

There is a reason for this. Sorcery is science seen upside down. There is a confused groundwork of truth, a fallacious method of viewing facts, at the basis of these pseudo-sciences. Yet the truth and the facts exist, and these explain the success of the deceptions. They dazzle and daze minds not trained in sound reasoning; and how few are! The societies for "psychical research" and theosophic speculation begin with an acknowledgment of the *possible* truth of ghost-seeing and of communion with the divine. This possible ground is seized by the charlatan as proved basis for his illusory edifice.

Superstitions are at core the same everywhere and at all times, because they are

based on those desires and that ignorance which are and will ever be a part of man's nature. He is dimly aware of mighty, unmeasured forces in ceaseless activity around him, controlling his own destiny; the ominous and omnipresent portent of death meets him at every turn; dissatisfaction with his present condition, intense longing for a life and joy which it can never offer, goad him to seek a knowledge which weights and measures are impotent to accord him. Yet such restricted knowledge is all that science can supply. Therefore he turns in despair to the mystics and the adepts, the Cagliostro and the Humes, who stand ready to beckon him into their illusory temples of folly.

## INCIDENTS OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADE.

BY WALTER RUSSELL.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

MY time while on the blockade, serving as a special artist, was about equally divided between the various war-ships and a small steam-yacht the duty of which was to divine intuitively when and where something was to occur, and be there to witness it. Our little crew of four constituted a strategy board in itself. We were, indeed, war prophets. More than once wisdom in our reasoning brought us our reward. More than once we were alone in our glory, the only despatch-boat on the spot.

A sailor boy had asked me to bring him from Key West fifty boxes of cigarettes for some of the crew; and one morning I threw the bundle upon the deck of his ship. Tearing off the cover, he scrawled the words, "Thanks! Hope to meet you twenty-two miles to the eastward at noon," and scaled the bit of pasteboard to me.

A correspondent who by common consent was chairman of our strategy board was on board the ship at that time, and obtained another slight clue.

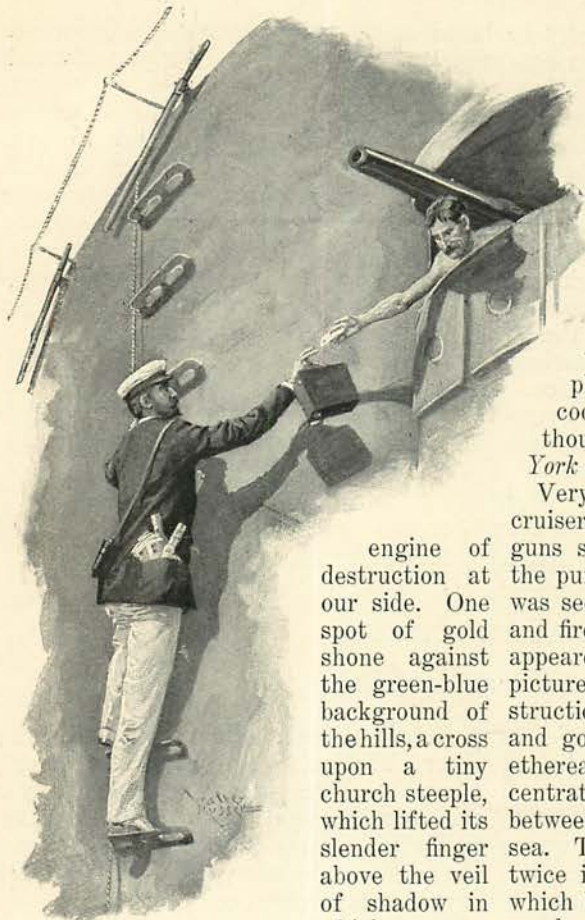
So we headed eastward from Havana, while the blockading fleet lay basking serenely in the sun. So also did many despatch-boats. At noon my sailor friend and his ship were there. Shortly after noon there was an engagement,—the first of the war,—and there was no other despatch-boat near. Next morning New-Yorkers were informed that despatch-boats were as numerous there as

pickets in a fence. Every newspaper had a dozen. The incident was witnessed by only one artist besides the writer; yet I have since seen a double-page color supplement of that battle in a weekly periodical, where, under the artist's name, was printed the claim that it was sketched from our yacht.

Two days later I tried the cigarette experiment again. I also brought reading-matter, upon request. Among the magazines was "Lippincott's," which contained a story by Amelie Rives, entitled "Meriel," which I had taken pleasure in reading, and which I recommended to a friend among the junior officers. The name "Meriel" struck him rather forcibly. Pulling a map of Cuba from his pocket, he pointed out a town with a similar name twenty-two miles west of Havana, around which was drawn a line in red ink.

"I think," said he, "that this will be our next stopping-place for target practice."

That evening we lay one mile off Mariel, with the *New York* alongside. We were close enough to see the low buildings and one little round blockhouse on the shore, also the town inside the cove. A beautiful picture it was. To the left of the cove a mountain rose sheer and perpendicular, its top catching the rays of the setting sun. In the valley this peaceful town nestled in the shadow of the opposite hills—a shadow very much like outstretched protecting wings, trying to screen the little town from the view of the terrible



"ANOTHER LETTER WAS PASSED TO ME."

Supper was spread under our awning astern. The *New York*, we supposed, was at our bow. The engineer had prepared for the night, carrying a lower pressure of steam for economy's sake. Our lookout forward strolled leisurely aft, informing us that the *New York* was moving off about two miles to the westward, under full steam. Instantly our craft was all alive. The engineer sprang from his seat and darted down to the engine-room. One correspondent dropped his novel; another, from London, and myself ceased shark-fishing, and bent our energies toward getting away from that spot. Within rifle-shot was a blockhouse, around which we could see several figures moving. Inside the little cove a small Spanish gunboat, which until now had not been visible, peeped out upon us. Our armament consisted of four "guns," which were carried in our hip pockets. We could hear the firemen below shoveling and scraping as though their lives depended upon it, while the engineer, whom

engine of destruction at our side. One spot of gold shone against the green-blue background of the hills, a cross upon a tiny church steeple, which lifted its slender finger above the veil of shadow in which was enshrouded the little town.

we had christened "Chaplain," made the air blue with language which should have lost for him that title forever. It took us twenty minutes to get away. Now, why did not the Spaniards take a shot at us? We would have fallen easy victims, without doubt, and our little craft could have been turned into a Spanish gunboat. The fact that our boat was painted the color of our war-ships, I think, saved us from an experience which we might not have had the pleasure of relating; also, our apparent coolness in remaining on the spot, as though we had been left there by the *New York* to act as watch-dog until her return.

Very soon after we drew up to where the cruiser had gone just in time to see her guns spit long tongues of flame against the purple sunset sky. A troop of cavalry was seen near Cabanas by the *New York*, and fired upon until the last man had disappeared over the brow of the hill. This picture was too beautiful for death and destruction. The sky and water were purple and gold. The *New York* herself had an ethereal aspect, as though it were a concentration of mist which floated in a body between sea and sky, rather than upon the sea. The sun sank blood-red, apparently twice its usual size, into this molten sea, which blackened almost immediately afterward. Then 't was night—night without the twilight which we in the North love so much.

We were drifting with the Gulf Stream toward Havana. The force of the tide and the direction of the wind exerted an influence causing what an old salt would describe as a corkscrew movement. The Gulf Stream would not yield a point. All night long a howling, angry wind lashed and fought and swirled the sea into hills and mountains of foam. All night long we lay strapped in



OUR MASCOT.

our bunks. At recurring intervals a mountain of water pounded down upon our deck, lifting our skylight up enough to let two or three bucketfuls in upon us. It was useless to make any change of clothing, even had we not been too sick to render such a move possible. That night was one long, rolling, pitching, tossing salt-water bath. Next day two of our strategy board had to perform the work of four. On board the war-ships many of the crew, especially the newly enlisted men, suffered from the corkscrew movement peculiar to Cuban waters.

One Sunday morning the sea was as calm as a lake. The *New York* was surrounded by a dozen war craft and as many despatch-boats, which had gathered like a brood of

Christianity against a background of loaded six-inch guns and half-naked gunners, some peering from the gun-sponson, others listening to the words of the minister. How entirely interested and absorbed every sailor seemed to be in the prayer! It contained so much that was of personal interest—that struck right home to every heart. The *Maine's* survivors at Key West, the possibilities of sudden attack and its horrible results, allegiance to the flag—all were dwelt upon in that war prayer. Up on the quarter-deck a group of correspondents from the various despatch-boats were disbursing and collecting news—disbursing in the sense that a correspondent is eagerly seized upon for the latest news, in return for which the officers



FIRING AT CAVALRY ON SHORE NEAR CABANAS JUST AT SUNSET.

chickens around the mother hen. The scene was one of unusual interest. The church flag waved above the American flag from the yard-arm of the flag-ship, indicating that services were being held. This flag is the only one which in our navy is ever hoisted above the American ensign. The surface of the sea, quivering in tropical sunlight, was dotted with little boats on their way to and from the flag-ship. Correspondents and artists from the various despatch-boats must go aboard for a chat, and take some photographs; the commander of a torpedo- or gun-boat must communicate with the admiral; some officers on ships that did not have a chaplain wished to attend services. As I went aboard, the torpedo-boat *Cushing* had just glided alongside. A sack of mail was thrown to her, and she slipped away as quickly and gracefully as she had come.

There are enough features connected with divine service on a man-o'-war, especially in war time, to make the ceremony unusually interesting. Chaplain Royce, garbed in Episcopalian robes, stood near a little pulpit, around which was draped the American flag. He proceeded to preach the doctrine of

generally give a column of information to be telegraphed home that night.

Much has been said of the despatch-boat as a nuisance to the fleet. All over the country the newspapers printed a joke purporting to be a conversation between Admiral Sampson and one of his staff, which was in substance as follows: "Admiral Sampson gave orders for the flag-ship to move northward, and received information that it was impossible, as there were three despatch-boats tied to the anchor-chains. He gave orders to go south, with the result that several others were reported fastened to the rudder- and propeller-blades. To east and west they were as hopelessly penned in also."

I got the impression that the despatch-boat was the navy's source of luxury. Alongside the *New York* I saw the *Sommers N. Smith* lowering bags of potatoes, sacks of provisions, boxes of vegetables, bread, etc., into the *New York's* small boat for the ward-room mess. These supplies had been brought from Key West by request. When the material was brought aboard, a chicken with its legs tied together bore an envelop addressed to Gunner Morgan. This was a little remem-

brance in exchange for some excellent photographs taken by that officer.

Each ship that we boarded had a number of errands for us to do in Key West, so we never returned empty-handed. One officer would say: "Won't you bring my linen from Key West? See, my white ducks look like coal-sieves." Another wished us to inquire for an express package; still another had a craving for some delicacy that the ship could not supply. The caterer of the officers' mess—one chosen by ballot semi-monthly from among their number—would very frequently accept an offer from the despatch-boats to purchase and transport fresh provisions. The sailors also had wants to be filled, such as cigarettes and reading-matter. On the whole, the despatch-boats have proved themselves to be very useful additions to the blockading fleet. There is hardly a despatch-boat that has not towed at least one prize to Key West. When I left the ship that day, my pockets were bulging with letters and packages to mail; and even when descending the Jacob's-ladder, another letter was passed to me from a gun-sponson by one of the sailors stationed there.

I remember an early-morning scene on the flag-ship. The sun had not yet risen. Bare-footed and bareheaded, with trousers turned up to their knees, a dozen jackies were washing down the decks. Some poured buckets of water upon the flooring; others polished and scraped with stiff-bristle scrubbing-brushes having long handles. Side by side they advanced until the whole deck had been systematically covered and cleaned of its powder-stains from the firing of the day before. Near the turret, under one of the guns, was a splintered track of loosened boards, plainly indicating the effect of the fearful concussion. A stanchion was missing from its place where it had been folded over the side of the ship, blown off as though it were a straw, leaving only bent rivets to mark the place where it had been. Below, in the gun- and berth-decks, all were busy. Gun-crews were caring for their guns, polishing the already shining enamel, inspecting the sights and mechanism, extracting and replacing the shells. Marines and jackies were caring for their rifles, cutlasses, and other implements used in defense, and hammocks were being folded and carried to

their places. The wash-room was full of men stripped to the waist, bending over their wash-basins in characteristic sailor and soldier fashion. The boatswain's whistle rang shrill in the distance, accompanied by the sound of his voice giving orders which to a landsman closely resembled the calling of vegetables by a street vender.

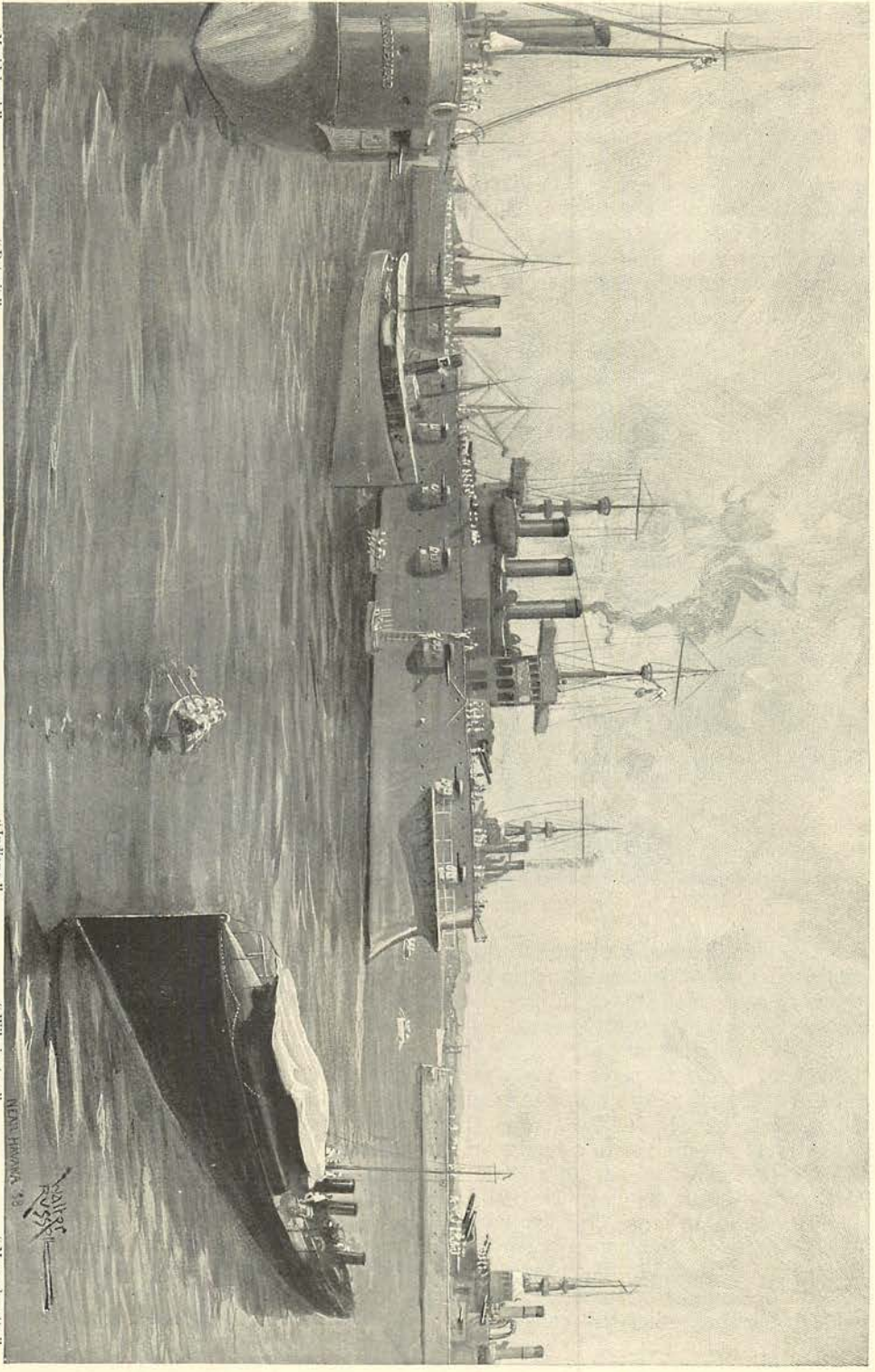
The ship was now thoroughly awake. At eight o'clock the bugle sounded loud and clear. Then came a pause, ever so slight; then the first grand notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" burst forth, flooding the ship, the air, and the sea itself with patriotic melody as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled. The sailors, following the example of their officers, removed their caps. This ceremony is called "at colors." Coffee, or early breakfast, followed. In the officers' messes Japanese boys serve coffee, eggs, and marmalade. In the fore-castle the sailors sit in long rows, eating and talking. On the blockade Jackie does a great deal of the latter. Every bit of news, every possible incident, and every theory regarding the length of the war is discussed. It is good for Jackie to talk. Talk is the smoke of patriotic fire. Jackie is intensely patriotic—one could not be otherwise on board a man-of-war where such wholesome respect is paid to the flag. Officers and sailors never step upon the deck without saluting the colors.



PATŌ, A JAPANESE VALET.

During the morning the bugle sounds again. This time the whole ship's company is summoned to quarters. Upon each deck, forward and aft, every man reports to his division—each division in charge of a senior officer, and sections of divisions in charge of junior officers. Upon the starboard quarter-deck the executive officer stands in military dignity, awaiting the report from each division. The roll is called in sections all over the ship; if any one is missing in a section, it is reported to the officer in charge of the division. He, in return, reports to the executive officer. Thus the executive receives within the space of five minutes an exact report of the condition of the whole ship's company. The chaplain, paymaster, ship's carpenter, chief engineer, surgeon, captain of marines, and line officers file up before him, salute, and report. The executive officer then reports to the captain.

During quarters the various exercises



"Marblehead"

"Detroit"  
"Herald" despatch-boat "Sommer N. Smith."

"New York"

"Indiana"

"Wilmington"  
"Dupont"

"Massachusetts"

SUNDAY ON THE BLOCKADE.

NEW HAVEN 30  
H. S. G. 1864

and emergency drills are gone through with, including sword practice, bayonet drill, physical exercises for straightening the figure and expanding the chest, boarding drill, fire drill, collision drill, and many others. A huge mat, weighing perhaps five hundred pounds, is brought up on deck, heaved over the side, and held there within sixty seconds after the order is given. Should a Spanish ship ram one of ours, this mat would be thrown over the aperture made in the side, and held there by the pressure of the

thing was up. With my glasses I could discern a faint white speck low down on the horizon. We sped along at a race-horse pace. Upon the bridge the admiral and the captain stood watching intently. In fifteen minutes we made out a Spanish schooner, hull down. In twenty minutes we also made out a black speck about five miles north of the schooner. It soon became evident that this black speck was a torpedo-boat, and that the prize would be hers, not ours; and such proved to be the case, for a puff of



THE RUN AROUND: AN EXERCISE AT QUARTERS.

water. Again, lines of hose are run out and connected, a wheel is turned, and a strong stream of water floods the deck immediately. In a very few seconds twenty streams of water can be directed upon any part of the ship.

Suddenly the band plays a lively march, and the order for the run around is given. Jackie likes this. It is his exercise. It is to him what wheeling is to a landsman. It is his opportunity of moving a little faster than usual. In double-quick time each section runs in an ellipse for five minutes, the line of sailors being usually barefooted at this time of the day. They dodge in and out of the sunlight and shadow, laughing and showing their gaiety of feeling.

A little later, while watching the blacksmith at work with his little portable furnace on the forward deck, I became aware that the *New York* was moving in a rather lively fashion. It soon became evident that some-

smoke shot out from her bow gun. The plucky Spaniard apparently paid no attention to this, still continuing to speed inshore. Our gunners became anxious as the distance between the Spaniard and the shore decreased. The guns forward were loaded and trained directly upon her. We were about five miles away, and the torpedo-boat only half that distance. Very soon, however, after a close shot from the torpedo-boat, the Spaniard hove to and dropped her sails. In a short time the crew of this prize were brought aboard the *New York*. Each man looked as though he expected instant torture. Imagine their surprise when they were not even put in irons! In fact, nobody seemed to pay any attention to them for a long time. I do not know what became of them, for after snapping a lot of photographs forward, I returned, and they had disappeared.

Of an afternoon an air of laziness pervades the ship. A group of marines and sailors gather at the bow, watching a school of porpoises racing with the ship; some play checkers or cards; one or two sew upon little portable machines; the ship's cobbler and the blacksmith work in the shadow of the turret; several examine maps of Cuba; but the majority do nothing. After all, there

is not much to do, except to keep out of the sun.

Again we are aboard the despatch-boat for a run to Key West and thence to Tampa. It is too monotonous on the blockade. It is too tiresome parading east and west of Havana for forty miles, day after day, until each tree becomes as familiar as a building on one's street at home.

## THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH IMAGINARY DESIGNS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

### THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

THE Bartholdi statue of "Liberty," the "Bavaria" at Munich, and the "Germania" opposite Bingen on the Rhine, are the modern echoes of the famous Colossus which Chares set by the harbor of ancient Rhodes. The "Liberty" exceeds it in height (one hundred and fifty feet) by half; but still, if the Colossus were among us to-day, it would doubtless be treated in the guide-books with eminent respect. Like the Liberty, it stood by the harbor of a great emporium where the ships of all nations came and went. In the form of a patron deity, it represented the genius of a state, and in its dimensions it spoke for a national taste which, as the Laokoön group and the Farnese Bull, both Rhodian compositions, seem to betray, worshiped much at the shrine of the god of bigness.

The Rhodians were first and foremost a commercial people. When, in the year 408 B. C., the new city of Rhodes was founded by coöperation of the three ancient cities of the island of Rhodes, Kamiros, Ialysos, and Lindos, it sprang at once into importance as a metropolis of the world's trade. Located at the northernmost tip of the island, at the point nearest the mainland, it formed, with its excellent harbor, the natural half-way place for vessels that plied between the Ægean and the coasts of Syria, Phœnicia, or Egypt. The Peloponnesian war at the end of the fifth century had put a check upon the development of Athens as a commercial power, and the disturbances on the Asiatic mainland which came with Alexander's conquests and the quarrels between

his successors gave at the end of the fourth and the beginning of the third century a peculiar advantage to the island city. The fifteen miles of waterway which separated the island from the mainland afforded Rhodes an isolation similar to that which the English Channel has given to England, and the distresses of others became her opportunity.

Her international policy was that of a peace power. It was the conquests of commerce, and not of arms, that she sought. Open ports and free trade were all she demanded, and one of the few wars in which she ever engaged was against her old ally Byzantium, to keep the navigation of the Bosphorus free. Her ships policed the sea against the pirates, and Rhodian seamanship inspired the proverb: "Ten Rhodians mean ten ships." As a nation of peace she was the friend of all peoples; and when the earthquake of 227 B. C. spread destruction in her city, states and cities all through the little Mediterranean world hastened, in the young impulse of a dawning international humanity, to send contributions for her relief. With peace and commerce came wealth, and with the settled life of abundance came art, refinement, and intellectual culture. In Roman times Rhodes was esteemed the fairest city of the world. It was the Paris of the traveler and the Heidelberg of the student. Tiberius made it for years his home; Brutus and Cassius, Cæsar and Cicero, studied at its university. The first Greek grammar, the one which became the prototype of all Greek grammars down through Lascaris and Melanchthon to the present day,—and of all Latin grammars, too,—was written at Rhodes. Not least, however, among the evidences of its refinement