board a large quantity of myrrh. He used this costly substance as pitch for calking the seams of his galley.

After fighting a Portuguese man-of-war five hours and then running away, he fell in with a Dutch merchantman, which he could easily have taken, but he refused to do so. It appears that from this time on his men were almost in a state of mutiny over his conscientious scruples.

At this time England and Holland were very closely allied. The Prince of Orange had been elected King of England by the British Parliament, and it was as offensive to the home powers to attack a Dutch ship as one flying the British flag.

The quarrel between Kidd and his men over his failure to attack the Dutch merchantman culminated in an attack on him by Chief Gunner William More,

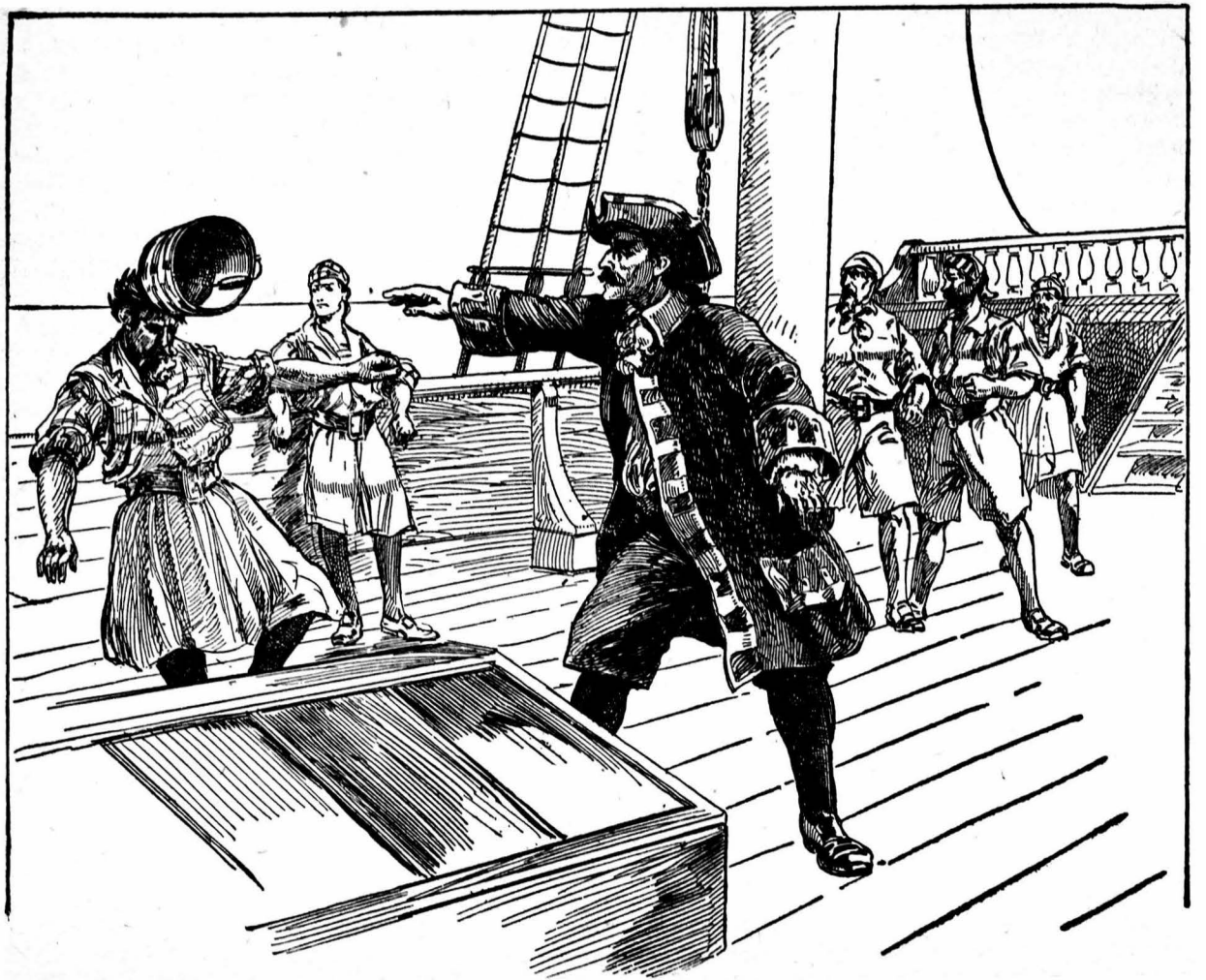
who was threatening him with a chisel, when Kidd threw a bucket at More's head with such precision as to strike him senseless to the floor. The next day the gunner died from concussion of the brain.

It seems that the crew took no additional umbrage at this, which goes far to show that they considered it justifiable homicide.

Shortly after leaving the Malabar coast, he fell in with the Moorish ship *Quedagh*, of four hundred tons. He captured it without trouble, and sold the cargo for about fifty thousand dollars.

Taking the *Quedagh* with him, he burned the *Adventurer* at Madagascar as unseaworthy, and, sailing with only forty men, he went to the Dutch Spice Islands, where he learned that he was regarded as a pirate by England and Holland. A royal proclamation granting pardon to all pirates who would voluntarily surrender themselves before the last of April, 1699, excepted by name Captain William Kidd and the "Successful Pyrate" Avery, who was already dead from starvation in England. Kidd at once sailed directly to New York, believing that Lord Bellomont would save him from what he believed to be a palpable injustice. At Antigua he bought a sloop and transferred his plunder to it. In June, 1699, he entered Delaware Bay, and was chased away by an armed coaster from Philadelphia. He then went to Oyster Bay, and communicated with his wife and friends in New York.

Some unofficial negotiations took place, and his wife joined him. A great deal of fabulous tradition covers this part of his career. At Gardiner's Island, on inquiry concerning his safe-conduct, he received a



KIDD THREW A BUCKET AT MORE'S HEAD

rather equivocal message from Lord Bellomont, who was then at Boston. He said: "If your case be so clear as you have said, you may safely come hither." Five days after his arrival in Boston he was arrested on the charge of piracy, and under an indictment for the murder of William More.

The order was then issued to seize the cargo of his sloop and the treasure left with Kidd's friend Gardiner, which was done, the amount taken being twenty-six thousand five hundred dollars in silver and gold, besides goods of nearly equal value.

Kidd told the Governor that if allowed to visit the *Quedagh* and the islands of St. Thomas and Curaçao he could get treasure to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars more, but his offer was refused. Soon after this the men left in charge of the *Quedagh* burned it, and nothing more is known of their commander's treasure. Kidd and the men captured with him were sent to London and tried at the Old Bailey by the High Court of Admiralty. Bellomont declared that it was impossible to convict him in Massachusetts, as the people had profited so much by piracy. There is much reason to believe that Bellomont deliberately sacrificed Kidd to save his own reputation, and that Lord John Somers, the Chancellor, found it necessary to convict him as a political move against the clamor of the Lord's political opponents. Bellomont died before the trial, but Kidd had made a mock of the King's Commission and brought many eminent men into trouble, and so was doomed.

The "back-stairs" political influence which, under other circumstances, would have been all-powerful, was now his undoing.

Kidd's record as a pirate is so tame that he hardly deserves a place among the achievements of the wild sea-rovers and Buccaneers who have made a world wonder at their great energy and daring. But he became famous because the politicians took him up in order to traduce and throw from office certain men of high degree who had sent him out on the seas to rob pirates and seize the goods of the French. Kidd's noble friends were in turn compelled to save themselves, at no hurt of conscience to be sure, by appearing most zealous to hang him.

He was executed, with six of his associates, and according to the custom of the times, their bodies were exposed on gibbets at given intervals along the banks of the Thames, where they remained for many years, until their bones fell piecemeal to the earth and were carried away by dogs.

The belief prevailed that Captain Kidd had buried an enormous treasure, and during the two centuries following the search was not finally abandoned. From Maine to Sandy Hook hardly a mile of coast has been free from the treasure-seekers, so that Captain Kidd's name continued to be the most famous in the annals of pirates. Lord Macaulay wrote about him, Cooper made a novel in which the pirate is supposed to have buried his treasure on Sandy Hook, and Poe wove the "Gold Bug" story out of it.

In 1891 a syndicate was formed to make an exhaustive search for Kidd's buried treasure, but the pirate's fortune will doubtless forever remain among the phantoms.

The last stanza of the celebrated doggerel known as the "Ballad of Captain Kidd," whom the author

called Robert Kidd, was published in 1701, and purports to give this confession:

I'd ninety bars of gold,
As I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold,
As I sailed;
I'd dollars manifold
And riches uncontrolled,
And by these I lost my soul
As I sailed.

Doubtless the spoils of the pirates and Buccaneers were usually much exaggerated in the reports, but there were numerous cases in which the booty captured was indeed "beyond the dreams of avarice."

Sir William Phipps, a New England baronet, once Governor of Massachusetts, raised a wrecked Spanish galleon off the coast of Haiti, and got out of it thirty-two tons of silver, and in addition pearls and jewels worth all told nearly two million dollars.

In 1676 some Spanish galleons were wrecked in the Gulf of Florida, and Spanish divers recovered eight million pieces of eight,* which were taken to Havana. Three hundred and fifty thousand were subsequently deposited in a storehouse on shore guarded by two commissaries and sixty soldiers.

Captain Jennings, learning the situation, came up with two ships and three sloops from Jamaica. He landed three hundred men and captured the treasure. On the way back to Jamaica he picked up a cargo containing nearly a hundred thousand more.

In 1680, when a new viceroy made his public entrance into the city of Lima, there was a sidewalk pavement made of silver bars from the landing to the

* A "piece of eight" equals $1.

Governor's palace. It is estimated that more than eighty-five million dollars' worth of silver was used in its construction.

In evidence of the vast wealth accumulated by the Spaniards from their colonial possessions, one of the seventeenth century writers tells of a Spanish company which lost half a million dollars' worth of property annually by the ravages of the Buccaneers, without in the least impairing or discrediting the business integrity of the company. Since all of this vast wealth was secured through the slave labor of the American natives, these bits of evidence afford some comprehension of the enormous riches which were wrung from the continent, and show the enervating influences which changed the Spanish people from powerful conquerors into idlers and nineteenth century decadents.

CHAPTER VIII

FAMOUS CHARACTERS OF THE SEA

Among the hosts of pirates that ranged over the world from the West Indies, there were many who distinguished themselves by only a few remarkable deeds, or who became famous through some exceptional trait of character. Many of them were of such obscure origin as to be known in history only by such chance names as were bestowed upon them by their comrades.

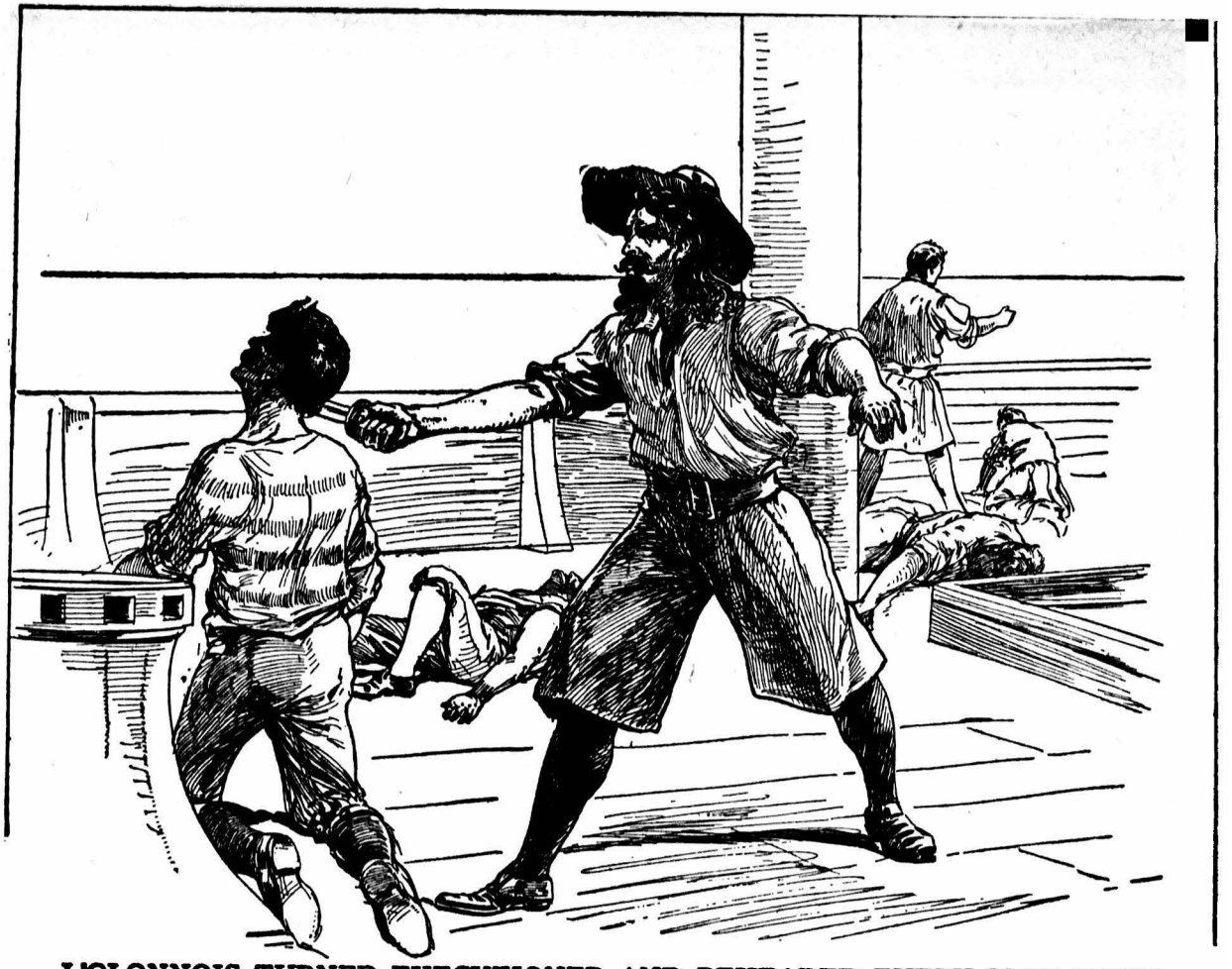
L'Olonnois, the cruel, was one of these. Perhaps his parents, in the old province of Poitou, among the sandy tracts of Olonne, gave him the name François. At any rate, he is known as François L'Olonnois, the cruel. Many historical characters have been called "The Cruel," but none deserved the title more than L'Olonnois. He left his nearest seaport, La Rochelle, and shipped as an *engagé* to the Caribbee Islands.

After serving his apprenticeship, he visited Hispaniola as a full-fledged Buccaneer. He soon desired a larger field, and so went to Tortuga and joined a sea-roving expedition. His daring and ability soon gave him command of two canoes with twenty-two men, then a position as shipmaster. He kept no prisoners and let none escape, so that in a short time his cruelty and success made his name such a terror to the Spaniards that they preferred to take their own lives rather than to become his prisoners.

Off the coast of Campeachy a storm wrecked his vessel, and he succeeded in escaping to the shore with about half the crew. The Spaniards killed all but eight or ten, whom they kept to be tortured to death a little later on. L'Olonnois saved himself by covering his body with blood, and crawling under the bodies of some of his slain comrades. When the Spanish soldiers were gone he exchanged clothing with a dead Spaniard and mingled freely with the inhabitants, taking part in the rejoicing that took place over his supposed death. Promising some negro slaves their freedom if they would escape with him in a canoe, he was not long in safely reaching Tortuga.

Exquemelin says that "by craft and subtlety," and without the expenditure of a cent, he obtained possession of a well-equipped vessel manned by a crew of twenty-two. With this he hovered for a long time about the coast of southern Cuba, near Los Cayos, without sighting a ship, for the reason that the merchants of aHvana,who stopped there on their way to Boca de Estera, had learned of the presence of the Buccaneer chief. The Governor of Campeachy was greatly puzzled on hearing of this, as he had just concluded a thanksgiving for the death of L'Olonnois. At the request of a deputation of merchants to Havana, the Governor concluded to destroy the pestiferous *ladrones*.

A stout ship of ten guns, with a working crew of ninety picked men, was sent, with strict orders to kill the pirates, giving no quarter to any but L'Olonnois, who should be brought to Havana for public execution. A negro hangman, with ropes prepared for the execution, went with the expedition.



L'OLONNOIS TURNED EXECUTIONER AND BEHEADED EVERY MAN ALIVE

L'Olonnois saw the ship moored in the River Estera.

"Courage, my comrades! Courage, my good brothers!" he cried, in a transport of delight. "We shall soon be well equipped."

At nightfall the Buccaneers took some Cuban fishermen with them and noiselessly approached the Spanish ship. To the challenge, a reply was given which allayed the suspicions of the watchman. Sharpshooters were so arranged as to sweep the enemy's deck, and a broadside was given. As the Spanish crew rushed on deck, the musketeers poured their deadly fire into them, and then fell on their faces to avoid the return fire. The Buccaneers then hid their vessel among the overhanging trees along the bank of the stream. Firing was continued all night, and till the afternoon of the coming day, when the Spanish ship was so disabled that the Buccaneers decided to board. Clambering over the sides, they drove the gunners into the cabin or forced them into the hold. L'Olonnois turned executioner, and with his broad cutlass beheaded every man yet alive, excepting the negro hangman. This man he sent to the Governor of Havana with a letter, in which he said: "I shall never henceforth give quarter to any Spaniard whatsoever. Thus I retaliate the kindness you designed to me and my companions."

With this new vessel he captured several rich prizes, and returned to Tortuga the most famous Buccaneer of the day.

His ambitions now enlarged, and he set about the task of getting together a fleet of ships with several hundred men. As he was not a soldier, and knew

nothing of commanding men on land, he made overtures to Michel Le Basque, mayor of the island, who had been a brave though unhonored soldier in France, and later a successful Buccaneer. Among the exploits of Le Basque was one that made him quite a hero among the rough men of Tortuga and Hispaniola. With a select band of forty men he had landed on the coast of Venezuela, and with a shrewd guide entered Maracaibo unchallenged in the night. His men scattered, and at the point of the sword quietly brought half a hundred of the principal citizens to the cathedral. Then they ranged the town all night, the citizens fearing to step out of their houses. When morning came each Buccaneer, loaded with gold and jewels, took one of these prominent citizens as his special prisoner, and together they retreated toward their boats. When the Spaniards discovered the ridiculously insignificant size of the band that had terrorized them all night, they collected their forces and set out in pursuit; but a prisoner was sent back to tell them that the moment an attack was made all the captive citizens would be killed, and the forty men would fight without giving or taking quarter. The threat was sufficient, and the bold Buccaneers departed in peace with their booty.

Aroused by the success of L'Olonnois, Le Basque accepted the offer of the new star among Buccaneers. With this powerful influence attached to his cause, the chief soon had eight good vessels, with six hundred and sixty experienced men.

In a short time, by the exchange of prize ships taken, he had an equipment that was enough to strike the Spaniards with terror. He determined to

visit New Venezuela and sack the towns along the coast.

The narrow entrance to the Gulf of Venezuela was defended by two hundred and fifty men behind fortifications of earth mounting sixteen guns. Le Basque landed his men about three miles away, and the Spanish commandant prepared an ambuscade, but the Buccaneers advanced to the attack with such fury as to kill nearly every Spaniard outside of the fortifications. Then, with the precision of Hispaniola hunters, they began to pick off every man to be seen at the guns; and at the end of three hours they scaled the embrasures and put to the sword the Spaniards, begging for mercy.

A few escaped to Maracaibo, eighteen miles away, crying at the top of their voices with every step, as they entered the city: "The *ladrones* are coming, two thousand strong."

The people fled in a panic, some to the woods, others to Gibraltar and Merida, with all the valuables they could carry. After utterly demolishing the fortifications, the Buccaneers sailed on to Maracaibo. They expected to encounter an ambuscade at landing, and therefore disembarked with great caution; but no Spaniards were to be seen. Carefully they picked their way toward the town, and entered it without seeing a single opponent. The four thousand inhabitants had fled, leaving their houses as they were when the people heard the first cry that the *ladrones* were coming.

The deserted houses furnished a bacchanalian feast for all the half-starved Buccaneers. The shouts of drunken revelry and wanton debauchery echoed

through the streets day and night. The abodes of luxury became veritable "boucans" of filth and riot.

L'Olonnois and Le Basque, however, were themselves mindful enough of their opportunities. They sent one hundred and sixty men after the fugitives, and twenty were captured in the woods, with about thirty thousand dollars' worth of silver and other valuables.

An effort was made to extort from them their knowledge of secreted treasures and hidden citizens, but they refused to reveal anything. Then the savage nature of the Buccaneer chief blazed forth in furious rage. He hacked the nearest prisoner to pieces with his cutlass, crying, "Now will you tell?"

Running the reeking blade down the throat of another, he screamed, "Does that open your mouth?" Drinking handfuls of blood and gnawing at the palpitating heart of another before the horrified eyes of the prisoners, he said: "If you do not confess and declare where you have the rest of your goods, I will do the like to every one of you."

As he raised his sword over another trembling wretch, the Spaniard cried out that he would lead them to the hiding-places. But the fugitives changed their refuge every night, and the searching parties were poorly rewarded for their labors. After fifteen days of revel, L'Olonnois ordered his men to embark for Gibraltar, on the south side of the lake, where it was believed that most of Maracaibo's wealth had been taken. Meanwhile the alarmed country had been working day and night to make Gibraltar impregnable.

"No matter, said the Buccaneer chief, when

THE FIRST MAN WHO SHOWS ANY FEAR I WILL PISTOL WITH MY OWN HAND

informed of this, "the better sign that it is worth taking."

The Governor of Merida sent four hundred soldiers, and there was an equal number already at Gibraltar. Twenty guns were mounted over strong barricades defending the only approach to the town. All the resources known to Spanish warfare were employed to make the defeat of the invaders inevitable and complete.

When L'Olonnois saw the royal standard waving over the barricades, he assembled his three hundred and eighty men and said: "My faithful and loyal 'brethren of the coast,' you see the royal standard of Spain hung out to show that the Governor of Merida has sent his garrison to help Gibraltar dispute our advance. They have had much time in which to put their town in a good state of defense. But take courage and do as I do, who am your captain. At other times we have fought with fewer men on our side than we have now, and yet have overcome a greater number of enemies than can be in this town. The more there are, the more glory and wealth there will be in victory."

To the tumultuous shouting of the Buccaneers that they would follow L'Olonnois to the death, he replied: "But remember this, the first man who shows any fear, or the first sign of it, I will pistol with my own hand."

They disembarked about two miles from the town, and L'Olonnois gave the order to march, saying: "Come, my brothers, follow me, and fear not."

Finding the road heavily barricaded, they started up a decoy path which the Spaniards had made for

them across the swamp. It was but twelve feet wide, ending in an impassable mire, and guns were trained to sweep its entire length. After an obstinate and almost disastrous attempt to force their way through the murderous fire and treacherous swamp, they were forced to return to the barricades.

Here they made a spirited attack, and then at a given signal began to retreat, slowly at first, and then in confusion, as if in panic-stricken rout.

The Spaniards, with triumphant shouts, sprang over the breastworks and rushed after them, determined that none should escape their vengeance.

But the retreat was only a stratagem. When the Spaniards were out of gunshot from the batteries, the fleeing Buccaneers suddenly turned and threw themselves upon the disorganized soldiers with irresistible energy and fury. Five hundred Spaniards were killed outright, and the rest chased into the swamps. Forty of the Buccaneers were dead, but the two leaders were unhurt, although they were always in the hottest part of the fight.

There was now nothing to dispute their way, and the Spanish standard was soon replaced by the red and black banner of the Buccaneers.

For six weeks the torture of prisoners and the search for buried treasure continued. The cathedral was filled with prisoners, who were forgotten in the debauch that followed, and most of them died of thirst. In eighteen days most of the inhabitants were dead.

The riotous destruction brought famine, and then pestilence added its horrors to the scene. Two days were given for the people to raise a ransom of eighty

thousand pieces of eight.* While the Spanish committee was discussing the proposition, the two days passed, and the town was burned and sacked. Ten thousand pieces of eight had been raised toward the ransom, and that was taken with the other plunder.

The Buccaneers embarked for Maracaibo. A deputation of merchants met them at the beach and offered to ransom the town for twenty thousand piasters, ten thousand pieces of eight and five hundred cows.

While this negotiation was going on, a party of more pious Buccaneers, Frenchmen by nationality, entered the churches and carried away everything portable, even to the bells, with which to furnish a church of their own at Tortuga.

Some idea of the plunder they took may be gained from the fact that the cocoa which they sold to D'Ogeron, Governor of Tortuga, he resold in Europe at a net profit of six hundred thousand dollars. They secured two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in coin, besides several tons of silver bullion, which they sold at ten dollars a pound.

Two days before they arrived at Tortuga two French ships had arrived, laden with wine and brandy. A few days later there was not twenty gallons of intoxicants on the island. Two months later most of the Buccaneers, including their leader, were penniless.

L'Olonnois appears to have been a man of his word, since the division of spoils was fairly made. Even the relatives of dead Buccaneers received the allotted share. The immense quantity of booty had been heaped together on the shore of Tortuga before the admiring people. Near by stood the female captives,

* A piece of eight equals $1.00.

negroes, Spanish soldiers and Indians. Then the whole lot was sold at auction, piece by piece.

L'Olonnois could not remain inactive and destitute. Without plunder he could not sustain his debaucheries, and without bacchanalian revelry, life was an unendurable bore.

He planned an expedition to Nicaragua, and was soon in command of six ships, with seven hundred men. In the Gulf of Honduras he captured a Spanish war-ship having thirty-six guns, and ravaged the villages along the coast. Tiring of the small booty secured, he decided to go to San Pedro, thirty miles inland. The Spaniards, having ample time to prepare for him, lined the way with ambuscades, and he fought through them all to the very mouths of the cannon at San Pedro. Here the combat lasted four hours, when a furious assault drove the gunners from the works, and the white flag was raised in token of surrender. The citizens, in the parley that followed, asked for two hours' respite to care for their dead and wounded. This was given, but the Spaniards employed their time in getting away with their wealth, and when the Buccaneers entered the place it was deserted.

Remaining here eighteen days, unable to get booty or ransom, they destroyed the town and returned to their ships.

Three profitless months were spent along the coast of Honduras, when a Spanish war-ship of eight hundred tons' burden, with fifty-six guns and one hundred and thirty men, appeared and disputed the right of way.

L'Olonnois met this ship with a small vessel of

twenty-two guns and a fly-boat. Standing at a distance, his sharpshooters picked off sixty men, whereupon, under cover of the smoke, he went alongside, boarded the enemy on both sides at once and threw most of the crew into the sea. But there was no booty on board, and the men became mutinous. L'Olonnois proposed an expedition to Guatemala, but the crews were superstitious and suspicious because of the long season of ill-luck.

One of his captains secretly sailed away with the fastest vessel and the most experienced men. Then another deserted, and L'Olonnois was left with a sorry remnant of the fleet. At Cape Gracias á Dios his vessel grounded and went to pieces. Six months were spent in the labor of making a boat out of the parts that came ashore. When finished, it would not support half the men, and lots were cast to decide who should go with the chief. It was the intention to capture as soon as possible a boat large enough to hold them all. In the Nicaragua River they were attacked by an overwhelming force of Spaniards, and driven away with the loss of nearly half their number.

He then went on to Boca del Toro, near Cartagena, South America, where the people were friendly to the Buccaneers. He could have returned from that place to Tortuga, but he was determined not to go back empty-handed, and he would not desert his companions at Cape Gracias á Dios.

Putting to sea again he landed for water at La Pointe à Dièguе, on the coast of Darien. Rendered desperate by his misfortunes, he determined to attack, with his feeble force, the town near by. The people called to their aid a band of Bravo Indians, who were

as fierce and daring as the Buccaneers. The attack was made with the most desperate and savage courage, but was without avail. The Indians had as much brute strength and reckless courage as themselves. A few of the Buccaneers succeeded in escaping to their boats, but most of the men, with L'Olonnois, were overpowered and bound. All the prisoners were burned at the stake but the unfortunate chief, who was reserved for prolonged torture at the hands of his Indian captors. They were as expert and heartless in that work as any in America.

Exquemelin says: "Thus ends the history, the life and the miserable death of that infernal wretch, L'Olonnois, who, full of horrid, execrable and enormous deeds, and debtor to so much innocent blood, died by cruel and butcherly hands, such as his own were in the course of his life."

Among those whom the chroniclers have considered worthy of mention, Barthelemy Portugues is specially noted for his remarkable escapes. He was also the leader in many brilliant exploits.

Off Cape de Corriente, with a fly-boat having four three-pounders, and a crew of thirty men, he met a powerful galleon having twenty guns and seventy men. The Buccaneers ran alongside the Spanish vessel, and, stripping off their clothing, grasped their swords in their teeth and clambered like cats up the sides of the ship. The Spaniards succeeded in driving them off, and the Buccaneers returned to their boat, discarding their swords for their muskets. As fast as the men appeared at the guns the unerring marksmen shot them down, until every gun was silenced. Then most of the assailants grasped their

swords again and once more scaled the sides of the ship, while those that remained kept their muskets leveled at the deck. Forty-five trembling Spaniards were found crowded in the cabin. These were set adrift in the fly-boat, and the Buccaneers were masters of a handsome vessel, rich in plunder and armament.

But an ill fate befell them. On the way to Tortuga they met three large vessels bound from New Spain to Havana. The pirates were too few in numbers to manage their heavy vessel, and were easily captured. Portugues was taken to San Francisco, Campeachy, and when the citizens heard of his capture, bells were rung and special services of thanksgiving held in the churches. A gibbet was erected so that he could be hanged the next morning in plain view of all the people. A special holiday was declared and the citizens made preparations for a day of great rejoicing.

But in the night he managed to loosen his hands and then cut the cords that bound his feet. With the knife he had secured he stabbed the sentinel, and got out of the room in which he was confined. But he was a mile from shore, and, strange to say, he could not swim. However, a man of resources was not to be defeated by so inconsiderable an obstruction as that. He found two large wine-jars, and emptying out the wine, he corked them tightly and tied them together. Using them as life-preservers, he sprang overboard and reached the shore just at daylight.

There was great consternation when it was found that the prisoner had escaped, and the authorities at

as fierce and daring as the Buccaneers. The attack was made with the most desperate and savage courage, but was without avail. The Indians had as much brute strength and reckless courage as themselves. A few of the Buccaneers succeeded in escaping to their boats, but most of the men, with L'Olonnois, were overpowered and bound. All the prisoners were burned at the stake but the unfortunate chief, who was reserved for prolonged torture at the hands of his Indian captors. They were as expert and heartless in that work as any in America.

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once set upon his track bloodhounds and hunters trained to capture escaping slaves.

He went to the vine-covered mangrove swamps, and swung himself from tree to tree with his strong arms like a gorilla in the forests of Africa. He could hear the baying hounds, the shouts of men, and the ringing of alarum-bells. Through these forests, full of reptiles and wild beasts, he made his way for seventeen days toward Golfo Triste. Arriving there after privations and perils that made his journey seem almost miraculous, he found some old companions, who were eager to follow him on any adventure. A small boat was procured, and thirty men enlisted their services with him. Palming themselves off as smugglers trafficking in contraband goods, they easily stole along the shore, under the guidance of fishermen.

Reaching the harbor from which he had escaped three weeks before, they boarded the vessel in which he had been confined.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sleepy sentinel.

"Part of the crew, with some fine contraband goods," replied the wily Portugues.

A moment later the sentinel fell, stabbed through the heart. Then they cut the ship adrift, and overpowered the watch.

The sleeping crew, awakened at the unusual sounds, sprang from their berths, but it was too late. They were either cut down at the door or overpowered and bound. In an hour the Buccaneers were out of the harbor with the ship and beyond pursuit. But Portugues was as unfortunate in his prizes as he was fortunate in his escapes. At the Isle of Pines, south

of Cuba, a storm arose which beat the vessel to pieces on the Jardin rocks. As usual in times of peril, Portugues escaped. He lived to have many thrilling adventures, but no fortune worth mentioning was ever his.

In the story of meteoric Buccaneers, Roche Brasiliano, otherwise known as Roc the Brazilian, deserves a prominent place. Like L'Olonnois the Cruel, his hatred of Spaniards was as venomous and rabid as that passion of man can be conceived to be. He was a native of Dutch Brazil, and it is said that his parents were tortured to death by a passing band of Spanish lancers. His historians say that he was not a Buccaneer for the sake of booty, but for the opportunity it gave him to kill Spaniards. He had the reputation among them of being the most fiendish of all the Buccaneer devils that Satan had turned loose upon the Spanish Main. That he was more like a crazed wild boar than a man his conduct seems to prove beyond doubt. He was the "bully" of Kingston, and when he was drinking, which was most of the time, the citizens cheerfully gave him the whole of the street. His face was short and wide, and his high cheek bones gave him a face very like a pug-dog. A strong frame and a tawny skin, with grizzly, matted hair growing low on his forehead, made his appearance correspond to his career.

The most desperate situation in his life was when he was wrecked on the coast of Campeachy. The pirate valued his gun next to his life, and Roc found that his thirty men wrecked with him had their guns with a few precious rounds of ammunition. They were not far from Golfo Triste, and Roc hoped to lead

his little band of almost exhausted men through the inhospitable wilderness to a place of safety.

They had not proceeded far when a hundred well-armed horsemen, sure of their prey, bore down upon them.

"Courage, my good brothers," cried Roc. "We are hungry now, but, *Caramba!* our enemy is bringing us a feast."

The men were so weak from hunger and fatigue, as well as so poorly provided with ammunition, that it seemed madness to attempt withstanding a hundred horsemen. A few suggested the advisability of making the best possible terms of surrender. Some others thought it best to seek shelter.

"Surrender!" cried Roche Brasiliano, "your lives will be pressed out of you in torture. Seek shelter? You will be like dogs in a hole. There is no safety but in immediate attack. Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Their long muskets covered the range, and more than a score of Spaniards fell. The horsemen circled about the thirty men and poured in a fusillade. For an hour the Spaniards wheeled, charged, and fell back out of range. Then, having lost more than half their men, they ran away from the deliberate and deadly guns of the Buccaneers, leaving their dead and wounded where they fell.

Only two Buccaneers were dead, and two others slightly wounded. Victory came in the nick of time; the Buccaneers had their last round of ammunition in their guns. From the knapsacks of the Spaniards were taken enough wine and dried beef to afford the promised feast, and the starving Buccaneers were soon

ALMOST WITHOUT A STRUGGLE THEY WERE IN POSSESSION OF THE VESSEL

possessed of the hilarious desire to fight all the Spaniards in the world.

Two days later they came upon a lot of Spaniards cutting logwood near the shore, guarded by a stout coast vessel. Roche Brasiliano hid his men at the landing-place and waited for a boat to come ashore. The next morning their patience was rewarded, and by suddenly springing out upon ten men as they stepped ashore from the ship's boat, the Buccaneers made them prisoners without giving any alarm. Then they crowded into the boat and rowed out to the ship. Before the unsuspecting and careless Spaniards realized what was happening, the Buccaneers were upon the deck, and almost without a struggle, were in possession of the vessel. On the way to Jamaica several rich prizes were taken, but in two nights, in the disreputable dens of Kingston, the entire crew lost every cent they had. Pipes of wine were bought and set at every street corner. No one was allowed to pass without drinking to the health of Roche Brasiliano and his crew.

To recuperate the fortune they had exchanged for bacchanalian prestige, they put to sea again. Not far from Campeachy, while ten men were rowing ashore for water they were surprised and captured by ambushed Spaniards.

To be doubly sure of the distinguished prisoner, the Governor caused him to be chained in a vault in the fortress, but Roche succeeded in winning the confidence and friendship of the slave that brought him food. Writing materials were smuggled to him, and a letter, purporting to come from a French man-of-war hovering about, was written, which declared that

if Roche Brasiliano and his ten men were not liberated forthwith, the town and country of Campeachy would be sacked. The slave took it to another slave, out of town, and the letter was duly taken to the Governor. The bearer said it had been given to him by one of a formidable company that had landed from a great ship just beyond the island.

The first that Roche knew of the success of his stratagem was a summons to come before the Governor.

"Sir," said the Governor, "I can not make up my mind to slay such brave men, however much they may deserve it. Spain needs you in her service. If I send you to Castile, will you take oath to remain till your death, faithful subjects of the king?"

The promise was given and the oath readily taken. A galleon took the reformed Buccaneers to Spain, but it was not long till they were again at Kingston fitting out an expedition to Yucatan. At Merida, while fighting an ambush of Spaniards defending the town, an overwhelming force of cavalry dashed upon their rear and cut them to pieces.

Roche Brasiliano escaped, but there is not another word in the writings of any man with reference to him thereafter.

In contrast to the rough coarseness of Roche Brasiliano, may be placed the chivalrous gentleman and knightly adventurer known as Alexandre Bras de Fer, otherwise Alexander of the Iron Arm. If his admiring historians are to be credited he was the paragon of courtly Buccaneers. Œxmelin, whom many claim to be the Dutch Exquemelin made over into French, reckons him in courage, wit and kingly bearing to be

the equal of Alexander the Great. So careful was he of his company that he never associated with other Buccaneer captains. No matter how frequently he changed vessels, his ship was always called the Phœnix. His crew always consisted of about one hundred men, and they were selected not alone for their courage and endurance, but also for their polite and gentlemanly bearing. They were trained to the most precise and dignified military conduct, and their government was martial according to the latest military code. The Phœnix was always as clean as a modern American war-ship, and the men kept themselves dressed in the brightest silks.

Off the Boca del Dragon, in a terrific tempest, a stroke of lightning fell into their powder-magazine, and their ship went down in the roaring sea. Nearly a score of the hardy pirates survived the lightning, the explosion and the tempest. They reached the shore like rats, but still clinging to their guns, while from the wreckage they recovered enough food to keep them alive. In a few days a Spanish merchantman sailed toward the shore, as if providentially sent. This place was the home of the most savage Indians on the continent, and when part of the ship's crew came ashore for water, it was with the utmost caution. The Buccaneers arranged an ambuscade, and when the Spaniards were well into the trap, opened fire. The surprised men at once fell flat on their faces in the grass. The Buccaneers were equally surprised to see nothing more at which to shoot. There was silence for what seemed an interminable time. Unable longer to endure the suspense, Bras de Fer ran out into the open, and the Spaniards rushed upon him.

The Buccaneer chief's foot caught on a root and he fell, just escaping a decapitating blow from the Spanish captain. The cutlass was raised for another stroke, but as it came down Bras de Fer struck the hilt with his fist and knocked the weapon from the captain's hand. Then grappling with the Spaniard, the Buccaneer bore him backward to the ground, shouting at the same time to his comrades.

"Victoria! victoria!" soon rang through the woods, and every Spaniard was dead.

Shrewdly judging that the Spaniards on the ship would believe their brethren ashore to be fighting Indians, and of course victorious, Bras de Fer clothed his men in the equipments of the slain and marched in Spanish military style down the beach to the boat. Then they rowed out to the ship. Drawing the broad-brimmed Panama hats over their heads so as to hide their faces, they clambered quickly aboard and covered the amazed Spaniards with their guns. Very soon the Buccaneers were sailing away with a good ship, richly laden, and such of the late crew as yet remained alive were ashore bemoaning their unhappy fate.

Œxmelin praises his hero, but tells little about his career, and no one else knows anything more. In his comparison between Bras de Fer and Alexander the Great, he says: "Of a truth, the one Alexander was as brave as he was headstrong; the other, as brave as he was prudent; the one loved wine, and the other brandy; the one fled from women through real greatness of soul, the other sought them from natural tenderness of heart; and as a proof of what I say, in the vessel of which I have spoken, he met a beautiful

woman whom he valued more than all the other spoil."

Few of the early Buccaneers are mentioned oftener than Montbar, whom the Spaniards named the "Exterminator," and yet what is known of him is very meagre. That he fought like the devil they believed him to be and never gave quarter, is borne out by the few incidents known of his life. His zeal against the Spaniards appears to have been aroused in boyhood by stories of their cruelties toward the Caribs.

His uncle was an admiral in the French navy, and Montbar, who was then a youth, was allowed to join him in a cruise to the West Indies. The young man talked of what he would do if they met a Spanish ship until he became the laughing-stock of the crew. But when the expected ship was met he was one of the first to board, and fought his way the full length of the ship three times. When they came to a division of the spoils, he scorned to take his share.

"Blood, not booty, is my motto!" he cried, and threw the plunder given him back into the pile.

Some hunters from Hispaniola came aboard with meat to sell.

"Why didn't you bring more?" he asked.

"The Spanish 'fifties' have just ravaged our district and destroyed our boucans," the leader replied.

Then the inflammable passions of the young "Exterminator" took fire.

"Let me lead you against the accursed dogs," he cried.

The wild and uncouth hunters agreed to let so distinguished a young officer lead them on an expedition against their enemies.

They found two companies of the Spanish "fifties" located in a bit of woods, and so pitched their tents in the valley near, as if unconscious of being in the presence of any danger.

Then the Buccaneers played the part of drunken revelers. Canteens were waved in the air amid shouts of wild intoxication, and songs were sung with boisterous hilarity. Gradually they became quiet, as if falling into the consequent stupor.

Darkness came on, and the Buccaneers quietly slipped away from their tents and formed an ambush about the camp. Near daybreak, when the Buccaneers were supposed to be in the deepest drunken slumbers, the Spaniards were heard stealing upon the camp. Presently a volley was poured into the empty tents, and the brands from a smoldering fire near by were thrown upon their canvas tops.

In a moment the burning tents lighted up the scene, and an answering volley came from the ambushed Buccaneers, in which almost every shot found its victim. Another volley upon the bewildered Spaniards, and the Buccaneers rushed from their hiding-places to engage in hand-to-hand conflict. No quarter was given, and both the Indian allies and the wild hunters alike hailed Montbar as an inspired deliverer.

A few other incidents are related of the "Exterminator," and then the writers content themselves with telling us that he was a great Buccaneer chief, whose deeds and chivalry were unequalled among the heroes of the sea.

CHAPTER IX

KING OF THE BUCCANEERS

Dr. Jonathan Swift facetiously records that bishops of undoubted piety and great learning were appointed in England to places of financial responsibility in the Church of Ireland; but, unfortunately, when these good churchmen crossed Bagshot heath, on the way to their place of work, they were all murdered by highwaymen, who took their papers, assumed their authority, and proceeded to occupy the positions of the worthy appointees, thereafter unblushingly plundering their Irish constituency in the good name of the vanished Englishmen.

In like manner every good man who was sent out from England or France as Governor in the West Indies, during the reign of the Buccaneers, certainly fell overboard on the way, and his place and name were taken by a friend of robbery and anarchy. For all the West India Governors, whatever their fame as good men had been at home, invariably levied tribute on the Buccaneers, and enriched themselves with the plunder taken from the Spaniards.

Regardless of the treaties made between the mother country and Spain, the English officers and merchants eased their conscience, if such a commodity was ever brought with them, by the declaration, which became a maxim, that "there is no peace beyond the line."

Needless to say everything Spanish was "beyond the line," although the imaginary "line" was indefinitely located along the northern boundary of the Caribbean Sea, or upon the northern coast of South America, as convenience and interest dictated.

Even the military saints that came over in Venables' army became in a short time the most notorious sinners, and mild-mannered Quakers put on velvet suits, strung necklaces of pistols over their shoulders, and supplied themselves with poniards and cutlasses.

Cromwell's veterans reached Jamaica with the most sanctimonious demeanor; and after capturing that island side by side with the impious Buccaneers, the grizzled old Ironsides swaggered like pirates and drank their associates under the tables.

A Spanish writer of that time says that he wondered why so many Englishmen died in Jamaica; but, on seeing them drink so much vile rum, he wondered how it was possible for so many to remain alive.

Port Royal became a kind of English Algiers, in which it was the ambition of every man and woman to be accounted the wickedest in the town. Women drank like the proverbial fish, and disported themselves in ways that discounted the wildest debauches of the Buccaneers.

Old Thomas Modyford was thought to be the most pious, gentle and patriotic subject in England; but when he came to Barbadoes such a transformation took place that on being made Governor of Jamaica, he gave full rein to the Buccaneers, declaring that it was beyond the power of man to influence or control them. Long after his death it was discovered that he was cheek by jowl with the lawless bands, and that

THE GRIZZLED OLD IRONSIDES DRANK THEIR ASSOCIATES UNDER THE TABLES

every frigate sent from England to repress piracy had been placed by him in charge of a Buccaneer captain.

The spirit of piracy was in the air, and the crime of being a freebooter did not weigh heavily on any one, since to rob a Spaniard was only to deprive him of ill-gotten gains, to which, in the eyes of his enemy, he had no title.

Much sympathy might be felt for the Spaniard so outrageously harassed by the outlaws of other nations, if it were not for the fact that Spain had already set an unapproachable example by ravaging with the horrors of the Inquisition, under the legions of such men as the Duke of Alva, the peaceful Low Countries, and perpetrated the most monstrous cruelties upon the Moors and the natives of America. Moreover, Spain invited such retaliation by endeavoring to extirpate every settlement that found a place in the New World.

Among other things, in the early history of Jamaica, which lay heavy upon the reputation of the good Sir Thomas Modyford for piety and rectitude, is the charge that he was responsible for the career of Sir Henry Morgan.

A writer of that time remarks that Henry Morgan came to Jamaica about the year 1660, "with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches." There is an intimation that Morgan got into the good graces of Governor Modyford by his aptness in quoting Shakespeare.

Morgan was a Welshman, and with native thrift, he acquired money enough to buy himself out of his apprenticeship enslavement in Barbadoes and to pay his way to Jamaica.

Governor Modyford had already written to the

Duke of Albemarle that the great sin of the Spaniard lay in his being "weak and wealthy."

Morgan was among the first to recognize the brilliant opportunity thus given for the more cautious and upright English and French to reward themselves and punish the Spaniards for such an egregious sin. He rose to fame slowly, and became a captain under Mansfeld, the Dutch Buccaneer, who captured Saint Catherine's Islands, and had visions of founding there a great Buccaneer empire that would some time include the whole of the West Indies.

In 1668 Morgan bore the title of Admiral, and commanded a fleet of twelve ships and seven hundred men. So much of his extended operations is a monotonous story of conquest and plunder that the more prominent and characteristic features may be given for a sufficient appreciation of his remarkable career. His audacity was unlimited. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he captured the strongly fortified town of El Puerto del Principe, in Cuba, by a message.

He had annihilated the Spanish cavalry and fought his way to the walls of the town. But his own forces were in a deplorable condition, while the town was bristling with cannon, barricaded streets, and houses turned into forts.

Plainly he could not take the place against any determined or intelligent opposition. Then he made as formidable a show of attack as possible, and sent this message to the commander:

"If you have not the prudence to surrender at once voluntarily, or should you hereafter cause the loss of another of my men, you shall soon see your town

aflame, and your wives and children torn to pieces at your feet, upon whose bodies your heads will then fall."

After receiving this message some citizens were hurriedly sent to Morgan supplicating for quarter, and the famished Buccaneers were soon once more feasting.

Most of the wealthier citizens were locked up in the churches, where the carousing captors forgot them and allowed most of them to perish. At this place the French ships of Morgan's fleet deserted him, and for a long time he commanded only Englishmen. The two nationalities were utterly incompatible. When the French and English were not fighting the Spaniards, they were invariably quarreling with each other. In the ransom of this town were included five hundred cows, which the citizens were required to kill and then pack properly in the ships. Meantime the Buccaneers were holding at the shore a great feast on the marrow-bones, which were a prized delicacy among them.

In some freak of reprehensible wantonness an Englishman stole a marrow-bone from a Frenchman. The insult was promptly resented by a challenge to fight a duel with swords. On the way to the place appointed for the fight, the Frenchman so temptingly exposed his back to the Englishman that the incautious man was run through, with fatal results. Over this unfortunate occurrence the quarrel waxed so exceedingly hot that Morgan concluded to let the Frenchmen hang the ungentlemanly Englishman. But peace could not be restored, and the French ships departed.

After this Morgan recruited his force somewhat

and attained considerable notoriety in England by announcing that he had learned from reliable sources that Prince Maurice was not drowned, but had been captured by the Spaniards and was imprisoned at Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama. How far this succeeded in playing upon the feelings of Prince Rupert is not known, but it helped Morgan's cause in ships and men.

He sailed into the bay of Santa Maria. Up the river, at Puerto Pontin, they anchored their ships, and set out in twenty-three canoes. Next to Cartagena and Havana, Porto Bello was the strongest fortified place in America. They surprised the town in the night, and were soon in possession of everything but the castle. Finding it desperately defended, they decided to scale the walls with ladders. But the most dangerous part of the work was to plant the ladders. Therefore, to save themselves, they brought the monks and nuns out of the cathedrals and forced them to carry the ladders and set them against the walls.

To quote a Buccaneer writer, the Governor "used his utmost endeavors to destroy all who came near the walls, firing on the servants of God, although his kinsmen and friends. Delicate women and aged men were goaded at the sword's point to this hateful labor, derided by the Englishmen and unpitied by their countrymen." While the marksmen shot down every Spaniard appearing on the walls, the other Buccaneers, with hand-grenades, pistols and swords, climbed the ladders and swarmed over the top. The Governor fought every inch of the way back to the last stronghold. The few remaining alive pleaded with him to surrender, but in answer he cut the petitioners down

with his sword. While a dozen guns were pressed to his breast, his wife and children fell on their knees and implored him to accept the mercy offered; but he tried to run the nearest Buccaneer through with his sword, and was shot down. During the night the powder-magazine under the prisoners in the fort was blown up, and every one killed.

Then the Buccaneers gave themselves up to the usual course of bacchanalian debauchery. Œxmelin says that at any time during the two weeks of their stay fifty courageous men could have retaken the town and put every Buccaneer to the sword, so deep were they in their drunkenness.

The Governor of Panama expressed the most unbounded amazement that four hundred men with only small arms could take such strong fortifications defended by such brave and well-disciplined men. He declared that no general in Europe would have thought of attacking Porto Bello in any other way than by a long siege and blockade.

Don Juan Perez de Guzman, the Governor of Panama, who had once driven the Buccaneers from St. Catherine's, sent a messenger asking Morgan for a sample of the arms wherewith he had taken Porto Bello.

Morgan sent him a loaded musket, with the assurance that the Buccaneers would within a few months call for it at Panama.

The messenger soon returned with the musket, saying that the Governor did not wish to borrow it, and that Porto Bello was a far more hospitable place for the Buccaneers than Panama. A costly emerald ring accompanied the musket as a token of the Gov-

ernor's respect for the courage of the Buccaneer chief.

Having "stripped the unfortunate city of almost everything but its tiles and its paving-stones," the sea-rovers departed, leaving the people stricken with poverty and famine, pestilence and death.

Morgan's booty consisted of three hundred negroes, with coin, bullion and jewels, to the amount of two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, equivalent to the same number of United States dollars, and merchandise to at least double that amount.

As proof of the high character of his expedition, Morgan reported to his patron, Governor Modyford, that more than a hundred Spanish ladies of great quality had preferred to go with the Buccaneers, rather than to be sent to Panama in the care of the Spanish soldiers.

Within a month after the division of the spoils at Jamaica, nearly every man was destitute. Some reason for this may be found in the fact that in the island of Jamaica there was a gambling-den, grog-shop and bawdy-house, all in one, for every ten inhabitants.

Morgan was little more provident than the rest. Although his share was almost as much as all the others combined, he soon lost it all. His historian says: "As his purse grew thin, his heart grew stout; as his hunger grew greater, his thirst for blood began to increase also."

Another fleet of eight vessels, with five hundred men, was collected. After numerous adventures, interesting in themselves, but tiresome in their general sameness, they arrived at Maracaibo in the early part of 1669. After that town had been sacked by

HE CONSTANTLY REPLIED, "I DO NOT KNOW; I KNOW NOTHING"

L'Olonnois it was strongly fortified, and the citizens supposed that the soldiers could easily repel any subsequent marauders. But after holding the fort all day against Morgan, during the following night the defenders abandoned it.

The people took refuge in the woods, and the Buccaneers, after collecting all the plunder in sight, sailed on to Gibraltar. They proceeded cautiously, expecting a stubborn resistance, but after the first discharge of their guns, soldiers and civilians alike fled before the invaders as sheep before wolves.

A writer who was present says that, "In all the town there was not one person but a poor innocent old man, who had been born a fool."

The Buccaneers demanded of the old man where the people had gone with their goods. To every question on any subject he constantly replied, "I do not know; I know nothing." Believing him to be shamming, they put him on the rack.

"Do not torture me any more," he cried piteously, "and I will show you great fortunes of goods and gold."

Sure that he was a rich man in disguise, the credulous Buccaneers followed him through all the houses of the wealthy on a futile search for the mythical fortune. At last under additional torture, he led them to a wretched hovel just out of town, and under the floor unearthed his treasure, some miserable trumpery and a bit of gold. With heartrending wails he cried, "Take my fortune and give me my life!"

"Who are you?" they asked, in incredulous exasperation, "a fool, a philosopher, a miser, or a montebank actor?"

He stroked his breast proudly, and answered, "I am neither, but Don Sebastian Sanches, brother unto the Governor of Maracaibo."

Some one more discerning than the others insisted that the old man was a fool, and they left him with his treasure. A few days later he was found dead with the bit of gold grasped tightly in his withered and torture-broken hand.

Searching parties scoured the woods for thirty miles, and many persons were captured and brought into the town to be indiscriminately tortured for money which few of them had.

The wretched people dared not go to a town lest they be tracked there and captured by the Buccaneers; and they feared to sleep two nights in the same place. It was a time when slaves took revenge on their masters, and neighbors frequently paid off old grudges. Torture would compel even friends to reveal the secrets of one another, and there was nowhere a moment's safety. Many a servant declared his master to be rich in order to see him tortured, and as the Buccaneers believed themselves to be special avengers of the Indians, any complaint made by them was followed by merciless punishment.

Nearly all of the fugitive citizens were captured; and after five weeks of horrifying orgies and brutal outrages, the Buccaneers returned to Maracaibo.

The town was deserted by all but a decrepit beggar, who had been reveling in the luxuries of the abandoned mansions for five weeks. He repaid Morgan by imparting the disquieting news that Admiral Espinosa was lying at the narrow entrance of the bay, waiting for him with three men-of-war bearing ninety-

four guns, while the fort had been rebuilt and garrisoned.

Morgan's fleet had thirty guns, and was in every respect inferior to that of the Spanish admiral, not to speak of the addition of the fort, but he astonished that polished and punctilious commander by demanding a ransom of twenty thousand pieces of eight or he would burn Maracaibo.

The Spanish commander replied that he would permit the Buccaneers to get out to the open sea if they would leave their plunder and prisoners behind and agree to sail straight to Jamaica.

Morgan answered that he would give up everything but his plunder and sail straight to Jamaica, if permitted to depart in peace; otherwise he would fight it out.

Admiral Espinosa scornfully rejected such a proposition, and Morgan prepared to fight his way to the open sea.

A *brûlot* or fire-ship was the central figure prepared for the coming conflict. A vessel captured at Gibraltar was filled with dry palm-leaves dipped in a mixture of tar, brimstone and gunpowder. A kind of kettle-drum used by the negroes made a good representation of cannon, and ten of these were mounted. Wooden posts, dressed in Buccaneer costumes, held muskets in apparent readiness to fire upon the enemy. Montero caps were so fixed on top of the posts as to make a very clever deception. Morgan's flag was nailed to the mast, and the fire-ship was ready for orders.

On the evening of April 30, 1669, they sailed in quest of the Spanish fleet, and anchored near the stately gal-

leons. All of Morgan's vessels together were but little heavier than one of Espinosa's war-ships. At the first break of day the *brûlot* was steered straight toward the Spanish admiral's ship. Regardless of the fire concentrated upon it, the fire-ship rushed at the vessel like a wildcat attacking an elephant. When too late, the nature of the little vessel was discovered. The *brûlot* burst into flames, and numerous explosions threw a flood of fire over the admiral's ship. The Spanish commander endeavored to rally his men to fight the fire, but in wild terror they sprang overboard into the sea.

In the confusion the Buccaneers boarded and captured one of the other vessels. When the third ship saw the fate of the other two, it was run ashore and set on fire. Not a Buccaneer had perished in the destruction of the three vessels, involving the loss of more than half the Spanish sailors.

The way was still disputed by the fort, and Morgan's guns were too light to make any impression on its walls. Returning to Maracaibo, he demanded and received from the citizens, who had meanwhile returned, the ransom originally asked, with the addition of five hundred cows. Then he sent word to the fort that he meant to cover the exposed parts of his ship with citizens of Maracaibo, and with his prisoners from Gibraltar. If he was fired upon, he would, when past the fort, kill all the prisoners that had escaped the cannonading.

With this message he sent a petition of the prisoners asking that clear passage be given the fleet. To the petition of the prisoners the admiral, who had escaped to the fort, replied: "If you had been as

loyal to your king in hindering the entrance of these pirates as I shall be in hindering their going out, you had never caused these troubles, either to yourselves or to our whole nation, which hath suffered so much through your pusillanimity. I shall not grant your request, but shall endeavor to maintain that respect which is due my king, according to my duty."

To this Morgan replied: "If Don Alonso Espinosa will not give me passage, I will make one." Then he spent eight days dividing the spoils in the sight of the angry garrison. This done he resorted to a stratagem.

Boats filled with armed men were lowered from each vessel and rowed ashore. At the landing-place, hidden from the fort, the Buccaneers lay down flat in the boats and were rowed back unseen to the side of the ship opposite to the fort, where they were taken back on board. This was repeated until it appeared that the greater portion of the crews had been sent ashore for a land attack on the fort.

Meanwhile the Spanish garrison, expecting a fierce land attack, was working hard to change its best guns, that had been trained seaward, over to the side of the fort on which the land attack would most surely be made.

When night came the Buccaneer fleet spread its sails and dropped down with the ebb-tide. The ships were almost opposite the fort before the Spaniards understood the stratagem, but it was too late. With a salute of guns, Morgan bade the fort adieu. His prisoners from Maracaibo he set free, because they had paid their ransom, but those from Gibraltar were delinquent, and he carried them as slaves to Jamaica.

In a few months, as usual, the groggeries of Jamaica

had the spoils of the Buccaneers, and Morgan was importuned to lead another expedition. He consented, and the news spread. Hunters, fishermen, farmers and artisans of all kinds, gamblers, outlaws and adventurers of every nationality, began to gather at the appointed rendezvous on the southern coast of Hispaniola. Captains offered their ships; organized bands, fully equipped, came overland from Tortuga; Buccaneers, pirates and smugglers of every grade and description reached the place in canoes and cast-away *piraguas*, until over two thousand men, as desperate and daring as ever ravaged the Spanish Main, were clamoring for a place in the expedition.

In October of 1670, twenty-four vessels were ready, except in the supply of provisions. Then the forage for food began. Four vessels went to La Rancheria, on the banks of the Rio de la Hacha, to secure grain, especially maize and cassava. An expedition was sent out for wild boars and cattle. In due time the final review took place at Cape Tiburon, on the western coast of Hispaniola, and Morgan sailed away with thirty-seven vessels and twenty-two hundred fighting men, exclusive of servants and sailors.

When they left the coast, on December 18, 1670, only Morgan and a few of his most trusted captains had any idea of the destination of the expedition. Its task was no less than the stupendous one of capturing Panama. But it was necessary to have willing guides, who understood not only the defenses of the city, but also every mile of the way. Such guides were to be found nowhere but in the Spanish prisons.

A few years before, Saint Catherine's Islands had been strongly fortified and fitted out as a Spanish penal

colony for the criminals and political prisoners of every caste and nationality in the Spanish church and government of America.

Morgan decided that if he could take this place he would find plunder enough to pay him for the trouble, as well as a sufficient quota of competent and willing guides for the expedition to Panama.

December 20, 1670, he landed on Saint Catherine's a thousand men, whom he led with a picked force of one hundred Buccaneers, participants in the previous capture of the islands by Mansfeld, when Morgan was second in command. Nothing could be found to eat, and the men were drenched by a continuous storm of rain. In this demoralized condition of shivering and starving men, Morgan sent word to the almost impregnable fort that unless it surrendered immediately every Spaniard would be put to the sword when it was stormed.

The commander of the fort believed that the threat would be executed, but Spanish honor must be upheld. A parley was asked for, and a plan of surrender was proposed, in which the Spaniards would appear to fight bravely but without danger to any one.

The fortified part of Saint Catherine's was composed of two principal islands connected by a bridge. One of the fortresses was at this bridge, and the other two at advantageous points on each island. The Buccaneers were to attack the three fortifications simultaneously, but both sides were to load their guns only with powder. Thus the civilians would be deceived into thinking the soldiers had done their duty, and the officers would be on record as having defended the island to the best of their ability.

Morgan, however, feared Spanish treachery, and he ordered half the Buccaneers to load with bullets, but to reserve their fire. If a single ball was found to come from Spanish guns, every Buccaneer was to shoot to kill.

But the farce was carried out, after a brilliant bombardment of powder, and the three strong fortresses, with the seven smaller forts of the islands, were surrendered. In one magazine a welcome gift of thirty thousand pounds of powder was found. Fear was the Buccaneers' best weapon, for without it a better commander than Morgan, with several times such a force, could never have taken Saint Catherine's.

During Morgan's career, culminating in his attack on Panama, he led many minor expeditions, interesting in themselves, but, taken together, monotonous in their general events. The crowning conquest of this great chief is the most important as an illustration of them all.

Several guides were found at Saint Catherine's, happy at the opportunity to get their freedom and to be revenged on the Governor of Panama.

The first step was to capture Chagres and its castle St. Laurence, on the eastern coast of the isthmus. Morgan sent four ships and four hundred men ahead of the main fleet to accomplish this daring feat.

St. Laurence was situated on a high rock surrounded by strong palisades and a ditch thirty feet wide. With great toil the Buccaneers cut their way through the thick forest and attacked the fortress in the rear. A fierce fire was opened on them, and at dusk they were forced to retreat, believing that they must abandon the attempt. Seeing the retreat, the

Spaniards began to shout: "Run, you heretic dogs and English devils! You can never reach Panama by this route!"

This proved that the Spaniards knew Morgan's plans, and the derisive taunts provoked the men to another assault.

A Frenchman was struck by an arrow, and drawing it from the wound, he wrapped it with wild cotton and rammed it down his gun upon a double charge of powder. Then he fired it at the dry thatch of palm leaves covering the fort. In a moment the roof was ablaze. Seeing the result, other arrows were wrapped in cotton, and fired back as rapidly as possible. Most of the Spanish soldiers were then called to fight the fires that broke out in every part of the stockade. Presently consternation and ruin were wrought by the explosion of a powder-magazine. But all night the battle continued and till noon the next day, when the fire from the guns of the fort was so weak that the Buccaneers waded across the ditch and climbed over the palisades. Many of the remaining Spaniards sprang from the overhanging rock into the sea. Out of the garrison of three hundred and fourteen men only twenty-three remained alive.

When Morgan came on with the rest of the fleet, after being delayed by a storm, he was delighted to see the English flag waving over Chagres.

Shouts of "Long live the king!" and "Vive la France!" were mingled with cries of "Long live Harry Morgan!" as the Buccaneer chief came ashore.

In a few days the march across the isthmus to Panama began. But the Russians at Moscow before the victorious Napoleon were not more determined

than the Spaniards of the isthmus to destroy every useful thing in the way of the invaders. Soldiers and civilians alike laid waste everything that would contribute in any way to the sustenance or shelter of the Buccaneers. Every house along the route was found in ashes, and scarcely an animal or pound of food was left.

With almost unparalleled endurance the Buccaneers pursued their way; and at the end of a week, enervated and exhausted, they reached the height of land from which Balboa, Drake and Oxenham had looked down upon the South Sea.

Another day and they saw the city of Panama, hardly a league away. Morgan reviewed his troops and found that he had a little more than a thousand men ready for immediate service

As they were about to break camp to move upon the city, fifty Spanish horsemen rode furiously up and stopped just beyond musket-shot.

"Heretics and dogs," they shouted in chorus several times, "we welcome you to your death"

The Spaniards had prepared admirable defenses along the way they expected the invaders to come, but the Buccaneers took another route, over some marshy ground, which made the Spanish cavalry almost useless.

Two hundred Hispaniola hunters, noted for their marksmanship, were in advance. When firmer ground was reached, the Spanish cavalry of four hundred horsemen charged upon them, and were almost annihilated. Then the Spaniards tried a stratagem which the Carthaginians had used in their wars with the Romans. Fifteen hundred wild bulls were driven in

a stampede upon the Buccaneers in advance of twenty-four hundred infantrymen. But Morgan was not less astute than the Romans. He fired the grass before the bulls, and turned them back upon their drivers.

The infantry, dismayed by the loss of the cavalry, fired a few rounds, then in a panic turned and fled. But the Buccaneers were too exhausted to follow up their victory.

The bulls they had killed gave them a feast of flesh which they greatly needed, and after a short rest they marched up to the walls of the city. Although strongly fortified and well manned, nothing could stand before the furious recklessness of the Buccaneers, and after three hours' fighting they carried the defenses by assault and poured over into the city.

"In the name of the saints!" exclaimed one of a group of women, watching the Spanish soldiers begging for mercy, "These heretics are not such cowardly dogs as we have been told, and they look not worse than many of our Spaniards!"

A month of harrowing torture and licensed outrage, drunken revelry and besotted carousal, followed the capture of the city. The palatial cedar houses and sumptuous mahogany furnishings were destroyed, never to be restored. The inhabitants, after the departure of the Buccaneers, all moved to the safer site of the present city of Panama, four miles away.

As a typical incident of the conduct of the Buccaneers, a writer who was present relates that a wretched old Panama beggar chanced to go into the Governor's mansion and find some of the most elegant of the Governor's costumes. With these, he proceeded to adorn himself after the most approved fashion. As

he came out two Buccaneers proceeded to torture him to make him tell where he had concealed his riches. They argued that such an exquisitely clothed gentleman must have somewhere great wealth. Not till the unfortunate creature was dead did they discover that his protestations of poverty were true.

Exquemelin tells a very entertaining and romantic story of the infatuation of the Buccaneer chief, Morgan, for a Spanish lady of wealth and rank whom he found among his prisoners. Her husband had gone on business to Peru, and in the general terror she had no friends. Morgan installed her in her own home, and treated her like a princess. Servants were detailed to wait on her, and guards were placed at her door. The chief frequently visited her as a friend, and it is said that she was astonished to learn from his oaths that he truly believed in a God. His kindness began to make her believe that the Buccaneers were a much maligned people, when to her great distress, she discovered that his attentions were not those of a man of honor, due to her breeding, wealth and rank.

To his unveiled advances she cried: "Stop! Thinkest thou, then, that thou canst ravish mine honor from me as thou hast wrested from me my fortune and my liberty? Be assured that while my life is in my own hands thou canst not harm me!"

She drew a concealed dagger and held it over her heart.

At this Morgan ordered her to be placed among the other unransomed prisoners, where she would share their privations and hardships without distinction or exception.

When the Buccaneers left Panama it took one

SHE DREW A CONCEALED DAGGER AND HELD IT OVER HER HEART

hundred and seventy-five horses to carry their plunder. There were six hundred unransomed prisoners carried away—men, women and children—whose lamentations filled the day and night.

Whenever the opportunity occurred, the women threw themselves on their knees before Morgan and prayed him to be allowed to return to Panama.

"We will be contented to live in huts of straw with the poorest clothing and food forever after," they cried, "if only we are not sold as slaves in Jamaica."

"I came to seek money," replied Morgan. "Get that, and you are free."

"But I have been betrayed by two monks," said one lady whose voice sounded familiar to Morgan. He stopped and could hardly recognize the emaciated form of the lady with whom he had been so infatuated three weeks before.

"Oh, that I had appreciated the goodness of my husband and my home!" she wailed. "Now I know suffering."

"What is your trouble, my good lady?" inquired the chieftain.

She told her story. Two priests had been told by her where to go and find gold which she had secreted in sufficient quantity to ransom her several times over; but they had taken the money and used it to set free themselves and their friends. Morgan investigated the story and found it unquestionably true. He sent the lady back to Panama, and recaptured the two monks. He refused all ransom for them, and carried them to Jamaica, where he sold them as slaves.

On reaching Chagres the spoils were divided, and to

the astonishment of the men who had fought through such hardships, there was only two hundred pieces of eight to each man. Such work and such booty were worth more than a paltry share of hardly two hundred dollars.

"But Captain Morgan," says the Buccaneer historian, "was deaf to this and many other like complaints, having designed to cheat them of what he could."

Since the most that we know of this great Buccaneer chieftain is from writers of other nationalities, it is possible that we have a distorted picture of his career.

In any event, Morgan secretly sailed away for Jamaica, and deserted the French at Chagres.

At Spanish Town, then the capital of Jamaica, Morgan was hailed as a great hero. In a short time he married the Governor's daughter, a very wealthy woman in her own right.

Those who believed themselves robbed of their rightful share in the spoils of Panama plotted to capture him and force him to repay them; but a royal order came from England for him to appear before the king to answer to the charge of piracy, made by the Spanish ambassador.

Instead of being disgraced and hanged, as the ambassador expected, Charles II knighted him and sent him back to Jamaica as Commissioner of Admiralty.

The Earl of Carnarvon was at this time Governor, and he returned to England in 1680 for his health, leaving Morgan as his deputy.

In this office Morgan seems to have executed the

law with rigid impartiality. Some of his old comrades he caused to be hanged for piracy, and others he delivered over to the Spanish authorities at Cartagena.

James II soon after came to the throne of England, and he desired to make friends with Spain. One of the steps to this end was to send for Morgan and put him on trial for the same deeds which Charles II had deemed worthy of knighthood.

He is described as being at that time the image of a bluff and hearty cavalier. He had a bull neck, square-cut jowl, and a heavy chin. His eyes were large and wide apart, because of the broad though long, straight nose. His hair was parted in the middle, and hung in straight locks over his shoulders.

It was in his power once to found a great floating republic, and like his early chieftain Mansfeld, he had designs of doing this, with headquarters at Saint Catherine's. But for some reason it was not done. Possibly he lacked the grasp of mind and means. If he had done so, the whole story of the West Indies might have been changed.

It is known that he lay in prison three years. Beyond that there is no record.

And thus passed from history Sir Henry Morgan, greatest of the Buccaneers.

CHAPTER X

LAST OF THE SEA MONSTERS.

A Spanish galleon in 1878 secretly received from the treasury of Spain a consignment of $85,000,000, for London bankers. Revolutionists threatened the safety of the coin, and it was sent to England.

Off the coast of Gunwalloe, in the Lizard district of Cornwall, a fierce storm arose, and the galleon was wrecked. Most of the crew escaped, but the royal treasure that had been rescued from the insurrectionists at home fell into the more relentless grasp of the sea. Owing to the depth of the water along the treacherous coast, divers could recover nothing, but the strong tides frequently cast up a considerable quantity of the bright coin. One sharp-eyed fisherman found so many that the Board of Trade demanded the government's share of the spoil, but not a *peseta* was ever returned to the treasury of Spain. Doubtless that was the last treasure-laden galleon that decadent Spain will ever risk upon the sea. The ocean has engulfed more of her treasure than of any other nation since the beginning of history. If the wealth which Spain lost to the Buccaneers and to the sea could be restored to her in the depths of her present woe, she would at once take rank as the most wealthy and powerful among nations.

Velasquez, Cortez and Pizarro secured fabulous riches through the torture and destruction of Caribs,

IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, HE SAW ROOMS PACKED TO THE CEILING WITH SILVER BARS

Aztecs and Incas, and the great Tudor captains came down upon their successors like eagles upon gorged foxes. Drake, Hawkins, Oxenham, Raleigh, Cavendish and Frobisher, were but elder brothers of Morgan, Dampier, L'Olonnois, Montbar, Bras de Fer and Kidd.

It was but a step from the privateers of that time to the Buccaneers, and hardly more than a step lower to such pirates as Roberts, Blackbeard, Avery, Misson, Jean Lafitte and De Soto.

Sir Francis Drake, in 1572, prepared the way for the empire of anarchy in the West Indies, and carried the first terror to the Spanish Main. He was the pioneer in proving the "weak and wealthy" condition of Spanish America. His first expedition brought to England nearly a million dollars' worth of booty. He found many tons of silver in easy reach, but had no way to transport it to the sea. At Nombre de Dios he looked into the Governor's house and saw rooms packed to the ceiling with silver bars. Near Veragua he passed by the house of a mine-owner who had several tons of silver stored in his cellar, and this amount was being increased at the rate of more than a thousand dollars' worth a day. The Symerons told him that very often they captured large quantities of the white metal, and threw it into the deep sea, because they found that this annoyed the Spaniards. Four incursions had been made by Drake, when he died near Porto Bello, and was buried at sea.

Henry Sevile, in his "Libel of Spanish Lies," said: "It did ease the Stomachs of the timorous Spaniards greatly to hear of the death of him whose life was a Scourge and a continual Pestilence to them."

Sir Walter Raleigh took many a town and Spanish galleon before he was beheaded by King James on the technical charge of the Spanish ambassador, that he had burned a village on the Orinoco.

John Oxenham, of whom Kingsley wrote in "Westward Ho," was too impatient to wait for Drake, and went across the Isthmus with an insufficient force. He obtained the distinction of being the first Englishman to sail a boat on the Pacific Ocean, but he was captured and executed as a pirate because he had not been commissioned by his queen.

Many extraordinary and extensive sea voyages were also made by such Englishmen as Sawkins, Sharpe and William Dampier. In one of Dampier's expeditions that left England in 1705, was a Scotch sailor named Alexander Selkirk, under command of Captain Stradling. This sailor became so seditious and mutinous that he was marooned on the island of Juan Fernandes. Five years later Dampier was pilot of another expedition which touched at this island and took away the marooned Scotchman.

On Selkirk's return to Scotland, he told a strange story of his solitary life on the island. This story came to the ears of Daniel Defoe, the most prolific essayist and writer of that day, and the wonderful romance of Robinson Crusoe was the result.

The only difference between these great sea rovers and the later pirates was that they respected the flag of their own country and were satisfied with whatever there was to be found in the spoils of honorable battle.

But the Tudor captains have a place among the heroes of English history, and no one thinks of linking their names and achievements with those of Bucca-

neers and pirates, however similar were their aims on the Spanish Main.

After the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the technical distinction between Buccaneers and pirates ceased to exist. To attack Spaniards in time of peace was henceforth an international crime, but for many years there was still "no peace beyond the line."

As early as 1670 a treaty was made in Madrid securing to England all the islands in the West Indies then held by the English, and the territory north of Florida on the continent. Nevertheless a little later the Spaniards came up from St. Augustine and laid waste the territory about the Edisto River, and England retaliated through her privateers.

Spain was so thoroughly hated by the rest of the civilized world during the whole of the seventeenth century that the Buccaneers seemingly arose by special act of Providence as a chosen means of paralyzing Spanish power in America.

After the treaty of Ryswick, New Providence, in the Bahamas, became the rendezvous of the successors to the Buccaneers. England, France and Holland made a great show of hunting down the pirates, but rarely succeeded in capturing one that operated exclusively against Spain. They were also careful not to lose a foot of territory acquired while the Buccaneers were terrorizing the coast and driving Spanish power from the American seas.

At this time the English colonies along the Atlantic coast had become strong, and were not averse to a traffic in which there was so much profit. For many years Spanish money, taken by pirates, was so plentiful, especially in New England and the Carolinas,

that it almost superseded the use of English money. It was said that the pirates paid their scores like honest fellows, and it was no one's business to inquire how they came into possession of Spanish coin.

Captain Bartholomew Roberts was especially welcome along the coast. He was a consummate ocean dandy, and loved to give spectacular displays of his courage and power.

Roberts was a lieutenant under Davis, the Buccaneer strategist, and was elected to command when Davis was killed by the victorious Portuguese on the Isle of Prince. Six months before, Roberts was an honest second mate on board the Princess, which sailed from London in November, 1719, and was captured by Davis the next February. Roberts joined the pirates, and at once rose to favor.

"As I have dipped my hands in muddy water," said the newly made captain, "and must be a pirate, it is better to be a commander than a common man."

The first feat that distinguished him as a sea-robber of high ability was when he encountered forty-two Portuguese ships lying just outside the bay of Los Todos Santos, Brazil, ready to set sail for Lisbon. Putting his men under the hatches, he steered in among the merchantmen with such careless freedom that they did not suspect him of being a stranger. Going quietly alongside one of the vessels, he ordered the captain to come aboard at once without giving an alarm, or he would sink the ship and all on board. The frightened captain obeyed, and Roberts ordered him to direct them to the richest ship in the fleet or to be run through with a sword. The captain pointed out a ship which he told them had the most treasure,

but was equipped with forty guns and one hundred and fifty men. This vessel outclassed Roberts in every respect, but he steered straight to the ship and made his prisoner invite the captain on board for a private conference. But the bustle and preparation on the Portuguese vessel showed the pirates that they were discovered, and they at once poured in a broadside, grappled and boarded the prize.

Instantly there was wild alarm in the fleet, signs of distress were flying from every mast head, and signal guns were booming to notify two war-ships at anchor in the harbor. But Roberts made quick work of his attack; and while the Portuguese men-of-war were getting under way, he sailed off with his rich prize. Fully a million dollars' worth of booty was secured, including a magnificent diamond cross, sent by the wealthy men of Brazil as a present to the king of Portugal. This cross the pirates bestowed on the Governor of Guiana as a token of their appreciation of his hospitable treatment of them while at Devil's Island. A pirate's rendezvous was here, where wine, women and dice could play havoc with the men's ill-gotten gains. This island was hardly less notorious as the pirates' retreat than as the prison of Captain Dreyfus.

The exploit of Roberts in the Portuguese fleet was very similar to that of Pierre François in the pearl fleet off the mouth of Rio de la Hache, but François had only a canoe with twenty-six men. He found the pearl fleet at anchor; and taking down his sails, rowed in among them, as if his were a Spanish vessel coming up from Maracaibo. When he came alongside the principal ship, which had sixty men and eighty

guns, he suddenly grappled it, and his men sprang aboard and cut the Spaniards down before they could recover from their panic. He then sunk his own boat and compelled his prisoners to assist him in weighing anchor and escaping with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls.

At Devil's Island, while Roberts was absent, Kennedy, the Irish lieutenant left in command, sailed away with the Portuguese prize and most of the crew. But Kennedy's career as a pirate was short-lived. Near Barbadoes he fell in with a peculiar prize. The captain invited him and his crew on board, and unreservedly offered them everything he had. Captain Knott and his obliging crew were Quakers, and they believed literally in the injunction that when struck on one cheek they should turn the other also. Kennedy went on to Jamaica, but eight of his crew fell so in love with the old Quaker that they decided to go home with him. As they sailed home they made presents to their new Quaker friends amounting to more than two thousand dollars.

The boisterous pirates led a jolly life on board the Quaker ship. The mild-mannered and unresisting Pennsylvanians offered no opposition, and the eight passengers had a merry time till they arrived in the Chesapeake. There four of the pirates stole a boat and escaped ashore into Maryland. Captain Knott and his crew turned over to Governor Spottswood of Virginia all that the pirates had given them and informed him of the four pirates on board and the four ashore. Governor Spottswood had just gained some fame by capturing Blackbeard and his men, so he promptly enhanced that reputation as a pirate-

SOME WERE KILLED, OTHERS WERE THROWN INTO PRISON

hunter by hanging the eight passengers who had so confidently come home with the Quaker captain.

Kennedy's other men had meanwhile concluded to go to England and reform. On the way they decided that Kennedy could not be trusted, and must be thrown overboard, but his protestations of honor prevailed, and they concluded to set him ashore on the southern coast of Ireland. However, they were poor navigators; and when they got ashore in a small inlet they discovered that they were on the north coast of Scotland.

Abandoning their ship, they went to a village about five miles away and proceeded to help themselves to all they needed, paying generously therefor, and explaining that they were shipwrecked sailors who had been able to save their money.

Kennedy went to the nearest port, and shipped for Ireland, where he was hanged in 1732 for housebreaking. Seven others made their way quietly to London, but the main body of the gang went together on toward Edinburgh, throwing the country through which they passed into an uproar and terrorizing the villages and towns along the way. Some were killed and robbed by highwaymen, others were thrown into prison; and when Edinburgh was reached the seventeen that remained were arrested on the general principle of their bad behavior. Two turned state's evidence, and nine were hanged.

Roberts endeavored to reorganize his depleted forces, and in order to guard against future desertions they solemnly took oath that no Irishman should ever again be allowed in their company.

Nothing notable followed, until in June, 1720,

when he entered the harbor of Trepassi, Newfoundland. The frightened sailors on the twenty-two ships in the harbor fled to the shore as soon as they saw the black flags streaming from the masts of the approaching pirates. With the most wanton havoc, everything of any value in the harbor and along the shore was destroyed.

It was one of Roberts' ships, on this cruise, that chased a small trading vessel into Oakum Bay, near Marblehead, and pursued the crew ashore, where the pirates murdered them all, including the wife of the captain.

Of the legend coming from this event, Whittier wrote:

> "'Tis said that often when the moon
> Is struggling with the gloomy even,
> And over moon and star is drawn
> The curtain of a clouded heaven,
> Strange sounds swell up the narrow glen,
> As if that robber crew was there,
> The hellish laughs, the shouts of men,
> And woman's dying prayer."

Roberts very piously maintained at all times that the Lord prospered him and his work. Once when his crew were nearly famished, they found some water but nothing to eat. Roberts told them to pray with him believing, since "Providence, which gave them drink, would, no doubt, bring them meat also, if they would faithfully use but an honest endeavor."

At Martinique, Roberts entered the harbor flying the jack of a trading vessel. Immediately all the tradesmen vied with one another as to who could bring the most acceptable goods for trade. As fast as they came aboard, he robbed them and put

them under the hatches, until all were prisoners together.

When he brought them out to send them ashore he made them a little speech in which he said: "I would not have you come off for nothing. So you Dutch rogues can leave your money and your goods behind. I pray that you may always have such profitable trade and such Dutch luck as this."

At Whydah, Africa, he captured a slave ship, which the captain refused to ransom. Enraged at this, Roberts set the ship on fire, leaving several hundred black wretches to be burned alive or to jump overboard and be eaten by a school of sharks that swarmed around the ship. Here he intercepted a letter to the agent of the Royal African Company, saying that the English man-of-war *Swallow* was in pursuit of Roberts. This vessel came upon him at Cape Lopez Bay; but when Roberts, looking over the island, saw its masts slowly approaching, he mistook it for a coast trading vessel and ordered one of his three ships to capture it. In endeavoring to avoid Frenchman's Sand-bank, the *Swallow* appeared to be trying to escape, and the pirate vessel followed it out of hearing of its companions. When the pirate ship was close enough the *Swallow* opened its ports, and a two hours' battle raged. A puff of smoke rolled from the pirate vessel, making the Englishmen think it had been blown up. They boarded it, only to find most of the men dead and the rest horribly burned as the result of an abortive attempt to blow up their powder-magazine rather than to be taken.

Three days later Roberts again saw over the edge of the island the masts of an approaching ship. Half

his crew were drunk, and they all declared it to be a harmless Portuguese trader or a French slaver. But the illusion was soon dispelled by the guns of the English man-of-war. Roberts dressed himself in a damask waistcoat and breeches of the richest crimson. A long red plume waved over his broad felt hat, and a heavy gold chain was about his neck, from which hung a diamond cross. With three pairs of pistols in a silk sling over his shoulder and a broadsword in his hand, he was a picture of the spectacular pirate. During the savage conflict that followed Roberts was struck in the neck with a grape-shot, and the disheartened crews of the two vessels surrendered. Of the one hundred and fifty-five who were taken to England for trial, fifty-two were hanged.

Roberts delighted to make always as gorgeous a spectacle of himself as possible, but, on the contrary, Blackbeard, his contemporary in villainy, endeavored to inspire terror and horror. He was gratified to be thought an incarnate fiend. Charles Johnson says that "he was more terrible to America than a comet."

His beard grew to an extravagant length, and he twisted it into small tails with bright ribbons and strung them over his ears. He was always inventing some new way to appear satanic. A favorite device was to wear at night a light under the rim of his hat, making him present such a figure that, as his historian says, "the imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful."

In the court records of Virginia his name appears as Edward Thatch, although his family name in Bristol, England, was said to be Drummond. Many writers call him Teach, and he was more popularly

known simply as Blackbeard. Under the name of Thatch he accepted the king's pardon in 1717 from the Governor of North Carolina.

His exploits were in no wise remarkable, either for cunning or daring, and they fall so far short of those performed by his predecessors that he is hardly worth including in a story of the great Buccaneers, except from the fact of his notorious connection with governors and prominent citizens among the English colonies of the Atlantic coast.

Governor Eden of North Carolina warned Thatch, or Blackbeard, as he is better known, that Governor Spottswood of Virginia had sent Lieutenant Maynard after him, but the pirate was in hiding at Okercock Inlet, and believed himself safe. Lieutenant Maynard found him there, and the battle that followed was a most desperate one. The first broadside from the pirate killed twenty-nine of Maynard's men. Then Blackbeard's crew threw a lot of hand-grenades, made of case bottles, into Maynard's vessel. The men ran into the cabin, and Blackbeard, seeing no one on deck, thought they were all killed; so he ordered his men to board. As they came over the sides, Maynard's men reappeared. Pistols were emptied at short range, and the men fell upon each other with their cutlasses. Blackbeard and Lieutenant Maynard came together in a fierce attack. Stroke on stroke fell swiftly till Maynard's sword was broken at the hilt. Blackbeard's cutlass was raised to cleave the skull of his disarmed antagonist, when a shot from one of the lieutenant's men struck the pirate in the neck. He reeled backward, and then recovered himself. But the moment's respite sufficed for Maynard to seize a

sword from the hands of a dead man at his feet and parry the blow that followed. Once more the sword of the lithe lieutenant and that of the hideous-looking Blackbeard clashed together. There were then thirteen Virginians against fifteen pirates.

The Virginians fought as gallantly as the pirates fought desperately, with the result that, to save themselves, eight pirates jumped overboard, leaving the others to their fate.

Blackbeard fell dead with twenty-five wounds in his leathery body, five of them being from bullets.

When Maynard arrived at Bath Town, Blackbeard's head, according to the custom of the time, was hanging at the bowsprit of the victorious ship.

The pirate's two vessels were searched, and letters were found from Governor Eden and from numerous prominent merchants along the coast. These guilty friends were never punished. Eighty hogsheads of sugar were taken from the storehouse of Governor Eden, where the pirate had left them as a reward for the Governor's friendship.

However, the friends of Blackbeard must have had a severe scare, as it is related that Governor Eden's private secretary fell ill while the sugar was being taken away, and in two days died of fright.

Strange to say, several of the men who fought so bravely with Maynard afterward became pirates, and one was hanged.

In the courts of the colonists there was exhibited much singular leniency, with here and there much unexpected severity.

The case of Captain Tew, who had been made a privateer by the Governor of the Bermudas, furnishes a

THE SWORD OF THE LIEUTENANT AND THE HIDEOUS BLACKBEARD CLASHED TOGETHER

peculiar example of New England forbearance. His crew had for a motto the significant words, "A golden chain or a wooden leg."

Off the straits of Babelmandeb they captured, in an argosy bound from the East Indies to Arabia, the richest booty ever taken at one time on the high seas. When sold, each of the humblest sailors aboard had fifteen thousand dollars as his share.

Off the coast of Madagascar Tew joined Misson, known as the knight errant, and Caraccioli, the Don Quixote of the seas. After the failure of their socialistic colony in Madagascar, and the death of Caraccioli, Misson and Tew sailed for New England. Misson's ship went down in a storm, but Tew's weathered it and arrived at Rhode Island, where he proceeded to satisfy those whom he had wronged in the early period of his piracy. To one man, from whom he had stolen a sloop, he paid fourteen times its value. For several years he lived there as a highly respected and unmolested citizen. But the spirit of the sea-rover was heavy upon him, and he yielded to the entreaty of some of his old comrades to go on another expedition. They procured a vessel and went to the Red Sea, where he fell in an attack on a treasure ship of the Great Mogul.

George Lowther and the notorious Ned Low had many friends along the coast south from New York, and spent much time there in 1722 and 1723; but after the death of George I, in 1727, there were only occasional piracies worthy of note along the coast of the English Colonies, and the special laws against pirates, ending with his reign, were never renewed by succeeding English sovereigns.

Until the advent of steam, the use of improved guns, and a united determination of civilized nations to repress piracy, the remote seas were not free from pirates; but few events took place interesting enough to be included in a history with their great predecessors. Even privateering at last came under the bar of international agreement, and in the Spanish-American war the United States hastened to assert that no American privateers would be sent forth.

Of latter-day pirates the Gulf of Mexico had its most notorious character in Jean Lafitte. He was born at St. Malo, on the western coast of France, the home and burial-place of Jacques Cartier. During the last wars of the First Napoleon he received command at Mauritius of a privateer fitted out to prey on English commerce. But instead of executing his commission he turned pirate, and plundered every vessel that fell in his power. Several very bold and daring captures were made, so that Lafitte fairly earned a place among great sea-rovers.

Tiring of the sea, he went to New Orleans and opened a blacksmith shop, which was run by his slaves, and under cover of this, he did an extensive business in smuggling.

The indefinite territory known as Barataria, on the coast of Louisiana, west of the Mississippi, harbored an increasing colony of smugglers and gulf pirates, of which Lafitte became the leading spirit. They confined their operations almost entirely to the Gulf Coast, but wild stories of lost vessels off the Carolinas, often thrilled the colonists with the fear of ruthless pirates once more come to power. One of the most harrowing rumors of that time was connected with the

disappearance of Theodosia Allston, wife of the Governor of South Carolina and only child of Aaron Burr. She left Charleston December 30th, 1812, on the *Patriot* to meet her father in New York on his return from a period of homeless, penniless and friendless exile in Europe.

There is much reason to believe that the *Patriot* went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras, but ever after, the popular belief was that passengers and crew were destroyed by Gulf pirates.

In 1870, an octogenarian died in a Detroit almshouse, leaving a written statement that he was on board a pirate vessel belonging to the Baratarians, when they captured the *Patriot* and made every one "walk the plank," including the daughter of Aaron Burr. He said that she went to her death with the greatest heroism of them all.

In 1814 Lafitte received letters from British authorities offering him the rank of post-captain and command of a forty-four gun frigate, with a bonus of thirty thousand dollars, if he would enter the service of England, in its war with the United States. On the same day, September 4th, 1814, he sent these communications to Governor Claiborne of Louisiana, asking pardon from the government for himself and his friends, with the privilege of showing their appreciation by enlisting in the service of the United States.

An interview was arranged for between Lafitte and General Jackson, at the end of which General Jackson said: "Farewell; when we meet again I trust it will be in the ranks of the American army."

Governor Claiborne then issued a proclamation promising pardon to Lafitte and all of his friends who

would serve in the American army. At the battle of New Orleans three batteries were manned by the Baratarians, one of these under command of Jean Lafitte and his lieutenant, Dominique You. In the general orders, issued after the defeat of Pakenham, the victorious Jackson gave special praise to Lafitte and his Baratarians. President Madison soon issued a pardon for those Baratarians who had aided in the defense of New Orleans.

About 1819 Lafitte and his friends settled on an island in Galveston Bay, where he was soon in command of three hundred men and five vessels. Though nominally sailing under a legitimate commission from General Long of the Mexican Territory of Texas, it was known that he had returned to illegitimate trade. He did all he could to avoid trouble with the United States authorities, even hanging one of his men for being implicated in robbing a Louisiana plantation. At this time he was declared a pirate by British authortiies, and in defiance fitted out a fast-sailing brigantine with sixteen guns and one hundred and sixty men.

A British sloop-of-war, cruising in the Gulf, came upon him, and the battle for life began. After several broadsides, the Englishmen boarded the pirate, and a hand-to-hand conflict with pistols and cutlasses ensued. They fought like beasts of the jungle. Lafitte fell with his right leg broken by a shot, and with a sword thrust in the abdomen. He encouraged his crew till his voice became too weak to call. Just then the captain of the boarders fell upon the deck near him, struck senseless by a blow on the head. Lafitte raised his dagger to stab the Englishman

before he revived, but the pirate lurched forward across the body, striking the dagger into the leg of the prostrate man. Again he tried, more carefully. Running his left hand over the breast of his fallen foe in order to find the place to strike, which his dimming eye could no longer see, he raised his arm for the blow, and fell dead. More than half the crew were lifeless on the bloody decks before the remainder surrendered. These were taken to Jamaica, where ten were hanged and the remainder pardoned.

Horrifying stories of atrocious piracies in remote parts of the world now and then shocked the people of civilized countries, but none were more notorious than that of Benito De Soto, who, from the lateness of his operations, may be appropriately called the last of the noted pirates.

De Soto was a common sailor on a slaver off the coast of Africa, when the first mate conspired to capture the ship from the captain and turn pirate. He confided his plans to De Soto, who was delegated to learn the sentiments of the crew. Twenty-two were ready for any enterprise, but the remaining eighteen refused every overture to induce them to betray their captain. Not to be defeated in his intentions, the first mate secretly armed De Soto and his twenty-two accomplices. Then, while the captain was absent ashore, the eighteen men were suddenly confronted with revolvers and cutlasses, overpowered and set adrift in a frail canoe during a storm.

A night of carousal followed, dedicatory to their career. De Soto alone remained sober, and when the revelry had settled into stupor, he deliberately shot the first mate, who had just been declared commander,

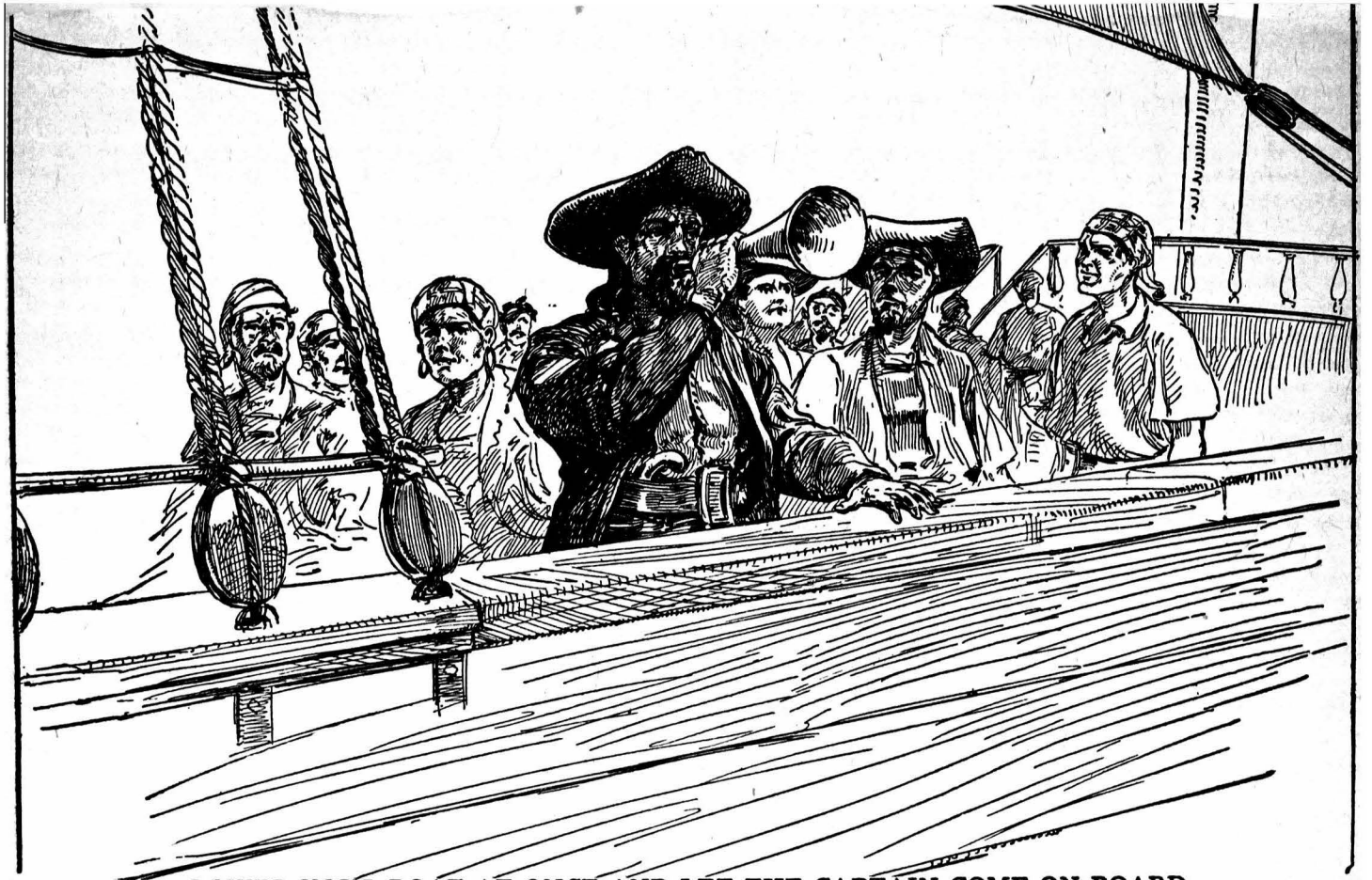
and told the men that he himself was the only one fitted to be their captain.

For nearly two years he ranged the high seas, usually taking only small coasters. His favorite pastime was to set the captured ships on fire, and amuse himself by watching the conduct of the helpless wretches in the holocaust. Sometimes he put the victims in the hold and nailed down the hatches before he applied the fire.

Near the island of Ascension, at daylight, February 21st, 1828, they sighted the *Morning Star*, an English vessel from Ceylon. It was a long chase that ensued, as every inch of canvas was crowded on the *Morning Star*. As noon approached the pirate ship came close enough for De Soto to use his speaking-trumpet.

"Lower your boat at once, and let the captain come on board with his papers."

As the ship was not armed, and there were not half as many fighting men aboard as could be seen on the pirate's decks, compliance seemed far more advisable than resistance. A passenger volunteered to deliver the papers required, and he was rowed over to the ship, which lay to about fifty yards away. On admitting that he was not the captain, the volunteer and the sailors with him were brutally beaten over the heads with the pirates' pistols and ordered to return at once for the captain. In the hope of keeping them in as good a humor as possible, the captain hastened aboard, taking with him the second mate, three invalided soldiers and a boy. De Soto ordered the captain to approach him, when he struck the unfortunate man to the deck with his sword, and the pirates killed



LOWER YOUR BOAT AT ONCE AND LET THE CAPTAIN COME ON BOARD

the others. De Soto then ordered a picked company of his men, heavily armed, to go aboard the *Morning Star*, kill all on board and sink the ship. Not knowing the terrible order that had been given, the remaining passengers and crew, including seven women, were assembled on deck, unarmed.

Immediately on reaching them, the pirates fired their pistols into the group of men and sprang upon them with their swords. Those that survived ran below and barricaded themselves in the hold, while the defenseless women hid themselves in the cabin.

After securing every bit of plunder to be found in the ship, and transferring it to their vessel, the pirates returned to complete the work of destruction. Some wine was found, and the beastly carousal that followed baffles the vocabulary of vileness to express its horror in adequate terms. When their recall was sounded from the pirate ship, they fastened the women in the cabin, piled heavy lumber on the hatches covering the imprisoned men, and bored holes through the hull below the water line.

The pirate ship then sailed away, De Soto supposing that all had been killed according to his orders. But as dark came on the women succeeded in breaking through the wall of the cabin, and a little later got into the hatchways and released the men from the hold. The almost suffocated and despairing men, on being released, immediately secured tools and stopped the leaks. The water was then pumped out of the hold, but the ship was a helpless wreck, because the rigging had all been cut away and the masts sawed through. Nevertheless, in a few days, help came, and a passing vessel took off the unfortunate people

and let the *Morning Star* go to the bottom of the sea.

De Soto decided that he had had enough of pirating, and would settle in Spain, near Corunna, his native town. After disposing of most of his cargo at Corunna, he obtained papers under a false name and went to Cadiz to sell the remainder and get rid of his vessel. Being driven upon the beach by a furious storm, he took this occasion to represent himself and his crew to the authorities as shipwrecked sailors, who desired authority to sell their damaged vessel.

Everything was moving smoothly and they were awaiting a last payment from some brokers, when the inconsistent stories of some of the sailors while drinking aroused suspicion and several were arrested. De Soto and a companion at once set out for the neutral ground at Gibraltar, which had become a notorious resort for criminals, because neither Spain nor England was exercising absolute jurisdiction in its government.

Having a letter of credit from Cadiz, De Soto forged a pass into the town of Gibraltar and collected the money. Here he took up his residence in an obscure tavern, where he expected to remain unmolested under his disguise and false name.

But when the survivors of the *Morning Star* reached England, their story was the sensation of the day, and was soon known in every English seaport.

De Soto could not long conceal himself in a town like Gibraltar, and he was presently under surveillance as a suspicious character. At last a raid was made on his room in his absence, and convicting evidence of his identity secured. His negro servant, who had

escaped from him at Corunna, was found to testify against him, and numerous articles in his possession were indisputably identified as the property of the ill-fated officers and passengers of the *Morning Star*. But he stoutly maintained his innocence until the hour before his execution, when he confessed the calendar of his crimes, and then suffered the penalty of the law.

The line of great and monstrous sea-robbers was at an end. From Sir Francis Drake to Benito De Soto, there had been a reign of terror spreading from the West Indies to all parts of the world, but the age of swift cruisers and long-range guns had come, and the pirate disappeared with the Buccaneer.

Tortuga became the serene and peaceful home of colored fishermen, and Kingston gradually put off its wickedness to become a model town. Jamaica, St. Christopher, Martinique, San Domingo, New Providence and other islands that were once the riotous homes of the Buccaneers were developed into law-abiding places.

The inlets along the Atlantic coast of the United States, where the West India pirates once careened their ships, are now pleasure resorts for hosts of happy people. The promontories of New England and the mud flats near Charleston, S. C., where gibbets once held aloft scores of bodies to the sun and storm, are now the embellished sites of palatial homes. Henceforth, the ocean will be sailed from shore to shore with perfect safety and in luxurious ease. Electricity and steam have ushered in a golden age for the waters of the world, while the twentieth

century promises that "those who go down to the sea in ships" shall fear no more.

Peace and freedom shall prevail where oppression and terror once reigned, for the cruel hand and grinding heel of Spain have been lifted forever from the Spanish Main.

PIRATES AND AMAZONS

OF

SOUTH AMERICA

BY

C. MONTGOMERY STEVENS

THRILLING ADVENTURES, STARTLING EXPLOITS, RECKLESS DARING.

A REMARKABLE ACCOUNT OF THE BOLDEST AND STRANGEST CHARACTERS THAT THE WORLD HAS EVER PRODUCED, TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE FEERLESS AMAZONIAN WARRIORS INHABITING THAT COUNTRY WITH WHOM THE BADGE OF HONOR WAS REVENGE, AVARICE AND CRUELTY.

WITH REALISTIC FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

LOUIS BRAUNHOLD

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SOUTH AMERICAN AMAZONS

Women have borne such heroic parts in the battles of tribes and nations that no surprise or sentiment was felt when reports came from Manila that many, clothed as men, were found among the insurgent dead. History, both fabulous and authentic, abounds in martial deeds of the so-called non-combatants. But from no source has there come such wild stories as from the early explorers of South America.

In the sixteenth century the belief was universal that there were tribes in America domineered wholly by women. Columbus, in one of his reports, wrote a full account of an island inhabited entirely by women, and Cortes, in a letter to the Emperor Charles V, gives a description of a province peopled only by amazons. De Soto and Sir Walter Raleigh left testimony of their existence, and almost every explorer, missionary, conqueror and historian from Columbus to Condamine and Humboldt, believed in the stories of women warriors. Like all such accounts, error was mixed with truth, and the error so predominated that the stories of the amazons have been by general consent relegated to the shades of myth and fiction. However, there were tribes of South American amazons, not from choice, but by accident and necessity. The adventures of the early sea rovers and ex-

plorers amply attest this fact. One of the most curious incidents is related of a crew from the French buccaneering fleet of Le Sieur Maubenon. Off the coast of Venezuela in 1674, one of the vessels was separated from the others in a storm and driven among the dangerous reefs of Los Roques. Desperate efforts wer made to save the ship, but it struck on a rock, and the crew had barely time to get into the long boat, without an ounce of water or food, before the ship went down. They were driven helplessly until nearly midnight, when they were cast upon a low, marshy shore. Making the best of their situation, they waited until morning, hoping they were upon the mainland, where they might have reasonable expectation of escape. At the first appearance of daylight they ascended a neighboring hill, and discovered they were on a small island, in the center of which was an Indian village of unusual size. As but one gun and half a dozen swords had been saved, it was necessary to be very cautious; but their hunger was so pressing that little delay was made in making their presence known. Fortifying themselves as securely as possible on the side of the hill nearest their boat, they sent a messenger, armed only with a knife concealed under his cloak, to test the friendliness of the natives. So far they had seen only women and children about the huts, but a huge circular house, surrounded by a rude palisade, obstructed part of the view.

An unusual commotion was visible in the village as the peace messenger approached, and the inhabitants disappeared. This puzzled the courier as much

as it did his comrades, for he spent an interminable time in reconnoitering. As he approached nearer, half a dozen well-aimed arrows admonished him not to approach within range of the palisades around the big circular house. The Frenchmen knew that their comrade, Pierre Lescat, was brave enough for any adventure, but it was very disquieting to see him disappear among the huts. The buccaneers waited until they became convinced that something ill had befallen him, when they set out to accomplish his rescue. Half way to the village they saw a column of smoke rising from the center of the circular house, as if for a signal, and soon after Lescat appeared, carrying enough cassava cakes and nuts to make them a welcome breakfast. The information he brought was most astonishing. The island was inhabited only by women, and was the famous home of the amazons. Their reputation for implacable fierceness was also well sustained, for no one dared within arrow-shot of the palisade. Efforts were continued throughout the day to open friendly communication with them, since no more food was to be found, with the result that two of the more venturesome were severely wounded. That night, in place of the column of smoke, a bonfire was kept burning, and sentinels armed with bows and spears could be seen guarding every part of the palisades. When morning came the buccaneers made a thorough search for food, but could find none. After another effort to open negotiations, the pangs of hunger made them determine to capture the storehouse and stronghold by assault. A number of long poles were procured, and a rush

was made from behind the nearest cabin against the palisades. A wide strip of the defenses was torn down, but the assailants were obliged to drop their poles and run, with numerous severe wounds from the well-directed shafts of the defenders.

Pierre Lescat then conceived a brilliant plan for destroying the defenses. Three or four movable blockhouses were made of the thatched roofs from the huts, and inclosed in these the men, with their swords tied on the ends of long cane stalks, pushed their way into the enclosure, tore a wide opening through the side of the circular building, and spread their protecting screens around a huge pile of cassava bread, nuts, and bucanned meat. The feasting that followed was not altogether pleasant, since the women were ranged around the wall and were able to send several arrows through openings in the screen. Another attempt to parley with the implacable females ended disastrously, since the moment the venturesome spokesman showed himself, an arrow tore a vicious wound in his pacifically raised arm.

The portable fortification was then moved forward and the amazons, unable to defend themselves against it, rushed outside, abandoning the storehouse to the victors. The generous instincts of the Frenchmen toward feminine distress suggested a scheme for friendly parley. Each man took an armful from the pile of provisions and followed the women, who, to the number of about a hundred, were guarding the flight of an equal number that had gone ahead with the children. In vain, with all the conciliating gestures at their command, they offered to share their

captured provisions with the vanquished, but were compelled to keep out of range from the threatening arrows. An hour or more passed in these futile efforts, and the far end of the island was nearly reached, when the buccaneers, looking back from the top of a hill, saw the whole village in a mass of flames. In great alarm they ceased their blandishments to the unappreciative females and ran breathlessly back to the burning huts. When they arrived there, nothing remained but heaps of ashes and embers. As the provisions were of the most importance, immediate search was made among the ruins of the circular house, but nothing could be found except a few baked nuts. The mystery was solved soon after, when they decided to go to the mainland, which could be seen about a league distant. To their consternation, they discovered their boat was gone. The tracks of twenty or thirty amazons and several bits of provisions found in the sand, disclosed what had occurred. A hasty consultation decided the angry Frenchmen they were no longer bound to respect the sex of these cannibal Caribs.

Depositing in a place of safety the precious provisions which they had offered to the ungrateful females as an earnest of pacific intentions, the buccaneers marched back to the far end of the island with the stern determination to recapture their boat at any cost, but when they arrived there nothing was to be seen but a score of canoes about a mile from land, heading for an adjacent island. Curses availed nothing, and they returned to spend the night at the place where they had left their scanty provisions.

When morning came a new danger menaced them, for, during the night, two or three hundred warriors had landed near them. Doubtless these were the men of the village, who had returned from hunting or fighting. The buccaneers fortified themselves and prepared to withstand the attack, which soon came. Their chief hope lay with Pierre Lescat and his musket. With this he was able to keep the Indians away during the day, but by nightfall he had fired his last charge and the next day they expected to fall before the overwhelming numbers of the savages. Just before daybreak they were beside themselves with joy at hearing the boom of a cannon. A ship from Le Sieur Maubenon's fleet had been sent out to search for them, and it had arrived in the niche of time. The savages fled and the Frenchmen spread their story among the buccaneers. Many a wild yarn of the sea-rovers is directly traceable to the amazons of Los Roques.

The Spanish annals are especially full of romantic encounters with amazons. Condamine in 1743 found a chief who claimed to have been born of an amazon mother, and this chief's son said that he had often visited the female fighters with his father, at their fortified town on an island in the Rio Negro. Orellana and his Dominican followers in Brazil made many attempts to carry the gospel to these benighted women, but were never permitted to enter their territory. In descending the Amazon river, then known as the Maranon, he was warned by many Caciques not to attempt to pass a certain settlement, as it was possessed by a tribe of women so fierce that none ever

survived who entered their territory unbidden. Even the phenomenally savage band of Lope de Aguirre turned aside from their course in 1560, fearing to pass through the lands of these fierce warrior women. Early in 1541, Orellana had a battle with a savage tribe at the mouth of the Frombretas river. He says that with them was a band of amazons who fought with greater fierceness than he had ever seen. They used bows and stone hatchets, while some bore shields and spears. They were unconquerable and did not desist from killing as long as they could draw breath. He described them as "tall, robust and fair, with long hair twisted over their heads, and with undressed skins around their loins." So great was their fame that the Spanish Government sent out several expeditions to conquer them and every explorer was charged with the duty to take special note of any information concerning them, so that they might be brought to a knowledge of the Cross. But the strange tribe of savage females were always just beyond the farthest point which the explorer had been able to reach. D'Acuna made a systematic investigation through Brazil in 1639, and from a skeptic became a firm believer in the existence of these untamable creatures. He claimed to have found irrefutable proof that they were located at that time on the river Cunuriz. In consequence, Count Pagan, through the friendly offices of a neighboring chief, was allowed to have a conference with a deputation of amazons. Great interest and sympathy was aroused for them in Christendom, and they became the objects of unbounded solicitude among the Ecclesiastics. Several

histories were written of them, and one by L'Abbe Gujon claimed that the most sacred and glorious task ever appearing before the Church was the conversion of these deluded women. Father Cyprian Baraza, a Jesuit missionary, wrote a sensational letter to his superiors in Spain, giving a remarkable story of a visit to them in 1690. They allowed him to preach to them through his interpreters for three successive days and then ordered him to leave the country, saying that they once had a god, but he had abandoned them, and they would have no other. They were then just west of the Paraguay, at the twelfth degree south latitude. Several years later, another Jesuit missionary, Father Gili, wrote that he had visited a tribe of amazons on the Chuchivera river near where it empties into the Orinoco, and met with a similar experience from the unteachable barbarians. Even as late as 1848, the natives unanimously declared that hordes of female warriors ruled with dreadful barbarity the whole territory of the upper Corentyn in the Marawonne country, and the Macusi Indians showed immense heaps of broken pottery at numerous places in the forests as proofs of former dwelling places of the amazons, they being the only persons ever in that region who had a taste for such ornaments.

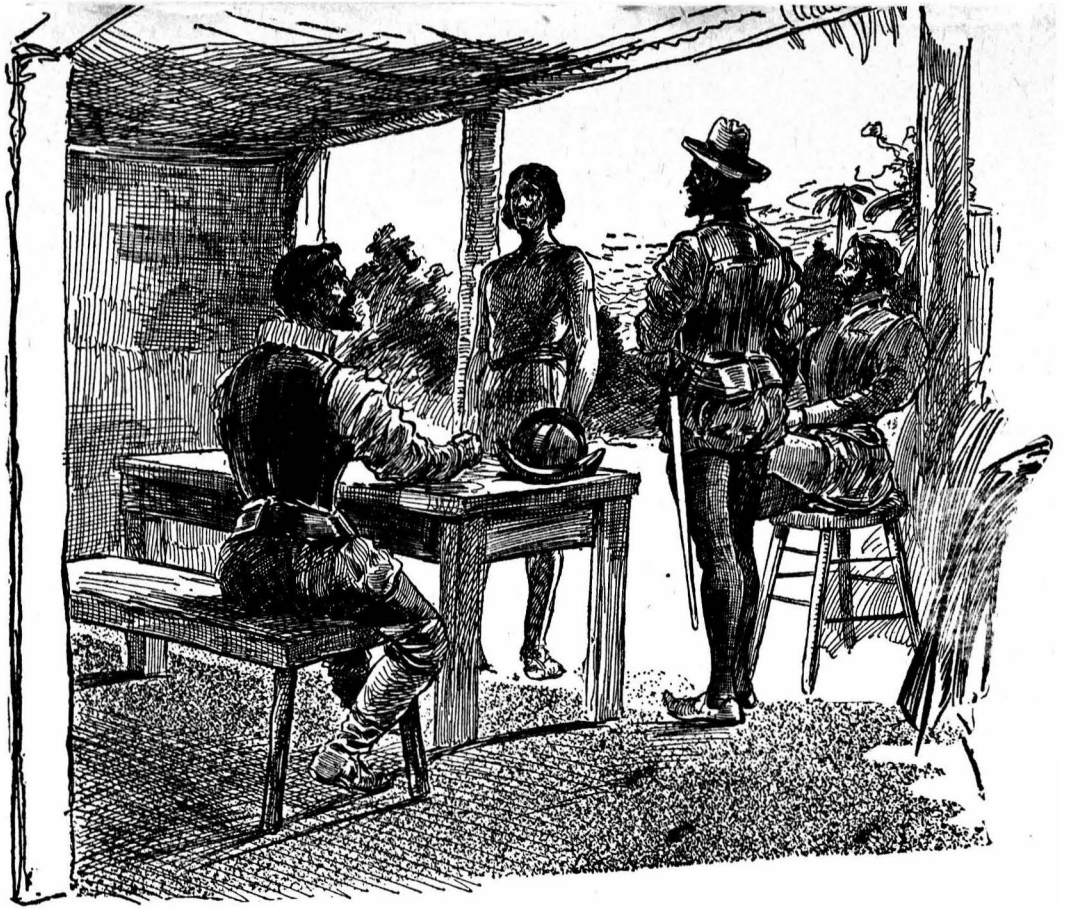
One of the best authenticated stories of the amazons is recorded by Hernando de Ribeira, a follower of Cabeza de Vega. In 1543 he went on an expedition far up a branch of the Paraguay river into the lands of the Urtuezez Indians. The caciques everywhere told him that about ten days' journey to the northwest would bring him into a territory whose

inhabitants were composed wholly of women. They were said to be in no way offensive or aggressive, but no man had been known to enter their domains uninvited and come out alive. For the first time, a natural origin was ascribed to their anomalous government. It was said that they had been a powerful tribe, living as other tribes, but at war with all their neighbors. One of their most aggressive enemies, in a sudden raid, burnt the principal village and slew the chief with his entire family. His warriors swore that they would destroy the offending tribe or be destroyed themselves. The women and children were all placed in the chief remaining village, and it chanced to be that every male was capable of accompanying the expedition, and all were pressed into service. The enemy, hearing of the approaching warriors, formed a coalition of tribes, set a powerful ambush, and, surrounding the coming enemy, succeeded in killing them all. The victors determined to extirpate the tribe, but the women built palisades, barricaded their houses, and fought so desperately that the enemy was obliged to retire without having accomplished their object. From that time on the women had successfully defended their homes from all encroachments, had slain all their male offspring as useless appendages, and had allowed no man to enter their territory except upon invitation. The seat of their government was on an island in a lake known as the Mansion of the Sun, because of the golden ornaments that covered the houses of the amazon rulers, and which were reflected so brilliantly in the still water.

The caciques of the Urtuezez nation were unanimous

in their testimony that the amazons had such an abundance of white and yellow metal taken from their own mines that all their utensils and weapons were made therefrom. No greater lure could come in the way of the Spaniards, and a messenger was sent at once to entreat permission for the white strangers to come and teach them the true religion of the Cross. To the sorrow of Ribeira, the answer was returned that only three of the Christian priests with their interpreter, would be allowed to come, and that under the penalty of death they must come unarmed, obey the laws, and remain no longer than three days. As it happened, Father Aldeno was the only priest with the expedition, but two others readily volunteered to assume the office and face the danger. A month after the three men set out on their strange mission, Ribeira was compelled to return to the nearest reduction or missionary post on the Paraguay, without any tidings of the absent men. The Urtuezez chiefs gravely advanced the opinion that the Spaniards had in some way violated the laws of the country and had suffered the penalty. They offered to find out what had happened, rescue the men if possible, and, in any event, to report the matter to Ribeira at an early date. It was several hundred miles to the Spanish reduction, and several weeks must elapse before the fate of the visitors to the amazons could be known, but the Indians promised all possible haste.

Six months later, the interpreter, who had gone with the three Spaniards, appeared at the reduction with a remarkable story of his escape. He brought the first information that the Urtuezez chiefs could



SIX MONTHS LATER, THE INTERPRETER APPEARED AT THE REDUCTION WITH A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS ESCAPE.

obtain of the fate of the Spaniards. He said that Father Aldeno had performed his duties faithfully and won the respect of the women chiefs, but that the two bogus priests had from the first neglected their duties and had busied themselves offensively with the golden ornaments and in flattering the vanity of the younger women. Father Aldeno and the interpreter had warned them in vain. Suitable presents were exchanged, and they set out on their return. The third night after their departure, the priest and the interpreter were struck with consternation to find that the two Spaniards had succeeded in enticing two of the younger amazons to follow them. They had evidently stolen away, with all the gold they could carry, on the night following the departure of the visitors, and succeeded in overtaking their lovers on the third night. Nothing remained but to get as far from pursuit as possible. As the Spaniards refused to part with their prizes, they broke camp at once and the homeward journey became a flight. The interpreter had warned them that the neighboring tribes were friendly to the amazons, and that all villages must be avoided. However, the next day they suddenly came upon a camp of Indian hunters, who at once surrounded them and inquired how the two amazon girls came to be with them. Excuses were of no avail. Bribes and threats likewise effected nothing. According to their treaty with the amazons, they were obliged to return all runaways and their seducers. This could be no exception. Their hands were bound and a dozen warriors were deputed to take the prisoners back to the Mansion of the Sun. Hardly had they

begun the return march, when they were met by a score of amazons in hot pursuit. The fugitives were turned over to the warrior women, who took them back to the outraged community for trial and punishment. As a result the interpreter and the priest were sold as slaves to a fierce tribe half a month's journey to the north, while the two Spaniards and their inamoratas were placed together in a singular prison which the amazons had constructed for such malefactors. The Indian interpreter, after a time, succeeded in making his escape, but the priest bowed to his hard servitude as being the will of God. According to the best that the interpreter could learn, the prison made for the malefactors of the amazons, consisted of a high circular wall around a small island in the lake. In this place were thrown all who disobeyed the laws, where they were kept without clothing or shelter during the remainder of their miserable existence. Their sole subsistence was derived from whatever they could grow in the soil, and from the food to be procured in exchange for the ornaments they could make from the clay and stone found in the earth of the enclosure. Such was the horror inspired by this place, that the laws were implicitly obeyed, and there had never been more than a dozen persons at one time thus imprisoned. The Spaniards at the Jesuit reductions were eager to conquer the amazons and release their comrades, but they were too few in number for such an enterprise and the project was abandoned. It was fifty years before white men again penetrated the region. This was done by the Portuguese from Brazil. They found the territory about

the Mansion of the Sun occupied by a flourishing tribe, who had many stories and traditions concerning the subjugation of the amazons by a neighboring tribe, but there was nothing to establish the unquestionable identity of the race of women warriors.

Some historians suppose that the habit of the Guarani-Brazilian race of Indians of wearing combs in their long hair, which was usually knotted upon their heads feminine fashion, gave rise to the many extraordinary stories about the amazons. It is certain that in the territory of these Indians, the most persistent reports of female tribes were met with.

For two hundred years there was a universal belief that a nation of women ruled over a vast area of South America. The Portuguese and Spaniards were continually producing individuals who had escaped from these strange women after experiencing adventures which would be incredible to any but such mystery-loving people. The Dutch and French were but little behind their neighbors in wonderful stories of these remarkable women. The English alone, however credulous, seem never to have found any evidence worthy of record. Southey, the painstaking English historian of Brazil, summed up all the evidence very carefully and came to the conclusion that there were no tribes of amazons.

In the stories recorded by the French explorers, that of Jean Villiers awakened the greatest interest. He had been lost on one of their expeditions on the Orinoco, and after three or four years appeared at the settlements in Guiana, claiming that he had been captured by a tribe of amazons. According to his

story, they had cultivated and refined their minds, while the men were degraded and brutalized by continual war, till they became greatly superior, and, for that reason, refused to live subject to the inferior habits of the men. The female children they bore were of their own exalted instincts and tastes, but their male offspring were invariably of the brutish and inferior type of their fathers. Therefore the women had gone into a community by themselves, refusing to associate with their husbands except as the fancy pleased them. He said that they were so fond of gold and silver ornaments, and those metals were so little esteemed among the other Indian tribes, that they had succeeded in collecting nearly all the gold and silver in the country, with which they adorned their persons and houses. To this cause he attributed the dearth of precious metals in the French territories. In support of the truth of his story, he loaded two pack mules with trinkets dear to feminine eyes, and disappeared in the forests for three months or more. On his return he showed a rich exchange of curiously wrought gold and silver ornaments. In subsequent visits to the amazons, he refused all partnerships in his enterprise, and nothing could induce him to reveal the source of his rapidly growing wealth. The romantic stories he told concerning his experience among the wonderful tribe of females were the sensation of his time, but he successfully defeated all efforts made to ferret out his peculiar patronesses, and returned to France with his secret and his wealth.

Portales, the Spanish governor of Venezuela, was so aroused by the stories of Villiers, that he sent out

a searching party, which was gone nearly a year. They reported that the so-called amazons of Villiers were a kind of religious order of women, who lived on an island in the Rio Negro, after the manner of the virgins of the sun. There were less than a hundred of them, and their gold came from the surrounding tribes as a religious offering or tribute. As the Spaniards came back empty-handed, with the loss of three-fourths of their number through the hardships they had undergone, it was strongly suspected that their story was made as an excuse for the failure of their expedition.

Francisco Torralva, in behalf of the Spanish Government, made a very extended search and his report located an extensive tribe of amazons in western Guiana, whom he invested with all the romance of the day. But, regardless of the overwhelming testimony of both priests and adventurers, their identity was never sufficiently established to satisfy modern belief.

Many ingenious theories have been advanced to explain the incredible stories that were so implicitly believed for more than two centuries, as well as to account for the actual existence of the amazons, but the true origin of the persistent and prevailing testimony will doubtless remain a mystery.

The Peruvian accounts of the amazons are all incidental to the search for the golden riches of El Dorado. Perhaps none are so well attested as those recorded among the adventures of the followers of the younger Almagro. After the decisive battle of Chupas, a considerable band of the defeated "men of Chili" escaped across the Andes to the unknown

regions east of Cuzco. They descended into the tropical forests of Caravaya, and there broke up into small parties, some of which took Indian wives and founded towns. Among these were Sandia, San Gobin, and San Juan del Oro. So much gold was sent to Spain from Del Oro, that Charles V gave it the title of Royal City. Eventually the Chunche Indians of the Sirineyri tribe massacred all the Spaniards east of the Andes and burnt their towns. Until as late as 1852, no attempt was made to penetrate these regions, except by the Peruvian bark-hunters. Curious evidences of Spanish civilization are still to be found in the overgrown ruins of these forest cities.

The Cascarilleros, as the bark-hunters were called, often brought the most romantic stories of Spanish-Indian tribes, living aloof from the natives, with strange barbaric splendor in the midst of the almost impenetrable forests. These stories were readily believed, since about this time, an extensive tribe, known as the Jeberos, was found on the Amazon by the Dominican missionaries, every member of which received the homage of the surrounding tribes from being the offspring of Spanish women captured in the insurrections of 1599. One of these tribes of the Caravaya forests, living in almost religious seclusion, claimed to be descendants of the "children of the sun" and an exalted band of noble amazons. Some representatives of the tribe crossed the Andes with the Cascarilleros and visited the Spanish settlements. There could be no question of their Spanish descent, but they refused to allow a priest to return with them and warned the Spaniards not to visit them.

The discovery of this tribe gave color to one of the marvelous stories that had long been related among the adventures of the "men of Chili" who had escaped across the Andes from the rage of Vaca de Castro.

This remnant of the veteran soldiery of Almagro found so little opposition in the great tropical forests beyond the mountains that they divided into congenial bands and sought their fortunes separately. One of these, consisting of Spanish knights, became lost and wandered for an unknown time through the flowery jungles. At last they came to a most singular obstruction. It consisted of a row of cedar trees with thickly growing shrubs so intertwined with vines as to be impenetrable. At one place they hewed an opening with their swords to the distance of ten feet without relief. Then they followed the green wall until it came to an abrupt turn, as if the strange forest were of rectangualr form. Following on to the distance of nearly a league, they came to a clear, cold stream flowing through the wall; and, as it was growing dark, they decided to camp there for the night.

As darkness came on they were amazed to hear the melancholy chant of many feminine voices accompanied by the tinkle of castanets and the soft tones of some reed instrument like a flute. Nothing could exceed the interest with which they waited the coming day. With the first break of dawn, the score of adventurers, who were veterans in wonders as well as in war, refreshed themselves with their scanty food and set forth to penetrate the mystery before them.

Just beyond the stream, the extraordinary wall crossed a small hill, on the top of which it turned

again at right angles. Here, hidden under a mass of flowering vines, they found a narrow entrance, through which they eagerly passed, but, to their amazement, after moving through the close leafy aisles for half an hour, they found themselves emerging one by one, on the outside a few steps beyond the corner where they had entered. However, in looking over their numbers, it was found that their leader, Diego de Bonilla, was missing. They waited some time, but as he did not appear, they decided to traverse the labyrinth again. To their chagrin they once more found themselves outside the wall. Nothing had been seen of the knightly cavalier under whom most of them had served since the days when they had shared in the spoils of the Inca.

While they were considering what to do, they were electrified by the appearance at the entrance of a comely Indian girl, daintily enrobed in a scarlet fabric of llama's wool. She beckoned them to follow her, and after a few steps they found themselves in a great orchard of native fruits, extending each way around the walls. A few hundred paces more brought them to a little village consisting of a score of huts, in the center of which there was an immense arbor or bower. In this they found their leader seated on the floor, in the midst of a hundred Indian women. Diego de Bonilla knew the language of the Incas, and one of the girls was able to talk with him. During the conference, three old women, the only ones to be seen, were performing some kind of a religious ceremony.

It was soon learned that these women were the daughters of the chief men of the surrounding tribes,

SHE BECKONED THEM TO FOLLOW HER.

brought here as a sacred place of safety to escape the capture and massacre incident to their constant wars. In the season, which was just past, their fathers came with such husbands as had been selected for them, and the ones thus given in marriage were taken away, while others who had arrived within three seasons of a marriageable age, were brought there to remain until their fathers had found suitable husbands. For a month after the departure of the lucky ones with their husbands, the evenings were spent in lamentations and melancholy religious exercises. Only a few days before, in the midst of the chant bewailing their disappointment, the three old women burst in upon them with the prophecy that the gods were sending them husbands of the noblest race in the world. The prophecies of the old women were not in good repute and they were not believed, but now it was seen that they had indeed been spoken to by the gods.

The lost and wretched Spaniards were not loth to accept the gracious invitation, especially since their eager eyes had not only devoured the beauty of the prospective wives, but had observed that there were golden ornaments in such abundance as had been seen nowhere by them since the day of spoils at Caxamalca and Cuzco.

What afterward befell this paradise is not known, since Diego de Bonilla, when he deserted the colony and went back to Spain with seven llama loads of gold, discreetly remained silent on the subsequent history. He boasted a great deal of how he had drilled the women to throw the lance and help the new husbands to beat off the angry fathers of the adjoining

tribes. It became the belief in Spain that this capture of the paradise was the cause of the confederation of natives which succeeded in the final destruction of all the Spaniards east of the Andes. It was also believed that Diego de Bonilla came to Spain on a special mission from his comrades, but basely deserted them with all the gold.

The Cascarilleros, or Peruvian bark-hunters, continued through several years to describe in glowing terms their contact with this strange Spanish-Indian tribe, and it is said that a great heap of ruins is still pointed out as the paradise of the amazons.

MERIDA

RESURRECTION OF A SENSATION IN HISTORY

Americans, having invested extensively in Spanish territory, are becoming more and more interested in the resources of the vast lands to the south. Commerce may find there an inviting field, but to none can it be more captivating than to the lover of romance. If there is anything in which the Spaniard has always excelled, it is in finding material for the most romantic fiction and then living it out in his career. If a number of men were shipwrecked on a desert island, they would proceed at once to divide into factions and then to conduct themselves, as long as they lived, in a manner that would make a popular melodrama for the American stage. But the common adventurers were not alone the romance-makers of the New World. Every great discoverer, explorer and conqueror, was involved in some way with dramatic incidents and episodes more worthy of the novelist than the historian.

Even the first great navigator was not exempt. In the voluminous records concerning him, many of which have never been published, there are vague references to stories that would make highly interesting reading. One of the best of these has, for many generations, been a household legend among the peasants of Moorish Spain, but it is now fast being lost under

the flow of modern interests. A stranger would doubtless be unable to glean enough of the details to get a clear understanding of the marvelous devotion that led to such a tragic career and fate as that of Merida. Her story, as gathered from scattered and indefinite sources, is without a parallel in history. We are assured that it would have made one of the most remarkable pages in the history of Columbus, if it had not been suppressed by the order of Father Perez of La Rabida and the reverend Bishop Bobadilla of the cathedral of Seville, in the fear that a scandal might arise which would cast reflections upon the Church. Such were the extraordinary means used to promote the discovery of the New World and such was the remarkable origin of one of the world's unknown heroines. If the story is true, we are led to ask, was the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 due to an ecclesiastical trick, or were the sovereigns of Spain influenced by divine inspiration through the strange medium of a Moorish Christian girl?

Late in the autumn of 1491, a princely retinue filed out of the little seaport of Palos de Moguer in Andalusia, on the way to take part in the glorious ceremonies in preparation for the impending fall of Granada. At the convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida, the riders stopped and asked for a drink of water from the clear, cold well of the convent. Soon after their arrival, the prior, Juan Perez, came out with a distinguished looking stranger not habited as the friars. One of the horsemen, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, sprang to the ground, and advanced to greet them with cordial deference.

After a few words, the three men went to the shade of a tree near by, where Doña Beatriz de Bobadilla, Marchioness of Moya, sat on a rude bench awaiting them. A short but earnest conference ensued, after which the three men moved away. Doña Beatriz was thus left alone for a moment, when a young girl in peasant dress, taking advantage of the opportunity, stepped from behind the great pine tree and fell on her knees before the favorite companion of Queen Isabella.

"Noble lady, do not be frightened at my strange conduct," she whispered, in great agitation. "I have visions, visions of a mission I must perform for the glory of God and the Holy Church. Take me with you to the Queen and let me tell her that if she will obey the holy voice that speaks to me, her name will be imperishable in honor, countless times more glorious than for her great victory over the Moors."

At this moment Friar Perez approached, and, laying his hand upon her head, said: "Merida, my child, you here with your visions again?"

She arose with the conscious dignity of one with a divine mission and replied fervently, "Father, my voice has brought me here and I cannot leave until a way is made for me to tell my story to the Queen!"

Meanwhile, the Marchioness surveyed her singular supplicant with searching interest. The physical perfection of the Moorish Andalusian pleased her, and the simple garb of the peasant rather enhanced the religious fervor that glowed in the young messenger's earnest face. Most of the cavalcade were remounting their horses, when the learned physician, Garcia Fer-

nandez, approached arm in arm with the great stranger, whose eyes were downcast and despondent. The peasant girl was standing with her back to the men, but she turned at the sound of their steps and looked with glowing admiration into the inspiring countenance of the one to whom the others were giving such marked attention.

With a courtesy she took a step toward him and spoke in a tone so resonant with reverent feeling that with her first words the entire company and a score or more of the Franciscan friars gathered around as curious listeners.

"Christoval Colon, as an humble medium of heaven I am inspired to tell you not to despair before the dawn of the glorious achievements just before you. I see you traversing an ocean wide and long as a thousand years, toward the broken cross of a mighty continent, on which there are countless millions living in universal darkness. A new Canaan, wide and long as the ocean, you will give to the conquering sons of Spain, and the holy men of this and other Christian lands, will add another world to the glory of God. In a few weeks the fate of the Moors will be sealed and the victors will be more easily turned from the glories of war to the greater glories of the heavenly kingdom. But first another royal hearing must be secured, and I can carry such conviction to our gracious Queen that she will make sure our glorious cause."

An impatient signal from the leader of the gayly caparisoned train was sounded, a hurried conference took place, and it was then decided to send Sebastian

A YOUNG GIRL IN PEASANT DRESS . . . FELL ON HER KNEES BEFORE THE FAVORITE COMPANION OF QUEEN ISABELLA.

Rodriguez, the shrewd pilot of Lepe, to Santa Fe with a letter from the learned prior addressed to the spiritual emotions of the devoted Queen, strongly urging another interview for a more comprehensive consideration of the great evangelical crusade proposed by Christoval Colon.

Meantime, the Marchioness spoke a few words to Merida, and kindly dismissed her, when the great discoverer took the peasant girl's hands in his and kissed them. In a few minutes the cavalcade swept away, and Merida, with bowed head, walked down the hill and across the fields toward her cottage home.

Within the week Sebastian Rodriguez started on his mission and fourteen days later returned with a letter from Queen Isabella requesting Prior Perez to come at once to the court. The enthusiastic friar did not wait for the coming day, but saddled his mule and set out for Santa Fe at midnight. He rode on through the newly conquered territory of the Moors, and, arriving at Santa Fe, soon gained an opportunity to plead the cause of Columbus. As a result it was but a few days until a sum equivalent to two hundred and sixteen dollars was in the hands of the physician, Garcia Fernandez, to be expended in procuring for the prescient navigator suitable clothing in which to appear respectfully at court and pay his expenses on the way.

It was in January of 1492 when Columbus reached Santa Fe. Granada had fallen, and an eight hundred years' struggle between the Cross and the Crescent was ended with the triumph of the Cross. Vast crowds of people, wild with religious and patriotic emotion,

thronged the streets and public places at all times of the day and night. Fawning courtiers and importuning applicants occupied the time of the sovereigns, and the sublime dreams of Columbus were compelled to wait for the petty ambitions of court favorites. In the midst of this magnificent vanity and pomp, he had the friendly encouragement of Father Perez and Doña Beatriz of Moya, but his spirits sank with the seemingly interminable delay. Several times he had withdrawn from the boisterous crowds and sat down in obscure places to ponder undisturbed over his fortunes and his plans. In nearly every instance, in the midst of his reveries, he had heard a voice clear and pure, like none he had ever heard except that of the peasant girl at La Rabida, saying always the same words, "Fear not, fail not. Your monitor abides."

That some encouraging friend was following him in accordance with the peculiar superstition and religious spirit of the age, did not disturb him or awaken his curiosity. However, he heeded certain warnings and recognized timely advice from the mysterious voice.

When Fernando de Talavera was made archbishop of Granada, a note was slipped into the hands of Columbus, advising him that the learned prelate would soon open negotiations for Columbus to lead the proposed expedition, but would attempt to have him be a mere subordinate with but little share in any booty or glory.

"Know this and yield not," the warning read, "that the grandeur and glory of your coming gift to the Church and the world must not be dimmed by the

leader being less than high admiral and viceroy over all lands and people within the sphere of discovery."

The princely courtiers and proud church dignitaries were shocked and indignant that a penniless supplicant should ask for such a position of distinction and dignity, much less to remain immovable in the demand. After exhausting all their resources of persuasion and indignation, a final meeting was arranged for between Columbus and the royal councilors. Doña Beatriz, Marchioness of Moya, brought her strongest influence to bear to have them accept the proffered terms, but the archbishop Fernando de Talavera easily won the councilors by showing the injustice of lavishing such distinguished honors upon an impoverished, dreaming speculator of foreign birth, who would more likely bring only ridicule to the court of Spain for such gross credulity. The meeting came to naught; and, notwithstanding the encouraging assurances that were spoken to him by the unseen monitor, Columbus mounted his mule and set out for Cordova on his way to the court of France.

Meantime, a more consequential meeting took place in the private audience room of the Queen of Castile. The beautiful and sagacious Marchioness of Moya had hastily summoned to Santa Fe the ardent friend of the great enterprise, Luis de St. Angel, who was receiver of the ecclesiastical funds of Arragon. A conference was held in her private parlor. Only those who had most influence with the sovereigns of Arragon and Castile were present. With Columbus on his way to France and the immediate advisers of the King and Queen all hostile, the case seemed hopeless

to the little council of friends. The Marchioness of Moya opened the door of an adjoining room and presented a stranger to the despairing conference.

"Do not be astonished," she said, seating her charge before them, "at the presence of this simple peasant girl in the garb of her rude home. The Almighty Ruler employs many inscrutable ways through which to bring about voluntary obedience to His will, and not the least of them is the inspiration and presence of this girl of Palos de Moguer. Let her speak for herself."

Without further adjuration, the peasant girl began to pour forth such a fervent and eloquent stream of brilliant visions concerning the creatures of God and the lands of the world beyond the seas, that the little assembly of learned men and women were breathless and speechless with mingled emotions of superstition and religious rapture.

It has been hinted that this Moorish peasant girl of Palos was not the inspired medium of the saints, but rather the trained instrument of the Palos physician, Garcia Fernandez, taken in charge by the Marchioness of Moya to use as a religious influence, more powerful than argument, upon the emotional councilors and rulers. It has been irreverently suggested that this fact was told to her confessor at the time of her tragic death, thus keeping the name of the peasant girl Merida from the records, robbing the world of a heroine, and keeping her name from the calendar of the saints.

Nevertheless, at the end of Merida's story, the lis-

teners were ablaze with zeal for the spread of the Church and the glory of Spain beyond the sea.

Luis de St. Angel sought immediate audience with the Queen of Castile. He was accompanied by the learned Alonzo de Quintanilla, and was at once ushered into the presence of Isabella. Then ensued one of the most passionate harangues that ever fell from the lips of a man aroused to frenzy for the exaltation and glory of his country and church. He warned, reproached, and entreated; he argued vehemently from scripture and science, and then in solemn adjuration advised her that an undoubted voice had come direct from God. The Marchioness of Moya was at hand with the inspired Merida, and the Queen with glowing eagerness heard the rapturous story of the visions that foretold surpassing glory for Spain. She at once sent for the King and laid before him the new evidence. But he listened coldly. How could he engage in such a doubtful enterprise when his treasury was exhausted with his long Moorish war?

There was a moment of profound suspense, when the immortal exclamation broke forth: "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

St. Angel, in exultant joy, immediately dispatched a messenger to overtake the departing navigator. About six miles from Granada, the courier came upon the lonely traveler crossing the bridge of Pinos at the foot of Mount Elvira. It was with great difficulty that the doubting man could be made to believe that his eighteen weary years of waiting and pleading at the

courts of kings was now at an end. But such a message from St. Angel and Doña Beatriz was not to be ignored and he turned his mule's head once more toward the kingly court at Santa Fe.

An agreement was soon effected and St. Angel advanced the necessary funds from the ecclesiastical coffers of Arragon. A few years later, in return for this loan, some of the first gold brought from the New World by Columbus was used to gild the walls of the royal saloon in the Saragoza palace, formerly the Aljaferia of the Moorish kings.

A distressing period of preparation ensued. Sailors could not be found who were willing to face the terrors of unknown seas against all the superstitions of the age. The scientific men furnished ridicule with which the demagogues made those sailors who were willing to go appear as a laughing stock to all their friends, while ecclesiastics inveighed against the enterprise as sacrilegious, until even the coercive measures resorted to by the King failed to secure or hold men in the service of the visionary foreigner. Then the wealthy and influential Pinzons of Palos came forward and offered to furnish one completely equipped vessel. This was accepted and the King ordered the seizure of such other vessels, crews and equipments as would complete the armament. All the world knows of the great voyage that followed, but only the peasants of Andalusia have retained in their household stories the legend that it was Merida who influenced the Pinzons to their decisive step through the miraculous visions which she revealed to them.

Among the crews there were many who had

shipped as sailors merely in reckless bravado, against the raillery and bantering jests of friends. These were mostly beardless youths of the lower aristocracy, whose adventurous spirits lived chiefly on excitement. In the anxious days early in October, when the sight of land was momentarily expected, these irresponsible and mercurial novices of the sea were the ones to be thrown into the greatest raptures at the cry of land, and were the most ungovernable and rebellious at every disappointment.

On board the Santa Maria there was an obscure, common sailor, known as Juan Marido, who attained considerable influence over his comrades because of the unwavering serenity of his faith and his timely, fitting counsel. Often a word from him quieted the fears of the superstitious, and a look of the unobtrusive youth made the turbulent less violent in their unreasoning passions.

The mysterious voice that had cheered the great admiral at Santa Fe when he was pleading his cause at the royal court, was still with him through the perilous hours just before the dawn of his mighty triumph. Through innumerable ways, someone, unknown, kept him fully informed of every word or act that threatened or affected his interests. Such was his knowledge of affairs about him that the belief grew among the turbulent men that the admiral was a wizard. The most absurd stories that he was taking the entire squadron by diabolical contract direct to the dominions of Satan, became current morsels of gossip.

On October 8th and 9th, the mutinous portions of the crew became united and a plot was laid to force the

commander into a quarrel. A riot was to ensue in which the admiral would as if by accident be thrown overboard. In this desperate situation, after all expedients had failed to satisfy the dangerous malcontents, from some unknown source came the compromising promise that if land were not discovered in three days, the expedition would be abandoned and all would turn about and set sail for Spain. Juan Marido was active in persuading his companions to be satisfied with this promise, and the proposed mutiny was thus averted.

Some claim that Perez Matheo, one of the pilots, told this story to Oviedo, the historian, who, not doubting that Columbus had been thus weak willed, made it a part of history, although no other writer of that time gave it the least credence or support. However, within the stipulated period land was reached and Columbus became one of the greatest heroes of all time.

With the triumphant return of the great navigator, and his magnificent reception in Spain, began the intrigue and persecution that finally resulted in sending Don Francisco de Bobadilla to be his judge and successor in Hispaniola. Armed with extraordinary powers, this representative of the King set sail with two caravels and arrived at San Domingo August 23, 1500. Columbus was then at Fort Conception, endeavoring to bring the lawless colonists and soldiers of Hispaniola to order. Bobadilla assumed control at once and made all the malcontents of the island his immediate counselors and friends. The exaggerated testimony of every seditious and factious subject who could say anything evil of Columbus was taken with

greedy unction, and the community became a cauldron of turmoil.

At the first morning mass after the arrival of Bobadilla, while the people were assembled about the church, Bobadilla ordered his royal patents to be read, showing his absolute authority, and he boasted that Columbus would not only be sent home in chains, but that neither he nor his lineage would ever govern there again.

In the midst of the excited throng a voice cried out: "Woe! woe! to the unjust judge!" Bobadilla was furious, but the bold accuser could not be found.

When Columbus arrived at the town of San Domingo, it was ordered that irons at once be placed upon him, and he was confined on a caravel in the bay. The charges which were drawn up against him were preposterous, even for that ignorant and bigoted age, but they were witnessed and signed by every one who had been offended by his impartial discipline, or who hoped thereby to gain favor with Bobadilla. In the midst of this infamous court the clear cry again arose: "Woe! woe! to the unjust judge!" The indignant commander ordered diligent search to be made for the malefactor, but he could not be found.

With this overwhelming documentary evidence of oppression, sacrilege, fraud, incompetence, and treason to the King, Columbus and his two brothers, Diego and Bartholomew, were sent to Spain for trial.

Among the passengers on the returning vessels were several sailors who had been with the admiral on each of his three voyages, and they looked with horror on his treatment. One of them was Juan Marido,

who prevailed upon the kindly disposed Villejo, in whose care the prisoners had been placed, to allow him to wait upon the afflicted discoverer. The drooping spirits of the great prisoner greatly revived by the inspiring attention of this common sailor, but he would not allow the sympathy of friends to remove from him any of the evidences of his sovereign's displeasure and ingratitude.

When they arrived at Cadiz and the facts became known, a great wave of indignation swept over Spain, and Juan Marido carried a long letter written by Columbus to Doña Juana de la Torre, who was the aya or governess of Prince Juan, and then the favorite of Queen Isabella. In this he explained the charges against him and described the treatment he had received.

Isabella was deeply pained at the injustice done the illustrious man. The two sovereigns wrote him an affectionate letter and ordered his immediate release. Eight thousand five hundred dollars were sent to him for his expenses, and he was invited to come at once to visit the royal court, then at Granada, where he was received with all his former distinction.

More than a year of weary waiting for the restoration of rights and privileges ensued, with nothing done but to recall Bobadilla and replace him by Nicholas de Ovando.

In the meantime, the peasants of Palos were surprised at the return of Merida, who had not been seen among them since she went ten years before to Santa Fe to set her mysterious visions before the Queen. She was in frequent communication with Juan Perez

and the physician Garcia Fernandez, the first friends and patrons of Columbus. They visited the Marchioness of Moya and held a conference with Isabella at Granada. The visions of Merida were against Columbus making another voyage. They showed nothing but suffering and peril. The admiral was past sixty-seven years of age, and his friends did not believe he could survive the hardships of another expedition. Every pressure was brought to bear to dissuade him from his purpose. The religious inspirations of Merida that had been so potent to help him to his first voyage were now as strongly used to turn him from the last. Nothing could avail against the courage and resolution of the old navigator. His friends sorrowfully saw him depart, as they believed, never to return.

On June 29th, Columbus arrived at the mouth of the river off San Domingo, Hispaniola. Pedro de Terreros, captain of one of the caravels, was sent to the new governor, Ovando, to ask permission to enter the harbor for shelter from an approaching storm. Ovando refused, and Columbus protected himself as much as he could by anchoring as securely as possible behind a promontory. Finding that Bobadilla and several others of his implacable enemies were about to set sail for Spain, he implored them not to leave the harbor until an approaching storm had passed; but, as they could see no signs of the predicted tempest, they scornfully rejected his warnings and sailed out into the open sea. Hardly had they left the bay, when a furious hurricane burst upon them. The two vessels containing the admiral's wretched foes went down

with all their ill-gotten gain, and the others were so shattered as to be unseaworthy, excepting the one containing the confiscated property of Columbus, which pursued its way safely to Spain.

Denied entrance to ports over which his sovereigns had solemnly agreed to give him and his lineage forever the vice-regal control, Columbus steered westward, arriving at the mainland near Cape Honduras. Nothing but ill wind, misfortune and disaster ensued, until they reached the Gulf of Darien, when the disheartened crew with their battered ships turned back. Storms continued to beat upon the unseaworthy vessels; and, barely able to keep afloat, they put into Dry Harbor, Jamaica, on St. John's day, June 23d. But, being unable to procure food, they sailed on eastward a few leagues exhausted and almost dying, to the next small bay, where the sinking vessels were run aground close together. They were lashed to one another, and an attempt was made to make of them a safe retreat from the savages that thronged the shore, as well as from the storms and pitiless sea. Here, broken by age, racked with pain, and confined to his rude bed in the half-sunken vessel that any hour might go to pieces or be destroyed by the untrustworthy savages, the intrepid admiral, his brother Bartholomew, and young son Fernando, fought their last battle with death in the New World.

The only hope lay in help from Ovando, who had refused him entrance to the harbor of San Domingo. But many miles of treacherous seas lay between him and the nearest civilized men, and the best means available for so perilous a voyage by a messenger, was

the rude canoe of the natives. The task seemed impossible, but famine was imminent and any delay might mean the destruction of all. Some men with the required self-sacrifice and courage were found, and Columbus wrote his appeal for help. In a letter addressed to his sovereigns, he said: "Hitherto, I have wept for others; but now, have pity upon me, O Heaven, and weep for me, O earth! Weep for me whoever has charity, truth and justice!"

Days of weary waiting passed, and there was time enough for the messengers to have returned with help, but none came. In the common distress there were no spiritual advisers to infuse patience into the despondent men, or to hold them to obedience through religious fears, as the priests, who had started out with them, went ashore at San Domingo and had refused to proceed further. But there was a young man on board who had been with the stricken admiral on every voyage, and who had saved his life frequently through the most devoted and providential care. This young sailor, Juan Marido, passed among the discontented men like a soothing angel and quietly removed many of the irritations and rebellious ideas that fermented among the turbulent and feverish prisoners of the unwholesome wrecks. Every device was used to keep the riotous malcontents in order. Their superstitious fears were for a long time influenced by marvelous visions that Juan Marido related to them with thrilling eloquence, and there were mysterious voices as they sat about the decks at night, warning them that disobedience to their commander meant destruction. Nevertheless, there came a time when

the lawless could no longer be restrained. January 2, 1504, Francisco de Porras broke into the admiral's room, and, in a loud voice, accused him of keeping the crews there in order to see them perish. The mutineer declared that Columbus had no intention of ever returning to Spain. Reason and persuasion availed nothing, and with the cry, "To Castile! to Castile!" the two Porras brothers headed a mutiny of forty-eight of the strongest though most vicious men. Most of those who remained were helplessly sick, and the condition of the faithful ones seemed beyond hope. But, however bad their situation, that of the deserters became worse. They rowed away in the canoes so laboriously secured by Columbus, and set out for Hispaniola. The boisterous sea buffeted them back, and they tried again, with such results that they concluded to abandon the attempt and to live by forage upon the natives. Like a pestilence they ranged through the island—destroying, robbing and slaying wherever they went—so that all supplies were cut off from the sick and despairing companions of the admiral. During this time Juan Marido was the only one who could go among the natives and secure the food that kept starvation away. His pious ministrations made them look upon him as a saint.

After eight months of indescribable anxiety for the fate of the courageous messengers to Hispaniola, a sail was seen late one evening coming into the harbor. The despairing sailors were transported with delight at the sudden hope of immediate delivery. The ship was from Ovando. It came alongside and

hastily delivered a letter, a cask of wine, and a side of bacon. Then the commander, Diego de Escobar, who had been one of the most virulent enemies of Columbus, withdrew to a distance and expressed sorrow at the admiral's sore misfortunes. He offered to carry a letter to the Governor of Hispaniola, and Columbus hastened to write, imploring immediate help. Upon receiving the letter, Escobar at once hoisted sail and disappeared in the darkness of the same night. As distressing as this was to the miserable sufferers, it brought the confidence that their deplorable condition being known their speedy rescue must follow.

Juan Marido, in the kindness of his heart, obtained leave to go with a trusted companion to the lawless wretches who were still terrorizing the villages of the interior, in an attempt to restore them once more to order. A piece of the side of bacon was taken along as indisputable evidence that Escobar had visited the wrecks. Unconditional pardon was offered if the miscreants would at once return to obedience. Juan Marido and his companion had no difficulty in finding the marauders, but the overtures were scornfully rejected. Francisco de Porras assured the two peacemakers that his men were the lawful body and authority of the expedition, and that if any provisions had been sent in relief, his men must have them, either peaceably or by force of arms. The opinion, however, prevailed among the deserters, and was freely expressed, that if a relieving caravel had appeared, it was in truth only a phantom conjured

up by the Italian wizard to deceive his confiding dupes, in whose suffering he was taking Satanic pleasure, and which he wished to heighten by false hope.

The messengers sorrowfully returned and reported the new danger threatening them. In a few days their fears were verified by the report of a friendly Indian that the deserters were at the village Maima, near the harbor now known as Mammee Bay, about a mile away. Juan Marido went again to persuade them to return to their allegiance and to abandon their unnatural menace to their more loyal brethren. Nothing would suffice. They were determined not only to possess themselves of all the stores of the loyal sailors, but to take the admiral captive and assume command. They at once marched forward in pursuance of their designs, and the sick commander sent his brother to meet them with all the force that could be mustered. It consisted of fifty pale and debilitated men. Six of the most muscular deserters agreed to make a combined onslaught upon Bartholomew Columbus. By his death they believed victory would be easy. One of them, known as Pedro Ledesma, had the voice and physical courage of a wild bull. Just before the battle took place, he shook his lance at the peacemakers, who even at the last moment were trying to avert the fratricidal conflict, and boasted that six of those lances would be through the body of the Italian leader of fighting imbeciles in a very few minutes. Juan Marido divined the meaning of the boast and was able to get together half a dozen to assist and guard their leader. With loud shouts the deserters rushed upon the defenders, while

the six desperadoes, led by Francisco de Porras and Pedro Ledesma, viciously attacked Bartholomew. The admiral's brother was a fighter and in his element. At the first shock four of the six confederates were killed, Porras was made a prisoner, and Ledesma was so nearly cut to pieces that he was left for dead in a ravine where he had fallen. In a sudden panic the cowardly remainder fled.

Although Ledesma had wounds enough to kill a dozen men, he recovered. On the next day the fugitive deserters surrendered themselves in the most abject submission. Four more months passed, and public indignation was so aroused in Hispaniola that Ovando, the governor, was compelled to fit out a ship for the relief of Columbus and his men.

Meanwhile, Diego Mendez, who had accomplished the seemingly hopeless task of crossing to Hispaniola as the messenger of Columbus, had exhausted all his resources to obtain help, and then set to work to collect rents from lands and property belonging to the admiral, in order to obtain the means of hiring a ship to go to the rescue. When he had succeeded and his boat was about to depart on the mission of long delayed mercy, Ovando hastily equipped a ship and put it under the command of Diego de Salcedo, who was the agent appointed to collect the rents belonging to Columbus in San Domingo. Las Casas, the renowned priest, who was at San Domingo at that time, says that popular indignation arose to such a pitch that the conduct of the governor was denounced from the pulpits. The two ships arrived together, and the miserable crews were carried to

San Domingo, where they landed on the third of August. The magnanimous admiral pardoned all the miserable miscreants who had caused him such distress during the long year of almost unparalleled suffering at Jamaica, excepting Francisco de Porras, whom he determined to take to Spain for trial. The two Porras brothers and Ledesma alone remained sullen and revengeful. Their chief hate was against the admiral, who, they claimed, had enticed them from Spain and plunged them into such dire misfortunes. Scarcely less was their hatred for Juan Marido, whose watchfulness had so often foiled them. That delicately featured youth, who seemed never to grow older, discovered the two irreconcilables in forbidden conference, and their enmity was greatly increased by the severer restrictions that were adopted toward them.

On September 12th, the sails that brought Columbus from his wrecks at Jamaica, were spread to carry him back to his ungrateful country. A tempestuous voyage ensued, and under cover of the storms Pedro Ledesma and Diego de Porras, the two sinister and revengeful characters on board, arranged a plan to slay the accuser of the seditious leader, who was left a prisoner at Hispaniola. However, the watchful eyes of Juan Marido seemed always to see any evil that was meditated against the great discoverer.

On the night of November 6th, as the shattered vessel lay off the harbor of San Lucar, between Palos and Cadiz, the watchman heard a cry and a struggle. Near the door of the commander's apartment, he found the admiral, who had been too weak to leave

THE ADMIRAL, BENDING OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF JUAN MARIDO.

his bed during the voyage, bending over the unconscious body of Juan Marido. There had been a vicious blow on the head and a fatal stab near the heart. No assailant had been seen, and the mystery was deepened by the unusual secrecy maintained over the stricken sailor. He was placed in the room occupied by the admiral's domestics, and his comrades were not allowed to see him. Several of these who had so long shared distress and misfortune with him, and believed in him as one inspired, were aroused to the greatest indignation at such an unnatural and cruel attack. Instinctively they saw signs of gilt in the sinister countenances of Pedro Ledesma and Diego de Porras, but this was forgotten in the joy that the end of their long suffering was at hand. The next day they went ashore to scatter over the country among their admiring and rejoicing friends.

Juan Marido was carried to the nearest convent and given over to the care of the nuns. Here there was continually some one of the sailors waiting about the gates, begging to know the fate of their beloved comrade.

In a few days the venerable Friar Juan Perez of La Rabida and the physician, Garcia Fernandez, came to the convent, bringing with them the aged mother of Merida. Two or three weeks passed, when one morning the sailor who had most persistently lingered about the convent, saw a procession issuing from the gates, bearing with the utmost tenderness and respect a covered litter, in which he believed lay the body, dead or alive (he could not learn which), of the friend who had so cheered and helped him through

many months of despair and suffering. He followed them on to Seville and learned that his friend was dying, but could not die contented until the hands of the almost equally helpless Columbus had been laid in a parting blessing upon his head. A few days later the sailor saw his friend buried in the ground reserved for the nuns in the garden of the convent of the Sacred Heart. Then he learned that Juan Marido was Merida of Palos, whom he had known in their early childhood.

Las Casas, the venerable friend and historian of Columbus, says that Pedro Ledesma, the murderer of Merida, was some months later found dead in the streets of Seville with a dagger through his heart. Merida had left an avenger.

OJEDA

The Spaniards console themselves in their unfortunate experience with America that they have retired with honor and have taken with them the bones of the discoverer. However, with the rest of mankind there are grave historic doubts as to either of these claims being true. The tribulations, unrest and uncertainty connected with the removal of the illustrious dust of Columbus from place to place, serves to recall interest in the fate of the remarkable characters who thronged in his wake to the New World. In most of them the highest motive was that of the unrestricted passion for adventure and lawless conquest.

On the second voyage, Columbus had with him a man small of stature but sinewy as a leopard, whose extraordinary bravado and reckless daring exceeded them all. This man of romantic adventures was then only twenty-one years of age, and yet he had already made himself famous for his reckless exploits in the Moorish wars. He was a page in the service of the powerful Don Luis de Cerda, Duke of Medina Celi, when he made himself notorious as the dare-devil Alonzo de Ojeda.

Just before the fall of Malaga in 1487, during a desperate sally of Moorish cavalry, which surprised and put to rout his company while it was out on a

gay parade, the youthful page Ojeda was made prisoner. He was taken into Malaga, stripped of his brilliant uniform, and given the inglorious task of attending to the stalls of the horses. Nothing, however, exasperated him so much as to see the horse that he had so patiently trained given over to a son of the captain, an unkempt imp of about his own age, with whom he had been compelled to exchange clothing. Luckily, he had a Moorish cast of features, and his despised clothing was ultimately much to his advantage.

A few days after his capture it happened that, while assisting to water some horses at a well just outside the city, the Moorish boy, clad in his soiled page's uniform and riding Ojeda's horse, came up to quench his thirst. Less than a mile away, Ojeda could see the white tents of the Castilian besiegers. A daring thought struck him, and with him to think was to act. With a running leap he sprang upon the back of his horse behind the Moorish boy, locked his arms around him, struck his heels into the animal's flanks, and called out to the horse the well-known words of command. Like an arrow the animal sped toward the distant tents. The howls of rage from the men who followed as swiftly as possible upon the remaining steeds, and the shrieks of the struggling Moorish lad, aroused all the horsemen on the plain, and, with the war cry of the prophet, they converged from every direction upon the flying animal and its writhing, twisting riders. Hearing the uproar, and supposing an assault of the enemy was about to take place, the Moorish cavalry in the city sprang to their horses,

LIKE AN ARROW THE ANIMAL SPED TOWARD THE DISTANT TENTS.

went with all speed to the plain, and formed in rank to resist a charge.

Such an array of horsemen led the Spaniards to conclude that the Moors were making a last mad dash for liberty. The call to arms resounded, and the eager Castilians were in a moment on their horses with poised lances, sweeping toward the enemy.

Supposing the oncoming Spaniards were the occasion of the alarm, the Moors stood their ground until driven back into the city by one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the siege. The best of the Moorish cavalry had fallen, and all hope of help from without being lost, the city at last surrendered.

The youthful Ojeda raced his obedient horse into the midst of the Spanish camp with his terrified prisoner, and a little later had the pleasure of riding at the head of the procession, resplendent in a new uniform, to witness the surrender of the city.

Five years later, a more romantic episode occurred to distinguish him at the siege of Granada. Through some means not now known, the Moors had made captive a Christian girl distantly related to Doña Beatriz, Marchioness of Moya, who then occupied a tent adjoining that of Queen Isabella. For a Christian girl to be taken by the Moors meant immediate slavery in one of the harems, a fate so abhorrent that it always called forth the most desperate expedients for rescue, and was the choice method of retaliation by the Moors upon the hated Castilians.

When Ojeda heard of the capture, his impetuous nature was at once aflame with the resolution to res-

cue her, although such a feat had been rarely accomplished.

It is doubtful if the youthful dare-devil ever laid any deliberate plans, but his first move in this case was to allow himself to be captured, presumably trusting to luck to keep his head on his shoulders and to find some way to escape captivity with the girl. At this time the Moors were too much occupied with the impending fall of the city to give the customary attention to prisoners. He was summarily manacled and cast like a piece of rubbish into one of the prisons adjoining the Alhambra. The city was full of distress, confusion, dissensions, and disorder. So much so that the score of Spanish prisoners with him were nearly starved to death from neglect. Having small hands and large wrists, he succeeded, as he expected, in removing the manacles, with but little difficulty. Equipping himself in Moorish clothing, obtained from the prisoners, he waited until night, and, with a little assistance, performed the almost incredible feat of climbing like a cat up the corner of the stone prison. He removed a tile from the high roof, escaped to adjoining roofs, and then to the ground. His first care was to secure a rope, with which he returned to the roof of the prison, and, fastening it securely, let himself down among the astonished prisoners. One of them being of Moorish extraction, and having been brought up in Malaga, was particularly well fitted for the task in hand. Ojeda released him from his chains, and together they climbed the rope and escaped to the ground. The streets were crowded all night with distressed and

anxious people, and the two escaped prisoners mingled freely with them.

The Spanish party that had been recently captured was so prominent that it was not long before a clew was obtained as to the place of their imprisonment. When morning came the two men found a lodging place and slept through the day. That night, strangely enough, they found that the girl and her mother were kept in a room adjoining, and communicating with the great mosque in the center of the city. It was doubly difficult to communicate with them, since in the distressed state of the people, the mosque was crowded at all times with anxious worshipers. However, what Ojeda could not accomplish by some feat of strategy, he did by reckless boldness. Procuring some Moorish male clothing, he awaited an hour when there were fewest chances of anyone being in the room but the prisoners, and then braced himself against the door, exerting such strength that its lock was broken. If there were any observers, they were too much occupied with their own woes to give the incident any attention. He went at once into the room and reassured the cowering women by telling them that he meant to assist the young lady to escape and that her mother would doubtless soon be at liberty, as he was assured that the city could not withstand the siege but a few weeks longer. The girl hastily donned the clothing brought for her, and boldly walked out into the mosque and passed on into the street.

In order to throw pursuers off the track, he had instructed the mother to wait until she heard some

one coming to the room, and then to cry out that her daughter had been taken from her by an unknown person. He expected by this means to be able to escape pursuit until the supreme effort to get out of the city had been made. It was about an hour before daylight when the two men and the disguised girl reached the city wall at an unfrequented place. They waited patiently until the sentinel came to relieve the man on the wall, when Ojeda sprang upon him so suddenly that there was no outcry, took the ladder he carried, and mounted the wall. With a stroke of the poniard the sentinel who was to be relieved was silenced as quickly as the other. Although it had been a dark night, which favored them so far, light was now breaking, and the utmost expedition was necessary. The ladder was drawn up and placed on the outside, when watchful sentinels, with keen ears, detected the unusual sounds, and called out their signals. Receiving no answer, they approached, just as the fugitives reached the ground. With loud cries, the sentinels called to the squad of horsemen that patrolled the outside, while the fleet-footed prisoners sped away toward the Spanish encampment. With answering cries the horsemen came on, the clatter of horses' feet being heard from all directions. Bidding the girl run on, the two men, armed with the lances taken from the dead sentinels, covered her flight. Objects were visible but a short distance in the dawning light, when the first horseman to see them dashed upon them. Ojeda caught the horse by the nostrils, and, with a powerful jerk, brought it to its knees. At the same moment the other man ran the horseman

through with the lance and dragged him to the ground. The two men then mounted the animal and sped on ahead of their pursuers, to the girl, whom they snatched up behind them. A minute later they were safe among the astonished Spaniards.

Las Casas relates that he knew Ojeda when he was renowned as having been in more personal quarrels, fights and feuds than any other man without ever having been wounded or having lost a drop of blood. Ojeda attributed this immunity to a religious talisman which he always wore about his neck, consisting of a small Flemish painting given him by his patron, Fonesca, the bishop of Badajoz, who was a bitter and relentless enemy of Columbus, and did that great man more injury than all other evil influences combined. Herrera says that in the most dangerous situations, Ojeda would fasten the image of his military patroness to some object, calmly address his devotions to it, and then proceed with the utmost impetuosity to overwhelm his enemies. The writers of that time have many anecdotes of his daring escapades. Las Casas relates one that well illustrates his reckless character. Queen Isabella, while in Seville, one day entered the tower of the cathedral. While looking out over the city from one of the balconies, she became aware that some object above her was greatly exciting the people far below her. Looking up, she saw to her horror that a man more than a hundred feet above her was dancing upon the end of a beam that projected about twenty feet from the structure. After holding the people almost breathless for several minutes, he walked back, placed one foot

against the tower, and threw an orange to the summit. This was Ojeda, who became one of the greatest of Spain's early discoverers, and who founded the first settlement on the continent at San Sebastian, Darien.

His first extended experience on the sea was with the second expedition of Columbus, in which his irrepressible activity found exercise in every available enterprise of danger or hazardous exploit. Notably among these may be mentioned his search through the Island of Guadaloupe for nine lost sailors, and his visit to the interior of Hayti, which he believed to be Japan.

The little town of Isabella, founded by Columbus in Hispaniola, was seriously menaced by a warlike Carib Cacique of the interior, known as Caonabo. This chief was surrounded by a strong and unusually well disciplined army in the midst of almost inaccessible mountains, but Ojeda proposed to take ten picked men and bring him a captive to Columbus. This wild project was in keeping with his love of extravagant exploits. In any other man such a proposal would have seemed ridiculous, but Ojeda had performed many a madcap feat equally hazardous and doubtful. He led his ten hardy followers over nearly two hundred miles of wild and hostile territory, to a place now called Maguana, near San Juan, where he found Caonabo preparing to resist to the utmost the establishment of the Spaniards on the island. In several previous conflicts, Caonabo had learned to respect the prowess of Ojeda, and now when the Cacique saw that doughty fighter approaching him with all the

deference shown to a sovereign prince, he was greatly pleased. Ojeda claimed that he had come to solicit Caonabo's friendship and to enter into a treaty with him. In a few days Ojeda had so ingratiated himself into the good will of the Cacique that the chieftain agreed to go to Isabella to negotiate the proposed treaty. As a sign of perpetual friendship, Caonabo was to carry back with him the chapel bell of Isabella, which was the wonder of all the islanders.

When they were ready to start, Ojeda was surprised to find that the wily Cacique was to be accompanied by a picked force of several thousand warriors. Ojeda inquired why he was taking such an armed force on a visit that was purely of a friendly character. The chief replied that he wished to visit his friends the Spaniards as became a prince of his power visiting in state such noble foreigners.

It became evident that nothing but a daring stratagem would effect the capture of the wily chief. The army marched on to the Little Yagui river, a branch of the Neyba, and halted for a period of rest. Here Ojeda produced a set of steel manacles, burnished till they shone like silver. He convinced Caonabo by a plausible piece of fiction that these elaborate shackles were royal ornaments worn by the Spanish sovereigns on occasions of great state. In order to dazzle Columbus with an insignia of such distinction and authority, it was advisable for Caonabo to pass through the royal consecrating ceremonies and then to wear the kingly bracelets. Thinking that this would confer upon him a special influence and authority over Columbus, Caonabo passed through

an elaborate series of religious ceremonies, during which the shining bracelets were placed upon his wrists, he was set in front of Ojeda astride the horse, and the other Spanish horsemen gathered around them. At a word from Ojeda, they struck their heels into the flanks of their horses and dashed away with their amazed captive. They had yet more than one hundred and fifty miles of thickly settled Indian country to pass through, in which all the people were either subject to Caonabo or were his allies. Ojeda and his men shunned the most populous districts, swept in a compact body at the highest speed through the towns, with the Cacique in the center, bound tightly to his horse, and kept their way as much as possible through the most unfrequented forests. After much suffering from hunger, anxiety and fatigue, they reached Isabella in safety and delivered the dangerous chieftain to Columbus.

Las Casas says that the Carib chief never deviated from that haughty and savage defiance so characteristic of the Indians. He would not pay the slightest heed or respect to any but Ojeda. It was the custom for all to arise when Columbus entered the room, but Caonabo refused to take any notice of his presence. However, Ojeda never came near him without the chieftain arising and saluting him with the profoundest respect.

Several attempts were made by the subjects of Caonabo to rescue him, but in every instance, Ojeda with a handful of horsemen put them to flight. A last effort was made by a brother of Caonabo with

seven thousand unusually well prepared men. The battle was conducted with considerable skill, but the steel-clad horsemen went through them with irresistible destruction, and the dismayed savages fled, abandoning all hope of ever successfully opposing the invaders of their island. In the sporadic insurrections that followed, Ojeda added trained bloodhounds to his cavalry, and that savage terror was afterward used all over Spanish America for the extermination of the natives.

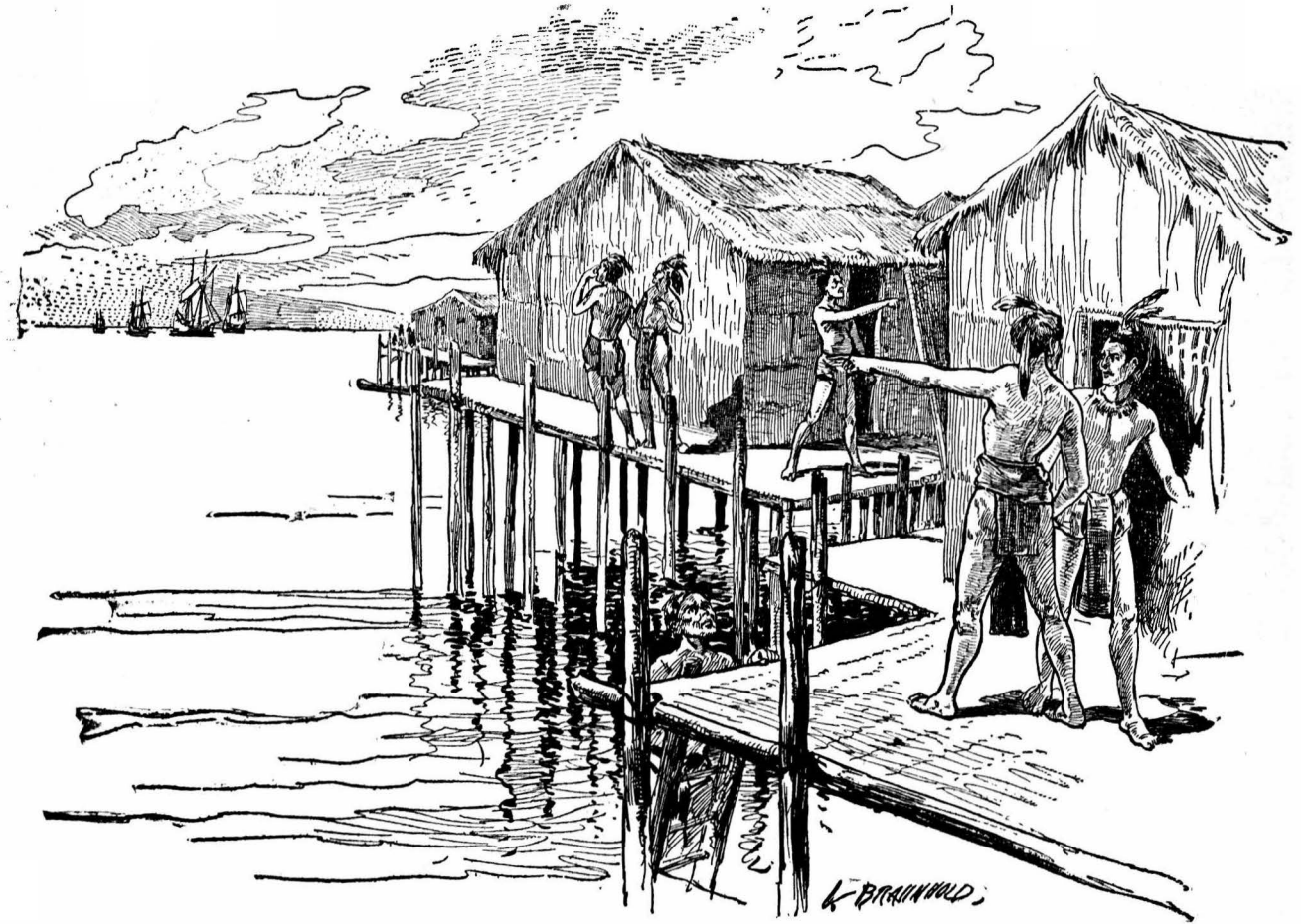
When Columbus returned to Spain, Ojeda returned with him, but did not embark in the third voyage, which brought the admiral back in chains. He was ambitious to lead an expedition of his own. As he had a cousin of the same name who was one of the first inquisitors of Spain, and who stood in high favor with the Spanish sovereigns, he had good reason to expect a fulfillment of his desires. Another powerful friend was Don Juan Rodriguez Fonseca, who was an implacable enemy of Columbus, and who had charge of all the affairs regulating the government of the New World. It was he who had given the small Flemish painting of the Virgin to Ojeda, which excited in him such religious fervor and headlong courage.

During the excitement occasioned by the letters sent back by Columbus from the early part of his third voyage, Ojeda easily obtained the equipment and authority desired, and he set sail from the port of St. Mary, opposite Cadiz, May 20, 1499. With him were Juan de la Cosa, who, next to Columbus,

may be regarded as the ablest mariner of that day, and Amerigo Vespucci, the ruined Florentine merchant, whose name was given to the New World.

In twenty-four days he reached the continent at the coast of Guiana, South America, about six hundred miles south of the lowest point reached by Columbus. He passed on northward, destroying, as a diversion, the war-like inhabitants of one of the Carribee islands in several sharply contested battles, in which he had one man killed and twenty-one wounded. A month later he entered a gulf in which he found built an Indian village reminding him so much of Venice that he named it Little Venice, or Venezuela. Here he met with a singular adventure. As soon as the natives saw the strange objects sailing into their bay, they fled to their lake-dwellings, drew in the bridges that connected them, and appeared to be in the greatest terror. While the Spaniards were gazing at the village a vast number of canoes filled with men entered the harbor. The Spaniards tried to hold communication with them, but the savages rowed to the shore and fled into the woods.

In an hour some canoes came to the ships with sixteen girls, who were distributed equally, four to each ship, apparently as a peace offering. The people then came swarming about the ships in great numbers. Suddenly loud shrieks were heard from a lot of old women standing in the doors of the houses. The young women sprang overboard into the sea and swam like fish toward the shore. Concealed weapons were brandished from all sides, and a shower of arrows



AN INDIAN VILLAGE REMINDING HIM OF VENICE, HE NAMED LITTLE VENICE OR VENEZUELA.

was sent into the ships. The Spaniards turned their cannon upon the temerarious natives and put them to ignominious flight. Two of the girls were recaptured, but they escaped the same night.

It is worthy to note that at the next place where they landed they enjoyed the most extreme hospitality. This was at a point supposed to be near where Maracaibo now stands. The people, and especially the women, were distinguished for their remarkable physical symmetry. They entreated Ojeda to allow a company of Spaniards to be taken into the interior, where others of their tribes could behold the marvelous visitors. Twenty-seven men were accorded this extraordinary privilege, and the Indians prepared litters, on which the delighted Spaniards were carried with all the savage pomp of ancient kings. When the cavalcade of royal arch voluptuaries reappeared before their envious comrades, they were followed by many thousands of rejoicing natives, who made the forests ring with shouts and songs.

It was here that Ojeda was so taken with the superior intelligence and beauty of a daughter of one of the Indian Caciques, or chieftains, that he took her away with him, which, according to the Indian customs, made her his wife. He named her Isabel, and she had no inconsiderable part in his subsequent career.

It was also at this place where Ojeda wrote his account to Spain of meeting with an English fleet, of which there is no account in English history. It greatly excited the Spanish Government, and vigorous measures were at once taken to prevent the Eng-

lish from ever gaining a foothold in the New World, which they claimed as exclusively their own.

Without finding any sources of the wealth he sought, he went to Hispaniola, where his commission forbade him to land, caused a great deal of unnecessary trouble to Columbus, who was then at San Domingo, trying to bring order into his rebellious colonies, sailed on to Porto Rico, and there loaded his ships with slaves, which he carried to Spain and sold.

Although there were only about twenty dollars to each sailor in the division of the profits, yet the fame of Ojeda as a daring navigator was such that he easily obtained a fleet of four vessels for another voyage. The two partners in this enterprise who furnished the money went with him. They attempted to found a colony in Venezuela, but the expedition experienced nothing but disaster. The two partners put Ojeda in chains and set their sails for Hispaniola.

It had been their intention to leave Isabel, the Indian princess, who believed herself to be the lawful wife of Ojeda, on the mainland at Bahia Honde, but owing to the friendship of the sailors for her, she was smuggled on board and went with him to Hispaniola. Ojeda planned to escape, and when the caravels anchored near the shore of Hispaniola, Isabel assisted him one night to get down over the side of the vessel with the intention of swimming ashore. She was able to free his hands from the manacles, but could not relieve him of the shackles on his feet. He was nearly half way to the shore when he gave out and was compelled to call for help. A boat was sent out to bring the crestfallen prisoner back to the ship, but

they refused to take in the Princess Isabel, and she was compelled to swim to the inhospitable shore.

Toward the end of September, 1502, the prisoner was turned over to the Governor of San Domingo. The case was carried to Spain, and about all that is known of what followed is that he was so restored to favor in 1505 as to be given the command of another expedition to America. Three years later he was destitute in Hispaniola, and was nursed through a severe fever by the faithful Isabel, who had maintained herself during the previous six years among the natives about San Domingo, and had come to him as soon as she heard of his arrival.

Ferdinand of Spain at this time decided that he wanted to send colonists to the Isthmus of Darien. Only two trustworthy men were available. One of these was the penniless Ojeda, the other was the rich and influential Diego de Nicuesa. The veteran pilot, Juan de la Cosa, used all his influence for Ojeda, and the King decided to divide the territory between them. They were made joint Governors of Jamaica, and given equal authority in their respective territories. The richly equipped fleet of six vessels commanded by Nicuesa, and the three scantily fitted caravels furnished by La Cosa, arrived at San Domingo about the same time, where Ojeda was anxiously awaiting them.

Not satisfied with his equipment, he succeeded in persuading a lawyer named Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who had saved about ten thousand dollars in the practice of his profession, to join him and invest his fortune in additional equipment. Meanwhile the

rival Governors had embroiled the whole community in a fierce quarrel over their conflicting claims. Diego Columbus, then Governor of Hispaniola, settled the quarrel over Jamaica by asserting his own rights over that island. He sent Juan de Esquibel with seventy men to take possession and to hold the island against all comers. Ojeda swore by the image of the Virgin he wore that he would have Esquibel's head whenever he had occasion to visit Jamaica, and Nicuesa—no less angered—put in command of his men the chief enemies of Columbus.

Ojeda was remarkable for the noted men he gathered around him. On this expedition he had with him several who became famous, among whom was Francisco Pizarro, afterward the renowned conqueror of Peru. Hernando Cortez (the subsequent conqueror of Mexico) had engaged a place in the expedition, but was prevented from going by an inflammation of the knee. Among the crew of the ship taken to Ojeda's colony by the lawyer Martin Fernandez, was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who, in 1513, discovered the Pacific Ocean, and in the relief vessel of Valdivia was Hernando De Soto, discoverer of the Mississippi, in 1542.

On November 10, 1509, Ojeda left San Domingo, and, after a short and prosperous voyage, reached the mainland at Cartegena. The veteran pilot La Cosa had been here with Bastides eight years before, and he warned Ojeda not to run any risks with the natives, as they were dangerous warriors. All of La Cosa's hard-earned fortune was invested in this enterprise, and he begged Ojeda to go to a more hospitable

shore, where the natives were less ferocious and did not use poisoned weapons. Nothing appealed to Ojeda's sense of pleasure so much as the prospect of a hotly contested fight, and his sense of courage could not brook the thought of changing plans because of fear for a lot of naked savages.

When the ships came to anchor the shore was at once thronged with a host of hostile natives. Ojeda at once landed most of his force and ordered his friars to proceed with their religious ceremonies, preparatory to the conversion or annihilation of the Indians. In reply the unteachable savages brandished their weapons, yelled their defiant war whoops, and sounded their martial conches. Ojeda addressed a short invocation to the image suspended about his neck, and ordered a furious charge. The Indians were routed and hotly pursued twelve miles into the forest, where they made a determined stand, but were again routed.

The aged La Cosa fought with equal valor by the side of the impetuous Ojeda, but constantly warned him of the imminent peril of such an extended pursuit. Regardless of these wise remonstrances, Ojeda continued the chase until late in the evening, when they arrived at the village Yurbaco. The place seemed deserted, and the Spaniards, supposing that the natives had fled in terror at their approach, scattered among the houses in search of booty. A moment later the surrounding forest echoed with the whoops of warriors who poured in upon the surprised and disorganized Spaniards a bewildering shower of poisoned arrows. Each straggling body of men was

surrounded by overwhelming numbers of the savages. In vain the desperate fight for life was heroically waged. For every Indian killed there seemed to be a score to take his place. Ojeda and several of his men succeeded in getting into an inclosure of palisades, which enabled them to maintain themselves longer than the others. La Cosa, with a larger body of men, had fought his way outside the principal ring of battle, but learning of the peril of Ojeda, turned back to his rescue and succeeded in reaching the palisade gate, where all but one fell under the unremitting hail of poisonous missiles. Just as La Cosa was struck down, Ojeda rushed with the ferocity of despair into the thick ranks of his enemy, and cut his way through their lines. La Cosa, though fatally wounded, succeeded in getting into a house with several others equally wounded, and there the little band of Spaniards defended themselves until they began to die in great agony from the poison.

"Sally forth," said La Cosa in the midst of his agonies to the one man yet remaining unwounded, "and if it should ever be thy fortune to see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate!"

This man, like Ojeda, by the impetuosity of his single assault, cut his way through, before the savages could concentrate their forces upon him, and these two were the only survivors of the seventy men who had continued the pursuit of the savages into the forests.

As the days passed without tidings from the pursuers, those on the ships became greatly alarmed. Scouting parties were sent out in all directions, but

IT WAS OJEDA, WITH HIS BUCKLER OVER HIS SHOULDER AND HIS SWORD IN HIS HAND.

large bands of Indians everywhere drove them back. All attempts to find the missing men were about to be given up, when a searching party, passing by a mangrove swamp near the sea, saw the body of a Spaniard lying upon a tangled mass of roots. It was Ojeda, with his buckler over his shoulder and his sword in his hand. He was so weak that he could not speak. His buckler bore the dents of more than three hundred arrows, and, as usual, he attributed his escape to the Virgin patroness whose image he wore about his neck.

A few days later, while he was seeking to recuperate on shore, the squadron of Nicuesa, his late enemy and bitter rival, came into view. Ojeda was now at his mercy, and he sent some friends to tell of the great misfortune that had befallen the expedition and to discover what Nicuesa would do.

"Seek your commander instantly," cried the chivalrous Nicuesa, "and bring him to me. Myself and my men are at his service until the death of the brave and noble La Cosa and his comrades are avenged!"

In a few days four hundred men set out for Yurbaco. A short way out from the shore some of the men came across an object that made Ojeda more furious for revenge than anything that had yet occurred.

When the suspense over the fate of Ojeda had become most intense, just before he was discovered helpless on the mangrove roots, the faithful Isabel determined to set out alone to see if she could learn anything of the fate of her lord, trusting to her kinship with the Indians. Ojeda was much disturbed when

he learned of the dangerous but loving mission on which she had gone, but all hoped for her safe return. The object which the advanced scouts brought so tenderly back, was the body of Isabel. She had been bound to a tree and her body literally filled with poisoned arrows. Ojeda kissed his image of the Virgin, and, laying his hand on the head of the faithful woman, swore that never again would he stay his sword in mercy to an Indian, a vow which not many weeks later was singularly broken.

The Indian village that had been so disastrous to Ojeda was reached some time after nightfall. The force of men was equally divided, and just before midnight, they approached silently from two sides upon the slumbering people. The chattering parrots that filled the trees, often made just as noisy by some prowling animal, drowned all the sounds made by the stealthy steps and cautiously whispered commands of the approaching men. Orders were given to permit no Indian to escape, and to take none alive. The savages were so completely surprised that they could make little defense. The slaughter was complete. Not a man, woman, or child was left alive.

While ranging the village for booty, they found the body of Juan la Cosa tied to a tree, and so hideous from wounds and the poison that the soldiers would not remain the rest of the night in the gruesome place. After securing about thirty-seven thousand dollars worth of gold ornaments, they destroyed every vestige of the village.

Nicuesa went back to his ships the sworn friend of Ojeda, who now took the advice of the lamented La

Cosa and sailed on to the Gulf of Uraba. A fort was built, but the incessant hostility of Indians with poisoned arrows still surrounded them and harassed them at every step. Famine added to their horrors, and it seemed that they would be able to survive but a few days longer, when Bernardino de Talavera and his lawless band arrived with a well equipped Genoese ship, which he had seized from its owner and crew at Cape Tiburon, on the western end of Hispaniola. The relief did not last long, and they were again in the midst of famine, when Ojeda determined to return to Hispaniola in Talavera's stolen ship, it being the only seaworthy one in their possession, in order to obtain help, and to see why Martin Fernandez had not come on with the promised supplies. Relying on the great service they had been to the colony San Sebastian, and upon the influence of Ojeda, Talavera and his crew determined to go with the ship. Once at sea, the utterly incompatible characters of Ojeda and Talavera asserted themselves, and a quarrel ensued, in which Ojeda was put into irons by the crew. While not far from the coast of Cuba a violent hurricane came upon them, and Ojeda was released to help pilot the ship. Not long after, it was driven, a helpless wreck, upon the coast. The miserable men, now willingly led by Ojeda, set out along the wild and swampy shore for the eastern end of the island, in the hope of finding some way to reach Hispaniola. Their sufferings from famine and hostile natives, many of whom had fled from the terrors of San Domingo, were such that when they came to a village where lived the Cacique Cueybas, they sank to the ground exhausted,

completely at the mercy of the Indian chief. So far from taking the opportunity for revenge, the Cacique tenderly cared for them as long as they chose to remain with him.

Their only hope now seemed to be in reaching Jamaica, where there was a settlement established by Juan de Esquibel, whose head Ojeda had sworn to take off on his first visit to that island. But conditions were altered now, and Pedro de Ordas was sent across in a canoe with some Indians to solicit help for the wretched Spaniards.

While starving and exhausted in the swamps, Ojeda had vowed to his Virgin patroness that if he were saved from the impending peril, he would erect a chapel in the first Indian village, and leave his beloved image there for the conversion of the heathen. This he did, and Las Casas says that on a visit there some years later he found the oratory kept in scrupulous order, and the image held in such reverence that the Cacique Cueybas ran away with it for fear the good bishop might steal it.

When Pedro de Ordas reached Jamaica, so far from holding enmity against Ojeda, Esquibel at once sent a caravel for the unfortunate men, and cared for Ojeda at his own house. Ojeda was soon enabled to go to San Domingo, where he found that Martin Fernandez had already departed for San Sebastian with a ship load of supplies.

On hearing that Talavera and his crew were at Jamaica, Diego Columbus, in accordance with his strict ideas of justice, sent some men with an order for their arrest, brought them to trial, and hanged

them. The testimony of Ojeda at the trial of Talavera and his men was largely instrumental in their conviction, and some of their friends resolved to assassinate him. One night, as he was going to his lodgings, he was set upon by a band of ruffians. His sword was out in a moment, with all his old-time vigor. Although assailed on all sides, he laid about so effectively that the midnight enemies recoiled and then fled, pursued by the valiant but prematurely aged warrior. Not one of them escaped without a dangerous wound to nurse as a result of their lawless temerity.

From this episode on, Ojeda is named no more in the Spanish records. This man of amazing feats and romantic exploits became a monk in the convent of San Francisco, according to Gomera, and Las Casas says that, when dying, he asked to be buried in the portal of the convent, so that all who entered might tread on his grave.

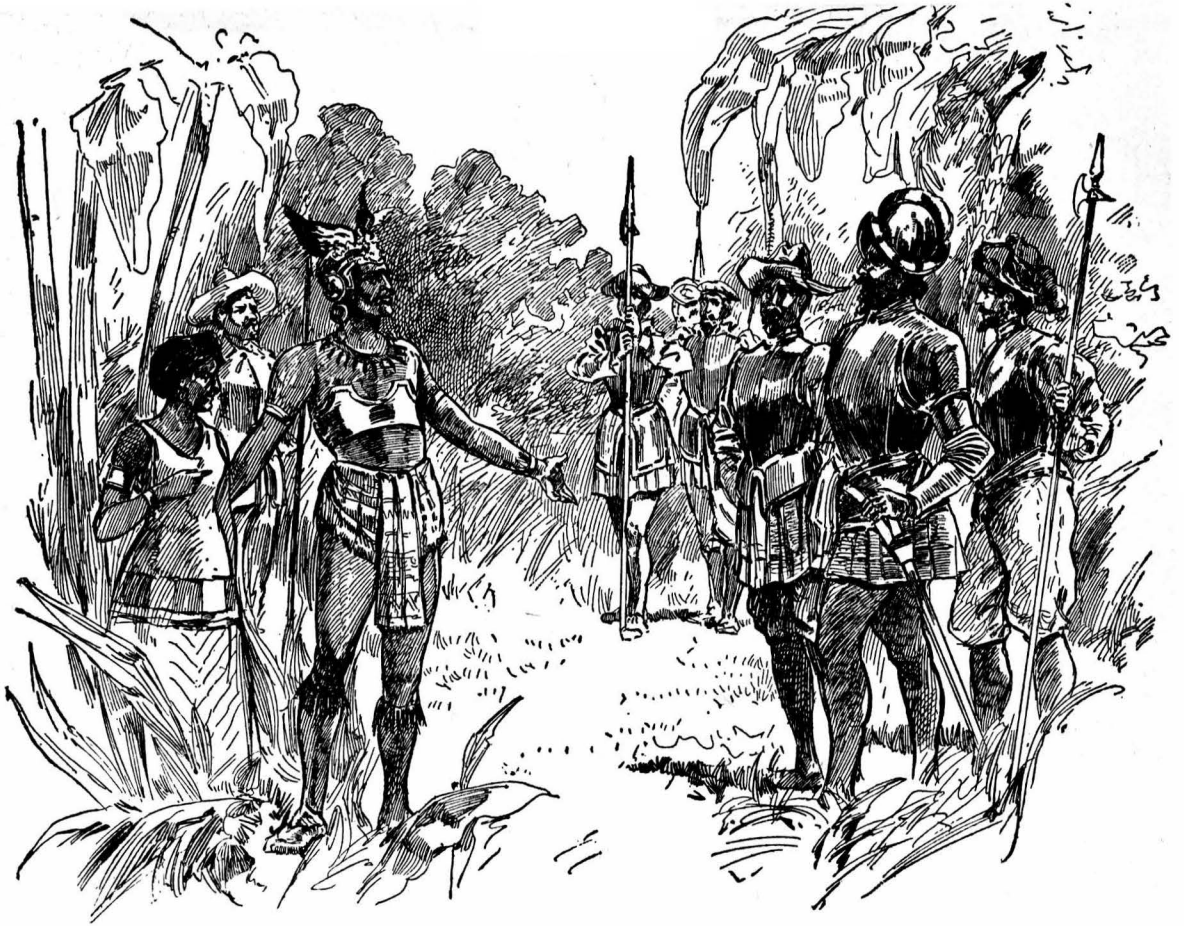
NUNEZ

The throng of adventurers infesting the New World four centuries ago contained none whose achievements were more deserving of honor, or whose fate was more deplorable, than those of the restless gentleman of fortune, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. Like others of the impoverished nobility of Spain, he took the first opportunity to sail to the land of promise in the belief that he could find unlimited fortune on its golden shores. Failing to get the desired reward in his voyage along Terra Firma with La Cosa and Bastides, he tried farming in Hispaniola, but succeeded only in getting so deeply in debt that he could not escape from his creditors when he sought to try his fortune on other voyages. At last an opportunity came which he determined not to lose. The Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso was about to sail to San Sebastian, Darien, with supplies for Ojeda. Notwithstanding his creditors, he determined to go. Stratagem was necessary, but a gentleman of fortune is not usually wanting in resources. When the vessel of Fernandez was well out to sea, a cask which had come from the farm of Vasco Nunez, and supposed to be a contribution of provisions for the colony, suddenly burst open, and the urbane Nunez stood smiling before the astonished Fernandez. The Bachelor was furious at being thus

imposed upon, and swore that he would set Nunez ashore on the first land they touched. However, the accomplished and polished Nunez soon proved himself to be such a valuable recruit, that the oath of Fernandez was never carried into execution. A more remarkable destiny was in store. At the harbor of Cartagena, while ashore repairing a boat, a brigantine came up, commanded by Francisco Pizarro, with about thirty men, all that remained of Ojeda's settlement, to which Fernandez was repairing with his supplies. After considerable persuasion, Pizarro and his men agreed to return, and San Sebastian once more received its colonists, but they were again speedily reduced to starvation. Vasco Nunez suggested the happy expedient of possessing themselves of a prosperous Indian village which he had seen on the west side of the Gulf of Uraba when he was on the voyage with Bastides. As soon as possible San Sebastian was abandoned for the new land of promise. The village was found, the Indians were dispossessed, and the promised wealth of provisions and spoils was secured, amid great rejoicings at their good fortune. The unhappy natives fought hard, but could not withstand their steel-clad foes, and so the famous Spanish town of Darien came at once into existence. All the country round was plundered, and fifty-five thousand dollars worth of gold ornaments was soon in the coffers of the colony. As Spaniards in those days were never known to live at peace with themselves or others, it was not long before the colony was rent with hostile factions, prominent in which was the rising leader, Vasco Nunez de Balboa.

In the midst of this trouble the boom of cannon was heard across the bay, and a vessel, which proved to be one searching for the settlement of Nicuesa, came into view. As the source of their dissensions was in the fact that Darien had been discovered to be just inside the territory of Nicuesa, a happy solution appeared in the proposition to send an invitation with Colmenares, commander of the brigantine, to Nicuesa, offering to him the governorship of the colony. But the condition of Nicuesa and his men at Nombre de Dios was worse than that of the colonists at Darien. He had lost by starvation all but a handful of his men, and when he appeared on the brigantine with his woebegone followers, the faction under Nunez refused to allow them to land. The unhappy Nicuesa begged to be permitted to live among them, even as a prisoner in irons rather than to be compelled to return to Nombre de Dios. At this Nunez repented and championed his cause, but the rabble forced him to depart. He sailed away for Hispaniola, and neither Nicuesa, the rival of Ojeda, nor his crew, was ever heard of again.

As Nunez was the only one who had shown him any friendship, Nicuesa, just before his departure, presented him with a powerful bloodhound, named Leoncico, which in the many tragic scenes that followed, became almost as famous in Spanish annals as his master. He always received a soldier's share of the booty; and, in this way, earned for Nunez nearly five thousand dollars. Hardly had Nicuesa left the harbor, when the man who had so humbly sailed away from Hispaniola in a cask, on the ship which Fernandez commanded, was recognized as the chief man in



BEHOLD MY DAUGHTER. TAKE HER FOR THY WIFE.

the colony. Fernandez was tried for the unlawful usurpation of authority in a territory outside of his jurisdiction, his property was confiscated, and he was imprisoned, but a little later allowed to return to Spain.

A few unfortunates having been left by Nicuesa to hold Nombre de Dios, Nunez sent two brigantines to bring them to Darien. On the return voyage, two Spaniards, who had fled nearly two years before from some punishment of Nicuesa, and had taken refuge with Careta, the Cacique of Coyba, were picked up. Their story of the riches of their late host was eagerly devoured, and a plan was laid to ravage the territory of the chief. One of them went on to Darien to act as guide for a party of invasion, and the other returned to the Cacique to assist in his betrayal.

In a few days Nunez set out for Coyba with one hundred and thirty men. The Cacique Careta hospitably received the Spaniards and set a feast before them. Appearing to be satisfied, the Spaniards left their host with many expressions of good will, but that night returned, captured the village, and took everything of value that could be found.

"What have I done," Careta asked, when brought before Nunez, "that I and my people should be treated so cruelly? Have I not welcomed thee and thy people as my brothers? Set us free and we will remain thy friends. Dost thou doubt me? Then behold my daughter. I give her to thee as a pledge of friendship. Take her for thy wife and be assured of the lasting friendship of her family and her people."

Nunez recognized the fact that it would be of great

advantage to him and the colony to have such a powerful native ally. He therefore accepted the offer of friendship, and the Indian princess, according to Indian usage, became the wife of the Spaniard. Her quick intelligence, courage, and faithfulness made her his companion in many perilous enterprises, and his loyalty to her had much to do with his lamentable fate.

According to the terms of this alliance, the enemies of Careta were speedily reduced, and the spoils received amply repaid the Spaniards. While on a friendly visit to Comagre, a neighboring Cacique, the eldest son of the chief presented the Spaniards with four thousand ounces of gold and sixty slaves. A quarrel began over the division of the gift and developed into a general fight. In great indignation and disgust, the Indian prince struck the pile of gold to the floor with his fist and exclaimed: "If this sordid metal is indeed so precious in your eyes that in the hope of finding it you abandon your homes, invade the distant lands of others, exposing yourselves to such suffering and peril, I will tell you of a land where you may gratify your utmost wishes. Look to those lofty mountains in the south. Their streams run down through sands of gold into a mighty sea. The kings who reign upon its borders eat from golden vessels and drink from golden bowls."

The vast prospect afforded by this information was such as to change the Castilian adventurer into a world benefactor, inspired with the loftiest ambitions. He realized that if he found an ocean beyond the con-

tinent, it would cause him to be ranked among the greatest discoverers of the earth.

From the best information he could gather, the power of the chiefs through whose territory he must pass, was such that it would require a picked force of not less than twelve hundred men. Full of the grand purpose before him, Nunez returned to Darien and dispatched Valdivia to Hispaniola with the royal fifth of about seventy-five thousand dollars in gold for the King, and a letter to Diego Columbus, asking him to use his influence with the King to secure the necessary twelve hundred soldiers with which to make his way to the western ocean and conquer the fabulously rich kingdoms. The frail bark of Valdivia was thrown by a storm among the rocks known as the Vipers, off the south coast of Jamaica, where it went to pieces. The crew of twenty men escaped in a boat, but the storm drove them upon the coast of Yucatan, in the cannibal province of Maya. The unfortunate survivors, excepting nine, were sacrificed to the idols and then devoured by the savages. Five men and two women died natural deaths, and two, a priest and a soldier, escaped, the priest being rescued eight years later by Cortez.

The interval during which Nunez was waiting for the return of Valdivia was occupied with several romantic expeditions for gold, varied by savage warfare against the hostile natives. The watchfulness and devotion of the Indian princess several times saved both Nunez and the settlement from disastrous conspiracies made by the surrounding foes, and such was the deadly determination of the crafty Indians to kill

Nunez, that of forty who had been sent to assist in cultivating his plantation, every one had been sworn to take his life. But Leoncico, the bloodhound, more terrible in his peculiar discernment, devotion, and bloody prowess than any Spanish soldier, was always prowling near his master, and not one of the Indians sworn to kill him had dared to lift a hand against him. On one occasion, when the factions in the settlement became unusually turbulent, Nunez left, ostensibly on a hunting expedition, but in reality to let them have the experience of their own injudicious control. Before daybreak he left the scene of his riotous countrymen and set out for the home of the Cacique Careta, with the Indian girl behind him upon a horse, and the great bloodhound, in reality a species of mastiff, carefully reconnoitering, as was his custom, both sides of the way some distance ahead. The vigilance, intelligence and prowess of this animal was such that Nunez was relieved of all fear of ambush or attempts at assassination.

Arriving at a small village about ten miles from Darien, he stopped with the chief for rest and food. Although hospitably entertained, he had no reason for any considerable faith in the friendship of his host. While partaking of the food set before them in the Indian's hut, a furious commotion was heard, mingled with the savage snarls of Leoncico. Rushing outside, they found the animal standing over the prostrate body of an Indian, whose throat was torn in shreds, while a dozen others were crouching together against the wall of the house, with their spears presented in defense, each fearing to throw his weapon, lest he

THE CHIEF LAY PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND, A TERRIFIED PRISONER.

become the next object of the animal's fury. In a few minutes at least a hundred armed men gathered round, vociferously demanding the death of the dreaded dog.

An untouched piece of meat lay upon the ground, near which a javelin was sticking in the ground. One of the dog's ears was slit and bleeding, as if the spear had barely missed its mark. These things Nunez quickly discovered, and, knowing that the animal never made an attack without cause, he acted with his usual promptitude. Seizing his host by the throat, he threw him to the ground and ordered the intelligent dog not to allow him to arise. Knowing that the least movement meant death, the chief lay prostrate on the ground, a terrified prisoner, while Nunez scattered the awed braves with his sword. After due investigation, he became convinced that an attempt had been made to kill Leoncico, which was doubtless to be followed by an attack upon himself. The chief and his men so strenuously denied this that Nunez allowed them to believe his suspicions allayed. The body of the slain Indian was ordered to be removed, the chief liberated, and the interrupted meal was resumed as tranquilly as if nothing had occurred.

While he was leaving the village, his princess drew attention to the fact that not an Indian warrior was to be seen except those of the chief's household. However disquieting this fact, Nunez relied on the sagacity of Leoncico to warn him of any immediate danger.

Two or three miles from the village the dog suddenly struck a trail quite a distance from the main

road and followed it rapidly. He had been taught to track nothing but men, and his excitement indicated that enemies were near. In a few minutes his prolonged but snappy baying not far ahead indicated that he had come upon his game. The forest was not dense on this part of the coast, and they soon saw an Indian in the lower branches of a tree, directly in the path some distance ahead. The dog was twenty or thirty paces away from the Indian and was walking back and forth in an open space, as if defying an unseen foe. Nunez stopped when he had drawn near enough to study the actions of the dog, while the Indian girl sprang from the horse and ran to speak with the Indian in the tree. When she was half way to him she suddenly paused, turned about, and started to run. At this, a score or more natives came from their hiding places and began to menace the dog with their weapons, while one caught the girl and attempted to carry her away. She had been taught to use the Spanish ladies' stiletto, and, drawing one from her cloak, struck her captor down at a blow. Nearly a hundred men were now between her and Nunez, and she stood with uplifted weapon, uncertain what to do.

Nunez called the dog to him and quickly strapped a kind of armor upon him, which did not impede his movements, but effectually protected his body, neck and head from the arrows and crude javelins of the Indians. He likewise covered his horse with a harness of mail, always carried for such an emergency. Just as this was completed, a shower of arrows rattled against his buckler. He drew his sword, sprang into

the saddle, and at the word of command both horse and dog sprang eagerly forward to their well-known duty.

It was a hundred men to one, but savages were, even in such numbers, no match for the man who had the aid of both steel and beasts. These men had seen the Spaniards fight, and dreaded the ferocity of the beasts that helped them, but they believed that with such numbers, protected by their native forests, they could rid their country of this chief of the foreigners, and destroy the famous animals that gave him his power.

At the first charge of the horse, they ran behind trees and rained their missiles upon the approaching foes. Not the slightest effect came of their efforts, and one after another they shrank from the mouth of the dog, only to fall upon the still more fatal sword. At a signal the frantic assailants rushed upon Nunez and tried to drag him from his horse. The sword flashed back and forth like a weaver's shuttle, and blood sprang from the throats and breasts of falling men. But even the dying clung to the Spaniard's legs, and he seemed about to be drawn to the ground, when the savage mouthings of the dog in front, accompanied by the flash of the woman's stiletto upon naked backs, opened a way and the horse plunged forward out of the bloody mass. But it was only for the rider to return to the charge, and in a moment more the battle of the naked pygmies against the steel-clad giant ceased. They ran howling in every direction, as if they were flying in helpless terror from some implacable monster.

Nunez was contented to let them escape, the armor was taken from horse and dog, the girl resumed her place behind him on the horse, and they went on to their destination.

Within a fortnight a messenger arrived in haste from Darien, praying Nunez to return and suppress the anarchy that had reigned since his departure. This was done, and then the evil news came that the Bachelor Fernandez had obtained at the court of Spain a verdict for heavy damages against Nunez, and that an order had been procured commanding him to repair at once to Castile to answer for the death of Nicuesa. His exalted ambitions were about to be struck down, and his brilliant opportunities forever lost. But the royal order had not yet arrived, and his only hope lay in taking advantage of the delay. He hastily got together one hundred and ninety of the most hardy and courageous men, a number of friendly Indians, and a score of bloodhounds, over which Leoncico was solemnly appointed captain. With this force he set out September 1, 1513, to accomplish what he believed would be a difficult task with a thousand well-equipped horsemen. He went by water to the home of the Cacique Careta, who gave him guides and additional men. Careta's daughter refused to be left behind, and insisted on sharing the perils of the expedition with the Spanish chief, whom she reverenced as her husband according to Indian law. Leoncico marched at her side, as if conscious that she was in his special charge. In the perils of the forest and during the battles with hostile natives, Leoncico val-

THE SUBIME PROSPECT OF THE GREAT SEA INSPIRED HIM WITH THE MOST EXALTED EMOTIONS.

orously performed his share, but he never forgot or neglected his mistress.

Half of the force were left to guard the brigantine and piraguas in which they came to the province of Careta, and with the meager remainder, Nunez penetrated to the foot of the mountain range, beyond which lay the great discovery which was the object of his high ambition. Only sixty-seven Spaniards were able to take up the march to the summit. After a night's rest the little band set forth at daylight, September 26, 1513. At 10 o'clock they emerged from the forest upon the bare top near the summit. Here Nunez advanced alone to an eminence from which his Indian guides told him the ocean could be seen.

The sublime prospect of the great sea inspired him with the most exalted emotions. He fell upon his knees and gave grateful thanks for having been made the humble means of such a glorious discovery. His followers were then called to share with him the gorgeous spectacle of sparkling rivers and gleaming sea. They were thrown into religious transports at the splendor of the scene and the glory of the achievement. In prayers, songs, and shouts of praise, they embraced one another and swore to live and die the devoted followers of Vasco Nunez de Balboa.

The commander then called upon all to witness that in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, he took possession forever of that sea, with all the islands it contained and all the shores it touched. A week later he succeeded in passing down the long mountain slope through the territory of warlike Indians to the shore of the sea. Wading into the water with his drawn

sword, he declared that the ocean and all that it contained or touched was annexed forever to Spain, with all the appertaining kingdoms or provinces by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present or to come, so long as the world endured, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind. It is a matter of curious comment that the last shred of all such Spanish claims vanished in the last year of the Nineteenth Century.

Two chiefs on different occasions told Nunez of the rich countries toward the south, and had he lived he would doubtless have been the conqueror of Peru, instead of Pizarro, who listened to the stories and profited by the downfall of his leader.

After ravaging all the territory within their reach and undergoing the greatest hardships, the adventurous band of Spaniards, with a vast quantity of booty, reached Darien, January 19, 1514.

Meanwhile the King, greatly incensed against Nunez, appointed Don Pedrarias Davila Governor of Darien, and so great was the desire for adventure in the new country that Pedrarias soon had two thousand men and a fleet of fifteen ships. He was ordered to proceed at once to Darien, take hold of the affairs of the colony, and try Vasco Nunez for his alleged crimes. Accordingly he embarked for the New World only a few days before the tardy messengers of Nunez arrived, bringing news of the discoveries and achievements that should have made him, next to Columbus, the idol of the Spanish nation.

When Pedrarias arrived at Darien, Nunez welcomed him with the full measure of respect and obedi-

ence. Like most Spanish Governors, Pedrarias desired to be free of all rivals, and he took the most astute course to that end. Nunez was too popular and powerful to be proceeded with harshly or hurriedly, and Pedrarias played the part of intriguing politician, a hypocracy unknown to Nunez. Under the pending investigation, he was kept at home while important enterprises and expeditions were given to favorites of the Governor. Seeing that he was to be thus ruined and his discoveries turned to the profit and honor of others, he secretly sent Andres Garabito to Cuba for the purpose of securing an equipment for an expedition across the isthmus from Nombre de Dios to the shores of the Southern Ocean. If his plans had not been constantly defeated through the enmity of Pedrarias, in this period he would have discovered and doubtless conquered Peru, making allies and friends of the natives instead of using such cruelty and slaughter as marked the course of Pizarro.

Nunez was remarkable for the respect and friendliness he inspired among the Indians. It was not long after he obtained full control over Darien that a Spaniard could go unarmed within a day's journey without the slightest fear of harm, but soon after the rule of Pedrarias began, the wanton cruelty of his partisans was such that, according to Las Casas, the people were at all times harassed with the most distressing alarm. Every tree seemed to shelter a deadly arrow, darkness brought forth a thrust of the javelin from every isolated spot in the town, and dark spots on the plains or distant hillsides became hordes of revengeful savages about to overwhelm them.

Meantime, Andres Garabito returned from Cuba with a ship and seventy men, equipped for the southern expedition. He hovered off the coast and secretly sent word to Nunez, but the watchful Pedrarias heard of it and forbade him, under arrest, from leaving the town. Garabito was compelled to go on to Nombre de Dios alone and disband his expedition.

Pedrarias saw that the popular power was steadily slipping from his grasp into the hands of Nunez. The Franciscan friar, Juan de Quevedo, who had come over with Pedrarias as bishop of Darien, although his constant companion and adviser, had been at all times the friend of Nunez. In this deplorable condition of the colony, the good bishop devised a plan which he fondly hoped would secure better government and bring peace to the disorganized and suffering community.

"Why drive a man to be your deadliest enemy," said the diplomatic bishop to the envious and vindictive Governor, "when there is a way to make him your most powerful friend? You have in Spain several daughters, one of whom you can make his wife. Thus you will have a son-in-law who will bring prosperity to your family and whose achievements will redound to the splendor of your administration."

The wily peacemaker then represented to Nunez that further antagonism between him and the Governor meant the ruin of both and the destruction of the colony. Accordingly, articles of agreement were drawn up, specifying that the Governor's daughter, then in Spain, should be sent for at once and married to Nunez on her arrival in Darien. Nunez, now

relieved of all impediments, believed the time had come for the realization of his dreams for the exploration and conquest of the fabulously wealthy nations of the south. He began this enterprise with the prodigious feat of transporting across the Isthmus of Darien the material for the construction of the brigantines in which he was to sail on the ocean he had discovered. This Herculean task caused Herrera to exclaim: "Only Spaniards could have conceived or persisted in such an incredible undertaking, and no commander in the New World but Vasco Nunez could have conducted it to a successful issue."

While at the Isla Rica, news came that Pedrarias had been superseded in the governorship by Lope de Sosa. As this might materially affect his plans, he entrusted Andres Garabito, his former agent to Cuba, with the mission to find out if it were true. Unknown to Nunez, Garabito had become his vindictive enemy for having been rebuked severely in return for some derogatory remarks he had made against the character of the Indian princess, who had remained with her father, Careta, since the expedition of discovery to the ocean. Before leaving on this last expedition, Garabito had written to Pedrarias that Nunez was too much infatuated with the Indian girl ever to marry his daughter, and that the agreement had been entered into merely for the sake of gaining time in the scheme to overthrow the Governor.

When Garabito reached Acla, near Darien, he found that the new Governor had died as his ship entered the harbor, and Pedrarias was more strongly intrenched in power than ever. He caused himself to be arrested

on suspicion, and in a confession accused Nunez of treasonable schemes against Pedrarias and the King. Burning with revengeful enmity, the Governor sent a friendly message to Nunez to return to Acla for an important conference, and at the same time ordered Francisco Pizarro with a strong force to meet him and take him prisoner at any cost.

Unsuspicious of any danger, Nunez set out for Acla, and as he neared that place, met Pizarro, who made the required arrest.

"How is this, Francisco?" he exclaimed. "Is this your accustomed greeting?"

In the trial that followed it took little trouble on the part of Pedrarias to secure a verdict of death. The friends of the great discoverer appealed to the Governor for mercy.

"No!" vindictively returned the implacable Pedrarias, "If he has merited the verdict of death, let him suffer the penalty."

Accordingly Vasco Nunez and several of his companions were publicly executed in the open square of Acla.

It is said that the Indian princess was kept in ignorance of what was transpiring until she got a hint that Nunez was at Acla, in trouble. Inspired with all the anxieties of her faithful love, she started at once to help him. On entering the town, she saw his head upon a high pole in the public square. Wild with horror, she attempted to take it down, when she was shot by a soldier and her body thrown to the dogs.

MARINA

A singular circumstance is connected with the ownership of the Philippines which turns attention back to the romantic conquest of Mexico. Although the Philippines were discovered by Magellan, their occupation for more than three centuries was distinctly the result of Mexican enterprise, as was that of California. Yet when Mexico obtained its independence it took California without question and laid no claim to the Philippines. The title of the American possessions lay in the hands of the Spanish sovereigns, and were no part of the integral territory of Spain.

Mexico itself was discovered through the enterprise of Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, who secured the preliminary equipment for Cortes and gave him his commission. Cortes severed his relations with Velasquez, and on his own responsibility made New Spain a princely gift to Charles V. The royal fifth which the sovereigns received in their own right was a kind of rental tax in the farming-out process, which fastened such leeches and cormorants upon the Spanish colonies.

The New World attracted only such adventurers as had no hope for fortune or glory in the vast European dominions of the Spanish monarch. Cortes was one of the most desperate of these, and when he set sail

for Yucatan, most of his equipment and authority consisted in what he had seized by sheer audacity.

When Cordova returned from an expedition to Yucatan a few months previous to the expedition of Cortes, he told a curious story of the word Castilian having been frequently repeated very distinctly to him by the natives, but he could not understand what they meant. It was finally decided that some castaway Spaniards might be among them, and Cortes was instructed to make a reasonable search. Inquiry among the Indians at the Island of Cozumel, near the coast of Yucatan, confirmed this belief so much that a letter was written and an Indian prevailed upon to carry it to the alleged white captives, telling them to appear at a certain point on the coast and they would be ransomed. The Indian messenger hid the letter in his hair and set forth upon his dubious errand. Through the imperfect medium of sign language and the little Spanish learned by a Yucatàn Indian brought to Cuba by Grijalva, no intelligent communication could yet be established.

Neither messenger nor captive white men appeared, and the fleet left the island. Not far away one of the vessels sprung a leak, and the fleet was compelled to return to the island. As they were again about to set sail, a canoe was seen approaching from the mainland on the other side of the island. One of the ship's boats was ordered to intercept it, surprise the occupants, and capture them. At the first sight of the Spanish boat, the Indians sprang into the water with such precipitation that their canoe was overturned. All reached the shore and hid themselves in the underbrush,

HE STOOD ON THE BEACH AND BOLDLY AWAITED THE SPANIARDS.

excepting one, who stood on the beach and boldly awaited the Spaniards.

They noticed wonderingly not only his absence of fear, but that he had a bit of a stocking tied about one leg. A still smaller piece of European cloth was tied about his waist. From his neck there hung the tattered remnant of a prayer book. When their boat touched the shore near him he fell upon his knees, spat upon the sand, and rubbed some of the moistened earth upon his forehead and over his heart. Then he arose and tried to speak, but they could not understand his strange words. At last they distinguished the word Castilian, and they realized that one of their captive countrymen stood before them. He called his Indian companions to him, and together they were taken before Cortes.

"Which is the Spaniard?" asked the commander, unable to distinguish between them. The captive kneeled at his feet, and Cortes threw his cloak over the naked shoulders. But it was a long time before he could endure the touch of clothing or the taste of the Spanish food, and several days elapsed before he had recovered his mother tongue enough to make his story intelligible. It was then learned that his name was Geronimo de Aguilar, and that he had been a priest with Valdivia. Nearly nine years before they had been wrecked upon the Viper rocks south of Jamaica, and the entire crew, escaping in their small boat, were driven upon the coast of Maya, in Yucatan. Valdivia and all the others but the priest, Aguilar and a sailor, Gonsalo Guerrero, were sacrificed to the idols and eaten by the priests and worshipers. Another account,

perhaps more reliable, says that seven of the men and the two women died natural deaths. However, the most generally accepted historian of this episode says that the two who escaped the sacrifice hid behind the smoke of the altar; and, while the priests were searching for them, escaped into the woods. They continued their flight until they came into the territory of another Cacique, before whom they were taken by some Indians, and who made them his slaves.

Aguilar kept his priestly vows, but the chief, in curiosity, caused him to be tempted beyond all the trials of St. Anthony. Guerrero married into the chief's household, and in time became so renowned for his prowess in war that he was raised next to the Cacique in authority and wealth.

Aguilar received the letter of Cortes in due time to reach the appointed place, but he hastened to Guerrero, who lived some distance away, in order that he, too, could have the glorious opportunity to return to his countrymen. To the astonishment of the priest, his companion in captivity refused at once to go. Aguilar pleaded in vain.

"Brother Aguilar," said Guerrero, "I have united myself here to one of the women of this country, by whom I have three children; and I am, during war time, as good as Cacique or chief. Return to our countrymen. Go! and may God be with you. As for myself, I could not again appear among them with comfort. My face is disfigured according to Indian custom. My ears are pierced and my lip turned down. What would my countrymen say to see me in this attire! I could not endure their mirth. Only look

at my children. What lovely little creatures they are growing to be. How could I leave them! Pray give me for them some of the glass beads our countrymen sent you. I will say they are presents sent to my children from my brethren in my fatherland."

Aguilar could not prevail over Guerrero's resolution, and was compelled to bid him a sorrowful adieu.

De Solis, the Spanish historian, in speaking of the refusal of Guerrero, says: "Guerrero, having married a rich Indian, by whom he had three or four children, excused his stay by his love for them, pretending natural affection, as a reason why he should not abandon those deplorable conveniences, which with him weighed more than honor or religion. We do not find that any other Spaniard, in the whole course of these conquests, committed the like crime; nor was the name of this wretch worthy to be remembered in this history. But, being found in the writings of others, it could not be concealed. His example serves to show us the weakness of nature, and into what an abyss of misery a man may fall, when God has abandoned him."

A heavy ransom of hawk-bells and glass beads was paid for the priest and he was free, but the interpreter so essential to Cortes was not yet provided, as Aguilar could speak only the language used in the limited territory of Yucatan. However, this pressing need was soon supplied in a most unexpected and romantic manner.

Cortes left Cozumel, went around the coast of Yucatan and landed his men at the Grijalva River in New Spain. With about five hundred Spaniards, two hundred Cuban Indians, twelve horses and ten small brass

cannon, he marched on into the interior. The inhabitants fled before him until he came to the province of Tabasco. There his first battle was fought with the natives, and he accomplished their complete subjection. Among the presents which they brought to their conqueror were twenty slave girls, whose work was to grind corn with a stone pestle and mortar, which they carried constantly with them as a badge of their servitude. One of them was of such commanding presence, intellectual countenance and truly royal beauty that she attracted at once the attention of Cortes.

While trying to communicate with her by signs, she spoke some words that caused Aguilar to interrupt the commander in great excitement. He understood her language. Communication was thus established with the natives, and her remarkable story was learned. As it afterward occurred, she became a New World Joseph to her guilty people.

She was the only child of the Cacique of Painala, tributary to the Montezumas. When she was quite young her father died and her mother remarried. By inheritance she was the chief of the territory, but a son being born to her mother, its step-father wanted it to become the Cacique. In order to bring this about, it was necessary to dispose of the princess, and she was secretly sold to some Indians going into Yucatan. It was given out that she was dead, and the guilty ones expected never to hear of her again. Some years later she was sold to the Tabascans, who gave her to Cortes. The Spaniards could talk to Aguilar, he could interpret it to the princess in the language

of Yucatan, and she in turn made it known to the Tabascans and Mexicans. Thus the Old World was put into communication with the New.

Cortes was a handsome man, of the most pleasing demeanor, and the Indian girl soon loved him with a fervor and fidelity which made her the constant companion of his most desperate sufferings and perilous campaigns. Historians agree that without her, Cortes would never have been the conqueror of the Montezumas.

She readily accepted Christianity and was baptized under the name Marina, being the first Christian convert on the continent of North America.

"Beautiful as a goddess!" exclaimed Camargo in his history of the conquest, and all who saw her were unstinted in their praise of her dignity, kindness and grace. She was always faithful to the Spaniards, regardless of the shameful betrayal which Cortes imposed upon her unenlightened spirit. She was of incalculable service to the conquerors. Several times by her keen watchfulness and intelligent understanding of the natives, she saved them from disaster and destruction. Many Indian ballads sing her virtues, and Melinche, as she was fondly known to the Aztecs, is the familiar spirit of Chepultepec. In a little time she learned Castilian, and became the indispensable interpreter and secretary of Cortes. He never appeared in public without her by his side, and the only name by which he was known over all New Spain was Molinche, which meant lord of Marina.

After defeating the Tabascans, Cortes plunged onward through the hosts of warriors that disputed

his progress. With every victory he increased his strength by making friends and allies of the conquered nation. Montezuma, at the height of Aztec glory and power, watched the coming of the strangers with gloomy foreboding, yet hoping that on the way they would meet destruction.

At Cholula, aptly called the Rome of Anahuac, because of its being the center of the Aztec religion, a conspiracy was formed which meant inevitable destruction to the invaders. This was the last city on the road to the great capital where lived the lord of all New Spain, in unapproachable dignity and splendor. Every instinct of religion, home and nation made it imperative that the unappeasable strangers should be allowed to come no nearer to the capital, and a crushing conspiracy for their destruction was completed.

Marina, always alert, keen and resourceful, became suspicious that treachery was meditated. A son of one of the principal chiefs became greatly enamored of her, and so caused his mother to go to Marina and prevail on her to leave the Spaniards, as the gods had decreed their destruction. As if in great alarm, Marina went to her room and brought away her most prized treasures. Then the chief's wife, in greater confidence, told her that twenty thousand of the emperor's best troops were encamped near, ready to join the Cholulans in a sudden assault upon the handful of Spaniards, who were hopelessly cooped up in the narrow streets of the city.

Marina returned to get the rest of her personal effects, during which she managed to give Cortes the

startling news. She then returned for the purpose of securing more information from the confiding Cholulan.

With his accustomed promptness, the commander seized three visiting chiefs and caused them to confess, amidst their protestations of innocence, that the Cholulans were planning the destruction of their guests. This discovery was all the more alarming as Cortes, believing in the friendship of the Cholulans, had allowed himself to be quartered at a great disadvantage, where his accustomed tactics could not be employed. This showed that the natives began to understand the invaders. The multitudes might no longer be appalled by the unknown thunder of artillery. Heretofore the hosts in the rear of the fighting men heard the terrifying roar and saw the black clouds of smoke arising, under which their men fell like grass before the hurricane. Suddenly monsters half animal and half man came tearing through the broken ranks of their warriors, and the panic of a dreadful fear seized them as they fled from before such all-devouring monsters. European discipline had taken advantage of every weakness, and unresisted butchery ensued as long as the slaughtering arms could lift lance and sword, or while there was a flying or groveling foe to be seen. Closer contact, however, had shown the Spaniards to be only ordinary men, using superior skill and better weapons. Awe was no longer an ally of the invaders, and the natives had resorted to stratagem. Cortes learned that the time set for the attack on him was to begin as he started to leave the city, and while his men were separated in the narrow streets. A force

of about forty thousand men had been selected for this purpose, and they were at hand ready for the command.

As if falling more completely into the trap, Cortes called the chief priests, through whom most of the important business was transacted, and told them that, being about to leave, he wanted to meet the chiefs to bid them farewell, at the same time asking to be provided with an escort of two thousand men.

The great public court where the Spanish troops were quartered was surrounded partly by high buildings and the remainder by a wall, through which there were three wide gates. Early the following morning Cortes placed his cannon on the outside of the gates, so as to sweep the avenues leading to the court, and drew up his men in order at the advantageous points. Hardly was this done when the chiefs appeared with double the men required and entered the enclosure. Cortes came up quickly to the chiefs, with Marina by his side, and through her accused them of the treachery they were about to commit. They were struck with awe and terror at the power which the white chief had to read even their thoughts.

"I will now make such an example of your treachery," said Cortes, "that the report of it shall ring throughout the wide borders of Anahuac."

This was the signal for the firing of an arquebuse, and in an instant volley after volley of guns and crossbows poured into the mass of natives in the center. They tried to escape through the gates, but impregnable rows of lances thrust them back. They tried to climb the walls, but their bodies were only so much

better targets for the Spaniards. Others tried to hide under the bodies of the slain, but the ruthless swords soon found them out.

Hearing the firing of cannon, the Tlascalan allies, who had not been permitted by the Cholulans to enter the city, bound wreathes of sedge around their heads, so that they could be distinguished from the enemy by the Spaniards, and furiously fell upon the forces guarding the entrance to the city. The slaughter proceeded like a conflagration, excepting for a strong force under the priests, which took possession of the great pyramidal temple. This force could be reached only by the ascent of one hundred and twenty broad steps running around the four sides of the lofty pyramid.

In the face of stones, darts, and blazing arrows, the Spaniards scaled the steps of the vast edifice, and, with the burning arrows, set fire to the citadel containing the Cholulan warriors. Quarter was offered to them, but only one man accepted it, the others perished in the flames or threw themselves over the parapet and were dashed to pieces far below. Hardly a native warrior was left alive, and the city was given up to unrestricted pillage.

Cortes had at all times expressed to the Aztec ambassadors the profoundest respect for Montezuma, so that when the Spaniards were nearing his capital, he prepared to receive them in a splendor that rivaled the Orient in magnificent ceremony. Marina rode by the side of Cortes, and by her eloquence and address, completely won the susceptible heart of the Aztec King.

The Spaniards had a saying, "He has not seen anything who has not seen Granada," and yet all agreed that the Aztec capital was more magnificent than Granada. In the center of this city of half a million inhabitants, Cortes, with all his men and allies, was installed by the unbounded hospitality of Montezuma. A Spanish historian states that if a single horse had been known to them, even as a captive in one of the great museums of the capital, many Spanish armies would have perished before the city could have been taken.

When Cortes decided that the easiest way to make himself master of the city was to hold the life of Montezuma in his hand, he found that the Oriental seclusion of the Emperor furnished a ready opportunity. Quietly, and in such numbers as not to arouse suspicion, picked men stationed themselves along the street to the palace. Numerous others wandered into the palace, as if they were merely gratifying their curiosity. Then Cortes, with Marina, and five of the men most noted in the annals of the conquest, sought an audience with the Emperor. A complaint was made that two Spaniards in a distant part of the empire had been killed by the Emperor's orders. Regardless of his protestations, he was told that he must become a hostage with the Spaniards until the matter was satisfactorily settled, or his life would be instantly taken. Montezuma listened in horrified amazement.

"When was it ever heard," he exclaimed, "that such a great prince as I left his palace to become the prisoner of a handful of strangers within his own gates?"

Two hours had passed in the strange controversy, and the impatient Velasquez de Leon cried out:

"Waste no more words! Seize the barbarian, and if he resists, let us plunge our swords into his body!"

With a face white as death at the angry words of the soldier, the monarch turned and asked pitifully of Marina what it meant. She explained as gently as she could that he must go with the Spaniards, who promised to treat him as became a King. To deny this and incur their wrath, doubtless meant instant death. The fervent appeal of Marina changed the resolution of her Emperor, and he bowed his will to the inexplicable boldness of the irresistible strangers.

Marina was constantly tender and solicitous for the comfort of her sovereign. He came to look upon her as a daughter, and to rely implicitly upon her counsel.

After Cortes had the city well in his own hands, and Montezuma, with his nobles and chiefs, had taken the oath of vassalage to the Spanish crown, Marina joyfully carried the word to her sovereign that he was now a free man and could return to his palace. He did not do so, for the reason, it is said, that Aguilar immediately informed him that the soldiers were bitterly opposed to it. They believed that the captivity of the King kept the populace in subjection, and Montezuma, so anxious not to have repeated in Mexico the horrors of such a massacre as had deluged with blood their holy city of Cholula, preferred to be a prisoner.

But the storm broke at last with a demoniacal fury almost unprecedented in the annals of history. Velasquez of Cuba, whom Cortes had deserted in assuming complete command in New Spain, sent Narvaez with two ships and orders to arrest and super-

sede Cortes in authority. While the undaunted conqueror was gone to the coast on the famous expedition which resulted in the capture of Narvaez and the absorption of his entire command, Alvarado, the future conqueror of Guatemala, and soldier of fortune with Pizarro in Peru, was left in command at the Aztec capital. At this time the chiefs and nobles of Mexico and its tributaries gathered at a great annual religious festival. The Spaniards, for some cause never satisfactorily explained, were ordered to attack them. A slaughter followed, more horrible in all its details than that of Cholula. After the first recoil of horror, the frenzied people turned upon the Spaniards like ravenous wolves. Supplies were cut off, and the audacious invaders were lost unless help came soon.

Through the influence of Marina, in whom Bernal Diaz, the most reliable historian of the expedition, says he never saw weakness or fear, Montezuma was induced to mount the battlements and persuade his people not to storm the fortress. In this they obeyed him, but it was the last respect they ever paid to him whom they had reverenced and feared next to their gods.

At this time Cortes, triumphant over the enemies of his own country, and with the additional forces acquired from his capture of Narvaez, entered the city. Soon after the drawbridges on the causeways, connecting the island on which the city was situated with the outer shore of the lake, were destroyed, and one of the most desperate and relentless conflicts ever waged was begun.

Slowly the infuriated hosts, regardless of the bloody

MONTEZUMA FELL INTO THE ARMS OF HIS ATTENDANTS MORTALLY WOUNDED.

havoc wrought against them by sword and cannon, pressed closer and closer upon the wretched garrison. At last came the pitiable end of Montezuma. He was persuaded to ascend the central turret of the palace and advise his people to permit the Spaniards unmolested to leave the city. As he appeared, the war cries ceased, and many fell prostrate as before the presence of a god. He spoke only a few words in favor of leniency to the Spaniard, when reverence vanished, and the people were electrified with scorn.

"Base Aztec!" they cried. "Woman! Coward! The white men have made you fit only to weave and spin!"

Then a hail of missiles fell about him, and he sank into the arms of his attendants, mortally wounded. While the natives were paralyzed with the revulsion of horror at having slain him whom they had so feared and venerated, Cortez, at the head of a little band, assaulted the pyramid temple, from whose broad platform at the top a band of Mexican nobles were enabled to throw into the Spanish quarters a constant hail of arrows and stones. Up the broad steps the heroic band went in the face of the arrows, stones and beams that rained down upon them, while the cavalry fought the enemy away from the base of the temple and kept the way open to the Spanish quarters. Both armies watched with fearful interest the death struggle going on to its finish far over their heads. Once they saw two warriors seize Cortes and drag him to the edge of the great platform. There was a moment of fearful suspense, when one of the Aztecs was flung far over the edge, his body rebounding from steps and plat-

forms to the earth far below, while the other assailant sank down almost severed in twain by the commander's sword. In half an hour every Mexican in the monster edifice was dead, and the Spaniards, in their religious fervor, rolled crashing over the sides of the towering pyramid all the hideous, blood-covered statues, idols, and sacrificial stones.

A lull in the sanguinary struggle followed, and Cortes believed the opportunity favorable to make terms with the maddened populace.

With Marina at his side he mounted to the turret in the palace from which Montezuma had so mournfully addressed his desperate people. The clear, musical voice of the far-famed Indian girl secured at once the most respectful attention. But the plea she was given to translate was only that of reproach upon the Aztecs as being the cause of such fearful bloodshed, with the command for immediate and unconditional surrender.

"If you do not," was the conclusion, "I will make your city a heap of blood and ashes, and leave not a soul alive to mourn over it."

Their reply was startling enough: "We are all content if for every thousand Mexicans who fall there has been shed the blood of one Spaniard. Our city is thronged with warriors as far as your eyes can reach, and you will soon be in our hands. The bridges are broken down and you cannot escape. We mourn that there will soon be too few of you to glut the vengeance of our gods."

A volley of arrows from the infuriated Aztecs ended the conference.

The dreadful truth was fast becoming clear to the mind of every soldier. The only chance for life lay in fighting their way over the broken causeways to the nearest shore, more than a mile away. The night this was attempted is known in Spanish annals as "The melancholy night." The score of slaughter was reversed, regardless of the most heroic valor. Secretly and silently the Spaniards and their allies moved out of their quarters and passed along the deserted streets toward the nearest causeway. Suddenly the shrill scream of a woman broke the stillness of the night, made inky dark by the drizzling rain. Instantly echoing cries resounded over the city, and the hosts of warriors poured in upon the fleeing Spaniards. The long, narrow causeway was at last gained, when the shrill war cries of myriad assailants on either side in canoes were heard coming nearer and nearer. Then there was poured upon the long, narrow line of Spaniards and their allies a storm of missiles. In the midst of the bloody conflict of this midnight procession, Marina and the women, armed with shield and sword, fought for their lives as valiantly as did the men. One Marie de Estrada is especially noted for the daring deeds she performed. In that desperate retreat there were many feats of heroism that rivaled the valor of the demi-gods of the Grecians. Two-thirds of the Spaniards and more than three-fourths of the Indian allies who had entered the city were dead, and the remnant was but a disorganized mass when the shore was reached. Not a gun or cannon was saved, and yet the exhausted men fought their way onward through two hundred thousand warriors, gathered a

few miles away at Otompan, and arrived safely among their friends at Tlascala.

In the course of a few months the indefatigable and indomitable Cortes secured such reinforcements from ships and men sent by Velasquez to help Narvaez that he turned once more toward the capital of the Aztecs. The story of how he fought his way back into the city through myriads of natives, who cared nothing for life as long as they could inflict a wound, and the horrible process of the remorseless conflict, which reduced the city, as Cortes had threatened, to a pile of blood and ashes, wherein a quarter of a million people perished, all reads more like a wild Oriental romance than the pitiable truth.

Not satisfied with the complete prostration of Mexico, which he asked Charles V to call New Spain of the Ocean Sea, Cortes set forth on an expedition of conquest to Honduras, taking with him the indispensable and equally tireless Marina.

A strange occurrence then took place in her history. At the place now called the Lake of Peten, Cortes summoned to meet him all the neighboring Caciques, chiefs and rulers. When they were assembled, Marina came forward to speak to them in the name of the great conqueror to whom they had come to pay their homage. All present noted a marvelous resemblance between Marina and one of the visitors, who was queen-mother of the powerful Maya tribe. The frightened woman saw that Marina was her daughter, whom she had sold into slavery, and she believed that she had been brought there to meet the just punish- of death for her unnatural crime. But the gentle

Marina ran to her with all a child's affection, loaded the unworthy parent with caresses, and covered her with the jewels she wore. Marina implored her mother not to grieve for the fault committed so long ago, since it had redounded so much to the glory of God and the Christian redemption of Mexico.

Bernal Diaz says that he heard her tell her people that if she had been born chieftainess of all the provinces of New Spain, the only pleasure that she could derive from it would be that she could give them all to Cortes.

It was on this expedition that Cortes gave her away in legal marriage to a Castilian knight named Jaramillo, who was afterward standard-bearer of the City of Mexico. From this time on the name of Marina and the Aztec title of Malinche, given to Cortes, disappears from the Spanish annals. But it is known that the Spanish Government, in consideration of her distinguished services, gave her estates and pleasure gardens, both in the country and City of Mexico. One of the most famous mountains in New Spain was named for her, and a bronze equestrian statue of her now stands in the city of Pueblo. As mention is made during her lifetime of her grandchildren, it is likely that she lived to a good old age, recognized by all as one of the greatest heroines of Indian America.

THE LAND OF WAR

Patriotic heroism is esteemed by most nations as the highest virtue of the citizen. Next to this in universal commendation is that of religious heroism. As the Spaniard has always combined both of these in a high degree, his nation has from this point of view many heroes with the most daring exploits to their credit.

Singularly enough, every nation believes itself to be blessed with the greatest heroes and the most heroic achievements. From the pioneers at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock to the last fight at Manila, the citizens of the great American republic read rapturously of courageous deeds, and exalt their heroes. But as romance, all this makes poor reading by the side of the extraordinary exploits recorded in the annals of Spain. But there is an infinite difference in favor of American heroism, if it is judged by its ultimate value to civilization.

No one can read of the matchless daring displayed in the Spanish conquest of America without being impressed with the conviction that the conquerors considered the subjugation of the natives of but little more importance than the extermination of each other in the constant feuds of rivalry. So much was this true in Spanish South America that this territory was generally spoken of in Spain as "The Land of War."

If Pizarro had governed his conquests according to his experience with Vasco Nunez, discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, instead of after the manner of the vindictive Pedrarias Davilla, Governor of Golden Castile, there would probably have been no "land of war" to distract and exhaust the resources of Spain.

That all the soldiers were not as devoted to such enterprises as their indomitable leader, may be inferred from some singular incidents.

Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, and the licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, who was represented in all the transactions by the priest Fernando de Luque, completed their compact for the conquest of the territory south of Panama, and took oaths of eternal friendship over the holy sacrament. The expedition was fitted out with enthusiastic fortune-hunters, and the coast supposed to contain the fabulous riches of which they had heard, was safely reached. As on a previous voyage which Pizarro had made southward, only swamps, desolate wildernesses, and pauperized inhabitants were to be found, but the sufferings on shipboard or land were forgotten at every contact with the natives, from the assurances they gave that it was only a little farther on to the land of countless gold. The Spaniards moved along the coast toward the golden paradise, and saw increasing evidences of a higher civilization, but such numbers of warriors thronged the shores that the handful of adventurers seemed ridiculously inadequate for any kind of campaign. At last it was decided that Almagro should return to Panama for reinforcements, while Pizarro remained with the soldiers at the Island of Gallo.

There was almost a mutiny at the prospect of being kept at that desolate place so long, and many furious letters were written home to friends. Almagro seized all of these and informed the men that no such letters would be delivered. However, the wit of a crowd of desperate men is not so easily foiled. Presents showing the richness of the country and intended to impress the people and officials of Panama with the importance of the expedition, were taken back in abundance, and the soldiers succeeded in concealing in a ball of cotton, intended as a present especially pleasing to the Governor's wife, a letter setting forth their grievances in full and signed by them all. It concluded with the stanza:

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

The letter was uncovered at Panama, and it produced a great sensation. The stanza was chanted all over Spain. It had such an effect that the Governor would not listen to the golden promises of Almagro, but at once sent two ships to bring away the Spaniards at Gallo, who had meanwhile suffered dreadfully from the inability to procure food and because of the continuous storms. The vessels sent to take them home were hailed with rapturous shouts of joy, and the conquest of Peru was being balanced across the finger of fate. Pizarro at once asserted that decision of character which proves the great leader for great achievements.

He drew his sword and struck a line in the sand east

HE DREW HIS SWORD AND STRUCK A LINE IN THE SAND.

and west. "Friends and comrades!" he exclaimed, turning toward the south and standing on the northern side. "On that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I cross to the south."

Ruiz, the pilot, and Pedro de Candia, a native of Greece, unhesitatingly followed him, after which eleven others crossed the line. To remain alone on this desolate rock in the ocean, waiting for the doubtful reinforcements of Almagro, was heroism. Without it, Pizarro's name would have been unknown and South America would have had a different history.

After seven months the Governor sent a relief vessel, with barely enough men to sail it. It found the fourteen men on the Island of Gallo as resolute as ever, and instead of returning in the vessel, Pizarro put his men aboard and steered for the Peruvian coast. In the Gulf of Timbuez, a populous city was seen, and, as the brigantine approached, upward of ten thousand armed warriors lined the shore. Assurances of friendship having been established, Pizarro decided to send Pedro de Candia, the Greek, ashore for information. Dressed from head to foot in dazzling armor, and with a drawn sword, the athletic Greek stepped ashore and marched straight forward into the town. The people fled before him, and thronged the housetops, as if they were being visited by a demi-god.

As he approached the entrance, a jaguar and a wolf from the pleasure garden of one of the nobles were

turned loose upon him to test his supernatural qualities. The jaguar fled, but, according to the Spanish historians, the wolf lay down and suffered him to touch it with the cross, a proof of the miraculous efficacy of that instrument. Inside the town, in the midst of the wondering natives, he set up a board as a target and shivered it with a shot from his musket. The consternation and terror caused by this exhibition of power were very gratifying to the white man's sense of superiority, and Pedro de Candia felt a pride equal to the reverence and awe of the natives.

When he returned to Pizarro, he had a wonderful story of temples lined with precious metal and magnificent gardens of artificial flowers and fruits done in gold. For this exploit the Greek knight and cavalier was made, by the Spanish Emperor, master of the artillery. In the deadly feud that followed a few years later between Almagro and Pizarro, in which Spaniards fought each other with more fury than they did the Incas, Candia was found on the side of Almagro, but with what willingness may be inferred from the fact that at the battle of Chupas, the Greek was struck down by the sword of Almagro's son for the alleged treason of firing his artillery over the heads of Pizarro's men.

Coasting southward until indisputable evidence of the rich Inca Empire had been obtained, the vessel returned to Panama, and Pizarro went to Spain, to obtain the royal commission and the means to pursue the conquest. Early in 1530 he returned to Panama, bringing with him four brothers, equally ambitious and courageous. Most of the offices and

powers were vested in himself, and from this arose the disputes between Almagro and Pizarro which at last resulted in their mutual destruction. Meanwhile it is hardly too much to say that their exploits rivaled any adventures known to romance or history.

Almagro remained at Panama to procure and forward supplies, while Pizarro went on to Peru and set out on his search for the golden Inca. His entire force consisted only of one hundred and six infantry and sixty-two horsemen. With this insignificant force he crossed the Andes into the center of the great Indian Empire, and came to the camp of the Inca, where he was spending the winter with an army estimated at a hundred thousand men. Here he decided to effect the capture of the Inca, a feat more daring and desperate by far than the peaceable seizure of Montezuma by Cortes. But there were audacity and courage enough in those two acts to place them among the chief wonders of history.

It was on Saturday, November 16, 1532, when the Spaniards reached the summit of extraordinary exploits in America. Without molestation they had gone on through the passes of the Andes and emerged upon the plains of Caxamalca. As the Spaniards marched into this typical Peruvian city of adobe buildings, not an inhabitant was to be seen, although the number of houses showed at least ten thousand population. About four miles away, beyond a swamp, across which ran a narrow causeway, could be seen the countless snow-white tents of the Inca's army. So far from any possibility of help, surrounded by mountains in whose passes a few Indians could prevent escape,

in the presence of an innumerable host, which, without doubt, desired their destruction, every soldier lost hope. Francisco Pizarro alone remained confident. In the wide halls of the houses opening upon the public square, he placed his horsemen in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, and the other under De Soto, who was ultimately to become more famed for his discovery of the Mississippi River. Pedro de Candia, the Greek, was stationed conveniently in the fortress with his artillery, consisting of two small falconets. The foot soldiers were concealed in the nearest houses, ready to rush forth at a signal.

In this manner, Pizarro prepared his men to receive a visit from the Inca, whose long train of attendants they had been watching as they marched in admirable military order over the causeway. It was nearly sunset when the stately array filed into the great square, the Peruvian Emperor borne upon the shoulders of a score of men. He was arrayed in gorgeous livery, and sat upon a throne of solid gold. Six thousand warriors entered the square, and not a Spaniard was to be seen by the natives until Father Valverde, a Dominican friar, came forward to the King, with a Bible in one and a crucifix held aloft in the other. The interpreter was at hand, and the astonished Inca sat upon his golden throne, held aloft upon the shoulders of his attendants, and listened to a doctrinal sermon that covered all essential points of belief from the creation to the papal bull that gave Peru to the Spaniards. The priest then advised the King to turn at once to the Christian faith and submit to Pizarro, who was

the authorized representative of the great Catholic monarch, Charles V.

Enraged at such demands from the handful of strangers, Atahuallpa flung away the Bible which had been pressed upon him, and the priest, shocked at such irreverence, ran back into the nearest house, crying, "I absolve you. Set on at once."

Pizarro waved a white scarf, a gun was fired from the fortress, and the cry, "Santiago and at them," rang from every side of the square as the Spaniards, horse and foot, rushed with gleaming swords upon the compact mass of bewildered Indians. The two falconets and the few muskets had a broad target, and the thunders of their reports, with the dense black smoke that rolled upward from them, made it appear to the natives as if heaven itself had joined in the slaughter. Not a Spaniard was wounded, and not a single stroke in defense was made by the terrified Peruvians. So great was the pressure of the mass against one of the great stone walls, covering the space between the houses, that it gave way for a hundred yards, and through this space multitudes were able to escape from the slaughter-pen into the open plain, where the horsemen cut them down as long as their arms had the strength to plunge their swords. It was long a bitter saying among the Peruvians that the great wall was less cruel on that day than the Spaniards.

The longest fight was around the Inca, about whom his followers gathered and interposed their naked bodies, until it was long after dark before the royal litter could be overturned and the King captured.

Without doubt four or five thousand Indians were slain, this massacre being one of the foulest blots in all the dark history of Spain.

Soon after Atahuallpa had agreed to ransom himself by filling his three prison-rooms full of gold and silver to the amount of sixteen or seventeen million dollars, Almagro, Pizarro's partner, arrived with a welcome reinforcement of one hundred and fifty men and fifty horsemen, who clamored to be led on to Cuzco, where stood the golden temple of the sun. The Inca was becoming a burden, although he had proven himself to be one of the most congenial and companionable of men. He learned to play at dice, and not only paid his lost bets, but always refused to receive anything in payment of the lost bets of others. No one ever attended him or did him a favor without receiving some handsome reward. Two circumstances now appeared to hasten the end of the unfortunate King. Felipillo, the Tambuez Indian whom Pizarro had secured on his first voyage and educated as his interpreter and secretary, fell in love with the Inca's favorite wife. Rumors began to come in through Felipillo of a powerful avenging army being raised at the instigation of Atahuallpa. De Soto was sent on an expedition of investigation, but before he returned such abundance of evidence was taken by the secretary from Peruvian nobles visiting the Inca, that it was decided to bring him at once to trial. It is said that Pizarro was not averse to such summary proceedings, from the fact that the Inca held him in great contempt. This contempt of Atahuallpa came about through a singular circumstance. One day he asked

a soldier to write the name of the Christian God upon the royal thumb nail. This was done and the Inca exhibited it to numerous soldiers, all of whom, to his delight, pronounced the same word. But when it was shown to Pizarro he was silent. Neither Pizarro nor Almagro could read or write, and the Inca could not esteem the leader who was less informed than the follower. The trial for treason was held, and the Peruvian Emperor was condemned to be burned, but by acknowledging the Christian faith his sentence was commuted to that of being garroted. On the same night of the sentence, two hours after sunset, in the flare of torch lights, the judgment was carried into execution. A few days later De Soto returned with the information that he could not discover the remotest indications of an uprising; on the contrary, the natives seemed to be leaderless and utterly dazed. Not long after, Felipillo went with Almagro on an expedition to Chili, when he was unceremoniously hanged for a meddlesome intrigue. In confessing his sins to the priest, he said that he had manufactured the testimony on which the Inca was condemned.

Most of the gold paid for the ransom of the Inca had come from Cuzco, where there was said to be many times as much still untouched, in the temple of the sun. Almagro's soldiers clamored for an opportunity to share in those fabulous riches, and Pizarro accordingly set forth for the capital of the Incas. This city, with an estimated population of two hundred thousand inhabitants, was taken without resistance, and not less than sixteen million dollars in gold secured as spoils.

Spaniards were then, as now, such inveterate gamblers that few of the soldiers could keep their gold longer than it could be gambled away. Leguizano, a horseman, was given the image of the sun as his share. It was a huge gold plate, bearing in the center a head, from which extended sun rays. The first night he gambled away this magnificent prize, the story of which became so famous in Spain as to pass into a proverb, "Play away the sun before sunrise."

Leguizano was so disgusted that he left the army at the first opportunity and never touched a card again. Not long after he married an Inca princess and passed the rest of his life in trying to repress the rapacity of the Spaniards. In 1589 he wrote a long letter to King Philip II, enumerating the griefs of the natives and the crimes of the Spaniards. When he died he wrote in his will, "I pray God that he will pardon my grievous sins against the helpless people of Peru. I am about to die, the last of all the discoverers and conquerors. It is notorious that there are none surviving excepting me alone in all this country or out of it, and I now do all that remains to me to relieve my conscience."

Each soldier received enough of the golden spoils to make him among the richest men in Spain, but every division of the princely treasures only increased his avarice and greed. Adventurous leaders with small bodies of troops ravaged the country in every direction. One party under Sebastian Benalcazar set out for Quito, where, as the Spaniards were told, lay the greatest treasures of all Peru. Ruminagui, one of the Inca's generals, was Governor there. Hearing of

the approach of the Spaniards, he gathered his troops together and met the enemy, in a desperate conflict, on the plains of Riobamba. He could not withstand the mailed horsemen, and, retreating into the city, he set it on fire. Meanwhile, his son Catuna had been busy day and night, removing the golden hordes of the temples to a place of hiding, after which the slaves who had carried the gold were killed. In escaping from the city as the Spaniards were entering, Catuna was climbing over a burning wall, when it fell upon him, and he was not only crippled for life, but frightfully disfigured. Here he was found by Hernan Saurez, one of the Spanish captains, who took a great interest in the youthful chief and treated him with great kindness. In after years, Saurez met with misfortune and was thrown into prison for debt. Catuna visited him and asked him to promise that what he was about to say would always remain a secret, and that should any suspicion ever fall upon Catuna, the captain would be his protector against the avarice of the Spaniards.

The promise was given, and the next morning Catuna smuggled into the hands of the Spaniard a golden pineapple, which liquidated the debts and liberated him from prison. Saurez had been noted for his extraordinary kindness and charity to the natives, and it was mainly through this generosity that he had lost his fortune and become involved in debt. Catuna had been a slave in the household of Saurez, but he now became his master's constant companion. Catuna asked him to put a smelting furnace in his cellar and to protect it from all intrusion. This was done, and

Catuna told his master to visit the place every morning. He did so, and never failed to find an ingot of pure gold. Every cent thus obtained was spent to alleviate the miseries of the natives. When Saurez died, beloved by the Indians over all Peru, it was generally believed among the Spaniards that Catuna, known as the Indian imp from his horrible disfigurement, had furnished his master with the gold through some dreadful practices of black magic. A trial was called, and Catuna boldly admitted that he had sold his soul to the devil in exchange for the secret of how to make gold. The judges demanded proof, and Catuna named the necessary conditions. These were readily granted, and Catuna produced an ingot of pure gold. The judges put the precious metal to the test, and, finding it genuine, divided it between them. More proof was demanded, and so convincing was the golden argument that the judges pronounced him not guilty. He was tried before other judges, with the same effect, so that it was found that he could not be convicted by a single judge in all Peru. In consequence he became so feared that none dared to oppose him, and while he lived there was justice to the natives about Quito, as far as it could be obtained under Spanish law, or through the greed of the Spanish judges.

It seems that the secret treasures of Quito were also known to a servant of Catuna's father, who, because of his known faithfulness, had not been slain with the slaves. When Catuna died this servant told the secret to his daughter, so that it might not be lost. Not long after her father's death, she fell in love with a Span-

SHE BLINDFOLDED HIM AND LED HIM A LONG DISTANCE.

iard, who would not marry her, because it would make him lose caste among his countrymen. To recompense him she offered to show him more gold than he could ever use if he would allow himself to be blindfolded in passing to and from the place of concealment. He gave his promise, and, at the trysting place in the neighboring cliffs, she blindfolded him and led him a long distance through devious ways to a spot where she took the cloak from his head and bid him look. He was in a long, narrow cave, partially lighted from a rift in the rocks above. To his astonished gaze there was revealed the lost treasures of Quito. There were planks of solid gold too heavy for him to lift, images of the sun broader than he could span with his arms, llamas in full life size, which with all his strength he could not move, and many hundred pounds of massive ornaments. He sat entranced on a great throne of gold that had been the royal chair of state for the Incas, until the Indian girl reminded him that they must go. Loading himself with the precious metal, he started to leave the cave unblindfolded. She appealed to him for the love of her and the sacredness of his promise not to betray her thus. He had nearly reached the entrance with her clinging frantically to him and pleading with him to be true to her and to his word. With an oath he cast her aside and quickened his pace. But he had mistaken her devotion and courage. She sprang like a leopard before him with a dagger raised over his heart. He felt for his sword, but it was gone. Then he remembered that before entering the cave she had told him that it was sacrilegious for a soldier to enter armed

into the holy place where they were going. In his eagerness to see gold, he had dropped his sword as she desired. He measured her lithe form in the dim light, saw the fierceness of her eyes, and knew that he dared not disobey.

"Drop the gold," she cried, and he slowly let it fall. "Tie this cloak tightly over your head and move as I direct or this knife will cleave your heart."

He obeyed, and she directed him forward. After a long distance had been traversed, he no longer heard her steps or her voice. He asked if he could take the cloak from his head, but there was no reply. Fearing to remove it, he walked on until some laughing comrades came upon him and began to ply him unmercifully with jests. His grave face silenced them, and he walked on alone to the town. He determined to find the Indian girl, and to that end spent several months in search, using every means at his command. At last he got a clew and trailed her into a distant part of the mountains. She refused to recognize him, and would not listen to his pleadings or promises. Then he had her arrested on the charge of concealing royal treasure from the King of Spain. She was put to the torture, but did not say a word or utter a cry. The next morning the torture was to be renewed, but when the officers went for the victim, she was dead. A bit of glass and a bloody throat told the story.

The ease with which Cortes and Pizarro overran Mexico and Peru is no more astonishing than the desperate heroism with which the Indians fought after their awakening to the character of the Spaniards.

There were many Bunker Hills and many a Thermopylæ among them.

The American colonies were rejoicing in the first fruits of their independence when the last of the Incas fought the last battle for the preservation of his race. This was Tupac Amaru, a handsome and stately man, who passed through the length and breadth of the ancient empire, laboring with admirable eloquence and courage to alleviate the miseries and mitigate the wrongs of his countrymen. Not the slightest impression could he make upon the relentless masters, who exhausted the substance and lives of the people like vampires. He was a far-seeing man, and he satisfied his conscience by first using to the utmost all known means but that of force to save his race from judicial annihilation. He knew that the year 1780 was too late to achieve independence from his oppressors, but he believed himself able to secure by force what he could not get by reason.

With consummate skill he organized an army of six thousand courageous soldiers out of the dispirited and ragged natives. Half of them were armed with guns and the remainder with pikes and slings. Two hard fought battles, one of them continuing through three days, then took place, in which Tupac Amaru was victorious over nearly an equal number of well-equipped Spaniards, having a full equipment of cavalry and artillery. He then issued an address to the Spanish nation, offering complete submission if he could be assured of certain reforms that would give his people some measure of justice.

Antonio Areche, the visitador sent to quell the

rebellion, replied that immediate and unconditional surrender was the only means whereby he could soften the torture which would be ultimately executed upon him and his followers. All available Spanish forces were rapidly concentrated, and a war of extermination followed. In a decisive battle the native army was almost destroyed, Tupac Amaru was captured, and the entire nation driven into the fastnesses of the mountains. The natives were hunted like wild beasts, but Spanish historians say that it cost the conquerors more than eighty thousand lives.

On May 15, 1781, the last of the Incas was led into the great square of Cuzco, and to him was read the sentence which is the most fiendish known in the annals of human history. It ordered that his wife and eldest son, with all his kinsmen, even to the remotest relationship, should be slowly tortured to death before his eyes. Even the smallest details of the diabolical cruelty were minutely specified. This Satanic orgy was to end, with the concentration of all the cruelties, in the torture of the Inca. His property and that of all his kinsmen was to be confiscated, their houses burned, and all documents, papers and books or records referring in any way to the Incas or their empire were to be destroyed, that all knowledge of them might be wiped from the earth. The customs and manners of the people were henceforth unlawful, and any one so offending the majesty of the law should be sent to the mines for life. The native language was forbidden, and it was unlawful for any one to speak or write of the Incas or of the former history of the Peruvians.

"WHAT HO!" HE CRIED, "YOU TRAITORS! HAVE YOU COME TO KILL ME IN MY OWN HOUSE?"

Almost to the hour, one hundred and seventeen years before Spain was compelled to relinquish her last grasp on the western hemisphere, this hideous judgment was literally executed upon the pitiable remnant of the Peruvian people. But inaccessible portions of the Andes contained independent bands that continued the war of extermination until the creoles became strong enough to drive Spain from South America.

In view of the heroism and horror of the Spanish conquest, it is interesting to note what became of the conquerors. All of them perished miserably. De Soto died of a fever in the swamps of the Mississippi River. Diego de Alverado was poisoned at his home in Spain. Hernando Pizarro lay in a Castilian prison twenty years for having caused the execution of Diego de Almagro, who had been the partner of the elder Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. Almagro's son, who took up his father's cause, was defeated, captured, and executed by Vaca de Castro, who had been sent from Spain to settle the quarrels of the conquerors. Pedro de Alvarado, who had also been with Cortes through Mexico, was killed by the fall of his horse. Gonzalo Pizarro, who made himself master of all Peru and who could have made himself King, as he was implored to do by Carbajal, temporized with Spain until he was captured and beheaded. Carbajal, who had been one of the bravest generals in Spain and one of the greatest monsters in America, was drawn to execution in a basket tied to the tail of a mule. Valverde, the priest who gave the signal for the massacre of the followers of Atahuallpa by Pizarro at Caxamalca, was killed by the Puna Indians. And so they all perished miserably.

But the most pitiable end of them all was that of the great conqueror, Francisco Pizarro. He had left the followers of his vanquished partner, Almagro, who were known as the men of Chili, to be reduced to the utmost straits of poverty. Although they were scattered over the country, they were united by the undying desire for vengeance against the men who had encompassed their overthrow. The bloody feuds that had made Peru and Chili known over the world as the land of war, still possessed them. At a time when Pizarro believed himself so secure in power that he could ignore the conspiracies of his enemies, nineteen men of Chili, sworn to secure the rights of Almagro's young son and restore their own fortunes, entered Pizarro's house about midday, with the unconcealed intention of taking his life. The old conqueror, not having time to buckle on his armor, bound a cloak around his arm and swung his sword with all the old-time vigor.

"What ho!" he cried, "you traitors! Have you come to kill me in my own house?"

Two of the conspirators fell under the blows of the sword, when the leader pushed one of his men upon the dangerous weapon, and, as it entered his body, the others sprang forward and brought the old man dying to the floor. "Jesu, have mercy!" he cried, making a cross on the floor with his bloody hand. As he stooped to kiss the sign, some one threw a heavy jar in his face, and thus died the conqueror of the Incas. So pitiable was his fate that, as Gomarra, the Spanish historian, says, "There was none even to say, 'God forgive him.' "

WHERE THE SPANIARD COULD NOT CONQUER

A STORY OF DE SOTO.

A remarkable similarity is found in the wretched fate of the great Spanish discoverers and the fruits of the misrule that followed the Spanish conquerors. The tracks of the English, French and Spanish explorers crossed several times in the New World, and in every instance the experience of the Spaniards with the Indians was unique.

This was notably the case in the expedition that discovered the Mississippi River. The Spanish conquerors met a very different enemy in Florida than they had known in Mexico, Central or South America. Although the northern Indian was less advanced in the arts claimed by civilization, yet the broad territory known as Florida, became a continual burying ground for all who attempted to enrich themselves at the expense of the natives, distinguished as the North American Savages.

In 1521, eight years after Juan Ponce de Leon had discovered Florida, he returned to the coast on a conquering expedition with three vessels. At the first landing, all of his men were killed excepting seven, who, though so badly injured, succeeded in reaching Cuba, where all died of their wounds. Seven rich men of San Domingo, a year or two later, went to Florida

for slaves. They succeeded in inducing large numbers of the natives to visit the ships, when the Spaniards weighed anchor and sailed away. Only one of the ships reached Hispaniola, and that without a single Indian, as all had either committed suicide or deliberately starved themselves to death.

In 1524, Vasquez Lucas de Aillon undertook the rôle of conqueror. He succeeded in getting back to San Domingo with about one-tenth of his men, most of them afterward dying of their wounds. Five years later Pamphile de Narbeaz entered Florida with three hundred men. After hardships of the most incredible character, six survivors succeeded in reaching Mexico.

But the most notable of all for picturesque incident was the romantic expedition of Hernando de Soto in 1539. Not contented with the enormous fortune he had amassed in the conquest of Peru, he desired to become the Pizarro of North America. Emperor Charles V made De Soto Governor of Santiago, Cuba, and Governor-General of the territory to be conquered. De Soto then fitted out the expedition at his own expense. He had married the daughter of Pedrarias Davilla, who had been betrothed to Vasco Nunez de Balboa, and she sailed with him to his new marquisate. De Soto's wife was thus the granddaughter of the Marchioness of Moya, who was so long the intimate friend and companion of Queen Isabella, and the unfailing friend of Columbus. As they approached the harbor of Santiago, a typical incident occurred. A troop of horsemen came racing down to the shore, beckoning wildly and calling out "Starboard, starboard!" at the top of their voices. The ships turned

A TROOP OF HORSEMEN CAME RACING DOWN TO THE SHORE.

as directed, and in a few minutes the horsemen began to beckon for them to turn in the opposite direction, calling out as wildly as before, "Larboard, larboard!" The ships turned just in time to escape being dashed to pieces upon the rocks. As it was, De Soto's vessel sustained severe damage, and the passengers were so alarmed that they escaped to the shore in their small boats. It was then learned that the Governor of Santiago, in great alarm, believing the approaching fleet to be French corsairs, had sent the horsemen to the shore to decoy them into a channel of sunken rocks. This fear of French corsairs had been occasioned by a combat, very singular according to modern ideas of naval warfare, which had taken place ten days before in the harbor in full view of all the people. No more striking contrast is possible in the history of sea fights than the ones that took place at Santiago de Cuba with the French in 1538 and with the Americans in 1898.

Diego Perez, of Seville, was the owner of a goodly ship, with which he trafficed among the islands. He had just entered the harbor of Santiago for the first time, when a French rover made his appearance through the narrow channel into the open bay. The Spanish historian of that time says that he knew little of Diego Perez, but his conduct showed him to be of a valorous and noble soul.

When the Spaniard recognized the presence of the Frenchman, he also recognized that under those circumstances it was his duty to fight. Accordingly they came together and fought until nightfall. When they could no longer see to strike at each other, they agreed that no gentleman would fight with cannon; as there

was neither courage nor honor in the use of such a weapon. Then they sent their compliments to each other with their most distinguished consideration, and made bountiful presents of fruits, wines and other delicacies. They agreed to fight only in the daytime, as became men of honor. Nevertheless, they kept sentinels posted to prevent any stratagem. At daybreak the fight was renewed and continued until each was exhausted with hunger. After refreshing themselves and complimenting each other on the valor of their men, they fought again until night. Then they visited each other, with many presents and with remedies for the wounded.

Great crowds of frightened people sat on the shore and watched the progress of the battle, nearly every one having all the money he possessed wagered on the result. During the second night of the conflict, Perez wrote a letter to the people of Santiago, reminding them that he was fighting their battle. If he won, he would have the Frenchman's ship, which would be reward enough for his labor, but if he failed the Frenchman would have his ship and there would be no return for his loss, which was already considerable. He told them that it was worth a great deal to have the sea purged of such a formidable corsair, whom he was now trying to sink for their especial accommodation. Under such conditions he deemed it only fair that in case he lost his ship they should render to him or his heirs its value. In that case he was ready to triumph or die. But the people ridiculed his request, saying that as he had to fight or die any way, they could not see why they should be called upon to insure

him against losses that would be due to his own weakness or cowardice. Regardless of this ingratitude, Perez resolved to obey the dictates of honor and conquer or die, that his nobleness of soul might not be called into question. But the Frenchman, seeing that he could not leave the harbor with honor, resolved also to conquer or die. Thus they fought several days, enemies as long as they could see to fight, and convivial friends at night. At last Perez noted that his enemy seemed to be weakening, and he challenged him, according to the rules of war, to begin the battle on the next day and to continue it until one of them should be overcome. The Frenchman agreed, as if delighted with the prospect of a speedy victory, and after an evening spent in great hilarity with the Spaniard, he departed to his ship, agreeing that one or the other should not live to see the coming night.

When morning came the Frenchman was nowhere to be seen. The bay was sounded to see if he had sunk, but as no trace of the vessel could be found, it was conjectured that he might have sailed away in the night to secure help from companions that were probably not far distant.

When the fleet of De Soto appeared, the people were sure that it was a French fleet come to sack the town, because the Frenchman had declared, when he heard that the ungrateful inhabitants would not agree to recompense Perez, that if he survived he would bring a fleet and destroy the town composed of such ungrateful wretches. The horsemen hurried to the shore as if to welcome their friends, thus hoping to lure the Frenchmen to their destruction upon the hidden

rocks. Happily, they discovered in time that it was their new Governor.

So rejoiced were the people that, according to the historian, there was nothing in the town for a long time but sports, balls, feasts, and masquerades. In the meantime the natives, seeing so many Spanish soldiers coming into their unhappy country and realizing that nothing but the cruelest slavery was before them, began to commit suicide in appalling numbers. The historian says that in one village fifty-six families made away with themselves in one week.

At the end of May, 1539, De Soto landed in Tampa Bay with two hundred and fifty horses and an army of a thousand of the gayest and most buoyant Spanish cavaliers that ever entered the Indies. About six miles inland they came to the capital of the Indian chief Harriga. The historian says that he had a bitter hatred against the Spaniards because he had been deprived of his nose and ears by Ponce de Leon, who had also given the chief's mother to the dogs. Harriga sent the women and children to places of safety, and assembled his warriors for a desperate resistance to the invaders.

After several severe skirmishes, the Spanish cavalry saw a small body of Indians advancing boldly toward them, with no appearance of hostility. Nevertheless, the horsemen charged furiously upon them, and all fled but one, who stood in the path with folded arms. The nearest horsemen were about to strike him down with their swords, when he threw up his hands and cried: "Brethren, I am a Christian. Slay me not, nor these good friends, to whom I owe my life."

The astonished cavalrymen lowered their swords and reined in their horses. The friendly Indians were recalled, all were taken up behind the cavalrymen, and brought into camp. There a curious story was told.

Ten years before, one of the ships that had been left behind by Narvaez, while searching along the coast for him, saw some Indians on the shore waving a letter. However, the crew were so afraid of the natives that they would not approach the shore until hostages were sent to the ship. Four Indians then came aboard and four Spaniards were sent ashore. No sooner were the Spaniards in the hands of the savages than the Indian hostages sprang overboard and swam ashore. Then the four Spaniards on shore were taken before the chief who had suffered so grievously at the hands of Ponce de Leon. The ship, in great alarm, sailed away, as it then contained hardly enough sailors to manage the vessel.

All the tribe assembled to take part in the torture of the captives, and the four men were brought forth to run the gauntlet of clubs and stones. One was only a boy, scarcely eighteen years of age. When he was led into the ring, the wife and daughters of the chief begged for his life. They pointed out that he could only have been a child when the chief suffered his unprovoked injuries. In answer Harriga pointed to his disfigured face and to the charnel house that contained the bones of his mother.

Here and there the Spaniards ran in the wide circle of howling savages, trying in vain to escape the deadly missiles. Presently Juan Ortis, the boy who had so

engaged the interest of the chief's family, fell, seriously wounded. Then the eldest daughter of the chief begged her father to give the young man to her as her slave. At last, when the people were considerably appeased by the amusement they had enjoyed in torturing the others to death, Harriga consented, and Juan Ortis was led away by the girl. But his troubles had only begun. Whenever there was any special gathering of the chief's friends, he entertained them with a special spectacle of tortures for the youth, until he would have killed himself except for the kindness and encouragement of the Indian maiden. At last she secured for him the post of guardian over the charnal house, where the dead were deposited. This onerous duty carried with it the injunction that if any of the bodies were disturbed by beast or man he should be burnt to death. One night he heard an animal at the body of a child that had been brought the previous day. He ran to the spot, but the body was gone. Realizing that a horrible death was certain to follow as a punishment for this neglect, he ran frantically into the woods, praying to his patron saint not to abandon him in this misfortune. Presently he heard a sound similar to that of a dog crunching a bone. Stealing forward in the shadows, he saw a gaunt timber wolf in a moonlit place, feeding upon the body. With a prayer to the Virgin, he launched his javelin, and then fell upon his face and prayed till morning. There he was discovered by the parents of the child, who had come to pay to its body the last rites. A few steps away they found the dead child, and by it the wolf transfixed with the spear. The whole village praised

his courage, and petitioned Harriga to mitigate his severity with the Spaniard. But the chief declared that the white man was a constant reminder of the injuries he had received at the hands of his cruel nation, and that at the next festival the hated slave should be tortured to death.

Juan Ortis, now seeing nothing before him but a horrible death, decided to kill himself. As he was meditating one night in deep despair over the desperate fate that had overtaken him, and was thinking mournfully of the terrible contrast between his present condition and the hopes he had when he sailed away from his people in Spain, he heard a light step behind him among the dead in the grewsome charnel house. The moon had just risen, and the shadows were so deep that he did not recognize the chief's daughter until she was at his side.

"Listen to me," she said, softly, "and have the courage to do as I say. To-morrow night at this hour a man will tap three times on the rear wall. Follow him at a distance without a word, until you come to a bridge twelve miles away, and you will be safe." She further explained that the guide would then give him a talisman, which he should carry to Mucoso, a neighboring chieftain, who loved her, but who was an enemy of her father. The guide would show him the path which led to the capital of Mucoso, about twelve miles further on. As soon as he saw Mucoso he must give that chieftain the talisman and implore his protection from Harriga. No more could she do; for the rest he must trust to himself and his God.

Ortis was so overcome at her kindness that he fell

upon the ground and kissed her feet. At this demonstration of gratitude, she left him, saying, "Do as I bid you, and travel only at night."

Ortis feverishly awaited the hour that promised him escape. At the appointed time the signal knocks were heard, and he followed the guide, gliding northward silently through the forest till they came to the boundary bridge. Here the talisman, which was to insure the favor of Mucoso, was given him, and the way he was to follow pointed out.

The following day he remained hidden, and the next morning he approached near the village of Mucoso. A crowd of Indians saw him and were about to kill him, when he showed them his talisman and called for their chief. He was then brought before Mucoso, who heard his story and received the gift. The chief was so pleased with the confidence of the princess who had sent the white slave to him, that he took Ortis into his own household and treated him as a brother.

Harriga was furious at thus losing an opportunity to revenge himself for his injuries. He demanded the return of the white slave, but, regardless of many injuries inflicted in consequence upon his people by the angry Harriga, Mucoso never betrayed his trust. Hearing that a number of his countrymen had landed on the near coast, he set out at once to seek them.

It was several days before Ortis could make himself understood in Spanish, as his ten years of captivity had almost deprived him of the use of his mother tongue. De Soto was greatly pleased, as it insured him an interpreter and a faithful adviser concerning the customs and habits of the Indians. Having gone

naked so many years, it took a month of painful usage before he could endure to wear the suit of black velvet given him by De Soto.

The story of the wanderings of the explorers from the time they left Tampa Bay until the miserable remnant of less than one-third arrived in Mexico, is interesting chiefly to the historical student, excepting for a few typical incidents and remarkable adventures. The man who had been so conspicuous with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, found that his experience and fortune were unavailing against the unexpected courage, power, and patriotism of the unconquerable North Americans. The rich and enlightened natives of Mexico and Peru, however great their numbers or however bold their stand, became panic-stricken at the first sound of guns and the charge of the cavalry, but the North Americans stood their ground and launched arrows that pierced bucklers and mail with the power of bullets. Frequently they fought until the last man had been cut down by the sword, a weapon against which they had no defense. The Spaniards could never have overcome them nor governed them. It took a hardier and more judicial race to dispossess the North Americans of their homes and lands.

From the time the Spaniards landed at Tampa until they left the mouth of the Mississippi, in their frail boats, they were incessantly harassed by the furious and implacable natives. The Spanish historians relate with amazement many instances of unaccountable defiance and courage.

In one instance, while in Alabama, some advanced cavalry came upon a half dozen Indian hunters.

Although these natives had never before seen white men or horses, they drew a line across the path and made sign to inform the intruders that if they dared to cross the line they were dead men. Astounded at such remarkable audacity, they dashed across the line and put the barbarians to the sword, but not until half of the men were seriously wounded and two of them dead. One Spaniard was pinned to his frantic animal with an arrow which passed through his thigh, pierced the saddle, and entered six inches into the side of the horse. Two of the horses had been killed with arrows driven entirely through their bodies.

After the battle with the Tula Indians, four of the foot-soldiers and two horsemen came upon an Indian hiding in a clump of bushes. The horsemen immediately rushed upon him with their swords. The savage did not await their attack, but sprang at them with an axe which he had captured in the late battle. His first stroke broke the descending sword, crashed through the buckler, and almost severed the horseman's arm. Whirling about, he sunk the axe into the shoulder of the other horse with such force that the animal fell, throwing his rider forward, stunned, upon the ground. One of the foot-soldiers aimed a blow at the savage, but the axe met the descending sword and crushed the buckler against the man's shoulder so heavily that he was knocked breathless to the ground. The next nearest soldier was an expert swordsman, and as the Indian turned upon him the Spaniard delivered a blow with his sword which severed the red man's right arm, and the axe fell to the ground. The Indian then leaped upon his foe, trying to grasp the

THEY CAME UPON AN INDIAN HIDING IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES.

Spaniard's throat with his left hand, but the swordsman skillfully interposed his shield and nearly severed the body of his naked enemy with a downward blow of his keen-edged weapon.

The examples of individual heroism which the Spaniards so frequently met were, as they found to their sorrow, common to entire tribes, so that the wonder is that any of De Soto's men ever lived to tell the story. In the province of Vitachuco, ruled over by three brothers, the Spaniards met the most determined and systematic resistance. Vitachuco, the eldest brother, governed half the province. The younger brother warned Vitachuco that the Spaniards were the children of heaven, and therefore invincible. The elder brother replied that men who carried off women, plundered property, and lived upon the labor of others were traitors, robbers and murderers, who were more likely children of the devil. He reminded his brothers that having made themselves slaves of the invaders, he did not expect anything else of them than that they would praise their masters. He also admonished his brothers that men of merit and valor did not leave their own country to become brigands in other lands, make slaves of free-born men, and incur the undying hatred of those who were as brave and honorable as themselves.

The two brothers yielded, however, to the blandishments of the Spaniards, and Vitachuco found it necessary, in order to prepare a plan to overwhelm the invaders, that he should appear to do likewise. He sumptuously entertained the army in his capital four days, in the meantime assembling secretly ten thou-

sand of his subjects, who hid their weapons in the neighboring forest and entered the town bearing wood and provisions under the pretext of serving the Spaniards. With great skill he planned to invite De Soto and his men to witness a review of his subjects on an adjoining plain, at which the commander was to be seized upon a given signal, and the Indians were to draw their concealed weapons from their cloaks and annihilate the invaders. Doubtless the plan would have succeeded if it had not been necessary for Vitachuco to take into his confidence two or three of the interpreters who, in the hope of greater reward from the Spaniards, revealed the plot to Juan Ortis. He at once told De Soto and a plan was made to give the savages a lasting lesson.

Twelve Spaniards placed themselves in such a position that at a sign from De Soto they could seize the chief. The cavalry followed near and the infantry, in full readiness, marched on either side. Ten thousand Indians, apparently unarmed, were drawn up for the proposed review, in the form of a crescent upon the plain. The infantry and cavalry came rapidly into position for a charge before the Indians could realize the intention. Suddenly a musket was fired and before the Indians could draw their bows the cavalry was upon them with murderous sword-thrusts which found ready mark in the unprotected bodies. The infantry charged with a volley from their muskets and then rushed into a hand-to-hand conflict with their swords. Vitachuco, though taken in complete surprise, fought like a snared tiger, killing two men before he could be bound. His followers fought not

less furiously, but their bows were of little service in such a close conflict with the Spaniards' weapons. No valor could withstand so unequal a struggle and they fled before their relentless pursuers. Nine hundred of them, cut off from escape, threw themselves into a little lake near by to avoid the deadly blows of the swords. The Spaniards, returning from the slaughter of flying Indians, surrounded the little lake and kept the swimmers out in deep water by shooting those who came near the shore. This continued from ten o'clock in the morning, but the desperate swimmers were not idle. Garcilasso, the historian of the expedition, says that three or four would swim abreast and another elevating himself upon their backs would send an arrow with such unerring aim and force that a soldier was almost invariably wounded or killed.

At night huge bonfires were built around the water and it was closely infested with watchmen, who shot all who attempted to escape. It was a perilous task, since numbers of the Indians swam near the shore in the shadows and then dived to the water's edge, when they would leap out, strike down the nearest man with their bows as clubs, and then endeavor to escape in the darkness of the woods. Few succeeded, however, as the bloodhounds usually brought down those the Spaniards failed to kill. When morning came such promises were made to the exhausted survivors that about two hundred surrendered. The others continued in the water until they had been swimming more than twenty-four hours, when all came ashore but seven young chiefs who could not be persuaded to surrender. At last, when it was seen that they were

about to drown from exhaustion, twelve strong swimmers went in and brought them out unconscious, dragging them by the hair of the head. It was found that they were young chiefs, none of whom were over eighteen years of age.

Every Spaniard now had a slave and it was believed that the hostile tribe was so nearly destroyed that it would be the part of wisdom to offer Vitachuco his freedom on condition that he make peace with his captors. But the savage defied them, saying that he preferred death to their friendship. Nevertheless he was treated as a distinguished captive, and four of his domestics were detailed to wait upon him. Resolved not to live in captivity or slavery to the white men, he secretly sent word to all the captives that at a certain time while eating at the table with De Soto he would attempt to kill him, and that all who preferred death to slavery should, when his voice was heard, follow his example and attempt to kill their masters.

This time there was none to betray him. Seven days after his capture, as the chief and De Soto had just finished their morning meal, the Indian arose and bent his body backward, stretched out his arms and clenched his fists, beat his chest with such blows that the sounds could be heard half across the camp, uttered a bellow like a wild bull, and then leaped suddenly upon De Soto, bearing him instantly to the floor. The officers present sprang to the assistance of their commander, and sheathed a dozen swords in the back of the chief, but before this could be done De Soto had been struck so fiercely with the bare

fists of the Indian that he was unconscious for half an hour. Blood flowed from his mouth, nose and ears, several teeth were broken, and it was twenty days before he could take the bandages from his face.

At the sound of the chief's voice, every slave without exception sprang upon his master. As few of them had any better weapon than their bare hands only four white men were killed, but all were sorely wounded before they could draw their swords and kill their assailants. In half an hour nearly a thousand Indian captives perished thus rather than to serve their captors.

After De Soto's death and his burial in the Mississippi, not far below Memphis, the survivors determined to make their way to Mexico. During a winter's work enough boats were constructed to hold them all and they embarked down the river which De Soto had named the Chucagua.

Scarcely had they set sail when the natives, who had never ceased to harass them while on land, now appeared, following them in boats as large and well manned as their own. The enemy's fleet continued to augment until there were more than a thousand boats. Although the Indians ventured no pitched battles, yet they made the night hideous with their songs and shouts, while the day never ended without the death of one or more Spaniards by the deadly arrows that almost constantly fell upon them. All the way down the long course of the lower Mississippi this dreadful pursuit continued until the Gulf was reached. Then with songs of joy and shouts of

triumph for having driven away the pale-faced invaders, the pursuers turned back to their homes several hundred miles away, and the remnants of a proud Castilian army of invasion and conquest followed the shore for many weary weeks until they reached the settlements in Mexico—a pitiable crowd of spiritless beggars.

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO

The sensation produced during the present generation by the discoveries of gold has caused vast numbers of fortune hunters to carry civilization to distant portions of the earth, which it would have taken ages to have peopled otherwise. These gold seekers came from among busy and prosperous communities. With such a condition in mind, it is easier to form a correct idea of the eagerness with which a nation of needy idlers just released from the excitements of war, would rush to the New World, which afforded unlimited opportunity for romantic adventures, and where incomparable riches were to be obtained in a day by the capture of temples, towns, Montezumas, and Incas. Within fifty years from the first voyage of Columbus, Spain had overrun the whole of the Western Hemisphere south of the latitude of Northern Texas. The age of Argonauts, Phœnicians, and Hercules had suddenly returned to the Spanish nation. The most fabulous stories were readily believed, for fabulous things had actually been accomplished. Those whose imaginations were especially susceptible to the romantic, found a wide and fertile field in adventurous searches for the amazons and El Dorado. Both were largely mythical, but the belief in them was universal through two centuries, and they led to

adventures unparalleled by such as Don Quixote or the heroes of the Grecian epics.

The currently accepted story was that a younger brother of Atabalipa had fled across the Andes, after the destruction of the Incas, with incalculable treasures, and founded a great empire. This Emperor was variously known as the Great Paytiti, the Great Moxo, the Great Enim, and the Great Paru.

Pedro Ortez of Lima was lost on one of the expeditions into the mountains to the east of Cuzco and after a year reappeared with the sensational story that he had been captured and taken to Manoa, the capital city of the golden Emperor. During the latter part of the journey he had been kept blindfolded, and after his escape he had wandered about lost in the forests so long that he had no idea how to return. The only relic he had been able to retain was a map of the city.

The wonderful capital was situated on three hills, one of which was of gold, another of silver, and the other of salt. The Emperor's palace was supported by columns of porphyry and alabaster, and the galleries were of ebony and cedar. His throne was of ivory and the steps to it were of gold. Every detail was carefully marked out on a piece of white cloth by Ortez. He led an expedition in search of the city, but was unable to find it.

The historian Martin del Barco found a chief who had been on a friendly visit to Manoa, but would not betray its location. From this chief, Barco learned that the palace of the golden chieftain was made of marble. Its temple contained two towers twenty-

five feet high, holding between them at the top a great silver moon. At the base were two monster silver lions secured by heavy gold chains. The immense gates of the palace were made of copper. In the temple was a sun of gold covering the entire eastern end. Here were kept in sacred seclusion the hundred virgins of the sun who, each morning at sunrise, anointed the Emperor with a fragrant gum of great price and blew gold dust on him through reeds until he was thoroughly gilded from head to foot. This was all removed in his bath after he had partaken of his breakfast. From this custom he received the name of El Hombre Dorado, meaning the gilded man.

In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a book entitled "The Great and Golden City of Manoa, which the Spaniards call El Dorado." This he afterward extended by a history of the Lake of Parima.

Nothing was listened to in Europe or America with such avidity as stories of El Dorado. Southey in his history of Brazil makes the statement that the Spanish expeditions in search of El Dorado cost Spain more treasure than was ever received from all her American possessions. Among the most noted of these elaborate expeditions was one led by Balalcazar from Quito, another by Federmann from Venezuela, and another by Quesada along the way of the Rio Madalena. Orellana, whose name was for a long time given to the Amazon River, was one of the most persistent hunters for El Dorado, but like the searches of Diego Ordace, Berreo, and Martynes, a life was spent with no worthy results.

Curiously enough, the first extensive attempt to find El Dorado was set on foot by some rich merchants of Augsburg, Germany. Ambrosio de Alfinger, of Ulm in Suabia, was German agent at the Spanish capital for the Welser family and mercantile company. He secured a lease of Venezuela, then comprising the greater part of Northern South America. Within a year after the marvelous ransom in 1533, of Atahuallpa, Inca of Peru, the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro had penetrated, in the most brilliant and romantic colors, even to the lowest peasantry of the Old World, and Europe was wild with the gold fever. In the center of the gorgeous picture of the popular imagination, sat the gilded chieftain on a throne of gold, surrounded by golden treasures of incomparable and boundless value.

In 1529, Alfinger set out from Coro with 200 men, and 1,000 slaves, loaded with provisions like pack mules. The methods of Cortes and Pizarro were mild and humane in comparison with his treatment of the natives. Slaughter and torture were both diversion and business in the extraction of gold. When about thirty thousand dollars' worth had been secured, fifty men with a hundred slaves were ordered to return with it to Coro. The dense forests, vine-entangled undergrowth, and insect-infested swamps, impeded their progress and one by one the slaves sank beneath their burdens of gold until the Spaniards found themselves the bearers of the precious cargo. Presently there were frequent accidents by which the golden loads were lost in the swamps, and by the end of a month there were neither slaves nor burdens and the

ONE BY ONE THE SLAVES SANK BENEATH THEIR BURDENS OF GOLD.

fifty men had been reduced to less than a score by fever and famine. Three men, naked and dying, reached Coro. A year later, Alfinger returned with a ragged handful of his men and about two hundred slaves bearing about forty thousand dollars' worth of gold.

On April 5, 1536, when the whole of Spain was burning with the fever excited by the marvelous treasures of Peru, Georg von Speyer, the German Governor of Venezuela, gathered a force of about fifteen hundred men, determined to find El Dorado and his temples of untold gold. Half of this command was intrusted to the Governor's lieutenant, a young licentiate, Gonzalo Ximenez de Quesada of Granada, who, from the extensiveness of his conquests, became known as El Conquistador. He was the Cortes and Pizarro of Northern South America without their excessive cruelty. Early in 1537 he reached the plains of Cundinamarca with 166 men, having lost nearly six hundred through hunger and hardship. Here was the home of El Dorado, such as it was outside of the myths.

According to Pedro Simon, the Jesuit historian of that time, and another careful investigator, Piedrahita, bishop of Panama, the gilded man ceased to exist two years before the discovery of America, but his fame continued among the natives all over South America. They told the story wherever they met Spaniards, whose excitable imaginations at once connected him with the lost treasures of the Incas. D'Acosta explained the legend as follows: "When the chief of Guatavita was independent, he made a solemn sacrifice

every year, which, for its singularity, contributed to give celebrity to the lake Guatavita. On the day appointed the chief smeared his body with turpentine, and then rolled in gold dust. Thus gilded and resplendent, he entered a canoe, surrounded by his nobles, whilst an immense multitude of people, with music and songs, crowded around the shores of the lake. Having reached the center, the chief deposited his offerings of gold, emeralds, and other precious things, and then jumped in to bathe. At this moment the surrounding hills echoed with the applause of the people; and, when the religious ceremony concluded, the dancing, singing and drinking began."

In 1590, the Muysca Indians of Bogota made war on the tribe of the gilded man and almost destroyed them, thus putting an end to the ceremonies of El Dorado.

When the Spaniards suddenly appeared before the first village of the Muysca Indians on the plains of Cundinamarca, the natives fled in terror from what they believed to be man-eating monsters, and fortified themselves in a ravine near Zorocota. After trying in vain to dislodge them from their stronghold, Quesada returned discouraged to his camp. As the hungry Spaniards were eating the food they had captured, two horses broke loose and ran snorting and chasing each other toward the Indian warriors. Believing that the strange beasts had been let loose upon them to devour them, they fled to the highest points of the overhanging rocks. At the ravine the Spaniards found an old man bound to a stake. A red cap was placed on his head and he was set free. Supposing

that the man had been returned because he was considered too old for food, the natives cast several children over the rocks into the camp. As the Spaniards pityingly buried the unfortunate infants, the Indians then sent into camp by some slaves, two young women and a live stag. The strangers showed their appreciation by eating the stag and returning the women loaded with presents that appeared very costly to them. Thus reassured, the natives visited the Spanish camp and entered into a friendly alliance.

At Guatavita, the home of the Dorado, Quesada met the fiercest resistance. When they were at last conquered not an ounce of gold could be found. It was said that the inestimable treasures had been thrown into the lake. Some years later the lake was dragged to see if the lost treasures could be recovered, but the bottom was so soft and the water so deep that only a few insignificant ornaments could be found. In the lagoon of Siecha, a group of ten golden figures was recovered representing the gilded chieftain on a raft.

Quesada secured his first considerable treasure at the chief remaining village of the Tunja Indians, who had formerly been subjects of El Dorado. When the booty was heaped in the courtyard it made a pile so high that a horse and rider could be hidden behind it.

"Peru! Peru!" cried the delighted victors. "We have found a second Cassamalca and Cuzco."

The temple of Iraca promised a still greater amount, but while it was being despoiled the building caught fire and was consumed with all its great store of gold, silver, and emeralds. Notwithstanding all the losses,

the treasure secured amounted to about three hundred thousand dollars in gold, half as much more in silver and at least a quarter million in emeralds.

Near the Spanish headquarters, Quesada founded, in 1538, the present city of Bogota, now the capital of the United States of Colombia. In 1540, a brother of the conqueror tried to drain Guatavita, the lake of El Dorado, but he succeeded only partially, recovering in all about five thousand dollars for his trouble.

But no one had yet seen the gilded chieftain and his countless treasures. The interest in him was therefore unabated and every story of captured treasures only heated the imagination of the fortune hunters and adventurers all the more.

In 1541 the Welsers sent Philip von Hutten, a knight of Wurtemburg, with a hundred horsemen along the trail of Quesada. They became lost and for two years wandered about the wilderness, at last coming back to the place where they had lost the trail. Having collected among the natives satisfactory evidence that the gold lands were to the east, he set out in that direction with forty horsemen. In a few days they came to fields cultivated by slaves and then to a bowl-shaped valley, in the center of which was a town larger and more substantially built than any they had yet seen in South America. It was built regularly around a great public square, in which stood a temple towering high above the others. The smooth walls of yellow clay glistened in the declining sun and the excited imagination of both Spaniards and Germans saw before them the long-sought city of El Dorado. As they talked among themselves, they

grew more and more sure that before them was a city built of gold in which there were greater spoils for the mere taking than had ever been seen in all the careers of Cortes and Pizarro.

Carefully adjusting their armor, and looking to their weapons, they fell into line and charged down the hill at full speed. What the natives thought when they beheld the apparition of flying steeds may not be known, but the war drums sounded and warriors swarmed into the streets and fearlessly met the frightful and unknown foe just outside the town. At the place of meeting the ground was cut with gullies and piled with rocks. The savages had the advantage and with the greatest difficulty Von Hutten succeeded in escaping to a battleground favorable to horsemen. Darkness had come on with the suddenness common to such latitudes and the Omaguas, as this famous tribe was called, left the field for the night. Fray Pedro Simon says that the next morning fifteen thousand or more Indians appeared ready for the battle. Having in mind the valiant examples of the conquerors in Mexico and Peru, the horsemen charged compactly into the mass of savages. But the Omaguas were a different people. They fought with caution and courage. The confident onslaught was turned into a struggle for life. Nearly half of the men had been torn from their horses and slain before the remainder succeeded in cutting their way out of the host of warriors and escaping. The fame of the Omaguas spread and the whole gold-seeking world became convinced that their capital city was the home of the Dorado with all his fabulous treasures. It

therefore became the object of many expeditions, but its distance from the coast and the fierceness of its warriors protected it successfully from European greed and invested it with all the colors of the wildest romance.

Two hundred years later, the Omaguas were visited by La Condamine, and he found a flourishing and home-loving people. Yet another hundred years and Lieutenant Herndon found them, in 1852, with the same virtues, but consisting all told of only 232 persons.

When the Spaniards of Peru heard the story of the golden capital of the Omaguas, it fitted so well the stories current among the Peruvians of the lost treasures of the Incas that the fever for conquest again seized the followers of Almagro and Pizarro, who had been so long engaged chiefly in slaying each other in their bloody feuds.

In 1555, when the Marquis of Canete, a scion of the noble house of Mendoza, was appointed viceroy of Peru, he broke the destructive domestic conflict by sending the leaders away on adventurous expeditions in search of the Dorado and the golden capital of the Omaguas. It was the universal testimony of the Peruvians that after the capture of the Inca Atahuallpa at Cassamalca by Pizarro, forty thousand of the nobility assembled vast stores of their most precious and costly treasures, which they carried across the Andes east of Cuzco, where they founded a golden city in the midst of the great forests, inaccessible to horsemen.

Juan Alvarez Maldonado, one of the most turbulent

MALDONADO SAVED HIMSELF BY HIDING IN A HOLLOW LOG.

of the Almagro faction, was given the special task to discover and despoil that city. Gomez de Tordoya, one of the partisans of the Pizarros, heard of this and hastily fitted out a rival expedition, intending to get to the scene of the spoils before Maldonado. There was a rush between the two packs of Spanish wolves to see which could first reach the golden spoils. Tordoya reached the shores of the Tono River first, but was soon overtaken by Maldonado. They fell upon one another and fought for three days, when, with nearly half killed on each side, Tordoya's men surrendered. Meantime great numbers of the Chunchos Indians had been gathering and they watched the singular conflict with unabated delight. At its conclusion, they fell upon the exhausted survivors and killed all but Maldonado, who saved himself by hiding in a hollow log. He was an enormously fat man, but his energy and endurance was such that he succeeded in escaping back across the Andes to Cuzco.

Where gold was the lure, no disaster was sufficient to dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the Spaniard. Pedro Hernandez de Serpa landed at Cuma with one of the largest forces that had ever sought to penetrate to the golden city, but not a man ever returned from the great forests which they entered with boundless enthusiasm. In March, 1570, Don Pedro de Silvia left Burburuta with the purpose of finding the Dorado. He crossed the Llonos and arrived in Peru with less than a fourth of his men, and still the fame of the spoils of El Dorado and the golden capital of the Omaguas increased with every failure. Gonzalo

Pizarro, brother of the great conqueror, sought to retrieve his falling fortunes by crossing the Andes in search of El Dorado, and all the great geographers of that time gave a definite location to the mythical city of Manoa on the mythical great White Sea. Even as late as 1844 Van Heuvel, a native of New York City, traveling in Guiana, wrote a book in the full belief that there was a veritable Dorado living in the golden city of Manoa on the Mar Blanco.

For three centuries the whole of South America was filled with the most wonderful stories of these golden places and the most remarkable experiences and adventures were continually occurring in the fruitless searches for them.

Don Enrique Rubio was one of the first to claim the glory of having seen the Dorado in his temple in the singular city of Manoa on the Mar Blanco. On one of the expeditions, three Omagua chiefs were treacherously taken prisoners at a council to which they had been invited. On the following day they were to be tortured to death, as many hundreds of Indians had been before them, with the purpose of forcing them to reveal the location of their golden city. Rubio conceived the idea of playing a rôle for his own profit and glory. He made himself appear to be the friend of the chiefs, that he greatly deplored the treachery that had been practiced upon them, and that he would liberate them if he could find the opportunity. He possessed sufficient knowledge of the Indian languages to make himself understood, and by shielding them from indignities he gained their confidence. When morning came it was discovered that Rubio

and the three chiefs had disappeared. A year passed and Rubio returned to Cuzco with a story of having visited El Dorado, which was the basis for many of the remarkable romances that spread over Spanish America.

In 1531, Diego de Ordas was sent eastward on an expedition in search of El Dorado and he got as far as the mouth of the Caroni on the Orinoco, when all his powder was destroyed while being dried in the sun. This was said to have been caused by the negligence of Juan Martinez, the munitioneer. He was accordingly tried and sentenced to death, but the intercession of his comrades caused Ordas to alter the punishment to that of being placed in a canoe without oars or food and set adrift in the Orinoco.

Nearly two years later some Indians brought a white man to the Island of Margarita, who was wasted almost to a skeleton by starvation, naked, except for untanned skins tied about his feet and loins, and so crazed that he did not know his name. A ship was about to leave for Porto Rico and the captain carried the unfortunate man to San Juan, where he was cared for in a convent of Dominican friars. He talked incessantly, though incoherently, of the golden shores of the Mar Blanco, and of the golden temples of Manoa. Although his wasted system could not recuperate, his mind was restored to health under the attentive care of the fathers. So far he had never allowed the skin that was bound about his loins to be touched by any one. He now took it off and gave it to the friars, who found that it contained several pounds of gold that looked like very coarse sand. On

being questioned, he told a remarkable story of the experience that had brought him to such a state.

He was Juan Martinez, who had been set adrift by Diego de Ordas. The terror of the awful solitudes had been harder to bear than his suffering for food. The monsters of the swamps had followed him by day and the fierce animals of the dark woods had tried to make him their prey at night. In this state he took a fever and lay down in the bottom of his boat to die. How long he floated that way he could not tell, for he first came to consciousness by hearing voices of men near him. They touched him and spoke to him as with great curiosity, since he was the first white man they had ever seen. When he tried to walk and could not they carried him with great tenderness upon their backs. Presently they blindfolded him and carried him thus fourteen days. At last he heard many voices about him from men, women, and children. The blindfold was taken off and he saw around him the houses of a great city. Over the portals of every door were images of gold, and soon they came to a clear lake more than a league across, around whose shores he could see temples and palaces supported on rows of great golden pillars. Seeing the remarkable brilliancy of the sand along the shore, he asked to be set down a moment, when he scooped up a handful and found to his amazement that it was all pure gold.

The following morning he was taken before the King, who sat on a massive throne in the temple of the sun, attended by a hundred virgins. The stranger was treated very kindly and was adopted into the nation through a curious ceremony of immersion in

a great basin of perfumed water, followed by sprinkling with a dust of gold and then another immersion in the lake. Everybody then treated him as a brother and he soon recovered and grew strong. He remained seven months, and never in all that time saw an act of crime or a single case of distress that it was possible to relieve, for every one believed that the well-being of every other person was of equal importance with his own, and friendship was the only law.

However, there came a time when he began to long to see people of his own customs, habit, and religion. He asked consent to be allowed to go on to the rising sun where his people lived, and permission was readily given. Half a dozen warriors were appointed to conduct him to the borders of the kingdom, and as he passed by the shores of the Mar Blanco he filled several small bags with the sands of gold and tied them about his waist.

As he was about to part from his friends at the border they were suddenly set upon by a party of hunters and killed. Martinez succeeded in hiding himself in some driftwood, and so escaped, but the horrors of the forest became even greater than before, and he lost all memory of his experiences until he found himself being cared for at the island of Margarita off the mouth of the Orinoco.

The good Dominican fathers of San Juan took down in detail the elaborate testimony of the dying man and sent the gold sand to the King of Spain. It was one of the sensations of Europe, rivaling in public interest the discoveries and conquests of Cortes, Pizarro, and Quesada. Geographers placed the city

of Manoa and Mar Blanco on their maps, and historians discussed very learnedly in their writings, the probable location of the city of gold and the lake of priceless sands. England, Portugal, and Holland vied with Spain in expeditions sent out by their respective governments in search for the wonderful home of El Dorado, but the city of the unfortunate Juan Martinez was never found.

Among the extraordinary adventures occasioned by the search for El Dorado one of the strangest was that of two priests and six soldiers in 1640. A soldier came privately to the Governor at Moyobamba, claiming that he had seen the golden city. He was the only survivor of a score of men who had set out alone to find the home of the gilded chief from directions given by a friendly Indian. The others had all perished from the hardships of the journey.

The Governor sent two hundred men, under his guidance, to verify his discoveries. After two weeks' travel nearly due eastward to one of the tributaries of the Maranon, the guide insisted that it was necessary for the gilded chieftain to be first approached by an embassy consisting of a dozen men and two priests. It would take them only four days to make this reconnoissance and return. Accordingly the two priests and twelve men set forth to open friendly negotiations with El Dorado. The army waited in vain for their return. Scouting parties were sent out, but neither Spaniards nor signs of inhabitants could be found, much less of the far-famed golden city.

Late in the following year, the two priests and six of the soldiers arrived at Para on the mouth of the

Amazon, all of them maniacs, who never recovered their reason. They raved incessantly till their death about the golden sands of Lake Parima and the horrible tortures that had been inflicted upon them in the temple of the sun. Their story created great excitement in Brazil and led to many fruitless expeditions.

Of all the marvelous adventures through the vast wildernesses of the Amazon, from the voyage of Orellana in 1540, none equaled in heroism the last that is worthy of special mention. This journey, in 1769, was not that of a lot of sinewy and hardened men, but by a delicate and refined woman, doubtless the greatest feat ever performed by a woman. Many historians concede to her the honor of being the greatest heroine known in the history of South America.

Her story is told in full by her husband in a letter to the historian La Condamine, which was published in that writer's book of Journeys through South America.

Her husband had been absent several years on a scientific expedition for the government, intended to clear up many myths, when she heard that he had arrived at a certain point on one of the tributaries of the Amazon and was preparing to send for her. Wishing in her fondness and joy to anticipate him, she set forth to meet him with her two brothers, two maids, and three male servants. With amazing perseverance and resolution, she continued on and on until the point was reached where her husband was said to be, only to find that it was all false. He had never been near there. By this time their horses were dead, and

to attempt to return by foot through the difficulties they had encountered was certain death. Near them was the Amazon, at whose mouth they knew there were Christian settlements. It was their only hope. They got a boat from some friendly Indians and set themselves adrift on the stream that was to carry them through the awful tunnel of forests to the distant sea. After a time their boat was destroyed in some rapids and they continued on foot through the noxious jungles. One by one the two maids and five men died, until she was alone, but undaunted she continued on. After seven months she reached the territory of some Indians who were friendly to the French settlements about ten days' journey away. There they carried her, where she was kindly cared for until her wasted and famine-stricken body was restored, but her snow-white hair remained as a witness to her unparalleled suffering and courage.

Her husband supposed she had perished, but a few years later she was able to communicate to him her safety and there was a happy meeting in Venezuela after a separation of fourteen years.

ADVENTURES OF THE MARANONES.

It is remarkable that the first declaration of independence in America was issued by the craziest lot of brigands ever known. It was a formal document drawn up and signed by the Maranones on the Amazon and forwarded to King Philip of Spain in the year 1561. Whether the leader was a maniac or a monster he may be safely granted the palm of being the most detestable character produced in the conquest of America, and of having conducted the wildest and most appalling expedition in the annals of history.

In 1548, two hundred soldiers filed out of the public square of Potosi on their way to Tucuman. Although it was against the law, each soldier had an Indian slave to carry his baggage. The licentiate of the town, not having the means at hand to enforce the law against so many, and yet not wishing to see it utterly ignored, seized the last man passing the gate and ordered him to be given the full penalty of two hundred lashes. This soldier, known as Lope de Aguirre, implored the licentiate or alcalde to put him to death rather than to have him flogged, since he was a gentleman by birth and the brother of a man who was lord of vassals in Spain.

But the alcalde decided that an example must be made and ordered the punishment to be given regardless of petitions from both citizens and soldiers.

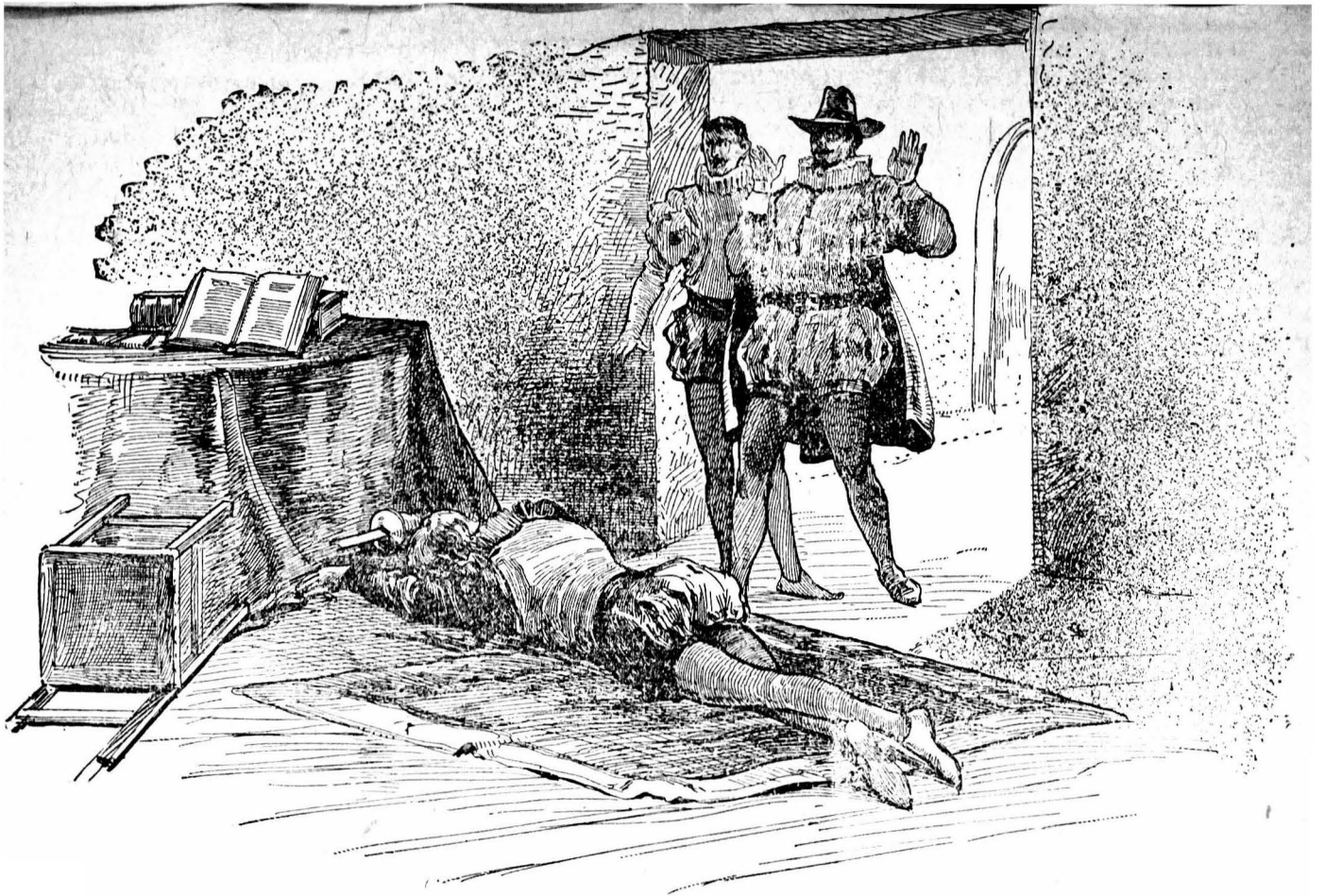
Accordingly, the accused was stripped naked and put astride backwards on a donkey. In this state, he was publicly whipped at the crossings of all the streets in the town.

Aguirre refused to proceed on his way to Tecuman, but remained at Potosi. Esquivel, the licentiate alcalde, divining that revenge was meditated, surrounded himself with a strong guard, and when his term of office expired, removed to Lima. Aguirre followed him, openly asserting that nothing but the death of the licentiate by assassination would avenge the insult of the punishment that had been given.

Esquivel removed secretly to Quito, then to Cuzco, but Aguirre followed him with the persistence and menace of a bloodhound, going all the way from place to place on foot, without shoes or decent clothing, saying that a gentleman so disgraced as himself had no right to live among civilized people, or to avail himself of the conveniences of Christians until the shame had been blotted out in blood.

Esquivel went heavily armed day and night, accompanied by a servant likewise prepared. The judge at Cuzco ordered the officers of the peace to keep a strict watch for the arrival of Aguirre and to arrest him at the first suspicious act.

For three years and four months the implacable Spaniard pursued the purpose of revenge without an opportunity for its execution. When Aguirre found that Esquivel was at Cuzco, he determined to wait no longer for opportunities. On a certain Monday at noon, the singular avenger reached Cuzco, inquired for the house of Esquivel, and having found it, boldly



THEY FOUND THE LAWYER FACE DOWNWARD UPON THE FLOOR, GRASPING A BROKEN SWORD.

entered. Stabbing the watchman or bodyguard before an outcry could be raised, he searched through the rooms until he found the lawyer at work in his library. There he informed the surprised enemy in measured terms that one of them must die within the hour in honorable duel with swords. No alternative was at hand, and when some visitors came in later in the day they found the lawyer face downward upon the floor grasping a broken sword in his lifeless hand.

Aguirre sought out a brother of one of his comrades in the army who successfully concealed the murderer through nearly two months of vigilant search, when, disguised as a negro, he got safely out of the country.

About this time, two hundred Indians arrived at La Fronteria in Peru with the remarkable story that they had started four thousand strong from the mouth of the Amazon river, led by two Portuguese, in search of El Dorado. All the rest had perished. The land of the Dorado had been found when they were too weak and disorganized to attempt any conquest. Their testimony corroborated the wildest fiction known of the inexhaustible treasures awaiting the spoilsmen in the golden city of the Omaguas.

Anarchy had hertofore reigned in Peru, but at this time Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquis of Caneta, was enforcing the law and bringing order out of chaos. In consequence there was an ungovernable rabble of ruffians who were anxious to leave the country and whom the viceroy was as anxious to see depart.

The story of the Brazilian Indians afforded the desired opportunity to the Governor. He organized an

expedition to overrun the territory of the Omaguas and to capture their golden city and gilded chieftain. As was expected, all the outlaws and malefactors of the country flocked to the standard of the expedition. A strong man was needed to lead such an army, and the viceroy selected Pedro de Ursua, a knight who was related to the overseer of Ximines de Quesada, conqueror of Cundinamarca.

The army of about a thousand men, and as many slaves, was accompanied by a large number of colonists with their household goods, who were to form the proposed settlements in the land of the Dorado. In this way there were included about a hundred women. Ursua, the leader, was devoted to Inez de Atienza of Pinira, the young and beautiful widow of Pedro de Arcos. Castellanos, who received his information from survivors of the marvelous expedition, bears testimony to her beauty, accomplishments, and spirited youth. He believed her to have been an honorable and virtuous woman. Vasquez, who was with the expedition, and Ortiguera, who had access to reliable information, both assert that she was the mistress of Ursua, and Vasquez lays to her charge the murder of that unfortunate captain, but the writings of those men convict them of the inclination to blacken a woman's character rather than to defend it. Simon and Piedrahita, two friars who regarded women as the special instruments of Satan, and who got their facts sixty-two years later, spare no terms in heaping abuse upon her. Others, however, regard her as one of the greatest heroines of Spanish America, as well as one having the most pitiful career. This

much seems true that when Pedro de Ursua, the chivalrous knight of Navarre, already famous in Peru for his subjugation of the savages about Quito, met the beautiful and accomplished Doña Inez, they fell deeply in love with each other. Then he was sent on a long and dangerous mission across the Cordilleras from which it was likely that he would never return. The gently nurtured woman abandoned the luxuries and comforts of an elegant home, against the remonstrances of her friends, to brave the unknown dangers of a search for El Dorado in an expedition with her lover. Simon pauses in the midst of his vituperation of her character to admit that before the departure of the expedition, Ursua took the Lady Inez with him to Moyombamba with the expressed intention of marrying her, and there is not a word of evidence from any source that this was not done. Simon asserts that after the death of Ursua she displayed the utmost vileness in becoming the mistress of his murderers, but it may be remembered in her favor that she was a helpless and broken-hearted woman in the power of the most abandoned ruffians known among the malefactors of Spanish America.

In July, 1560, the army and colonists started across the Andes upon their mad and murderous cruise down the Amazon and through two thousand miles of almost uninhabitable forests. Such were their difficulties in travel that in a few weeks three hundred horses, six hundred cattle, and nearly all the household goods were abandoned. At the end of six months, most of the colonists, being unused to such

hardships, had died, and there was general discontent in the army. The occasion was ripe for a conspiracy and the conspirator was at hand.

Ursua decided to stop at a point known as Machiparo to rest and repair their boats. This was the opportunity desired by the arch malefactor, Lope de Aguirre. From the day when he had been publicly flogged through the streets of Potosi, he had day and night meditated revenge against the state whose laws were the cause of his disgrace. The long sought means seemed now at hand, and with consummate cunning and address he took advantage of the opportunity. He gathered together the malcontents and proposed to remove Ursua and place their own men at the head.

On New Year's night, while Juan Gomez was sentinel before the captain's tent, a figure clothed as a ghost, passed by exclaiming, "Pedro de Ursua, knight of Navarre and Governor of Omagua and El Dorado, may God have mercy on thy soul."

The captain called to the sentinel to know who had spoken and what had been said. The trembling sentinel told him, but he made light of the warning and returned to sleep. The next evening, two hours after sunset, some of the conspirators came up to him where he lay in his hammock, and before he could defend himself, ran him through with their swords.

Aguirre showed the mutineers that through this act they had become outlaws without hope of mercy from Spain. He urged them to return to Peru and effect the independence of that country, but the larger faction, under Fernando de Guzman, decided to con-

tinue in pursuit of El Dorado. At the mouth of the Japura River, a three months' rest took place, during which Aguirre attained complete ascendancy in the councils of the army. Assassination was the order of both day and night, and a word uttered against the will of the leader meant death. His ambition broadened into a scheme of unparalleled audacity. Strong brigantines were built, in which they were to sail down the river to the sea, capture the island of Margarita, take by surprise Nombre de Dios and Panama, and from these vantage points effect the liberation of Spanish America. Accordingly a declaration of independence, the first issued in America, was drawn up, and signed by every member of the army excepting three, one of whom, Francisco Vasquez, succeeded in preserving his life, and afterward became the historian of the expedition.

The declaration was a remarkable document addressed to "King Philip, native of Spain, son of Charles the Invincible," and ran as follows:

"I, Lope de Aguirre, thy vassal, a Christian of poor, but noble parents, and native of the town of Onate in Biscay, went over-young to Peru to labor, lance in hand. I fought for thy glory; but I recommend to thee to be more just to the good vassals whom thou hast in this country. I and mine, weary of the cruelties and injustice which thy viceroy, thy governors, and thy judges exercise in thy name, have resolved to obey thee no more.

"We regard ourselves no longer as Spaniards. We make relentless war on thee because we will no longer endure the oppression of thy ministers. We care no

more for thy pardon or thy wrath than for the books of Martin Luther.

"The conquest of this country has been without danger or cost to thee, and thou hast no more right than I to draw revenues from these provinces, or to oppress the people for being listless to thy will."

After reaching Venezuela, Aguirre liberated a captive monk on his oath that he would carry this delectable document to the King.

So indistinct was the geography of that time that no one knows whether they sailed on down the Amazon or went through one of the numerous connecting bayous into the Orinoco. In either case it was at this point in the amazing expedition where the brutal mastery of Aguirre became unassailable. His tyranny was so terrible that those who hated him most were his most servile tools. To gain his favor they committed crimes so sickening and revolting as to present a unique phenomenon in human nature.

There was one exception. In that awful time Doña Inez became the sole counsellor and guardian of the score or more of women yet living. To save them alive until civilization could be reached was her appalling task. If it is true that virtue was traded for life, it only accentuates the execration due to the monsters in power, and in no way excuses the historians who delight to blacken the character of Doña Inez. That Aguirre hated and feared her is testimony enough to her heroism, however questionable may have been her judgment of the means necessary to avert death to her and the defenseless women who looked to her for help in those days of paralyzing terror.

LLAMASO AND CARRION KILLED HER IN THE MOST REVOLTING MANNER.

At last every known enemy of Aguirre had fallen and he dared to order her assassination. Llamaso and Carrion, two candidates for the favor of the leader, entered her tent, and in the midst of the screams of her companions, killed her in the most revolting manner. Of this foul deed, Castellanos poetically wrote: "The birds mourned on the trees, the wild beasts of the forests lamented, the waters in the rivulets ceased to sing on their way through the flowers, and the winds uttered their execrations over the horrid crime, as Llamaso and Carrion severed the veins of her white throat. Wretches! Wert thou born of woman? No! for even the beasts could not bring forth a man so vile. How didst thou survive the imagination of so enormous a wrong? Only that thy minds were dead and thy souls were fled from such foul clay."

None dared to touch her body excepting her two devoted servants, who buried her at the foot of an evergreen tree and covered her grave with the wild flowers that grew around. On the bark of the tree they cut these words. "Here lies one whose faithfulness and beauty were unequaled and whom cruel men slew without cause."

After this the brutalities to the women were such that many of them committed suicide. Only two received protection. These were the young half-breed daughter of Aguirre and her companion, Doña Torralva.

The horrors of their deeds were fully matched by the fantastic follies committed. Fernando de Guzman of Seville, with many ridiculous ceremonies, was made "Prince and King of Tierra Firma and of Peru."

He insisted on the court etiquette due a King, and thus produced the dissatisfaction that gave an excuse to Aguirre for the puppet King's assassination.

The next morning after Guzman's death, Aguirre surrounded himself with eighty of his special retainers and proclaimed himself "General of the Maranon." Henceforth his army was known as the Maranones. This name was in use at that time among some geographers and historians for the river now known as the Amazon, but there is much reason to think that the Maranones were then on the Orinoco.

About the middle of July, 1561, the brigantines carrying the Maranones, now reduced to less than two hundred men, reached the island of Margarita. Their arrival created great curiosity and general astonishment. The Governor, alcalde and their official companions decided to pay a visit of welcome to the strange wanderers. Aguirre waylaid his visitors and took them all prisoners. He then marched on to the town, took the fort by surprise and possessed himself of the island without opposition. All provisions, merchandise and money to be found were divided among his soldiers. The protesting citizens were imprisoned or slain, and the women were given up without mercy to the debauchery of the ruthless ruffians. No pirates or buccaneers at a later day ever more brutally ravaged a Spanish settlement than did these savage followers of Aguirre.

He needed for further conquest a stronger vessel than his brigantines, and seeing such a ship anchored at Piritu, near the mainland opposite to Margarita, he sent some Maranones to seize it. They took the

opportunity to desert, and when the vessel approached Margarita it was flying the royal flag. In the meantime, Aguirre was so sure of the vessel that he had sunk his brigantines. When he saw the ship nearing the harbor under the colors of Spain, he placed all the officers and the principal citizens in the fort and ordered them to be strangled at midnight. This was done with the usual promptitude. He then set the bodies upright in an orderly row and called all his soldiers together in a kind of "parade rest" and made them a speech.

"Well do you see, O Maranones, in the bodies before your eyes that, independent of the crimes you committed in the River Maranon, you have divested yourselves of all rights in the Kingdom of Castile. You have foresworn allegiance to the King by swearing to make perpetual war upon him, and you have signed your names to the act. After adding yet many crimes, you executed your sworn prince and lord, many captains and soldiers, a priest and a noble lady. Having arrived at this island you have forcibly taken possession of it, divided the property found in it among yourselves, and committed sundry and divers wickedness. Now you have killed another Governor, an alcalde, a regidor, an alguazil mayor, and certain other citizens whose bodies are now witnesses before you.

"Be not deceived by any vain confidence; for, having committed so many and such abominable and atrocious crimes, be ye sure that ye are not safe in any part of the world, excepting with me. Suppose that by some chance you should achieve the King's

pardon, know this, that the friends and kindred of the dead would follow you until vengeance was done.

"Thus are you gravely warned to be united with me, for therein lies the question of life and death."

The following day the vessel bearing the deserters sailed away to warn the coast and to provide means for the capture of the traitor. Aguirre was furious and he began to suspect even his most servile companions. Martin Perez had long been a faithful officer as master of the camp, but some one anxious to appear zealous in devotion to Aguirre told him that Perez seemed to be acting suspiciously. The assassination of the master of the camp was ordered, but the sickening butchery was done in such a bungling manner that he lay still alive on the floor, brained and mutilated beyong recognition when Aguirre came in. While he was looking at the writhing body, Anton Llamoso, who among other crimes had done the heinour murder of Doña Inez, chanced to walk in. Some one whispered to Aguirre, "There is a friend of Perez."

"They tell me that you are a friend to this traitor," he said, turning to the astonished Llamoso. "How is this? Do you call that friendship to me? And do you hold thus lightly the love I feel for you?"

As a study in the debasement of men, the scene that followed is given in the language of Fray Pedro Simon, from his "Sixth Historical Notice of the Conquest of Tierra Firma."

"Those who had slain Martin Perez, and who were then dripping with his blood, being desirous to do more murder, had scarcely heard Aguirre's words to

Llamoso, when they gathered close around eager for the signal to slay him.

"The great fear that at once fell upon the wretch, made him haste with violent protestations, backing them up by many horrible oaths, mixed with vehement blasphemies against those who accused him, saying that such treason to his lord had never entered his thoughts, and that Aguirre ought to believe him for the faithfulness and affection which he had always been happy to show.

"Aguirre did not speak at once and it seemed to Llamoso that the brutal master was not satisfied with the servile words, so he rushed upon the body of Martin Perez, almost cut to pieces, yet moving with departing life, and threw himself with madness upon it, shouting with desperate frenzy, 'Cursed be this abominable traitor who meditated so foul a crime against my beloved lord. I will drink his blood and eat his brain.'

"So saying, the abandoned wretch in frantic terror put his mouth to the crushed head, with more than demoniac rage, and applied himself with the appalling acts of a famished beast. Rising he stood trembling before Aguirre with the bloody visage of a demon, awaiting the returning confidence of his master.

" 'It is well,' said that monster. 'He is faithful.'

"In a transport of joy Llamoso embraced him and they went out arm in arm. And thus it at last came about that he was indeed faithful, for there was no one who sustained Aguirre until his last hour like unto this same Llamoso."

The startling news given by the deserters spread

over the coast and the alarmed governments of Santo Domingo, Santa Martha, Merida, and Cartagena made hasty preparations to defend themselves and to capture the monster whose hideousness grew with every account.

Three small fishing smacks opportunely arrived at this time in the bay of Margarita and were seized by Aguirre. On the last Sunday in August, 1561, having destroyed nearly all the property and people of the island, during the forty days' sojourn, Aguirre and his men left for the mainland. A storm drove them to Burburata. The Governor of Venezuela immediately called out all his available forces to capture the remarkable band of unparalleled fiends.

The Maranones arrived in the harbor about nightfall. To guard themselves from a night attack, they run ashore their own vessels and those in the harbor and set them on fire. In the circle of bright light they slept unmolested on the beech. In the morning they went into the town, but found it deserted. Then, in a style that would have been the admiration and envy of the buccaneers and pirates who ravaged the same coast in after years, they ranged over the surrounding country and terrorized the inhabitants.

When Pedro Nunez, the principal merchant of Venezuela, was captured and brought to Aguirre, the chief asked him why the people had fled.

"Most certainly because of fear," was the reply.

"But what do you yourself think of me and my men?" persisted Aguirre.

Believing a pretext was sought for killing him, the tradesman did not answer.

IN THE MORNING THEY WENT INTO THE TOWN BUT FOUND IT DESERTED.

"Give your opinion freely, and fear not for yourself," insisted Aguirre with a great show of candor, "we are your friends."

Being thus pressed for an answer, the unfortunate tradesman ventured to say that he greatly feared that they were Lutherans.

"Stupid barbarian!" cried the chief, horror-stricken and enraged at the charge. "Is it possible that thou art such an ignorant savage as to conceive such a horrid calumny? I do not now dash thee to earth with my helmet, only that at a more fitting season I may chastise thee with a death becoming to thy impious traducement."

On the next day the army was drawn up to see strangled the wretched man who had so foully slandered them.

It was at this place where Aguirre permitted Father Pedro Contreras to return to his charge at the desolate island of Margarita, on the priest's oath that he would carry to the King of Spain the declaration of independence drawn up by the Maranones in the wilderness of the Amazon.

Advancing on through Valencia, he laid waste the country and continued to commit the most unspeakable atrocities on to Barquicimeto, where the King's forces were collecting. In the march through the wilderness, many found opportunities to desert, and a proclamation of pardon to deserters caused the army of the Maranones to diminish rapidly.

Garcia de Paredes, having charge of the royal force, marched rapidly to the point where Aguirre had intrenched himself. As the King's troops

appeared, the Maranones threw down their arms and ran to them crying, "Long live the King."

Only one man remained in the trenches with Aguirre. It was the pitiable wretch Anton Llamoso, who had killed Doña Inez, now exhibiting a less abhorrent evidence of fidelity.

Seeing the hopeless situation, Aguirre went to the tent of his daughter and her companion, Doña Torralva, all that remained alive of the hundred or more women who started with the expedition of conquerors and colonists. "My daughter, commend thyself to thy God," he said, "for I have come to kill thee, that thou mayst not be pointed at with scorn, nor be in the power of those who may call thee the daughter of a traitor."

Doña Torralva, not yet sixteen years of age, caught the arquebuse from his hands, but he thrust her aside and killed his daughter with his sword.

Just as he finished this dreadful work, the troops came up. The captain wanted to spare him for trial and public execution, but the Maranones demanded that he be killed at once. The captain consented and two Maranones fired their arquebuses at him, but not bringing him to the ground.

"Maranones!" he exclaimed, steadying himself against the pole of the tent, "you have aimed better before this. Try again."

They fired again.

"That is better," he managed to say, and fell dead.

The chief officer now coming up, ordered the murdered daughter to be buried in the churchyard of Barquicimeto, but the body of the infamous man was

divided and distributed among the towns as a warning of the fate of traitors to the King. His head was placed in an iron cage and fastened over the door of the house of justice in Tocuyo.

Llamoso was taken to Pampluna, the town founded by Pedro de Ursua, the murdered commander of the expedition, and was there, as if in poetic justice, put to the garrotte and his body publicly burned.

It is said that the bloody prophesy of Aguirre came true. The Maranones carried the mark of Cain. All died the violent death of rabid malefactors. There was no place where they could hide from the vengeance of man and the law.

The natives of Venezuela believe that Aguirre still appears now and then among them as their evil spirit. Those who are benighted on the marshy plains tremble at unknown sounds, and, pointing to the strange swamp lights, cross themselves as they say, "It is the soul of Aguirre the traitor."

THE LIBERATORS

The problem that the United States has found in the government of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, presents numerous curious phases of popular interest. The contrasts between the heroism of the liberators and the bloody anarchy that invariably followed freedom in every Spanish-American republic, furnish a subject for thoughtful speculation. Self-government, as understood by Abraham Lincoln, has not been even approximately approached by them through four generations. All their advancement has been made under the martial hand of wise dictators.

One of the dictator presidents of Venezuela, in a message to his congress, congratulated the country on the fact that there had been only seventeen revolutions during the past two years. Notwithstanding such a spectacle of hate, distrust, espionage, intrigue, immorality, assassination and anarchy, as everywhere prevailed, Spanish-America has produced many of the bravest and noblest men, and in its progress puts to shame the mother country, with all her advantages of European civilization.

The victory of Nelson in Trafalgar Bay, early in 1805, provided a favorable opportunity for the Spanish colonies to free themselves, and the usurpation of the throne of Spain by Joseph Bonaparte gave a politi-

cal and religious excuse that appealed strongly to the popular mind.

A most exciting and adventurous period followed. The land of romance was again in a ferment. Once more there were men in the saddle anxious to rival the deeds of their steel-cased ancestors who followed the fortunes of the first conquerors.

Continuously from the time of the independence of the United States from England to the acknowledged independence of the Spanish colonies from Spain, the United States had ample reason for interference and equal opportunity to add Spanish territory. A study of comparative history shows that the United States has from first to last profited with extraordinary reluctance by the incompetency and cruelty of Spain. The beginning affords a peculiar example and an interesting parallel.

In 1805, a well-dressed and distinguished-looking foreigner came to New York from England and lodged at Mrs. Avery's boarding house in State street. To his fellow boarders he became known as George Martin. In a few days he received a letter from Washington City which caused him to take a hasty departure. As soon as the primitive methods of travel permitted, he reached the National capitol and was admitted to a private interview with President Jefferson and his Secretary of State, James Madison. At the hotel in Washington he was registered as Señor Molini. February 2d, he returned to New York and at once went aboard the Leander, a merchant ship belonging to Samuel G. Ogden. The Leander came to anchor between Staten Island and

the Jersey shore. Two or three days later a Spanish gentleman suddenly appeared before the naval officer of the port with the charge that large quantities of arms and ammunition were being taken secretly on board that vessel at night. The officer turned to his books and found that the Leander was cleared for Jacquemel. Therefore there appeared to be no legal reason for interfering. But exciting rumors were at once set afloat as to the destination and object of the Leander.

Marquis Yrujo, of Spain, assisted by the French Ambassador, lodged formal complaint with the Government and through the "Philadelphia Gazette" accused Jefferson and Madison of criminal connivance with the enemies of Spain for the overthrow of Spanish power in America.

The Federal authorities arrested Mr. Ogden, owner of the Leander, and Colonel William Smith, son-in-law of John Adams, and the collector of the port of New York, each of whom were put under $20,000 bonds.

Political and personal accusations and recriminations waxed hot and burning epithets were hurled back and forth like fiery hand-grenades in a fight with pirates. Strange to say the dispute raged chiefly around the question as to whether the Federalists or the Democrats had the honor of being the best friends of the Spaniards. It was necessary to love the Spaniard in order to satisfy the popular hate for England. Meantime the Leander sailed away on its mission of liberation, the beginning that was to find an end ninety-three years later. But the opportune time was

not yet at hand. The expedition was unsuccessful and the organizer with difficulty succeeded in escaping to England from Trinidad. This adventurer had passed through a campaign with Washington nearly twenty years before, greatly honored as Don Francisco de Miranda of Caracas. He fought with great credit through the Belgian campaign of 1793 with Dumouriez, and later became a favorite at the courts of both England and Russia. He did not cease his efforts with the failure of the Leander expedition, but devoted himself assiduously to the object of Spanish-American liberty. July 30, 1812, after another unsuccessful attempt at revolution, he was arrested at Laguira and delivered to the Spaniards, by Simon Bolivar, his subordinate companion in arms, who had signed the treaty of Victoria, five days before, restoring Venezuela to Spain. Miranda was imprisoned at San Carlos. After several months, he was sent to Porto Rico and then to Cadiz in Spain, where he perished some years later a prisoner in the dungeons of Fort La Caraca. It is recorded that when Bolivar, who is known as the Washington of South America, delivered his elder companion in arms to the Spanish authorities, he said, "I surrender Miranda in order to punish a traitor to my country, and not to do a service to the King."

It is true that the liberation of the greater part of South America was afterward effected under the leadership of Bolivar, and yet one of his lieutenants wrote a book to prove him a monster of tyranny, while there was constant rebellion against his authority and unceasing revolution under his government.

The deeds and achievements of the patriotic troops under Bolivar and his lieutenants equaled many of the heroic acts of the conquerors and rivaled the most thrilling records of patriotism in any country, but the moment the hand of the dictator was off of them there was immediate anarchy.

When the patriot army crossed the Andes to Santander, it had equaled the feat of Hannibal crossing the Alps. The bands that waded the perpetual swamps through the terrors of the tropical forests, were as devoted and courageous as those of Marion, Sumpter, Pickens, and Lee. The scene of Bolivar's wild and haggard band driving before them with unsparing slaughter the atrocious Barriera is more inspiring than that of Washington inactive at Valley Forge.

The Spanish foe was immeasurably more savage than Tyron or Arnold in New England. Ferdinand VII of Spain ordered a war of extermination, and General Boves sacked the towns in his course of subjugation through Venezuela, not allowing the dead to be buried, but commanding that the bodies of men, women, and children be left rotting where they fell.

When Aragua was entered by Suasola, with about five hundred troops from the army of Monteverde, the inhabitants, numbering fifteen hundred, made a great public feast for them. After a merry hour, the soldiers, under secret orders, turned upon their entertainers and cut off the ears of every person in the town. A trunk full of these gruesome relics was sent to Monteverde as a proof of his lieutenant's fidelity

AT PARTING HE PLACED A RING UPON HER FINGER.

and they were worn as souvenirs in the hatbands of the soldiers.

While Simon Bolivar was expelling Spain from the Northern part of South America, Jose de San Martin was drilling his army of the Andes at Mendoza in Argentina, just across the mountains from Santiago. January 17, 1817, the army, led by San Martin and O'Higgins, started across the Andes to drive the Spaniards out of Chili. Nearly four thousand men, and eleven thousand horses crossed over the summit of the Uspallata pass, 12,500 feet above the sea, 4,000 feet higher than the Great St. Bernard. The conduct of this expedition required more executive ability and foresight than that of Napoleon crossing the Alps.

The two victorious armies neared each other Peru early in 1822. On July 26, the two great liberators met at the port of Guayaquil and at this conference San Martin agreed to leave the country and give Bolivar free sway.

But of all the liberators of Spanish America, the one who most nearly fills the rôle of ideal hero is Miguel Hidalgo of Mexico. If he failed anywhere it was in having the executive daring of a great soldier.

In 1752, Don Cristobal Hidalgo y Costilla visited the southern part of the hacienda, of which he was Governor. One day he stopped for dinner at the farmhouse of Antonio Gallaja, who was one of his tenants. The daughters of Gallaja were famed for their beauty and wit. They did their utmost to gain the admiration of the rich and powerful Hidalgo, but a girl who stood behind their chairs and waited on

them attracted his attention most. He found that the little beauty, so coarsely dressed and who was treated by them like a slave, was an orphaned cousin, named Anna Maria.

The following day Don Cristobal returned and asked Anna Maria to take a walk with him. At parting he placed a ring on her finger in token that "My true love hath my heart and I have his."

She was soon Don Cristobal's wife, and, when her second son was born, she little dreamed that he was to be the hero of Mexico and the noblest liberator of all Spanish-America. There was no opening for such aspirations and genius as his but through the Church. His rise was rapid and he might have worn the cardinal's hat if he had been willing to play at politics. But he was a true father of the people. In his resistance to the oppression of the poor, he made bitter enemies and a trial for heresy was instituted against him, but his character was so unassailable and his talents so conspicuous that even in those corrupt ecclesiastical courts only a mild discipline could be secured against him. In time he became cura of Dolores with the wider opportunity to ameliorate the conditions and miseries of ignorance and poverty. He revolutionized the district. The house of almost every family of learning became a free school for the poor. He planted vineyards, introduced silkworms, and established potteries, brick kilns, tanneries, and rope factories. He lived with the poor, wore coarse serge cassock, and there was nothing but his scholarly and benevolent countenance to distinguish him from the commonest laborers.

He made extended investigations into literature, philosophy, theology, and jurisprudence, reaching into the mighty domain of liberty of conscience, freedom of thought and hatred of tyranny. Although surrounded by the most ignorant and superstitious people, he formed benevolent and social societies, clubs, guilds, and educational associations. Foreign visitors and the most distinguished men in Mexico began to make Dolores their Mecca. Gradually his influence and eloquence began to turn toward the regeneration of society and the reformation of government. He knew more law than the legal advisers of the King, more theology than the archbishop of the Church, and he could govern better than any appointee that had ever been sent over the ocean from Spain.

Being neither a hypocrite nor a coward, his influence became very offensive to the corrupt minions of church and state. Charges of heresy and sedition were preferred before the Inquisition against the progressive priest of Dolores. He was denounced by those in power as the servant of Satan. He was branded with the awful sacrilege of being a priest who was not an ascetic and who did not believe in flagellation. It was charged that he claimed not to be afraid of the inferno and that he reserved the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. But his life was stainless, and all knew it. He had committed no crime against the law and those who loved him were too numerous to be defied.

In the dilemma some one discovered that he had no right to plant vineyards and mulberry groves, nor

to establish the numerous manufactories through which the community was flourishing. Accordingly he was compelled to stand by with his people and see the best work of years overthrown and his prosperous industries ruined. The vines, trees, and shops were destroyed in one day by the Spanish soldiers, and strict orders were given that they should not be reproduced.

The officials guilty of this deed began to notice with alarm that the Cura of Dolores, though now fifty-eight years of age, was absent a great deal from his parish and province. The humble creole curas of a score of cantons were constantly visiting the little house where Miguel Hidalgo lived. Everybody seemed to know that great secrets were being guarded and there was a hush over affairs that betokened a coming storm.

Unfortunately at this time the Canoness Ittariga fell ill and believed herself about to die. She confided to her confessor, the Cura of Queretaro, that Hidalgo was to head a revolt against the authority of Spain on the first day of November, 1810, and that the Gonzales brothers were acquainted with all the details which were unknown to her. In an hour the Gonzales brothers were called to the Governor's house on some alleged business and were secretly arrested and thrown into the dungeon, where there were all of the appliances of the inquisition, to await the speedy arrival of the inquisitor.

The doom of the conspirators for liberty seemed at hand when Doña Josefa Ortiz, the heroic wife of Dominquez, Corregidor of Queretaro, whose house

was built against the wall of the prison, heard, while passing to and fro at her work, a series of three sharp taps on the wall from within the prison. Her heart stood still. She understood at once. It was the signal agreed upon with Perez, the jailer. Someone was being held in the inquisitorial dungeon to have the secrets of the conspiracy tortured out of him. In a few minutes trusty messengers were hurried away, one to General Allende at San Miguel, and another to Hidalgo at Dolores, warning them that the plot for liberty was discovered.

The cura was in his study, and sitting close around him were a dozen dark-visaged men eagerly listening to his low-spoken words, when a series of raps, betokening a hurried messenger, startled them from their chairs. Hidalgo arose and cautiously asked who was there. It was past midnight and the visitor was clearly one of importance.

"My message is only for the ears of Hidalgo," was the reply.

Hidalgo opened the door. "Speak out, friend," the cura said, as the man entered, "I am Hidalgo and these are as one with him."

The messenger told hurriedly what had occurred and the men turned with blanched faces to the cura.

Hidalgo's face lighted up with the animation of one who sees that the supreme hour has come for a great movement.

"Action at once," he exclaimed. "There is no time to be lost. The yoke of our Spanish oppressors shall be broken at once and the fragments scattered over Mexico."

A conference ensued, lasting until daylight, when the street watchman was called in and told to arouse the fifteen workmen employed in the cura's pottery, which had been saved from the wreck of industries.

When the astonished men appeared the cura told them that the era of liberty had begun and asked them if they were ready to bear arms and devote their lives to its cause.

Weeping with joy they embraced him and the delighted cura cried, "Long live our Lady of Guadalupe, and long live our new-born liberty."

It was Sunday morning and the church bell was rung an hour earlier than had ever been done before for mass. The creoles and Indians flocked from the surrounding country, for it was felt everywhere that something unusual was about to take place. When the people were called together they heard a remarkable discourse. The priest told them that they would not have mass that day, as there was greater need at that time to be delivered from the Spaniard than from the devil.

"My children," he exclaimed, "a new dispensation has come to us this day. Are you ready to receive it? Will you be free? Will you strive to recover from the hated Spaniard the liberty of which you have been robbed for three centuries?"

Great and eager cries arose on all sides and the people pressed around him.

"To-day is the day of our salvation," he continued. "We will go to San Miguel for arms. Let all follow me who believe in liberty for themselves and their children."

When General Allende received his message, he hastened to Dolores and soon there was a rabble of four thousand natives, armed with lances, clubs, machettes, slings, and bows. San Miguel was taken and the wild passions of the oppressed people broke forth in such a storm that no man could govern it. The Spaniard had robbed, insulted, and killed for three hundred years without retaliation or punishment, and nothing but brutal destruction could now be expected.

The archbishop excommunicated the priest and all his followers. Every pulpit denounced him as a Lutheran devil. Hidalgo was summoned to appear before the inquisition, and he replied, "I owe nothing to a Spanish inquisition. It is not necessary to be a slave in order to be a true Catholic. I am loyal to my religion, you to your politics."

The religious terrors and the torture of the inquisition were mingled with the dreadful excesses of civil war. The Spaniards fled to the largest cities, women and children were sent to the convents, and all treasures were shipped to foreign countries.

The revolutionists swept everything before them and defeated the army sent out to prevent them entering the City of Mexico. But Hidalgo did not believe his poorly equipped army could take the city. He ordered a retreat to await a more favorable condition. This was a fatal reversal of the victorious advance. It was demoralizing to the natives and encouraging to the Spaniards. In a short time the Benedict Arnold of Mexican liberty appeared. Ignacio Elizondo succeeded in leading Hidalgo into a Spanish ambush at

Acatila de Bajen, March 21, 1811, where he was captured. Fearful revenge was taken. The dispirited army was scattered before the invigorated onslaughts of the Spaniards. All the leaders were captured and shot. Hidalgo was reserved for special ecclesiastical degradations. Doña Josefa, the heroine of the revolution, was closely imprisoned for several years, her property confiscated and her children turned out to beggary.

The last words of Hidalgo were, "The knell of Spanish rule in America has been sounded. Liberty for all will come."

He died with the distinction of having been formally sentenced to death by the Pope and the King of Spain. Until the independence of Mexico in 1824, under Iturbide, Hidalgo's head remained on public exhibition in an iron cage, with those of his two generals, as a Spanish warning against all aspirations for liberty. On the cage was this inscription: "These heads of Miguel Hidalgo, Ignacio Allende, and Mariano Jimanez, insidious intriguers and leading chiefs of the revolution, who have seized the property of the Religion of God, and the Real Presence, and shed with the greatest atrocity the blood of faithful priests, and just magistrates; the cause of all the calamities, disgraces, and disasters, which all the inhabitants of this land, an integral part of Spain, suffer and deplore."

Now these relics of patriotism lie in costly sepulchres in the capital, revered by all, and the chief national holiday of Mexico is sacred to the memory of Hidalgo.

Some remarkable characters were brought to the front as dictators in the whirlpool of insurrection and anarchy that followed Spanish-American independence. Rafael Carerra of Gautemala, was typical. He was a half-breed and his youth was spent as a pig driver. Then he became a loafer and gambler, cheating the laborers out of their wages. The turning point in his career as maranero and montero was brought about by a Frenchman who owned a cochineal plantation. The fastidious gentleman found Carerra behind the wall of the courtyard cheating the gullible French servants out of their money, and so the gambler was promptly kicked off the estate.

Such episodes in his business were not relished and he aspired to robberies on a more extended scale. In the mountains were many thousands of refuges from both justice and injustice. These were chiefly Indian slaves and half-breeds who levied tribute from unfortunate travelers from motives of plunder and revenge. Carerra cast his lot with those people and soon rose to great distinction and influence among them.

Some time previous to this, Morazan had expelled the priests and ordered the destruction of the convents. The robber who had become so influential as to be able to organize the many bands under one head was encouraged to become a revolutionist. Several frightful earthquakes occurred and the priests declared that those shocks were but the beginning evidence of God's displeasure for worse things to follow if the sacriligious tyrants and usurpers were not driven from Gautemala. A dreadful plague of cholera appeared opportunely and Carerra raised the standard

of rebellion. The mountaineers flocked to him from every quarter. After numerous sanguinary engagements where quarter was neither given nor taken, Morazan was driven from the country. In 1843, he tried to raise a counter revolution in Costa Rica, but was captured and shot. Carerra was thus left master of the state with an unassailable support from the half-breeds and Indians.

The Frenchman who had driven the petty gambler from his cochineal plantation, expecting to have his property confiscated by the dictator, and to lose his life for having so summarily treated the conqueror, fled from the country, but was captured by the emissaries of Carerra and brought before the tyrant.

The planter fell on his knees and begged that his family be spared. He expected the dictator to order immediate execution, but to his surprise, Carerra bade him arise, embraced him, and made him treasurer of the state.

Carerra was known as "El Indio" or the Indian, and the aristocracy heartily despised him. At the first opportunity an extended conspiracy was formed against him, but it came to a singular conclusion.

One of the chief officers in the army volunteered to kill him at the grand clerical festival about to take place. The assassin mingled with the throng and pressed nearer and nearer his victim, the conspirators meanwhile closing in around them. Three steps across an open space would bring him to the side of the dictator. The assassin drew his dagger under his cloak, and as he did so the metal-tipped sheath became unloosened and fell to the stone floor with a clinking

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ASSASSIN IN CHAINS ON THE FLOOR OF THE CASTLE DUNGEON.

sound of startling significance. Before he could cover the tell-tale mishap, the scabbard was seen by the President and his friends. The urbane head of the Republic picked the article up from the floor, and with a bow handed it to its owner, who as politely acknowledged the courtesy. The festivities continued as if nothing had occurred to mar the occasion, but an observer, understanding the situation, could have seen a dozen stalwart men of unmistakable Indian type slowly moving nearer the door with the unsuccessful assassin in their midst. Half an hour later he was in chains on the floor of the castle dungeon.

The investigation that followed showed that two brothers of the highest Catalonian family were at the head of the conspiracy. Every device of persuasion and torture was used to make them reveal their accomplices, but they were stoically silent. The officer who had attempted the assassination was condemned to be shot at ten o'clock in the morning, the two brothers to share this fate immediately after.

Every resource of influence and wealth was brought to bear upon Carerra in favor of the two brothers, but in vain. At the fatal hour a volley of shots, heard inside the castle dungeon, signified plainly that the officer had met his punishment. Presently the guards came to the prison with a priest and the brothers were implored once more to reveal the names of their accomplices, but they heroically refused to speak. The elder brother was then led away. A volley of musketry followed and the guard returned with the priest to the younger brother. In vain he was advised

to reveal the conspirators. He was then hurried away to a spot where there were two new-made graves and one not yet filled.

"For the last time," said the executioner, "you are asked to reveal the truth."

The boy's lips closed tighter and there was only silence. The firing orders were given, "one, two, three,—" At that instant Carerra sprang forward, snatched the cloak from the condemned man's head, unbound him, and after embracing him, said, "Go join your brother at your home. Gautemala cannot spare such brave sons."

This was one of the singular tyrants that flourished on the soil of Spanish-America. Revolution at last drove him out of power, but he set a strange gauge for New World chivalry.

One of the most romantic episodes told of his methods of justice, occurred near the close of his career. Diego Cortace, a wealthy young Spaniard, holding a large estate in Gautemala, had been so diplomatic that through all the revolutions he had remained unmolested.

In Cobra there was a creole girl who kept a small store of confections and fruit. She was wise as she was beautiful and none of her numerous suitors knew whom she favored until her tireless efforts to obtain the release of a Spanish youth, who had been imprisoned for engaging in an insurrection against Carerra, revealed where her chief interest lay. Several visits had been made by her to the dictator in her lover's behalf, but the sentence of death was pronounced and the day of execution drew near, when Maria suddenly

disappeared. An Indian from the farm of Cortace came to Carerra and told him that a young woman was being held unwillingly a prisoner on his master's farm. A score of cavalrymen were at once sent to bring the woman and man before the dictator. A few hours later they returned with the Spaniard and the girl, when she frankly told Carerra that she had gone with some men who came to her with the proposal to break into the castle dungeon and liberate her lover. Instead of going to the castle, the leader, who was Diego Cortace in disguise, seized her and carried her into the country to his house as a prisoner, where he was about to kill her or make her his slave when the rescue came.

Carerra called in a priest.

"The prisoner desires to marry this girl," said he, "and I have concluded that he shall do so."

There could be no protestations against the well-known iron will of the dictator and the marriage was done.

After congratulating the terrified bride, he ordered the prisoner to be taken away. Within half an hour a man returned and gave a signed document to the dictator. A few minutes later the priest came in with the prisoner of the castle dungeon.

"Was this your lover before your late marriage?" asked Carerra of the girl.

She could only bow her head.

"Then let me congratulate you," continued the dictator. "Your husband is dead, you are invested with his estates, and it is my will that you marry your heart's choice, who is now a free man. Priest, perform your duty."