

seen that team. Remember them little mares that Luke Avery used to drive in Brattleboro last winter? Off mare interfered. Luke never did know anythin' about shoein' a hoss. Remember 'em? I heard Luke say he 'd sold the pair for six hundred in New York, but I supposed the critter lied. Well, by Johnny, I was just waterin' back here at the Corners when one of these tally-hos come lickety-split down that hill, with Luke's mares hitched up in front! I tell ye, they look pretty! Tails clipped, ye' know, and silver harness. Should n't 'a' known 'em if I had n't been lookin' at the hind legs of that off mare. She 's shod this time by some one that understands the job, but she ain't quite right yet. Tlk! Gid-ap, Bill! . . .

"Did n't see 'em, eh? Wish ye hed. There wa'n't nobody but a girl on the box. Pretty slick driver she was, all the same! Wore a pair of them 'ere ga'ntlets. Darned if I know now, though, what she was after. She pulled up right there by the trough, and one of them dudes—ye call 'em in the city, don't ye?—played somethin' on a bugle. The girl kind o' looked all round, and then she says, 'Play it again,' and the feller played it. Then there was a girl with a red parasol leaned forward and said somethin', and it must 'a' made this girl who was drivin' pretty mad—madder 'n blazes! She just gathered up them lines, and h'isted Luke's mares right across the road,—it's pretty narrer there, ye know,—and I see she was tryin' to turn round. I started to back off from the

trough, to give her a little more room to cramp, ye see, when that dude with the bugle hollers to me, 'Get out o' the way, can't ye?' and it kind o' riled me, and I says, 'I 'm carryin' the United States mail, by gosh! Git out o' the way yerself!' And an old lady on top she hollered, and the nigh leader got her leg over the traces, and a feller with a fancy suit jumped down from behind somewhere, lookin' scared. But the girl she just laughed. She was mad, though, clear through. Wal, the feller got the trace fixed in no time; and the girl says, 'No; I tell ye, I 'm goin' back'; and then the dude crawled over on to the box, and she leaned down and cut them horses like all possessed, and I 'm darned if she did n't make the turn as neat as y' ever see, and run the critters right back up the hill, Wilmington way, where they come from! Queer, wa'n't it? I must remember to tell Luke about them mares. Tlk! Gid-ap, Bill! Gid-ap!"

As the stage rattled into North Enderby, Juletta stood in the shadow of the big apple-tree at the end of the garden, placidly retwining her sweet-pea tendrils that had been loosened by the storm. Colburn vaulted the fence and came toward her. She gave a cry of pleasure; but when his arms were around her, she looked up into his face with a sort of rapturous fear. She had forgotten that a man's arms were so strong. Their lips met, and she trembled a little. He had never kissed her in that way before. But her eyes closed slowly, and she put up her lips again.

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

FIRST PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

THE VOYAGE TO HAVANA, AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I LEFT New Orleans for Havana on the brig *Laura*, Captain Delgado, on the first day of December [1835]. We had twelve passengers, all of an agreeable and companionable spirit, which is never more important than on a sea-voyage in a sailing-vessel over a tropical sea, as an antidote to its many discomforts.

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew, Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore.

Our captain was a Spaniard, with much of the *dolce far niente* in his composition. His object seemed rather to make us happy by courteous manners and good dinners than to accomplish a quick passage. I had this in mind when I selected a Spanish rather than an American vessel, as speed was not so much an object with me as comfort. The American captains are more thorough seamen, and possess much more energy and skill than the Spanish; just as our people in every occupation live more in the future, while the Europeans live in the present and appropriate more of its enjoyments.

The good *Laura* jogged on at a safe pace over the quiet waters of the Gulf for several days, and no unusual incident disturbed our serenity until, one night, we were all aroused by an unusual stir on the deck, broken at intervals by the drawling song of the mate crying the depth at every cast of the line. We were on soundings; it was found that the vessel had made too much easting, and was likely to ground on the Tortugas. For a time we were in great danger of being lost, but fortunately discovered our peril soon enough to avoid a wreck, and it served as an excitement to break the monotony of the passage.

There was now every evidence that we had passed into the tropics and would soon reach our destination. At night the vast sea seemed at intervals to hold its breath, and a marked hush ensued, broken only by the ripple at the bow now and then, or the puffing of the sails. The clear firmament seemed deeper and darker, and the stars, though brighter and apparently larger, looked as if they were set farther back. During the day the air was soft and tinted with purple and gold, almost opaline, and fell upon the sea in a gauzy haze along the horizon. I felt as I had never done before. All effort, physical or mental, was disagreeable, and I was alike charmed into repose and resigned to enjoyment.

At length, on the seventeenth day of December, the *Laura* passed the grim castles at the entrance into the harbor of Havana, and a scene of enchantment and novelty spread itself around us. The shores of my own country, the land of modern progress, were but a few leagues distant, while here I was suddenly back into the midst of the middle ages.

If nothing else brought palpably to your senses the fact that you had left "the land of the free" behind, the passport system of all monarchical countries would be of itself sufficient. As is usual, I had procured one of these indispensable permits from the Spanish consul at New Orleans; but I now found that I had to get another permission from the office of the captain-general. A friend of mine living in Havana obtained the additional license for me, and after the usual delay at the custom-house, I was permitted to go my way. Everything was strange. The streets were not wider than lanes or alleys, and on each side were somber stone walls, pierced here and there with apertures showing the thickness of the walls and the gloomy interior; these were windows, but without Venetian shutters or

glazed sash, and in their stead grinning bars, so I shuddered to think I was surrounded by prisons. In some of the houses a grilled balcony projected beyond the window-opening, so as to look down upon and along the narrow street in both directions. In some of these a half-dressed girl could be seen standing talking with the dashing beaux on the street, while the long-bodied *volante*, looking like a huge insect, would pass quickly, under the guidance of a gaudily dressed *calesero*. These singular vehicles are a necessity because of the narrow streets. The dress of the whites was of thin linen, white and cool-looking, with a broad straw hat. The negro laborers were as near nude as decency would permit, and the negro children under ten years of age were entirely so.

Being a painter of miniatures, my great desire was to master the language quickly, and to extend the circle of my acquaintance as widely as possible.

I established myself at the house of Mr. Fin, a fancy-glass blower, whose exhibitions were largely attended by the best classes of society in Havana; and in this way I became known to hundreds of people in a short time, and had the opportunity of hearing the most correct Spanish spoken.

I found the Spanish gentlemen gallant and courteous to a fault; but it was almost too elaborate and formal to seem sincere, and thus lost the impressive grace of genuine politeness. The ladies were very graceful, having that confidence and elegance of movement which habitual dancing seems to confer upon the body; but their mental training did not correspond. Their frank manners are very winning to a stranger, and an American soon feels as if he had known them for years. But the style of both sexes, however, seems to the observer like the exhibition of a brilliant formula to which they had been trained from childhood until it became almost natural. Americans are too stiff in the joints and puritanical in their modes to pretend to an imitation.

At this time I moved through such a round of agreeable society that my life seemed like a dream. It becoming known that I was an artist, many applications were made to me by persons of the most distinguished families to give lessons in fancy painting, and thus a new and lucrative field of exertion at once opened before me.

I now employed an interpreter. This is a regular calling in Havana, and is generally filled by intelligent youths, either white or mulatto. My interpreter was a native white

youth only ten years of age, but exceedingly well informed and intelligent for one so young.

I arranged my plans so as to give lessons in fancy painting, and began business. The rates of tuition were five dollars an hour, at which seemingly extravagant price my time was constantly occupied. There were other teachers of this feminine accomplishment in the city giving lessons at less charge, but my popularity among the ruling families gave me the preference. I cannot account for this otherwise than by thinking their good favor was due to the influence of my guitar.

A NOBLEWOMAN OF CUBA.

AMONG my first pupils was the Marchioness of Arcos, the representative of one of the most ancient noble families in Cuba, and the mother of the present (1859) marquis of that name.

This estimable and venerable lady was regarded as one of the best persons in the community. Distinguished alike by her social elegance and her private virtues, she possessed a corresponding influence in the community, and might be called the leader of society at that time. She was about fifty years of age, and so well preserved as to look much younger. The maiden name of the Marchioness of Arcos was Penalver. At twenty years of age she was left a rich widow, with two children, a son and daughter. The latter ripened into that rich beauty of womanhood so like the luscious tropical fruits of her native land.

Her brother, the Count of Penalver, owned the Bishop's Garden, one of the most beautiful resorts near the city. This was once the residence of the Bishop España, upon the adornment of which he expended large sums of money. It is about three miles distant from Havana, and is situated in a lovely valley; the grounds are extensive, and are shaded by mangos, alligator-pear, breadfruit, and the stately royal palm. Under these the charmed wanderer is startled here and there in the turns of the walks by marble statuary. A stream of clear water is led in a serpentine course through this fairy place, to the edge of which broad marble steps reach down, where the water-lily holds up its white flower almost to the hand. Rare tropical birds gleam through the trees, and a spirit of peace seems to rest upon its sylvan quiet. It is said to have cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

One day, on a visit to the house of the

Marchioness of Arcos, I was asked to give some music, and she expressed a desire that I should hear her grandchildren sing; and upon my expressing a similar wish, a day was appointed on which I should meet them there.

The day arrived. The boys were brought into the room by their father, and the Marchioness introduced him as her brother, the Count of Penálver. The boys sang very sweetly. Upon their leaving the house, I asked her how it was that her grandchildren called her brother "papa," when he must be their great-uncle. "Oh," said she, "he is their papa, for he married my daughter." To accomplish this union the Count was forced to obtain a dispensation from the Pope.

The Marchioness was a good linguist, speaking French and Italian in addition to her own language; but having had German teachers, she had a foreign accent. She did not attempt to speak English, though she had taken lessons for several years, and understood the structure of the language. An incident fortunate to both of us occurred. My interpreter, William, being sick, I went alone to her residence. She met me at the door of her cabinet, and inquired, as well as she was able, for the interpreter. I made her understand that he was sick, but that I thought that, as she knew a little English and I a little Spanish, we could dispense with William until he recovered. She thus, from necessity, made the effort to speak English, and was so successful that we continued to instruct each other. This noblewoman was anxious to excel her countrywomen in the acquisition of knowledge, and, possessing fine taste, made rapid progress, and gave me a high opinion of her cultivated mind.

On one occasion I expressed surprise that at her time of life she should attempt to acquire a foreign language. She replied: "If by studying the English language for three years I could acquire a sufficient degree of proficiency to enable me to translate one English book into the Spanish, I should be compensated." I begged to know the name of that book. She replied: "'Paradise Lost.'" No circumstance could more emphatically show her enthusiasm and true appreciation of the beautiful and good than this aspiration.

Through the friendship of this lady I obtained as pupils the daughters of the Count of Philameno and of other families of the nobility, to such an extent that all my hours were occupied, with profit to myself and, I

have reason to believe, with benefit to my pupils. Being thus intimately connected with the young people, I was invited to many entertainments given by the noble families, and was always received as a distinguished visitor. The Spanish people hold the art of painting in the highest esteem, and rank its votaries with princes, as the ancient Greeks did with the gods. At these festal reunions the good Marchioness of Arcos conversed with me in English, much of which I was unable to comprehend, but always made answer, though it might be at random, so that the company present thought she displayed immense talent, and expressed their gratification in frequent commendations. It is worthy of mention that this lady did not use tobacco in any way, which was a distinction when all smoked, the most beautiful and high-born as well as the fishwoman in the market.

When an acquaintance visits a private residence, cigars are handed round on a silver salver; if the visitor be an intimate friend, one of the young girls of the family, called a "doncella," lights a cigar and giving it a few draws to get well lighted, gracefully presents it to him. If the guitar is brought in, as usually occurs (for there is one in every house), and the visitor plays, his cigar is kept lighted by the doncella, and at each pause in the music she politely hands it to the guest. This may occur several times in an evening, and this friendly ceremony is pleasant enough when the cigar comes from the pouting lips of a rich Spanish beauty just ripening into womanhood, but in any case it must be thankfully accepted.

ATTACKED BY YELLOW FEVER.

I FOUND it convenient to change my quarters, and hired furnished rooms from Miss Mary Lyons, who kept a boarding-house. This move was not made too soon, as the yellow fever broke out soon after, and it was of the utmost importance to an unacclimated stranger to prepare for it. This terrible and annual scourge of all tropical countries generally makes its appearance about the 10th of May, and soon after becomes epidemic.

The most prudent plan if you be a stranger is to make provision for the attack while you are well, by having the nurse spoken to, even the doctor engaged to come at the first summons, and then have your room in order, with every necessary article at hand. When at last the "yellow Jack" fastens on you, as

the Creoles say, "Give your soul to God, your body to the doctor, and keep your mind quiet and entirely resigned." My turn was late in coming, as I kept well until the 6th of August, attending constantly to my business, and hoping from my delicate health, being a dyspeptic, that I might escape entirely. I fatigued myself greatly sitting up with the sick, nine cases having occurred in the house up to this time. On the evening of that day, being with a pleasant company at the house, I sat up until eleven o'clock. When I retired, a very uncomfortable sensation about the head, with some fever, was manifest. Miss Lyons, from her experienced knowledge of the early symptoms, pronounced it yellow fever. The next morning Dr. Bumstead called on me, and said it was a high stage of yellow fever. He gave me some medicine, and at eight o'clock bled me so profusely that I was faint, which alarmed me exceedingly. Depletion is essential in this disease, as the inflammation of the system can be quickly reduced in no other way.

The Marchioness, missing me from her usual lesson, sent her majordomo, offering to send her own physician, and, if I desired it, her confessor to minister to my spiritual wants. I returned her my thanks for her kind solicitude, but said that my physician was a very good one, and that, so far from needing a father confessor, I hoped soon to resume her lessons. After much suffering from extreme debility for several days, I gradually became convalescent, and was recommended to drink porter, from which I experienced the greatest benefit. It is always to be preferred to quinine, as there are instances of the most deplorable effects from the use of this drug in yellow fever. No greasy food of any kind should be touched by the patient, as it is certain death in this curious disease.

IN AND OUT OF THE CALABOOSE.

AN unexpected adventure happened to me about this time, which resulted in bringing me much business in my art. The inmates of our boarding-house had frequent reunions for music and singing, in which I always took part. To one of these a Captain Granger was brought by some friends. This gentleman was subject to fits of insanity, and they wished to see if music would not affect him beneficially. He was taken to my room, that I might play the guitar for him. While there he threw himself on my bed, and seemed to be asleep. His friends requested that he

should not be disturbed, and after a time bade me good night, and left him there. A short time after their departure, Captain Granger rose up hastily, and rushed into the street. I pursued him; but, it being dark, he avoided my search, and I found myself groping in the street. As it was after eleven o'clock, I was very soon arrested by a night guard, in obedience to a law of Tacon, then captain-general, that any person found in the streets after that hour without a lantern should be fined a "half-ounce" and have his name published. I was therefore unceremoniously hurried to the guard-house by the rough order, "*Vamos!*" When I reached the station I found quite a number of persons. The commissary of police was sitting at the door, strumming on a guitar. Much curiosity was evinced at my appearance. I knew I must weary out the night, so I concluded to make myself agreeable, and felt satisfied I could make them all my friends if I could only get hold of the guitar. While making these reflections I suppose I looked at the guitar very intently, and so attracted the notice of the commissary, who handed me the instrument with an air of derision, as though he thought I could do nothing with it. I took it carelessly, ran my fingers smoothly over the strings, and finding them out of tune, set them to accord, swept them rapidly by way of a prelude, and then began to play. The look of the commissary changed, and his men drew near. The guitar was a good one, and it was perfectly responsive to my hand. The guard were delighted, and grew loud in their encomiums, shouting, "*Bravo! Bravissimo!*" and patting me on the shoulder as their admiration increased. They sent for a lieutenant who spoke English, who asked where I had learned to play so well, and seemed surprised when I replied, "In the United States." He said that he had spent several years at St. Mary's College, near Baltimore, but had never heard an American play so skilfully. They all seemed to be my friends, and wished to know the cause of my arrest. When I had explained it, the commissary offered me the use of his bed until the morning, as he should not want it; or, if I chose, I could return to my own house. The hour was late, and the bed a superb one and very inviting; but I decided to return to my own room, and to prevent my rearrest one of the guard attended me to my lodgings. Before I left, they wished to know if my calling were to teach music, when I told them that it was not, but that I was a minia-

ture-painter. This greatly excited their curiosity, which caused them to call on me the next day.

This adventure was noised about through the whole police force of the city, and my studio was visited constantly by them to see specimens of my art, and I was employed by many of their number, so that in the end my arrest brought me a great deal of business. I was never afterward disturbed by them, having, as it were by tacit consent, a free passport.

A BENEVOLENT TYRANT.

PRIOR to the administration of General Tacon in Cuba [who assumed office as Captain-General in 1834], particularly during the rule of Vivas, society had become so disorganized that neither life, property, nor social rights could be said to have any protection. Truly "might was right," and this was the only law. The robber, the pirate, and the assassin were recognized institutions, and none dare oppose them. To right such disjointed times required unflinching courage, stern justice, and a rule approaching oppression. All these virtues were found in General Tacon, as the sequel will show.

The city of Havana was divided into police districts called *barrios*, over each of which a commissary of police had authority, arranging and directing the force under him. The country was divided into sections called *partidos*, over each of which presided an officer called a captain of partido. These officers knew their duty so well that every abuse could be ferreted out and the offender brought to punishment. To aid them in this service, every person, before he could pass from one of these divisions to another, was obliged to get a passport, and this must be countersigned by the captain of every partido passed through, thus enabling them to trace any one through the whole island. These officers were made personally responsible to the captain-general for every depredation committed in their jurisdiction. To illustrate this, I will give an instance which occurred within my knowledge in Havana.

A young Englishman, clerk in one of the large commission-houses, lost his watch. He advertised, giving a minute description of it, the number, maker's name, etc., and offered a reward for its recovery. General Tacon saw this, and sent for the young man. On his appearance before him, he said: "I see by the papers that you have lost a watch. I like the way you care for your property; it is an evidence of a business man. You shall

have it again; call here for it to-morrow at ten o'clock." The commissary of that barrio was sent for and informed that the article must be forthcoming by ten o'clock the next morning, at the risk of his office. The watch was brought to General Tacon before the appointed time.

Every person coming into the city from the country or a neighboring town is required to inform the commissary of the barrio in which the hotel at which he stops is situated that he is there, under a penalty of half an ounce. After the hour of eleven at night every one is required to be within doors, and these regulations are not relaxed, except during the carnival or other holiday. The gates of the city are also closed at that hour, except when operatic or dramatic performances are being exhibited at the Tacon Theater, which is located outside the walls on the Paseo. An amusing incident occurred in connection with this regulation. An American sea-captain, a powerful and resolute man, was shut out one night. He came to the gate at the head of the Calle Obispo, and offered the guard the eighth of a doubloon to let him pass. They could not resist the bribe, and Captain Petersen was allowed to enter. But a second guard applied to him for more money, which he properly refused, and the soldier, having arms in his hand, made an attack upon him. Captain Petersen seized the musket, and wrenched it from his hands, seeing which, a file of his comrades came to his assistance, but Petersen defended himself with the musket so successfully that he whipped them off, breaking the stock of the gun to pieces, and leaving only the barrel in his grasp. Sixty guards from the *cuartel* then pursued him, when, thinking discretion the better part of valor, he gave himself up, and was instantly taken before General Tacon. The captain-general admired his heroism, and surveying his manly person from head to foot for a few moments, said: "Captain Petersen, a man capable of defeating a file of her Majesty's soldiers single-handed deserves great credit for his bravery, but is dangerous to society. You must return aboard your vessel every evening by six o'clock, and be careful not to let the sun set on you in this city." He obeyed this order punctually while his vessel lay in the harbor, and regarded it as a sort of compliment to his importance and a recognition of his manly character.

To give the matter more significance, a *bando*, a kind of Spanish edict, was sent out, with a squad of soldiers dressed in full uni-

form and blowing their trumpets at the street corners by way of publication, that any person who should thereafter strike a soldier should suffer death.

The only edict issued by General Tacon which I remember to have been broken with impunity was one forbidding the use of oaths upon the public streets. This regulation was made at the instance of the pious Marchioness of Arcos, and the penalty for its violation was ten days' imprisonment with ball and chain. A certain word of various degrees of bad signification, according to the emphasis with which it is pronounced, was much employed; and the dogs, horses, and cattle in the streets were driven by shouting it at them, when their pace was at once quickened, so well did they know its meaning. The effect of the edict was to banish the word also; and while the law was observed all business movements on the streets were nearly paralyzed, and it was at length found necessary to abandon the prohibition and let them swear as much as they pleased.

New decrees, approved by steady men of all occupations, were issued from time to time as the abuses of society manifested themselves. These salutary changes were very obnoxious to the nobility and the untitled aristocracy. During the administrations of General Tacon's predecessors in office this class of society had used certain influences and agencies to accomplish their purposes, whether they were the acquisition of unlawful gains or the silencing of an enemy, and no previous ruler had been able to control them.

TACON'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE OPPRESSED.

ONE of Tacon's first public cares, after his appointment, was to visit the state prisons. He interrogated every prisoner as to the cause of his confinement and the length of time he had been there. He found that some of them had been imprisoned over twenty years, their bodies wasted with wretchedness and their minds crushed by despair. Having no friends to be interested in their fate, they had been forgotten by the world. This was a favorite means with the wealthy to rid themselves of a debtor or a rival.

One of these prisoners stated that he had been majordomo on the estate of the Count of Philameno, who was then auditor of war under Tacon. The count owed him six thousand dollars for services, and to avoid making the payment had him imprisoned in the castle. Tacon was mortified and surprised, and cau-

tioned the man to be sure and tell him the truth, for he was determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. The prisoner insisted that what he said was true. Thereupon Tacon had the Count of Philameno summoned to meet the prisoner before him the next day. As the captain-general had before this refused persistently to receive the visits or the presents of the nobility, the count was flattered by the summons, and came at the time appointed, very much dressed up, as if upon a visit of ceremony. The prisoner was there when he arrived, and he started at meeting his victim face to face. Tacon, with a stern and searching look, asked the count, "Do you know that man?" pointing to the prisoner.

"Yes; I think he was once my major-domo," he replied, with an anxious look.

"You had him imprisoned, did you?" said Tacon, not taking his eyes off him.

"Yes, I did."

"And the cause?" was quickly asked.

"Because he insulted me, and I am a gentleman, and must be protected," replied the count, recovering his courage.

"That is not the true cause. You owed this man six thousand dollars for honest services, and had him imprisoned to avoid payment. This debt must be paid instantly"; and with his pen Tacon calculated the amount of the debt, with compound interest. "This debt must be paid forthwith."

The count, evidently surprised and again fearful, replied:

"Your Excellency, I will return home and settle with him."

"No, sir," firmly responded General Tacon. "Here is a pen. Write to your secretary to bring the money here; this matter must be disposed of before we separate."

The count did as he was ordered, and the secretary brought the money. The major-domo was paid and released, and then the noble was permitted to return home, humbled, but filled with the bitterest enmity to Tacon and his justice. This affair was noised abroad, and created a great sensation among the nobility, who had heretofore enjoyed perfect impunity in their wrongs to the humble classes.

Tacon was warned of the danger he incurred in thus antagonizing them, as they had often procured the removal of his predecessors for this very reason. He then announced that supreme power had been conferred on him as the only condition upon which he would accept the office of captain-general of Cuba, and this announcement

brought astonishment and consternation to the upper classes.

The Count of Philameno was not content to acquiesce in the just sentence of Tacon, but manifested his hatred on different occasions. This caused Tacon to issue an order that "the count must not hereafter pass the threshold of his own house, but must exercise the duties of his office as auditor of war in his residence." This was rigidly enforced, and he remained a close prisoner under this order until his death, about two years later.

Tacon sought in every way to encourage the people to make their wrongs known to him, and to this end he removed all the restraints and ceremonies with which rulers are usually surrounded, and made himself accessible to all. The following will serve as an illustration.

A feeble old man walked from a distance in the country to the city of Havana to prefer a complaint before the captain-general.

He was instantly admitted to the presence of Tacon, and stated that a wealthy neighbor had owed him a debt for a long time, and had refused to pay him, though he was needy, and that his debtor was then in the city; and he prayed that the captain-general would require the payment of the debt. Tacon struck a small bell near him. A guard appeared, and he ordered a man of a given description to be brought to him, saying where he would probably be found. The guard disappeared with business celerity, and in a short time the wondering planter was standing before the searching look of Tacon. He feared to equivocate in his presence, and admitted the claim to be just, and promised to pay it when he returned home, as both himself and the old man lived in the same neighborhood.

"But," said Tacon, "this old man has walked a long way to obtain his rights. He must ride home. I will pay the debt of fifteen hundred dollars, and you can pay me."

The old man went away rejoicing, and the uneasy planter could not have Tacon for his creditor, so he repaid the money before he left the city.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL AS A FORTUNE-TELLER.

AN amusing anecdote is related of Tacon and a celebrated fortune-teller of Havana. This seer had great reputation in his mystical art, and immense influence over the minds and purses of all classes; for superstition is a very common infirmity there. This impostor was in the interests

of the slave-dealers and their captains, from whom he received "hard" reasons to turn the influence to their benefit. Sailors were in the habit of consulting him to learn their fortune in going out to Africa on slave expeditions. The seer always foretold great gains and a safe trip. This so encouraged them to engage in this business that the captains of merchantmen found it difficult to obtain seamen, and they complained of the evil to Tacon. The general sent for the fortune-teller, who seemed flattered by the call, thinking his Excellency wished the service of his art. When he appeared, Tacon asked:

"Do you profess to know the future, and foretell its events?"

"Yes, your Excellency"; and he began to shuffle his cards, and put himself in a prophetic attitude, with a serious, profound-looking expression of countenance.

"What do your cards pronounce?" asked Tacon, when he seemed to be ready.

He cut the cards, and began slowly to read: "His Excellency is extremely popular with all classes, and his horoscope reveals a bright future of wealth, power—" here he hesitated a moment.

"Make your story short," impatiently replied Tacon. "I have other matters to attend to."

"That is all the future reveals to-day," answered the diviner.

"Not all, perhaps," said Tacon. "Give me your cards. I am a fortune-teller sometimes myself." (Shuffled the cards and cut them.) "I see that you will be breaking stone in the Morro Castle in less than an hour, and will stay there two years."

Tacon ordered the guard to take him away and deliver him to the *comandante* of the castle, with an order for his imprisonment for two years at hard labor.

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST ASSASSINS.

THERE was another evil of great magnitude with which Tacon was soon obliged to grapple. There was a regular band of professional assassins who were an instrument of terrible force in the hands of the upper and wealthy classes for purposes of revenge and gain. For a doubloon a lover could have his rival put out of the way, an erring woman her paramour, or a debtor his importunate creditor. Tacon was not unprepared for this. He was well informed of their operations, and had a list of many of the assassins. This class of wretches were principally of that

vicious race of half-breeds called "Chinos," one fourth negro and three fourths Spaniard, combining the merciless cruelty of the black race with the revengeful cunning of the Spanish. They loved blood as does a bloodhound, and possessed the untiring pertinacity of the beagle, and for a little money would take the life of the most innocent person.

A young midshipman of the Spanish navy was sitting at home one evening about dusk, conversing with his sister. It being warm, the house was open, and a Chino assassin walked stealthily into the room, and with a blow drove a knife into his breast. He fell, and died in a few moments, so sure had been the stroke with their peculiar weapon, called a *puñal*.

The wretch was arrested and cast into prison for trial; but when called for he was not there, and Tacon sent for the *mayor de plaza* to inquire into the reason for his escape. This officer, mistaking the character of Tacon, and thinking he was like his predecessors, confessed that he had let him go.

"For what reason, and by what authority?" inquired Tacon.

"I am the *mayor de plaza*, and as such have the authority which I have exercised before," replied the officer.

"And I am captain-general of Cuba," promptly responded Tacon. "As you have let him escape, you must take his place, and I will hold you in prison while I am in power."

He ordered his guards to take him away to the Morro Castle, where he remained eighteen months, when, being about to die, his friends were granted the liberty of taking him to his home, where he died. This man had held his office during the rule of Vivas, and had sold liberty to the most desperate pirates, robbers, and assassins, and thus had grown very rich.

These malefactors could commit any crime, and if they had enough money would be set at liberty in a week after their imprisonment, to renew their ravages on the community.

One of the most powerful and prominent nobles on the island at the time of Tacon's arrival was the Marquis of Casacalbo. This gentleman was highly accomplished, possessing all the showy graces of the man of society. He was handsome in person, pleasing in manners, and had held high places in the government of Cuba.

Tacon early sought an interview with him, and frankly informed him that he had learned

that he (the marquis) was the *compadre* of all the assassins in Havana.

"Yes," said he; "it is true, general, that I am; but it is the fault of the king that I am so. When an unfortunate man appeals to me for his life, my heart is too large and generous to refuse him that boon."

"What is past is past," dryly replied Tacon; "for the future look well to yourself."

Rather more than a year after this interview, a file of guards presented themselves at the residence of the Marquis of Casacalbo, which was in the vicinity of the city. The officer ordered him, in the name of his Excellency, to appear at the palace. The Marquis consented, and said he would come after his breakfast.

"No," replied the officer; "you must go now with me. My orders are to bring you, dead or alive, before the captain-general."

He obeyed very reluctantly; and upon his appearance in the audience-chamber, Tacon investigated the charge against him, and said:

"I give you two weeks to settle your affairs; then you must be banished to the island of Porto Rico."

"For how long?" asked the marquis.

"As long as I am governor of Cuba," replied the stern Tacon.

The marquis knew there was no hope of change in the decision, so made his arrangements, and went into exile; but his mortification and distress became so excessive that they brought on an attack of sickness which resulted in his death before Tacon's rule ceased.

This nobleman was not only distinguished for the manners of a high-bred gentleman, but for his amiable traits of character and many generous acts.

Tacon issued a bando exhorting all good citizens to expose hired murderers without fear, as he would take care that they should be put away so that the informers could not be harmed by them; and further, in order more certainly to point who they were or to disarm them, he decreed that no one should carry a knife with a blade of more than two inches in length, except sailors on duty, who should wear their sheath-knives at the side openly.

Another shame to a civilized community which he rooted out was the public exposure of the person in the streets by vulgar people. This indecency had gradually grown into a custom; and as only males, low classes of females, negresses, and mulattos are seen on

the streets in the day, it was regarded with comparative indifference. Tacon set his face against it, and visited upon the offender ten to fourteen days of hard labor breaking stone. The aggregate of work done in this way was immense, and is a measure of the evil and its prompt punishment; for with the stone thus prepared Tacon had the streets of the city macadamized where before a volante would stick in the mud, and extended this sort of paving five miles out into the country along a public drive to Puente Grande. This corps of offenders were called "Tacon's lapidarians," and to be seen among them was the most degrading punishment. In this wise manner he made the evils of society minister to its benefit.

TACON AND THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

EVERY public exhibition in the island, from the opera to the smallest raree-show, is required to give a benefit once a month, and the day is usually Sunday, and the beneficiary the orphan-asylum. The fund thus obtained provides a dowry of five hundred dollars for each of the girls in this benevolent establishment, which is given them on the day of their marriage.

The asylum was a great favorite with Tacon, who would license any proper exhibition if there was a probability of aiding these beneficiaries. One was the "industrious flea" display, the insects being harnessed and drawing a tiny coach. Another case was that of a balloonist who sold tickets to the amount of several thousand dollars. His balloon having failed to rise, in order to appease the popular clamor Tacon seized the money and gave it to the orphan-asylum, and imprisoned the balloonist until the excitement had abated, when he was liberated. A *douceur* of a doubloon a head on a cargo of slaves was once brought by a successful slaving-house to Tacon, who indignantly refused it, but on second thought gave it to the orphan-asylum to increase its charitable fund.

It is a matter of history that nearly all his predecessors, and particularly General O'Donnell since, amassed large fortunes from this source. It was a well-understood bribe to the rulers to cause them to shut their eyes to this violation of the laws.

FRUIT LOST AND PRESERVED.

IN the autumn, being in delicate health, I was advised to take a sea-voyage. I char-

tered the deck of the brig *Harriet Brainerd*, which I loaded with an adventure of tropical fruits for Savannah, and expected with a quick passage to "make a good thing of it." Ten days of warm, calm weather delayed the vessel, and this was succeeded by a violent gale of wind and rain, and for several days we were in constant fear of being lost. The bulwarks of the brig being high, the sea filled the decks, and the captain, fearing she would founder, ordered a sluiceway to be cut in them. Through this opening my whole venture of fruit was washed away, oranges, pineapples, lemons, etc., dancing over the waves as far as the eye could see.

Much of this fruit was presented to me by my lady pupils, among them the Marchioness of Arcos, from whose estate much of the best had been carefully gathered. I asked her what I might bring her in return for her kindness, and she replied:

"I would prefer some peaches."

"Some peaches?" I rejoined. "I fear they will not remain sound."

"Oh, yes," said my lady; "I sent some very delicate fruit to the Queen of Spain by coating each piece with wax, and you can do the same for me."

"I will try, my lady. Everything is possible in the service of beauty," was the involuntary reply.

As this process may be of interest, I will explain it. Take a vessel of water warm enough to melt the wax and cause it to float on the surface like a thin pellicle. A peach or other kind of fruit dipped gently into this will be coated over so entirely as to exclude the air, and it cannot decay. In this way I succeeded in taking to the marchioness nearly a bushel of peaches, greatly to her delight. They were divided into small parcels, and distributed among her friends as a great rarity.

These were, it was thought, the first ripe peaches ever sent to Cuba. I have since practised this method of keeping fruits in other countries, particularly in the South Sea Islands, where I spent much time.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

THE chief cemetery of Havana is the Campo Santo. To obtain the burial of a stranger in this Catholic cemetery, it is necessary to bring a certificate that the deceased person was a Catholic. This a gentleman named Tiernan would generally do for a foreigner, and for an increased gratuity get the priest

to sprinkle the corpse with holy water. This necessary ceremony over, the body was placed in a hired coffin, and borne to the cemetery in a hearse, thence to the grave by six stout negro pall-bearers, who were fantastically dressed in knee-breeches and cocked hat. At the grave some friend slit up every article of grave-clothes with a knife, in the presence of the company, to prevent thieves from disturbing the body to get those articles. The corpse was then taken out of the hired coffin, and placed in the grave, where it was scarcely decomposed before the grave-digger would throw it up to make room for another occupant. All the hearses have odd mottos on their sides. One of these is: "Look for me to-morrow—you will not find me."

COUNTRY LIFE.

I SPENT about three weeks on estates in the neighborhood of Simonal, taking miniatures of the daughters and wives of the planters. I found them extremely kind, and their manners gay and frank. This is very charming to the stranger, and at once puts the most diffident at ease. The first estate I visited was owned by Mr. Chatrang, formerly of Charleston, South Carolina. His wife, being told that I had been a resident of that State, interested herself in my behalf among her friends. She was very accomplished and really talented, and loved the fine arts, painting in oil with great merit. They had a neighbor, named Sarasang, having a son who, like his father, had a great fondness for music, both being good amateurs. Mr. Sarasang was very wealthy, working about four hundred slaves on his estate, where he dispensed an elegant hospitality. The musical habits of father and son were very much to my taste, and here I was quite happy, often joining with my guitar in their home concerts.

In the vicinity was a *parroquia*, or country church, with usually a small congregation, except on some *fiesta*, when all the surrounding population were expected to turn out in holiday dress for merriment. On New Year's eve, one of these grand occasions, I was requested to join the choir, which then consisted of Sarasang, senior, violinist; Baron St. George and Sarasang, junior, flutists; and myself with the accordeon. The *voluntario* was performed on a hand-organ, one of which is used to aid the worship in every country church in Cuba. This over, Mr. Sarasang, the choir-leader, asked that I

would play *en solo* the two waltzes I had rendered at his residence. I did so, giving a musical medley of "The Bavarian Broom-Girl," and closing with "Yankee Doodle." This gave great satisfaction, as the airs were new to the Cubans, and they brought agreeable remembrances of home to a number of invalids and their friends who had come over from San Pedro de Hudson, a health resort. After the services were over, I was asked to render again the piece with the beautiful symphony they had so much admired. I then played "Strike the Cymbal," and all the gentlemen accompanied, with great effect.

WILD LANDS AND COFFEE-PLANTING.

MR. GEORGE DE WOLFE, an American, had established a large sugar-estate in this neighborhood; and the history of this settlement gives some information as to how wild lands are taken up in Cuba.

These lands are valued, other things being equal, according to the distance from the *embarcadero*, or river-landing, where the produce of the surrounding estates is shipped to market. The settler seeks the owner of a piece of land he desires. It is then valued by the *caballeria* (thirty-three and one third acres), upon which sum the settler pays six per cent. annually to the owner; and at any time thereafter he has the privilege of purchasing the property in fee upon paying the owner the amount of the original appraisal. This is called "tributing" lands, and most estates are begun in this way. The interest upon the appraised value is not payable during the first three years after the settlement is begun, and these are termed "dead years." The reason is that the coffee-trees do not bear, nor does the cane crop begin to pay, before three years are past; and this time is regarded as preparatory outlay without income, and in a spirit of justice it has become the custom to exempt these years from charge. This is manifestly the most advantageous way to begin a plantation. Beside this, if the planter has a few thousands of dollars, he goes to a slave-dealer, makes a purchase of negroes, paying down one half of the purchase-money in cash, and a credit of three or four years is extended upon the remainder.

These are great advantages in establishing an estate in Cuba; and in this manner Mr. De Wolfe began with small means, and built up a handsome property in a few years.

The first work in settling a coffee-plantation is to clear away the undergrowth.

The coffee-berry, containing two seeds each, is then planted in the shade of the larger trees, as the young coffee-plants are so delicate at first that the unobstructed power of the sun would destroy them.

The second year the coffee-plantation is laid out in rows intersecting each other at right angles, with broad alleys between. As the young coffee-trees grow stronger, the forest-trees are thinned away; and on lands wanting these, mangos, orange, or plantains are planted at intervals along the rows, while mingled with them are pomegranates, Cape jasmine, lemon, and many fragrant flowering shrubs. When all these display their many-colored blossoms, and give forth their spicy odors, the delight and beauty of a *cafetal* are beyond description. The coffee-tree is kept headed in by pruning the extremities of the longer branches, that the fruit may be easily reached in every part of the top. At all seasons the plantations of coffee exhibit every state of fruit development, buds, blossoms, and green and ripe fruits appearing on the trees at the same time. The blossom is snow-white and very fragrant, while the ripe berry is scarlet in color, much like a morello cherry, and when mature enough to pick grows dark like a blackheart. After the berries are gathered they are thinly spread over a *ecadero*. This is a piece of masonry raised a little above the surface of the ground, one side being higher than the other to give a tilted surface so that the rain-water flows off by the lower edge. These are inclined toward the sun so that the freshly gathered berries may dry rapidly, to hasten which the berries are frequently stirred with a wooden rake. The fruit is thus made ready for the mill, which is like our bark-mills, and hulls the berries, taking off the outer skin and freeing the grains of coffee; these are then taken to the picking-tables, where the old men, women, and children separate the various qualities. These pickers acquire great dexterity in discerning at a glance the grades in the heap; and though each grain has to pass through their fingers, and to look at them it seems a very tedious process, yet in a day they will pick over a surprising quantity. If some "cute" Yankee should invent a machine to select the qualities of coffee, the happy idea would make his fortune, and cheapen the price of coffee, as the gin has cheapened cotton and thus put a shirt upon many a naked back. The selected coffee is put in bags and sent to market. In the springtime these *cafetals* are a very paradise of sweets.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

SECOND PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER
OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

THE WRITER MAKES A PROFILE FOR A
COLUMBUS MEDAL.



RETURNING to my rooms one day, I was surprised to be told that an officer in uniform had called for me to appear before the captain-general. I was rather anxious about it, fearing that some enemy had been slandering me; and as there is no such thing as trial by jury in Cuba, every examination being summary, I went with some trepidation. Tacon asked me the nature of my calling, and I told him that I was a miniature-painter. "That is what I was informed," said he; "and I wish you to take a copy in profile of the bust of Columbus, to be used as a model of the figure to be stamped on some medals which are about to be struck for the Windward Islands." I was greatly relieved, and executed his order as quickly as possible. When Tacon saw the miniature—a profile—he was so much pleased with the success of the likeness that he rewarded me handsomely, and as a further mark of his favor gave me a free entrance to the Temple, with the privilege of taking any foreigner with me, to examine the paintings.

This was a privilege not extended to any native of Havana, and I availed myself of it to take in many Americans during the administration of General Tacon. The Temple is the Louvre of Havana, and in it are treasured up many rare old works.

The bust of Columbus before referred to stands in the Temple yard, fronting on the Plaza de Armas, and is considered the best likeness of the great navigator.

VANDERLYN'S RESEARCHES IN HAVANA.

ABOUT this time the American painter Vanderlyn came out to Havana, with the hope of finding an original portrait of Columbus. He was then engaged upon his

large piece, "The Landing of Columbus," now in one of the panels of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington, and was anxious to get access to an original from which he could copy an authentic likeness of the great discoverer. He was strengthened in this hope by reading in a "Life of Columbus" that the Duke of Baradas, a descendant of the Genoese, had sent out an original portrait in the fleet which removed his ashes from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, where they now rest. Mr. Vanderlyn brought introductory letters to Mr. George Knight, an American merchant, and Mr. Knight presented the painter to me as being the person most likely to have the desired information, and, if such a portrait existed, where it was to be found. I had not heard of one, but offered to aid in the search.

In company with Mr. Vanderlyn, I called on the descendants of the oldest noble families in Havana, but could get no satisfactory information from any of them. We then searched all the churches, the friars of which took great interest in our pursuit and gave us every aid, but still without success. He saw the bust of Columbus in the yard of the Temple, and I gave him the copy of the miniature made for Tacon. He asked for the best natural scene I knew of in the island from which to copy the ground of his painting. I recommended the coast near Baracoa, where Columbus first landed, as being both appropriate and historically true. The scene was naturally striking, and there he could see the tropical growth of trees and plants, as well as the purple tints of the air peculiar to the torrid zone; or he might go to the mouth of the Canimar River, near Matanzas, where a magnificent view was presented. It is asserted and believed by the citizens of Havana that Columbus first landed upon the present site of that city. This belief is perpetuated in the scene of one of the large paintings in the Temple. The discoverer and his attendants are there

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew,

Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore. As stated in the previous paper, the author's first visit to Cuba was made in 1835.

represented as assisting at mass, and the wondering Indians surround them with raised hands, exclaiming, "Havana!" which was supposed to be the name of their God.

LOTTERIES.

IN Havana the stranger's attention is arrested by the venders of lottery tickets, who stand on the street corners with a pair of shears in one hand and sheets of lottery tickets in the other, ready to cut off any number for buyers. They are very adroit, and are apt to persuade the credulous that they will draw a fortune in the scheme. These licensed lotteries are one of the great evils there, especially to the Spanish people, who seem to be born gamblers, and for whom the chances of dice, cards, and lottery tickets appear to have an irresistible charm, all classes in Havana dealing in them habitually.

THE SUGAR-ESTATES.

COFFEE-PLANTATIONS, though so beautiful, have not increased in numbers of late years; in fact, many of them have been changed into sugar-estates, which are more profitable, and render the owner socially more important. The owner usually resides in Havana, where his family may enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society and have the luxuries of a city; he therefore employs a sort of middleman, called a *major-domo*, to manage his estate. The owner wants all the money he can get to maintain his establishment in Havana, and the *major-domo* seeks to increase his percentage, and thus the poor slaves are ground to the dust, and at times the cruelties practised are barbarous. The *mayorals* are usually Canary Islanders, a hot-tempered and cruel race, and, being without the restraint of the presence of the owner, are vindictively oppressive, and in their inhuman punishments often take life. The horrors which have been perpetrated in Cuba by the lash would disgrace barbarians.

One striking fact attesting the hardships of slave life on a sugar-estate is that children are very rarely seen there. Slave men in their vigor are more profitable, and hence in a large force of several hundred men only a few women are allowed. The labors and hardships which these women endure tend to prevent increase, and the few children born usually die in infancy from neglect. There is no care taken to prevent this result, as they say it is cheaper to supply the

losses on the plantations by new importations than by the rearing of children. The climate, fortunately, is so mild that the slaves need but little clothing, and a wide palm hat and a cloth about the loins are their costume in the fields, the sun seeming to have but little effect upon their black skins.

Every week there is a ration-day, on which they are drawn up in long lines, and a few pounds of black-looking beef brought from Buenos Ayres are thrown at the feet of each, which at night each cooks to suit himself. In addition, a coarse meal or small hominy (bran and all) is boiled, and put in a trough, from which they eat it every morning with a spoon, a paddle, or their hands, as they choose.

The Africans brought into Cuba are generally from the coast of Mozambique, and are called *Locoomees* and *Caravalees*. They are large, stout men, of dogged will, and at times are very obstinate.

All these creatures believe implicitly in the transmigration of souls, and that if they commit suicide they go immediately back to Africa. To check this evil, when a suicide occurs, the mayoral makes each of the slaves bring a bundle of wood and build a funeral pyre, on which the body is burned. The ashes are then scattered in the air by the survivors, in whose opinion the dead negro's soul is thus prevented from returning to Africa. In scattering the ashes they sigh audibly, "Aha! Aha!" as if expressing grief that the soul of their companion can no longer go home.

The appearance of the sugar-estates is the very opposite of the beautiful coffee-plantations. Wide fields of monotonous green stretch themselves to the horizon on every side, while here and there the royal palm lifts its tufted head above the verdant level. The mayoral's house, the sugar-works, and the dingy barracoons for the slaves are the only objects to break the monotony of the desolate scene. When first planted, the cane is laid lengthwise in trenches, or furrows, about five or six feet apart, and then covered. From each eye (there is an eye to each sound joint) a shoot springs up, and sends out others, forming a bunch of canes; and thus the fields are covered with the most luxuriant green.

Every year the crop is cut at the ground, and the next season another crop springs up from the roots, which are called *ratoons*. These *ratoons* will yield crops in this way for several years, the length of time depending on the mildness of the climate. In Louisiana only three or four crops are gathered from

one planting, while in the tropics eighteen or twenty are thus obtained. The grinding of the cane begins about the last of October, and continues until the beginning of the rainy season, a period of nearly six months. This is the time of greatest labor on the estate; and, without intermission of Sundays or holidays, with but few exceptions, the slaves work incessantly, and men and teams are worn out before work is over. The slaves are given a few trifling presents and are allowed some extra privileges to encourage them in undergoing the increased labor.

CARNIVAL AND HOLY WEEK AT MATANZAS.

I RETURNED to Matanzas about the beginning of carnival. This is an occasion of unusual merriment in all Roman Catholic countries, and this is especially true of Cuba, as the three nights of masquerade present a succession of the most grotesque scenes. Not less than six or seven thousand people collect at the theaters and other places of amusement in Matanzas, and there is a constant run of visiting, and friends quizzing friends, all through the city. On these occasions the mask is a perfect protection against discovery, no matter where, a heavy fine and imprisonment being the penalty for removing the disguise of any one.

There are directors or managers who alone possess the right to remove the mask, and this is exercised only where the wearer acts rudely or is suspected of not being white, and in either of these cases the directors take the suspected individual into a private room and there make the examination. The masquerade is a scene of great novelty to a stranger. The wonderful variety of odd disguises representing every imaginable thing, the run-mad hurry and turmoil, the most eccentric conduct, make up a condition of affairs almost indescribable. Many who are mere onlookers wear a domino or mask of open wire, which does not disguise the features, but simply puts them in unison with the occasion.

Being desirous of mingling in the masquerade, I disguised myself as a student of the University of Salamanca, though at the time I had no idea of acting out the character.

I took my guitar, and joined a party who were similarly provided. They wondered who the stranger might be, and I strolled along with them to the theater, where they performed a mock funeral of Don Carlos amid the greatest excitement.

One side of the gallery was filled with English and Americans, some residents of the island, and others, visitors.

The box of Mr. Shoemaker, the American consul, contained ten ladies, who requested, through the consul, that I should play on the guitar. I stepped up to the box, made obeisance, and sang, in English, "The Land of the Stranger," accompanying my song with the guitar. This excited their curiosity greatly, as they had judged from my dress that I was a Spaniard.

Great difference of opinion was expressed as to my identity: some said I was American, because I spoke English so well; others were equally confident that I was Spanish, because I played the guitar; and all sought by questions to discover my secret. I then sang another English air, "What Fairy-like Music," and I was requested by one of the ladies to sing "Home, Sweet Home." After this I was followed from box to box by a party of Americans, vainly seeking to find out the stranger.

Many other kinds of amusement are associated with this occasion, such as bull-fights, gander-pulling, and cock-fighting, so that the people are utterly worn out at the end of this holiday. In marked contrast with these gaieties are the solemn ceremonies of the three days of the crucifixion. During this time the utmost quiet is preserved, as though a general funeral affected the land. When the three days are past, the resurrection is announced by the deep toll of a bell, and every man, woman, and child rushes into the street, armed with a small rattle, and makes as much noise as possible, until the rejoicing sounds as if the locusts of Egypt had been let loose. This is followed by the burning in effigy of Judas. A figure of that worthy, filled with explosives, is set up on a post, from which a string depends to the ground, and is trailed away a square or two. Along this string, at intervals, are attached crackers. Fire is applied to the string, and it burns, and the crackers pop until "Judas" is reached, and explodes amid the shouts and execrations of the multitude. Many of these are exploded in different parts of the city. Some of these figures contain interior machinery to produce very elaborate effects; these are usually the property of the priests, and are set up on a steeple or other high situation. Various other scenes of the passion are exhibited,—the scourging, the journey to Calvary, the crown of thorns, etc.,—all which material representations impress the people powerfully.

At the close of the carnival I was invited

to Mr. Shoemaker's to paint the miniature of his wife.

Upon my appearance at the consul's, I found a company of Americans. They were very much surprised to learn that I was the "student of Salamanca" who excited so much interest at the theater, as they expected to see a harebrained youth, and found a sedate man nearing middle age and more like a clergyman.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE IN CUBA
SIXTY YEARS AGO.

In the hotel where I lived I met many persons of different nations and character, some of whom were slavers. The most prominent of these was a man named Paul Fèbre, a native of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The history of this man is curious. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in the village of Chambersburg, and his elder brother was a seafaring man.

This brother was much older than Paul, and in his many adventures by sea and land had set up a slave-depot on the river Ponga, in Africa. He visited the United States, and took back with him his brother Paul, then only twelve years of age. When Paul was eighteen years old his brother died, and left him all his property, including the slave-factory. At the time of this bequest Paul had been fully initiated into all the mysteries of this horrible traffic, and thus became a very extensive slave-dealer, and made frequent journeys to Cuba.

When I first met him he had just sold three cargoes of slaves to Catalan dealers, and credited them for the greater part of the purchase-money; but these wily fellows, to escape the payment of the debt, encouraged a prosecution of him, with the hope of securing his incarceration, or of driving him from the island. It seems that a slave-brig had been consigned to his factory for a cargo of slaves. On the passage out the captain was murdered, and on her arrival at her destination Paul Fèbre refused to let others have the slaves on credit, and they were forced to leave without them. The steward of this vessel, a Portuguese, meeting with Fèbre at Matanzas, instituted a suit against him for damages for "breaking up" the voyage of the brig. Fèbre, having ascertained through his agents, Messrs. Hernandez and Bazdon, the object of his persecutors, intrusted his affairs to Captain Wells, and left by land for Havana. He was forced to travel by land, as he could not get a passport while the suit

was pending. Thinking that matters had quieted down, he returned to Matanzas about three weeks later, but was again set upon by the Catalans. This caused him to leave Cuba for Baltimore. Before his departure he left with me a very interesting servant-girl. This young woman was the daughter of the African king Dembazeegaloo, who once ruled over the country called Toolah-woollah. Several years previously, while Fèbre was buying slaves in that country, he was the guest of this king, and became acquainted with the members of his family. Some time afterward a number of captives were brought for sale to his factory, and he was surprised to see among them the daughter of the king. Upon inquiry, he learned that her father had been killed in battle, and his family made captives. Fèbre bought the young princess, and reared her in his house, and when he came to Cuba brought her with him. Having lost his right arm in a conflict with some British sailors and John, an African king of the coast, it was necessary for him to have a personal attendant, and this office the Princess Eliza faithfully discharged for some years. When Paul Fèbre left this faithful girl in my care, he gave her her freedom and six ounces in gold, and requested me to procure her a good situation.

While Paul Fèbre was in the city of Baltimore he had three clippers built, each of which would carry several hundred slaves, and named them respectively the *Eagle*, the *Anaconda*, and the *Serpent*. With these his design was to bring to Cuba all the slaves he owned, about twelve hundred in number, composed principally of children selected from previous purchases, and if successful in this he purposed abandoning the slave-trade entirely. The three clippers went safely to Africa, and, as is usual with slavers outward bound, touched at the Cape Verde Islands, and procured Portuguese papers as a disguise. Paul Fèbre went in one of his own vessels, and at the Cape Verde Islands, in addition to the usual Portuguese sailing-papers, he procured a passport for himself as a passenger to Cuba by way of Africa, so that if he were unfortunate enough to be captured he could still avoid punishment. This is the usual deception practised.

In the course of time Fèbre's arrival was daily expected by his agents in Cuba. One night a Captain Reid called at my rooms, and left word that a man with one hand had been wrecked on Stirrup Keys;

that he had applied to him for passage, but seeing that the captain had only one arm and a Portuguese crew, he became suspicious, and declined receiving him on board. As the man had, however, mentioned my name, he let me know. Although it was midnight when I received the news, I at once communicated it to the slave-merchants, and they sent a schooner to his assistance that night, which brought him and his crew into port the next day. Fèbre became a second time my near neighbor, occupying the room adjoining mine, and he narrated to me the story of his misfortunes. His vessel, while sailing at the rate of eleven knots an hour, had brought up suddenly during the night on sunken rocks, and was soon pounded to pieces by the surf. All the African women swam ashore and were saved; but the men, about three hundred in number, being handcuffed, were all drowned.

This indomitable man was not deterred by this disaster from other ventures. He returned to his factory in Africa, and shipped a cargo of five hundred slaves on another of his vessels. The captain, a Frenchman, ran her into Guadeloupe, sold both vessel and slaves, and absconded with the proceeds. As a slaver is outlawed in every country, the money could not be recovered, even had the faithless captain been overtaken. The enforced trust in the captains is one of the risks of the business.

Paul Fèbre's troubles were not yet over. He next despatched a Captain Flourie, well known as the commander of the packet-ship *Morro Castle*, on one of his clippers, and she was captured by a cruiser, and the captain condemned to ten years' imprisonment; but after one year's confinement he was pardoned by President Polk. On this vessel Paul Fèbre was a passenger, and thus escaped punishment.

In quick succession this bold adventurer lost three vessels with their cargoes; but such are the immense profits of this barbarous trade that one successful trip balances many losses, and he was left a very rich man.

From this history of Paul Fèbre we may appear as a perfect monster, but his usually mild manners indicated the very reverse. Had he been educated at home in his youth, I have no doubt he would have been a quiet citizen.

Most intimately associated in the slave-trade with Paul Fèbre was an Italian named John Eschersu, nicknamed "Long John" from his tall, sinewy build and remarkable activity of movement. This man was originally a bum-boatman—a waterman in the harbor of

Havana, selling fruit and rare shells to outgoing ships. From bounding his vision by the limits of the harbor, and his desire of gain by a boat-load of oranges, he became a rover of the ocean, freighting his ships with human flesh. He was very successful in his new occupation, and became extremely rich. "Long John" quickly saw the superior sailing qualities of the Baltimore clippers, and knowing that speed was the safety of the slaver, he availed himself of it. These clippers were built and brought out to Havana and sold to the slavers. The slaver is usually commanded by an American, called a "flag-captain," until the Cape Verde Islands are reached, when a Portuguese is placed in nominal command. The American is employed because he possesses more coolness in the presence of danger, and, as he speaks the English language fluently, can better evade the examinations of the cruisers if the slaver be overhauled. When a boarding-officer comes on the deck of a slaver, the flag-captain always receives him most courteously, and entertains him with wine and cigars to allay his suspicions.

Even if a vessel is suspected, she is generally permitted to pass on, the cruiser trusting to catch her when homeward bound with slaves; then the proof of guilt will be complete, and the prize-money vastly increased. But the slavers look out for this risk, and usually outwit the cruisers, or outsail them in a chase. No enmity exists between the commanders of the cruisers and the slavers when on shore, and they frequently joke about the chases and risks on the sea.

I witnessed, one day, an exciting chase of a steamer by the British cruiser *Pincer*. It is common for the slavers to land at the first place they make on the island of Cuba, for the slaves once on land are safe, and a steamer is usually then sent to meet them. Captain Jenkins saw the steamer *Principañia* getting up steam about midnight. This, being unusual, caused him to suspect that "black-birds" were about, and he kept watch, ready for pursuit. The steamer moved quietly out of the harbor, and the *Pincer*, noting the course the other had taken, soon followed, and taking a position behind a headland, lay in wait. The morning dawned beautifully over the dimpling sea, and along the horizon could be seen the haze of the steamer's smoke. At length she shot past the headland, and the *Pincer* gave chase. The steamer, loaded with slaves, strained every effort to save herself and her freight. Like a frightened bird seeking shelter from the falcon,

she darted into the harbor, loudly ringing her bell. The grim *Pincer*, favored by a fresh breeze, silently bore down upon her, and it was doubtful which would be the winner. The citizens of Havana were greatly excited, and covered every available spot offering a view of the chase, shouting encouragement to the steamer, and waving their handkerchiefs in testimony of their sympathy. The cruiser gained a little on the steamer, and had the distance been longer would have captured her; but the steamer rushed past the city, and rounded to behind it. The negroes were then told to leap over and swim ashore, as the British were cannibals and would eat them if they were captured. The crew of the *Pincer* were chagrined at their failure, as they lost five pounds a head prize-money, while the officers and engineers of the *Principañia* received handsome presents from the slavers for their energetic and daring conduct. This little incident discloses the deep sympathy of all classes in Cuba with the slave-trade; and where this is the case it is vain to attempt its suppression by law.

All the Africans captured by the British cruisers were brought into Havana and sold, by a mixed commission, at fifty dollars each for the term of seven years. These term-slaves were called *emancipados*, and to show when their time expired, a piece of thin metal with a number stamped on it was placed about the neck of each, bearing the date of the sale. These *emancipados* were scattered about on different estates, and some were employed by the government on the streets of the city. They were less cared for and worse treated than slaves for life, as their temporary owners had no interest in them beyond getting all the labor possible out of them during their term.

A serious difficulty soon arose between the British commissioners and the captain-general in consequence of this system. The former complained that when the term of service of an *emancipado* had expired, and he was called for, he was always reported "dead"; and this report was, in fact, always rendered. The truth was that if any slave died on a plantation having *emancipados*, the stamped number was taken from the neck of one of them and put on the dead negro. Then the mayoral of the estate would have him registered on the church record as an *emancipado*, and the fraud was winked at by the priests. In this way the system of apprenticeship amounted to practical slavery, with the added evil of harsher treatment.

The *emancipados* all died! This deception was justly complained of; but Tacon said that if the British were not satisfied, they must take their captives to their own island of Jamaica.

To meet this difficulty, the British anchored an old hulk which had been captured in the battle of Trafalgar in the harbor of Havana, as a temporary depot for the captured negroes. This action gave great offense to the citizens. The negroes were dressed in the British uniform, and at times would come ashore and act in a manner highly offensive to the Spaniards. This grievance was reported to Tacon, and he issued an order that the first one of them seen ashore should be run through the body without mercy. The commissioners then applied for a piece of land upon which they could erect a barracks, with a church attached for the negroes. Tacon refused, saying: "All the churches are open; and while I am in authority not a foot of land shall be given for any such purpose."

They replied that they would "apply to the home government."

"I cannot prevent your application to the Queen; but if she grants it, I will resign my office," briefly said the captain-general. But the matter ended with his refusal.

The board of commissioners was composed of four English gentlemen. The president, Mr. Kennedy, had been a member of Parliament, and was a most agreeable man. He lived in fine style, having a residence furnished him free of expense, in addition to his salary of forty thousand dollars a year.

A mile and a half out from Havana is a curious and painful sight—the slave-barracoons, where the newly arrived barbarians are confined. Here were congregated not less than two thousand negroes, ready for sale. Some were entirely naked, others nearly so. Their heads were close-shaved, and their bodies so emaciated by the horrors of the "middle passage" that they resembled beasts more than men. Certainly they did not appear to be human beings as they gazed about wildly, with anxious countenances, as if bewildered.

I have often been amused at the preliminary instruction they are put through after their arrival at the barracoons. They are seated cross-legged on the ground in a row or circle, and the negro teacher passes gravely before them all, giving the lesson. He moves his hands quickly to and from his mouth, as though putting something in it, saying: "*Yammy! Yammy!*" all of the ne-

groes imitating and repeating after him. This meant to eat. *Tido-fino* means something good, *choppy-choppy* to work, *yarry-yarry* to get sick. The teacher then goes around with a cup of native rum, and gives each a sip in token of approval. This uncouth vocabulary, when understood, is enough to enable them to labor on the estates.

Before buying, a purchaser examines them to ascertain their condition of health. If this appears satisfactory, he gives the negro a hard slap in the face, and if he displays no resentment, but looks up and smiles, he is bought. When these newly imported Africans are first taken, they are made to work but very little for several months, until, by observing the other negroes, they are gradually trained to labor; for if they are discouraged by driving them at first, they are apt to commit suicide, in the belief that they will thus return to Africa.

MATANZAS AND THE CAVERN ON THE YUMURI.

ALL the elements of fine scenery, sea, mountain, vale, and river, the tinted air and brilliant growth of the tropics, are combined in rare union, and furnish a series of the most magnificent views in and about Matanzas. The sublime and the soft, the wild and the beautiful, are all brought together in exquisite harmony. It is striking and charming, as if the lion and the lamb were lying down together.

The city nestles just behind the giant shoulder of the Cumbre, a mountainous ridge which lifts itself up from the sea and abruptly terminates at the Bay of Matanzas, while at its feet flow the clear waters of the Yumuri River.

A narrow but lovely valley of the same name sweeps up behind the Cumbre, and is walled in on the opposite side by the flank of the mountains. A very noted cavern is situated up this valley, about a mile and a half from the city, and was evidently once the throat out of which the river flowed, though the entrance is now in the face of a cliff much above the level of the valley.

These subterranean openings occur in all limestone countries, and in Cuba, where the water still flows through them, are called *sumideros*. A stream which flows through the town of San Antonio is lost, about a quarter of a mile beyond, in one of these, and timber or other things thrown into it will, in time, appear on the neighboring sea-coast.

I first learned of the existence of this

large cavern on the Yumuri from a Mr. Owens, who had partly explored it twenty years before. It was known to the natives, but from an undefined superstition they would not enter it. The mouth is high up in the face of the cliff, almost concealed by a thick screen of tropical trees interlaced with vines, and the crevices of the rocks are filled with broad-leaved plants. On the right of the entrance a room opens, where, tradition says, the patriots of 1820 held their secret meetings, and the constitution they framed was hidden.

The main body of the cavern goes on to the left of this, and the great number of fantastic figures formed by stalactites and stalagmites which succeed one another throughout its length give a weird and ghostly appearance. There is a general resemblance to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, though that is on a much grander scale. I explored the cavern pretty thoroughly, with the aid of ladders constructed on the spot, these enabling me to climb from place to place. The fame of the cave spread among the foreigners at Matanzas, and it became a place of frequent resort for picnics and to gratify curiosity.

There was some risk in going through the cave, due to the rents and chasms, into which the incautious were liable to fall. One of a large party of visitors slipped down the face of an inclined rock, and fell into an abyss, from which he was rescued with great difficulty; and I afterward fell at the same place, but in my descent, fortunately, caught my foot against a projection in the rock, and was saved.

An American man-of-war, the *Boston*, was lying at Matanzas, and the officers gave an entertainment, and invited the Americans and principal Spaniards. The affair concluded with a play acted by the crew, who had been trained by the officers, and acquitted themselves very creditably.

The captain of the *Boston*, having heard a great deal of the cave, expressed a desire to visit it, and some gentlemen present were kind enough to say:

"The 'Bard of the Isle' would be the best guide."

"Well, Mr. Jenkins," said Captain Babit, "I am told that you are the 'Bard of the Isle,' and the best guide to the cave up the Yumuri valley. Will you go with us tomorrow?"

I consented, and that evening the news of the purposed trip was circulated among the merchant vessels in the harbor, and there

seemed to be a general desire to join us. The next morning the water was dotted over with rowboats, filled with jolly tars in clean dress, and their merry voices rang along the water like silver bells. This fleet of pleasure-seekers moved up the Yumuri River, and after a pleasant trip reached the object of their curiosity. Each of the large company was supplied with two wax candles, and all crowded into the entrance to the cave.

Señor Blitz, the juggler, shot over a hundred vampire-bats, with the intention of making purses of their skins; others fired guns and pistols to cause a reverberation; some lighted blue lights and false fires to produce a ghastly glare upon the jagged walls, until, with conflicting noises, the scene was like pandemonium. The result of burning so much sulphur in a confined place containing over a hundred people soon made itself felt, and the want of air oppressed every one. This increased, and the mouth of the cavern becoming filled with a dense volume of smoke, the visitors became panic-stricken from fear of suffocation.

A lieutenant complained of a sensation of bleeding at the lungs, and the captain of the *Boston* grew faint. I counseled all not to be alarmed, and to keep together; that in one of my former visits I had observed the flame of the lamp flare in a current of air, and that another opening must exist in that direction. We accordingly followed the windings of the cavern for some distance, until at length a feeble light showed amid the darkness. We were overjoyed at our deliverance from the danger of a horrible death as we emerged by another outlet into the open air.

The utmost precautions should be taken by visitors to have proper guides, plenty of lights, and to be careful of their footsteps.

There are two very pretty drives leading out from Matanzas, one of which leads to the Cumbre, already mentioned. From this elevation there is a magnificent view of both land and sea. Seaward the expanse of ocean is broken only by white sails or the long line of smoke from some black-hulled steamer. Turning landward, the peaceful valley of the Yumuri, with its timid river winding through cane-fields and palm-groves, lies at the feet, and beyond are the white houses of Matanzas leaning against the feet of the "Pan." This beautiful valley seems like a child sleeping in the arms of a strong man as it lies between these bold headlands. The Cumbre is a favorite resort, after sundown, for the sea-breeze that blows over the height; and the

freshness of the air and the unrivaled scenery induce many of the wealthier classes to have cottages there.

Another drive of four miles in length extends from the opposite side of the city, and leads through neat hamlets and groves of lofty palms to the Falls of St. John, a series of cascades in the river of the same name, and surrounded by a picturesque country. Here may usually be seen many men and boys, with arms bare to the shoulders, feeling under the large, loose rocks for *langostas*, a species of lobster very like a crawfish, but larger than a sea-lobster. This is much sought, as it is esteemed a great delicacy.

LAND-CRABS.

THESE creatures are larger than a sea-crab, and live entirely on the land. They run with great speed, even outstripping a horse. At certain seasons of the year they migrate in large bodies from one side of the island to the other, in columns sometimes half a mile wide, and so dense as almost to stop a carriage on the road they may be crossing. These columns overcome every obstacle in their direct line of march, even high mountains. It is supposed that these migrations are prompted by the instinct of propagation, as the crabs seek the sea-shore, deposit their eggs, and cast off the old shell. These crabs are so common about the city of Matanzas that the inhabitants often receive the sobriquet of *cangrejo*. They are frequently found in the houses, and in some cases even under the beds.

There is another species of crab which makes similar marches through the country in immense bodies. These are called pirates, from a very curious habit they display. This creature has the ability of detaching itself from the shell, which, for some reason, it temporarily leaves at times; and while its house is thus vacant, another, passing, will back its body, tail foremost, into the empty shell, and keep possession.

BRIGANDAGE.

AS I have already indicated, the social condition of Cuba was in the wildest disorder when General Tacon was appointed captain-general.

The most frequented roads were infested, night and day, by abandoned and reckless robbers. Their impudence and daring became so great that no one traveling in the country was safe, and they often pursued

their victims to the very cities themselves. This was true to such an extent that a general feeling of insecurity pervaded all classes, and business and pleasure were equally affected. These audacious outlaws posted on the most conspicuous trees along the public highways, "Money or mutilation"; hence any one forced to travel about always put some gold in his pocket to give these desperados.

The most noted and desperate of these brigands was named Juan Ravero. This wretch was at first merely a footpad, but he gradually organized a band, becoming its leader, although even then he frequently went alone on his adventures. His many deeds of blood and daring ruffianism made his name a terror throughout the country. To such an extent was he feared that none could be found bold enough to attempt his capture, although he exposed himself recklessly, going openly into the city, and, on one occasion, actually stretched himself on the counter of a country store, and went to sleep, notwithstanding the fact that at that very time there was offered a three thousand dollar reward for his head; yet such was the terror inspired by him that no man dared to earn it.

The *partido* of Guanacano, which embraced the highlands around and back of Matanzas, was the principal theater of his depredations. On one of his expeditions he saw a beautiful young Spanish girl whom he resolved to possess. Her parents lived in the town of Guanabacoa, a place of six thousand inhabitants, which he daringly entered, took her from her home, and, unopposed, bore her to the mountain fastnesses, none of her friends knew where, and no effort was made to rescue the hapless girl. Many months passed over the sorrowing household, when, one night, as suddenly as she had been taken away, she was returned, and the robbers retired after putting her down in the streets. She instantly sought her home, knocked at the door, and told her name; but the door was not opened. Her voice was recognized, but her parents feared that she had been forced by the robbers to act as their accomplice in getting admission to the house. Besides this, they believed that she had been dishonored, and resolved not to recognize her again.

Almost overcome by her repulse, she sought the house of a baker who had known her from childhood, and whose wife had been very kind to her; and this good man took her in. Finding that her parents disowned her,

the baker made her a member of his family, and, his wife dying soon after, she became his housekeeper, and later his second wife, and lived an honorable and virtuous woman. It was at Guanabacoa that I saw her, then the matron of the kind-hearted baker's family.

At times Ravero would disappear for a season from his accustomed haunts, and go up to the thinly settled regions of the *partido* of Simonal.

Here he lived with a young girl in a *montero* cottage. She became sick one day, and Ravero visited a neighboring coffee-planter for assistance. This gentleman kindly sent him aid, never dreaming that his visitor was the robber chief.

Some time after this the planter was attacked on a road near his residence, in open day, by robbers, who speedily took his money. Just at this juncture Ravero rode up, commanded them to desist, at once to restore his gold, and in the future never to molest him.

The robber chief then asked the planter if he knew him. The latter replied in the negative. Ravero said, "Never know me!" and proceeded to narrate the planter's kindness to him when his family were in need, and said that now his benefactor was repaid.

Tacon firmly resolved to break up these gangs of marauders, and to this end he appointed the bravest and most energetic men he could get as captains of *partidos*, being especially particular to ascertain that the new men were not suspected of complicity with the outlaws.

Captain Martinez was appointed captain of the *partido* of Guanacano, and the band of Ravero, fearing his vigilance and courage, gradually deserted their chief until he was left almost entirely alone. There may be "honor among thieves," but Ravero had reason to fear that some of his former followers might be the first to attempt to earn the large reward for his capture, as their knowledge of his habits and haunts would specially fit them for success in this undertaking; and he therefore thought it wise to leave Cuba as quickly as possible. With this view he called one night at the estate of Don Julian Alphonso, and requested an interview. This was accorded, and he said:

"I am Juan Ravero." (Don Alphonso started at this announcement.) "Don't be alarmed; I have no ill designs. I am hunted down like a wild beast, and must sooner or later be taken. I wish you to engage my passage to New Orleans."

"I will do so."

"Then I place my life in your hands," said the robber.

Don Alphonso went to Matanzas, made the necessary arrangements, returned, and directed Ravero what to do; and thus this scourge of Guanacano escaped.

He lived quietly in New Orleans, and prospered at cigar-making; but he sighed for the dangers and excitements of his former wild life. In about a year he returned to Cuba, and "took to the road," alone, like an Ishmael, "every man's hand against him, and his hand against every man." For a while he was successful.

Mounted on a trained and spirited horse of great speed and endurance, he passed from one part of the country to another.

At length, near Matanzas, on the road to Havana, he attacked, by dashing suddenly from a clump of bushes, a Biscayan, a carpenter going to his work on a neighboring sugar-estate, and accompanied by a negro who had loitered behind. The Biscayan and Ravero were both mounted. The former was a powerful man, and in the struggle both fell to the ground. In the meantime the negro came up, and as they always carry a machete, he was prepared to assist the carpenter, who called to him to cut the robber; but the negro hesitated, fearing that he might cut the wrong man. The carpenter again appealed to him to cut, and he did so, striking Ravero two blows on the back of the neck, injuring the vertebræ. The combatants then separated, Ravero going into the bushes and sitting down at the foot of a tree.

The Biscayan gave prompt information of his encounter to the captain of the partido, who instantly went, accompanied by an armed posse of men, in pursuit of the robber. He found Ravero just where the carpenter had left him, sitting as if in a stupor from his wounds. The captain asked him:

"Who are you?"

"I am Juan Ravero," was the curt reply.

"Do you surrender?"

"Not while I live."

The captain gave the order to fire, and five balls passed through him. The body was then thrown across a mule and taken into Matanzas, where thousands gathered to look upon the lifeless body of one who had been such a terror to the country.

Tacon's stern administration of justice, and his appointment of tried men over the partidos, worked a great change in the security of the roads. The robbers were taken in

every part of the country, and passed from one partido to another, chained together in squads, until they reached Havana, where they were dealt with by law. This vigorous policy scattered the bands, drove the members who escaped capture into some useful occupation, and society was relieved from this scourge.

I frequently visited the residence of Captain Martinez, and often witnessed the passage of these criminals on their way to justice. On one occasion, about midnight, when the mail-carrier was expected to pass, Captain Martinez, while out on his accustomed patrol, heard a rapid succession of shots, and concluding something was wrong, hastened in the direction indicated.

There he found the courier dead, and two men occupied in robbing the mail. He made them prisoners, took them to his house, and placed them in the stocks.

Upon investigating the affair, he learned that they wished to intercept a decision of the court at Puerto Principe, in a suit for the alleged theft of a lottery ticket. This lottery case had been pending before the court for several years, and the decision was known to be in the mail; and to enable them to destroy it, the courier had been killed. At this time all civil suits were heard and determined only at Puerto Principe, a city several hundred miles east of Havana. This worked great practical injustice, as it placed a resort to the court out of the power of all but the rich. The assassination of the courier attracted the attention of General Tacon to the inconvenience of this judicial arrangement and its injustice to the poor, and he requested the Queen of Spain to allow the establishment of a similar court for Havana, and her Majesty was graciously pleased to grant the authority.

When the royal permission arrived, the gratitude of the citizens was so great that they formed an immense procession to manifest their joy. The beautiful daughter of the Count of Penalver personated the Queen, holding in her hands the keys of authority, and the unbounded rejoicing was accompanied with salvos of artillery from the castle.

COUNTRY LIFE AGAIN.

WHILE at the residence of Captain Martinez I became acquainted with many planters who came to obtain their passports. One of these was Captain Pancho Ceresa, in command of the adjoining partido of Langillos, and whose beautiful coffee-estate was within two miles

of the village of that name. I made a most delightful visit to his residence. His wife, like himself, was young and very gay. They were vivacious in disposition, blessed with plenty, and dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. They were constant attendants at the fandangos and other scenes of amusement in the vicinity. In short, these young people were, as they deserved to be, perfectly happy. Their property not being so large as a sugar-estate, every negro down to the smallest received the care and bounty of his mistress, and in the yard about the house, under the stately palms, a crowd of small black children could often be seen, sportive and happy.

No class of the people of Cuba is given to reading. In fact, I do not recall ever having seen a Spanish lady with a newspaper in her hands. The better classes have "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," which are to the Cubans what "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" are to the English. Many wealthy persons have fine libraries, containing books in almost every language; but they are more for ostentation than use, and the possessor regards them much as he does his furniture—as serving to indicate his wealth and station. As the result of this indifference to literature, the people seek every species of amusement for recreation. The evenings are usually spent in playing on the guitar and singing, smoking, playing billiards or cards, and dancing or riding. Such little games as lotto, etc., are eagerly en-

gaged in by old and young. Their religious interests are intrusted almost entirely to the priests, and they have little concern with them beyond the observances of certain formulas and feast-days.

From this agreeable retreat I went to the Isabella estate, the property of Mr. George Knight. Here I joined Mr. A. Taylor and Captain Prince, and we went together to see an estate purchased, or rather "tributed," by Mr. Taylor. He had bought nine negroes and three caballeria of cane, which furnished him plenty of seed, and tributed the land, all for five thousand dollars. I give these figures to enable American planters to form an idea of what a small capital will accomplish in Cuba.

Other Americans had tributed lands near there. Among them was Mr. N. P. Tristo, then our consul at Havana. These estates were in the vicinity of a small village named Bemba, and at the time of these American settlements the whole region was very obscure, and the inhabitants lived in the most primitive simplicity; but since then a railroad has been built from Cardenas, and the village of Bemba has become the center of an important trade, while the lands have risen from a nominal value to such an extent that they cannot be purchased unless it be at an exorbitant figure, and the early settlers have become wealthy.

This is only an evidence of what all Cuba might become under the reviving influence of American enterprise.

(To be continued.)

ELDER-BLOSSOM AND BOBOLINK.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

AS I went up to beechwood, the bobolinks were singing
 From elder-blossom to elder-blossom along the bowered dells:
 I breathed the bridal scent, and I took the merriment
 Running into a rapid ripple and tinkle of falling bells;
 For I knew I should return, and the sun was on the fells.

As I came back from beechwood, the bobolinks were singing
 From elder-blossom to elder-blossom, and the melody broke my rest:
 Bird and flower seemed to me tears and breath of memory;
 Elder-blossom and bobolink like a grief I took to breast;
 For I knew I came no more. There was thunder in the west.