

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

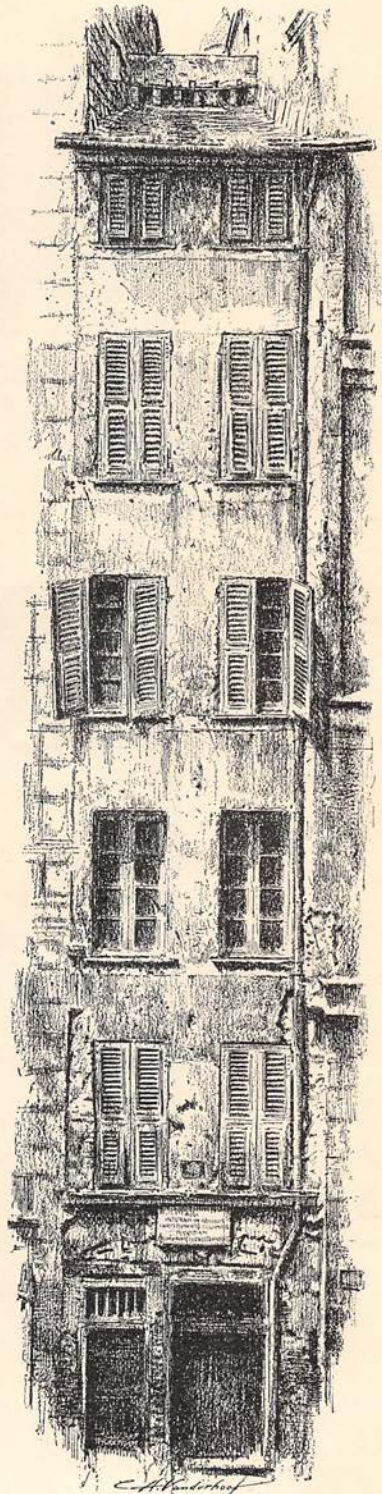
I. THE AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED.

THE name of Columbus suggests mysterious analogies to all those redeemers who owe their influence on humanity, and their renown throughout the ages, to suffering and sacrifice. Fortunate, thrice fortunate was the Genoese mariner in the attainment of his ambition. While yet in the full maturity of his powers, long before the infirmities of age had begun their blighting inroads, he lifted the veil from a new and beautiful world. True, after Columbus had brought America to light, he did not grasp the significance and full extent of his achievement; nor would blind fate consent to the linking of his immortal name with his discovery, reserving that well-earned honor to a pilot of inferior merit. But, as if to make amends for this, he leaves in the background of fame all other navigators whose names are written in the priceless annals of discovery.

The first wanderer who quitted the watered valleys to seek a new existence amid the sands of the desert; the first frail bark intrusted by human daring to the surging billows; the Phenician explorer who first grounded his ship on the shores of Carthage; the wary son of Hellas, forced to flee from the reefs against whose hidden rocks vessels were dashed in pieces, and to cover eyes and ears, that he might return to his native land and not linger forever in idle harbors and along smiling shores; the hotly pursued searcher for the Golden Fleece—all who by means of perilous expeditions have brought to light unknown regions, or established communication between remote races, stand grouped yonder in the shadowy outlines of the early dawn of the historic ages.

When Columbus, greatest of discoverers, appears at last, in an era when the intellects of men are ripening, and when mind and nature are becoming reconciled under the influence of religious and scientific reformation, his personality stands out in such exact proportions, drawn in colors so bright, that it can never be confounded with another, or be hidden behind the glamorous mists that hang around other prominent historic characters, who, less fortunate, have never, with all their worth, risen so high as Columbus rose, nor won what he won—universal remembrance and recognition.

I attribute the historical good fortune of this portentous hero to his martyrdom; or, in other words, to the virtue and efficacy involved in the nature of suffering. That persistent struggle of the discoverer with superstition, prior to his wonderful success, and that other struggle, after his wonderful success, with his own errors and with ingratitude, encircled his brow with a crown of thorns, of which every barb that pierced his temples while he lived became



From a Photograph taken for the Bureau of American Republics.
HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS WAS BORN.



G. SUÑOL, SCULPTOR.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LAURENT & CO.

STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ON THE MONUMENT AT MADRID.

at his death a shining ray of glory. At the foot of every altar lies a sacrifice.

The fabulous aspects of his career became almost incredible. Beholding how Columbus stored his mind with all the gathered knowledge of his day; how he urged before universities and learned men the indispensable adoption of his plans, based in part on his personal conjectures and in part on his experience and his researches; how in all that time of steadfast preparation he staked his hopes upon magistrates, archbishops, monks, and potent queens and kings; how learning and calculation entered into his plans as much as intuition and genius, many pious souls professed to discover therein revelations such as God made of old to his prophets, and proposed to the Church his canonization. I attribute such exceptional treatment of Columbus to the fact that discoveries and discoverers exert a potent influence upon the imagination; and yet they hold a lesser place in popular history than statesmen or warriors. How much more important would it be in our day to know who invented the flour-mill than to know who won the battle of Ar-bela! The fact is that, comparing the volumes devoted to statecraft and to war with those treating of labor and industry, one is astounded and dismayed at the incredible disproportion. I can understand why this should have been so in ages when manual toil was considered degrading, and when trade, relegated to the common sort who were politically debarred from coping with the patrician classes, was despised. But even in our day, transcendently the age of labor and of industry, while the names of great commanders are borne on the world-wide wings of fame, those of discoverers fall with the utmost ease into ungrateful oblivion. For one Galvani, one Franklin, one Daguerre, one Edison who has spread his renown among all classes and stamped an invention forever with his name, what a vast number of unremembered or unknown glories!

The peoples of the future will not be so ungrateful. The first years of this century will grow in universal remembrance, not by reason of those Napoleonic victories whose godlike renown a thousand poems sing, but rather because of another and better title to glory—the voltaic pile, imprisoning the all-diffused electric fluid, and by its chemicals and metals engendering currents and forces as though it were a microcosmic universe, an epitome of the alchemy whereby the great powers of nature produce and maintain life. Without the astrolabe, invented by the Arab schools of Cordova and Seville for the study of the heavens; without the science of algebra, so greatly facilitating the labor of calculation; without the mariner's compass, which fixes a sure point to guide the

bark lost in the infinitude of sky and sea; without the printing-press, which within a short half-century after its invention had already become a potent auxiliary to the development of the human intellect, the discovery of the New World—itsself the logical result of a slow but sure evolution, wrought out in successive stages like all great human achievements, and not by sudden chance—could never have taken place.

A LITTLE before the middle of the fifteenth century, about the year 1433 or 1434, Columbus was born at Genoa. Nature and Providence joined in willing that so sublime a mariner should be brought forth and reared on the shores of the sea. From the earliest times the true historic centers of civilization and culture have been associated with places situated on or near great waters. Survey the world of history, and you will discern what an intimate relation has from time immemorial existed between river-courses and the formation or transformation of States. The Indus and India; the Euphrates and Chaldea; Israel and the Jordan; the Pharaohs and the mysterious Nile; Carthage and her harbor on the African coast of the Mediterranean; Tyre and Sidon, founded on the spot where the three continents of primeval earth seemed to converge; Greece with her sculptured shores and groups of islands redolent of song; Italy with her peninsular formation in the center of Europe and the southern sea; Spain set between the billows of old ocean and the Mediterranean furnish by their respective fluvial or maritime situations a perfect key to their strange and complicated histories.

The fact cannot be ignored that as there is a kinship in art, like that between all the Dutch and Flemish masters of the Germanic schools, so likewise is there a kinship between all the Italian painters—Florentine, Milanese, Roman, Venetian, and Umbrian. And like this affinity of the northern and Italian masters, so is there kinship between all Mediterranean mariners. So, therefore, Columbus belongs exclusively to the Mediterranean type of kinship by the happy union of inspiration and self-interest, which makes of him at once a trader and a prophet, equally capable of obeying the stimulus of gold like any sailor who roams the sea for commerce, for barter, and for the ignoble lust of gain, or of obeying the summons of religious faith like some old crusader. In the Norman sea-rover you always behold the mariner. In the Mediterranean sailor you behold, joined to the selfish interests of industry and traffic, the religious enthusiast, the prophet and the martyr. Let no man undertake to analyze Columbus who will not recognize how absolutely these two extremes meet in him.

It is a historical fact that the fifth, the tenth,

the fifteenth, and the nineteenth centuries are the four great periods of transition. Who can doubt that the fifteenth century was one of those predestined to bring about radical and profound changes? Paganizing influences were stealing over the pontificate, to such a degree even that the popes seemed to be high priests of Jupiter and religion itself an art, a plastic art. Poets, painters, sculptors, true ministering spirits of this new heaven, reawakened the olden gods amid the scenes of nature, and revived the ancient idolatry beneath the arches of the churches. The empire became a mere empty show; the German kaisers seemed to be little more than bespangled and unreal players; feudal society fell, overthrown by the successful power of labor. The ancient Lombard leagues, the old military framework of society, and the outworn feudal States were succeeded by the dominion of the mercantile cities, whose fleets were such as empires never owned, and who rewarded their artists as emperor never did. These cities made use of their garnered wealth to convert the palaces of their guilds and corporations into museums, and, resting from their world-wide barter, devoted their whole existence to continual artistic tours, Olympic games, and poetic contests, in which the days of ancient Greece seemed to be revived, and the Muses who perished at the feet of Hellenic altars to be once more restored to our world. This fifteenth century is the springtime of modern history. Industrial art brings forth the printing-press, which helps to immortalize the thoughts of men; old ruins crowned with the wild thyme and rue give up, like the tomb, their treasure of life, the perfect statue that affords a type for the perfection of new-born art; the dry shell of scholastic philosophy produces, like some bright insect, the pure Florentine Platonism, and finally the ocean, in order that all may be marvelous, that all may be regeneration and progress, brings far-off America to light, renovating nature itself, as by another and greater miracle, with her virgin forests and her fullness of life.

This age of the Renaissance seems to have delighted in satisfying every need and aspiration of the spirit of man. A means was required to rend and crush the feudal rock, and gunpowder appeared in the fourteenth century. To lay bare the secrets of the planet, to accomplish the legendary voyages of the new Argonauts, a fixed point in the sky corresponding to another fixed point in the ship was demanded, and the mariner's compass was providentially vouchsafed. A new type of art was required, and the long-forgotten statue came forth to hold the post of honor in our cathedrals and in the palaces of our popes. A new social organization was demanded, whereupon the municipalities arose to institute democra-

cies, and monarchies to organize states. A new sense was needed to pierce the further heights of heaven, even as the printing-press had vanquished devouring time and the compass conquered space, and straightway the chance dropping of a few bits of glass into an organ-tube revealed the telescope and overthrew the senile astronomy of Alexandria. Conscience, too, needed to be renovated; the Church to be reconstructed; Christianity to be reformed, and the beliefs of man idealized. And to fulfil this mission without abandoning the traditional ideas and dogmas of the faith, the strong intellect of the immortal Savonarola and the reformatory doctrines of Luther were brought forth. So, too, nature must needs be new-born, and Columbus appeared. Examine the record of all discoveries and inventions, and you will see how that of the great mariner makes its advent in the appointed hour, when our earth and our intellect demanded it with one accord.

An event took place in the century of Columbus which aroused the minds of men and overwhelmed their souls with dread. Constantinople, the holy city, set at the very portal of Asia, found herself suddenly surprised by the hordes which had escaped three centuries before from the Mongolian plains, and was forced to bow beneath the yoke, like Jerusalem of the prophets, until the crescent replaced the Christian cross upon the minarets of Saint Sophia, and the muezzin uttered his cry where hitherto the priest had offered his prayer. This great empire of the East had endured for eleven centuries; yet in its agony it held aloof from the West, and from the West received no succor, merely on account of wretched theological controversies. It is impossible to conceive how potently and imperiously Columbus was inspired by that other semi-religious impulse of a new crusade, except by sharing the impression left on his soul and the thoughts aroused in his mind by events like the taking of Byzantium, mourned in the chiefest elegiac poems of the age. In like manner as the yearning for a new life and new discoveries filled the minds of men in that Easter-time of the Renaissance, and as the desire to revive the crusades was excited by the fall of Constantinople, so the zeal for traffic that possessed him had its origin in the mercantile cities of Italy; the desire to seek commercial gain through great maritime expeditions originated in the marvelous spectacle of the Portuguese discoveries of that time; the resolve to essay fabulous and impossible deeds sprang from the successful end of that great campaign against the Arab invader, accomplished after seven centuries of effort by Spain on the beautiful Vega of Granada.

But our principal need, in order to understand

one of the phases of the mind of Columbus, is to study the mercantile cities of Italy at that day. None was so active as Genoa. By its internal constitution it ranked among the republican municipalities, in which upon a solid basis of genuine democracy there was often reared a certain noble class; not, we may say, of true election, but of true selection, charged by common consent and by long usage with the functions of direction and government. But the Genoese democracy had become split up into such a number of factions, and so many leaders had arisen among its nobility, that Genoa was compelled to deliver one of her fortresses to the Duke of Milan; in order that, by maintaining a garrison and a standard there, he might impose upon all the mutual respect and consideration due among free and genuine citizens. And as in the commercial republic of the Carthage of old foreign mercenaries were employed, and as in the no less commercial monarchy of England there exists even in our day a hired soldiery, so in those mercantile cities, in accordance with the axiom that nature produces the thing of which she stands in need, there was evolved a class of soldiers of fortune, who offered their swords to the highest bidder, in return for favors or money, for the defense of any principles and any cause. Thus, and only thus, in those terrible ages of everlasting war when civil discords often coincided with foreign discords, could governing families arise like the Medici in Florence or the Dorias in Genoa; or manufactories be established for the fabrication of countless products that even to-day amaze us; or the exchanges of commerce be effected as a stimulus to labor; or a peaceful existence be assured to the tillers of the soil, who were exempt from all other service provided they would give the proprietor one half of their crops; or the lyre resound, the canvas yield to the brush, the marble to the chisel, and the rough stone be wrought into the stately piles of those splendid cities, filled with bright colors and vocal with the chants of triumph. The gorgeous churches of Genoa made of Columbus a crusader, its schools a geographer, its palaces filled with paintings and statues an artist, its shores a mariner, its industries and commerce a shrewd calculator and thoroughgoing man of business.

In the same way as Genoa must have exerted an influence upon the character of one like Columbus, so also Pavia, the university-city, to which his parents sent him in his early youth, was calculated to influence his psychological and moral nature. In truth, the universities of that time took rank as great intellectual capitals and as centers of converging ideas. Columbus, after three years' residence, abandoned the university; and we may there-

fore disregard its possible influence when we endeavor to follow out and estimate the various developments of his mind. From a very early age, like all those who are under the sway of a sovereign vocation, the great pilot took the highest mental delight in the study of geography and charts, while his principal physical occupation was in the combats and perils of the sea.

Although the story of the youth of Columbus, after all that is known of it has been scrupulously sifted, can hardly be vouched for as historically certain, mixed as it is with a thousand wild traditions originated after he had become famous, and mainly due to interested kinsmen, or resting on mere tales devised to fit his career and his achievements, it cannot be denied that he was indeed a part of the stormy maritime life of his time. John of Anjou, Duke of Calabria, took Columbus with him in the fleet of galleys sent to win the Neapolitan throne for René, Count of Provence. And in these expeditions he made good use of the two great virtues of the true sailor, courage and sagacity. Columbus himself tells that when René sent him to Tunis in search of the galiot *Fernandina*, and when, in the neighborhood of San Pietro in Sardinia, the crew mutinied and sought to force him to set sail for Marseilles, he contrived, under cover of the darkness of the night, to change his course, so that at day-break the mutineers found themselves, against their will and without having suspected the trick played upon them, within sight of the headland of Carthage. It need, therefore, seem to us no great thing for him to have sailed from Cyprus to Lisbon, and at last to have passed, in the prime of life, about the year 1454, to the dominions of Portugal, a nation much in harmony at that time with the propensities of his temperament and with the dreams of his far-reaching imagination.

Although the fame of Columbus would rightly seem to stand alone and incontestable in human annals, it has in reality been one of the most contested. The erudite advocates of new-fangled theories appear to think that the highest merit in their trade is to dispute the indisputable: and so some of them attribute to the earliest Iclander they come across in the sea-legends of ancient Scandinavia the discovery that was made by Columbus; and some to the chance event of a direful shipwreck in the waters of Portugal, where Columbus was at the time, and to the tale whispered in our pilot's ear by a poor wrecked sailor who lay dying in consequence of that shipwreck and of his bitter sufferings. In Spain, where the most familiar proverbs are instinct with the highest philosophy, when one is persecuted by the breath of slander or calumny he is told, by

way of consolation, that "they would say it of God." It is impossible for Columbus to be exempt from the common lot that befalls our shortcomings and chance acts. Many concurrent causes explain this contradictory judgment in regard to a personality so distinct in itself and so positively historical. At the beginning of the century, and indeed far into it, history was largely governed by a diseased standard of criticism, which mistook scurrility and censoriousness for healthy judgment, much as though in the domain of justice the judge were to be confounded with the hangman. In the second place, it has been the fate of our generation to undergo a dismal succession of reactionary movements, outdoing each other in extravagance and unexpectedness. The ultra-reactionists of our religion had long felt the need of new saints to renovate their time-worn calendar; they hunted far and wide to find some personage possessed of the gift of miracles, and finally they set to work to proclaim the impeccability of Columbus, and to raise him to the category of the immaculate conception as being without the stain of original sin. In order to confer, with any show of reason, the saintly title upon him, the Ultramontanes exaggerated his domestic virtues; while on the other hand the opposing rationalists dragged him in the mire by their merciless attacks, not so much with intent to degrade the man himself as to open the eyes of the devout to the facility with which the Church can swallow anything when it sets to work to make, for its own advantage, a popular and miracle-working saint. The upshot of this scandalous quarrel went to prove that Columbus sinned in his love-affairs and in his pecuniary transactions, that he was a greedy adventurer, and that he was fond of gold and sensuality. None of this would ever have been thought of had due heed been given to what the immortal pilot really was — by atavism, by birth, by vocation, by natural bent, by education and by the whole tenor of his life. What, then, was he in truth? Columbus was, purely and simply, an Argonaut.

Our Argonaut is seen to be very complex when contrasted with him of old. The minds most difficult to comprehend are the most complex. Columbus, seer and trader, visionary and calculator, crusader and mathematician, a sort of Isaiah in his prophetic insight and banker in his computations, his thoughts set upon religion and business alike; a sublime oracle from whose lips predictions fall in impetuous torrent, and a singularly bad governor, resorting to irregular and arbitrary measures; advocating the reconquest of the Holy Sepulcher through a mighty effort of his devout will, and of the mines of Golconda by a shorter road to India than any then known; ever in suspense between lofty

ideals and idle fables; able to create a new world through the strength of his intellectual vision, only to ruin it forthwith by his improvident schemes and his wretched administration; mathematician and soothsayer; believer in magic and student of nature; mystic and astronomer; so multiplex and various are his traits that they scarcely come within the grasp of any logical chain of reasoning. He who regards not the supplications of Columbus, his visions, his predictions, his schemes of evangelization, his dream of winning back the Holy Sepulcher and his irrepressible tendency to oracular and prophetic utterances, ignores a most important element of his being; but he who leaves out of sight his Italian refinement, his Genoese shrewdness in trade, his fifteenth-century diplomacy, his inordinate thirst for wealth, his stratagems in seamanship, his Florentine duplicity as a schemer, his propensity to sell himself body and soul to the highest bidder, his continual bargaining, ignores on the other hand an aspect no less singular than the first, and of no less decisive influence toward the accomplishment of his great end, and toward the realization of his marvelous achievement. What a strange mingling of science and sorcery he appears to us; now wholly a philosopher, like Copernicus, his contemporary; now a knight-errant, like those depicted by Pulci or Ariosto. At one moment you would deem his mind stored with the most perfect astronomical tables; at another you would hold out your palm to him that he might read your horoscope by chiromancy. There is in him somewhat of those positive algebraists of Cordova who revived the mathematical sciences by their own researches and by the aid of Alexandrine traditions, as there is also something of the alchemists who found, not gold indeed, but chemistry, the peer of gold, in their retorts. And all this is in him and of him, for with him the middle ages end and modern times begin.

We must not be misled by the magnitude of the event to imagine that the advent of Columbus and the discovery of the New World were sudden happenings, unheralded by the teachings of science or by the evolutions of time. As the productions of Central Asia tempted trade and barter in those days, so likewise did minds of a certain type and class devote their unflagging energies to seeking the shortest possible pathway to that miraculous fountain-head of wealth. The whole world dreamed of India, and therefore all explorers sought the Indies by way of every sea. The ancient Fleece of Gold was revived in the tomes of the Venetian, Marco Polo, which were written in haste and spread among the people as no book had ever spread before. In her eternal rivalry with Venice, Genoa, the home of

Columbus, spurred on by the lust of gain, explored land and sea in every possible direction. The embassies despatched by Henry III. from his Castilian realms, of which Clavijo tells with such delightful ingenuousness; the pilgrimage of that adventurous Venetian, Nicolas Conti, undertaken in the lifetime of Columbus; the swarm of explorations chronicled by countless explorers did not, like the crusades, obey a religious motive and purpose; they were solely instigated by mercantile interest, and sought markets, not tombs. Coincident with all this were a greater zeal and persistence in geographical research. Chartography thrived most remarkably. The barks of Catalonia, in their civilizing mission along the Mediterranean strands, carried tolerably correct charts of the world as it was then known, planned in those splendid centers of culture, Barcelona and Mallorca. The genius of glory will give an eternal place on her roll of fame to that Catalan chart of the world, called in every scientific treatise the Great Map, and drawn in the seventy-fifth year of the fourteenth century, for which reason that year is to be counted among the most brilliant in the pathways of time, and among the most sacred memories preserved in the annals of the world. The terrestrial planispheres so graphically instructed the sailor that they might almost be termed text-books, showing how closely the great and marvelous discovery of the mariner's compass had been followed by man's domination of the sea. In this wise the planisphere designed in the library of the Borgias, and the chart traced by the monks of San Michele on the walls of their monastery in the lagoons of Venice near Murano, both of which were constructed in the time of Columbus, summed up and exhibited all the cartographical knowledge of that day, and gave practical teaching in geography, with all the accuracy then possible, to the travelers and explorers of that most eventful age. But the richest store of the knowledge so essential to his mission and his profession was, perhaps, found by Columbus in Genoa, at that time as celebrated as Barcelona and Palma for its maritime charts. They were called by the same Greek name, *Periplus*, which was rendered so famous by the cruise of Hanno the Carthaginian. Vivien attributes to the Genoese, Pietro Vasconti, a very skilful navigator, the first *periplus* constructed in the middle ages. The charts of Pizzagni, of Bianco, of our Balearic countryman Valseca, served not alone to perfect Columbus both in his calling and in his knowledge; they likewise helped to win for him the means of subsistence, for he copied them and sold them after he had made use of them in his own voyages. An examination of these charts at once reveals indefiniteness and

blank spaces in regard to seas other than the Mediterranean, which was then as well explored and known as in our own times. In addition to all this, the first fruits of the printing-press were seen in the publication of various works on astronomy, cosmography and geography. By a thousand different roads learning had reached its apogee. Then it was that Columbus, deeming the Mediterranean too narrow a field for his genius, took his way, we know not now whether in obedience to deeply reasoned motives or to some swift inspiration, to the extremity of the Iberian peninsula,—to that Portugal which was then exploring Africa and bringing oriental Asia anew within the range of life and history,—to fulfil his design of rounding and perfecting all this by the discovery of America.

THE harmony between the individual vocations of men and their destinies cannot be ignored. Columbus would not have ranked among the foremost of navigators but for the influence of Lisbon; that city whence voyages first were undertaken upon the high seas, which as far excelled in effort and extent the petty Mediterranean cruises as the latter exceeded the ancient navigation of rivers. Columbus the Genoese went to Lisbon; for there was the fane of science, and all roads then led to the mouth of the Tagus. From the Normans to the Mallorcans, all sought at Lisbon opportunities of commerce and nautical instruction. And this decision of his, reached by deliberate and conscious reflection, was inspired by the inward voice, ceaselessly heard, of earnest thought moving him and guiding him in his work. It was not a mere chance, as those historians hold who see him cast upon the Portuguese coasts by destroying tempests and fatal shipwreck.

The relations between the western cities of the Italian peninsula and the western cities of the Iberian peninsula during the middle ages appear to have been very close. This contact of Catalonia with Italy explains how heroic men like Roger de Lauria became admirals of Aragon; the dominion of Charles V. over continental Europe explains how the office of high admiral of Spain was filled by a Genoese sailor, Andrea Doria; the presence of the Genoese in Galicia and Portugal is explicable only by the high reputation won by the Genoese among the Galicians and Lusitanians. Certain it is, as Oliveira Martins, the great Portuguese historian, declares, that in seamanship Genoa held the mastery over Lisbon. In fact, in the eleventh century, the bishop of Compostela or Santiago procured pilots from Liguria; and later, so wise a king as Dom Denis of Portugal bestowed the Portuguese high-admiralship on the illustrious

Genoese family of the Pezzagnas, and made the rank hereditary. So many foreigners dwelt in Lisbon in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that its chronicler calls it a vast city of many and widely diverse inhabitants. It differed from Venice, where three elements predominated—the Greek, the Slav and the Latin. It must rather have been like such modern cities as Buenos Ayres, New York, and many others of America, peopled by immigrants from the four quarters of the globe. To me, Lisbon exerts a decisive influence on the mind of Columbus, and invests it with the traits of universality which Lisbon had possessed from the fourteenth century, and with that dreamy farsightedness that kept it in a perpetual fever of illusion and anticipation. Beholding the ships of every port, associating with men of every clime, hearing the accents of every tongue, taking part in the barter of the wares of all countries, breathing the spirit of all peoples and brought in contact with the large results of universal commerce, a comprehensive and brilliant intellect—one which assimilates converging currents of ideas—molds all into a supreme and universal whole.

The world was growing broader under the influence of Lisbon, and the mind of man was expanding under the influence of a widened sky and earth; while, beyond a doubt, ancient interests and beliefs were dwindling in proportion to the world's advance and the growth of human intellect. As modern astronomy has dethroned our planet from its station as the center of the universe, where it was set by the superstition of old times in obedience to the evidence of the senses; so the ascendancy of Lisbon was lessening, little by little, the influence of Venice and Genoa, in like manner as the discovery of new regions and cities was perforce to lessen in the course of time the sovereign influence wielded by Lisbon in the last years of the middle ages.

There is a mysterious relation between the art-schools of the Renaissance, founded by the Medici in Florence, and the schools of practical seamanship founded by the sons of Dom John I. at Cape Sagres. The academies on the banks of the Arno looked backward to the past, while the schools by the ocean's side looked toward the future. In the former prevailed the inward astronomy of the thoughts; in the latter, the outward astronomy of the heavens. As the Florentine artists were destined to revive the world of history and tradition, so was Columbus destined to reveal the world of nature and of liberty.

The whole of the Lusitanian fifteenth century is filled with the universal aspiration to search and dominate Africa, giving rise to daring voyages and explorations more or less

continuously carried on. The Azores and the Guinea coast, discovered after so many futile attempts, were to the imagination paradises while sought, but proved to be but untilled wastes when found. Turning from the new-found Azores and the western shores of Africa, desire ardently sought to win a foothold on the African continent itself. This desire was personified in the infante Dom Henry, the third son of the king Dom John, belonging to the dynasty of Aviz, successor to the Burgundians and forerunner of the houses of Austria and Braganza, a dynasty that began in Castile with a half-learned, half-feudal noble, and ended with that sublime madman the king Dom Sebastian in the war against the Moors for the coveted sands of Africa. Henry seemed to be not a man, but a cipher. No human passion swerved him from his providential and historic aim. A persistent yearning for voyages filled his breast, and wholly subjugated his will to his ideal. The measureless ocean that stretched at the foot of Cape Sagres was for him crowded with the same fantastic objects and the same idealized visions that his inward soul discerned. Portugal, hemmed in on the landward by the power of Castile, had no resource but to turn to the ocean for broader dominion. Her material growth and her intellectual progress demanded this. Dom Henry, being a Lusitanian, was a born discoverer. This vocation, due to the paternal stock, was fortified by the powerful influence of the maternal line. The mother of Dom Henry of Aviz, being of English birth, was both Saxon and Norman by temperament. Her name was Philippa of Lancaster. Until well advanced in age she bore to her husband, the king Dom John, a child every year. This offspring turned to the sea spontaneously, like aquatic creatures seeking their element; and, being good princes and kings, they aspired to conquest. The infante Dom Henry, therefore, by the double force of his will and his intelligence, imposed an African conquest upon his people, deeming that he might thus penetrate by land to the dominions of the Great Mogul, and become enriched by his measureless store of pearls and diamonds. Cathay, the palaceness, described in all the legends of that time; paved with silver and overlaid with beaten gold; perfumed by odorous waters flowing from fountains of mother-of-pearl and giant opals; crest-crowned by pinnacles of rubies and emeralds; with agate turrets and porphyry walls, upon which seed-pearls fell in gentle shower, rose in a dream-vision beyond the Strait of Cadiz, beyond the Isthmus of Suez, beyond the Arabian deserts, away in far Mongolia where Alexander the Great effected the transfusion of blood from vein to vein among his warriors, and brought about a blending of races whereby

the way was prepared for the moral unity of the human race.

The ruling passion, the idea that excited the mind of Columbus and tyrannically possessed him, was diffused throughout his time. Without those mirage-like and fanciful imaginings, and without the delusions born of fable, never would the other hemisphere have been discovered from our own, and never would the Old World have been completed by the New. Besides all this, Portuguese navigation was attaining such a degree of perfection through the application of the astrolabe to seamanship, and the improvement of the compass, that coasting-skiffs were becoming sea-going vessels and were venturing out upon the boundless deep.

When Columbus reached Portugal, he at once found himself in the midst of excited schemes of daring voyages and innumerable discoveries. To grasp all Africa, and after Africa all Asia, was the one idea that throbbed in Dom Henry's soul. For this he stood ready to sacrifice all earthly things. Handsome, powerfully built and refined, he was to know neither love nor family ties. That heart of his could love only his marvelous Africa. His indomitable will was to leave no offspring save numberless discoveries, half trading-posts, half colonies. So, therefore, the image of Ceuta appeared to him nightly, for Ceuta meant to him a breach through which to seize the Libyan desert and subjugate Morocco. After long nights passed in dreaming of Ceuta, he spent his days in reading the descriptions of the coveted city given by the Arabs.

After having conquered Ceuta he attempted, against the advice of all his followers, the conquest of Tangiers. Certain it is that the irreparable disaster of his life there befell him, and caused the martyrdom and death of his brother Dom Fernando, the hero of Calderon's immortal play "The Faithful Prince," which is regarded by Schlegel as the finished and perfect prototype of the Catholic drama. Defeated before Tangiers, he was forced to promise the restoration of Ceuta to the Sultan of Fez. As a pledge of such restoration, he had to deliver his brother Dom Fernando as a hostage. But humanly it was impossible for him to restore Ceuta. Of no avail was the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and who, in the agonies that preceded her end, gave him the crusader's sword and the reliquary of the true cross. Even before her funeral obsequies were over, he celebrated, in rich attire and with endless rejoicings, the festival of his embarkation for Ceuta. Of no avail was the bondage of his brother to the Moors of Fez and their demand for Ceuta as his ransom; he may suffer martyrdom and death at their hands, but Ceuta shall not be lost to Portugal. In vain was his defeat at Tangiers; he renewed the attempt

against the express wish of his brother the king Dom Duarte, who, less inspired and less great but gentler and tenderer, was doomed to die of grief as the blows of the martyrdom of Fez echoed in his pitying and lacerated heart. As the falcon watches its prey, seeing no other creature or thing, so Henry watched his distant lands from Cape Sagres, beholding nought beside.

The longing to discover other and yet other races had then a firm hold upon all minds. The infante, Dom Pedro himself, made a two years' pilgrimage to Cyprus, to Constantinople, to Cairo, to Mount Tabor, to Golgotha, and to Sinai. Take away from Dom Henry of Aviz the exclusiveness of his natural calling and his intellectual self-concentration, and he would not stand forth in history as the highest and first of the Lusitanian discoverers, among whom shine the glorious names of Vasco da Gama and Albuquerque. For by his exertions there were discovered for Portugal, upon the known African continent, Ceuta; on the untrodden Gold Coast, Sierra Leone; between the African and European shores, clusters of islands such as the Azores, and greater islands such as Madeira, seeming in their vegetation and fruitage like the loveliest of Asia; on the coast of Africa itself other isles, as those of Cape Verde; and besides all these was soon to come the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope.

They who regard history as made up of miraculous chances attribute, as we have seen, to a disastrous shipwreck the coming of Columbus to the Portuguese kingdom; and his good luck in finding out new tracks upon the seas, and in happening upon unknown lands, to his having won the confidence of other shipwrecked seamen, led by accident to his hearthstone. And they have wholly erred; as all those perforce must err who rest their belief upon unlooked-for and abrupt improvisations in human affairs.

The presence of Columbus at Lisbon is like the presence of artists in Rome and archæologists in Athens. Mathematician, skilled mariner, navigator and pilot, the Mediterranean must have seemed straitened to his generous ambition, and he turned to the ocean. Reared in those Italian cities which gazed toward the Orient and the past, he came, perforce, hither where by a providential law the eyes of men looked to the West and the future. This was the paramount cause of his seeking Lisbon, but the incidental motive was the sojourn of his brother, Bartholomew Columbus, among the Portuguese. Very open to criticism are all the biographical dates in the life of Columbus before his achievement won him such high renown and world-wide fame; but we must assume that he arrived three or four years before

the good Dom Henry passed from this mortal life to the life eternal. So fortunate a coincidence permitted him to learn the use of the quadrant, invented by our mariners as an auxiliary to the compass, and the application of the astrolabe to seamanship, an innovation by means of which vessels were enabled to quit the coast and shape their course out into the infinitudes of the sea; to witness the intrepidity with which the explorers who put forth from Cape Sagres had doubled the promontory of Bojador, supposed to be the extremest verge of earth; and to admire the western caravel, small but so nimble that, in the words of a famous Portuguese, its lateen sails seemed like sea-gulls' wings and its hull like a fish, light of draft for sailing on the coast and in shallow waters, but strong and stout to encounter the waves and gales, an indispensable instrument for the lofty task of exploration and discovery. Besides all this, no doubt now remained as to the sphericity of the earth. And, the earth's shape being no longer in question, neither was there doubt with regard to the coessential conviction that the lands of the Orient would be reached by sailing westward. And, there being no doubt whatever on this point, so also could there be none that neither the Azores, nor the Cape Verde Islands, nor Guinea, nor any spot yet discovered by the Portuguese, could be the last western extremity of our globe.

Admirable and profoundly true as all these propositions were, they did not, however, contribute in so marked a degree toward the enterprise of Columbus as did a paramount error—that of supposing that the world was much smaller than it is. He did not accept the popular ideas of his time concerning the Antipodes, which orthodoxy and tradition held to be impossible. He gave no heed to those who denied the rotundity of the earth because the prophets had likened the canopy of heaven to the roof of a tent. But he believed in the dimensions assigned to the world by Ptolemy; and, being possessed with this idea, he believed that there must be very little sea, and, therefore, but a short distance between the extremest discoveries of Portugal and the East Indies. Inwardly assured of all this, and firm in his resolve to demonstrate its truth, he went about beholding all things around him, and by observation confirming his intimate convictions. To illustrate: the teachings of Jaime of Mallorca; the charts of our Valseca; the report of one Vicente, who averred upon his soul and in God's name that he had found wooden carvings of a strange fashion unknown among the ordinary industries; those giant reeds mentioned by Dom John I., the great size of which opposed an invincible obstacle to all attempts to navigate the shadowy sea; the terrestrial globe

of Behaim which depicted the fabled Atlantis on the very spot where Columbus placed the East Indies; a thousand such details, many of them lost to history but all coincident with the focal center of what we may term the Columbian idea, made up the boundless nebula in the depths of time and space, from whose bosom was evolved, like a glorious sun, the wondrous discovery. Impossible it was, impossible from every point of view, to ignore the more or less certain indications that swarmed on every side. Some told how they had seen the corpses of human beings in form and color wholly unlike the races of men then known; while others told how they had sighted floating pine-trees, very different from the pines of Europe. Certain ship's-boys asserted that they had gathered upon western islands handfuls of sand for the galley fire, and had found it nearly all pure gold. The pilots added to all these glamors of the imagination and of desire by tales, more or less probable, of phenomena more or less real. Those who had sailed the Icelandic seas were unanimous in agreeing that thousands of signs announced a western land, toward which they had shaped their course a thousand times, but had ever been driven back by irresistible hurricanes let loose upon them.

A man born in Genoa, reared on the Rivas, taught seamanship from childhood, familiar with the Mediterranean, accustomed to deduce natural laws from the observation of facts, versed in every branch of nautical knowledge, coming in the prime of life to the immense trading-mart which Portugal had then become, possessed many a touchstone to test the native faculty of analysis, and to cause him to heed the commands and obey the impulses of his providential calling. We cannot, then, accept the fable, told by Herrera and by Oviedo, which attributes the voyage of Columbus to information obtained from a pilot of Palos, who, driven by a gale, landed upon the New World, and, after noting the features of the coast, and measuring the elevations, and calculating his latitude with profound wisdom, came back with the greatest secrecy by way of Portugal. Here, upon his return, having met Columbus upon one of the Portuguese islands, and feeling that death was near because of his exhaustion and his toil, he recounted the treasures of his knowledge and his experience to the Genoese, who, enriched thereby, was thus enabled to carry into effect his long-cherished plan. It is scarcely necessary, after mentioning all this, to add that it lacks historical foundation. It is based upon no written record whatever, upon no document admissible in evidence, nor upon any trustworthy testimony. Wherefore we see that these historians simply repeat the tale without vouching for it, and that it rests on mere fables,

with whose venom popular envy ever seeks to detract from merit.

Had Columbus possessed this legendary evidence in support of his scheme, he would not have hesitated as he so often hesitated; he would not have endured the pangs that tortured him through the weary space of twenty years; he would not have groped as he did in so many paths; nor have made so many proposals; nor have relied upon the arguments of intuition and science. It would have sufficed to have collected the proofs of his assertions, the various papers left in his hands by the blind confidence of a friend, therewith to overcome the general incredulity that so tenaciously and inimically thwarted his colossal schemes. Some practical and tangible proofs of what he maintained, some probable indications, some evidence with a glimmering of reality were demanded of him a thousand times; yet never was he able to present them to the thousand commissions appointed to consider his plan. When before them he appealed at one time to the catholic faith, at another to scientific demonstrations; now as a philosopher, now as an enthusiast; taking shelter behind illusions and calculations, but ever without being able to base the fabric of his dreams and hopes upon any solid foundation.

Columbus did not merely study out his idea in Portugal. Being very poor, he was spurred on by the prickings of necessity to utilize his mastery of map-drawing as a lucrative employment. The biographies of Columbus relate that, not content with satisfying his own wants so far as he might by means of his handicraft, he hoarded up some slender savings to send to his aged father at home. Columbus allied himself by marriage with an Italo-Portuguese family. She whom he was to choose and take to wife was named Felipa Muñiz Peretrello. Originating in Plasencia, the Peretrellos came in the fourteenth century to Lusitania, where they attained to the favor then often bestowed upon Italian families by the Portuguese kings, who were desirous to contribute to the common work of the Renaissance with the assistance of the eminent masters reared in that vast academy called Italy. Senhor Peretrello was exempted from the royal taxes in the last year of the fourteenth century by the recognition in Oporto of his rank and station as a *hidalgo*. His name was Philipponne.

Dona Felipa Muñiz y Peretrello belonged to a noble house, associated with Dom Henry of Aviz in his explorations and discoveries, as well because of their family station as by the grace and favor of the Infante. Upon this family had been bestowed, as a reward for such coöperation, the island of Porto Santo, discovered by the well-directed efforts of the noble

and active company organized in Sagres. The origin and tendencies of her family explain Dona Felipa's knowledge, by intuition and education, by hearing and sight, of many of the things that deeply concerned her home circle, and, to some extent, of the condition and government of the islands. Laws like those which in chemistry govern the affinity of combining atoms in social intercourse produce personal affinities. The greatest of all discoverers was himself destined to wed the daughter of a discoverer. Columbus often went to mass on Sundays and other obligatory days. His residence in Lisbon being near the convent of All Saints, he resorted thither to perform his devotions, and in his assiduous attendance there it was his fate to be attracted by Dona Felipa Muñiz until he sought and obtained her in marriage.

The affection of Columbus for the young Lusitanian doubtless possessed practical features also, in view of the sailor's desire to live for the realization in his riper age of the work already fully planned in the latter years of his exuberant youth. Moreover, crediting his contemporaries as we should, the incomparable pilot displayed two traits capable of turning the head, I will not say of Dona Felipa Muñiz, but of every woman — eloquence and personal attractiveness. His manly grace captivated her sense, his eloquence her mind. Well-proportioned like all the Græco-Latin race, he had the fair color and light hair of the Saxon and the Slav, a very attractive feature among the dark-skinned and black-haired races. With regard to his eloquence, we must believe him capable of inspiring love, to judge from the easy transitions seen in all his writings, whether from popular speech to scientific language, or from scientific language to religious diction; elegant without effort in the first, profound without obscurity in the second, and impulsive without extravagance in the last. Be this as it may, Felipa Muñiz and Christopher Columbus were made one, in conformity with religion and law, in holy indissoluble wedlock. The year after their union a son was born to them, who was baptized in Lisbon and named Diego.

The first and most important results of this marriage to Columbus were that two of his wife's brothers-in-law exerted a signal influence upon his career; one at Palos, a small Spanish port peopled by hardy sailors, the other in Porto Santo, that island discovered, as we have before said, by the exploring expeditions organized by the infante Dom Henry, and bestowed as a fief upon the Peretrellos for reasons not well explained in history. The brother-in-law at Porto Santo was named Pedro Correa. He inherited the island by entail, because of its having been conveyed to Bartholomew Peretrello, the father of his wife and of Felipa, by

the congress and academy of Sagres. To this island, governed by his kinsfolk, Columbus was obliged to go soon after his marriage, in order to look after certain matters touching the family estate; and there, by the domestic hearth, he learned how there had drifted to those shores strange products of other civilizations, corpses of men of other races, plants of other floras, all differing widely from the common and characteristic types then known.

Certain it is that, besides the mental labors of Columbus in cartography, so favorable to an intellectual development of which the influences were brightly apparent everywhere around him, he repeatedly engaged in practical voyages, thereby gaining experience and training in the art and office of an accomplished navigator. Thus he sailed up to the extreme north, and down to the southern limit of the lands then known, visiting Guinea and Iceland. The scientific purpose of all these voyages is found fully set forth in the notes written by Columbus himself, which tend to demonstrate the inhabitability of the various zones of the planet far beyond the bounds assigned by popular superstition to the existence of human life. "I sailed," he says, "in the year fourteen hundred and seventy-seven, in the month of February, a hundred leagues beyond Thule Island, whereof the austral part is distant 73 degrees from the equinoctial, and not 63 as some say, and it is not within the line which bounds the occident, as Ptolemy says, but is much further to the westward; and to this island, which is as large as England, go the Englishmen with wares, especially those of Bristol; and at the time when I was there the sea was not congealed, but there were very great tides, so much so that in some places they rose twice in the day 25 fathoms¹ in height, and fell as much."

By reason of the loss and oblivion of certain

old traditions Columbus could not have been aware of the deeply rooted claim prevailing in Scandinavian waters and lands, that the unknown world had been discovered five centuries before the Columbian theories and projects. In truth, these cruises of the immortal pilot qualified him in a high degree for the project to which his will and his thoughts were pledged. Guinea and Iceland afforded the proofs he sought, and encouraged the undertaking upon which he was entering with such marvelous unity of purpose and object. Africa and Scandinavia! The sun's rays slanting level in the one, and beating from the zenith in the other; there, a sky laden with flakes of snow, and here, rainless and unpyting; fields of ice like walls of crystal on the one hand, and deserts torrid as the embers of an oven on the other; the boreal fir-tree and the tropical palm; the reindeer, confined to the polar circle, and the dromedary, restricted to equatorial Asia and Africa; the ichthyophagist, devouring half-cooked or frozen fish, and the anthropophagist, delighting in human flesh; the fair-skinned and ruddy-haired inhabitants of one zone and the black and woolly denizens of another, all told him with one accord, by their contrasts, how the whole planet appeared to be inhabitable and, consequently, how the races of Cathay and the dominions of the Great Khan were to be conquered, contrary to all the achievements of man hitherto, by following the westward track. "I sojourned," says Columbus in his personal notes, "in the Castle of La Mina of the King of Portugal, which lies under the equinoctial, and therefore am I a good witness that it is not uninhabitable as men say." Thus, as one of the results of this voyage, the judgment of Columbus had already shaped his marvelous scheme, and had dissipated the main arguments against the solid foundations on which it rested.

Emilio Castelar.

¹ In Spanish, 25 *brasas*. (Las Casas: "Historia de las Indias," I., 48.) Helps disputes the translation, and, finding that in the extant Italian version the word is *brac-*

chia, claims that Columbus meant 25 ells, about 52 feet, and not 25 fathoms or 156 feet. But *bracchia* is Italian for a fathom, as *auna* is for an ell.—TRANSLATOR.

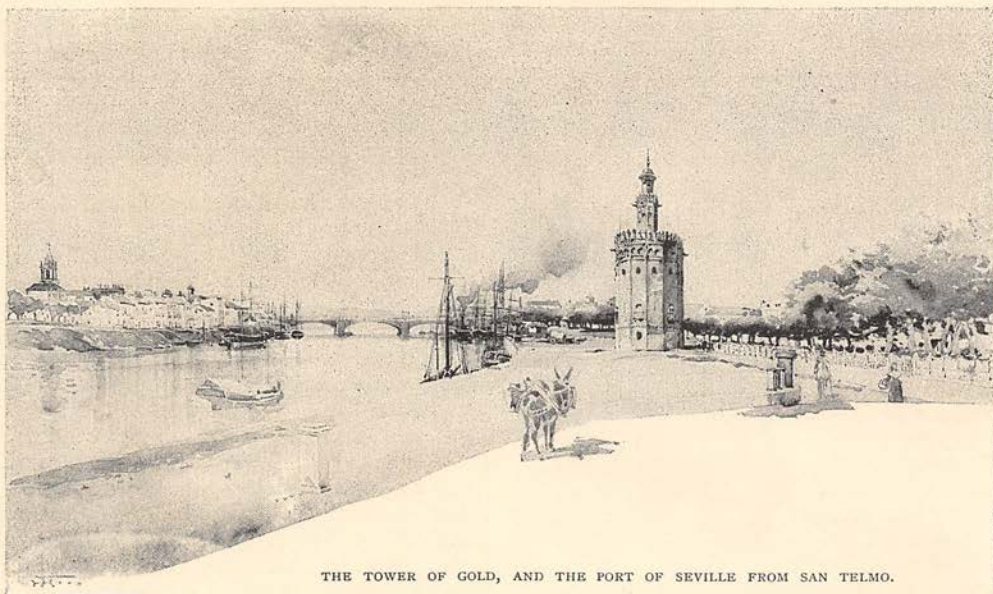
A SEA GHOST.

ALL night I heard along the coast
The sea her grief outpour;
And with the dawn arose a ghost
To haunt the furrowed shore.

And when from out the gray mist rolled
The sun above the town,
A shipwrecked sailor came and told
Of how the ship went down.

Then did I sudden understand
The sobbing of the sea;
And of that white ghost on the sand
I knew the mystery.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



THE TOWER OF GOLD, AND THE PORT OF SEVILLE FROM SAN TELMO.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT AND CO.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

II. IN SEARCH OF A PATRON.

COLUMBUS believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the sunset road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is.

But in those two capital errors lay the great incentive to the execution and success of his purpose. Had he known the vast planetary spaces covered by the waters; the continent interposed between his own Europe and the land of diamonds, gold, and spices; the difficulty and peril of the passage yet to be braved in the far regions of the antarctic pole in order to sail from our continental Europe to the oriental Indies by the western way, he would perhaps have shrunk back in alarm and dread.

Portugal, as we have seen in a previous article, then stood in the relation to Africa, the East Indies, and the whole ocean that Greece did toward Asia in the days of Alexander. Columbus, endowed with the facility which was possessed by the Italian of that day for entering the service of any nation, became naturalized as a Portuguese; wedded a Portuguese woman; had a Portuguese son; allied himself with families governing Lusitanian territories beyond the seas; pursued the advanced studies of the school and academy of Sagres;

voyaged with his tried mariners from Thule to Guinea; expounded his recently perfected plans, toiled and aspired, with all his powers, to make Portugal great—and Portugal comprehended him not.

Before presenting his plan to Dom John II., Columbus had diligently perfected and revised it in all its details and scope, besides submitting it with true modesty to the scrutiny of learned men. The cosmographer Behaim, a disciple of Regiomontanus, the great astronomer of the century, had constructed a globe showing his concurrence with the theories of Columbus, except that in the place assigned by Columbus to the outlying regions of Asia he had set one of the many lands imagined by the poets and philosophers of old. Toscanelli, a Florentine by birth and schooled in Florence, reputed to be a physician and a consummate cosmographer, told Columbus how he had drawn a map in perfect correlation with the Columbian theories; and assured him of his belief that it would be an easy thing to find a short and safe westward course to the East Indies.

Portugal had not launched forth in her explorations without doubts and opposition. Agricultural Portugal was necessarily at odds with maritime Portugal. The restful elements held to the land, the unrestful gravitated to the sea. There was, therefore, a feudal party of land-

holders naturally opposed to the advocates of navigation. At the head of the former was found the king Dom Duarte and the infante Dom Pedro; at the head of the second the two glorious infantes, Dom Henry and Dom Ferdinand. The great historian Oliveira Martins compares them with Cato the elder and Scipio Africanus. In truth, Cato aimed to confine Rome within her own territory, and Scipio to spread her over all the world.

The king with whom Columbus argued, grandson of Dom Duarte, was all for seamanship, for discoveries, for maritime adventures, for the Odyssey of ocean voyages; and so he fitly reigned over Vasco da Gama and Fernando Magellan. It is, therefore, the more surprising that he did not espouse the scheme of Columbus. Intellectually he was far above his father. He had inherited the crown in his childhood under the regency of Dom Alfonso V., son of the king Dom Duarte. In infancy he was under the tutelage of his mother, Dona Leonora; in youth under his uncle Dom Pedro, whom he slew; in ripe manhood under whatever party, good or bad, might subject him to its interests. He pressed out the blood and sweat of the masses to enrich his nobles, whose unchecked license and wastefulness under his nominal sovereignty made them his nearest friends. He was vainglorious of his title of Africanus, won at the cost of a ruined kingdom and people, upon whom fell the deepest misery through the African enterprises of their unloved king. Corpulent and gross of body, he was strong, brave, combative, and a soldier, yet vengeful and dull. Beaten in the battle of Toro, and after his defeat a fugitive in the land of France, he was succeeded by his son, Dom John II., to whom Columbus was to present his plans.

Ferdinand V., Louis XI., and Henry VIII. seem as one monarch in their greatnesses and their duplicities. To their class Dom John of Portugal belonged by nature, and by the time in which he lived. Perfidy, duplicity, and falsehood, joined to innate cruelty, made up the traits of those Machiavellian kings. Policy in them had dethroned conscience, a thing which often happens among men in periods of agitation and in revolutionary times. Dom John II. was one of the same sort, in conformity with the general laws which produce monarchs identical in character and in tendencies, in far-apart and widely contrasted kingdoms. The chronicler Bernaldez, in the first pages of his "History of the Catholic Sovereigns," truthfully delineates John II. as artful and at the same time cruel. He deemed crimes practicable only within a well-defined limit, that is, just so far as they might be practically useful. Temperate in eating and drinking, sparing of sleep and recreation, an enemy to the ostentations of art and

pagan luxury in which the kings and pontiffs of the age indulged, like the Borgias, the Estes, the Medicis, and the Urbans of the Renaissance, he did his murdering very deliberately and surely.

His idea of the internal unity of the State, to which he paid worship like a good king of an essentially monarchical century, impelled him also, perforce, to undertake voyages and discoveries which begat, by their incessant activity, a class directly opposed to the feudal nobles who depended upon the soil, now impaired in productiveness by the incredible apparition of new lands and by the miraculous influx of new productions; in competition with which they were no longer able to keep up the value of their vast seigniorial estates, whereon the walled castle of the noble reared its battlements, and the gloomy gibbet of the tribute-paying vassal dangled its halter. As a consequence, the political and personal traits of the Portuguese monarch were in accord with the purpose of Columbus, and this tended to inspire him with the fullest confidence in a sure and favorable result.

Had Columbus persistently held out to him the promise of immense dominions, fabulous wealth, and far-reaching empire, Dom John might have yielded to the potent fascination. But the sailor demanded two things, both incompatible with the policy of Dom John—a policy in thorough accord with his nature and his life: he claimed a rich return, which was not tasteful to the covetous king, and great power and authority, incompatible with the royal prerogative, which had risen to supreme dominion and had become an article of faith to be accepted of all men. It was impossible to induce Dom John, who had stripped the Lusitanian nobles of a large part of their revenues, to consent to another's sharing in the profits of the territories to be discovered, and even more impossible to win from him recognition of such a perpetual governorship as Columbus asked: a copartnership, as it were, with himself, who at such cost and by such stern means had set himself upon the backs of his nobles after a struggle so bitter that he had perforce sought aid in it from the infernal powers of crime, to insure the unity, the integrity, and the totality of his monarchy.

The indispensable acceptance of the preliminary and preparatory scheme was therefore frustrated by the same causes that so nearly defeated it afterward, namely, the excessive claims of command and tribute for himself put forward by the sublime discoverer. And as Columbus felt such an assured confidence in the realization of the project; as he so clearly foresaw the finding of fabulously rich regions by the mere act of sailing westward, and not south-

ward as the Portuguese had hitherto sailed ; as he touched with his own hands the walls of gold, held in his own grasp handfuls of jewels, and with his own eyes beheld the minarets of rubies and emeralds, so he held obstinately and with unexampled fixity of purpose to his demand for the recompense of power, wealth, and honors, with an assurance so marked as to be at times almost petulance—a feature repugnant to all men and especially to a man so self-satisfied as the king Dom John II. Christopher Columbus laments this, and says: “I went to make my offer to Portugal, whose king was more versed in discovery than any other. The Lord bound up his sight and all the senses, so that in fourteen years I could not bring him to heed what I said.” Nevertheless the king appointed a commission to look into the matter ; and this commission rendered an opinion in perfect consonance with Lusitanian precedents, which were all in favor of seeking southern Africa and the East Indies by shaping longer courses toward the south. Two learned doctors, Maestro Joseph and Maestro Rodriguez, jointly with the two prelates of Ceuta and Viseu, were the members of the commission which was charged with that most difficult investigation.

But Dom John could not have been satisfied with the adverse report of the wisacres, for he called together the High Council of the crown. This body, essentially political, composed in greater part of those jurists to whom the science and knowledge of the Roman law suggested the modern idea of absolute power and the creation of powerful States, set aside the purely scientific views of the commission of technical cosmographers, and laid stress upon the pretensions to authority and revenue advanced by Columbus, deeming them in conflict with the supreme rights of the monarchy and the absolute power of the monarch. In truth, the technical junta and the political council assigned the two motives of refusal—the usual course of the Portuguese voyages and discoveries, and the recently established principle of monarchical unity. One report opposed the project itself, the other opposed the reward demanded by Columbus. And now arose the design in the mind of Dom John to appropriate the Columbian achievement and to get rid of Columbus.

By the detailed explanations of the project, by his frequent conferences with the discoverer, by the consultations held with the wisest men of the century, by the data collected for drawing up the report, Dom John had learned all that it was possible for him to learn ; and he straightway put it into practice. He summoned the most expert among the Portuguese pilots, Pero Vazquez, the school-fellow of Dom Henry, and in stealth and silence, with all secrecy and caution, sent him, under pretense of provision-

ing the Cape Verde Islands, to follow the course mapped by Columbus. Then was it clearly apparent that mechanical and superficial knowledge, mere calculation, the soldier's watchword and the king's command, could not take the place of the effort, the zeal, the research, the reasoning, and, above all, the sorrows of a true genius. The merely mechanical pilot was terrified when he became entangled in the sea of floating sargasso, whose rank growth clung to the keels and checked his progress ; he was more terrified when struck by tempest and hurricane, and yet more on sailing and sailing, day after day, without sighting land ; and in his terror he put about, steering homeward to Portugal, and excusing his failure by exaggerating the peril. The secret became known. As soon as Columbus knew of it, his indignation, only comparable in intensity to his protracted forbearance and the long trial of his patience, moved him to rebel and to quit Portugal.

BEING naturally cut wholly adrift at that time from his own country, Genoa,—whose ventures by sea and land were not calculated to advance his projects,—Columbus turned his thoughts toward Spain, which, after the feudal disorders of the reign of John II. and Henry IV., was then beginning to shine again with that new, persistent, and constant splendor which, following all her decadences in every period of her history, reveals her to us as a self-luminous sun—a sun, indeed, over whose face the dark shadows of many eclipses pass for a season, but ever leave the glorious luminary unquenched. In addition to the natural attraction exerted upon all elevated minds by our country at that time, a particular and personal fact had a very powerful influence on the purpose of the Genoese in coming, in his hour of disappointment, to seek a dwelling beneath our roof-tree—the death of his wife, who left to him a son, Don Diego. With him for sole companion and support, Columbus set out from Portugal on the road to Estremadura and Andalusia, whether by sea or land we know not, in search of a sister-in-law who had married an obscure Andalusian, as well as of relatives in Seville.

A sailor, filled with the purpose of seeking the path to the Indies by the westward way, turned naturally for support to Spain and Portugal. Venice and Genoa were then still looking eastward, whilst Seville and Lisbon looked to the west. Notwithstanding the marvelous Lusitanian discoveries of that century, our country had an advantage over Portugal, in that she had far anticipated her in maritime exploration and discovery. From the era of the Germanic conquest to the century of the first crusades, the intellectual paralysis that smote

the European world did not reach our Spain. She lay bathed in the flood of universal life and in the light of learning, thanks to the progressive and wise schools, half Spanish, half Arabian, of enlightened Andalusia. The Alabderite wrote in Valencia an itinerary of Africa; while in Seville Abzeyat the Sage painted the maps of the new cosmography; and the geographical treatises of Albufeda went so far beyond those of all other geographers that it was impossible without his aid and his statements to undertake any voyage whatever, as is admitted by the commentators on the voyages of Marco Polo, from whose narrative Columbus imbibed his greatest and most brilliant hopes. True it is that the story of Marco Polo, so calculated to spur the reader to voyage and discovery, had been anticipated a full century by the Jew Benjamin of Tudela, who, confiding in the assurance derived from his scientific acquirements, was not content with exploring the archipelagos of the Asian seas, but penetrated to Tartary and Mongolia, then the object of a lively curiosity and the fountainhead of innumerable fables, thus keeping alive the investigative science of the world beneath the dense shadows of ignorance, which had become almost invincible by reason of the obstacles interposed in the path of exploration and discovery by a general state of warfare and by the breaking up of nations into fragments.

And so it is that we would fail to understand Spain's work of discovery did we not with true foresight first discern the gleams of enlightenment left in Spain by the Arabs. But, if the ideas of the Arabs shone conspicuously in times so antagonistic to learning as the period stretching from the seventh to the twelfth century, in this latter century the Christian monarchs of Spain began to encourage the study of the heavens, and maritime explorations as well, on the one hand founding schools to take the place of those which had been abolished in Cordova and Seville, and on the other sending forth ships, which, under color of warfare, disseminated precious and fruitful germs of barter and commerce. Coincident with the first ships of Guadalquivir that joined in the assault and siege of Seville were the first astronomical tables of Alfonso the Wise, that from the plains of Toledo revealed the secrets of the sky. Ferdinand III. rewarded his sailors, who, stimulated thereby, went forth to succor foreign nations, in like manner as foreign ships had come, scarce a century before, to our aid in the siege of Almeria under Alfonso VII. With this revival of maritime power came the development of two marvelous ancient cities, founded long ago by the Phenicians and the Carthaginians on our southern shores—Barcelona and Seville, the one looking toward the

Orient and the other to the Occident, the first emulating Venice and Genoa, and the second rivaling with Lisbon and Oporto, whereby a double peaceful legion of traders and mariners enabled us to take possession of Naples and Sicily in the Italian seas; to lend aid to Constantinople and Athens in the Hellenic waters; to set in Asia Minor the barred blazonry of Aragon; to venture forth to dominate the Atlantic with our keels, and bring within the sphere of the general commerce of Europe those Fortunate Isles, seemingly fragments of the fabled world, long since perished, wherein the thinkers and the poets of old time laid the scene for the miraculous realization of their utopian dreams.

And this work of progress halted not a jot, even in adverse reigns; for his family wars and his usurpations of royal rights hindered not Sancho IV. from felling forests and launching fleets of ships; nor Ferdinand his son, amid the conflict with his nobles and their appeal to the wager of battle before divine justice, from founding such prosperous marts of trade as Bilbao; nor the ninth Alfonso, amid his combats with the Moors in El Salado, and his legislative cares at Alcalá, from favoring the municipal councils and exempting them from the royal tribute; nor Pedro the Cruel, amid the horrors inseparable from his sanguinary struggle with the feudal party under the leadership of his bastard kinsman, from equipping fleets and embarking in person in search of new peoples and new shores; nor John I., amid the disasters of his wars with Portugal, from despatching embassies, even to the mouth of the Euphrates, to plead with the Sultans of Babylon in behalf of the captive Armenian kings; nor Henry III., despite the weakness inseparable from the decadence of the monarchical principle and the insolence of the feudal power, from stretching out his hands to grasp the region known as the Roof of the World, by means of the envoys he sent to the great Tamerlane of Persia and the Grand Mogul of Tartary, in quest of tidings of the descendants of that Indian Prester John, whom the fables of the thirteenth century pictured as praying for Christian succor beneath a canopy of woven gold, and upon a pavement inlaid with emeralds; nor John II., despite the enemies stirred up about him by the favorite Alvaro de Luna, that instigator of seditious popular uprisings, from receiving the covenant of homage from the recently conquered Canaries, and sheltering them from the greed of Portugal; nor Henry IV., amid the scandals of his life and of his court, from giving protection to ships and travelers upon the sea; nor the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, despite the difficulties which beset the beginning of their reign,

from collecting the fifth part of the wares sold in Guinea as though it were their own possession, or from maintaining a foothold in Sierra Leone, or from promoting the constant exchanges of trade and the opening of mines in Mina de Oro, and thus, by this series of long-continued creative efforts preparing the way for our country to undertake the paramount achievement of her history, and to demonstrate for all time the rotundity of the earth: a task to be likened, in its vastness and transcendency, to the divine work of creation. The logic, therefore, of all our historic deeds, the sum of all Castilian achievement, the teeming fruit of the development of long ages, the well-known daring of our race, and the manifold exigencies of our geographical situation, made it inevitable that, even as the Egyptians enlightened and taught the Hebrews; even as the Phenicians enlightened the Greeks and founded Carthage; even as the Greeks laid the foundations of Latin culture and the Carthaginians built their famous cities upon the shores of this Spain of ours; even as the Latins dominated the Helvetians, the Britons, the Batavians, and the Germanic tribes, so Spain, set on the uttermost confines of the sunset lands of Europe and dowered with a mighty civilization, was to search out every sea and reveal the whole planet. And inasmuch as the fulfilment of so vast a destiny pertained to all our being and to all our history, so, in the fullness of time, Christopher Columbus, the revealer, came to our chosen and predestinate land.

THE determination of Columbus to come to Spain, and his sojourn among our people, have been so overlaid, in the course of centuries, with fables more or less derived from the real truth, that a frank, simple, and truthful narrative of the ascertained facts is very difficult. To most historians, it seems as though the dramatic interest of an illustrious biography needs the brilliant gloss of fancy, and is diminished by the truth; and so they surround the facts with a thousand exaggerations of the obstacles suffered by Columbus. It is enough that he endured the neglect of his own country; the cold aversion of so enlightened a city as Venice; the treachery of Dom John II. at Lisbon; the weary voyages to Iceland and Guinea that demonstrated the correctness of his deductions, and yet passed unheeded by the mass of those who remained wedded to traditional errors; and the dense blindness of all around him to the proofs collected by his tireless endeavors. To these trials we need not add the curse of such utter poverty as to force him to beg alms from door to door, and to leave his children, reared in misery like wretched foundlings, to the care of some house of charity or penitence. Co-

lumbus remained in obscurity; he was strangely unrecognized if we regard his intrinsic mental endowments and the almost supernatural merit of his project, but not so much as to fall to the low state of a common beggar and to stand in need of public charity.

Columbus supported himself for a long time by his voyages and by the labors connected with his trade. The failure to appreciate his merit never went so far as to degrade the man himself. During his stay in Portugal he was able to make a voyage to the torrid zone and one to the glacial; to ally himself by marriage with illustrious houses; to correspond with learned men of the high repute of Toscanelli; to observe in the archipelago of the Azores and in the Eden-world of Madeira the extent of the Lusitanian discoveries; to study, in the ripeness of his life, the relations between the nautical sciences and the astronomical teachings of the schools of the Algarves as demonstrated by our astrolabes; to live by vending maps and scientific instruments; to hold intercourse with the King of Portugal on many occasions; and even to run in debt to his numerous friends. Therefore there is no need to judge him in the light of some wandering bard, begging his daily bread from door to door. That he drew the minds of men to him, that he was the object of general attention, that he spread around him the influence of his merit, is evident, if we merely consider how many times the public authorities examined those schemes of his which some writers deemed to have been received and requited with scornful derision. Still, the plans of Columbus opposed so great a mass of novel ideas to the common beliefs of his time, that we of to-day need not marvel at the repugnance they aroused and the opposition they encountered.

Columbus must have felt great confidence in his own merit, and have gained much esteem thereby, to enable him on reaching Lisbon to gain access to the Portuguese sovereigns. He came thence to Seville, and was able to reach even the courts of the Andalusian magnates. Being very widely dispersed in their glorious fifteenth century through all the great cities of western Europe, Italians stood in much repute by reason of their arts and their learning, and were as highly esteemed for their worth in Seville as in Lisbon. And so, as a letter of the Italian, Gherardi, sufficed in Lisbon to call forth the celebrated epistle of Toscanelli which so greatly assisted Columbus, so likewise a letter of the Florentine Berardi, the head of a great mercantile house in Seville, opened to him the doors of the palace of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia in the Andalusian capital, and of the palace of the Duke of Medinaceli on the Bay of Cadiz, the latter a magnate of the royal blood

unmixed with the impure and bastard strain of the Transtameres as was the blood of the Castilian monarchs, and the former a commander of many feudal forces that rivaled in strength the armies of the king himself.

Who among us can picture yonder Seville, as it was when Columbus came to its embrace toward the end of the fifteenth century? The eternal surroundings of the city will ever preserve their undying loveliness, but as to the town itself a thousand circumstances peculiar to that historic time filled it with activity and life. Let us, then, disregard the blandness of its climate; the purity of its skies; the breezes heavy with odor of azaleas and jasmynes; the echoing strains of Moorish *guzlas* heard in voluptuous serenades; the crystal windings of that famous river which the Arab poets compared with the mightiest floods of the Orient; the towers builded by the Almohades, adorned with many-colored tiles, shining like virgin gold mingled with precious gems; the graceful Giralda, bright with airy arabesques; the churches where the skilful Moorish artisans had set their inlayings and fretted work around our saintly statues; the cathedral, lifting heavenward its nearly completed fabric; the palaces, miracles of stucco-work, where the new-found statues of ancient times and the newly hewn works of later sculptors crowded arched galleries of Moorish design; the marble courts, like grottoes of bliss, filled night and day with the splash of fountains and the strains of melody; the slender-columned, double-arched windows, festooned with garlands of rosy blossoms; the minarets where the swaying bell replaced the muezzin's cry; the wondrous Alcazar, laden with poesy; the gardens thick with lemon-trees and cedars; the groves wherein the bright-needled pine mingled with the somber-leaved olive; the doors of rose-colored larch inlaid with stars of ivory; the belting walls, tinged coral-purple in the bright air of Andalusia, all glowing with beauty, and instead let us give closer heed to the ideas and interests then concentrated in Seville by reason of its rank as the capital of the region where at that time the last war against the Moors was being waged, as well as the capital of the new possessions we had gained in the Gulf of Guinea and on the Gold Coast, and by the final acquisition of the Canaries.

The city was thronged with soldiers and men of gentle blood, with courtiers, learned men, merchants, and mariners; it possessed great schools and well-equipped factories, and withal exhibited such a concentration of ideas and interests as perforce must have aroused in Columbus a flood of new ambitions, and spurred him on to accomplish his varied schemes. The fancy of the discoverer, too, must have been

excited by the thoughts which filled that sea of vivid inspirations. The westward way, of which he ever dreamed, was to be lightened by the endless voyages of the ships he saw mooring at the foot of the Golden Tower after their voyage from shores not far from those which the belief of the pilot's day declared to be the confines of habitable land. About him he beheld the movement of trade and barter in such wares as were then in demand, sent forth from Spanish workshops to every land: an abundant production of rich silks; the great hydraulic works whose invention had been so lavishly rewarded by the State; the private banking-houses of such men as the Italian Amerigo Vespucci; the professorships and schools of cosmography and navigation; the great improvements made in draining the lowlands by mechanical means and even in rendering the brackish waters potable—all these practical surroundings must assuredly have fostered the experimental cast of mind which in Columbus tended, by deep research and observation, to fortify the sudden intuitions born of his native genius and his prophetic hopes. Thus, during the period of his life passed in incomparable Seville, after a long sojourn of fruitless inaction in Cordova, the plans of Columbus must have been aided greatly by the stimulating influence of the many scientific and industrial developments which then existed in a city whose sole western rival was the splendid and opulent Lisbon. But, after all, the chiefest furtherance afforded to his project in Seville lay in the opportunities there opened to him to meet and confer with the rich and powerful Italian bankers, who in turn enlisted in his behalf the friendly attention of magnates like the Duke of Medina-Sidonia and the Duke of Medinaceli; who, becoming more or less interested in the schemes of the pilot, more or less pledged toward their realization, and more or less enthusiastic in their behalf, joined in presenting and accrediting them before the royal court.

It is difficult—extremely difficult, almost impossible—to fix the years of Columbus's life spent in Cordova, in Granada, in Huelva, in Palos, in La Rabida, in Seville—places certainly visited by him and even the scenes of extended sojourn, although the historian is unable to assign the date of his presence in the more important of them. From the outset, his journey to Spain and his stay in that country were in obedience to the thought that such an undertaking as his could not prosper without the abundant resources at the command of a powerful State. Spain was well governed and great under the wise rule and intelligent policy of the Catholic Sovereigns. So he came to Spain in 1485.

After his failure in Portugal, the Seigniorship of Genoa, the Council of Venice, the principal kings of western Europe passed by day before his waking eyes, and filled his brain through the long sleepless nights. Whenever he saw himself baffled, he was in the habit of using an oft-repeated phrase, such as we in Spain popularly call a *muletilla*. "I will hand over my discovery to the King of France," he would say, almost mechanically. Under the pressure of such motives, during the first year of his stay in Spain, he sent his brother Bartholomew Columbus to the King of England in quest of aid for his undertaking. Bartholomew, like Christopher, by his wide knowledge ranked high among cosmographers, and by his tireless and consummate skill among the best pilots of that century, thus sharing in the attainments but not in the material prestige and the mental inspiration that so highly distinguished his brother, whom he outranked only in such secondary qualities as dissimulation, then so indispensable in public affairs, in sagacious discernment, and in keen and ceaseless astuteness. Bartholomew fell into the hands of corsairs, and, chained to the oar, passed for many months from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, in misfortune and bitter hardships. Nevertheless, at the beginning of 1488, three years after his brother's coming to Spain, he reached London, and sketched, in more or less fantastic detail, upon a colored chart of the world, the predicted and promised lands, with explanatory legends in macaronic Latin verses as a sort of compendium, fortified by the citation of such authorities as King Ptolemy, Strabo the geographer, Pliny the naturalist, and Saint Isidore the sage, all of them agreeing, although in different ways, in predictions identical with those so often uttered by the contemned and unheeded Columbus. Henry gave Bartholomew several audiences, and was pleased to listen to him attentively; although, while taking good care not to dishearten him and rather keeping his hopes alive, he had no real mind to aid in their realization. Two circumstances prevented the monarch from decisive action, one personal, the other external, the latter being the constant anxiety springing from his untiring efforts to hinder the revival of the ancient wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, while the personal motive was his inordinate greed. The outcome, in the inevitable logic of events, proved anew how neither talent, nor perseverance, nor foresight, acting through subordinate and inferior agents, can attain the success reserved for the force and might of genius.

At an unpropitious time the worthy Bartholomew went to the English court, and in a still more inauspicious hour came the great Columbus to the court of Spain. The Catholic

Sovereigns, from the time they mounted the throne until 1488, had been between the hammer and the anvil. On the one hand, the King of Portugal, Alfonso V., gave them no peace with what in fact were civil wars to win the throne for his niece La Beltraneja; while on the other the French king, Louis XI., harassed them by keeping up a continuous foreign war, and forced them to constant readiness against sudden attacks throughout their dominions. To these contests and wars with their neighbors to the east and the west were added the death-throes of the feudal monster, let loose when the Transtameres ascended the throne, and seeming to gain renewed life from the blows dealt upon its head by the monarchical power, restored by the new sovereigns. In Galicia the agricultural and landed feudal interests were in open revolt under the Count of Lemus, while in the Andalusian region a warlike feudalism, led by many powerful nobles, opposed their path toward Granada, contesting their authority and disputing their rule in a fractious spirit that was more grievous than open hostility to sovereigns such as these, who sought to win all their royal rights by glory and good government.

When the great pilot came to present his claims and his plans, the royal power was not yet fully established; neither was authority enforced over the nobles, who traversed all Castile at will in tempestuous forays and stormy warfare; nor peace imposed upon the restless neighbors in arms, who kept up as it were a close siege against the double crown of the royal pair; nor a settlement reached of the quarrels between the troops of the monarchy and the feudal forces, assembled on the plains of Andalusia to attack the remnant of the Moors; and Columbus necessarily found invincible obstacles in the way of his project, no less by reason of these perturbations than by the utter absorption of all minds and all efforts in the war upon Granada, and also because of the enormous costs attending that vast undertaking. At that time, when the outcome of the contest between the monarchical and feudal principles was still undecided, only the first steps had been taken toward the organization of a standing army, and the systematic raising of revenues had not yet been begun, and indeed had not even been devised, so that it was impossible to provide resources, and still more so to raise ready cash, for any other great purpose or foreign venture. That nothing might be lacking to the impediments in the way of the success of so audacious a proposal and so complex a scheme, there was not even a fixed capital city. The sovereigns went to Santiago, Seville, Segovia, Cordova, Medina, Barcelona, Toledo, Madrigal, Pinto, Madrid,

and Valencia, as public affairs called them; but abode in no one place. Hence the difficulty Columbus met in gaining access to them in order to submit his project in all its scope; nor could he win any promises from them, however vague and indefinite.

In the year of the discoverer's arrival, in order to bring about religious concord, and to aid the monarchical unity they so greatly desired, the sovereigns had founded the tribunal of the Inquisition; but not without meeting with resistance such as stained with blood churches like that of Seo, at Saragossa, where the mob murdered an Inquisitor in the self-same spot where in later years an altar was reared to his worship as a martyr. And as in that year the Catholic Sovereigns founded the Inquisition as a means to enforce Catholic unity, so likewise they vowed to uproot from their country's soil the last vestige of Moslem rule. How unfortunate the coincidence! How was it possible, in the midst of those paramount efforts to bring so many races within the pale of one religion, to impose the monarchical idea upon so many feudal organizations, and to compel the still formidable Moors to obey a national unity, that success should crown a project like that of Columbus? In this wise may be explained the sad, dark days, and even years, that followed the coming of Columbus among the Spaniards, until his melancholy made him in the eyes of men almost a living specter; until his features, reflecting the sorrows of his heart, were as those of a soul in torment come from the other world; and until, on beholding him, wrapped in his one thought, his garb disordered in the abandonment of his despair, plodding the public streets and pacing the cloisters of the cathedrals, journeying one day to Cordova and another to Seville in search of some noble or some influential ecclesiastic, the people mocked him with pointed finger, and took him for a madman.

He had then barely attained the age of forty-nine, and, in his loneliness, craved another soul with which to hold converse. In love alone does existence find a perfect calm. In Cordova he formed friendships in the household of Enriquez y Arana, a person of very ancient lineage and of slender fortune. As a result of this intimacy he became attached to a young girl as intelligent as she was beautiful. It is established that, from the eighty-eighth year of that century, when he came to Spain, until 1492, when he set out on his first great voyage, Columbus resided in Seville, in Cadiz, in Huelva, and in Lisbon, but his stay in Cordova was longer than in any of these. As we have already seen, the Ultramontane school of Europe proposed to recognize the Columbian discovery as a miracle and to enroll its author in the

celestial court. But the loves of Christopher Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez Arana disturbed them in this purpose, being clearly unsanctified by the sacraments of the Church and illegitimate under the civil laws. Scarce knowing how to extricate themselves from this untoward strait, they married the long-dead lovers, who in their lives had neither cared to marry nor been able to wed; and so they made them lawful husband and wife. The customs of the Renaissance permitted this class of natural affinities, much as the modern advocates of free love seek to recognize them. A class of descent, not recognized by the strait morality of our codes, was frequently admitted under the old Spanish laws. Four years after the father came to Spain a son was born to Beatrice and Columbus, whom they named Ferdinand. A brother of Beatrice was the constant companion of Columbus. The doubloons of Beatrice and her family helped to supply the necessary expenses of preparation for the great undertaking. Even in the family records of the second generation we come across statements of arrears in the contracts between the two households, and notes of money payments for debts of this class, mysteriously contracted and still undischarged. Friends like Padre Las Casas, men of orthodox austerity, speak of Ferdinand with reticent insinuations, which leave no room for doubt as to the nature of the love of Columbus and Beatrice. For some two years he gave no sign of life among us, as though time were lacking for the enjoyment of so vast a happiness as he found in Cordova.

The Italians of the Renaissance, because of their recognized intellectual superiority over the races of central Europe, were to be found everywhere, like the Greeks throughout the East, as guides and masters of the very peoples to whom, as subjects or bondmen, they owed submission and obedience. Consequently they resorted to Lisbon, to Seville, to every point where the concentration of ideas or of traffic attracted general activity. And there is no doubt of the truth of what we have already said, that they, and they alone, assisted the relations of the pilot with the great lords then virtually the sovereigns of Andalusia. Columbus did well to court the favor of the Guzman who at that time ruled the domains comprised in the dukedom of Medina-Sidonia. Numberless coronets, useless to a brow already sufficiently crowned with the feudal casque, were at his iron feet; the manifold tribute of innumerable serfs filled his coffers, which were, besides, heaped with the abundance of the spoil wrested almost daily from the wealthy Moors in endless forays and countless depredations. A strong land force surrounded his fortresses, about each of which lay a vast encampment, while a fleet ever at his

command rode in the estuaries of his rivers and sailed along the coasts of his seigniorial seas. An infinite extension of his domains, a boundless harvest of new wealth, a fresh field open to his native heroism, a sea hitherto unexplored spread before his eagle eyes, could not fail to tempt him; and yet these did not move him to action because of the terrible strife waging between the aristocratic classes and the monarchical power during the important five years preceding the coming of Columbus to Spain, and during the subsequent five years of his sojourn there. A better opening was doubtless afforded to Columbus by negotiating with the Duke of Medinaceli, who was not so conspicuously a warrior and feudal champion as the adventurous Medina-Sidonia, and who was, besides, more inclined toward maritime expeditions. The duke dwelt by the sea, in Puerto Santa Maria, from whose wharves and roadstead many expeditions had been despatched, not only to explore the African mainland, but also to discover and occupy the Canarian archipelago, composed of constellations of lovely isles known in every tongue by the fitting epithet of "Fortunate." By the ancient alliance of the houses of Medinaceli and Coronel, the domain of the ducal family embraced all the territory stretching between the mouths of the Guadalquivir and the Guadalete, comprising the beautiful tongue of land that projects into the marvelous Bay of Cadiz, facing the city. Few spots were so well adapted to be the hospitable refuge of an explorer like Columbus, and to furnish him with incentives to far-seeing plans and with subjects for deep meditation.

The prince Louis La Cerda, who flourished at the beginning of the fourteenth century, claimed the Canaries, mysteriously divined to be a halting-place in the pathway to larger ventures. Pope Clement VI. proclaimed him sovereign over those islands, and bestowed on him the title of Prince of Fortune. But although he went not thither to reign, and although the glory of attaching the Fortunate Isles to the Castilian crown passed to Juan de Bethencourt, an inherited germ of propensity to maritime exploration remained in the duke who at the time was head of that kingly house. Possessing this hereditary instinct, he welcomed Columbus as one sent from heaven, and made him his guest, in the firm assurance that he would bestow upon him a kingdom, for the long course of centuries had not extinguished in the house of La Cerda the constant aspiration to reign. Medinaceli possessed in his castle every resource then known to science, and at the foot of his water-stairs that dipped beneath the waves, under the shadow of his royal blazonry, lay the caravels which Columbus solicited in order to lend material wings to desires now quickened by the pros-

pect of practical accomplishment. The duke had promised them to him, and he impatiently claimed them. To the magnate nothing seemed easier. And yet the phase through which Spanish society was then passing, that evolutionary movement for the establishment of monarchical unity in place of feudal heterogeneity, prevented the realization of the ambitious dreams of Louis La Cerda and the practical dreams of Christopher Columbus. If Ferdinand the Catholic would not accept Medina-Sidonia's aid before the walls of Alhama, in so bitter a strait for the Christians as was the investment of the city of Hacem, would he have consented to the equipment of caravels, the enlistment of sailors, the discovery of new lands, and the creation of eminent dominion beyond the shadow of the throne and beyond the controlling reach of the scepter? Although the duke and Columbus lived for some time together beneath the same roof, and studied sea and sky with the same astrolabes, and shared their thoughts in common, and displayed equal zeal in making preparation for the work, they speedily realized that under so imperious a monarchy such mighty undertakings were not to be essayed by any private subject, and especially by any noble. Medinaceli gave the discoverer letters of recommendation to men of influence in the royal court, and as his sires renounced the kingly crown, so did he renounce the crown of his dreams. This was the first step toward the intervention of the Catholic Sovereigns.

Bearing the commendatory letters of the duke, Columbus seems to have gone from Puerto to Seville, and from Seville, where the accustomed favors of the wealthy Berardi as well as of the influential brothers Giraldini did not fail him, he appears to have passed to Cordova. The first person he approached in order that the closed portals of the palace of the sovereigns might be opened to him was the accountant-general, Quintanilla. A calculating and precise man was he, constantly occupied with the many cares of his difficult office; singularly versed in financial science for his time, and most watchful of the interests of the enfeebled and anemic treasury of his sovereigns, which was nearly always empty. He took a fancy to Columbus from the first, and their mutual liking brought close together the visionary idealist and the practical dispenser of needed resources. Quintanilla, being thus strongly interested in the pilot's behalf, deemed his own efforts insufficient for the bold adventure, and applied to Cardinal Mendoza, in whom wealth was joined to learning, to the arts, and to political sagacity—a combination frequent among those powerful magnates of the Renaissance—and who was in a position to lend Columbus active assistance. Mendoza, styled the Great Cardi-

nal, accustomed to the promotion of high enterprises in Castile, was impressed by the scheme of Columbus and furthered it so far as he was able. Men indeed called Mendoza the "Third King of Spain," as though he were a person of the royal trinity, of equal standing with Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, and sharing the crown with them. This prince of the church, when he resolved upon a thing, went about it in formidable earnest. So, in his firmness of will and daring of purpose, he boldly and zealously favored Columbus, and even determined to associate himself with him. In like manner as the Berardis had introduced Columbus to Medinaceli, so did Medinaceli give him urgent letters of recommendation to Quintanilla, and so did Quintanilla, in turn, to Cardinal Mendoza, who, for his part, espoused his cause with the Catholic Sovereigns. Owing to the careless indifference natural to that time and race, no one can fix with certainty the day or year when the sovereigns first received Columbus in personal audience; but, by inferences consistently drawn from the later writings of Columbus, we may believe the time to have been about January in the year 1487.

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves high-strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought. In the life written by his son Ferdinand we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skilful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engrossing and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map-draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts, over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*" Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geometrical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach

mathematics, with which as with all the advanced knowledge of his time he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the Church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an algebraist. If at times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate in puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years—from his youth until he reached the threshold of age—without taking into account the reverses which darkened and embittered his later years. Who could have predicted to him, in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unfading achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? There are those who hold that all this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in these posthumous alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after-rumors of the discoverers who died in obscurity. As there be some who have written of the Christianity that existed before Christ, so there be some who prate of the New World discovered before Columbus. Columbus was doomed to too desperate and difficult a task by the general sentiment of his time and by the customs of the generations in which he lived, for history to add a crowning wrong against his fame.

Few creators have divined the transcendency of their creations. Lope de Vega knew not that his fame would rest, not on the elaborate dramas that bear the seal of his learning and erudition, and are constructed with almost servile conformity to the antique unities, but on the plays written to suit the popular taste. The hemlock-poison is in the dregs of every cup of immortality held to the lips of genius! Copernicus would have been burned at the stake had his system been published twenty years before his tardy death, instead of reaching his hands, printed and finished, while he lay on his death-bed amid the gathering shadows of his last agony. The press of Gutenberg was taken from him, as from Columbus the name of his own America, but in abundant recompense they both hold fast to the eternal heritage of their glory.

Emilio Castelar.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

III. WINNING THE FAVOR OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.
BAS-RELIEF OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OVER THE
DOORWAY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

THE many journeys of Columbus since quitting Portugal, and the little advantage that followed his negotiations in Seville and Puerto Santa Maria, had aggravated his poverty, and he went about so ill clad that he was named the "Stranger with the Threadbare Cloak." In this straitened condition he presented himself before the royal pair. In Ferdinand political sagacity predominated; in Isabella the moral nature. The pious king believed, notwithstanding his piety, in the efficacy of works, and professed the dogma of aiding to execute the divine will, which he generally found favorable to his undertakings; Isabella, with her enthusiasm, trusted in her hopes and in prayer. The queen was all spontaneity, the king all reflection. She trod the paths of good in order to attain to good, but he scrupled little to resort to dissimulation, deceit, and, in case of necessity, crime. Valiant and warlike, Ferdinand joined the strength of the lion to the instincts of the fox. Perchance in all history there has not been his equal in energy and craftiness. He was distrustful above all else; she, above all, was confiding. He was all mind; she all heart. Isabella took pleasure in increasing the number of her vassals, that she

might possess a dominion over human souls, whereby to swell the ranks of true believers upon earth and of the elect in heaven; Ferdinand took pleasure likewise in the growth of the Church and of Christianity, but above such religious gratification he set the satisfaction born of domination and conquest. Daughter of a learned king, and of an English mother who died bereft of reason, Isabella had a clear perception of ideas and lived in a ceaseless state of exaltation. Son of that quarrelsome and wily king John II. of Aragon, and of a mother of masculine and ambitious nature, Ferdinand inherited on the paternal side a mixture of political and warlike temperaments, and on the maternal that incredible ambition which led him to add to his royal house and to his native country by conquest and by marriage. The two founded the Inquisition; Ferdinand for political reasons, Isabella for religious ends. Both were conquerors; Isabella gained Granada for her Castile, and Ferdinand, Navarre for his Aragon. The conquest of Granada reads like some book of chivalry, the conquest of Navarre like a chapter of Machiavelli. By the one achievement Isabella expelled the Moors; and by the other Ferdinand drove the French from our peninsula.

As a natural consequence of their different temperaments, Isabella and Ferdinand each dealt with Columbus as their several natures prompted; the queen ever enthusiastic, the king, as usual, cautious, guarded, crafty, and reserved. He computed the cost of the enterprise, and the returns it might yield; she thought only of spreading the dominions of her idolized Castile and winning souls to Christianity. Besides all this, the sea had its temptations for the queen of Castile, for all her enterprises and conquests tended oceanward, just as her great rivers, the Tagus, the Duero, the Guadalquivir, and the Miño, flowed toward the main. With Ferdinand it was quite the other way; his conquests trended like the Ebro, the Llobregat, and the Turia toward the waters of the Mediterranean. The Canaries were the island domain of Isabella; the insular possessions of Ferdinand stretched from the Balearic Islands to Sicily. Ferdinand dreamed only of Italy; Isabella of Africa. Hence, the one looked toward the past, the other toward the future. But both were great with a measureless greatness,

for they assumed the stature of a great idea, and obeyed, by ways and deeds, as much in contrast as their characters, the quickening spirit and the transcendent impulses of the creative era in which they lived. The unity of the state, of the territory, of the laws was imposed upon them by the age, and to the attainment of such unity were all their efforts consecrated; so that, besides winning for themselves renown, they did good service to their nation and their time.

The sovereigns heard Columbus after their respective natures, Isabella with enthusiasm and Ferdinand with reserve. But the king's reserve and the queen's enthusiasm tended to like results, and made delay inevitable. The reconquest of Granada admitted of no rival undertaking. It was impossible to divert the royal minds from that paramount purpose. So they referred the matter to the queen's confessor, Fray Hernando de Talavera. Accustomed as we are to modern ideas and customs, it is hard to comprehend the genuine father-confessor of the fifteenth century, the supreme counselor of the sovereigns in virtue of his office and in the confidence of the confessional. Fray Hernando de Talavera, first prior of the monastery of El Prado in Valladolid, later bishop of Avila and lastly archbishop of Granada, when seated in the confessional, deemed his seat higher than the throne, and held himself to be the dispenser of the earthly and eternal salvation of the sovereigns. Even in his first confession he had an altercation with the queen; for when Isabella desired to confess either standing or sitting, he replied that she should do neither, but kneel at his feet. He was as rightly able to call himself Minister of State as of the Treasury, and as well Minister of the Treasury as of Instruction and the Fine Arts, without question as to the ministry of Good Behavior; and so Isabella confided to his zeal the management of the debt equally with the choice of her daily reading in the royal library, and asked his counsel alike concerning the most important decrees and the most ordinary household affairs.

The good Talavera's acts were governed by no monkish scruples; he reprimanded with the severity of the patriarch, and even with the rod of the pedagogue, the foremost and most saintly queen of Christendom. He had but one certain, fixed, continuous and abiding idea—the conquest of Granada. At a time when all his thoughts were absorbed in this one idea, and all his powers devoted to it with that force of concentration and of will which he was universally admitted to possess, Columbus came, with his tremendous schemes, distracting the reverend scholastic from his traditional convictions, and from his purpose to regain Granada.

The aversion with which Talavera regarded

the Indian project was therefore natural and inevitable. To him it was an innovation fraught with peril to the general beliefs, and a criminal malversation of the public resources in behalf of an object that in truth seemed sacrilegious beside the completion of the seven-century epic of endeavor by the reconquest of that sultana among the cities of Ishmael, and beside the triumph of the Cross that he adored with fervid and ceaseless worship. When the queen on many occasions, before the conquest, promised Talavera an archbishopric, his answer always was: "Either will I be archbishop in Granada, or archbishop nowhere!" Such was Talavera.

The sovereigns could hardly have intrusted to a person more unsuited for so high a duty the decision of this arduous problem. Talavera was assisted by a man of competence and brains, the royal counselor, Maldonado; who, however, believed the less in the scheme the more he heard of it from the eloquent lips of its author, and went about arguing the impossibility of the thing imagined and proposed by Columbus. The primary ground of his disbelief lay in the assumption that the theory of Columbus rested indispensably upon the spherical shape of the earth, which was from every point of view inadmissible, because the Psalms described the heavens as a stretched-out curtain, and because St. Augustine treated as a heresy the existence of antipodes in another hemisphere, with their feet turned toward our feet and their heads downward. In that age, doubtless, when religious objections prevailed above all others, needs must that the discoverers should study holy writ and theological problems together, and acquaint himself with the mystical ideas of his own and older times.

To make clear all these vague imaginings that environed his purpose, and to meet the theological scruples that opposed his arguments, he steadfastly searched the Scriptures, and found therein confirmation, not only of his personal mission to redeem Zion from her chains, but to redeem our blind and erring race in Christ. For him there was scarce a psalm or a prophecy but lamented the manifold transgressions of Israel that had brought captivity upon Zion, and foretold a liberator who, in truth, could be none other than himself, Columbus. The book of Kings, the Psalms, the prophecies, the book of Job, all predicted the redemption of Jerusalem by such a man as he, divinely chosen and predestined to providential ends. At times, in the confusion of his mystical conceptions, he added that not only was he personally called by the Lord to such an achievement, but that Joaquin de Flora in his writings had designated Spain by name, and the Bible, too, pointed out the furthest nations of the west with singular clearness. He steadily claimed that this resto-



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

STATUE OF FERDINAND, IN THE CATHEDRAL, MALAGA.

ration of the holy house of Jerusalem to Christianity had from an early age inspired all his voyages. So, therefore, he asserted that he had not imbibed his theory from cosmography, astrology, or any other of the profane sciences so thoroughly familiar to him, but from constant study of the revealed word of God that leads mankind to righteousness and the truth. Yet neither Hernando de Talavera nor the counselor Maldonado cared to believe him, and

they reported *a priori* against the possibility of the discovery, whereupon the sovereigns put off any new examination of it until better times.

But, whilst some were thus disheartening him, others were aiding him with their support and encouragement. Among the adepts who espoused his ideas shine conspicuously the Franciscan padre, Antonio de Marchena, and the Dominican padre, Diego de Deza. Doubtless the former upheld him in Andalusia with his

counsel and assistance against the adverse opinions of Talavera's Cordovan junta, while the latter by his learning and influence opened to him the portals of Salamanca. There is no tradition so well grounded as that which holds up to the world the strange ignorance of geography and cosmography prevailing in the Salamantine university, which went so far as to put all its doctors unanimously on record against Columbus, and to oppose the superstitions of the vulgar mind against the presentiments, the predictions, and the prophecies of genius and learning. Nevertheless, this popular belief is not only to be reversed and forever regarded as groundless, but to Salamanca is to be attributed the beginning of the good fortune of the discoverer, for with his sojourn in that learned city coincides the first pecuniary aid advanced by the sovereigns to assist his scheme.

All the investigations made and documents discovered during recent years confirm the sagacious opinion of the learned Salamantine writer, Señor Rodriguez Pinilla, who holds that the first flat refusal of the court to entertain the scheme of Columbus was made in the official council at Cordova, over which Hernando de Talavera presided, and that the first signs of a favorable disposition on the part of the State are seen in the sums which the sovereigns ordered to be paid to the extra-official councils, the commissions of the university sitting in the great hall of San Estéban, whereupon a speedy understanding followed between the crown and Columbus.

It is the historical and unquestionable fact, that soon after the conferences of Salamanca, held at the beginning of 1487, the sovereigns began to give the necessary orders for supplying the discoverer with funds, and to provide for his treatment as a royal retainer by recognizing his right, wherever he might be, to maintenance and lodging. In a bundle of old accounts of the treasurer, Francisco Gonzalez of Seville, which may be seen copied in the second volume of Navarrete's celebrated collection, are found the following entries:

On the said day [May 5, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo, a foreigner, who is now here performing certain things in the service of Their Highnesses, three thousand maravedis, on the warrant of Alonso de Quintanilla, by command of the Bishop [of Palencia].

On the 27th of said month [August, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo four thousand maravedis, to go to the Royal Seat [Malaga], by command of Their Highnesses and on a warrant of the Bishop. This makes seven thousand maravedis, with three thousand which were paid to him by order, to defray the cost of another journey on the 3d of July.

On the said day [October 15, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo four thousand maravedis, which

Their Highnesses ordered to be paid to him to help defray his expenses.

On the 16th of June, 1488, gave I to Cristóbal Colomo three thousand maravedis, upon a warrant of Their Highnesses.

The writings of the time contain countless evidences of the confused clashing of ideas in all minds. As neither Vives nor Bacon had yet employed the cognition of natural phenomena in the study of material things, and as neither Pereira nor Descartes had applied the observation of psychic phenomena to the mind, there prevailed a traditional system, which, like the ancients, heard with laughter the voice of the oracle, and mingled the teachings of the recently revived classic authors, resuscitated and new-come from a supernatural sphere, with the confused theories of the Christian writers. Thus, for instance, Albertus Magnus averred the existence of two races of black Ethiopians, belonging to the two opposite hemispheres. But these affirmations of the great medieval philosopher could in no wise prevail against the sixteenth book of "The City of God," in which St. Augustine outlines a universal history literally taken from the Bible, and denies the existence of the antipodes, because of the impossibility of their being descended from Adam, and because they would give the lie to the blessing pronounced upon the sons of the patriarch Jacob, and to the division of the earth between them as recorded in Genesis. But those illustrious collegians disputed alike concerning the dispersion of the human race to the four quarters of heaven, and the distribution of the solid and liquid parts of the unknown planet. While the opponents of Columbus alleged as the outcome of their calculations that the ocean was of vast extent, and that therefore it was impossible to discover the Indies by sailing downward to the west, owing to the physical difficulty of ascending the watery steep on the homeward voyage, his supporters, relying upon the sixth chapter of Esdras, declared the land to be sixfold greater than the sea, and that consequently the East Indies could readily be reached by going westward, since their eastern shores could be but a short distance beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the Bay of Cadiz.

Columbus maintained these latter assertions with much persistence, as Padre Las Casas tells us, resting equally on the verses of the prophet Esdras, then of general acceptance, and on the writings of Cardinal d'Ailly, his oracle, who likewise deemed the sea of small extent compared with the land, in conformity with passages from Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, who, according to him, must have known much about the earth, for the singular reason that the two first were the preceptors of Alexander and Nero,



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

WOODEN STATUE OF ISABELLA, IN THE CATHEDRAL, GRANADA.

and the latter the friend of Trajan, three widely traveled emperors, who in the course of their continual voyages and nomadic life must have gathered abundant knowledge of the physical distribution of the earth and the characteristics of the various races of men. The authorities

upon which the partizans of Columbus relied did not stop here, for they gathered a rich harvest of other proofs from writings such as Pliny's "Natural History," which, in the seventh chapter of its second book, recorded facts in regard to the sea and its secrets sufficient to

stagger and bewilder the most expert: such as the perfect ease of navigating the sunset seas; the exploration of the Indian shores by the ancient Seleucians, who inherited in Syria the power and glory of Alexander; the expeditions which, setting out from Baetica afterward sailed in the waters of Mauritania and others even further south; the remains of Spanish ships seen by Prince Caius in the Arabian Gulf in the time of Augustus; the world-girdling voyage of the Carthaginian Hanno, abundant in prophetic statements; the arrival of one Eudoxus at Cadiz by unknown and mysterious courses, fleeing from Ptolemy, and a hundred tokens more, each fitting better than the other the project then under consideration, with various embellishments that served with some show of consistency to give it weight and authority.

Again, Macrobius, in the second book of his commentaries on Scipio's "Dream," afforded weapons to the friends of Columbus; for, in the midst of many errors, he vaguely maintained the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. This opinion seems to have been shared by Polybius, Mela, and Solinus, who are cited by Las Casas in his great "History of the West Indies," a work very favorable to the memory of Columbus. To the vexed problem of the antipodes there was joined another, concerning the habitability of the torrid and frozen zones, which was generally denied, notwithstanding the testimony of Columbus that he had sojourned in Iceland and in Guinea. Paying no heed to the practical proofs of experience, the contestants resorted to ancient authors for evidence, and recited how Aristotle, in his book "Of the World," strewed the western seas with numerous islands and even continents greater than our known world, all of them perfectly inhabitable; how Lucan in his poems alluded to a mysterious tribe of Arabs, scattered through unknown deserts; how Marcianus taught Pliny the existence about the north pole of the Hyperboreans, fortunate in being born and reared under the frondage of elysian groves, and so long-lived that family succession could only be effected by suicide in leaping from the crags of the highest mountains—an expedient often resorted to, it seems, in the torrid zone also, where the life-giving ocean winds prevail; how two such diverse authors as Avicenna and Anselmo told of groups of islands, lost and forgotten, like gigantic pearls, in the wastes of the Shadowy Sea; how Plato, in his divine dialogues of the *Timæus* and the *Critias*, commemorated a land called Atlantis, which stretched with reefs of coral and groves of palms, and opaline seas and mountains of gems, between the Pillars of Hercules and Africa's western shores even to farthest Asia, swallowed up in the abysses, but still showing its

traces in the sunken forests of rare and unknown leafage that stayed the keel of the passing bark, and held it in their vast embrace; how the Platonists had inherited their traditions of the mysterious Atlantis from the wise lawgiver Solon, who in turn derived it from the mystic Nile; how the principal classical geographers connected with the disappearance of Atlantis the submersion of Acarnania in the Ambracian Gulf, of Achaia in the Corinthian Sea, of a part of the Asian and European continents in the Propontis and the Euxine Sea, the cleavage of the two splendid shores of the Bosphorus, and the comparatively recent formation of Lesbos; how Seneca in the sixth book of his "Morals" attributed to Thucydides the attempt to assign a definite date to the submersion of the Atlantean continent; how certain legends told of the former union of Africa and Europe by an isthmus between the two shores of the straits, recorded the disappearance of an arm of Guadalquivir, and told of strange plants and seawrack seen filling the ocean to the westward of the Canaries; how St. Ambrose, in his discourse upon the "Vocations of Men," declared a perfect and assured hope of bringing to day far-off regions where new races should receive the light and revelation of the Gospel—confused and contradictory legends, all of them, well calculated to lead astray an unfixed and irresolute mind, but not the mind of Columbus,—that prophet absolutely confident in his own predictions,—who, in the midst of such a sea of confusion, begotten of innumerable reports, some known to him and others unknown, listened only to the sure voice of his heaven-decreed mission, and pressed on, with firm and invincible will, toward the realization of his divine ideal.

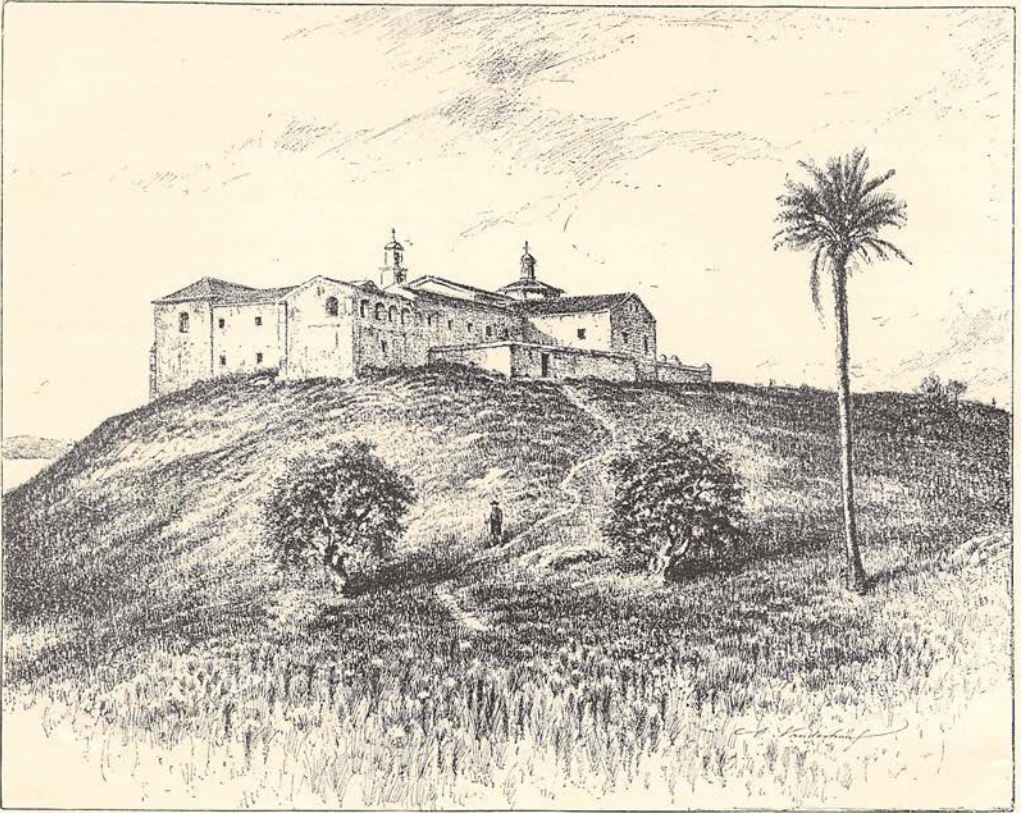
A practical result followed all this upstirring of diverse opinions, in that the pilot reached a better understanding with the sovereigns and gained a more effective patronage for the plans which the Cordovan junta had condemned. But although aid was frequently, and even abundantly, given, despite the interminable straits of the court, a decisive decree ordering the voyage itself could not be obtained while the paramount efforts for the reconquest blocked the way. After the sojourn in Salamanca, the royal pair undertook the conquest of Malaga, and during its progress Columbus shifted about, now at the siege of the city, now at the court in Cordova, and at one time even in Lisbon. Many deny this last journey of his, but we need not be surprised at their denial, seeing that such uncertainty and perplexity reigns among the historians of that age that some among them are ignorant of and deny the conferences of Salamanca, locating in Cordova and Granada the two commissions convoked to

hear the discoverer and investigate the discovery. But there is no room for doubting the visit of Columbus to Lisbon. It suffices that we possess the letter of Dom John, granting him safe-conduct and immunity from any suit for debt in 1488; and we have moreover a famous marginal note written by his own hand in his favorite volume, "De Imagine Mundi," of d'Ailly, wherein he records the coincidence of his journey to Lisbon with the discovery, so favorable to his plans, of the extremest point of southern Africa, known as the Cape of Good Hope.

We know naught of what Columbus did during his last visit to the fair capital of Portugal; we can fix neither the date of his departure nor of his return; but we may certainly say that he gathered there all the facts then attainable in that era of geographical discovery, and set them down with wise diligence and scrupulous exactness in his memory and in his books. Bartolomé Diaz had in fact just discovered the Cape, beyond which the superstitious dread of his sailors prevented his going. The world had taken another stride toward the realms of Prester John, that weird goal which stimulated countless expeditions and so strongly influenced the dreams of Columbus. The abode of that mysterious personage, said by Marco Polo to lie in the odorous forests of Central Asia, stretched, as conjectured by the Portuguese Corvilhan, to the crags of Abyssinia amid Libyan sands; and, when the tidings spread, the pilot-discoverer could not fail to note the hardships suffered in the search for the Cape, thenceforth already known by the contradictory names of Good Hope and Tempest. In his preserved memoranda he records how, in a second attempt, he would have abandoned the use of ships of large size, preferring vessels built so solidly as to defy the fierce gales, yet small enough to enter any arm of the sea; and how he would have taken three times the quantity of ship's stores needed for a long voyage that had been taken on previous voyages—and in this he showed his good judgment. Tempests so often lashed those waters, and with such fury, that ships foundered in the turbulent waves. But now the Sea of Shadows was dispelled; Africa almost circumnavigated; Prester John almost within reach of the hands stretched out to him from every quarter; the Eastern Indies brought very near—almost found, indeed—by expeditions as daring as Alexander's; the aroma of new spices spread in the senses of men; and the fountain-head of humanity and of history well nigh discovered, the Aryan land of fetishes and castes, of palanquins and palms, of gold and gems, of symbolical flowers and prehistoric fables, completing the planet with its exuberant life, and coinciding with the resuscitation of Grecian statues from the dust and ruins of the olden

time, and with the hope of discovery of new worlds in the time to come. But Columbus, who noted down prophecies and fables alike, records in his marginal memoranda how Bartolomé Diaz sailed six hundred leagues beyond the furthest known limits of navigation and discovered the Cape of Good Hope; whereby, taking its latitude by the astrolabe of Behaim, he proved not only that it lay forty-five degrees south of the equinox, but also three thousand five hundred leagues distant from Lisbon. The mathematician and the prophet were blended in Columbus, who, just as he read, with sacred reverence, Esdras and Job in his prayers, accepted as mathematical truths latitudes and distances which he set down in bald figures.

As soon as Columbus returned from Portugal, he endeavored to renew his negotiations with the sovereigns; but he found the physical road to their court, and the moral pathway to their hearts, blocked and impeded by his having been lost sight of during his unfortunate absence, and by the absorption of all minds in the Moorish war. The sovereigns, having won at Malaga and Velez-Malaga, were spurred on by the seductive power of victory to continue their task, now become easier through the innumerable internal dissidencies of the Granadian kingdom, broken into fragments, which were held, like hostile fortresses reared against one another, by the three nominal kings of the Moors, Hacem, Boabdil, and Zagal. So, after convoking in Aragon one of their famous cortes, quickened with the life-giving breath of liberty, and after celebrating at Seville, with jousts and tourneys and festivals, the marriage of their eldest daughter Doña Isabella to so powerful and eminent a youth as was Prince Miguel, heir to the crown of Portugal, they turned anew their thoughts to the necessary completion of the glorious work of reconquest. It was an inauspicious moment to discuss any other business. The partizans of Columbus had increased, and, withal, their individual influence. Quintanilla, the good and thrifty comptroller, gained importance in proportion as he displayed his talents in procuring for the royal treasury large levies, to which he often added advances from his private fortune; Mendoza, the faithful cardinal, increased his power and won distinction in proportion as his charity aided the living and his prayers the dead—without losing sight of the everlasting struggle against the Moors; the Marchioness of Moya, whose splendid garments and gorgeous tent, during the siege of Malaga, exposed her to a violent death, for she was wounded by an Arab *santon* who mistook her for Isabella, had won the heart of the queen, who declared that never would she have reigned in Spain without the vote of her



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, HUELVA, SPAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

This convent has been preserved as a National Memorial since 1846. Cortez also found shelter here after his return from Mexico.

friend's husband; yet despite the great authority and influence of all of these in the royal government and in the Christian camp, they remained mute as the dead, and dared not divert a single man or doubloon from the chief enterprise of the day. While Columbus knocked at every door, offering continents to men whose sphere of action was confined within a single city, the devastation of the Granadian estates under the Christian invasion; the investment of the conquering hosts round about Baza — where a Spanish city had been reared face to face with the Arab town, both glowing with festivals and combats, the knightly feats of the Pulgars awaking among the soldiers of the Cross a new zeal in the religious crusade, and bequeathing to Moorish poetry new strains in the national epic tale; the last but one of the Moorish kings upon his knees before the Catholic Sovereigns, offering to them in homage, within sight of the blue sea fringed with wild fig-trees and roseate sea-walls, the city of Almeria, crowned with towers and palms; the ambassadors of Turkey, come from Jerusalem the captive to stay the arm stretched out over cowering Granada, who in her tribulation ap-

peared beautiful as Zion of the prophets; the rampart of the mighty Alpujarras, flaming beneath the sun of Andalusia and odorous with oriental jasmine, yet echoing with the clash of bloody but poetically heroic combats; Salobreña, scene of the death of the aged Hacem, that scourge of Christendom, whose memory is tearfully sung in elegies of his race which call to mind the sublime lamentations of the scriptures; every laurel-tree of the Vega turned into a warrior's lance, and every link of the fetters unrivied from the feet of the captives redeemed in thousands by these same lances; every garden become a scene of ceaseless encounters; every dwelling made a fortress of defense and a goal of attack; all that broad plain a Homeric field of Troy, the end of a century-old war and the beginning of a new fatherland; all these things left no room for any undertaking apart from that marvelous epopee. How then, in such a moment, could thought be given to Columbus? — until then scarce heeded, and now forgotten!

COLUMBUS, on seeing himself forgotten, contemplated, as a last stern resort, the beginning

of his task anew by offering it to other monarchs, and of reliving his past by quitting Spain as he had beforetime quitted Portugal. He determined therefore to appeal to the French court, finding encouragement in his bitter affliction by discerning there some ray of salvation and some dawn of success. In this dejected state, he went to Cordova to take farewell of Doña Beatrice, and to kiss Ferdinand, the offspring of his love for her. From Cordova he seems to have gone to Seville to confer with such friends as the Geraldinis, and to make his sorrows known to them, so that they in turn might inform Mendoza; from Seville to Marchena to tell his old protector, the wise monk Antonio, the sad tale of his faded hopes and the ill-success of all his aspirations; from Marchena to Huelva in search of his brother-in-law Muliarte and his son Diego, the latter left under the care of his uncle while Columbus was leading his anxious and restless life of endeavor; from Huelva, with the wandering impulse of a stricken man, under the terrible hypnotism of monomania, and suffering from nervous attacks like those that herald dementia or death to the madman or suicide, he went in search of some isolated and solitary convent, whither

and, ah! for the discovery of worlds which, compared with the Infinite, are but as atoms; penitents and recluses about him that to his soul seem but as shadows—in all these is found an explanation of the refuge sought by Columbus at La Rabida. The old traditions assign his sojourn at the convent to the hour of his arrival and of his high hopes; contemporaneous criticism, better informed, fixes it at the period of his departure and his disenchantment. And herein is the chiefest glory of that spot, that it was the scene of the new birth of a lost hope. And this hope returned because Columbus was devout, and was beloved of those devout men. It was a sacred rock of faith, whereon sprang the purest of all affections—the affection of inexhaustible admiration mingled with unquenchable friendship. Let hatred and envy know that the humble Franciscan monk, Juan Perez, in truth discovered the New World, through his deep friendship and admiration for Columbus.

Juan Perez, astounded at the dual flow of religious and scientific ideas from Columbus, would recall the many things he had heard, from the pilots who swarmed thereabouts, of the vast ocean and its distant shores. But none



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

VIEW OF LA RABIDA, SHOWING THE GATE AT WHICH COLUMBUS HALTED FOR ALMS.

he could flee, as to the shadows of the tomb, and in eternal silence find relief from the sorrows of his overlaid heart. When he turned away from the Vega, where every passer-by pauses to look upon the Vermilion Towers, and from that city where none remembered him or his great project, the convent of La Rabida must have seemed to him like a beacon-light in the black night of shipwreck.

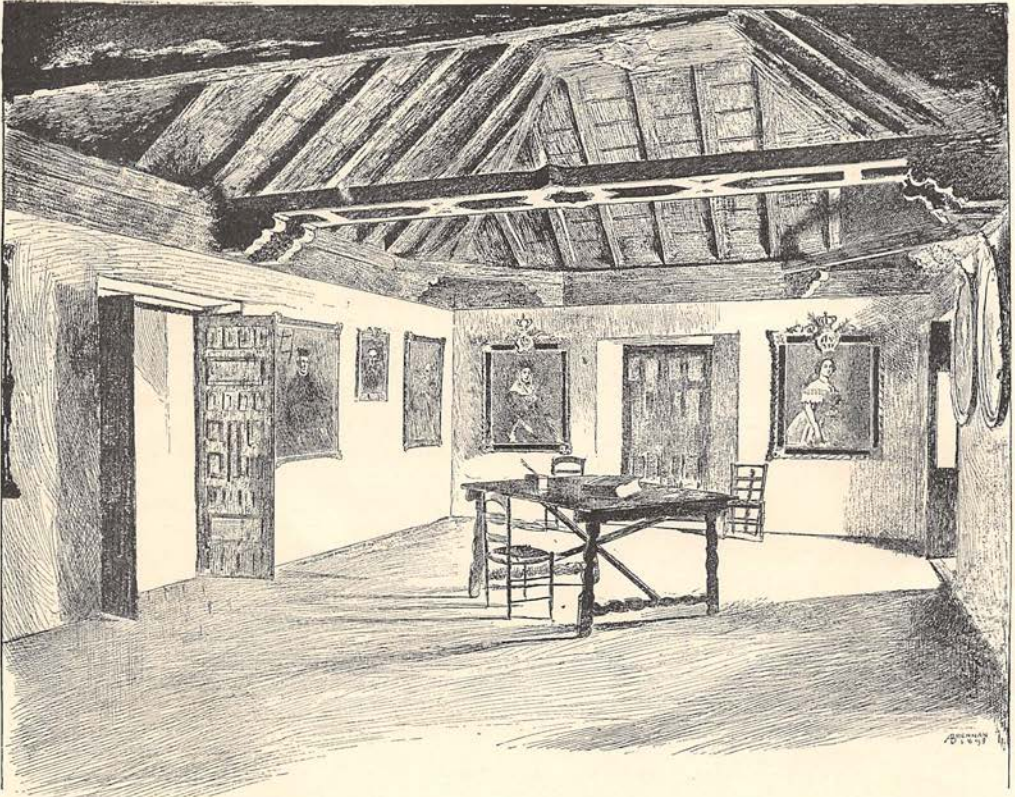
A little inclosure, pine-shadowed, in the solitude; the measureless western ocean before his eyes; a cloudless heaven toward which to turn a clouded sight; a pavement of sepulchral stones; cloisters wherein to meditate and prepare for the end; sanctified altars to which to cling in hope of pardon and of an eternity too long unthought of amid thirstings for earthly glories, less substantial than a vapor-wreath,

among them went further than the astrologer and cosmographer, Garci-Fernandez, who, led on by the padre and charmed by the words of Columbus, was ready to avouch the probability of reaching the oriental Indies by sailing across the western sea. It is ascertained that they sent a certain gentleman named Sebastian Rodriguez, an inhabitant of Lepe, to the camp at Santa Fé, with letters from Juan Perez to the queen; that Rodriguez returned a fortnight later with a positive and urgent command for the monk to present himself at the court; that he, being not only enthusiastic but active too, borrowed a serviceable saddle-mule from a farmer named Cabezudo, and set out, by cross-cuts and byways, at the risk of his life and liberty, for the royal seat at Granada; that the father-superior saw the queen, receiving from

her hands twenty thousand maravedís in florin-pieces, to be sent in charge of Diego Prieto from Palos Alcalde to La Rabida, and by him delivered to Columbus, who, provided with a decent mount and suitable apparel, was thus enabled to present himself to receive the wherewithal to fit out three caravels which the sovereigns were pleased to supply for the glorious voyage.

Columbus arrived, and the queen at once told him that she could not formally attend to

moment. Everything then looked toward the approaching siege; the new city face to face with Granada was then being built in proof of a determined purpose; and there was no room for any thought alien to the great reconquest. But, returning now, he found Granada well nigh a suppliant at the feet of the sovereigns, and his project accepted so soon as the city should surrender. Columbus gladly remained there, and joined valiantly in the fight. At length, on the morning of January 2, 1492, Bo-



DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

CELL OF THE PRIOR MARCHENA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

anything whatever until after she had taken Granada. So intimately is the triumph of our Cross in that famous siege linked with the discovery of America in the ocean-wilds, that the succeeding scenes of our narrative could not well be described without likewise relating that surpassing episode. Juan Perez, although the need of his return to La Rabida was urgent, did not go back, on account of his enthusiasm for the discoverer and the discovery, until after he had earnestly commended the business to the queen, and had seen her old zeal reawakened in favor of the new project and its great originator. There was a marked difference between the visit of Columbus after his return from the court of Lisbon, and his arrival at this supreme

abdil, with his brilliant following, surrendered himself to the king Don Ferdinand. A legion of pages, with gold-embroidered garments, went before the king on foot, opening the way for his triumphal procession to the high scene of his glorious conquest. The most exalted ricoshombres of Castile and Aragon, mounted on gaily trapped palfreys and clad in robes of state, surrounded the monarch, with such display of blazonry and insignia, such splendid apparel, such varied standards, such gorgeously attired mace-bearers, that they seemed themselves to be an army of kings. Ferdinand II. had donned his royal robes, and his crimson mantle lined with ermine almost concealed his horse, while the countless crowns of his house and

line were seen in miniature, glittering with jewels, attached to his splendid, plume-bedecked cap. Boabdil, on the contrary, was clad in black, as befitting his dignity and his situation, wearing a casque of gold-incrusted steel adorned with mottos appropriate to his rank, his body covered with those famous oriental amulets whose efficacy he himself had never known, but in whose potency the wretched man trusted even in the midst of his irreparable misfortunes. He attempted to dismount when he came to Ferdinand, and even removed his feet from the stirrups in order to alight and kneel before him who had broken and humbled him, but an imperious gesture of the Christian monarch stayed his purpose. Whereupon, deeply moved by such signs of kindness and benevolence, the Rey Chico, the "Little King," begged earnestly to kiss the royal hand, but Ferdinand replied that such homage was proper from a vassal to his lord, never between equals. Then Boabdil, reining his horse by the side of the Aragonese king, eagerly bent forward and imprinted an ardent kiss upon the latter's right arm. Having fulfilled this act of courtesy, which he deemed to be imposed by defeat upon the vanquished, he quickly put his hands to his girdle, and his tawny visage flushed as they touched the thing they sought, the two great keys of the magic city, keys that opened the twin portals of that paradise whence Mohammedan genius and Mohammedan culture had shot forth their last rays of dying splendor. In relinquishing those keys, Boabdil believed perforce that he gave up, with them, the mosques of his God, the tombs of his fathers, the honor of his race; and he cursed the evil hour wherein he had been begotten of Hacem, and the evil star that frowned from the heavens upon his birth, predestining him to behold the downfall beneath his hands of the miraculous work of Musa and of Tarik, the remnant of the empire set up by the Abderramans and the Almansors over all Spain, to the amazement and dismay of all the world. The Arab *santon*, clad in a white woolen robe whose folds enwrapped him like some funeral statue, with flowing sleeves sweeping the ground, and upon his head the swathing linen turban like the tiara of clouds that wreathes the mountain's brow, sought not to explain the cause of their ruin, but exclaimed, "God alone knoweth!" In his turn the warrior, still wearing his coat of mail, with shield on arm, quivering lance in rest, and scimitar at his side, made token of submission by laying his accoutrements aside, pronouncing the fatalistic phrase, "God doeth all things!" And Boabdil, who embodied the might of his state, the will of his people, and the power of that nation so illustrious and so great in other times, on

beholding the towers of the palace of his fathers fading from his sight, and the crown of Alhama, that in the Eden-fields of Granada had resisted for three hundred years the victories of the Christians, falling from his brow, instead of revolting proudly against his lot and striving with determination to the last, exclaimed, "God willeth it!"

The keys having been given up, Boabdil asked for the knight who, under the noble authority of the sovereigns, was to rule over Granada; and when told that the celebrated Count of Tendilla, Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, had been chosen, he turned to him, and, taking from his own finger a golden ring set with a precious jewel, he addressed him in these historical words: "With this signet has Granada been governed. Take it, that you may rule the land; and may Allah prosper your power more than he hath prospered mine."

El Zogoibi, "The Unlucky," continued on his path of sorrows, and after having thus met Cardinal Mendoza at the gate of the Siete Suelos, or the seven-story tower, and King Ferdinand on the heights of San Sebastian, he met the Catholic queen at Armilla, upon the Vega, on the road to the royal seat of Santa Fé. Isabella, like Ferdinand, was clad in festal robes, and was seated upon her horse as on a throne. Upon her brow glittered that glorious crown that so soon was to rule two worlds. Her son, the infante Don John, in garments of oriental richness sparkling with gems, rode on a spirited charger by her right hand, while on her left were the princesses, gaily and richly adorned in robes of mingled Florentine brocades and gauzy Moorish tissues. A crowd of noble ladies and of pages of exalted birth formed her court, and added, if it were possible, to its splendor. Inspired by feelings of natural delicacy, the sovereigns had planned that upon that spot the sorrows of the vanquished were to be compensated by an act which would carry joy to his heart. The first-born of the Moorish king, who since the compact of Cordova had remained a hostage in the power of his enemies, was there set at liberty and restored by Isabella to his father. Hitherto Boabdil had shed no tear, but now, on beholding again the son of Moraima his beloved, he pressed his face against the face of the poor child and wept passionately of the abundance of his heart.

Thereupon the governor of Cazorla, to whose custody the Christian monarch had committed the Rey Chico, invited him to go on as far as Santa Fé, where, in accordance with the royal orders, he was lodged with the greatest courtesy and pomp in the pavilion of Cardinal Mendoza, as had been agreed. The day wore on, and the silver crucifix, borne in the hands of Mendoza to crown and complete the story of

seven centuries, was not yet displayed upon the heights and bastions of the Moorish palace. Isabella, who impatiently looked for its appearance, had found distraction from her thoughts in awaiting the coming of Boabdil and in her meeting with him. But when the Moorish king passed on, and nothing remained to occupy and divert her mind, she again began to glance eagerly at the towers and to be apprehensive lest in that supreme moment some untoward mishap might have befallen the noble cardinal. The Moors, who had thronged about in the early morning, filled with curiosity and with the desire to see the marshaled hosts of the Christians and their gleaming armor, withdrew to their dwellings as to the silence of the tomb when the emblazoned Cross entered beneath those wondrous oriental archways. Granada seemed to be a deserted city in the forenoon of that miraculous and memorable day of deliverance. The hours passed, and the Cross shone not upon the Vermilion Towers, bathed in the rays of the sun that majestically rose to the zenith. Isabella, in her impatience, began to fear that the terms of the capitulation had been violated, and that the cardinal had perchance become the victim of some ambushade. But at high noon, upon the great watch-tower called *La Vela*, the emblem of the Cross appeared in all its glory, shining like a day-star in rivalry with the dazzling sun; and when they beheld it gleaming there, upon the greatest and loveliest stronghold of the Koran, illumined by the mystic light of innumerable martyrdoms, and surrounded by the souls of the countless heroes of so many generations, all the soldiers and all the magnates, kings, princes, bishops, *ricos-hombres*, and all beholders whose hearts throbbed with the Catholic faith and with love for their Spanish fatherland, knelt upon the ground, with cross-folded arms, and to the mystic sound of trumpets and clarions as to the tones of some vast organ they intoned a devout "*Te Deum*," which rose as it were from the heart of the whole nation—a nation that for seven centuries had fought for the sacred prizes of independence and unity, from *Covadonga* to *Granada*.

Moreover, that sublime day was a time of resurrection. The graves were opened and the dead arose! Yes, five hundred captives joined from their dungeons in the "*Te Deum*" whose sublime strains proclaimed the redemption of our liberties; and, even before it ceased, they came forth to freedom, singing the chants of their own faith, and laying their riven fetters on the altars of their country.

THE reconquest achieved, Columbus found himself face to face with the miracle thus wrought by the dauntless will of a people who,

confined within a narrow territory, and unaided from any quarter, by their ardent faith and native valor, for the space of seven centuries, had held at bay, and in the end vanquished, the teeming continents of Africa and Asia, whose tribes, inured to arms, reared in a warlike creed, and led by a warrior prophet, strove in vain against them with equal courage and resoluteness. Two great national virtues overcame them, fearlessness and constancy. The hour had sounded for turning these forces to the achievement of another and no less stupendous work. Columbus beheld the Moorish king on bended knees before the queen, a sinking world before the noontide sun; and he beheld the cardinal, *Mendoza*, upon the *Vermilion Tower*, holding aloft the cross that shone, beneath that blue sky and upon that ruddy height, like a resplendent star, heralding sublime ideas and consolatory hopes. In his eyes, nothing was impossible to a living faith backed by a resolute will. The "*Te Deum*" of the *Vega*, chanted in presence of a broken and ruined people, was to his soul a forecast of the future mysterious hymn of praise in presence of a new-born race and a virgin land. He could wait no longer; the declining forces of his life renewed their ardor, and impatience mastered him as the tempest sways the tree. No middle course was now possible between the alternatives confronting him; he must either seek in other lands a better opening for his schemes, or win from the power of the sovereigns the three caravels he had begged in vain for twenty years from all the principal states of opulent Europe.

Another junta of learned men appears to have assembled under the presidency of Cardinal *Mendoza*, very similar in its outcome to the council held under *Talavera* at *Cordova*, and under *Deza* at *Salamanca*. *Geraldini* often refers to it, and tells how the old stereotyped arguments were repeated, which the prophet had controverted a thousand times before. *Geraldini* stood behind *Mendoza* while the blind opponents of progress were hotly urging their adverse arguments, all based on reminiscences of erroneous teachings culled from such authors as *St. Augustine*. "Good theologians, these, but mighty poor cosmographers," said the young Italian churchman to the venerable Spanish bishop. To deny the existence of a southern hemisphere when the Portuguese, in several of their expeditions, had lost sight of the north star, seemed to him a piece of folly. The impulsive cardinal took up the idea, and insisted on a favorable decision, in spite of the opposition that found vent in coarse and taunting sarcasm. The court of the sovereigns was constrained to give the discoverer another hearing, and he presented his proposals as though

there could be neither doubt nor uncertainty as to the result. He spoke so confidently and so resolutely that one might have thought him already the owner of his newly discovered lands; and, assuming the discovery as a fact, he discussed its territorial organization and civil government. He demanded the supreme office of admiral, whereby he would become almost a king among kings, for the title carried with it the rank of a grandee of Castile, who remained bonneted before his sovereign. He next demanded the office of viceroy over all the peoples and countries he should discover. Furthermore, he demanded the tenth part of all the revenues, and to sit as a judge in any tribunal which might have cognizance of litigation growing out of such appropriation of the lands and division of the profits. And as the means of successful discovery, he asked for three caravels, well equipped, and a goodly allowance of maravedís.

The reaction caused by these extraordinary pretensions sent the scheme abruptly back to the beginning. Talavera, opposed by Mendoza in those days and somewhat lessened in importance since the fall of Granada, became again indignant, and declared that it was intolerable that such a tattered beggar should put on the airs of a king. Ferdinand, although surrounded by a court altogether favorable to Columbus, foresaw with anxiety the revival on the other side of the ocean of the feudal powers he had with such effort combated at home. Many persons affirmed that, if the scheme succeeded, Columbus would at a single bound become a king; and if it failed he would lose little, while the Catholic Sovereigns would be made ridiculous in the eyes of the world; for which reasons this crack-brained and absurdly ambitious visionary should be packed off to scrape his tiresome fiddle elsewhere. On the other hand, never before had the discoverer shown such masterful prescience and strength of will. He beheld the success of his enterprise so absolutely assured; his new lands seemed to him so tangible, and the seas so thickly peopled; he so positively saw the Great Khan as a living reality, the kingdom of Cathay resplendent with gold, the island of Cipango fringed with spice-trees and begirt with pearls, that he adhered obstinately to his demands, and declined to chaffer away for empty honors the gold and gems whose glitter dazzled his eyes as one entranced with the sight of such wondrous things.

Upon being thus contemptuously dismissed, he mounted his mule and galloped with a loose rein toward Cordova, to bid farewell to his loved ones and thence to shape a new course to France, where he proposed to deliver over, without hesitancy, the absolute ownership of the schemes which purlblind Spain had rejected. Amid the

half-conscious reveries of that journey, the bitter reflection possessed his mind that he had chosen the Iberian peninsula as his starting-point, as being the most westerly part of Europe and the nearest to the East Indies by the westward course, yet none of the great Iberian sovereigns, of Castile, of Portugal, or of Aragon, had believed in him.

Ferdinand, being above all else a statesman, remained well contented that there was little prospect of the revival of feudalism beyond the seas after its death-blow here; but Isabella, of higher and more devout nature, more trustful, gentle, and poetical than he, regretted that she might not add to the great work achieved on land another greater sea-venture, nor give to the Church of God new regions to be consecrated and new races to be baptized as a fruit of those promise-laden victories. Aware of her feelings, the adherents of Columbus sought the queen, and earnestly represented her loss in the dismissal of the prophet and the rejection of his prophecy. Quintanilla the comptroller; Deza the learned; Mendoza the cardinal; Medinaçeli the potentate; Geraldini the influential; Cabrera the royal steward; the trusted governess of the infante Don John; the famous count who, because of his close but mysterious kinship with the cardinal, stood with him on the summit of the watch-tower of Granada; Marchena, the intimate associate of the discoverer, conning with him the same books and the same stars,—all these ardently joined in earnest but respectful appeal to the sovereigns not to withhold the new world from the Church nor such an unfading laurel-crown from the nation.

But alas! even prophets and sibyls encounter in this world the stumbling-block which now baffled these two Titans of our story—the lack of funds. They possessed all else: faith, genius, inspiration, prophetic intuitions, but no money. It was as though they possessed nothing. Lope puts into the mouth of Columbus, in a dialogue with Ferdinand, who earnestly invites the discoverer to ask of him the wherewithal to prosecute the discovery, the following verses:

Sire, give me gold, for gold is all in all,
'T is master, 't is the goal and course alike,
The way, the means, the handicraft and power,
The sure foundation and the truest friend.

As it happened, Isabella had no money at hand. Her war with Granada had cost a prodigious sum. She found herself in debt even to her own servants. Political reasons, of great weight with the resolute Ferdinand, who was justly content with the practical results of concentration of power, and economical reasons, of great weight also with the conscientious Isabella, who was most anxious to bring about

some system and regularity in her revenues, induced their refusal, in view of the fresh outlays required for the expedition, and of the exaggerated demands for rank and office should the expedition yield its promised results. But to the friends of the discoverer neither of these considerations appeared sufficient to warrant the abandonment and rejection of such marvelous plans.

The Marchioness of Moya remained in the noontide of Isabella's reign the same as she had been in other days, in its ill-starred beginning, and in its tempestuous dawn. First and last, she counseled decisive action. Long before, she had threatened death to any who might prevent the union of the two crowns by the marriage of the prince and princess; now she moved the mind and the will of the fortunate royal pair to undertake the chiefest of all their enterprises, and the one that was to bring them the greenest and most precious of all their laurels. Her soul was in harmony with the spirit of that century, which, after having found the printing-press in a wretched sacristy of Strasburg; after having unearthed from ancient heaps of ruins those famous classic statues whose advent rudely disturbed the penitential monkish life and rejuvenated the human form; after having, in the sibylline tome of Copernicus, set the solar sphere in the center of all the spheres and in the focus of all the planetary ellipses, was now to add to the wide discoveries of the Portuguese in the Old World by creating new lands in the ocean, to reveal the unknown Pacific and the austral pole, and to spread in the infinite heavens new suns, and constellations of more ethereal effulgence, to proclaim God's glory. The Marchioness of Moya, like Vittoria Colonna, like Bianca Cornaro, like so many glorious women of the Renaissance, awakened with the breath of her lips the splendid fire of the new ideal.

But, if she represents the idea and the impulse, Santangelo represents the practical achievement of the project. Quintanilla had opened to Columbus the pathway to the court, Santangelo opened the road to Palos. Of a family of converts, himself but recently a Christian, one of those antique Jews who have so greatly helped to enlighten the Christian world, like the Cartagenas of Burgos for instance, he joined, as is the nature and tendency of his

race, the love of the ideal, appropriate to the prophets divinely inspired of the Lord, to the reflective calculations of the schemer and the mathematician. It is a historical fact that, one day, Ferdinand V., on his way from Aragon to Castile, and needing some ready cash, as often happened owing to the impoverishment of those kingdoms, halted his horse at the door of Santangelo's house in Calatayud, and, dismounting, entered and obtained a considerable sum from the latter's inexhaustible private coffers. He must have enjoyed great power, for although some of his near kinsfolk took part in the immolation of Pedro Arbues, the first inquisitor, who was slain in the cathedral of Saragossa in the frenzy of a popular uprising, no harm came to Ferdinand's treasurer, neither did he fall from royal favor nor incur the usual penalty of infamy.

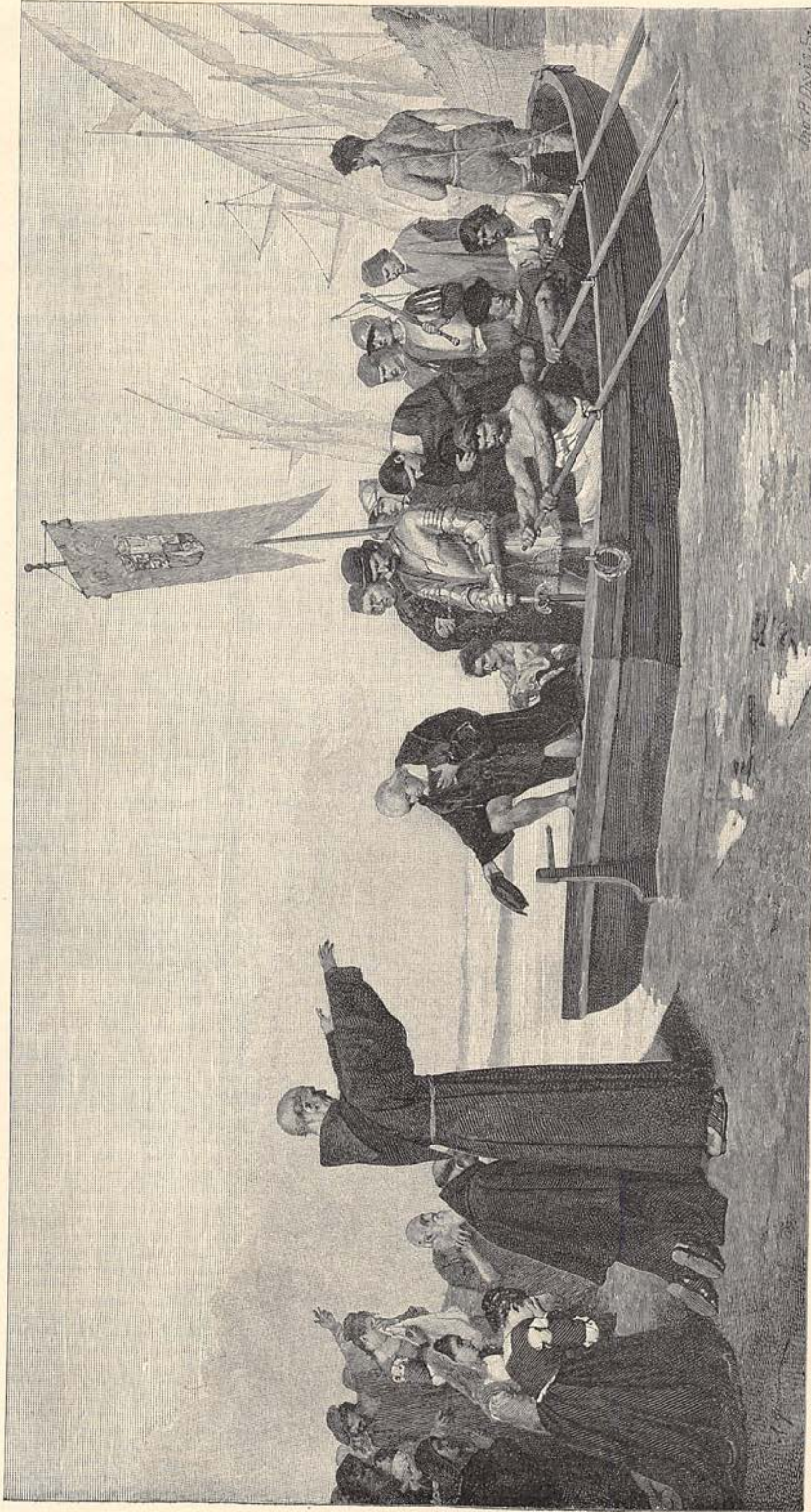
As soon as Santangelo heard of the flight of Columbus, he went to the queen's chamber, and implored her to order him to return, being supported in this by the Marchioness of Moya. And when the queen complained of the exorbitant demands of the discoverer, he reminded her that the cost would be but a trifling consideration if the attempt succeeded, and if it failed could be reduced to next to nothing. When to this cogent reasoning the queen objected the emptiness of the Castilian treasury, and the need of again pawning her jewels to raise the means, Santangelo unhesitatingly assured her of the flourishing state of the Aragonese finances, doubtless because of the revenues yielded by the expulsion of the Jews, and of the resources there available, promising at the same time to win over the perplexed and inert mind of Ferdinand the Catholic. Thereupon messengers were sent post-haste, who stopped Columbus at a neighboring bridge some two leagues away, and made him turn back to Granada, where, in April, 1492, the articles of agreement, known as the Capitulations of Sante Fé, were signed, granting Columbus all he asked. Thence he went to Palos in May, to set out in August from that port upon the new and incredible Argonaut voyage, in the course of which his search for the oldest and most historic regions of the earth of olden time was to lead him, the revealer, unintentionally and unknowingly, to chance upon a new creation.

Emilio Castelar.

A WISH.

THIS be my wish: let all my lines
 Across the pages run like vines;
 The words, their shining blossoms be,
 The book, a field of melody.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



PAINTED BY A. GOSBERT.

ENGRAVED BY J. P. DAVIS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

THE EMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS AT PALOS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

IV. THE GREAT VOYAGE.



IN that memorable twelfth of May, Columbus set out from Granada for Cordova, and thence by way of Seville and Huelva to Moguer and Palos, where there awaited him the caravels so ardently desired for the realization of the dreams that to his quickened faith had long seemed actualities. Columbus tarried a few days in Cordova to bid farewell to his dear ones, and to make provision for his sons. The high-born family to whom he was joined by such singular ties, although not wealthy, aided materially in carrying out his plans, and an Arana, a near kinsman of Beatrice, was the devoted companion of Columbus in this first venture. These domestic matters being settled, the discoverer went to Palos, there to devote himself to the arduous task of making ready for the expedition. Money, the first requisite of every practical undertaking, was at hand. Resources had been procured by divers ways and means. By royal warrant a forced levy of three caravels belonging to local pilots was laid upon the town of Palos, to be taken for an unspecified use and an indefinite time.

Toward the end of May the town council published its formal acceptance of the orders, yet by the end of June urgent summons had become necessary, and sharp reprimands for non-compliance with the imperative orders from the palace. This important municipal assistance was supplemented by a grant of 1,140,000 maravedís by the crown of Castile, to which Columbus added 500,000 more as his personal share of one eighth, collected by him with great difficulty from diverse sources. But, even with the money at command, something else was lacking. Those called upon to assist the enterprise, and to accompany the discoverer, mulishly endeavored to escape the onerous duty. Furthermore, as a punishment for their failure to serve the crown, the equipment and costly provisioning of the caravels were imposed upon them, a measure which bore grievously on that needy maritime population. The general sentiment rebelled against the garrulous and flighty adventurer, who wearied them with his Italian volubility, and his fantastic schemes born of a disordered imagination.

The order to provide stores for a whole year struck terror to the bravest souls, whose most daring ocean ventures had rarely carried them more than two hundred leagues from land. In vain the sovereigns sent letter after letter; in vain the alcaldes time and again proclaimed the imperative mandate to the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums; in vain the royal pursuivant, Juan de Peñalosa, compelled the unwilling pilots to embark by force; in vain the mission of the corregidor, Juan de Cepeda, who had forthwith manned the fortifications so as to enforce obedience if need were—the sailors fled like souls borne of demons upon the winds, and, after making the sign of the cross to ward off the wizard spells of the Genoese charlatan, became invisible as though by enchantment.

With the high and inflexible resolve belonging to his character, as we now know it, Columbus so strenuously persisted in launching forth at any hazard and with any possible crew, that he promised, as authentic records show, to throw open the jails and to take the pardoned convicts as sailors, even at the risk of their mutinying, as though his expedition were not glorious, but suicidal. These heroic resolves were at this juncture looked upon as the vagaries of a monomaniac, and exposed him to the danger of being bound and confined in some asylum on the first violent symptoms. Owing to these vulgar distrusts, the opposition of those around him grew in proportion as Columbus redoubled his efforts. Neither the commutation decreed in favor of a number of malefactors who were willing to ship on the caravels, nor other extreme and impossible measures of like violent import, gave results favorable to the expedition, and our pilot ran serious risk of being shipwrecked on the very shores of his desire, and of losing the hoardings of the thirty years and more during which his life and soul had been utterly given to the colossal scheme of his voyage, now well nigh frustrated by the incredible and unforeseen repugnance of the masses at the very time when its success seemed assured by the concessions won from the throne by such herculean efforts. This fresh rebuff completely unhinged the nervous system of Columbus, and brought on attacks of vertigo. With the royal patronage heaped upon his head, with his hardly amassed gold in his scrip, and with the municipal au-

thorities at his feet, his scheme was being baffled and ruined by the resistance of the people.

Fortunately for Columbus, the providential character of his undertaking was on his side, and so also was Juan Perez, the Franciscan, who, as he had previously aided him to meet the objections of the court, now helped him anew to overcome the popular prejudice. Columbus had sought his assistance on three occasions of moral shipwreck,—more dire than those of ocean,—and had thrice found a haven in the affection and wisdom of the friar, whose knowledge of the common people was as great as his knowledge of royalty. As he had successfully besought the throne for needed means, so now he won the popular support, and prevented the royal aid from becoming fruitless through the failure of the townsfolk to give their humble, but perhaps more indispensable, coöperation. His prime motive was his friendship for Columbus, which in fervor equaled that displayed later by so ardent and zealous a man as Padre Las Casas, friendships, both of them, bordering on adoration, and in their material and intellectual aspects bequeathed to after ages. But, apart from this noble personal devotion, Padre Juan was actuated by his love for cosmographic science, born of the sea and fostered by his intercourse with the mariners, as well as by his love for Christianity, so soon to be diffused throughout the far-off lands of which the discoverer discoursed in the cloisters of the convent. Juan Perez, less ignorant of the world than the folk of Moguer and Palos supposed, determined to put himself at the head of the scheme, with both hands and both feet, as we vulgarly say; and thus he won over the Pinzons, as being men especially fitted to rally the much-needed but reluctant sailors, who still persisted in doubting the empty speeches and baseless schemes of an unknown adventurer. Thus comes upon the scene Martin Alonso Pinzon, the illustrious partner in the marvelous enterprise.

The first result of this intervention was the employment of persuasion in place of force; the second, to facilitate the shipment of the crews; the third, a feeling of unanimous confidence in the feasibility of the undertaking, and assurance of a happy outcome. Garci-Fernandez pledged his cosmographic experience on the truth of the scheme; Juan Perez, like a true Franciscan, based his exhortations on its moral and religious aspects: but by far the most influential, because of his being a skilled seaman, was Martin Alonso Pinzon; for with his deep-rooted convictions, his native courage, and his large personal outlays, he assured the practical accomplishment of all that Columbus had planned and his advocates had avouched. Pinzon was an old sailor; a ship-

owner, not only by inclination, but by inheritance. When he took the affair in hand the whole aspect of the situation changed. The timid regained courage, the doubters began to feel hopeful reassurance, the idle bestirred themselves, the lukewarm displayed interest, and the skeptics faith; the deserted strand swarmed with sailors, the calkers' mallets rang on the hulls, the carpenters patched the worn planking, a goodly store of provisions was stowed on board, the riggers stretched cordage and canvas on the bare masts, and there was no longer need of impressed galley-slaves or felons to equip so virtuous and scientific an expedition. At the outset, Columbus would have been content with ninety men, but more than six score were won over by his tireless coadjutor. The discoverer's resources proved scanty, through his having underestimated his requirements, and because of the heavy outlay demanded for the equipment; but his farsighted lieutenant added half a million maravedís to the million and more already given by the Catholic Sovereigns. At that time the population of Palos comprised barely 2000 souls, yet the town furnished three pilots, besides the nucleus of the crew. These sailors of Palos, a lesser number from the neighboring village of Moguer, recruits from Niebla, Huelva, Ayamonte, and some other hamlets, with a few adventurers, made up the crew, which, despite the unusual and perilous character of the voyage, was not after all very heterogeneous.

The drafted caravels did not, in Pinzon's eyes, amount to much. Preferring vessels of small size, because better fitted for shallow coasts and for entering river mouths, the prudent ship-owner discarded the unseaworthy ones, and gave from his own shipyards all that was necessary and useful. He fitted out the *Niña*, built and owned by his younger brother. The *Gallega*, which was larger and more suitable for the flag-ship, besides being the only decked caravel and a strong and stanch ship, he rechristened *Santa Maria*, and assigned to the admiral. The third, which, according to some, was one of the drafted vessels, while others deem it the property of Pinzon himself or of the two brothers, was named the *Pinta*. The village seemed transformed. The road to Moguer was thronged, and so was the way to La Rábida. Many went and came in search of Columbus, who remained at the convent as a guest, but more came and went in search of the Pinzons, who lived in Palos and had relatives in all the neighboring hamlets. Pinzon raised 500,000 maravedís to add to the fund already collected; he provided the expedition with the needful equipment and the provisions requisite for so long a cruise; he

gathered the crew by persuasion and bribes: yet no business papers or receipts changed hands, nor was there any written contract regarding his share of the profits, everything being left to the good faith and proved integrity of both parties. Some writers explain this fact by suggesting that the Pinzons, being men of large knowledge and experience, possessed some certain information on which the plans of the discoverer were based. On duly considering what we know of the active life of Pinzon, notwithstanding his own negligence and the silence of his comrades, all more occupied in doing deeds than in recording them, the conviction grows that he must have made good use of his many opportunities of observation. His cruises in the Mediterranean; his stay in ports and cities where to the traffic in merchandise is joined the interchange of ideas; his watchful study of the twofold teachings of the revealing stars and the shining track of his ships; his observant nature and his investigative mind—all so far raised him above his contemporaries that he was able to comprehend Columbus and follow him, without losing sight of the incentives and rivalries inherent in frail human nature. In one page of his life-story may perchance be found the secret of his action and the grounds of his foresight—in his journey to Rome in quest of facts on which to base fresh expeditions suggested by the example of the Portuguese, and by his own experiences in voyages to Guinea and the Canaries.

Pinzon was intimate with a certain librarian of Innocent VIII. whose name history does not record, and this learned man showed him a map on which lands were vaguely depicted, lying beyond the Fortunate Isles, and to the westward. This may be true or false,—there is no certain authority for the statement,—but it is found in many books, and springs from the splendor of the pontifical court in that age. An inconspicuous figure is this Pope Innocent. Eclipsed between the marvelous artistic achievements of his fortunate predecessor Sixtus IV., who gave his name to immortal monuments, and the enigmatic Alexander VI., whose ambition soared so high and led him so far, he shines only by the fact that his family name is associated with the preliminaries of the Columbian discovery in the inscription on his tomb in the Vatican, which perhaps may atone for weaknesses almost inexcusable, and gain for him the pardon of posterity. But these Italian journeyings of Pinzon, his sojourns in Rome, then glowing with ideas and inspirations, his visits to the Vatican Library, and his acquaintance with the unknown librarian, if they do not prove the existence of that as yet undiscovered map, at least bear witness to the countless treasures of cosmographic learning in the court of

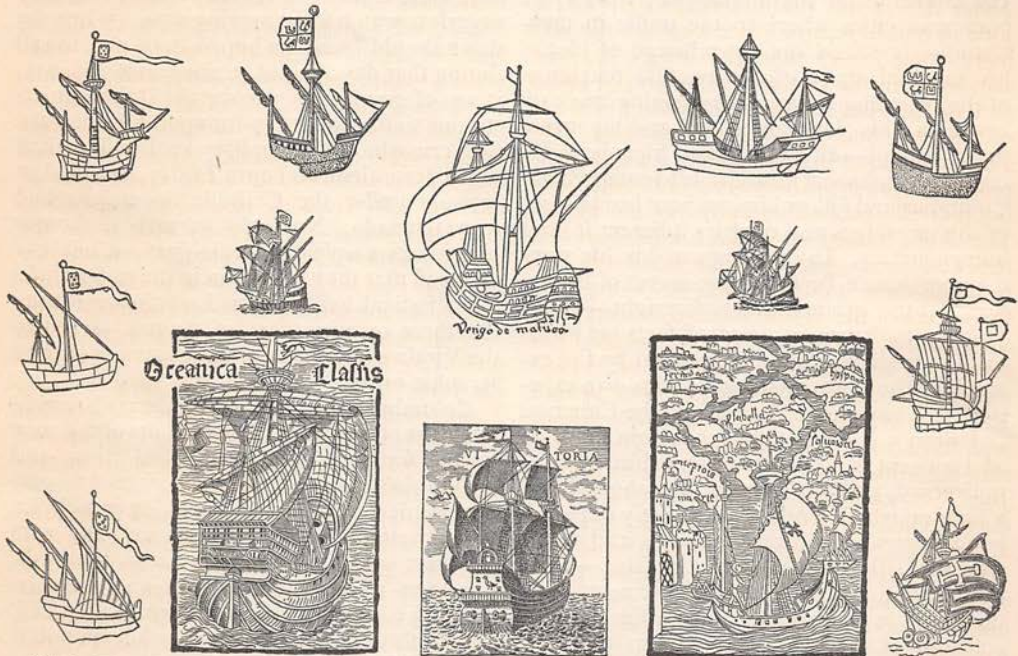
the Vatican, well fitted to arouse in this glorious coadjutor of Columbus the zeal which he displayed in assisting the preparations for the projected voyage, and to train the keen insight that discerned afar its sure success.

On August 2, 1492, everything was ready, and the crew were notified to embark, to await the uncertain moment when a favorable wind should permit the little fleet to set sail. Nothing so befitted that solemn hour as a votive procession from the caravels to the monastery, to which the eyes of the mariners turned as to a spiritual beacon, brighter than any that flared along the headlands. This pious duty performed, the crew returned on board the caravels, where they patiently awaited the order to sail, while Columbus retired to the monastery eagerly to watch for a favoring wind. When the dawn should break, he hoped to be able to sail during that day, August 3, since, being Friday, it was of good omen, despite old Italian superstitions to the contrary; for upon a Friday the first crusade under Godfrey of Bouillon had taken Jerusalem, and on a Friday, too, the last crusade under the Catholic Sovereigns had won Granada. Not only were these famous precedents auspicious to his purpose, but it so chanced that they were then in the midst of the pious festival held by the Franciscans during the three opening days of August, sacred to the Virgin of the Angels, the patroness of their seraphic order.

Columbus kept all sail on his caravels during the night of August 2. The old salts of the crew looked for a favoring wind at starting, and Columbus's eager watchfulness was not to pass unrewarded. From the height on which La Rábida stood, he scanned sea and sky with steadfast gaze, like one of those sea-birds, presagers of changes of wind and weather, clinging to the scarred and storm-beaten cliff. About three in the morning, while the stars yet twinkled in the skies and all earth slumbered, the awaited breeze sprang up, bringing new life to the discoverer's veins and quickening the throbbing of his heart. The pines murmured as though hymning the dawn, and the waters rippled as though heaving with the breath of love and hope. Columbus awakened Padre Juan, and he in turn the child Diego, and the three repaired to the chapel in quest of heavenly aid and religious solace for the approaching pangs of separation and for the fateful voyage. As in the boundless ether shine the stars, so the lamps flickered in the little church, lighting with their rays alike the courses of the ocean and the pathways of the soul. The monk put on his priestly vestments, and celebrated the holy sacrament at the high altar, before the taper-lighted Virgin. The hour was come, and Columbus resolutely descended to

the shore, plucking himself away from embraces that held him to the land like some deep-rooted oak, for the sail-wings were ready to bear him to the realm of sea and sky. He soon reached the wharf, and as the dawn broke in the east the flag-ship majestically ran inshore to take the new Argonaut on board. The fluttering sails, the hurried manœuvres of the crew, the boatswain's whistle, and the cries of the sailors as the ships got under way, announced a speedy departure, and attracted the early risen villagers to the shore in their natural desire to witness the scene, and to bid farewell to departing friends and loved ones. When Columbus sprang from the skiff on board the caravel, and the anchors were weighed, a shudder ran alike through

authorities, the name of caravel was generically given in Columbus's time to any vessel of burden, whatever its size and strength. "A long and narrow single-decked vessel, with a beak at the prow," says our dictionary of Castilian authorities, to which we turn as to an oracle in the matter of national idioms. This definition, in truth, cannot be bettered in its first part, if able nautical treatises are to be trusted. But when that classical dictionary adds that a caravel has three masts of nearly equal size, with three large lateen yards and sails, some emendation seems needful; for though the three ships of Columbus were called caravels, only one of them carried the kind of sail thus described, and that was the smallest and the frailest of them,



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

ANCIENT CARAVELS.

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

the departing sailors and the leave-takers on the strand. Where they were going they knew, but as their westward course after leaving Cadiz and the Canaries was to take them far beyond those lately won islands, none knew whither they were bound or the duration of the voyage. The cross floated above the flag-ship, which bore seaward toward the unknown, seeking mysteries perchance impenetrable and inaccessible to the human mind and unconquerable by human will.

As we have elsewhere said, the caravel was better fitted for the task of discovery than any other bark of that day. Stout and big enough to withstand the shock of waves, it was at the same time sufficiently light and shallow of draft to enter the mouths of rivers and to tack with ease in narrow channels. According to nautical

the *Niña*. Our dictionary is also in conflict with the classic texts of seamanship when it asserts caravels to be dangerous because of their shallow draft, being easily capsized unless their sails were quickly trimmed, when unimpeachable masters of maritime science and experience declare them to have been stanch and stout enough for the needs of those times. The Columbian caravels were at most of eighty tons burden, and had a square poop surmounted by a high castle, to match the smaller castle at the bow. Squaresails were sometimes carried, but caravels were generally lateen-rigged. Nevertheless, the definition of one versed in those matters makes the caravels of larger size than is commonly supposed, and describes them as stanch and fleet, with high castles at stem and

stern, with three vertical masts and a bowsprit, the foremast and mainmast being square-rigged and the mizzenmast carrying a lateen sail. Some assert that they could make but 28 leagues in a day's run, others as high as 72 leagues. With my own eyes I have seen in the Columbian Library at Seville the caravels of Columbus admirably portrayed. The discoverer himself has sketched them faithfully, with the steady hand long trained by his trade of map-drawing. They are found traced in the first decade of Angleria's treatise, which is preserved as one of the priceless books of Ferdinand, the second son of Columbus. The disproportion of size between the ships at once strikes the eye, and therewithal the very great diversity of rig. The *Santa Maria* has the advantage of her consorts in build and size. Her rigging appeared more complicated than the others. Square-sails were on the fore and mainmasts, a lateen yard on the mizzen. The contrast in the height of the prow and the poop was startling. The *Pinta* was shown in the sketch as a sort of compromise between the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña*, but sparred and tackled more like the former. The *Niña* looked very like the modern fishing- and trading-luggers, while her lateen sails recalled those nimble skiffs, so common in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose white sails, bathed in the rays of the southern sun, show gaily between blue sea and bluer sky like gulls skimming over the softly rippling surface. Each of the vessels was manned in accordance with its capacity and importance. In the flagship the admiral was accompanied by a mate, Juan Cosa, a native of the Cantabrian sierras, deep-tanned by the unresting Biscayan sea; a physician of Moguer, Maestre Alonso, well versed in all the experience permitted by the primitive means of observation in his day; a chief alguacil of Cordova; a purveyor of the royal household; a page; a scrivener; a convertite Jew as interpreter; and a *veedor*, or inspector, so called because appointed in towns and cities to enforce the building regulations. Thus, in the second book of the Royal Ordinances, *veedor* is used in the sense of overseer, for it is there declared to be the king's will to depute each year as many discreet men as might be needed as *veedores* to inspect the provinces. The *Pinta* carried a large crew, most of them natives of Palos, with a few from Moguer. The character of the various crews denoted that the *Santa Maria* bore the command, while the *Pinta* carried the greatest possible number of expert seamen. The little *Niña* was also manned by able sailors like those whom Martin Alonso Pinzon had gathered about him in the *Pinta*. Besides the skilled mariners, she carried a surgeon, a silversmith, an Irish guide, and also another of English birth, with several

workmen and farm-laborers from the inland provinces, Estremadura, Andalusia, La Mancha, and even Old Castile.

THE windings of the shore soon hid the fleet from the sight of the villagers, but Fray Perez and his companions watched it for three hours longer, until it sank beneath the distant horizon. During the first few days' run, these barks, laden with bright promises for the future, were sighted by other ships, laden with the hatreds and rancors of the past; for it chanced that one of the last vessels transporting into exile the Jews expelled from Spain by the religious intolerance of which the recently created and odious Tribunal of the Faith was the embodiment passed by the little fleet bound in search of another world, where creation should be new-born, a haven be afforded to the quickening principle of human liberty, and a temple be reared to the God of enfranchised and redeemed consciences. As though the sun were not to shine for all, as though the will of heaven had not made us equal, the accursed spirit of reaction was wreaking one of its stupendous and futile crimes in that very hour when the genius of liberty was searching the waves for the land that must needs arise to offer an unstained abode for the ideals of progress. Following their narrow views, the powers of the middle ages denied even light and warmth to the Jews, at the same time that they revealed a new creation for a new order of society that was predestined by Providence to put an end to all intolerance, and to dedicate an infinite continent to modern democracy.

Columbus bent his course toward Cadiz, and thence to the Canaries. The prow of the flagship being resolutely headed to the west, he descended to the cabin and began his journal. A religious soul, he wrote at the head of such a transcendent record the sacred name of Christ. The divine protection being thus invoked upon his task, he associated the work he had begun with such as had gone before, and, as though he had the power to perceive by intuition how mankind would link the conquest of Granada with the discovery of America, he recorded how he had beheld the cross brought from Toledo shining upon the Vela tower, and had seen the Moorish kings driven from their conquered Eden-city and doing homage to the Christian sovereigns who in that supreme hour wrought the unity of Spain. I recall not now who it is that speaks of the opening pages of that journal as pompous and inflated because of these reminiscences, but surely there is no more potent incentive to grand enterprises in the future than the example of great achievements in the past. The invocation of Catholicism and of the sovereign fitly marks the whole

discovery, for these two great unities were the necessary nucleus about which to garner the innumerable harvest of new lands amid the waves, and the bright constellations of new beliefs in the human soul. He notes how the sovereigns had granted him the style of Don, with the titles of Admiral and Viceroy, to descend to his heirs and successors forever.

The journal serves not alone to disclose the motives of his undertaking; it also exhibits its course day by day. The first three days at sea were favorable. Having set sail on Friday, by the following Sunday they had run some fifty Castilian leagues. But on the fourth day the *Pinta* was imperiled by a defect in her steering-gear, and although the admiral ran up within speaking distance, he could not assist her, fearing a collision, for the wind and the waves were rising. The two owners of the vessel had designedly weakened the rudder, in order to disable her, and to prevent her from going on and being lost, as they deemed the other caravels must surely be, in the storms of the Shadowy Sea. Columbus confided the repairs to his skilful captain, who took temporary command of her. The injury called for workmanship superior to any at command in the watery wastes, and so there was no recourse but to head for the Canaries. They sighted the nearest of the group, Lanzarote, and went on to the Grand Canary, whence they were constrained to go to Gomera, only to return again to the Grand Canary. The first idea of Columbus was to fit out another caravel, in view of the unseaworthiness of the *Pinta*, but none could be found at Gomera. He was obliged to fit a new rudder to the *Pinta*, and to supply the *Niña* with square-sails in place of her lateen rig, before they were enabled to proceed. Their departure was indeed urgent, for a most untoward mishap was to be feared in the expected arrival in the outlying islands of the group of a fleet fitted out by the king of Portugal, and despatched to the furthest limits of the sea then known for the purpose of preventing the passage of Columbus. Yet, despite the tireless activity of the discoverer in hastening the work, the repairs and the procurement of provisions occupied a whole month.

At last, on September 16, the explorers turned their backs upon the known seas and launched forth into the unknown. The *Pinta* led the way, closely followed by the *Santa Maria* flying the standard of command, and lastly came the *Niña*. The little fleet seemed a living poem, and the obstacles now past, like those hurled against the heroes of olden epics by adverse gods, became mere symbols of the evil inherent in our nature and spreading as a subtle venom through all creation.

There is a lack of agreement as to the part the Genoese pilot and the mariner of Palos

respectively played toward the discovery of the New World. Columbus excelled his helpmate in the abstract sciences, in intuitive imagination, and in inspiration, but Pinzon assuredly excelled Columbus in experience, in shrewdness, in administrative ability, in aptness to command, in power of discipline and organization, in everything executive, effective, and practical. Pinzon was a skilful financier in controlling the expenses of the little fleet, a good administrator in equipping the ships, a consummate commander in enrolling and disciplining the crew; but he was in no wise a revealer, such as Columbus is proclaimed to have been by the voice of all peoples and all ages. When we see Pinzon assembling the crews after the royal deputies and *alcaldes* had failed; equipping the fleet in but fifteen days when Columbus and his agents had not been able to do so in three months; supplying from his own purse the deficiency in the royal contribution; navigating the dangerously damaged *Pinta* from Cadiz to the Canaries; and when later we are to behold him rising to greater achievements than all these, bringing resolute decision to the accomplishment of his purposes, we may truly say, without detracting from the splendid height to which Columbus rose, that there is still a place in the epic of this titanic exploration for the grand figure of the pilot and shipbuilder of Palos, who not only rendered the departure of the expedition possible, but who, the voyage once begun, was perhaps the most resolute and powerful of will in preventing its failure.

Early in September they left the Canaries behind, and plunged into the abyss of ocean. It was growing urgent that Columbus should do this, for in the eyes of his companions the most ordinary phenomena became celestial warnings. In the clear, half-Andalusian, half-tropical nights of the Canaries rose the deep-furrowed violet cone of the volcano of Teneriffe, in crimson eruption, like a new sun springing into birth, shooting its iris-tinted flames through clouds of smoky ashes, with torrents of stony fragments like falling meteors or glowing like an incandescent milky way — all this filled them with dread, for they deemed the flaring mountain some vast Cyclops, imprisoned there by the divine hand at the uttermost portals of the known earth, to bar the pathway to the unknown world. Columbus showed them the error of their superstition, and how the self-same phenomena were repeated on the familiar shores of Etruria, Italy, Sicily, and Greece. But although their dread was speedily tranquilized by his marvelous eloquence, any unforeseen and fortuitous occurrence threatened to revive their fears and to wreck the plan through uncontrollable panic. At length a favoring easterly breeze sprang up, and the ships sped arrow-

like on their course. The land soon sank from view, and the explorers found themselves alone with sea and sky.

As the astute Genoese well divined the dread which the ever-increasing distance was certain to arouse, he kept two log-books, one for himself and the other for the crew. In the former he recorded the actual run, in the latter a lesser distance; by which device he diminished the fears and restrained the impatience of his susceptible shipmates. But in doing this an unforeseen complication arose. Their sure guide, the compass, that ever had pointed fixedly to the north, began to waver. Although this phenomenon had been known for two centuries,—though many say it had never been observed until then,—the crew gave themselves up for lost, and imagined that for them even the one fixed point was shifting, as though God had cast them off. Columbus recognized the necessity of explaining this phenomenon as he had explained the volcanoes. But the explanation was not easy, for while the volcanoes were like others already known, it was impossible to understand or explain the variation of the needle by any familiar fact or experience.

It seems strange that these pilots of Palos and Genoa should have been ignorant of a fact like the variation of the compass, touching which, as some assert, there then existed dissertations in the library of the Vatican, that storehouse of astronomical and nautical treatises indispensable to one who, like the pontiff, aspired through his religious power and universal authority to dominate all the earth. But this deviation, which is noticed in each latitude until it becomes an oscillation at the equator and is reversed in the southern hemisphere, may possibly have been observed before that time, although it remained without plausible explanation; and so it remains, even in our day, one of those occult mysteries which surround the countless facts recorded in the tables of intellectual progress. Sailors call this inexplicable deviation of the needle "nor'-nor'-westing." Columbus accounted for it partly by the shifting of the polar star, partly by the center of attraction not being in that star, but in some other opaque body near the pole, and by countless other specious reasons evolved from his fecund fancy. The crew, however, remained incredulous, unsatisfied by the persuasive words of the discoverer. In the southern temperament nervous impatience predominates. A northerner generalizes less than a southron. We Spaniards cannot see a thing begun without instantly deducing all its consequences, nor hear a thing planned without fancying it already done. To such plastic imaginations fancies appear as solid realities.

The admiral's earnest attention was now

given to signs of land, which to his anxious mind seemed to be so near. On the spur of the moment, when Pinzon, who was best able to comprehend him, came within hailing distance, he would converse with him through the speaking-trumpet, or exhibit imaginative charts, drawn by himself, on which appeared the island of Cipango, set in those very latitudes through his erroneous conception of ocean's limits. At times in some insignificant object he would discern a trace of the vanished Atlantis of Plato merged in the watery abysses. Soon after quitting the Canaries, a broken mast floated by, which to the malcontents seemed an omen of the punishment reserved for their temerity, the proof of some terrible wreck suffered by others who had dared to clutch at old ocean's secrets, and to violate the mystery wherewith the inscrutable will of Providence had shrouded the sea. Passing patches of sea-wrack served to confirm a statement in Aristotle's "Natural History" touching the abundance of tunny-fish beyond the Fortunate Isles. Any stray bird was a prophecy. Columbus was especially encouraged by the small size and frailness of those he saw, for they could live only on land, near human habitations or among cultivated fields where they could find proper food. With singular acumen he remarked that these birds did not appear to be exhausted, and consequently could not have flown far from these inhabited spots. Whales, too, afforded him like encouragement. Several of these cetaceans suddenly appeared, spouting high as they basked on the gentle swell; and he at once reverted to his pilot's experience and knowledge of natural history, declaring that such creatures never ventured far from the coast, because they love the land. On one occasion, spying a crab clinging to a broken bough, he carefully netted and guarded it as a positive sign that fluvial waters must be near. When all else failed, he dipped up water from the vessel's wake, and, tasting it, compared it to water he had tested in other times and places, estimating from its greater or less saltiness the amount of admixed fresh water from neighboring mountains or plains. A pelican plunged him into a fever of hope. These birds resemble swans, but are of heavier build, with plumage of pearly whiteness, long and flexible necks, serrated beaks, and webbed feet. Being equally adapted to live on shore or on water, they stow the sea-caught fish in their capacious pouches, and carry them to the land, there to devour them at leisure among the trees. All around them was bright; the calm sea smelt as sweet as the Guadalquivir overhung by arching orange-bloom; the trade-wind fanned their brows and refreshed their frames; shoals of leaping dolphins played beside the hulls; and flocks of land-birds followed the sails aloft, while the

splendors of the day widened the circle of the sky in an incomparable and infinite transparency.

The very loveliness and calm, while buoying up the hopes of Columbus, disheartened the doubting crew still more, for they deemed the sea brightened with treacherous gleams to wile them, siren-like, before destroying them. The unchanged direction of the wind, now favorable for their continued advance, but an invincible obstacle to their return; the variation of the needle, as though the very north were abandoning them to chance; the distance sailed without sighting land; the endless and changeless horizons, and the environment of naught but sea and sky, seemed to them like the surroundings of some other planet, devoid of any firm and solid element; and hence sprang the belief, befitting their mental capacity, that life in this ambient medium of air and water belonged to birds or fishes, not to man. How strange, then, that their ships should straightway encounter excessively solid obstacles! On reaching a certain spot, great masses of vegetation filled the ocean, some resembling the mosses of the crags and others purely aquatic, stretched and interwoven in knotty tangle, forming vast labyrinths of densely matted foliage floating at hazard. Growths like the land plant we call starwort, rootless and stemless for better floating, laden with scarlet berries like the mountain mastic, spread over the sea, making it a pathless prairie, as though by magic art its fluidity had been turned to wondrously thick and solid vegetation. To sailors already filled with distrust, forced unwillingly upon this voyage, far out upon a boundless sea, and driven before an unchanging wind, weary of fruitless watching for some other sign of life than the birds and fishes that came only to disappear again, that thick tapestry about their ships must in truth have seemed a snare spread by demons to entangle them, and to hold them forever in its treacherous meshes. Their discontent found vent in those ominous murmurings that forebode some terrible outbreak of fury. When they struck this obstacle their sails for eleven days had been bellied by the unchanging wind. Although the sounding-lead had often pierced the waters no bottom had been found, even at the depth of more than two hundred fathoms. What with the steadiness of the wind, the failure to strike soundings, and the density of the sargasso, there was ample cause for the old dread to waken anew, and for the timid to shrink back.

Familiar with the current fables of maritime disaster, they dreaded lest they might meet the fate of San Amaro, caught in the clutches of the ice-pack, and perishing in his floating prison, when he daringly invaded the frozen ocean, less terrible than the Shadow Sea. In

the primitive state of knowledge at that time it was hard to make them understand such phenomena. Geology was not yet even imagined. Beyond the record of Genesis, and the scholastic commentaries thereon; beyond the narrow teachings of the erudite *literati*, the naturalistic poem of "Lucrece," the writings of Hesiod, and Ovid's "Metamorphoses," none had searched the fountainhead of things, still less divined the endless chain of cause and effect which gives birth to systematic existences in logical and eternal evolution. Had you told them that the work of creation is still going on, and shown them that vegetative rock, having power to generate other infusorial plants to turn likewise to stone in the lapse of time, and with their madreporic cells build up islands and archipelagoes and continents, they would have called you mad, and visited your incurable insanity with mockery or blows. Europe was once joined to Africa where the Strait of Gibraltar now interposes, as Africa, until yesterday, was joined to Asia by the Isthmus of Suez, pierced under our own eyes. The chain of island groups stretching westward to the New World is doubtless a series of signal-stations whose summits point out the Atlantean land preserved in poesy though vanished in reality, even as those tangled forests of giant vegetation, half terrestrial, half aquatic, so appalling to these first explorers, typify the universality of life, ascending from the lower vegetative organism to the higher animal existence in unbroken sequence. But on encountering this unexpected phenomenon, wherein they beheld only an unfathomable mystery, the men murmured exceedingly, while Columbus remained calm and unmoved. At length they passed through the herbaceous sea, and left it far behind. But the dread of the sailors, more or less real, abated not, for as the waves had long slumbered beneath their leafy screen, so now the winds slumbered in a portentous calm. The miserable men watched their dwindling store of food in dread of starvation, and the lessening stock of water with fears of thirst. But their greatest terror lay in the prolonged calm, and in the prospect of drifting indefinitely upon the infinite deep, to waste and fall and perish. No agony so sharp as that which heralds hopeless death by hunger and thirst. The apprehension of such tortures drove them frantic. The recollection of so many shipwrecked men, clinging to a frail plank on ocean's expanse, gnawing their own flesh and sucking their own veins in their delirium, begat in them such a dread of these unspeakable torments that in their overwrought state they seemed actually to endure them. It stood to reason that any long-continued delay in sighting land must so work upon their fears as to make them turn back. No man among them had ever be-

fore ventured two hundred leagues from the coast, and these wretched sailors had already come eight hundred leagues. The two affections we call nostalgia and abhorrence of the sea spread among the crew like a pestilence, each taking the contagion from his comrade, until not one was exempt. In their floating prison feelings of enmity arose among them, while all shared in hatred of the admiral who had led them into such dire straits. With wrathful eyes and curse-laden lips they became openly rebellious. No outward influence was there to calm their minds. They who had hailed with gladness the first circling birds beheld them now with indifference. Not even when the wind changed were their apprehensions allayed. Although Columbus welcomed any breeze, however contrary, because it showed the possibility of progress in some direction, to them the wind seemed too fierce when it bore them away from their loved Andalusia, and too weak to cheer them when it blew toward home. While the dead calm palsied all progress, they writhed like men possessed; and when it rippled the face of the waters, they fancied themselves driven by blind hazard toward the abyss, and suffered the agonies of the stake and the searing brand.

"They were right who called this Genoese a madman," muttered the sailors. Instead of being himself bound, he, with a madman's cunning, had bound his opponents to his own sad fate. Inspired by greed alone, he looked for power and riches impossible of attainment to a man of his mean talents and lack of capability. Only a foreign outcast, like the admiral, could thus lightly sacrifice valuable Spanish lives to the vain schemes bred in his maggotty brain. The sovereigns had distrusted him; but their courtiers, more vainglorious than sapient, had misled them, and induced them in their goodness of heart to encourage this scatter-brained lunatic. It would be a good thing to lay hold on him and throw him overboard, to make his reckoning with the sharks that hovered near the caravels in instinctive anticipation of their approaching feast. There was no such thing as land in all that Shadowy Sea; its fancied allurements were but leading them on to be swallowed up in the deep. They had sailed many weary leagues, run long courses day by day, traversed endless spaces with steadfast prow; yet had found naught but watery wastes in that barren expanse, as void of islands and continents as the heaving solitude of the Noachian deluge. There is nothing so epidemic as fear, naught so contagious. These things grew as they were repeated from lip to lip. By his own conduct Columbus fed the doubts he had sown. He slept not, and sleeplessness is a sure sign of madness. He took no food—a proof of hal-

lucination, they cried. He was solitary amid scenes where companionship is craved; he prayed for hours like a recluse, which showed his uselessness as a pilot. He was proud of having taken the minor orders of the church, as forestalling a bodily death by dying unto men; like a magician he traced mystic symbols among his papers; he foretold strange events like a soothsayer; from the commonest occurrences he drew the wildest conclusions, like some wizard divining the fortunes of life by palmistry; and he predicted good luck that came not, like a gipsy fortune-teller.

In consequence of all this, the murmurs became threats presaging mutiny. Columbus met this feeling among his crew with the disdain befitting his inner conviction of a fortunate outcome to the voyage. When the crew remonstrated, he answered them patiently; when they thronged to listen, he fascinated them by the flow of his eloquence. After he had overcome their dread of the eruptions of Teyde by telling them of Etna and Vesuvius; their dismay at the variation of the needle by his hypothesis of the shifting of the constellations in whose midst the north star shone; their fear of the sea-tangle by announcing it to be a certain sign of land; their terror when the trade-wind blew unchangingly by predictions of a contrary breeze when they should reach other latitudes; their affright when meteors fell as from aerial volcanoes by theories borrowed from his cosmographic knowledge; their timorousness of the heavy ground-swell, when scarce a breath of air stirred, by half-prophetic conjectures of currents deep in the bowels of the ocean; meeting their apprehensions with facts drawn from his own experience, or by brilliant sallies of imagination, or the incisive utterances of his keen Italian wit, and calculations more or less exact based on his knowledge of mathematics—having done all this, he would become, as it were, transfigured by the ardor of inward faith, offering to them, now voluptuous paradises like Mohammed, now golden cities like Marco Polo; now happy eclogues like Virgil, now fortunate eras like the Cumæan Sibyl; now the spreading of God's holy name among far-off peoples like David or Isaiah, now divine raptures like St. Francis of Assisi; now schemes to win back the Holy Sepulcher like Godfrey of Bouillon, being himself at once cosmographer, mathematician, clairvoyant, prophet, and trader.

But when he withdrew from their sight, when his words were unremembered, they congregated in the fore-castle and fell into their old ways, venturing to propose schemes of return; for they had gone further than ever man had gone, and had found abundant proof that in these latitudes there was naught but endless sea and sky. Punctilious, like all good Spaniards;

timorous, after the wont of sailors; loquacious, like all good Andalusians, the real motive which, after all, defeated their schemes of turning back was what we call "black shame," the dread of being called cowards, an epithet inapplicable to such men as they, who for two months had sailed the Shadowy Sea, defying the fury of the universe, and tempting even the divine wrath by their unparalleled audacity. The established fact is that they held a meeting for the purpose of protesting, and positively, though perhaps not very respectfully, demanded that the ships be turned eastward and homeward.

In these incidents many writers have found material enough for dramas and romances of the most thrilling interest, wherein they picture an active mutiny, ending with a melodramatic appeal by Columbus for three days more of grace, after which, if the Indies were not encountered, the deceiver was to surrender at discretion to the rebels, who had already sworn to quarter his body and to cast it to the fishes. This done, they were to turn back to Spain, where they were assured of a triumphal welcome for so just a punishment of this artful cozeners. The story remained in vogue a long time, and the public repeated it. Those most familiar with this interesting period of our story have feared to deprive it of a dramatic element by taking away this picture. But in all conscience we must say that, while our scrupulous investigations as a historian confirm the grumbings and discontent, there was no mutiny, if we are to credit the testimony of eye-witnesses written and avouched at the time. There was much murmuring against the admiral, and even a demand that he should turn back, but no insults or insubordination, much less revolt or disorder.

Yet the opposition to Columbus's purposes and course, even if not disrespectful and riotous, must have been formidable since the admiral found himself forced to call a council, and to seek its advice touching the continuance of the voyage. Pedro Bilbao, a Biscayan, one of the crew of the admiral's caravel, relates that he had often heard that some of the sailors wanted to turn back but were dissuaded by the admiral, who promised them rewards. Garcia Alonso of Palos heard the men say among themselves that they were lost, whereupon the admiral answered that he would soon give them "land ho!" In the judicial proceedings in which many of the shipmates of Columbus testified, only one told of a mutinous rising, but from hearsay merely, for he did not take part in this first voyage. After long study of this incident, I agree with the account of the scene given by the erudite investigator Fernandez Duro, in his essay touching the relations between Pinzon and the admiral in setting on foot the first ex-

ploration of the Shadowy Sea, and effecting the discovery of America. The whole narrative of the academic historian rests on the sincere and trustworthy testimony of the pilot Hernan Perez Mateos, given in his retirement at Santo Domingo, when the events were fresh in his memory, and when he, an aged man, soon to appear before the Divine Judge, realized the punishment of falsehood in the other world and its dishonor in this. In fact, the crew of the flag-ship wanted to turn back, and persisted clamorously in their petition. There are some who would belittle the blindness of those men by the ingenious assertion that they demanded to return, not to Spain, but to the imagined islands left on each hand by the discoverer's pertinacity in steering due westward, unlike Pinzon, who made frequent lateral excursions because his ship was swifter than the admiral's caravel, which, however, he kept in sight. Indeed, the lieutenant advocated bearing a little to the southward in that weary search for the west, but without going beyond mere advice. The sailors of the *Santa Maria* were probably less deferential than Pinzon when the admiral hurriedly called the council, if we accept the judicial investigation, where the facts of such a complex story as this of the first voyage are so conflictingly told. So, while the two caravels were tacking to and fro, and the flag-ship was holding a steady course, Columbus addressed the assembly, relating what had occurred and truthfully setting forth the demands of his crew. Thereupon Pinzon gave his views simply and fully, adding his condemnation of the malcontents. "Señor," cried the brave shipmaster of Palos, addressing the chief, "your grace should hang half a dozen of these fellows and throw them overboard, and if this likes you not, I and my brothers will bear down on them and do it; for a fleet obeying the orders of such exalted princes must not return without good tidings." Hearing this, in plain Castilian, from a man of such large experience, the grumblers consented to share Columbus's fortunes and returned to orderly obedience.

When the admiral witnessed the moral power of Pinzon over the crew of the flagship, he thanked him with suffused eyes and saddened voice, saying, "May fortune ever attend you!" After this benediction, turning to his comrades, and doubtless feeling in his heart that they were not far wrong in view of the indefinite prolongation of the voyage, he added, "Martin Alonso, let us do these hidalgos right; let us sail on a few days more, and if therein we sight not land, we will give another order touching our course." The lieutenant deemed this a needless concession to the malcontents, and in a voice that rose above the tumult of wind and wave he cried, "Forward! forward! forward!" This

thrice-repeated cry, from one of such sturdy will and iron mold, saved the expedition, even as his tireless efforts had aided and equipped it at the outset. Whatever the later acts of Pinzon may have been, let us suspend judgment upon them; it behoves us now to declare that by his steadfast resoluteness in this supreme hour he merits an equal share with Columbus in the unfading glory of the discovery of America.

But in truth none of those who took part in the discovery are undeserving of reward, even though they felt the pangs of a terror born of the doubts inseparable from so daring and uncertain an enterprise. Although the sailors knew the duration of the voyage, they were ignorant of the actual distance they had come. Columbus, as we have said, kept the real runs a secret. On October 1 the pilot of the flag-ship reckoned that they had run from the meridian of the island of Ferro some 578 leagues, while the admiral knew that they had come 707 leagues. About this same time the *Pinta's* reckoning was 634 leagues from Ferro, while the *Niña* made it 540. While sailing thus, one of the Pinzons, from the masthead, cried, "Land!" The cry fell like a paschal peal upon the ears of these mariners, who had given themselves up for lost and doomed to die in the fathomless vast. When Columbus heard the glad cry, he kneeled in rapture on the deck, and with devoutly clasped hands, lifting his joy-filled eyes to heaven, intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis" to the author of all created things.

But all this fervor was in vain. No land appeared; rather the semblance of it vanished as they drew near the spot where the deceptive mirage had beguiled their sight and hopes. A phenomenon like that often produced by an ardent sun among the Libyan sands had been repeated upon the Atlantic. Twice the two caravels, which went ahead at the flag-ship's orders, seemed to behold a dim continent near by, as unreal in sooth as the vague longings and unsubstantial visions of the mind. The sovereigns, among the orders given previous to the sailing of the expedition, had assigned 10,000 maravedís to him who should first see land. Even as the crew, before their fruitless revolt, frustrated in its inception, saw naught before them save the abyss of annihilation, so now, by one of those common mental reactions, all felt the pulsings of a newer and higher life, and beheld the signs of a new world amid the waves. And this assurance, following hard upon their old despondency, took such deep hold on their minds, that they imagined the steadfast westerly course commanded by their leader was leaving undiscovered islands on each side of their track. We may thus comprehend how the sailors of the *Niña* were so far led away as to fire a gun and to hoist their

flag before a mere mirage. To avert the recurrence of such mistakes, the admiral gave orders peremptorily excluding from the royal prize any one who should cry "Land!" if his announcement were not verified within three days. The frequent raising of false hopes might well bring about renewed disheartenment, which, by begetting outbreaks, would defeat the purpose of the expedition. But to humor the Pinzons after their undeception, and as they continued to tack to and fro some fifteen leagues around the flag-ship, by reason of their impatience and the greater speed of their vessels, Columbus heeded their wishes and, deviating a little from the latitude of Ferro, which he had hitherto followed, turned toward the southwest. As the middle of October drew nigh, birds flocked around the caravels in increasing numbers, and with each day's progress the hopes of making land grew stronger. Pinzon showed the admiral that it was indispensable not only to shape their course by the stars but also by the flight of the birds, as the Portuguese had done before, whereby the latter had discovered the islands already added to their far-stretching dominions. For the birds not only hovered about the ships in the infinite solitude, gladdening the eye with their gay plumage and filling the air with their twitterings, but, like true guiding pilots, went on before toward the land.

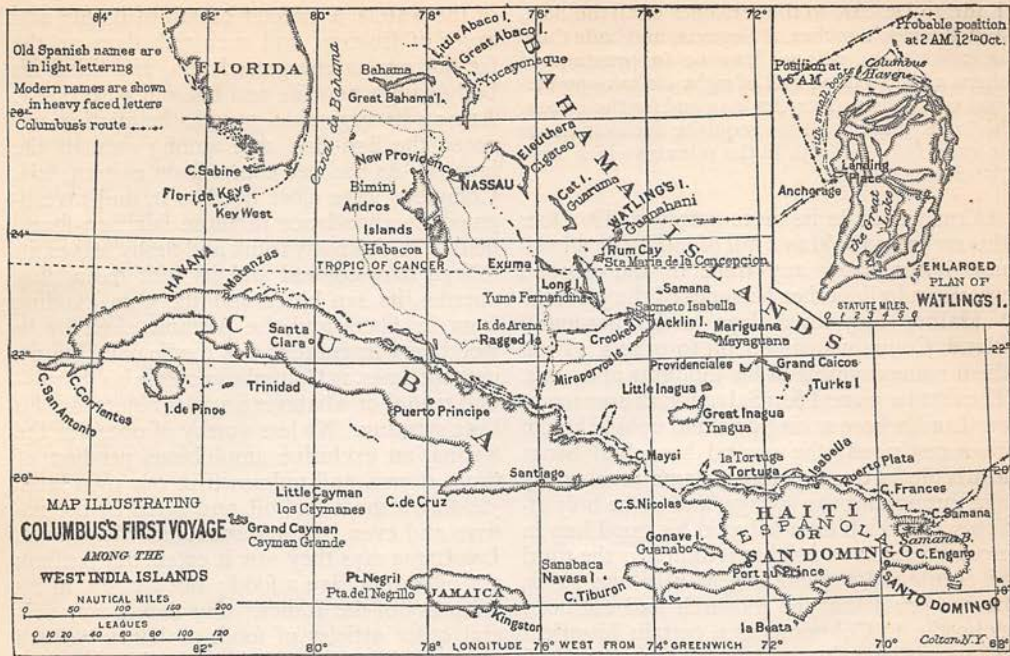
It was the afternoon of October 11, 1492. The signs of land now made it high time to prepare for the approaching disembarkation, for which all needful measures had been ripely planned by the admiral, who in fifteen years had never for an instant doubted the realization of his predictions. He began by heaving the lead, and found bottom instead of the hitherto unfathomable deep. He eagerly scanned the cloud-banks, those mysterious counterfeits of coast and shore so keenly watched by the practical sailor. He also attentively regarded every faint breath of air, and was reassured; for the breezes shifted and blew from every quarter, a sure indication of the irregular conformation and the sinuosity of land near by, in contrast with the winds of the watery waste whose sameness fitly lent constancy to its currents of air. He ordered the sails to be lowered when he should give the word, the other caravels running alongside the flag-ship and heaving to. In these orders he laid stress on the need of coming within unmistakable range of the shore before crying "Land!" and he added a gaudy trifle in the shape of a satin jerkin to the prize offered by the sovereigns for the first announcement of the discovery. Had Columbus kept the course he laid on leaving Ferro, his landfall would have been in the Florida of today, that is, upon the main continent; but owing

to the deflection suggested by the Pinzons, and tardily accepted by him, it was his hap to strike an island, very fair to look upon, but small and insignificant when compared with the vast island-world in whose waters he was already sailing. Let us not, however, forestall events, but confine ourselves to the historical narrative in due order of time. Each moment brought a revelation. A solitary half-tame turtle-dove flew near them. The dove was soon followed by a floating leafy reed, wherein, gazing upon it from the deck of the *Santa Maria*, Columbus pictured some broad sea-marsh clinging to the skirts of the firm land. Scarcely had the crew of the flagship seen this green reed, when from the *Niña* was sighted a branch of hawthorn, such as crowns the hedge-rows of Andalusia, laden with ripe, lustrous berries of coral and crimson. But the *Pinta* was the most favored of them all, for she met with an object that positively demonstrated the existence of human beings near by, amid the endless sea that stretched around the voyagers. A floating log was seen; the net was cast, and like a fish snared in its meshes the log was brought on board. It proved to be skilfully carved, another sure promise of finding the land they sought. The tidings were borne to Columbus. In the full assurance that he was nearing land, he determined to retire to his cabin and to hold communion with his inmost thoughts. But first he knelt in prayer.

It was eight in the evening of Thursday, October 11. Columbus, after having performed his daily devotions and refreshed himself, went on deck and eagerly scanned the western space. He stood alone. He had scarcely slept since leaving Palos, and none of his comrades slumbered that night. Standing there, apart, for each sailor was keeping watch in his own place, and performing his allotted duties, after an hour of intense self-communion, with eyes fixed on the surrounding scene, a glad cry leaped from his heart. He had seen a light on land, a light unlike the stars above or the phosphorescent gleam of the waves. He summoned Pedro Gutierrez, chamberlain in the king's service, who had joined him at Palos, and who by reason of his dignity and rank was his constant associate, telling him how his eyes had seen a light, and asking him if indeed he too could see it with his less excited eyes. The chamberlain answered that he saw the light, but in his joy Columbus could scarce credit this assurance, so welcome to his own agitated mind. To be still more certain, the two called to them the purveyor of the fleet, Rodrigo de Segovia. But, probably because he was expected to see something, he saw nothing. The horizon re-

lapsed into obscurity, and Columbus into his old anxiety. The little squadron sailed swiftly on before a brisk and favorable breeze. Although close-reefed, the steady wind wafted them on their course. Columbus passed half the night on deck, motionless and chill as a statue, wrapped in ecstatic thought. He knew that the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, being swifter ships, were the more likely first to sight land, and so he allowed them to precede him, thinking of naught in that supreme hour save the speediest realization of the coveted discovery. That good fortune fell to the *Pinta*. At about two in the morning of October 12, amid the sheen of the stars and the phosphorescence of the sea, one of the crew, a native of Seville, keen of sight and with eyes accustomed like some nocturnal creature to the darkness, cried, "Land!" And when he uttered this cry, Martin Alonso Pinzon fired a gun, whose resounding echoes carried consolation to the feverishly expectant sailors, who had well nigh lost faith in the evidence of their own senses, after their prolonged doubts and trials.

Columbus donned his richest apparel, flung upon his shoulders a cloak of rosy purple, grasped in one hand the sword of combat and in the other the Redeemer's cross, and, standing beneath the sovereign banner, spread like a canopy above his head, and gold-embroidered with the royal initials and the Castilian crown, he assembled all the chief comrades of his voyage about him as in a peerless court pageant. Then, disembarking, he knelt upon the land, raised his eyes heavenward, and with uplifted arms joined with his followers in a *Te Deum*. The miracle was wrought at last, and wrought by faith. He who pens these words, on reading the lines of the great poet Schiller upon Columbus, found therein a philosophical thought, as original as profound, calling upon the discoverer to press ever onward, for a new world will surely arise for him, inasmuch as whatever is promised by genius is always fulfilled by nature. And, musing thereon, I thus expanded that thought as a fitting close to this part of my story of the discovery: When I regard this achievement, the most living, evident, and effulgent lesson it bears is the triumph of Faith. To cross the seas of life, naught suffices save the bark of Faith. In that bark the undoubting Columbus set sail, and at his journey's end found a new world. Had that world not then existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the Atlantic, if to no other end than to reward the faith and the constancy of that great man. America was discovered because Columbus possessed a living faith in his ideal, in himself, and in his God!



As regards the route taken by Columbus in his first voyage among the islands, these maps follow the lines laid down by the German traveler Rudolf Cronau, in his recent work, "Amerika." His views are based on a thorough exploration of the Bahamas.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

V. THE NEW WORLD.



HERE are longings which can find expression only in music, and ideas which poetry alone may convey. As human speech, creation's divinest work though it be, is too weak to voice the infinite intensity of love,

so history, although showing forth the mind of man as the universe proclaims its Maker, can never in its cold analysis rise to the level of poetry, which after all is the sole human medium capable of fitly depicting the feelings of Columbus in presence of those islands—the ecstatic rapture of sight and sense, the mingling of all his being with the virgin life there revealed amid blue seas and skies, as though it were the work of his own soul and the crystallization of his great purpose.

Something akin to the feelings of Him who looked upon his work and saw that it was good must have been in the mind of Columbus when he gazed upon those islands, and in the ecstasy of his joy found them fair beyond the fondest imaginings of his fancy. Yet Columbus is silent

touching his emotions, as well at the sight of the dim taper that told of human life amid the wastes as when he beheld the first land that proved the truth of his predictions. A monkish chronicler, in the solitude of his cell, could scarce have set down more curtly the acts of other men than has Columbus his own deeds.

“At the second hour,” he says, “after midnight, the land appeared, two leagues distant. All sails were furled, leaving only the stormsail, which is the squaresail without bonnets, and they lay hove-to awaiting the day, Friday, when they reached one of the Lucayos, which in the Indian tongue was called Guanahani. Soon naked men were seen, and the admiral went ashore in the long boat, with Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vicente Yañez, his brother, who was captain of the *Niña*. The admiral displayed the royal standard, and the captains the two flags of the green cross, which the admiral carried on all the ships as signals, bearing an F and a Y, and above each letter a crown, one on one side of the cross and the other on the other. On reaching shore they saw very green trees, and much water, and fruits of divers kinds. The admiral summoned the two captains with the others who went ashore, and

Rodrigo Descovedo the scrivener of all the fleet, and Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and bade them bear faith and witness how he in presence of them all was taking and of right did take possession of said island for the king and for the queen, his lords, making all the requisite declarations as is more fully set forth in the minutes which were there drawn up."

Could the tale be more simply told? Does this recital, as bald as a bill of lading or a business letter, show any trace of the emotion which underlies other passages of the journal?

Halting only three days in the first-found island, Columbus passed on to others, giving them names typical of his thoughts and aims. The first he named San Salvador, in homage to our Lord, whose saving arm had upheld him in his sorest need; the second he called Santa María de la Concepcion, a name invoked by him throughout the voyage, and to the holy efficacy of which he attributed his good hap in escaping storm and sickness hitherto; the third he christened Fernandina, as a tribute to his king, a proof that the monarch had not been as hostile to Columbus as a certain historical school maliciously supposes, or that, if he had been, Columbus sought his future favor and consigned the past to oblivion; to the fourth he gave the name which he might well have used at first, or at least employed before the king's, the name of Isabella. Thus the discoverer went on, in the effusive joy of his first communings with this renewed Eden-world of nature, fulfilling by the giving of these names the debts of gratitude he owed.

Island after island rose before him, yet he came not to any continent, although in his ignorance of the true extent of the ocean he imagined himself at the threshold of Eastern Asia, and about to realize his lifelong dream of finding the Indian empire. Feverishly he sought the one factor that could lend value to his discovery, but gold was rare in those islands, which yielded but bloom and fruitage, heaped as by enchantment upon the billows of the Atlantic.

But let us follow the track of the discoverer. On October 12 Columbus sighted the island of San Salvador. On the 15th, he sailed toward the island he named Santa María, and thence toward Fernandina. October 19, he discovered Isabella. In the first two of these he was especially struck by the primitive and natural state of the islanders, naked yet not ashamed, who gazed upon the strange objects presented to their view with a childlike curiosity; in the second he remarked, as we have seen, an ascent in the scale of life denoted by the products of a rudimentary industry; in the third island a purity of atmosphere, a mysterious ethereal irradiation, a crystalline transparency

of the waters, a sweeter breath of bloom and savor of fruitage, and such rich dyes on the far horizon as enraptured him, and filled his body with a new life and his soul with poesy. Among its vegetable growths he particularly noted the lign-*aloe*, and among animals the iguana. As the tree comes from eastern Asia, Columbus gave close heed to it, and investigated its abundance in those fair new-found fields. With knotty trunk and fleshy leaves, its foliage dark-colored and its fruit resembling cherries, its sap bitter and the gum exuding from its fibers and the perfume shed by its wood very fragrant, it was medicinally known in those times, as Columbus notes in his diary—that record of whatever singular object met his keen scrutiny. No less worthy of note was the iguana, an exclusive amphibious product of those shores, and unknown in our own land, yielding a medicinal oil, and eaten by the natives and even by the discoverers themselves. Las Casas says they saw it eaten, but partook not of so repulsive a food; but Acosta, in his "History of the Indies," after mentioning several other articles of food, exclaims, "Much more toothsome is the iguana, although foul to look upon, for it is like the lizard of Spain." In traversing those seas, two contradictory impressions possessed the discoverer—his infinite delight with what he beheld and his bitter disappointment at finding nowhere the gold he coveted. He notes the products brought by the savages, and at each step very ingeniously and sincerely bewails the scarcity of the wished-for precious metal. The first tribe he met offered him balls of cotton yarn, gay parrots, arrows, "and other trifles which it were tedious to write down"; and although he inquired diligently if they had any gold, and noted how some of them wore a bit of it suspended from their pierced nostrils, he found nothing of value. He asked the bedizened natives whence they procured their gold, and from their responses, made in signs, not words, he inferred the existence of golden sands in the vicinity, and vases or jars of gold in neighboring lands that lay to the southward and were ruled by a powerful monarch. Columbus sought to induce his informants to guide him to this new *El Dorado*, but they soon convinced him that they knew nothing whatever about the journey. Still, all that he learned and saw strengthened his conviction that his true course lay toward the south, and he determined to steer thither, in the firm belief that he should speedily encounter the island of Cipango (Japan), so minutely described by Marco Polo as a rich mine of precious metals, situated some fifteen hundred miles from the mainland of India. These natives of San Salvador swam like tritons about his ships, offering limpid water and luscious

fruit, but not a grain of gold. Only Cipango could supply his need. But still he found not the *Croesus* of Cipango, nothing but more savages at Concepcion. Nevertheless, the garrulous Indians of San Salvador had told him how the people of this little isle wore many and heavy rings on their arms and ankles. The discoverer gloomily adds, "I firmly believe they said this as a trick to get rid of me." Indeed, having taken several Salvadoreans on board, and an Indian found in a canoe between San Salvador and Concepcion, the poor wretches sought flight by swimming, despite the vigilance of the officers and crew. For instance, one of the savages put out in his canoe in great haste for the ships, to sell his precious ball of cotton yarn. When the sailors kindly invited him on board the caravel, he obstinately refused, whereupon some of them sprang overboard and seized him. The admiral called the Indian to the quarterdeck, and, divining the necessity of exciting the curiosity of the natives, dressed him grotesquely like a Venetian harlequin, and sent him straightway ashore. They set a gaudy cap on his head, beads of green glass on his wrists, pendants of gilded and jingling hawk-bells in his ears, and so they sent him back, that the naked inhabitants might see what manner of men their visitors were, and what unknown marvels they brought.

As Columbus advanced he was gladdened by fertile islands, a limpid sea, brilliant cliffs, balmy air, and blue sky; but he halted not for these, pressing ever onward in search of virgin gold; for all his discoveries hitherto had yielded but a handful of bread, a gourd of water, and a bit of red earth rubbed to powder and smeared on a few dried leaves as an ornament in high estimation, offered by a poor savage, to whom the admiral gave honey and sweet cakes and sent him back to make good report of the newcomers among his own folk. In effect, the Indians of all those islets, divining the character of their guests by their gifts and their behavior, put out in their canoes, offering an abundance of fresh spring-water, which Columbus gladly accepted to replenish his casks, and were well repaid with gaudy tambourines worth perhaps a *maravedí* of Castile, and trinkets cheaper still, and candied sweets. Keeping clear of the reefs that abound in the Bahamas, and ever hurrying on in quest of gold, Columbus circumnavigated the islands and found some Indians disposed to barter, who offered him cotton cloths. Singular trees, wholly unlike those at home, thick-stemmed and bearing masses of pods on one side and reed-like leaves on the other; fishes of strangely variegated colors; and other natural objects, diverted their minds from the poignant regrets due to the scarcity of gold. At other places they saw dwellings like booths or the

tents of a European encampment, with tall and slender chimneys; but by far the most marvellous sight to them was a tiny bit of gold, worn as a nose-ring, bearing letters stamped upon it—a thing to be followed up, but which unfortunately could not be investigated through the failure of him who saw it, in the absence of Columbus, to beg or buy it.

At length, on October 18, he hoisted sail at daybreak and quitted Fernandina. He had found the island which the Indians declared to be full of gold, but their tales had proved untrue. Now and then a tiny fragment had been seen, but so small as to be of little worth. And yet, while the sad reality seemed most to mock their impatient desires, the Indians persevered in their reports of a realm ruled by a fabulously wealthy potentate, clad, they said, something after the Spanish fashion, with garments of enormous price. For two nights Columbus had awaited the apparition of this bejeweled monarch, to bring him gold in its native purity; but he saw naught but naked Indians of the same race as those already found, painted with white and scarlet in uniform designs, some few only of whom bore little bits of gold in their noses, "but so little," says Columbus, "that it is naught." The sense most gratified in this expedition to Isabella was that of smell. The whole island seemed to Columbus one vast fruit of intoxicating fragrance. A thousand spice-groves exhaled sweet savors, perfuming the breeze for many miles about. Strange vegetation, unknown odors, and fruits of luscious flavor abounded everywhere, enchanting sight and sense, without their discoverer being able in any wise to divine their qualities or give them a name, or even to classify or describe them with any exactness, for want of previous botanical training—a fact he bitterly and eloquently bewails in accents that even now move us to pity, heightened as they are by the long lapse of time and the magnitude of an achievement that greatens with each passing century. Neither Salvador, nor Concepcion, nor Fernandina, nor Isabella, nor any islet of those encountered in that tireless voyage and so attentively circumnavigated, answered to the phantasm of Cipango, pictured by the medieval chroniclers and seen in the fancy of Columbus as a fragrant paradise and rich storehouse where gold and gems were to be gathered in handfuls. So, having sailed through those regions without finding the gold he sought, it seemed to him that he should no longer tarry there in idle enjoyment, but press untiringly onward until he should chance upon some land of greater wealth, such as the famed Cuba, whose name was borne on every breeze even as it hung on every lip.

One of the greatest difficulties in the discoverer's way was his ignorance of the several

tribal dialects. He himself says that he had to depend entirely on signs, it being utterly impossible to comprehend the spoken words. Thus he mistook the word *bohio* for a city, when it means any kind of shelter; he blundered in supposing *naca* to be the Great Khan whose fame ran in his mind, when it means "in the midst of," and he translated *babeque* as "empire" without thinking in his ignorance that it might mean anything else under heaven. But let us go on. At midnight of October 24 he weighed anchor, and set sail from Isabella toward the island called by the natives Cuba, but which he, misled by his fantastic charts, called Cipango. It rained and blew hard all that night. At dawn the storm lulled. A gentle breeze succeeded to the howling wind, and Columbus spread all the canvas of his caravel. Squaresail, studdingsails, foresail, spritsail, mizzen, topsail—every cloth was spread and the quarter-boat was at the davits. Thus he sailed until nightfall, when the wind freshened. Not knowing his bearings, and fearing to run for the island in the dark because of the abounding shoals and reefs on which he might be lost, he hove to and waited until dawn. That night he barely made two leagues. On the 25th, he sailed from sunrise until nine, running some five leagues, when he shifted his course to the westward, making eight knots an hour. Ateleven, eight small islands were sighted, which he called Las Arenas, because of their sandy beaches and the shoalness of the water to the south. On the morning of October 27 he resolutely headed in quest of Cuba, but at nightfall a heavy rain forced him to lie to. On the 28th he entered a lovely estuary, free from dangerous rocks and shoals, all the shores he skirted being deep and the water of exceeding clearness. Thus he reached a river, at whose mouth he found twelve fathoms, and "never so fair a sight have I seen, the river being wholly bordered with trees, very beautiful and green, being unlike ours, with fruit and flowers, each after its kind."

Columbus was now in Cuba. The tropical horizon bathed in the intense ether; the Atlantic waters half azure and half opalescent, like a gigantic sheet of mother-of-pearl; the gilded reefs bright with nacreous shells; the keys covered with aquatic plants and swarming with infusorial life; the banks of the river fringed with mighty reeds like a floating garden; in the far reaches mountains tinged purple and lilac like crystalline masses of light; the tangled foliage forming an impassable rampart, rich with

rainbow colors; gorgeous insects like winged gems of every hue; the giddy fluttering of butterflies whose wings gleamed with gold, and crimson, and azure, and every prismatic tint till they seemed like airy garlands; plants of a thousand forms, heavy with bloom, bright to dazzle the eye and fragrant to entrance the senses; thick masses of lianas and trailers spread like Persian carpets under foot and drooping like Oriental tapestries from the branches overhead; the quick flight of humming-birds and parrakeets with plumage more bright than Cathayan silks; the choring of nightingales and the chirping of crickets, unheard in our climes in the autumn and winter, but vocal yonder in October; the broad-leaved plantains, heavy and rich as velvet hangings and borne down with rosy and golden fruit; cocoa-palms towering skyward from the water's edge; tree-ferns guarding the portals of the trackless virgin forests that spread afar like a sea of verdure, in whose hollows hung gauzy vapors; fields of maize thick with tassels of waving gold and silken tresses; the massive logwood with its deep-red sap; date-palms and cherimoyers bearing exquisite fruit; cacti towering like cedars; mahogany and ebony trees of iron hardness; groves of orange and pomegranate; a flood of ever-varied foliage and an outpouring of animal life; heavy odors drifting afar over the seas; a tangle of indescribable vegetation; the blended murmur of the rippling streams and the trembling leafage—all this incredible exuberance must have moved the weary pilot of the worn-out world as painless Paradise moved the sinless Adam when he arose at the divine inbreathing to draw into his veins the mysterious effluvia of universal life.

Would you comprehend how this Cuba affected Columbus? Then heed not those writers who would bound his emotions by official phrases remote from the spot and the time, and ill reflecting the discoverer; go to the man himself as he appears in his private journal. This has been widely published and is familiar to many. Read it for a space, and, if possible, read it in the original Spanish; which, however marred by time and careless transcription, still breathes the first feelings of the discoverer.¹ We have heretofore complained of the bald narrative bequeathed to us of the landing on San Salvador. We said that we could glean nothing from that monkish scrivener's report to reproduce for us that most extraordinary and solemn moment in all history, which closed the older epoch and ushered in a new age for nature and

¹ The journal itself is lost. As late as 1554 it seems to have been in the possession of Luis Columbus. The text now extant is an abridgment by Padre Las Casas, and was first printed in Navarrete's "*Coleccion*" in 1825. The only version we have in English, somewhat retrenched and not always happy in rendering the

quaint conceits of the original, was made by Samuel Kettell, on the suggestion of George Ticknor, and was published in Boston in 1827, with the title, "*Personal Narrative of the First Voyage of Columbus to America.*" Copies are now scarce, even in the larger libraries.
—TRANSLATOR.

for the spirit of man. But when Columbus comes to Cuba, he ceases to cramp his feelings, he represses not his style, he sets no bounds to his admiration, his thoughts break into lightning-flashes like those of some inspired poet when the frenzy of inspiration is on him. The Columbian account of Cuba may not be comparable in form with Milton's description of Paradise or Camoëns's portrayal of the ocean; but there is in it a simplicity that touches the sublime, in that it lacks effort and exaggeration, so that we feel and know that he who penned it was the discoverer himself, martyr to his own greatness, consumed by the creative fire that sheds its beams on all the world around, but destroys the unhappy possessor. Whenever Columbus praises the lands he found, he likens them to his cherished memories of gladsome Andalusia and sterner Castile. Not once does he recall his own Italy. Although born and nurtured on the fair Ligurian shores, not once is he reminded of their delectable valleys, their celestial peaks, their foam-capped seas, their marble cliffs, or their golden sands kissed by siren-haunted waves. But he compares Cuba with a very similar region, with that Sicily which was the theater of the divine deeds of Hellenic mythology. Its position between Italy and Greece, its pellucid waters, its azure skies, its shining shores, the deep clefts of its valleys where bloom the bay and myrtle beloved of the olden gods, its flaming Etna shooting a fiery glare through the far blue skies, and with its ashes making fruitful the stony fields—all these natural contrasts and outward manifestations of life lend it the rare attractiveness to which it owes the choice of its soil as a fit scene for the divine story of Olympus. Wherefore Sicily, at the portals of the Old World, typifies the past; whilst Cuba, at the gateway of the New World, is emblematic of the future.

Of all his discoveries, Cuba aroused in Columbus the deepest emotions. In the Lucayan Bahamas he was struck by the primitive innocence of their inhabitants—a rare and strange thing, in truth—more than by the aspects of nature, less gigantic and less beautiful than in Cuba. His pristine discoveries were mere islets, very unlike the two greater islands found at the close of this first voyage and hurriedly explored before his return to Spain. After leaving the Lucayos he came, as we have seen, to the uninteresting group of Las Arenas. Yet even here Columbus studied man in natural preference to all things else. These naked tribes, more amenable to the influences of kindness than to the sway of force; amazed at seeing a gaudy cap or hearing the tinkle of a hawk-bell or a tambourine; so kindly disposed that they swam out to the caravels, bearing cotton thread and parakeets; so light-hearted

that they hung the gay ribbons and beads about their necks and danced to show their joy; poor in all things, for they went as their mothers bore them; their hair thick as a horse's mane and falling in long locks upon their shoulders; shapely of body and handsome of face; straight of limb and slender of waist; painted some with black, some with white, but more with red, their own complexion being that of the Canarians; so ignorant of arms that they grasped swords by the blade, and so unused to field labor that they knew not the mattock or the plow; some bearing scars as showing that man and warfare are born together, and that combat is more natural to him than toil; without other creed than a vague belief in the supremacy and grandeur of heaven—they absorbed the attention of Columbus, and plunged him into comparisons born of their contrast with the Spaniards, and of the lot which, in his innate prescience, he foresaw in store for them as a result of his miraculous advent. In his observations, hurriedly sketched and therefore the more interesting, such notes as the following occur in regard to his first visit to San Salvador: "Of women I saw but one, a mere girl; and all the men I saw were youthful, for none saw I of a greater age than thirty years." In another place he says: "All that they had they gave away for any trifle given to them," adding that they were "a gentle folk enough, desiring to have anything of ours, yet fearing that naught will be given to them unless they give something, and having nothing they take what they may and forthwith swim away." And further on he adds, speaking of their ignorance of trade: "Yet for potsherds and bits of broken glass cups were they content to sell; and even have I seen sixteen balls of cotton given for three *ceotis* of Portugal, which is a *blanca* [half a maravedi] of Castile, and therein was more than an *arroba* [25 pounds] of spun cotton." Again he says: "In the eastern part of the island saw I many women, and old men and children which I saw not at my first landing"; and to give an idea of their simple nature he tells how "some brought us water, others things to eat; others, when they saw that I went not ashore, leaped into the sea, swimming, and came, and as we supposed asked us if we were come from heaven; and there came an old man into the boat, and all, men and women, in a loud voice cried—'Come and see the men who came from heaven; bring them food and drink.'" And elsewhere, speaking of the natives of Fernandina, he says: "These folk are like those of the other islands, and of the same speech and customs, save that these seem to me something more domesticated and better traders and keener, for I see that they have brought cotton and

other things, and that they better know how to chaffer for the price thereof."

These races, so foreign to the ideas and beliefs of the time, which admitted of no variation from the biblical account of the Adamic descent of man, would have still more astonished Columbus had he known in what part of the globe he was, and not supposed that all the scattered ocean-lands he met belonged to Asia. But in Cuba nature diverts his attention from man. The disemboguing of its rivers in the sea; the surface of its streams strewn with the showered petals of the myriad flowers that festoon their banks, and the trees whose interlocked branches gently shadow their current; the palm-trees, unlike those of Guinea or of Spain; the giant leaves thatching the tiny huts, the grass long and rank as in Andalusia's April- or May-time; the strange sorts of wild purslane and amaranth; the beautiful mountain-ranges, whereof none stretch far, but are very high; the swelling rivers to which he gave the names of the "Seas" and the "Moon"; the gay-plumaged birds; the chirp of the crickets as with us in summer; the precipices like the "Lovers' Cliff" in Andalusia, with yet other crags rising above them with such regularity as to appear from a distance like some great Moorish temple; the cool and fragrant groves; the spices and aromatic plants; the farinaceous tubers called *inames*,¹ that taste like sweet chestnuts; the bright-colored and delicious beans; the abundance of cotton growing wild on the hills, and bearing all the year round, for he saw both blossoms and opening bolls on the same bush; the mastic-gum, far better than that abounding in the Grecian archipelago; the inexhaustible aloes, the tufted grasses, and the tobacco; the trees wounded to extract their resins and gums; all these, appealing to his senses, excited him to an enthusiasm which would assuredly have been deeper could he have foreseen the innumerable benefits to flow to mankind from his discoveries, and the riches far beyond gold which they threw open to the world's trade.

His journal, during the fortnight in which he describes Cuba and its scenes, reads like a poem—and to be convinced of this you have only to set it by the side of similar descriptions found in the greatest of the world's epics. The oldest narrative of this sort is that told by *Ulysses to Arethusa* in her royal palace. Though heightened by the rhythmic flow of the Homeric verse, the "Odyssey" cannot even remotely compare in interest with the tale of Columbus. The magical dwelling of the enchantress *Calypso* finds no parallel in these Antillean seas,

¹ Yams, not sweet potatoes as most writers explain.
—TRANSLATOR.

nor can the Ogygian growths compare with this harvest of strange products to nourish the human race and increase its powers an hundredfold. Another epic, the immortal story of *Æneas*, may excel our discoverer's narration in literary merit, but it sinks beneath it in historical and social interest. Although Virgil has therein aimed to mingle the combats of the "Iliad" and the voyage of the "Odyssey," its epic subjects cannot compare with that presented by the coral reefs which at the mighty spell of Columbus arise under the beams of a new sun from the Shadowy Sea, filled with unknown races, and destined not only to enlarge the bounds of earth, but the mind of man as well. The waters plowed by *Æneas* in that far-off age had already been cloven by many prows, whilst the virgin waters which Columbus sailed, save for a few frail canoes that ventured not out of sight of land, had never felt keel upon their vast and wayless surface, nor borne the navies and the arms of a great and advanced navigation.

No poet of the Old World or the New so gifted as Camoëns to sing the epic of sea discoveries. The motive of his "*Lusiad*" has much in common with our discoverer's journal. Portugal anticipated and kept pace with us in expanding ocean's bounds and finding vast continents. Whilst Spain was exploring the unknown seas whence the new world of America arose, the explorations of Portugal found their reward in the olden lands of Asia. That teeming era of Lusitania brought forth alike the pilot-discoverers and the poet to sing their deeds. A living poem in sooth was that apparition of the Indies regained for Europe by the sea-Alexanders of the West. Camoëns begins his poem by declaring that the fame of his *Vasco* shall forever dim *Æneas*'s glory. How marvelous to behold, in the Rome of Leo X., bound in the golden chains of Portugal, the elephants and leopards that in bygone days had filled the arenas of the Cæsars in token of the subjection of all earth to the Eternal City. Oriental pearls and rubies, Moluccan cloves, Sumatran gold, the cinnamon of Simahala, the camphor of Ormuz, the indigo of Bombay, amazed all Christendom at the same time that the poesy of Portugal grew strangely exalted and exuberant. Camoëns possessed the stature to produce, like a fabled Titan, the cyclopean epic that sang the new birth of the globe, and to be fit compeer of the colossal *Vasco da Gama*, who, modern though he be, seems like some mythical deity by his marvelous discovery of the East Indies. But the traits of the Renaissance enfeebled Camoëns. A true son of his age, he saw all things through the enduring traditions of the classic Muse. Therefore, Olympus is the supernatural mainspring

of his poem, and ancient art gives it form. But the spirit of ancient art was dead, and in its stead the Church ruled the human soul, so that a poem in which the Greek gods moved and acted could at best be only archæological and erudite, although it becomes popular and epic when it sings the story of Lusitania in by-gone days and in that Renaissance time. More genuinely poetical appear to me the mass celebrated in that Franciscan convent on the high headland of La Rábida; the "Ave Maria" heard along the shores of Guadalquivir and Cadiz on the evening of the day the discoverer sailed from the mouth of the Odiel toward the Shadowy Sea; the hymns to the Virgin on the caravel's deck as the first stars twinkled in the west or the full moon flooded the rippled sea; the echoes of the "Ave maris Stella" blending with the voices of ocean; the "Te Deums" sung on sighting land and on disembarking, and the sublime thanksgiving of Columbus for the happy end of his voyage, than the apparition of *Mercury* to *Vasco* to warn him against the perils awaiting him at Mombaza, the fabulous rising of *Venus* among the isles of India, or the presence of any gods dead for a thousand years to human conscience and powerless to rekindle with poetic fire the cold ashes of worn-out beliefs. On the other hand, *Camoëns* is epic in the highest degree, worthy of a place beside Homer, often superior to Virgil, more natural than Tasso and Milton, when, as his forerunner Dante had evoked the supernatural world of the middle ages, he evokes the world of nature, new-born in that paschal time of the Renaissance, and offers in lofty strains the story of Lusitania, the description of the races discovered by his fellow-countryman, and, therewithal, the poesy of the sea; now picturing the making ready and the launching forth to face peril and trial, amid the tears of those on shore; now the cleansing of the hulls from weeds and barnacles in the ports; now the waves pallid beneath the lightning glare; now the waterspout whirling madly aloft, and bearing thick floods in its vast bosom. If *Camoëns* prevails and endures among the epic poets of the Renaissance above the delirious Ariosto, the artificial Tasso, and the satirical Pulci, it is because he sings nature, rejuvenated by the discoveries of Portugal. To what heights might he not have risen, had he not been circumscribed by the narrow patriotism of his Portuguese nature, and had he, inspired aright by the glory of the whole peninsula, given us the incredible discovery of America by the mighty genius of Columbus! Recognizing his merits as I do, I aver that there is not in all his verse, polished and inspired though it be, any utterance of *Vasco's* so deeply human as the unstudied record

of the emotions of Columbus on beholding Cuba.

The only place where I find aught approaching the description of Cuba by Columbus is in the English Roundhead poem of "Paradise Lost." *Adam's* self-communings in Eden have in them somewhat of our pilot's artless tale of the splendid tropical life of Cuba; but I discern therein a defect which also mars the "Lusiad." As the garden to which *Vasco* leads *Venus* is cut and trimmed in the style of Virgil or Theocritus, so the Eden of Milton is like a smug English park of the seventeenth century.

HAVING thus contemplated the feelings begotten in Columbus by the wondrous sum of Cuba's aspects, let us follow him step by step in his explorations. Let us not lose sight of the fact that the discoverer at one and the same time tells of his impressions of the natives, and of the impressions formed by them of their visitors — heaven-sent, as they imagined in their innocence. In this regard the Spaniards did not inspire the native Cubans with such a blind trustfulness as the other islanders had shown. Far from thronging to them in adoration, they fled and hid away, as from evil spirits. Although they possessed canoes of considerable capacity, they concealed them in the cane-brakes. But Columbus, being a born explorer, did not yield to such tokens of fear; rather was he stimulated to seek the cause of this troubled apprehension. He landed on the shores of the bay where his ships lay anchored, and made careful search in every quarter. The first two dwellings he found were deserted by their timid inhabitants, but filled with household articles showing their recent occupancy. Like the huts of the islands previously visited, they were built of plaited palm-fronds in the shape of tents. Fishing-nets, barbed harpoons, worn hooks of bone, all the implements of fishery he saw, led him to suppose himself in a cleanly and tidy fishing settlement, like those of some European shore. Their large size and ample hearths, indicating rudimentary culture, caused him to form optimistic anticipations touching the region where he had landed. Some kind of mystical notation seemed to exist, since to the repeated inquiries of Columbus about the empire of Cathay and the Great Khan, the Indians answered that the land was watered by ten great rivers, and that ten days' sail separated them from the mainland. But, as Padre Las Casas acutely remarks, either Columbus misunderstood these Indians, or they lied to him, for the mainland now called Florida lay less than five days distant. It was, however, impossible to cruise in search of other lands without ascertaining somewhat of their position and

character. Habituated to see human society organized on a monarchical basis, he inquired persistently for the king of that great realm, whom he conjectured to be in constant intercourse with the Khan, himself the ruler of a mercantile empire. He wandered thus until vesper-time, finding several well-built villages, all utterly abandoned, for their inhabitants had fled in terror to the uplands at the sight of the caravels. In these houses the explorers found, besides the customary utensils, long, neatly made settles, fashioned like beds, with somewhat skilfully carved head-pieces. They also found images rudely representing the female form, and some domesticated wild-fowl. Columbus permitted nothing to be disturbed, in order not to arouse resentment or distrust in the minds of the natives. In his habit of comparing all that he beheld in this new world with the things of the old, he supposed he saw the dried heads of cows, but was mistaken, inasmuch as these animals were there unknown; in reality the skulls were those of the manatee, an aquatic mammal, and resembled heifers' heads in size and shape. Their flesh was found to be palatable, in firmness and flavor something like beef. In these excursions Pinzon attempted to glean information from the natives, but so confusedly that he supposed Cuba to be a city when it was the name of the whole island, and to be joined to the mainland instead of being sea-girt; and the word *Guanacán* to mean the imperial Khan of India, when it merely denoted a neighboring district. The flight of the natives hindered them from obtaining even such slight details as these, and they sent out an Indian whom they had brought with them from the first-found island, charging him to quiet the distrust of the natives and to induce them to trade with the newcomers, who, far from seeking to despoil them of their belongings, offered them marvels from distant celestial regions. The Indian swam ashore, and in a loud voice proclaimed his novel mission, whereupon two natives appeared, embracing him and carrying him to the nearest hut, where his reassuring words, backed by the proofs of good will he brought with him, persuaded many of the islanders to accompany him to the dreaded ships, in great canoes, carrying balls of cotton thread and other articles of barter. Columbus ordered his crew to touch nothing, and confined himself to inquiring for gold. But even in this simple matter a misunderstanding arose, for he supposed the word *nucay* to mean gold, when the Indians really called it *caona*. But, call it by what name they would, it was nowhere to be found, being as rare as on the other islands. Gold being the only proof they could give in Castile of the treasures they had found, it was humanly impossible to abandon the search for

the metal; and so they sent fresh envoys inland, to wit: Rodrigo of Jerez, a townsman of Ayamonte, and Luis de Torres, a converted Jew, who had served the Adelantado of Murcia, and who knew many Semitic tongues. By means of these, with two natives who went with them, the explorers felt sure of finding, first the king of the island, and then its gold. These envoys journeyed twelve leagues, and came to a sort of city of about a thousand souls. Greater courtesy than that natural to these people it would be hard to imagine. They lodged their visitors hospitably, and strove to show them attention. Reverently they touched their hands and kissed their feet, believing them heaven-sent. With unstinted liberality, they offered them such food as they had. They seated them in the places of honor, while they squatted on the ground about them. The women gathered in an outer circle. When they had heard the report of the two Guanahani Indians touching the Christians, they implored them to dwell among them. They could not make out a word of the languages spoken by Torres; neither could he, however versed in the Oriental tongues, understand anything of their speech. Nothing was wanting save for the Indians to worship the Spaniards. Although the admiral had supplied the envoys with charts and specimens of European minerals and spices to offer to the chief as to a monarch in covenant of friendship and commerce, they accomplished nothing, being at length convinced that they had only an agglomeration of men to deal with, destitute of the elements of social organization that make up true civic societies. So emotional were the natives, prone to admiration bordering on idolatry and ready to yield the strangers a service akin to slavery, that they followed these envoys, whose speech was sealed to them, in the assurance that they would lead them to the heaven whence they had come. They might have taken five hundred of them had they wished, but they contented themselves with covenanting for the company of the chief villager, his son, and one other native. The young chief visited Columbus with great courtesy, looked with indifference upon the gifts they offered him, so unlike anything he had ever known, and quitted him, saying he would return the following morning—but he never came back. Columbus doubtless regretted having allowed him to depart, since he took five Indians of both sexes on board his ship, and even the husband of a captured Indian woman, who came to the caravel and begged to be taken aboard. Here Padre Las Casas, the historian of the expedition, who is universally consulted as an authority, waxes unacular, and, somewhat like the German professors of our day, appeals to international and natural law against

this proceeding, which he harshly censures as an act of conquest; while Columbus, the peaceful conqueror of these tribes, mentions the incident as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and his simple narrative exhibits not the slightest trace of remorse. Among all the historians who wrote soon after the discovery, none so passionately and enthusiastically defends Columbus as Las Casas; but in presence of a fact to him so incredible as the criminal kidnapping of unoffending families, the chronicler indignantly rebels. He admits the good intention of the sublime pilot; but to this violation of natural rights and eternal justice he charges all the afflictions that later overwhelmed Columbus, holding them to have been a terrible and deserved punishment. In his stoical philosophy, heightened by his monastic temperament, he declares that good is only to be wrought through good, and that the desired end, however pure, is never to be attained by wrongful acts; so that to the padre the discovery seems good and the conquest evil, as though the two were not correlative, and as though, in the ill-starred inheritance of our race and through all the sad pages of our history, stained by dark and baleful deeds to which even slavery itself seems merciful, man had not ever ruthlessly exterminated man in the implacable fury of hatred and the horrors of perpetual combat.

Columbus, who had come to Cuba filled with the dreams of hope, found not in Cuba the gold he so ardently sought as a tangible evidence of his marvelous achievement. On the alert for any hint given by the natives, he blunderingly believed every conjecture gleaned from their uncomprehended speech, when it seemed to confirm his own imaginings. The Indians said "*Babeque*," and he fancied he recognized the title they gave to the golden empires figured on the maps of that fantastic age and limned in his own confused cosmology. Passing from one false interpretation to another, at length he came to believe that another shore was near, whose inhabitants were covered with ornaments of massy gold, and yet other lands peopled by a race resembling the Cyclops fabled of old, having but one eye set above a dog's muzzle. He went on, ever in quest of these treasures and marvels. Having met with chilly weather, as might be expected in November and December, he bore eastward and southward. In this voyage everything allured and enchanted him: the serene skies, the celestial water, the graceful headlands, the deep and calm bays, so pellucid and tranquil as to elicit his lively admiration; the island groups, like heavenly constellations—all these our new pilgrim of nature beheld, absorbing their vitality as a sponge absorbs water. Yet the manifold beauties and lovely changeful aspects of the

Cuban landscape only intensified his keen disappointment at finding no gold.

November 19, he sailed in search of the new region toward Puerto Principe, where he erected a cross. He intended to sail along the coast, to gain a better knowledge of the land that lay in sight, while seeking that other realm pictured in fancy; but strong head-winds that baffled and drove him upon dangerous shoals constrained him to stand out to sea. And now befell the greatest misfortune of his voyage—the parting company with his lieutenant, that matchless pilot and unequalled organizer, to whose efforts the successful outfitting of the expedition was mainly due, and whose firmness had overcome all obstacles in its path. The thirst for glory and gain which our race inherits; the inevitable insubordination of those natures who fancy themselves born to command, not to obey; the temptation to forestall Columbus in the quest for the golden shores, and elevate himself by reaping the harvest now that his captain had won the fame of the discovery, led Pinzon to an act whence sprang all his subsequent disasters. The admiral, however, was not disconcerted by this. As often as the wind allowed he stood toward the land, and again made the offing, entranced alike by the magic vistas of shore and sea. Poetical and sensitive by nature, he never tired of gazing upon the waters, to which he gave the name of "Our Lady's Sea," or upon the calm bosom of the limpid rivers, the blossom-laden banks, the rocky cliffs gilded and glittering like illusive hopes, the pine-woods exhaling balm, the amber-like gums, the delectable brooks below contrasting with the peaks far above and bright with evanescent hues, the intermingling of palms and cedars, the countless quiet bays lake-like in beauty and like havens in their repose, the canoes floating by the shores or drawn up on land and concealed by leafage, the unclad Indians indistinguishable save by their varied painting and fanciful head-gear of feathers, the emotions awakened in those savages at the sight of the Spaniards, white and thick-bearded, cased in armor which they imagined to be the natural covering of their bodies, and apparently descended from some higher celestial sphere to mingle with puny mortals on the lowly earth.

At length Columbus reached the most easterly point of Cuba, and there he learned that before him lay another island, called by the natives Haiti—the lofty land. Columbus, who kept on giving new names at will to the islands he found, called Cuba *Isla Juana*, in memory of the ill-fated prince Don John, later to be cut down in the flower of young manhood when about to unite Spain and Portugal as his parents had united Castile and Aragon. Before

he sighted Haïti he cast about for a name to bestow upon it, not rightly apprehending the import of the Indian word. He discovered it December 5, 1492, after sailing eastward sixteen leagues from the extremity of Cuba. He was much struck by its resemblance to Spain. Soles and red mullet were caught in its waters; asphodel and arbutus blossomed on the uplands; on the hillsides stretched dense oak-forests, and in their deep intervalles lay neat, well-tended gardens, familiar plants of dark-green foliage festooned the streams; and the cone-filled pine crested the heights, while huts much like our own were seen. These resemblances led Columbus to give it the name of Española (Hispaniola), in harmony with his reawakened memories of the mother-country. The natives appeared to be fairer of skin than those seen before, and higher in culture. They fled, like the rest, but came back at the call of the Spaniards. Two chiefs were soon met with, and the Spaniards learned that they were called *caciques* throughout the islands. The first and younger of them was timid and shy, but the second confident and accessible to every emotion. They came in procession, carried upon litters, in great pomp and with a numerous following. They went on board without distrust, and with well-bred courtesy took seats at the admiral's table. When offered refreshments, they ceremoniously tasted of the delicacies, and shared them with their attendants, who devoured them greedily. More gold was found in this island than in the others, nose-jewels worn by the women, and even thin plates, but all of small size and infrequent. No wonder that all December was agreeably spent by Columbus between Española and Tortuga, gathering information and naming the country. The first port in which he cast anchor, as fair as any of Cuba, he called San Nicolas, having landed there on that saint's day; the second he called Concepcion, the third St. Thomas. As in all the spots thus far visited, the Indians fled at the coming of the Spaniard. But when the fugitives were called back by their fellow-Indians whom Columbus had brought with him, they returned and began to examine and touch the visitors, although fighting shy of them, timorous of every gesture and frightened at the slightest sign, yet accepting the most trifling gifts with simple confidence, and exhibiting the greatest delight thereat. In Española they found a *cacique* of more importance than any before met. His name was Guacanagarí. He was distinguished from the rest by his greater interest in the new order of things heralded by his guests, and by his reverential treatment of them, as though strangely forecasting the changes their advent was to bring. There were five other chiefs in the island, and Guacanagarí

ruled over the northern part, where the caravels then were. At the first offers of barter he displayed a wealth and authority above what they had witnessed hitherto. The Indians had been in the habit of offering girdles to their guests in sign of friendship, and Guacanagarí gave one of notable magnificence. Composed of three folds of cotton cloth, so thick and closely woven that an arquebus could scarcely have pierced it, it was ornamented with coral, shells, and pearls, and at the side hung a grotesque mask with eyeballs and tongue of pure gold. An embassy from the chief brought this gift, and Columbus spent the whole day endeavoring to interpret the signs made by the envoys in offering him all he might desire. Guacanagarí was eager to see more of the Spaniards, and sent numbers of his light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, their generosity unstinted. The land was gay with festivities, the sea swarmed with canoes. On nearing the caravels, the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering all kinds of offerings with gestures of devotion, as in idolatrous worship.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus despatched a formal embassy to Guacanagarí, and on hearing their report he determined, despite the prevailing land-breeze, to weigh anchor and sail to the dominions of his friends, which were some five leagues distant. He set out at daybreak on December 24. Little progress was made during all that day. The night came, Christmas Eve, and Columbus determined to celebrate it, as best befitted his own health and the comfort of his own crew, by enjoying a sound sleep. He retired, worn out by three nights of vigil following three days of herculean labor. Sweet must have been his rest! His discovery of that new world whose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of Eden-isles, the simple races bound to nature by such mysterious ties and soon to be brought into the fold of civilization and Christianity, must have filled his mind with happy dreams on this the first restful Christmas Eve he had passed in thirty years of titanic contest with all the world, and at times even with his own self. It was midnight, when the echoes of childhood and of times long past fill the slumbering ear. The heavens smiled, and the sea was calm. The sailors slept soundly, sure of their bearings and sea-room because preceded by the little fleet of skiffs and canoes sent by Columbus to the Indian king. A ship's boy held the helm, so assured were they all of the fairness of the weather and the safety of their course—when the flag-ship suddenly struck upon a sunken reef. Columbus instantly divined his peril, and hurried on deck. With

lightning rapidity he gave orders to cut away the mast and throw the cargo overboard. But the remedy was futile; it was no mere stranding, it was a wreck. With the desertion of the *Pinta* and the loss of the *Santa María*, only the smallest and frailest of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. He went on board the *Niña*, and sent a fresh embassy to Guacanagarí, giving an account of the disaster, while he stood off and on till day broke. When the chief learned the misfortune, he sought in every way to alleviate it, sparing neither means nor sacrifice. Disastrous indeed it was to face such superstitious races, who confided in the prosperity and success of the supernatural, with the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea overcomes all created things and bows us all to its sovereign power. But the sentiment of hospitality was uppermost in that faithful tribe and in their kindly monarch. All the succor needed in that sad hour, and all requisite provision for the future, were given to the sufferers with admirable orderliness. The salvage of the wreck was piled on shore and, under the chief's orders, scrupulously guarded by the natives as though it were their own. The cargo was rapidly discharged and stored in a place of safety, without the loss of a pin's point.

On December 26, Guacanagarí visited Columbus, and, finding him much cast down, renewed his assurances of friendly aid. The discoverer thanked him heartily, and accepted his proffered assistance in furtherance of his continued discoveries. As there is no evil unfringed with good, this setback greatly aided the discoverer's plans by giving him information on which to base new explorations, and by affording him the means of cementing friendship with the natives. Indeed, scarcely had the chief regretfully quitted him when other Indians came out in a canoe, bringing gold in barter for hawk-bells. Being but a degree above nature, the Indians were attracted by all that appealed to their senses, and enjoyed the cheery tinkle of the cascabels, being used to the much less musical rattling of pebbles in a hollow stem. The chroniclers of that time mention how the Indians mingled our strange words with their native speech, as primitive and instinctive as the first chirpings of nestling birds or the bleating of nursling lambs. "*Chuca, chuca, cascabeles!*" they cried, begging those gay and useless baubles with all a child's eagerness. It is narrated that some of them, bringing bits of gold to exchange for hawk-bells, gave up the priceless treasure as of little worth, and snatched the worthless toys, with which they hurried away, looking anxiously back as though fearing the Spaniard might repent his bargain. Simple creatures, and to be envied,

were they, to fancy they had tricked the Spaniards in giving gold for dross in that happy age, fitly comparable with the poetic era when riches were despised, and man was content with a handful of acorns and a draught of cool water from the crystal spring. So primitive an age seems impossible so near to our own materialistic times. "Of such cheating," says a monkish writer of twenty years later, "the Spaniards of that time were glad to have more and more day by day"; and I even think that those of our own day would not refuse to be so tricked. Anything of brass captivated their simple fancy. The clink and luster of that metal, joined to its flexibility, so charmed them that they sought it eagerly. They called it *turey* (heavenly). They offered to take it for their gold. It is needless to say that Columbus, delighted with the readiness of the Indians to give him such wealth as this for mere dross, looked upon his wreck as a heaven-sent blessing. Moreover, the *cacique* generously invited him to visit his dominions, and the reports of the gold that there abounded gladdened the discoverer's soul. After Guacanagarí had supped with Columbus on the *Niña*, the admiral supped with the chief in his *bohío*, or village. On those occasions he told him of a place called Cibao, where gold was found strewn upon the earth's surface and freely to be gathered by any comer, for the natives attached no value to it. When the admiral heard the name Cibao, he at once fancied the chief spoke of Cipango, and began to build airy castles, and to suppose himself already arrived in the coveted realm of India. On inquiring of the simple natives in regard to the inhabitants and the characteristics of that region, he understood them, in his confused interpretation of their replies, to complain of their treatment by their Caribbean neighbors, and of their terrible and unnatural voracity. Thus, owing in part to his utter misinterpretation of what they told him, and in part to the fancies of his own fertile mind, he supposed them to speak of a race as perverse in moral nature as deformed in body, having a single eye in the forehead like the fabled Cyclops, a dog's head, and a long tail, and gorging on human flesh and blood. In gratitude for the tidings they gave him of the Cipango of his dreams, Columbus promised the potent aid of his sovereigns against the Caribs, and rich rewards for the gold they offered. Thereupon he set before them the advantages of such a civilization as the Spaniards possessed, and the benefits to flow to them from its adoption. In order to demonstrate this, he put a shirt on the back of his savage friend, and a pair of gloves on his hands. Custom has decreed that the raiment shall be adapted to the form, and hence an ill-fitting garment is ridiculous in our

sight. Most laughable, then, must have been the appearance of the chief, framed for the air and light of freedom, and belonging by nature to the animal and vegetative life about him, when thus arrayed in the vesture appropriate to the highest civilization, but wholly at odds with the man as he was. Fancy an ape in human attire, and you have this savage, be-shirted and begloved after the Spanish fashion. Some idea of the primitive life of those Indians may be formed from the fact that they possessed no weapons of any kind, if we are to credit what Columbus wrote in his journal for the information of his sovereigns. This is somewhat at variance with what he elsewhere says about the constant warfare between the Haitian and Caribbean tribes; but as Columbus is the sole witness of the facts of the discovery, and as we have no evidence but his, we must perforce believe him. He adds that, the more to astonish them, he sent to the caravel for a Turkish bow and Castilian arrows, and when one of the crew showed their use, these children of nature looked upon them as miracles. Their amazement became terror on hearing the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the muskets, fired by way of salute, and sounding in their untutored ears like the awful crash of thunder in the storm. They fell upon the ground, with cries and signs of terror, as though themselves smitten with death. No wonder, then, seeing and hearing these things, that they believed in the divinity of him who could thus control the lightning and the thunderbolt. The fair skin, the look of command, the glistening armor, the manly beard, the flashing sword, the death-dealing carbine, all were so manifestly beyond aught they knew, as to render supernatural and divine in their eyes these strangers cast up by the celestial and solitary ocean. So, therefore, the Haitians knelt before the Spaniards and hailed them as their natural masters. To them any guest was sacred; how much more, then, these superhuman visitants? Columbus deemed his moral conquest of those Indians complete. Nothing more appropriate, then, than to seal it by some striking and visible sign, a castle or fortress, for example, the effective symbol of sovereignty in feudal and monarchical Europe. The timbers of the wreck served for this purpose, and the Indians so diligently helped to carry out

the design that the fort was soon raised before the eyes of those docile tribes in the bosom of that virgin land. It was called by Columbus Fort Nativity, in memory of the day of the wreck. This act of taking possession, far from dismaying the enslaved, only strengthened their loyalty to their conqueror, while it served Columbus as a means of inaugurating the conquest and disposing of a crowd of sailors whom he could not well transport back to Spain, having only the smallest of the caravels left to him, besides insuring him willing recruits in Spain to join their predecessors who had so willingly remained in Haiti. The friendly disposition of the Haitians increased with their daily intercourse. The *cacique's* brother took the discoverer to his hut, a large structure with hangings of plaited palm-leaves called *yaguas*, where he treated him with much ceremony, and reverently seated him on a long wooden settle, as big as a bed and black and polished as jet. The *cacique*, being informed by his brother of the visit of Columbus, repaired to the hut, and, after saluting his honored guest, hung about his neck an ornament of gold. It is superfluous to describe the delight of Columbus. The honors paid him did not stop here. Other *caciques* being subject to Guacanagarí, he speedily assembled them and led them to the admiral's presence, all like himself wearing crowns; whereupon he, their natural chief, took off the golden circlet from his brows and set it on the newcomer's head in recognition of his supernatural authority. In return for his gold, Columbus set strings of glass beads on the neck of the *cacique*, a fine woolen cloak upon his shoulders, a silver ring on his finger, and red buskins on his feet, to the intense delight of the poor deluded creature, who prized these gauds above all earthly riches.

After receiving this vassal tribute to the mastery of the Spaniards, Columbus deemed it high time to return, and to give in person to his sovereigns an authentic account of his discoveries, as well to enable him to continue in the favor he had won as to induce them to follow up and perfect the enterprise with ample means than those he had brought from the peninsula, and which were now much reduced by the mishaps incident to his voyage, although, by divine grace, the outcome had been most fortunate.

Emilio Castelar.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENT & CO., OF THE PAINTING BY R. BALACA.

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AT BARCELONA.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORNE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

VI. THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.



COLUMBUS determined to leave some thirty-nine men in Fort Nativity, in order that he might the better sail homeward with the rest. His friend Arana, a kinsman of Beatrice, was left in command of the improvised fort and its slender garrison. A royal chamberlain was appointed to succeed the commander in case of need, and a Segovian to replace the chamberlain. A surgeon, a carpenter, a ship-calker, an armorer, a tailor, and a gunner were also left to ply their callings if required. Columbus had brought with him so abundant a stock of provisions that he was able to leave wine, biscuits, and supplies for a whole year. To these he added arms for their defense, and seeds wherewith to cultivate the fruitful soil. Having thus furnished all the necessary stores, he supplied them also with wise counsel. First of all he enjoined submission to their commander, since without a head all would be vain, while obedience would foster good will and concord among them. He said that, if obedient and in close fellowship with one another, they would obtain the mastery over the Indian tribes and country, not by an unnecessary show of force, but by the natural ascendancy of their virtues and intelligence. Cordiality in their relations with the natives, respect for the latter's customs, with purity of life, would justify the Indian's good estimate of the Spanish character, while submission to temporary exile would find its reward in benefits to come, and in the glory of being the first to rule the new-found land. All this seemed plain sailing to Columbus because of the skill these men had shown in overcoming the difficulties of the well-nigh fabulous enterprise. The cacique deeply regretted the parting from his friend, as did the little band of Spaniards from their far-sighted leader. Tearful were the leave-takings, although the admiral fired joyful salutes to banish forebodings and instil new hopes.

On January 4, 1493, Columbus set sail, and on the 5th he hove to before a great rock that towered like a mighty cathedral, to which he gave the name of Monte Cristo. January 6, he met Martin Alonso Pinzon. The Indians had already reported having seen his bark in

the bays of Haïti; and although scarce believing the good news, Columbus had written him friendly letters as though nothing amiss had happened, being naturally apprehensive of a rupture which might turn to open animosity and defeat all his plans, especially as he himself was at the mercy of the commander of the *Niña*, the brother of his rival. These letters had never reached Martin Alonso's hands. So, when they met Columbus made no reproaches and accepted as sufficient the puerile excuse that stress of winds and waves had divided them, when he well knew that Pinzon had yielded to the tempting tales of abundant gold in those regions. The latter had indeed found much gold, two thirds of which he had divided among his sailors, keeping the rest for himself. Imbued with the conviction that he had been predestined from his cradle to this supernatural mission, Columbus attributed the conduct of his lieutenant to the wily scheming of Satan for his destruction. But, being a good mystic and a Franciscan of the third degree, he deemed it expedient for his ends to balk the infernal plot by the most exemplary patience, and so remained silent, being assured of the untruth of Pinzon's story, and resolved to punish him for it when he should get him safely back to Spain. This meeting with Martin Alonso hastened the return, Columbus being apprehensive lest some offered chance might add a graver wrong to Pinzon's desertion. The daily marvels of the voyage allured him in vain, siren-like fishes, turtles as big as bucklers, rivers with sands of gold, Eden-fields, sculptured promontories, placid harbors, and beauteous islands, hardy natives, abundant signs of gold like a ceaseless mirage entralling his will with promises of wealth. In vain were stupendous tales told him of two islands hard by in those waters, one inhabited only by men, and the other by women, who visited but once in each year; in vain the conflict of five sailors, who went ashore at Monte Cristo, with the warlike natives, whose attempt to capture them led to the first shedding of Indian blood — Columbus was in haste to return to Spain without further delay, and on the 17th of January, 1493, the shores of his new-found world sank from his sight.

Good weather and a fresh breeze favored

this homeward course until the 11th of February. On that day they fancied themselves near some land, for many birds were seen. They knew not for certain where they were. Some said they must be off the Azores; others Madeira; others that they were nearing the mouth of the Tagus and the lovely rock of Cintra. But, unfortunately, they were on the edge of a fearful storm, that burst upon them on the next day, February 12. It was in truth a new and strange experience for them. Afloat since their departure from Palos, the discoverers of the New World had suffered no other mishap than the loss of their flag-ship on the Haitian reefs, owing to heedlessness and slumber, through over-confidence, on a glassy sea and in a gentle breeze; and even that had found compensation in the noble friendship of Guacanagarí, and in the opportunity to explore the richest gold-country they had yet seen. From the dawning of August 3, 1492, until daybreak of February 12, 1493, it seemed as though every beneficent influence had sped them on their way. The steadiness of the winds, which seemed to blow ever from the same quarter, was fancied by the explorers to be an obstacle to their return to Spain. How often had the admiral likened the face of ocean to the bosom of Guadalquivir, its fragrance to orange-blossoms, and its skies to those of Andalusia, lacking only the nightingale's song to complete the voluptuous joys of Seville. If, on their homeward course, spurred by the eager wish to tell the tale of their discoveries, they were thus smitten by a dreadful tempest, it could only be, according to Columbus, because of the continued machinations of Satan himself, warring against the discovery of these new lands and the conversion of their inhabitants to Christianity. The storm was the more appalling, inasmuch as the caravels were leaky and unballasted. Science then knew nothing of the world revealed by the microscope, and so those sailors could not know that tropical animalculæ were burrowing the timbers of their barks and weakening them day by day. Worm-eaten and lacking ballast, the caravels sped like arrows amid the blasts and the seething billows. All poets vie in depicting the fury of the ocean tempest. Columbus very soberly describes the terrible tempests he himself had passed through, unlike Vergil, who pictured, with poetic heightenments, the storms he had never experienced. The historian of to-day, lacking personal knowledge of such a tempest as broke upon Columbus, may yet appreciate it by conning the pages of his journal. After much lightning and high winds on the three preceding nights, the gale increased on the night of the 14th. Suddenly there lowered upon those frail caravels a thick ash and leaden

cloud; the waves raged beneath the hulls, meeting in awful shock, as though driven by contrary currents; upon the sails and rigging fell a deluge, as though the waters of the ocean were above them as beneath; beetling mountains seemed to rise from the eternal darkness that yawned below like the shades of hell, and jagged lightning-peaks glared above them as the storm-clouds changed their form; while whirlwinds as conflicting as the currents of the sea threatened to swallow them up. In vain they took in all canvas and lay under bare poles; death faced the terrified sailors. It being impossible for the *Pinta* to withstand the hurricane, she was soon driving before it. Lights were shown from the *Niña* all night, but at daybreak the *Pinta* was not in sight.

Columbus gave himself up for lost. His discovery seemed about to sink forever in the silent depths, leaving naught but the superstitions of old to bar the ocean-wastes from all such mad ventures as his, upon which heaven's wrath was thus visited. His sons, to whom he was bearing the hereditary rank of admiral and a domain such as mortal had never won, wrested by a miracle of genius from kings and pontiffs by the son of a humble wool-carder, were to be left orphaned and in want. The benevolent monarchs and the mighty magnates who had been his patrons would never welcome him, as in dreams he had so often pictured, with open arms and hail him as a conqueror. The acclaim of proud cities, the gratitude of kings, the gifts of fortune, unparalleled riches, power, and name for him and his, were all to be swallowed up in the abyss. Memories, too, came thronging of the dear companion whose love had enthralled him in Cordova, and brought him joy and forgetfulness amid the horrors of his darkest trials. Possessing all a sailor's faith, Columbus implicitly trusted in the efficacy of vows, as suited also his intimate beliefs and cast of mind. To appease the divine wrath he offered a humble public penance and a pilgrimage—in his shirt, and upon his knees—from his ships to the sanctuary nearest the spot where he might land. The crew all asked to be admitted to share in the act of penance, even as they were sharers of the awful chastisement. Beans were shaken in a cap, one for each man on board, one of them being marked with a deep-cut cross, so that he who drew it should make a penitential pilgrimage to Guadalupe. Columbus drew the cross-marked bean. Lots were cast for a pilgrim to go to Loretto, and it fell to Pedro Villa, a sailor of Puerto Santa María. They next drew for one to go to Santa Clara of Moguer, and the lot again fell upon Columbus, who, being thus burdened by the caprice of chance with two penances, felt greatly con-

soled, deeming his choice a special grace of heaven. This duty to his Maker being performed, Columbus turned his attention to men; and, in order that the memory of the discovery might not perish, he wrote it down amid the storm, and, wrapping his scroll in a waxed cloth, sealed it up in a keg, which he cast overboard, trusting that, by God's grace, his precious secret might float to shore, and somewhere fall into good hands.

On the 15th of February they sighted land, but what coast they knew not. However, seeing land and landing were, under the circumstances, by no means the same thing. The sea still ran very high, and, as Las Casas says, the ships could only tack with the utmost difficulty. On closer examination they supposed themselves to be near one of the Azores. Columbus by this time was worn to a shadow by fasting, loss of sleep, and exposure, sustaining life by the sheer force of fevered excitement, although well nigh exhausted by the wet and cold. From the 15th to the 18th they stood off and on without being able to run inshore; but on this latter day they landed, and found that the island was called Santa María. Columbus naturally looked for a hearty welcome from its people. Saved as by a miracle from the dashing billows, the land he saw seemed to him almost supernatural. His newly discovered islands, opening fresh fields for the islanders of that region, assured him of triumph, and not repulse. Indeed, the first demonstrations were friendly and joyful, and the islanders showed the greatest delight on hearing of the discovery and beholding the discoverer. But beneath their show of glad welcome lurked a base treachery. Notwithstanding Castile had made peace with Portugal, the Portuguese king could not resign himself to the thought that so great an enterprise had slipped from his grasp. As, on the setting out of the expedition, it had been reported that he was resolved to prevent the exploration, so now, on its return, the fruits of the resentment born of his own want of insight and judgment became apparent. But in all that the Lusitanian monarch did in this regard is noticeable a spirit of indecision that explains his failures, for great resolves demand not only firmness of will, but fixity of purpose and clearness of plan. Dom John could not rightfully ascribe to Columbus the burden of his own error; mute indeed was the conscience of such a man not to confess the true responsibility for the irreparable blunder, which in the sight of history rests only on the king himself. Columbus sent three men ashore, and they did not return, being detained by the eagerness of the islanders to hear their marvelous story; but two messengers from the captain of the island came to the caravel, bringing fowls and other fresh sup-

plies for the crew. The admiral showed them great courtesy and told them how, in fulfilment of a vow, half his crew would go the next morning in solemn penance to the nearest hermitage. They so went, but, to their keen surprise, were assailed by the Portuguese, who, gathered on foot and on horseback, invaded the sanctuary during the mass, with threatening gestures and ribald cries, and seized as enemies their allies and guests. An equal surprise was in store for Columbus. While awaiting the return of the pilgrims in order that he might himself perform the like duty, the Portuguese captain put out in a boat, and told how he had imprisoned them all. Indignant at this incredible outrage, and after announcing his titles of admiral and viceroy, and exhibiting the letters patent of his sovereigns calling upon all friends and allies to lend customary aid to him, Columbus wound up by threatening the offenders with the wrath of Castile, mighty to avenge wounded honor, until not one stone should be left upon another. Fearing lest his moorings should be cut by the rocky bottom, Columbus determined to quit the spot. He had no ballast, however, having been obliged to make use instead of casks filled with sea water; nor even sailors enough, for all his ablest seamen were prisoners on shore. The thick horizon and swollen sea, and the reduction of his able-bodied crew to three skilled sailors, were enough to dismay Columbus, and to make him turn with longing eyes to the fair islands he had quitted, as to an earthly paradise. The sea rolled furiously inshore, and so tossed the ships as to add bodily discomfort to mental anguish. Yet he gave thanks to God even now, for had he been forced to encounter heavy cross-seas instead of broadside rollers, he would inevitably have foundered. The admiral went in search of better shelter at an island called San Miguel, but could not find it. He dreaded to return to Santa María, yet, despite the injuries there suffered, he put back, whereupon several men called to him from the craggy shore, and begged to be taken on board. Soon a skiff put out, manned by five sailors, two priests, and a notary, who asked to see the royal letters and commissions of which he had spoken. Columbus refused, distrusting their intentions; but not having evil means at command, he resorted to good, and, exhibiting the letters, demanded the restoration of the prisoners, which was at length accomplished, to the great satisfaction of all concerned and to his own keen relief. Once a prisoner of the Portuguese king, as Columbus averred he would have been, when could he have regained freedom? Unbounded, indeed, must have been his gratitude to God for having thus happily escaped this fresh affliction.

Taking his men aboard, he turned prow to-

ward Castile on Sunday, the 24th of February. He encountered variable weather until the first days of March, when a violent tornado again struck him, and brought him within two fingers' breadth of loss and ruin. He vowed more pilgrimages to various shrines of the Virgin, while to his God he offered the sacrifice of patient submission to the divine decrees. The mountainous waves, whose fury no poetic trope can depict, overtook and dashed madly upon the frail bark, tossing it aloft as though to crush it, and again hurling it down into the depths. He sighted land amid the thick pall of inky clouds lit by the lightning-bolts, and gave orders to shorten sail, since it was exceedingly dangerous to be offshore in such a storm and darkness. The gale soon blew itself out, and on one hand appeared the white dunes that hem the harbor-mouth of Lisbon, in front lay the broad emboguemment of the Tagus girt with golden sands and white with the lacery of the surges, while near by was the picturesque port of Cascaes, an intermingling of cabins and skiffs, of fishing-nets and plows; and, greater than all, the lovely Rock of Cintra, damascened with gardens, bright with flowers, and fragrant with balsamic odors. Columbus would much rather have hit upon lands where floated the banner of Castile, for he was inspired with slender confidence in a state whose authorities had so rudely treated him in its outlying possessions, and whose king had sworn to charge upon others acts for which a right conscience could himself hold alone accountable. But he could not avoid anchoring in the Tagus. The crested waves still pursued him, and storms violent beyond the experience of man prevailed, so that in those days some five and twenty ships of Flanders with many trusty seamen were swallowed up. On entering the mouth of the river, fearing an attack by the people of the shore, Columbus asked permission to moor in front of Lisbon itself. There he found at anchor a powerful royal ship, of heavy tonnage and armament, under command of that skilful master Bartolomé Diaz, who came in his long-boat to the caravel, and bade him follow whither he would take him. Columbus resisted this command, as befitted his exalted rank and powers, merely exhibiting the letters patent in virtue whereof he might enter at will the ports of any state in alliance or amity with Castile. His high office being made known, every courtesy was shown him. The captain of the Lusitanian ship visited him, attended by musicians and in great pomp, paying him much attention and sharing in his rejoicing; the folk of Lisbon crowded to see and to acclaim him for having dispelled so vast a mystery by his daring, and for revealing to the world so strange a land by bringing back with him liv-

ing examples of its primitive race. Dom Martin de Noronha, a Portuguese hidalgo, brought him a letter from Dom John II., inviting him to the court, where he was notably welcomed; the villagers of Sacamben, where he passed a night on his way to the king's seat, greeted him with all sorts of festivities; the prior of Crato, the foremost personage of the neighborhood, entertained him as a guest in obedience to Dom John's orders; the king seated him at his own table with the greatest respect, and listened attentively to the narrative of his discoveries; and even the queen, then temporarily sojourning in the convent of San Antonio, would not permit him to depart without hearing from his own lips that epic of the sea, marvelous beyond any fancied and sung by poets in their loftiest flights; and thus he who had quitted Portugal as a poor madman returned thither to be reverently hailed as a demigod. This contrast, more than all else, wounded the heart of Dom John. Every new report of the discoverer stung him like an envenomed dart, and the conviction of his frustrated grandeur racked his brain. The thought that all those pearl-seas and golden lands, those spice-islands fair and stainless as a new-found paradise, might have been his, and had been lost through his heeding not the man to whom he now listened with envy, filled his bewildered mind with plans impossible of realization, and schemes of recklessness and violence strove for the mastery in his halting will. In the course of his conversation with the admiral, the rash thought possessed him that the new islands might belong in reality to him, the conqueror of Bojador and Guinea, in virtue of old treaties with Castile and of papal bulls. But Columbus readily met such arguments with the masterful skill of one in whom the divinations of genius were joined to learning and research. Some assert that in secret, and baffling the scrutiny of Columbus as far as he might, Dom John brought from the caravel an Indian native of the first-discovered island, and bade him show by means of stones and pebbles set in due order the number and position of the islands of that beauteous archipelago. When he saw the great group of the Bahamas and the vast and fabulously fertile Cuba, with Española large as Portugal, beyond reef-girt Salvador, Fernandina with its thrifty tribes, and the poetic isles of Concepcion and Isabella, all coral-rooted in the sea and rearing their crowns of palms heavenward, he was smitten with such despair that he turned against the discoverer all the reproach that he himself alone deserved. Deep, indeed, must his rage have been when his courtiers, ever on the alert to pander to what they divined to be the royal desire, plotted to assassinate Colum-

bus and, seizing his caravel, to brave anew the now explored sea, and to set upon the islands discovered for Castile the standard of Portugal. But some remnant of conscience in the king, and some lingering fear of the Catholic Sovereigns, led him to allow Columbus to depart whither he would, and so he bade him a courteous and ceremonious farewell, charging him with congratulations to the Castilian rulers for the new and marvelous empire they had won.

The delicate sensitiveness of his nature was displayed by Columbus now, as often before, by his turning first to the spot whence he had set sail, thronged though it was with sad memories of his former obscurity and poverty, rather than to the court whence the first aid toward his undertaking had come and where dazzling rewards awaited its success. True it is that the pains and trials whereby success is won enhance beyond measure its material and moral value. The humble stranger-pilot; the wandering Genoese; the obscure sojourner in a petty village of the coast; the plebeian kinsman of an unknown family; the unhappy father for whom his elder son was become a grievous burden through his inability to maintain him as his deep heart's love prompted; the sorcerer, comprehended only by the wisdom of Garci-Fernandez the physician, and the intuition of Fray Juan Perez the penitent, doubtless found in the remembrance of the trials that had so hardly beset him the motives of a higher satisfaction at the fame he had won, and a deeper appreciation of his rank of admiral and viceroy achieved by the heroic force of his will and his inspiration. What countless vigils! What bitter jeers remembered in the solitude of the cloister! What yearnings as he beheld life and hope waning! What of those long days of Juan Perez's mission to Granada? What of his lack of means, even after so favorable a compact as that with the sovereigns at Santa Fé? What of the desertion of his crews, his parting from his child, his last look upon the cliff-set monastery when the unknown wastes were yawning before him, the daring discoverer? Contrast the penitential procession before his setting forth with the triumphal pageantry of his return; that requiem-like mass celebrated by the solitary Padre Juan with the glad "Te Deum" of the crowds that now awaited him; the heart-rending wailings of farewell at his departure with the joyous acclaim of triumph; the scoffs heaped upon his mad schemes with the benedictions attending his assured success; the lamentations of the by-gone time with the present rejoicings,—the one is as the day of Calvary, the other as the day of the paschal resurrection! He who had most contributed to the success of the Columbian plans, Pinzon, reached Puerto sadly and alone, and like a hunted felon slunk to his home, to

die! Ah! Martin Alonso fell a victim to his failure to realize the greatness of his share in the work, and to his having coveted the glory of it for himself. How splendid were Lucifer had he not fallen! How great Martin Alonso had he not aspired to be Columbus! He had amassed the wherewithal to complete the equipment of the voyage; assembled by his authority the three caravels and their crews; accomplished the task of organization when even the deputed powers of the sovereigns had been in vain; subdued the disaffected sailors; restored order when all seemed lost, dispelled moral tempests more terrible than those of ocean; shown amid all difficulties exceptional qualities worthy from their very dissimilarity of being ranked with the superhuman endowments of his prescient rival; but all his shrewd foresight, his firmness of will, his patience, his heroic valor, his faculties of administration and command, were commingled with such mad jealousy, such poignant envy, such hostile rivalry, as to drag him to this shameful end and forever to tarnish his glorious life. His quitting Columbus to go in quest of the wealth which the Indians of San Salvador reported to lie hidden in the heart of Haiti was an act of insubordination, unpardonable anywhere, but most so upon the seas when ruin impends if all yield not the most passive obedience. Neither should he, upon his return, have coveted the high laurels due to the greater originator, for even in his subordinate place peerless fame and benefits awaited him. The punishment befitted the deed. When he reached Bayona, in Galicia, near the mouth of the Miño, Columbus was already in the Tagus; when he arrived at the harbor of Saltes, Columbus had already landed long before him, and received his merited welcome. Naught was left Pinzon but to die. Even in that tragical and obscure ending of his woes and his despair, is seen the high resolve of the sailor who faces death as all things else. Columbus perchance might not be overpaid by all that Castile could bestow; but the fault of Pinzon was required beyond measure. Some, nevertheless, would excuse the pilot's error by the greed of the admiral, who could not brook that any of his sailors might share in the benefits of an enterprise which so conspicuously obeyed the instincts of barter and the lust of gain. From the time of sighting the first island until the last reefs of Española sank from sight, Columbus thought of naught save amassing gold, and spoke of naught save gold. How scanty his inquiries of the Indians in regard to their religion, laws, and customs; how endless concerning gold-mines! He himself confesses that Pinzon, when they parted company, had gathered much gold by barter with the natives, and had distributed it in proportionate shares

among his sailors, reserving a goodly part for himself. But Columbus kept for himself all that he found. Every prospect of profit in his pathway tempted him and called forth his imperious resolve, when he deemed the occasion propitious, to grasp it. He had well nigh lost all at Santa Fé, by his inordinate demands for more profitable conditions. His failure at the court of Lisbon, so propitious a field for all discoveries, is attributed by some to his tenacious and overweening claims for his own benefit in comparison with the share to fall to the crown. He could not even relinquish the paltry prize and slender pittance offered to him who should earliest sight land. There is no doubt whatever that the first man actually to behold the celebrated Lucayan shore, discovered in the morning hours of the 12th of October, was Rodrigo de Triana; yet, because the admiral saw a faint gleam of light in the distance, a fact not even well attested, he appropriated the pension, to the grievous discontent of the good Rodrigo, who, wounded by this attack upon his fame and his pocket, quitted the service of his sovereigns, and went over to the Moors. As the curious volume of his *Prophecies*¹ shows, Columbus persistently dreamed of buying back Jerusalem from the Grand Turk, but only in the event of his finding seas of pearls, cities of gold, streets paved with sapphires, mountains of emeralds, rivers of diamonds, wealth such as had never fallen to Cræsus or Solomon, the treasures of all the Indies far beyond aught that philosopher could compute or even poet feign. The sovereigns themselves discerned these failings in Columbus, when, in writing him the solemn epistle whereby they congratulated him upon his discovery, they first speak of the service done to God and his king, and again of the things he had accomplished for religion and his country, and conclude by referring at considerable length to the profits reaped by the discoverer, his several titles, his numerous benefits, and his enormous share in the revenues to his own behoof. More fittingly should this first letter after the splendid achievement have been a hymn of praise, and not a business reckoning. But it was a reckoning, and not a hymn, because the sovereigns well knew the greed of the discoverer and his disposition to grasp even the uttermost scrap of his bargained privileges. Pinzon, naturally more liberal than Columbus, more generous by national traits and domestic training, free-handed to give, as is shown by the fact of his not having asked even a receipt for the large contributions he brought to the common enter-

prise, must at the last have become vexed at the covetousness of the admiral, and convinced that he would endeavor to turn everything to his own personal advantage and lasting renown. But they who so persistently charge this vice upon Columbus ignore the main characteristics of a nature and temperament such as his, and shut their eyes to the exceptional end where-to he was born and reared. The New World would never have been discovered if to the divine impulses springing from the warmth of a self-contained semi-religious ideal had not been joined the paltry but continuous incentives of more sordid motives, serving to spur the will to vigilant effort and tireless activity. Providence and nature joined in guiding alike the nobler and higher part of Columbus and the lower and more animal part, in order that he might realize an almost fabulous ideal, in obedience to all the impelling mainsprings of the human will. If any one thing be lacking, the totality of the work is marred. These strangely composite men, so lofty, yet so contradictory, while possessing in the higher attributes of their being more of the angel than other mortals, have likewise in their lower traits much more of the animal. These mixed traits were congenital to the men of that time, when the ancient feudal chivalry was expiring and modern mercantile self-interest springing up; to the natives of such a city as Genoa, alike artistic and commercial; to the calling of a sailor, which by its dual aspects looks upon the sea as a temple and a mart, and upon life as a truceless combat and a business transaction; to the artists and learned men of the Renaissance in whom imagination, poetic impulse, the intuitive faculties, sovereign inspirations, esthetic motives, the revelations of philosophy, profound thought, superhuman art, and the worship of the true and the beautiful attained vast proportions, at the expense of morality and conscience,—if I may venture to hint such a thing in regard to a sublime revealer who has even been very generally proposed for canonization.

FROM memory-haunted Palos, Columbus went to Seville and thence by land to Barcelona, where the sovereigns awaited him. It being his good hap to journey through the fairest and richest region of the peninsula, there is no need of telling how he was received by Andalusians, Murcians, Levantines, and Catalans in his triumphal progress. One who has not had the good fortune to witness a Levantine festival can scarce form a conception of the joy of the populace. April having already opened 'Indias.' To Navarrete and HARRISSE, only the 72d leaf seemed to be in Columbus's own handwriting. It was written mainly in 1501. A summary is in Navarrete's "Coleccion," II., 289.—TRANSLATOR.

¹ This Book of *Prophecies* remains inedited. The manuscript is in the Columbian Library at Seville—a portentous folio, "two fingers thick," entitled "Coleccion de las Profecias de la recuperacion de la Santa Ciudad de Hierusalen y del descubrimiento de las

when the admiral took his way through that enchanting Eden, it need scarce be said that orange-blossoms showered upon him amid the endless rejoicings, as the applause of innumerable crowds smote his ear. From every way-side nook he could discern through the garlanded almonds and pomegranates his own Mediterranean blue stretching beyond the figs and aloes. Upon his stately entry into any town, the booming of cannon, the peal of bells, the strains of sweet music, the acclaim of the crowds, the clash of timbrels and the melody of lutes, the homage of the civic authorities surrounded by their picturesque alguacils, the joyful halleluiahs chanted by monks and priests in solemn procession, the fragrance of the streets strewn with rosemary and lavender, the portals wreathed with flowers, the house-fronts hung with boughs and the frondage of the cane, the crimson damask and snowy drapery falling from casement and balcony in graceful folds, the countless streamers and banners that waved above, the stretched awnings softening the glare with delicate gleams and grateful shadows, made such a succession of bright pictures as art might strive in vain to represent truly. At length the discoverer drew nigh to Barcelona. The city in its festal attire was a sight to see. All the luxury of the civilization of that day was gathered there in wondrous splendor.

A deputation of nobles had received him beyond the city's gates, and attended him to where the civic authorities stood in waiting, each preceded by his mace-bearer. What a sublime meeting of the Old World and the New! The procession was headed by the crews of the caravels, bronzed by the sun and tanned by the salt waves, exciting popular enthusiasm by their brave sailor-like tread and the vigor of their embrowned features; after came, borne upon men's shoulders, those strange plants so different from any then known among us—the maize with its golden ears, the yet unnamed yucca, the cocoa-palms, the broad-leaved plantain, and the farinaceous tubers we now call potatoes. To this Indian flora succeeded the novel fauna, some living, others for the most part dried and mounted. All were amazed by the manatees, like huge aquatic oxen, the iguanas, like gentler crocodiles, and the sirens, fleshy of body and by no means as lovely as fable tells. Next came the birds, parrakeets of many kinds, with brilliant silken plumage, mounted on lofty perches; and after these, the Indians, on foot, naked and gaily painted with crowns of feathers on their heads and breech-clouts on their loins, much startled at the dismay they themselves caused, yet obedient to the glance and smile of the discoverer, who led them where he would amid the astonished crowd. After the Indians came the

gold, the primitive jewelry, and the strings of seed-pearls given by the caciques, all artfully displayed. Lastly came an attendant escort of the ship's officers, and then Columbus, adorned with all the insignia of his various offices, a true cavalier upon a spirited charger, haughtily erect despite his years, and heedful of every mark of honor shown him, a smile of gratitude upon his lips, the furrows of deep thought upon his brow, and in his eagle glance the reflected splendor of his soul. We need not dilate upon how those Barcelonese, famed for urbanity and finished types of the culture of their day, vied with one another in proving their comprehension of the transcendency of the incredible event. From the pavement of the streets to the cornices of the houses, a compact multitude was gathered, delirious with an enthusiasm finding vent in never-ending acclamations that, rising and echoing through all the air, spread the electric thrill of a common yearning in which, as it were, the soul of the whole city was condensed. In this poem of the discovery of the New World—an epic indeed, though history must perforce narrate it in prose—the choice of Barcelona for the reception of Columbus appears intentional and not mere chance, for none of our towns had so good a right to usher in the new age of labor and barter as that exceptional city of the toiler and the artisan, whose nautical and mercantile renown competes with the greatest fame of the cities of Italy and Hellas.

Beneath a canopy of rich brocade and upon a throne of Persian fabrics sat the two sovereigns, attended by the most splendid court of all Christendom. Gonzalez Oviedo, the chronicler, with his minute attention to details, says that, even as at Santa Fé he had witnessed the melancholy exile of Boabdil, so now a year and a half later he beheld the triumphal entry of Columbus. And rightly did he couple these memories, for the history of man records few events of such importance. The discoverer dismounted, and advancing, bonnet in hand, beneath the standard he had planted upon the reefs of Salvador in the name of Castile, entered the royal audience-hall, with a deep emotion such as frail human nature could scarce endure. By the royal dais stood the Prince Don John, in whose honor Columbus had given to Cuba the name of Juana, and amid the assembled court were doubtless gathered the great patrons of Columbus, foremost among them the Cardinal of Spain, Pedro de Mendoza. A murmur of admiring surprise greeted the discoverer, whose brimming eyes, quick to discern the pathways of the ocean, could scarce trace his path in that splendid hall. Moved by an irresistible impulse, the sovereigns cast royal etiquette aside, and stood

up, regardless of the usage of the Aragonese and Castilian courts. When Columbus beheld this mark of esteem, he sought to kneel, but Ferdinand forbade him, and, descending from the throne, clasped him to his breast.

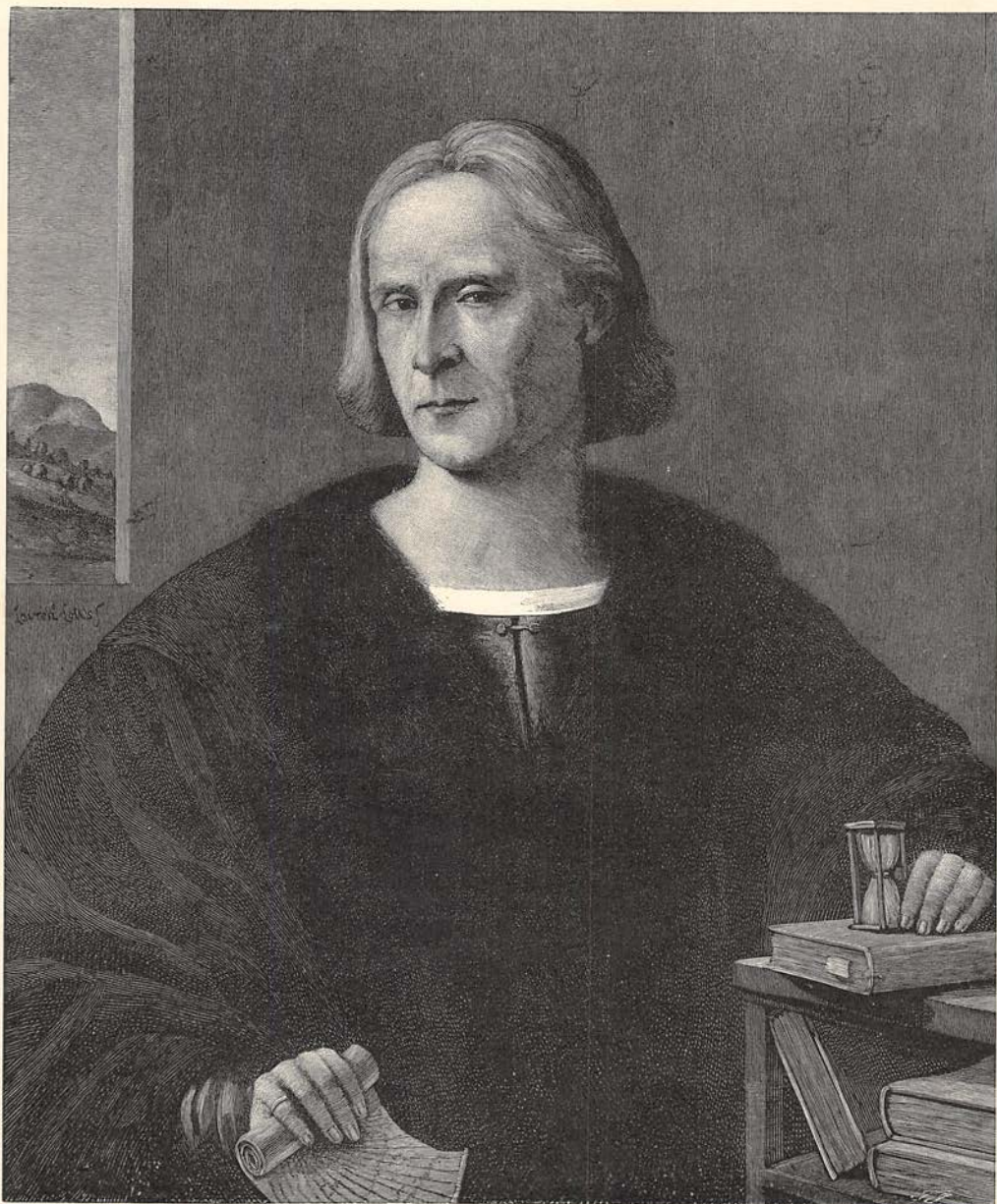
A YEAR and a half had passed from the day the sovereigns overcame Boabdil to their reception of Columbus. What a contrast between these two historical events and their central epic figures! On the Vega of Granada perished the olden world of fatalism, and in that audience-hall of Barcelona began the new world of liberty; there despotism sank away, and here the rights of man dawned; beneath Mendoza's cross uplifted on the Vermilion Towers fell the social structure builded upon warfare, while beneath the banner set by Columbus on the coral-reef of Salvador arose another society, which, despite its birth in armed conquest, was soon to be self-converted into an outgrowth of trade and labor. To be scanned aright, social truths demand the far perspective of infinite time and space. Boabdil, setting out with the conquered warriors of the Koran for the Libyan sands, closed the ancient era, while Columbus, returning from the measureless ocean with the simple sons of the world revealed by his mighty genius, inaugurated the modern era. Yet they who had wrought these marvels knew not their full scope or transcendency, and were even unaware that they had in fact found a new world in the ocean, believing that the discovered land was but a spur of the old historical continent.¹ Setting aside the usages of the traditional courtly code, the Catholic Sovereigns bade Columbus be seated in their presence, and speak as he listed concerning his voyage. The discoverer spoke freely and long, repeating as though by rote the record of his journal and the report he had prepared for his sovereigns. A humble recognition of God's aid and of the help vouchsafed him by God's royal vicegerents on earth fitly prefaced his well-arranged discourse. The facts being set forth in orderly sequence, he gave due prominence to the more important features of his divine Odyssey, and to the emotions aroused in his mind by his sudden meeting with yonder virgin isles of beauty. Columbus spoke much of the gold he had obtained, and cast ardent eyes upon it as a promise of more to come. But, even as he was unaware of the true geographical position and

immeasurable vastness of the archipelago he had found, so he divined not the potent factors he had added to interchange and trade. Had one set before his eyes the new productions so fraught with blessing to mankind, such as the febrifuge we call quinine, hidden on the mainland he had not reached but was soon to discover, his genius, now blinded by the glitter of gold, would have foreseen other and incalculable advantages to flow from his achievement. He knew naught of the bread made from the rich ears of the maize, nor the worth of the food-bearing but unsightly potato, now so indispensable to man's life. Who could have foretold him the future of tobacco? He saw it first in Cuba. Certain Indians carried it, rolled in dry leaves and lighted at one end, while they sucked the other end, and so regaled themselves with the smoke. How could he have forecast the part that leaf and its smoke were to play toward the enjoyment and the revenues of the civilized world in both hemispheres? With gaze reverted to the past, Columbus believed that all these lands had fallen under the dominion of our Spain to revive the crusades of the feudal ages, when they were in reality destined, in the plan of divine providence and in the development of human progress, to renew society as they had renewed life. But the onlookers of his time shared not such fancies. Columbus yet believed that Cuba was a part of the Asiatic continent and that the second expedition to be sent to the shores of Cuba and Española, with more and better-equipped vessels than the first, would attain to the kingdom of Cathay, the golden city of Cipango and the realms of the Great Khan, all rich with priceless gems. Whatever his inward beliefs, he could not for an instant doubt that the Church, thanks to his discovery, would win many souls and the State new subjects, while the Spanish nation should stretch out beneath new skies and through new seas to other virgin lands, as though God had willed to reward his faith and constancy by another and immaculate creation. How fitting, therefore, that upon the completion of the discoverer's story, a celestial chant should arise in mystic cadence, bearing to heaven's heights a glorious "Te Deum," voicing the emotion that possessed all hearts in that marvelous moment, when it seemed as though God and mankind were reconciled by the restoration of the lost paradise.

Emilio Castelar.

¹ A belief not even dispelled by the results of the later voyages. See the interesting document entitled "Informacion y testimonio de cómo el Almirante fue á reconocer la Isla de Cuba quedando persuadido de que era tierra-firme," drawn up on the *Niña*, June 12, 1494,

by the notary Fernand Perez de Luna, in which the officers and seamen testified, by request of Columbus, that Cuba was, indeed, a part of the mainland of India. (Navarrete, "Coleccion," II., 162.) Cuba was first mapped as an island by La Cosa, 1500.—TRANSLATOR.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON,

OWNED BY JAMES W. ELLSWORTH.

THE LOTTO PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

THE LOTTO PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.



HERE is no excuse for bringing forward a new portrait of Columbus at this late day unless it has more than the mere smack of possibility about it. For there are already something like six times six Columbuses in the field, and every one brings in a separate tale, and every tale condemns Columbus for—some other person. The confusion of testimony is, however, no good reason for wholly rejecting all the portraits, with the assumption that the discoverer never was drawn, carved, or painted from life. Positive and direct proof for any likeness of him cannot be adduced. The evidence, if it ever existed, has been lost in the lapse of years. But there are probabilities that seem to attach themselves to two recurrent types, and these form chains of circumstantial evidence worthy of consideration. The original of one of these types, perhaps the earliest of all the portraits, we have before us in the recently discovered picture by Lorenzo Lotto, engraved for the frontispiece of this magazine.

The history of this portrait is brief, and about as unsatisfactory as any of the other Columbuses. It is supposed to have been painted for Domenico Malipiero, the Venetian senator and historian, at the instance of his correspondent, Angelo Trevisan (Trivigiano), secretary of the Venetian ambassador to Spain, who in 1501 was in intimate communication with Christopher Columbus at Granada. Malipiero's manuscripts (and presumably this picture) are said to have passed to Senator Francesco Longo. The Gradenigos were the heirs of the Longos, and it was from them that the Cavaliere Luigi Rossi, a steward of the Duchess of Parma, purchased the picture. Just before Rossi's death the picture was sold to a person named Gandolfi, who had it somewhat repaired and restored. The badly damaged head and red cap of an Indian at the right were cut out, and the picture was made square instead of oblong. From Gandolfi it passed to Signor Antonio della Rovere of Venice, in whose house it was seen in 1801 by Captain Frank H. Mason, United States Consul-General at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and by him bought for the World's Fair at Chicago. The record cannot be traced with any certainty beyond the Gradenigos, and even if it could, it would prove no more than what the picture itself reveals. The best evidence for or against any picture is internal, not external.

It is hardly worth while arguing the antiquity of the canvas. It speaks for itself, and says unmistakably that it is old Italian—Venetian-Italian at that. The archæological methods of determining the place of a work of art are now too well known for explanation, and too accurately based to admit of much error. Neither is it worth while to go afield in search of a painter for the portrait, when the name of the very man we would naturally attribute it to is upon the canvas. The signature and date read "Lauren^s Lotto f, 1512." Both are genuine, though the date had been clumsily scumbled over with gray paint. It has been suggested that the signature was not the one Lotto usually signed. He had no usual signature until 1522, and even after that it varies. I have before me as I write eight facsimiles of his signature, all written differently, and yet all, in common with this signature, possessed of a certain character that shows them to have come from one hand. Had the signature on this portrait been a falsification, we may be sure it would not have varied a hair's-breadth from those on the well-known portraits in the Brera, or that upon the St. Antoninus in SS. Giovanni e Paolo in Venice. The variation is a proof of genuineness. But the signature is corroboration only, not proof positive.

Lorenzo Lotto was a painter who in his portraits was hardly second to Titian, and yet there remain to us few facts in his life. He was born probably about 1480, and as a painter was Venetian with some provincial earmarks about him. Of the school of Giovanni Bellini, he was a friend and fellow-worker with Palma, and after 1512 shows the influence of Giorgione and, later, of Titian. With a faculty for grasping technical features in others, Lotto brought many reminiscences of his contemporaries into his works. It has been said that he was influenced by Correggio (a mistake), by Leonardo (another mistake), by Pennacchi, Carpaccio, Cima, and half a dozen other painters. That he was a borrower there can be no doubt, and this portrait shows his characteristic borrowings. The sharp articulated drawing in both hands and face points to his master Giovanni Bellini; the angularities of drapery, especially in the right sleeve, suggest Bartolommeo Vivarini; the fullness of the cloak and figure are Palmesque; the coloring, especially in the scarlet under-coat with the white edging at the neck, is peculiarly Lottesque, and yet suggests the influence of Ferrara; while the early Venetian landscape

seen through the window is like Cima in drawing, and like the Lombards in its blue-green coloring. These influences showing in his work were mingled with technical methods peculiar to himself. Thus he had his own method of handling light and shade, his own color delicacy, and, what is more apparent in this portrait, certain mannerisms in drawing. The theory of the late Senator Morelli, that the old Italians had a way of painting conventional features, has been sneered at by his critics, but nevertheless there is some truth in it, if not enough to establish a science. Lotto, for example, was very fond of giving his portraits a peculiar twist of the head, and a side-long look from the eye; his ears were almost always heavy, long, and inclined toward a point, not at the top but at the bottom; his hands and fingers were never quite free from a cramped appearance; and the finger-tips were inclined toward a point with a very singular form of finger-nail. Portraiture in those days did not extend to the minute realization of every individual feature. The examination of a man's work — Bellini's or Titian's, for instance — shows that he used but one formula for all hands and ears. Just so with Lotto. This portrait, compared with those in the Brera (especially the "Portrait of a Lady with a Fan," No. 253), those in the National Gallery in London, or even the sadly repainted Giorgionesque "Three Ages" in the Pitti (engraved in this magazine for April, 1892), will reveal the peculiar methods of the one man.

Those who do not care for the technical analysis of a picture, but prefer to judge by the spirit in which it is conceived and executed, may trace the identity of Lotto in that way quite as well. For, in spite of his eclecticism, Lotto had an individuality of his own, showing in a loftiness of type, an aristocratic grace of countenance, a refinement of feeling, and all through both conception and method a certain nervous quality that is almost morbid in its sensitiveness. Certainly our portrait shows these qualities, and, applying either method of recognition, the microscope of Morelli or the broader intuitive sense of Mündler or Cavalcaselle, there is only one conclusion that can be reached about it. It is a work of Lorenzo Lotto, and though it has suffered somewhat from the effects of time and repainting, it still possesses not a little of nobility.¹ Whether it is a Columbus or not, is quite another matter. Perhaps if the reasons for thinking so are set forth, the public will be as capable a judge as the Columbus experts.

Of the many representations of Columbus every portrait with a ruff or a beard is excluded. Neither was worn in Columbus's time. Criticism accepts as possibilities two types of the discoverer. One is the Giovian type, best seen perhaps in the D'Orchi portrait at Como or the Yanez portrait at Madrid. The history of the supposed original is brief and uncertain. Sixty years or more after the death of Columbus, Vasari gave a list of two hundred and eighty portraits in the villa of Paolo Giovio on Lake Como, which Duke Cosimo had Cristoforo dell' Altissimo copy for his Gardaroba. In the list, with Attila, Artaxerxes, Saladin, Tamerlane, and other celebrities, whose portraits must have been purely imaginary, appears "Colombo Genovese." In 1575, engravings purporting to reproduce the portraits in the Como villa were printed, and among them one that still does service for Christopher Columbus. If the real portrait of the discoverer ever was in that collection, it must have been lost or confused with others. The Giovian type shows the face and costume of a Franciscan brother instead of a navigator. For that reason, and because it does not correspond to the written descriptions left by the contemporaries of Columbus, it has not been universally accepted.

The other type is well shown in the Ministry of Marine portrait at Madrid.² The Lotto portrait, which we have before us, is an earlier presentation of this type — perhaps the archetype. The difference between the two men shown in the two portraits is slight indeed. It might result from two different artists viewing the same sitter, or the sitter himself seen at two different times or ages, or from the careless restorations from which both pictures have suffered. We see such variations in the portraits of Francis I., and Napoleon I., and even in those of George Washington. This type seems to repeat itself in succeeding engravings and ideal portraits; something of it shows in the Genoa statue; so familiar is it that painters at this day employ it in historical pictures of Columbus; and even the circus people use it in their show-bills. Whether real or imaginary, it seems to be the popular conception of what the discoverer ought to be. Unfortunately there is no absolute Columbus criterion by which we may judge whether it is fact or fiction, but there are reasons for thinking it founded on fact.

It is, in the first place, the Ligurian type, the Genoese type, which the contemporaries and followers of Columbus — his son Ferdinand, Trevisan, Las Casas, Oviedo, Benzoni

¹ Critical articles upon this portrait appeared in "La Tribuna Illustrata," Rome, December 7, 1890, and in the "Rivista Marittima," July and August, 1890. W. J. Stillman wrote of it as a Lotto in the "Nation,"

December 26, 1889, and I am informed that Cavalcaselle, Morelli, Böde, and a number of German experts have given a like opinion.

² Engraved in this magazine for May, 1892.

—described in saying that the admiral was tall, well formed, above the average height; his face was long, neither full nor thin, his cheek-bones a little high. He had an aquiline nose, light (gray) eyes, and a fair, high-colored complexion. When a young man his hair was blond, but at the age of thirty it became gray. Las Casas adds that "he had an air of authority," and Benzoni that "his appearance was that of a nobleman." Such a general description is, of course, a rather loose mask into which many faces may be thrust; but the one that fits it best is the Ligurian face. A comparison, feature by feature, will show that the Lotto portrait tallies exactly with the description even in the matter of the gray hair, the gray eyes, the "air of authority," and "the appearance of a nobleman." If the original study for the portrait were made in 1501, as is thought probable, it should find Columbus (according to HARRISSE) fifty-six years of age, out of favor with the court, suffering from hardships and misfortunes, and disheartened by ingratitude. Again, the picture corresponds, even in the facial expression of sadness and wounded pride.

The costume in which the figure is clothed has more importance, perhaps, than would ordinarily attach, for the reason that the old Venetians never searched the history of antiquity for appropriate "historical" garments. They always painted what they saw about them, and here in this portrait we have the Italian costume of the Columbus age. It is the first time that it appears in any portrait of the discoverer; and the second and only other time it appears is in the repetition, the Ministry of Marine portrait. Carderera, in his "Informe sobre los Retratos de Cristobal Colon," says of the costume of the Columbus period, that for the better classes "the hair was as long as to cover the ears, and cut in a horizontal line; the shirts had thin folds, and a collar which was no higher than a finger is thick; the coat was long to the knees, and the collar was cut out square around the neck, or the breast was cut out square. . . . Mantles were long, and fell to the ankles, with broad lapels, and had slits or openings at the sides." Had he added that the lapels were of silk or of fur, it would seem as though his description had been taken directly from the Lotto portrait, for it fits it in every respect. It is, in brief, the Italian costume in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries for well-to-do or noble people, and may be seen at this day in the Venetian pictures by Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, and their contemporaries.

But to come a little nearer to our search, this Genoese, with "an air of authority" and a tinge of melancholy about him, who looks out of his canvas with such a reproachful, half-disdainful

look—this man is a navigator, a commander. The lines of the face are those formed by exposure to all sorts of weather; the bronzed, tanned look of the skin is the result of salt air and southern sun; the very eyes, with their keen, narrow look, are those of a "lookout" at sea who blinks in the fierce light of noonday beating on the ocean. But, above all, if he be not a navigator, why the attributes of the craft about him? In the left hand he holds a log-glass. It is not an hour-glass, but a log-glass, which runs from fourteen to twenty-eight seconds, and was used in connection with the log-line to ascertain the speed of a ship. It rests upon a book, and that book is marked on the back "Aristotel." Aristotle and Strabo both taught the spherical theory of the earth. It was the influence of Aristotle and his interpreters that kept alive during the middle ages the doctrine that India and Spain were not far apart; and Mr. Tillinghast informs us (Winsor, Vol. I, p. 36) that Columbus certainly knew of these sources. Whether he did or did not would have made little difference to the painter. He had to portray a believer in the roundness of the earth. Aristotle was an ancient authority for that belief; hence his volume was an appropriate symbol—particularly appropriate for the man who first put the spherical theory to a practical test. Another symbol, that of the Indian in the red cap at the right, was unfortunately cut away, and cannot be spoken of now. There was probably some confusion in the painter's mind between the Indian brought to Venice by Cappello as a present to the Signiory in 1497 and the Moors of western Africa. The error of thinking them of kin was popular at that time; hence the red fez, which might, indeed, have been worn by Cappello's Indian while in Venice.

If there is any possible doubt about the book, the log-glass, and the Indian symbols, there is none whatever about the attribute in the right hand. It is a map—a map not of Africa or India, but of the New World, the West Indies discovered by Columbus. What possible pertinence could there be in placing this map of Columbus's discoveries in the hands of another person than Columbus himself? He holds the map half unrolled to the view as an evidence of his achievement; in the hands of any other person, say Vasco da Gama, Magellan, or Vespucci, it would look like downright theft or false pretenses. During the life of Columbus, and for many years after his death, no navigator would have dared to appropriate to himself such a symbol. The discovery of the West Indies was the peculiar glory of Columbus, and even modern historical criticism, which has pilfered from him everything else, including ability, honor, and common decency, has

not disputed his right to that. And yet not quite all the land upon the map was discovered by Columbus. The map was of course sketchily painted, as the symbol of a navigator, not for cartographical purposes; but nevertheless the degrees of longitude, the outlines of the islands, and the names, may be easily traced. The names that appear are Spagnola (Hayti), La Dominica, Moferato (Monserrat), Canibalorum (Cannibal Islands), and at the bottom Terra Sancte [*sic*] Crucis (Brazil). But Brazil was not discovered by Columbus. It is usually conceded to be the find of the Portuguese Cabral in 1500. How does it happen, then, that he holds a map showing a discovery not his own?

All the discoveries on the map were known in 1500. Columbus died in 1506. The earliest engraved map of the New World now known to us is the Ruysch map, published with the second edition of the Rome Ptolemy in 1508. The map in the Lotto portrait (the portrait is dated 1512, it will be remembered) is very like the West Indian portion of the Ruysch map, except in the omission of some important islands and in the spelling of some of the names. It is not impossible that Lotto used the Ruysch map, because it was in existence in his time, and that he copied the West Indian portion of it, indicating at the bottom the Terra Sanctæ Crucis, ignorant or careless as to whether Columbus did or did not discover that particular country. From the painter's point of view, there would be nothing unusual or out of the way in his doing so. But if such were the case, why did not Lotto likewise copy the spelling? Why Canibalorum for "Canibalos In," and Moferato for "Moferrato"? Why were Matinina, and Tamaragua, and other names and islands on the Ruysch map omitted entirely? Did Lotto reproduce Ruysch's map, or was Ruysch's map an enlargement of that now lost map brought to Venice for Domenico Malipiero by Angelo Trevisan in 1502—a map which Lotto must have known about and possibly copied in this portrait?

Angelo Trevisan, secretary to the Venetian Embassy at Granada, had been requested by Domenico Malipiero, the Venetian senator, admiral, and historian, to obtain for him a map of the newly discovered countries in the west, as appears from a letter of Trevisan's to Malipiero dated Granada, August 21, 1501. In that letter he speaks of his intimacy and friendship for Columbus, who was then at Granada, poor, and out of favor with the sovereigns.

Through him [Columbus] I have sent to Palos, a place where only sailors and men acquainted

with Columbus's voyages live, to have a map made at the request of your Magnificency. It will be extremely well executed and copious, and minute in respect to the newly discovered country.

Further on he speaks of its size preventing the sending of it; Malipiero must wait until Trevisan returns to Venice. In the mean time he sends a free Venetian translation of the first book of Martyr's "Decades of the Ocean," containing the first three voyages of Columbus, and promises the others. Probably Malipiero had no direct interest in Columbus. As a historian and a Venetian senator, he wanted complete information regarding the New World—perhaps to promote Venetian commerce. Possibly Columbus did not know about all the land discovered, but the Venetian Embassy in Granada did. It knew about the discovery of Terra Sanctæ Crucis by Cabral through its secretary in Portugal, and through the letter of the King of Portugal to the King of Spain (dated July 29, 1500, and printed in Rome, October 23, 1500) announcing that discovery. In August, 1501, Trevisan promises to make the map "as copious and minute as possible"; therefore he sends to have it made at Palos. Why, if not that he finds there map-makers familiar with Portuguese as well as with Spanish discoveries? There was no need of sending to Palos for Columbus's charts, because Columbus had his charts with him at Granada, where Trevisan was located. It was evidently Trevisan's object to have the map show not only the islands of Columbus's discovery, but *all the discoveries*. It is extremely likely that when the Embassy returned to Venice in 1502, Trevisan's map had, besides the West Indies, the outline of Terra Sanctæ Crucis (Brazil) upon it, and that Lotto used the map for his portrait. It is not positively known that such was the case, for all trace of the map is now lost; but one slight thing seems to connect the Lotto map with the Trevisan map, and intimates that the one was merely a painter's copy of the other. In 1504 Trevisan's Venetian translation of the first book of Martyr's "Decades" appeared under the title of "Libretto de tutte le Navigazione del Re di Spagna," and in it the spelling of the names of the countries is the same as that upon the map in the hand of the Lotto Columbus.¹ Why the map made at Palos, a Spanish port, should have Venetian and Latin names upon it corresponding to the spelling in Trevisan's "Libretto," is explicable only on the ground that Trevisan so ordered it, knowing that the map was for Venetian use. That Lotto should have copied this map with in Venice. The "Libretto" was republished with Cabral's voyage and other matter in the "Paesi novamente ritrovati," Vicentia, 1507.

¹ This information is furnished me by Signor della Rovere, who has had access to the only copy of the "Libretto" in existence, in the library of St. Mark's

Terra Sanctæ Crucis upon it, or that he should have varied the Ruysch map, using either the one or the other as a symbol of Columbus the discoverer, has nothing of the improbable about it. To paint what was before one, regardless of chronology or exact historic truth, was the story of all the Renaissance art.

There is no record that Lotto ever was in Spain or ever saw Columbus. Such things were not matters of record. There are only some half-dozen dates in Lotto's whole life, and these come mainly from churches that had paid money for his pictures. From the different towns in which these dates appear it would seem that Lotto was a wanderer over Italy at least. From 1500 to 1503 no one knows where he was. He might have been in Spain, as he was, later on, in Rome and elsewhere. He may have sketched Columbus from life and never finished the picture until 1512. Such things were not infrequent then, nor are they now. It is more likely, however, that Trevisan, the intimate friend of Columbus, who had the elaborate map made for Malipiero,—a map so large that he had to take it with him to Venice in his luggage,—also brought with him some sketch or portrait of Columbus as a complement to the map and as

a present to Malipiero. Trevisan's one-sentence description of Columbus prefacing his "Libretto," and reading "Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, high and tall, red, very clever, with a long face," seems insufficient and meaningless unless accompanied by a sketch or portrait of the man. It is not improbable that such a sketch or portrait served as Lotto's model for this larger picture. Lotto was certainly well enough known in 1512 to obtain such an order from Malipiero or Trevisan. Later on his intimate companion, Palma Vecchio, was working for a branch of the Malipiero family; but whether Lotto ever did or did not can only be conjectured.

Such, in brief, is the present evidence for the Lotto Columbus. It is not conclusive, because the portrait has outlived its record, and stands to-day, like many another Renaissance portrait, the sole witness in itself for itself. The type, the costume, the attributes, the circumstances, point toward a likeness of Columbus; that is all. Circumstantial or hearsay evidence is all that has ever been brought forward for any portrait of Columbus, and perhaps it is not too much to say that the evidence for this one is quite as strong as for any other in existence.

John C. Van Dyke.



DARE-THE-WIND.

"Western people have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian has stepped."—J. J. PIATT.

BLUE-GRASS dancing to your shadow
Lightly swaying o'er the sod,
Do you spring up in the meadow
Where an Indian foot has trod?

And is this the mystic sun-dance,
Feathery-crested Dare-the-Wind?
Or the thank-reel for abundance
Of tall maize in-stacks to bind?

Doughty brave, afraid of no man—
Ha, your blade is tipped with red!
'T is the blood of dusky foeman
In some old-time battle shed.

Light and lissome, tall and slender,
Pluméd chieftain of the soil,
Ay, you dance the war-dance furious
Ere you dash into the broil!

Silent, Dare-the-wind, and sulky?
Come, your secret have I found?
You 're the ghost of Indian warrior
Sent to guard yon Indian mound.

Alice Williams Brotherton.



EMILIO CASTELAR.



MILIO CASTELAR, the famous orator of Spain, is still a force in Spanish politics, his present attitude being opposition within parliamentary limits to the existing moderate monarchy. He had paved the way by his writings and his speeches for the revolution of 1866, which was put down by Serrano; as one of the leaders of the revolt he was condemned to death, but made his escape to Geneva; he returned during the troubles of 1868, when Isabel II. was dethroned, and labored for the adoption of a republican form of government, but the throne was reestablished in 1870 with Amadeo as King; when the latter abdicated in 1873, Castelar became Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Republic, and in September of that year he was made President. His measures for suppressing the Carlist insurrection and for harmonizing conflicting interests did not succeed; on January 2, 1874, he resigned, Serrano came to the front in the military reaction, and a year later, when Alfonso XII. was called to the throne, Castelar made a second journey to Geneva. In 1876 he reentered the Cortes; he has since taken an active part in the political debates. To a history of the Columbus epoch he brings scholarship of a special character; the chair of History and Philosophy at the University of Madrid was filled by him for many years until he resigned it in 1875. His democratic principles and his admiration for American institutions have served to keep him in sympathetic touch with the civilization of the New World.—THE EDITOR.