CHAPTER XX

THE PRESBYTERIAN INVASION

Some time in the last quarter of the seventeenth century a young Scotch minister came to Jamaica. His name was William Paterson. We have no authentic information of why he visited the colony nor of what he did there. His enemies—of whom he later acquired a great multitude—pretend that he left the Presbyterian Church to go on a pirate cruise. There are no proofs of this accusation, but he is known to have made the acquaintance of several eminent buccaneers, and he certainly had not been destined by the Fates for the ministry.

In 1686 Paterson—about thirty years of age—returned to Europe with a "Scheme of Foreign Trade." He has left no written records of this period of his life, no detailed account of his "scheme." All we know about his activity is from chance allusions to him in the writings of the merchants of his day. A number of them tell casually of having been visited by a young visionary who tried to interest them in a Utopian scheme of colonizing the Isthmus of Panama and turning it into a great free-trade emporium of the Oriental trade. From such scattered allusion we know that he travelled over most of Northern Europe, Amsterdam, Hamburg, the Hanseatic towns of the Baltic. He seems to have dreamed of creating a neutral or international colony on the Isthmus, with immense ports on either ocean, connected by a canal, and concentrating there the trade of the Indies. He was also an extreme free trader. And it was

by freeing these ports of all the monopolistic restrictions, on which the trading companies of his day were built, that he expected to draw the commerce of the world into his scheme.

No one would listen to him. So he settled in London and, tucking away his dream in a back compartment of his brain, he set about making himself a fortune. He developed an amazing genius, and within five years, when hardly thirty-five years old, he had become a dominant figure in the London financial world. His prestige was so great that when, in 1691, he proposed to organize a corporation to fund the debts of the British Crown, he received a respectful hearing. For three years he devoted himself to this project and in 1694 the English Parliament accepted his proposals and incorporated the Bank of England. Paterson was one of the original board of directors.

The founding of the Bank of England has led us some distance from Panama, but we must make one more detour before we can find our way to the Scots Colonie at Darien.

The Glorious Restoration, after the collapse of the Commonwealth, had made the same man king of the two hostile countries of England and Scotland. Ever since the Romans had built a wall across the Island to keep out the northern barbarians, Saxons and Celts had been cutting each other's throats at every opportunity. Although King William was wearing both crowns, the union was personal, not organic. Just as Franz Josef is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, and as Nicholas is Tsar of Russia and Grand Duke of Finland, so William was king of two countries which had nothing in common but their sovereign.

England was one of the most advanced countries industrially; Scotland was only half emerged from the chrysalis of feudalism. From their barren, wind-swept hills the progressive Scots were looking with envy and desire on the rich commerce of England and wishing to share in it—it was this

desire which later motived the organic union of the two countries—but it was a bad time for outsiders to try to seize a share of profits. It was an age of monopolies.

The Oriental trade of England was the private property of the East India Company. This small group of city merchants owned the earth and the fulness thereof—at least all the earth which offered spectacular profits to traders. Already firmly established, this Company had so thoroughly "built its fences," so entirely "fixed" Parliament that for more than a century they were able to rule England almost as autocratically as they governed their rapidly growing empire in India.

Some day "A History of Graft" will be written and we will most of us be surprised to find how very much less we have of it to-day than in the past. Two great events will be recorded in such a history. The first will be the time in each nation's history when the Privy Purse was definitely separated from the National Treasury. When the National consciousness had grown to the point of differentiating between the people's money and the sovereign's salary, the first milestone in the elimination of graft had been passed. The second epoch-marking event was when the eighteenth century muckrakers of England forced the impeachment of Warren Hastings and broke the domination of the East India Company over the British Parliament.

But this second milestone had not been reached at this time. England ruled the waves and the East India Company ruled England. But a legal monopoly always engenders smuggling. This close corporation had secured laws which forbade any outsiders to trade in the East. So the outsiders did it illegally. The London financial world was divided between the Company and the Interlopers. The latter got pretty poor pickings, but were always wide awake, always looking for some chance to run the legal blockade.

The progressive element in Scotland saw that dividends were rapidly taking the place of divisions of booty and that if their country was to have any reputation in the great world besides that of being a good recruiting ground for mercenaries, they must have some commerce. In 1693, while Paterson was busy in London founding the Bank of England, the Scots Parliament passed an "Act for Encouraging Foreign Trade." In effect it said that if any one with capital wanted to get a charter for a trading company, Scotland would give him a more liberal franchise than any other country.

When news of this act drifted into London, some of the Interlopers pricked up their ears and began to consider the possibility of legalizing their Oriental trade under the Scotch flag.

In May, 1695, James Chiesly, a notorious Interloper, brought a proposition to Paterson. Chiesly had a vision of breaking into the Oriental trade. Paterson saw a chance of bringing to life his old dream of a world centre on the Isthmus. But his early experience had taught him that financiers will not subscribe to a dream. So he kept his own counsels about Panama, but went into the scheme on the basis which Chiesly suggested. Together they drew up a bill and, at an opportune moment, when the King was on the Continent fighting Louis XIV, slipped it into the Scots Parliament. After two weeks of discussion in committee, the bill—"An act erecting the Company of Scotland, trading in Africa and the Indies"—was introduced and rushed through on June 25, 1695. The King's Commissioner touched it with the royal scepter and it became a law.

The Scots Parliament had certainly kept its promise of liberality. The act created a monopoly of Scotch foreign trade for thirty-one years. For twenty-one years the Company was exempt from all taxation, either on its real property or its imports. In return for this fat franchise the Company

OLD FRENCH EQUIPMENT.

MODERN AMERICAN EQUIPMENT.

was to pay the Scotch Crown an annual tribute of—one hogshead of tobacco! Even the powerful English Company had not been able to get as great privileges as these from their parliament.

The original plan was to capitalize the Company at £600,000. Paterson was to raise half the amount in London. In outlining his plan of campaign to the directors of the new company he wrote: "And for Reasons, we ought to give none, but that it is a Fund for the African and Indian Company. For if we are not able to raise the Fund by our Reputation, we shall hardly do it by our Reason."

His reputation as founder of the Bank of England was, in fact, good for twice the sum. All the "Interlopers" of London were keen to get in on any competition to the English Company. All this time, whatever his private plans, Paterson never mentioned Panama. The Scots company was put before the public as an organization for Oriental trade. The London fund was over-subscribed in a few days. £175,000 were paid in cash.

But the moment Paterson exploded this bomb, the English East India Company woke up. First of all they forced King William to denounce the new venture and to say that "he had been ill-served in Scotland." They pushed a bill through the English Parliament which outlawed the Scotch Company in England. Paterson had to cancel the subscription and refund the £175,000. Some of the English citizens who had accepted positions in the directorate were indicted for high treason!

The same thing happened abroad. In Hamburg and Amsterdam, Paterson was able to raise large subscriptions from those merchants who were outside the great trade combine. But the "interests" were able to bring effective pressure to bear on the right persons. And the subscriptions had to be cancelled.

The Company had to raise its capital at home. Scotland was not a rich country—but it was patriotic. The natives had taken little interest in the Company until it had been attacked by perfidious Albion. Now it became a national issue. The Scots subscribed £400,000, an immense sum for that undeveloped country. The first call of twenty-five per cent. brought in £100,000 with promptness. The subscribers ranged from duchesses to charwomen.

This was a much smaller sum than they had first planned to start with. But with good management they might have made a success at the East India trade. One successful trip around the Cape of Good Hope and back often paid the whole cost of the ship and a hundred odd per cent. profit. However, Paterson had come to Scotland and in secret conclave he had opened to the directors his Panama dream. "This door of the seas," he told them, "this key of the universe, with anything of a sort of good management, will of course enable its proprietors to give laws to both oceans and to become arbitrators of the commercial world, without being liable to the fatigues, expenses and dangers or contracting the guilt and blood of Alexander and Cæsar."

But they did not have "anything of a sort of good management." Paterson's scheme was impractical, but he was the most practical man connected with the Company. His London banker, Smyth, defaulted for £8,500 of the Company's funds and although Paterson was exonerated, the affair discredited him. So the directors tried to carry out his scheme without his assistance.

They spent a year in gathering equipment. Ships were built in Amsterdam—it is said that Tsar Peter the Great served part of his shipbuilding apprenticeship on one of them. They commissioned five "Chirugean-Apothecaries" to collect sufficient medicaments to last fifteen hundred men two years. One agent was to procure as many pistols from

the gunsmiths of Scotland at seventeen shillings a pair "as they'll undertake." They ordered two hundred oxen, "the best they can find to be slaughtered at Leith." They bought twenty tuns of brandy, thirty barrels of tobacco pipes and "£50 worth of Bibles and Catechisms." And they laid in a cargo of merchandise for trade with the Indians. Paterson's advice in selecting this equipment would have been invaluable. They neglected it.

In March, 1698, the Company issued a prospectus calling for volunteers to form a colony.

"Every one who goes on the first Equipage shall Receive and Possess Fifty Acres of Plantation Land and 50 Foot Square of Ground at least in the Chief City or Town and an ordinary House built thereupon by the Company at the End of Three Years."

Their prospectus gave no information as to where the colony was to be. But it had been a year of severe famine in Scotland. The Peace of Ryswick had deprived many of the natives of their regular occupation—campaigning in Flanders. The enterprise had become a national fad. It was "Hurrah for the Scots Company and down with the English." So many volunteered that the directors were able to withdraw the original favorable offer and recruit twelve hundred men on terms which amounted to indentured servitude. There were also three hundred gentleman volunteers, most of whom were ex-officers from the Dutch Wars.

When everything was ready the split in the board of directors between the Church and Kirk parties, which had long been brewing, came to a head. In choosing an executive council for the expedition, the Kirk faction won. Whether or not the Church candidates were better men we cannot tell. But the seven men chosen because of their staunch allegiance to the Presbyterian form of church government were entirely unfit. In all the output of pamphlets for and against

the Company—and it was an age of pamphleteering—I have not found a single author who had any good words for this council. Paterson, the only man who knew anything about trade or the Indies, was not one of them. He went along as a gentleman volunteer with "his Wife, her Maid and his Clerk, Thomas Fenton."

On July 26, 1698, the fleet, three ships and two tenders, sailed from Leith. The council had received "sealed orders" to be opened at Madeira. Very few of all the expedition knew their destination. A few days out they took an invoice of their cargo and provision and so discovered a new fraud. Someone—it seems to have been with the connivance of some of the directors—had falsified the bills of lading. Instead of provisions for six months, they had barely enough for two.

August 29th they reached Madeira. The orders instructed them to proceed to the "Golden Island in the Bay of Acla" and found a colony to be called New Caledonia. One of the councillors resigned apparently in disgust when he discovered that they were not going to the East Indies, and Paterson was elected in his place. But the council had already acquired the habit of distrust and mutual suspicion. They spent some time at Madeira replenishing their scanty provisions. The gentleman volunteers parted with most of their rich garments in exchange for wine and food.

On November 1st they reached their destination. The Indians welcomed them. The tribes of the San Blas coast had always been at war with the Spaniards; they had frequently been valuable allies to the English buccaneers. And they received the Scots with enthusiasm. Mr. Rose's diary for November 8th says "Wind and Weather as above. There hath been a great number of Indians aboard the ships, whom wee use very kindly and who consume a great deal of Liquor."

The new town, to be called New Edinburgh, was at once started, as was also the Fort of St. Andrew at the mouth of the bay. But the quarrels among the council, which had started before they were out of sight of Scotland, now broke out with redoubled venom over the question of who should be chief executive of the colony. At last they adopted the insane expedient of having each councillor in turn serve for one week.

In a letter which they sent home to the directors in December, 1698, it is evident that the colony is already in a bad way. A list is given of the dead. Forty-four had died on the trip out, including the two ministers, and thirty-two more had died between landing and Christmas Day. In one case the cause of death was given as "decay," another "died suddenly after warm walking," four had been drowned. All the rest had fallen victims to either "Flux" or "Fever." In this list are the names of Paterson's wife and clerk and of a boy who seems to have been his son.

Another cause of trouble was that while most of the council were strict members of the Kirk, the rank and file were the rapscallion remnants from the wars in the low countries. The moral ideas of the council were even stricter than those of the Plymouth colony. But if they had put all the Sabbath breakers in the stocks—as they thought they ought to do—there would have been no laborers left to build houses nor till the fields. In this December letter to the officials at home the council laments over the godlessness of their flock and begs the Company to send them some powerful preachers on the next boat.

But in spite of these troubles they issued on December 28th a resounding proclamation. The following paragraph with its strange mixture of Paterson's dream of universal free trade and the religious fanaticism of the Kirk party is typical of the entire enterprise.

"And we do hereby not only grant and concede and declare a general and equal freedom of government and trade to those of all nations who shall hereafter be of or concerned with us; but also a full and free liberty of Conscience in matters of Religion, so as the same be not understood to allow, connive at, or indulge the blasphemy of God's Holy Name or any of His Divine Attributes, or the unhallowing or profaning of the Sabbath Day."

Trouble was also threatening them from their Spanish neighbors. The San Blas Indians were beginning to get impatient for the expected war. But the colonists wanted peace—which was of course impossible. Even if the Spanish king had approved of their settling in his territory, it would have been impossible for the Kirk and the Inquisition to have existed side by side.

On February 5th a small boat, the *Dolphin Snow*, belonging to the Scots was driven by a storm onto the rocks near the Spanish citadel of Cartagena. The crew were imprisoned as pirates and sent to Spain for trial. The same day the Indians reported that some soldiers were approaching overland from Panama. And on the 6th there was a skirmish. The Spaniards were only a scouting party and were easily driven back. When the news of the *Dolphin Snow's* fate reached the colony they declared war by granting letters-of-mark to a Captain Pilkington. He cruised up and down the coast, but only succeeded in capturing a deserted schooner which was probably the property of some pirate.

Meanwhile their enemies in England had not been quiet. The great East India Company had doubtless been relieved to hear that, instead of going in for the sure profits of the Orient, they had launched a very doubtful venture in the New World. But the London merchants were not the kind to brook any competition and they at last succeeded in forcing King William to emphasize his repudiation of the Scots Com-

pany by sending out a proclamation to all the colonial governors forbidding them to give any aid or countenance, or to enter into any intercourse with the Darien Colony. On April 5th Governor Beeston published the proclamation in Kingston, Jamaica. About the same time similar action was taken by the governors of Barbadoes and New York. But the vexation which his Scotch subjects had caused the King was by no means over. On May 3d his morning's mail contained an elaborate document which began as follows:

"The Under-Subscriber, Ambassador Extraordinary from his Catholick Majesty, finds himself obliged by express Orders, to represent to your Majesty, that the King, his Master, having receiv'd Information from different Places and last of all from the Governor of Havana, of the Insult and Attempt of some Scots Ships, equipp'd with Men and other Things requisite, who design to settle themselves in his Majesty's Sovereign Domains in America and particularly the Province of Darien, His Majesty receiv'd those Advices with much Discontent and looks upon the same as a Token of small Friendship and as a Rupture of the Alliance betwixt the two Crowns. . . ." These Scotch traders had not only set his own kingdoms by the ears, but were threatening to involve him in a foreign war!

It took some time for the news of these hostile proclamations to reach the colonists. Meanwhile sickness increased apace, no reinforcements came from home, dissensions grew in the council. News came from every side that the Spaniards were threatening an attack. A French trading vessel brought the report that Armadas were being fitted out at Cartagena and Puerto Bello. The Indians told of large bodies of troops advancing from Panama. Sir Henry Morgan had crossed the Isthmus with a handful of men and had sacked that metropolis of the southern sea. But these nine hundred odd Scotchmen—emaciated by the fever, split into hostile cliques—were

not of the same spirit. When the news of the proclamation shutting off all hope of provisions or reinforcements from any place nearer than Scotland fell on them like a thunderbolt, they all clamored for a speedy retreat. A few brave spirits tried to hold the colony together. But on June 5th Paterson was hit by the fever—and then it became a scramble to get on board. The last boat, carrying the delirious Paterson, left the harbor on June 20th. She carried two hundred and fifty deserters. They had a terrible voyage; one hundred and fifty of them had died before they rounded Sandy Hook on the 13th of August.

Meanwhile the Company at home, having no news of this disaster, was sending out glowing accounts of the colony. One of them, "A Letter, giving a Description of the Isthmus of Darien (where the Scot's Colonie is settled)" is typical. It describes an earthly Paradise as fanciful as that Garden of Perpetual Youth which had enticed Ponce de Leon. Another, "The History of Caledonia, or The Scot's Colony in Darien in the West Indies. With an Account of the Manners of the Inhabitants and Richs of the Country. By a Gentleman lately Arriv'd" says "The Valleys are watered with Rivers and Perpetual clear Springs, which are most pleasant to drink, being as soft as Milk and very Nourishing." Still another prospectus writer says: "We saw Ambrosio's (a native chief) Grandmother there who is 120 years old and yet very active. . . . The People live here to be 150 and 160 Years of Age." Not content with prose the enthusiasm gave birth to verse. A rhymed advertisement entitled "A Poem upon the Undertaking of the Royal Company of Scotland, trading to Africa and The Indies," contains this lyrical outburst:

> "The Company designs a Colony
> To which all Nations freely may resort
> And find quick Justice in an Open Port."

On the basis of this publicity campaign the Company was able to collect another £100,000 of the subscribed capital. Just when the first colony was deserting New Edinburgh, two ships, *The Olive Branch* and the *Hopeful Binning of Bo'ness* and three hundred settlers sailed from Scotland. They arrived at the deserted fort of St. Andrew on the same day in August when the wreck of the first expedition was docking in New York. While they were deciding whether or not to land, some roysterers of the crew broke into the hold of the *Olive Branch* to get some brandy, and in their drunkenness set her on fire. She burned down to the water with the greater part of their provisions. The disheartened colonists crowded on board the *Hopeful Binning* and voted to give it up. However, twelve brave men refused to turn back; they landed with a few provisions and watched this second expedition sail away to Jamaica. An epidemic broke out on the crowded ship and most of them died before, or immediately after, reaching Kingston.

The Company, knowing nothing of all this, was busy collecting money and fitting out a third and greatest expedition. By the middle of September, four fine ships, *The Rising Sun*, *The Hope*, *The Duke of Hamilton*, and *The Hope of Bo'ness*, with thirteen hundred men aboard, were riding at anchor in the Clyde. About the 20th rumors came from New York about the abandonment of New Edinburgh. The directors dispatched an express to the fleet telling the councillors not to leave until further orders. These worthy gentlemen, fearing that delay might mean that someone else was to be put in their places, disobeyed orders and set sail. It was the 24th of September, 1699, when they left the Clyde. One hundred and sixty died on the trip out. They arrived in the harbor of New Edinburgh on the 30th of November, and were mightily dismayed to find no one there but the twelve men

who had lived with the Indians since the burning of *The Olive Branch.*

James Byres, a pillar of the Kirk, urged a retreat, saying that "they were come not to settle a colony, but to reinforce one." For once he was overruled and the company landed. By some strange chance this arrant coward became the dominant power in the council. After it was all over the board of directors, after an investigation of his conduct, declared that he had "not only violated the trust reposed in him by the Company, . . . but was also guilty of several unwarrantable, arbitrary, illegal and inhuman actings and practices."

They had hardly landed when Byres started a trial for high treason—over which he had no legal jurisdiction—and on very slim testimony executed a man named Alexander Campbell.

Once more the colonists discovered that there had been fraud in the outfitting of the expedition. The merchandise which they had been told was worth many thousand pounds in colonial trade, turned out to be valueless. "We cannot conceive," they wrote to the directors, "for what end so much thin gray paper and so many little blue bonnets were sent here, being entirely useless and not worth their room in the ship." Some of the directors who were overstocked in these commodities had unloaded them profitably on the colonists. They also found that there was not nearly so much brandy on board as they had paid for.

Strong drink played a rôle in this enterprise which is hardly conceivable to people of to-day. That men who were such ardent defenders of the Kirk should have been shameless drunkards seems strange in this age when most of our clergy are prominent in the temperance movement.

A letter from the directors to the colony, dated June 13th, 1700, contains this surprising recommendation:

"We understand that Andrew Livingston, Chirurgeon, late prisoner in Cartagena, has made his escape and returned to the Colony. We, therefore, desire that for the said Andrew Livingston's encouragement at present, you would order him four gallons of brandy for his proper use, over and above the common allowance."

The General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland had appointed four ministers to accompany this third expedition. They were especially instructed to convert the savages and Spaniards. However, the ministers seem to have considered any missionary work as impossible. They gave most of their attention to the colonists and were a source of constant trouble.

The Rev. Mr. Francis Borland, one of the four, wrote a "History of Darien." It is rather dreary reading, mostly given up to complaints and on the whole tends to substantiate the claim of Sir John Dalrymple that these ministers were the principal cause of the disorganization and disaster which overwhelmed the colony.

"The people that our Company of Scotland sent over, hither," Borland writes, "were most of them . . . none of the best of men. And therefore the Ministers sent along with them had small comfort in their company; their instructions and admonitions were but little regarded by them; many of them seldom, and some of them never, attending the public worship of God."

These ministers expected to be "comforted" instead of to act as "comforters."

When they arrived at New Edinburgh and found it deserted they announced that it was the evident Wrath of God because of the impiety of the company. They got up an amazing document—it is quoted at length in Borland and seems to have been written by him—ordering the council to set aside a day for Thanksgiving, Humility and Prayer.

Among the sins enumerated were "atheistical swearing and cursing." There is something pathetic in the thought of these ex-soldiers of Flanders, suddenly brought to book for swearing. January 3, 1700, was the day chosen by the council. Three sermons were preached, one on Thanksgiving, one on Humility and one on Prayer. The service lasted until three in the afternoon. And this was only a beginning. Dalrymple writes: "They exhausted the patience of the people by long services. . . . In addition to the usual observation of the Sabbath, Wednesday was selected as a day of devotion; and so much was the regular service augmented that it frequently lasted twelve hours without interruption."

But the greatest cause of their unpopularity was their arrogance. They refused to work. The colony was faced by the necessity of creating a town, tilling fields for its maintenance, building forts for its protection. In this work the ministers would take no part. Besides demanding that the workers should give up two precious days a week to hearing their sermons, they insisted that first of all four manses should be built for them. Any one who suggested that something else might be more important than their comfort they denounced as godless and impious. Through Byres they managed to rule the council.

These four men furnish a strange contrast to the other efforts to transplant the religions of Europe to the New World. Catholicism seriously tried to convert the aborigines. Some of the priests sent out by the Council of the Indies were despicable men. But on the whole it was one of the most devoted and spiritual missionary movements in the history of the church—as it was also the most successful.

The Protestant colonies hardly made any effort to convert the Indians. And on the whole the few devoted men who tried to failed. But of all efforts to establish European denominations in America this attempt of the Kirk of Scot-

land was the most dismal failure. The Puritans of New England did not differ from them much in theology. The old "Round Head" philosophy, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" carried the Plymouth Colony over its hard places. These Scotch Presbyterians did not realize the value of dry powder.

Things got so bad at last that nine men stole a canoe and deserted, preferring rather to risk the Spanish prisons than to live longer in this Kirk-ridden colony.

The Indians began bringing in news of war preparations on the part of the Spaniards. But Byres scoffed at such news. And the Rev. Mr. Francis Borland preached an able sermon on the Scarlet Woman of Rome. However, when the danger became imminent, Byres appointed himself a delegate to go to Jamaica to try to persuade the governor to ignore the royal proclamation and give them some provisions.

In a letter of the Rev. Alexander Shields dated February 21st, just after Byres had decided it was time for him to leave, I find this description of conditions:

"Our sickness did so increase (above 220 at the same time in fever and fluxes) and our rotten provisions were found to be so far exhausted, that we were upon the very point of leaving." They were prevented from abandoning the colony, he continues, by the direct intervention of Providence.

This Divine Help consisted in a shipload of provisions and, what was even more important, a real man—Captain Campbell of Finab. He was of the Kirk party, but at the same time had a valuable fund of common sense. He put his foot down on the petty squabbles of the council, put men of action in the posts of importance and mustered a little army. On the 14th of February he made a dash into the jungle, guided by the allied Indians, surprised and completely destroyed a large force of Spanish soldiers from Panama.

Neither Drake nor Sir Henry Morgan could boast of a more brilliant feat of arms.

The ship in which Captain Campbell had come returned to Scotland with an account of this victory. When the news got abroad in Edinburgh the famous "Pate Steil's Parliament" assembled in the "Cross Keys Tavern" and decreed that the city should be illuminated. They broke into St. Giles Church. And soon the chimes, clanging out the ribald tune, "Wilful Willie, wilst thou be wilful still," sent all the housewives scurrying about for candles. All Edinburgh understood and knew what it meant to disobey the decrees of the people. All night long the mob wandered through the streets, throwing stones through every window which was not lit up. Old Edinburgh had not had such a celebration in many years. Once more the "Company" became the popular enthusiasm of the nation.

But this good news was the last to come out of New Edinburgh. On the 23d of February eight Spanish men-of-war arrived off the harbor and began the blockade. Two days later they were reinforced by three more ships-of-the-line. The wrath of the Catholic king over this Presbyterian invasion had been slow moving, but it was formidable. They landed forces on both sides of the colony and began a regular investment.

Captain Campbell led a number of brilliant sorties. But the Spaniards stuck to their trenches—which they were gradually pushing forward—and refused to risk a fight in the open. On the 17th of March the Scots were forced out of their advance works and driven back into their main fort. By the 21st the Spaniards had pushed their trenches to within musket shot and so had cut off the supply of fresh water. In the records which the Scots left I find these phrases: "The bread was mouldy and corrupt with worms, and the flesh most unsavory and ill-scented." . . . "Some-

times we buried sixteen men in a day." . . . "We could hardly make out 300 able men fit for service." . . . "The water in our casks was sour."

On the 31st of March they came to the end of their endurance and surrendered, on condition that they could leave "with their colours flying, and drums beating, together with their arms and ammunition and with all their goods."

They were so worn by hunger and disease that the Spaniards helped them get their ships out of the harbor. It was the 11th of April, 1700, when they finally left. The sickness which had decimated them ashore followed them aboard and became epidemic. Out of the thirteen hundred who had sailed from the Clyde only three hundred and sixty lived through the expedition. The survivors "were mostly dispersed in Jamaica and the English settlements of America, and very few returned to Scotland."

"The Company of Scotland, trading to Africa and The Indies" was bankrupt. They had squandered two thousand lives and over £200,000 on Paterson's dream.

But the dreamer, recovering from the fever in New York, returned to Scotland and became again the practical man of affairs. Paterson spent the remainder of his life in a successful effort to pay back twenty shillings to the pound on this immense debt.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DECLINE OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE

GREAT as were the depredations of the "Lutheran Pirates," this was not the main reason for the decline of the Spanish colonies.

"Panama," writes Bancroft, "had comparatively little indigenous wealth and was largely dependent for prosperity on Spain's colonial policy. Unfortunately this was characterized by a short-sightedness which eventually proved disastrous both to the province and empire."

After the first rush of golden spoils from Peru had crossed the Isthmus, its prosperity began to decline. For a while the silver from the Potosi mines and scattering consignments of booty from the west coast of Central America furnished an appearance of business activity. But gradually these sources of wealth ran dry, and no local industries, either on the Isthmus itself or in the colonies which used it as a trade route, had been developed. And so gradually the life of Panama was smothered. No more expeditions outfitted in its harbor. No returning argosies brought commerce to its market place. The death rate from "fevers and fluxes" continued high and fewer and fewer immigrants arrived from Europe. Even the creoles born on the Isthmus left for more healthy climates. Very few whites remained in the city which had been once so proud.

Mr. Haring in the introductory chapters of his "The Buccaneers in the West Indies" gives a very able analysis of the fundamental causes which led up to this remarkable decline.

"At the time of the discovery of America the Spaniards, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu has remarked, were perhaps less fitted than any other nation in Western Europe for the task of American colonization. Whatever may have been the political rôle thrust upon them in the sixteenth century by the Hapsburg marriages, whatever certain historians may say of the grandeur and nobility of the Spanish national character, Spain was then neither rich nor populous, nor industrious. For centuries she had been called upon to wage a continuous warfare with the Moors, and during this time had not only found little leisure to cultivate the arts of peace, but had acquired a certain disdain for manual work which helped to mould her colonial administration and influenced all her subsequent history. And when the termination of the last of these wars left her mistress of a united Spain, and the exploitation of her own resources seemed to require all the energies she could muster, an entire new hemisphere was suddenly thrown open to her, and given into her hands by a papal decree to possess and populate. Already weakened by the exile of the most sober and industrious of her population, the Jews; drawn into a foreign policy for which she had neither the means nor the inclination; instituting at home an economic policy which was almost epileptic in its consequences, she found her strength dissipated, and gradually sank into a condition of economic and political impotence. . . .

"The colonization of the Spanish Indies, on its social and administrative side, presents a curious contrast. On the one hand, we see the Spanish Crown, with high ideals of order and justice, of religious and political unity, extending to its ultramarine possessions its faith, its language, its laws and its administration; providing for the welfare of the aborigines with paternal solicitude; endeavoring to restrain and temper the passions of the conquerors; building churches and founding

schools and monasteries; in a word, trying to make its colonies an integral part of the Spanish monarchy. . . . Some Spanish writers, it is true, have exaggerated the virtues of their old colonial system; yet that system had excellencies which we cannot afford to despise. If the Spanish kings had not choked their government with procrastination and routine; if they had only taken their task a bit less seriously and had not tried to apply too strictly to an empty continent the paternal administration of an older country, we might have been privileged to witness the development and operation of as complete and benign a system of colonial government as has been devised in modern times. The public initiative of the Spanish government, and the care with which it selected its colonies, compare very favorably with the opportunism of the English and French, who colonized by chance private activity and sent the worst elements of their population, criminals and vagabonds, to people their new settlements across the sea. However much we may deprecate the treatment of the Indians by the conquistadores, we must not forget that the greater part of the population of Spanish America to-day is still Indian, and that no other colonizing people have succeeded like the Spaniards in assimilating and civilizing the natives. The code of laws which the Spaniards gradually evolved for the rule of their transmarine provinces, was, in spite of defects which are visible only to the larger experience of the present day, one of the wisest, most humane and best coordinated of any to this day published for any colony. Although the Spaniards had to deal with a large population of barbarous natives, the word "conquest" was suppressed in legislation as ill-sounding, 'because the peace is to be sealed,' they said, 'not with the sound of arms, but with charity and good-will.'

"The actual results, however, of the social policy of the

Spanish kings fell far below the ideals they had set for themselves. The monarchic spirit of the crown was so strong that it crushed every healthy expansive tendency in the new countries. It burdened the colonies with numerous privileged nobility, who congregated mostly in the larger towns, and set to the rest of the colonists a pernicious example of idleness and luxury. In its zeal for the propagation of the Faith, the Crown constituted a powerfully endowed church, which, while it did splendid service in converting and civilizing the natives, engrossed much of the land in the form of mainmort, and filled the new world with thousands of idle, unproductive, and often licentious friars. . . .

"In this fashion was transferred to America the crushing political and ecclesiastical absolutism of the mother country. Self-reliance and independence of thought or action on the part of the creoles were discouraged, divisions and factions among them were encouraged and educational opportunities restricted, and the American-born Spaniards gradually sank into idleness and lethargy, indifferent to all but childish honours and distinctions and petty local jealousies. To make matters worse, many of the Spaniards who crossed the seas to the American colonies came not to colonize, not to trade or cultivate the soil, so much as to extract from the natives a tribute of gold and silver. The Indians, instead of being protected and civilized, were only too often reduced to serfdom and confined to a laborious routine for which they had neither aptitude nor the strength; while the government at home was too distant to interfere effectively in their behalf. Driven by cruel taskmasters they died by thousands from exhaustion and despair, and in some places entirely disappeared. . . .

"In the colonies the most striking feature of Spanish economic policy was its wastefulness. After the conquest of the New World, it was to the interest of the Spaniards to

gradually wean the native Indians from barbarism by teaching them the arts and sciences of Europe, to encourage such industries as were favored by the soil, and to furnish the growing colonies with those articles which they could not produce themselves, and of which they stood in need. Only thus could they justify their monopolies of the markets of Spanish America. . . . Queen Isabella wished to carry out this policy, introduced into the newly-discovered islands wheat, the olive and the vine, and acclimatized many of the European domestic animals. Her efforts, unfortunately, were not seconded by her successors, nor by the Spaniards who went to the Indies. In time the government itself, as well as the colonist, came to be concerned, not so much with the agricultural products of the Indies, but with the return of the precious metals. Natives were made to work the mines, while many regions adapted to agriculture, Guiana, Caracas and Buenos Ayres, were neglected, and the peopling of the colonies by Europeans was slow. The emperor, Charles V, did little to stem this tendency, but drifted along with the tide. Immigration was restricted to keep the colonies free from contamination of heresy and of foreigners. The Spanish population was concentrated in cities, and the country divided into great estates granted by the crown to the families of the conquistadores or to favorites at court. The immense areas of Peru, Buenos Ayres and Mexico were submitted to the most unjust and arbitrary regulations, with no object but to stifle growing industry and put them in absolute dependence upon the metropolis. It was forbidden to exercise the trades of dyer, fuller, weaver, shoemaker or hatter, and the natives were compelled to buy of the Spaniards even the stuffs they wore on their backs. Another ordinance prohibited the cultivation of the vine and the olive except in Peru and Chili, and even these provinces might not send their oil and wine to Panama, Guatemala or any other

JOHN FINDLEY WALLACE,
First Chief Engineer.

JOHN F. STEVENS,
Second Chief Engineer.

place which could be supplied from Spain. To maintain the commercial monopoly, legitimate ports of entry in Spanish America were made few and far apart—for Mexico, Vera Cruz; for Granada, the town of Cartagena. The islands and most of the other provinces were supplied by uncertain "*vaisseaux de registre*," while Peru and Chili, finding all direct commerce by the Pacific or South Sea interdicted, were obliged to resort to the fever-ridden town of Porto Bello, where the mortality was enormous and the prices increased tenfold.

"In Spain, likewise, the colonial commerce was restricted to one port, Seville. For in the estimation of the crown it was much more important to avoid being defrauded of its dues on import and export, than to permit the natural development of trade by those towns best fitted to acquire it. . . ."

Just as Las Casas was always favorably received at court, but almost always found that the most beneficent laws could not or would not be enforced by the colonial officers, so it turned out in regard to all the fair plans which the Spanish kings made for the administration. Undoubtedly the home government took its duty toward the New World with more seriousness than did the other nations. But the agents sent out to enforce the royal will were almost to a man unprincipled malefactors.

De la Rios, the governor of Panama, who succeeded Pedrarias while on the whole a mild mannered man and not notable for his cruelty had, according to Bancroft, a thirst for riches which surpassed the greed of his miserly predecessor. So corrupt was his administration that he was sent back to Spain in 1529 and convicted of malfeasance in office. Antonio de la Gama was governor until 1534 when he was displaced in disgrace and Francisco de Barrionuevo put in his place.

Under the administration of this military despot, it became the turn for the white men to suffer. His predecessors had thoroughly despoiled the natives and his only hope of "getting his" was to force loans from the merchants. A contemporary writer says: "Only that an ocean lay between Charles and his down-trodden subjects, nineteen out of twenty would have thrown themselves at his feet to pray for justice."

Bancroft writes, that "of Pedro Vazquez, who succeeded Barrionuevo as governor of Castilla del Oro, little is known, but of Doctor Robles, the successor of Vazquez, under whose administration the government was continued till 1546, it is alleged, and probably with truth, that he wrought more harm to his fellowmen in a twelvemonth than the malign genius of a Pedrarias even could accomplish in a decade."

Robles was thrown out by the rebellion of Gonzalo Pizarro and when the royal authority was restored the new series of officials finding that both the natives and the colonists had been milked dry by former administrations had to turn their attention to the royal treasury. In 1579 a Corregidor of Panama confessed on his death bed to having embezzled over six thousand *pesos de oro.* In 1594 half a dozen city officials formed a "ring" and between them cleaned up a sum about equal to $1,500,000 in our money.

And beside the ravages of the official wolves the Isthmus suffered a great deal from civil war. Between the discovery of Peru and Morgan's raid, the city of Panama was sacked and partially destroyed *by Spaniards* four several times.

At the time of Gonzalo Pizarro's rebellion, some of his ships under Hernando Bachicao captured the town, burned down a large part of it, hung every one who would not shout "Viva Pizarro." The rebels indulged in an orgy of lust and bloodshed until Hinojosa, Pizarro's admiral, appeared and restored order. During the next six months Nombre de

Dios, the other city of the Isthmus, was captured three times. Twice by the rebels and once by a loyalist force from Cartagena.

In March, 1550, de la Gasca reached Panama after his successful suppression of the Peruvian rebellion. It required 1,200 mules to carry his store of royal treasure across the Isthmus. The last pack train had only left the city a few hours when a large fleet entered the harbor from the north. It was under the command of some brothers named Contrera, one of whom had been governor of Nicaragua. They had run amuck and gathering a couple of hundred desperadoes had set out to capture de la Gasca's treasure and then go on to Peru where they planned to establish a separate kingdom. They are said to have damaged Panama to the extent of $5,000,000. But when they tried to follow de la Gasca across the Isthmus they became entangled in the jungle, their forces were scattered and cut up in piecemeal.

Added to these civil disturbances, a new danger came from the Cimarrones.

These escaped negro slaves became so formidable that in 1554, a determined effort was begun to exterminate them.

Pedro de Ursua with two hundred soldiers was sent against "King" Bayano, the most formidable Cimarrone chieftain near Panama. There were six hundred negroes in this band and it took de Ursua two years of uninterrupted campaigning before he finally captured Bayano, and was able to send him to Spain as a prisoner.

However, this was only a beginning. The number of the Cimarrones constantly increased. They fought with desperate bravery, always preferring death to recapture. The campaign against them waxed and waned. News would come to Panama that the inhabitants of an outlying *hacienda* had been massacred and the governor would send out some soldiers to discipline the bandits. But the negroes were

at home in the jungle. The Spaniards would slash about in the heavy underbrush a week or so and come back to town with little accomplished. And every success of the Cimarrones encouraged more slaves to escape.

In 1574 the Spaniards were forced to the humiliation of making a treaty of peace with their former servants. They recognized the freedom of the Cimarrones and in return received a pledge that in the future runaway slaves would be returned. But to the credit of the negroes this pledge was not kept and hostilities broke out afresh. Four years later Pedro de Ortega Valencia was given special orders to exterminate them. But he fared little better than those who had tried it before.

To a certain degree the Cimarrones threatened the lives of the Spaniards, but to a much greater extent they threatened, by constantly depleting the labor-market, to paralyze what little industry there was.

An official document of the day shows that in 1570 there were two thousand negro slaves—a third of whom were women—employed in fifteen gold mines in the western part of the Isthmus; ten years later all were closed but four.

The labor problem was very serious. By the end of the sixteenth century almost all of the native Indians had disappeared from the Isthmus except in the eastern part, now called "The Darien." The fashion of slave-stealing and murder set by Pedrarias and Espinosa had never been checked. A royal Cedula of 1593 calls attention to the fact "that no one had been brought to justice for any of the extortions or cruelties to which the Indians had been subjected." Two centuries after Columbus's voyage to the Isthmus, full-blooded Indians in Panama were about as rare as they are in New York to-day. The white men would not work, and it was negro labor or none at all. And the

slaves escaped to the jungle more rapidly than they could be brought to the Isthmus.

The maladministration on the part of the colonial officials and the constant wars and alarums would have made any healthy development of industry almost impossible. The economic policy of the mother country which Haring refers to as "almost epileptic," was an even more deadly blight on the colony.

It was frankly monopolistic. Instead of taxing colonial products enough to give the home manufacturer an unfair advantage, as we do, the Spanish government either forbade the industry or the importation of the product. Their method had the advantage over our "protective tariff" of being simpler and more easily understood. Everyone knew, although there were political economists even in those days, that certain merchants of Spain had control of the Council of the Indies and so of the throne.

A few enterprising colonists began grape culture in Peru. They had grown up in a wine country and soon began turning out a fairly good grade. Some of it was imported to Spain, but that was at once forbidden. The colonial wine, however, soon became popular in Panama and offered a strong competition with home vintages. Thus threatened in their profits, the Spanish wine growers sent a lobby to Madrid and soon Philip II signed a Cedula, dated September 16, 1586, which forbade the sale of any wine on the Isthmus except such as was imported from Spain. Its two logical markets closed, the Peruvian wine growing died out—it is just beginning to be revived.

This incident was typical. No industry was permitted which could supply the colonists with any article manufactured in Spain.

But the merchant princes of Seville were not only jealous of colonial industry; they were equally hostile—and they

controlled the government—to competition in commerce. In a preceding chapter (XVII) I quoted a letter from a merchant in Panama which indicates that there was considerable trade between that port and the Orient. The "business interests" of Spain wanted this fat plum for themselves and this traffic was forbidden. A Cedula of 1593—three years later than the letter quoted—says:

"Toleration and abuse have caused an undue increase in the trade between the West Indies and China, and a consequent decrease in that of the Castilian kingdom. To remedy this it is again ordered that neither from Tierra Firma, Peru, nor elsewhere, except New Spain (Mexico) shall any vessel go to China or the Philippine Islands to trade."

If this through trade with the Orient had not been so arbitrarily cut off, the Isthmus would never have been forgotten by the world and the canal might have been built years ago.

Even the pearl trade—Panama's one indigenous industry —came to grief. At one time as many as thirty ships were engaged in fishing. In 1587 six hundred pounds of high grade pearls were received in Seville. But no withstraint was put on the fishing and the oyster banks gave out.

In 1589 more than ninety ships came to the Atlantic ports of the Isthmus. In 1601 the number had dropped to thirty-two, in 1605 to seventeen.

Even the trade down the Pacific coast between Panama and Peru was often interrupted for long periods. Hakluyt gives an account which says that Panama city was short of provisions, ". . . . for there is none to be had for any money, by reasons that from Lima there is no shipping come with maiz . . . But I can certifie . . . that all things are very deeire here, and that we stand in great extremetie for want of victuals."

This insane economic policy could result only in killing

the colonies—it could not enforce a real monopoly. Such "restraints of trade" inevitably produce smuggling. Just as moonshine whiskey is distilled in the United States, and matches are smuggled into France, so in the Spanish colonies illicit trade and contraband manufacture sprang up everywhere. In the face of the exceedingly high prices charged by the monopolists of Seville, the English, French and Dutch traders could run all the immense risks of smuggling and still make big profits.

In "A History of the Voyages and Travels of Captain Nathaniel Uring," I find this frank avowal:

"In the Beginning of the Year 1711, I went over in a Sloop, well mann'd and arm'd, to trade on the Coast of New Spain, and we carried with us a great Quantity of dry Goods, and about 150 Negroes. We first touched at Portobello, but being War-Time, we used to go to the Grout within Monkey Key . . . about four or five Miles from the Harbour and Town of Portobello . . . We lay at this Place Trading for six Weeks in which Time the Spanish Merchants at Panama had notice of our being there and they came across the Isthmus to trade with us. These Merchants frequently travelled in the Habits of Peasants, and had their Mules with them, on which they brought their Money in Jars, which they filled up with Meal; and if any of the King's Officers met them nothing appeared but the Meal, and pretended they were poor People going to Portobello to buy some trifles; but they for the most Part went through the Woods . . . in order to prevent their being discovered by the Royal Officers."

Almost all the old chronicles give the same story of illicit trade. François Coreal, whose memoirs are as informal and amusing as Captain Uring's are dry and ponderous, in speaking of the monopoly which the Spanish crown tried to maintain in Peruvian Gold, writes, "mais les Marchands Espagnols

en font passer beaucoup dans des balles de Marchandise pour frauder les Droits."

Now smuggling, like any violation of the laws, offers rich chance for graft to the officials. When Captain Uring's sloop with its "great Quantity of dry Goods" lay at anchor in Monkey Key it is hard to believe that the Governor of Puerto Bello did no know it. If he sent a warship to capture it the virtue of having done his duty would be his only reward. The confiscated cargo would have gone to the Royal Treasury. Undoubtedly the "Merchants at Panama" had reasoned with him. Perhaps he himself needed a negro slave, or more likely his good wife wanted some of those "dry Goods." To drive away the smugglers meant humble submission to the monopolist clique in Seville and no reward. To ignore their presence meant prosperity for the local merchants—some of which was sure to find its way into the governor's pocket. So the trade throve.

Of course the merchants in Spain were forever protesting against this contraband traffic. One Cedula was issued after another to stiffen up the enforcement of the laws. It was so easy for a Lutheran trader to hide in some of the coves around Puerto Bello and land his cargo that it was manifestly impossible to maintain the customs regulations in that city. But there was only one road over which merchandise could be taken across the Isthmus. So a sort of toll-gate was set up at Venta de Cruces. All traffic between the two oceans passed this place. It was a pretty good scheme but it did not work. Bancroft, who with his assistant writers, did an immense amount of research in regard to the fiscal regulations and commercial decline of the Spanish colonies, gives a report for the year 1624, which shows that goods to the amount of 1,446,346 pesos de oro were registered as passing through the Casa at Cruces, while more than seven and a half millions worth were smuggled across.

Early in the seventeenth century the fraudulent traffic was more than six times as great as the legitimate trade. By the end of the century there was little trade of any kind.

Very little worth noting happened in the eighteenth century. The Isthmus had become of so little importance that in 1718 it was deprived of its autonomy, and made an administrative province of the Vice-Royalty of New Granada.

The Fates did not seem content to let the *muy noble y muy leal Ciudad de Panama* rot. Three great fires, in 1737, 1756, 1777, swept the city and almost obliterated it.

A few people still recalled its glorious past, and dreamed of glorious days to come, but Panama itself was so lifeless that it could muster no energy to take any active part in the Wars of Independence with which the next century began.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WARS OF INDEPENDENCE—MIRANDA

THE Isthmus of Panama played a very small part in the revolt of the colonies against Spain.

It was an all-important station in the communication between the mother country and the turbulent colonies of the West Coast. The Spanish maintained a strong garrison in the fortresses of San Lorenzo on the Caribbean, and Panama City on the Pacific. The Isthmus was one of the last provinces to throw off allegiance.

Her fate, however, was bound up with that of her sister colonies, and especially with that of the Vice-Royalty of New Granada. An historical account of Panama must include a consideration of the overthrow of the Spanish Empire on the mainland of America.

A very good condensed account of the Wars of Liberation is to be found in "The Independence of the South American Republics," by Frederic L. Paxson. In describing the general conditions which preceded the revolutionary period, he writes:

"Exploitation and repression were the essential features of the Spanish colonial system. If Buenos Ayres proved to be a competitor to the Spanish merchants, her olive trees must come down and vines must come up by the roots, for it was clearly understood that Spain was to be protected, and that the colonies existed only for the benefit of the mother country. It is hard to see how such a system could have been carried out honestly, or, if this were possible, how it could have been endured. But the administration

of Spain made the colonial system a means for recuperating distressed fortunes, while the colonists utilized the cupidity of their rulers to develop an extensive, illicit and profitable foreign trade. . . .

"South America, strange as it may seem, in spite of centuries of misgovernment and blindness on the part of the mother country, was patriotic during those early years of the last century, when patriotism was almost the only asset of the Spanish peoples. The colonial system had been atrocious, but, keeping those at the bottom of the social scale in dense ignorance, and allowing those on top to enrich themselves by illicit means, it had been successful."

The impetus which set the wave of revolt in motion was Napoleon's effort to establish his brother on the throne at Madrid.

On March 19, 1808, Charles the Fourth abdicated in favor of his son, Ferdinand VII. The old king, however, quickly changed his mind, regretted having made way for his son, and called on Napoleon to assist him in regaining his throne. This was just the sort of a pretext that Bonaparte needed to get his finger into the Spanish pie. He crossed the Pyrenees, deposed Ferdinand in the name of Charles, then threw Charles overboard and put his own brother, Joseph, on the throne.

If ever a great man was bothered by a good-for-nothing family, it was the French emperor. By 1813, Joseph had thoroughly demonstrated his inability to be a real king, and Napoleon quarrelled with him. In December, he wrote to him:

"You are no longer King of Spain. What will you do now? Will you come to the defence of my throne? . . . Have you sense enough to do this? If not, retire to the obscurity of some country house near Paris. You will be useless, but you will do me no harm."

Napoleon then put Ferdinand back on the throne.

At the news of the French aggression, a wave of patriotism swept over Spanish-America. Almost without exception, the colonies refused to recognize the new sovereignty. Provisional governments, to represent the deposed king, were proclaimed in almost every South American city. They formed themselves on the model of, and at first allied themselves with, the legitimist Junta of Seville.

The first American Junta was established at Quito, in August, 1809. It was short lived. Six months later, Caracas in Venezuela followed suit. Deposing Emparen, the governor, who sympathized with the French, they proclaimed a federal government in the name of Ferdinand. Bogota, the capital of New Granada, formed a Junta in July, 1810. In December, they went a step further, and proclaimed a republic, to administer the vice-royalty on behalf of the true Spanish king. A similar movement, led by Buenos Ayres, was growing in the South.

Not until 1811 did the movement for separation take form. On July 5th of that year, the Congress of Venezuela passed a resolution of independence. Paxton says: "The wide-spread popular feeling which showed itself in this movement . . . was founded on loyalty to Spain. Many of the leaders of the day were individually in favor of complete independence, but there was as yet no public opinion to support them."

The two men who were most rigorously preaching secession in the northern provinces were Francesco de Miranda and Simon Bolivar. They were both sons of wealthy Venezuelans, and were both born in Caracas, the former in 1754, the latter in 1783.

I can find no record that Miranda ever visited the Isthmus. But the scene which was enacted in Panama, when the Spanish governor, hearing of the defeat of the last royalist

army, voluntarily and without bloodshed, resigned his authority to the patriots, was only the last act of the long drama which began when Miranda was learning at the Siege of Yorktown to dream of American independence.

In later life, Bolivar said: "The seed of liberty yields its just fruit. If there is anything which is never lost, it is the blood which is shed for a deserving cause."

It is interesting to apply this saying to Miranda, whom Bolivar believed to be a traitor and sent to his death. The historians of to-day who can study those events without passion are agreed that Bolivar misjudged Miranda, and that his death in a Spanish dungeon is the blackest stain on the record of the great Liberator.

In 1779, Miranda, a youth of 23, came north and enlisted in the Continental Army. He served his military apprenticeship under Lafayette, and was present with him at Yorktown. He followed his general to Europe and enlisted again in the cause of freedom in France. He distinguished himself at Valmy and Jemappes, and rose to the rank of major-general. His name is engraved on the Arc de Triumphe. But in 1797, he fell under the displeasure of the *directoire*, as did all who remained true to the early ideals of the Revolution, and had to flee to England. For nine years he wandered about Europe, trying to enlist sympathy for the Spanish colonies among the enemies of the Most Catholic King. His eloquence is said to have brought tears to the eyes of Catherine of Russia. She promised to help, but forgot her promise. In London he won the interest of Pitt and another promise of help. But the rising power of Napoleon distracted the attention of the English premier. At last he came to the United States and sought the friendship of Jefferson. In a letter to him, dated January 22nd, 1806, Miranda shows the visionary and poetic side of his character. In this petition for military assistance, he quotes

from the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. An English officer, James Briggs, who later served under him, sums up his character in these words: "After all, this man of renown, I fear, must be considered as having more learning than wisdom, more theoretical knowledge than practical talent. He is too sanguine and opinionated to distinguish between vigor of enterprise and the hardness of intoleration." Later writers have not improved on this contemporaneous characterization.

Miranda organized a filibustering expedition in New York, and sailed from that port on the *Leander*, in February, 1806. The raid failed dismally. "One thing essential to a revolution," Paxton writes, "was lacking—the people of Venezuela would not revolt."

There was, however, another reason for Miranda's failure, which Paxton seems to have ignored. The filibusterers did not share his ideals. He personally furnished the enthusiasm and money for the venture. Very few of his men shared his dream—even fewer were Venezuelans who were moved by patriotism. Most of his little army were mercenaries. Many had been tricked or impressed into the expedition. A curious little volume published in Albany, New York, in 1814, and written by one of these unfortunate men, throws much light on this aspect of the enterprise. It is entitled, "History of the Adventures and Sufferings of Moses Smith during Five Years of his Life, from the Beginning of the Year 1806, when he was Betrayed into the Miranda Expedition."

It was not until they were many days out from New York that some of the men found out the goal of the journey. "Many of these men," Smith wrote, "had been forced into this expedition against their will. They had not yet shed blood nor taken any active part in warfare. The laws of their native country were not intentionally violated by

them, and they had not incurred the vengeance of any other. They determined to escape." They were much more interested in escaping than conquering. At last sixty of them fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The officers, ten in number, were executed, the rest rotted for several years in the fetid prisons of Puerto Cabello.

Miranda escaped from this fiasco, and retired to London, where he foregathered with the large company of political refugees who had found asylum there.

As we have seen, Napoleon's attempt to turn Spain into a family estate had met with resistance in the colonies. In 1810, the loyalist Junta in Caracas found itself threatened by the French and dispatched commissioners to London to enlist the aid of Great Britain and to secure arms and ammunition for their militia. They chose young Simon Bolivar for this mission. The Junta especially warned him not to become entangled with Miranda, whose extreme republicanism was known to and distrusted by the loyalist Junta. But Bolivar had a very decided tendency towards disobeying orders. He soon fell under the spell of Miranda's eloquence, and, to the chagrin of his employers, brought the old republican leader back with him to Venezuela.

The populace of Caracas gave them both an ardent ovation when they entered the city. Elections were about to take place for delegates to the provincial Congress. Miranda was elected from the district of Barcelona. Three political parties formed themselves in those days: the Loyalists, the Bonapartists and the Republicans. Miranda led the third of these parties on the floor of Congress, and Bolivar was the most active spirit in the Society of Patriots. The political association, in its ideas and influence, was not unlike the Jacobin Club of the French Revolution.

On April 18, 1810, some commissioners arrived on behalf of one of the political factions in Spain. Bolivar inaugu-

rated the separation movement by a speech before the Society of Patriots, in which he argued that the inability of the Spanish dynasty to maintain a stable government at home was warrant and invitation for the Venezuelans to govern themselves.

But the loyalist faction was still the strongest, and they forced through a constitution which declared allegiance to Ferdinand VII.

Nearly fifteen months passed before Miranda and Bolivar could swing public opinion to their view point. On July 5th, 1811, the Congress adopted a resolution, which Bolivar had presented the day before to the Society of Patriots, which declared the complete independence of Venezuela. They adopted a new constitution, forming a federated union of the prefectures of the colony, accepted the tri-color flag of Miranda, and made him commander-in-chief of the army.

Miranda, although he had proved himself a very capable subordinate officer, lacked the essential qualifications of a general commandant.

He had lived so long away from Venezuela that he scarcely knew the men under him. He lacked quick decision, and in the crisis which came ultimately, completely lost his head.

About this time a soldier of fortune named Monteverde landed in Venezuela. He held Ferdinand's commission as field-marshal. And finding no loyalist army to command, he set to work to organize one. He made little progress at first. The early months of the young republic were peaceful and to a surprising degree prosperous. A new and profitable trade had began to flow into its ports. It was rapidly acquiring stability.

However, the clergy—the world over they have been hostile to democracy—were busily but silently at work in the loyalist cause. They had sedulously preached that the

wrath of God would surely fall on those who despised the divine right of kings. On Holy Thursday, March 26th, 1812, less than a year after the declaration of independence, their prophecy seemed to be fulfilled in a terrible earthquake, the worst Venezuela had ever known. The disaster was most complete in those districts most strongly republican. The patriots seemed to be especially marked out for destruction. Six hundred of their soldiers were buried in the ruins of the barracks at Caracas, as many more were lost in the town of San Felipe, and as many as twelve hundred were killed at Barquisimento.

The priests came out in the open and began preaching a Holy War against the patriots. Monteverde was just the man to make the most of such an opportunity. He took the field at once and drove the disorganized republicans out of the town of San Carlos, where he established headquarters and unfurled the Spanish flag. A second earthquake took place on April 4th. It was not so disastrous as the first, but it was enough to definitely turn the superstitious against the republic.

Bolivar and other patriot leaders, who lived through the days which followed, always maintained that by energetic action Miranda might still have saved the republic. But he developed a perfect genius for doing the wrong thing. Instead of concentrating what was left of his forces, he dispersed them. Monteverde's army existed only in name. He could hardly have repulsed a quick attack. Miranda ordered Bolivar, with a small force, to go to Puerto Cabello, to hold its fortress. Other detachments were sent in other directions. Not till May 1st did he march out of Caracas with his 1,200 men and take the field against the army which Monteverde was rapidly recruiting and rapidly whipping into shape.

After a few days' advance, Miranda suddenly changed his

mind and began a discouraging retreat. Monteverde caught up with him at La Victoria and was defeated. But Miranda failed to follow up this victory. He continued his retreating, losing men by desertion at every step. Bolivar, hearing that Monteverde was threatening Puerto Cabello, sent dispatches to Miranda, asking for reinforcements. Miranda felt that he could not spare any.

On June 30th, the officer of the day in the fortress of Puerto Cabello accepted a bribe from the loyalist prisoners. He liberated them in the night and they surprised and massacred the sleeping garrison. Bolivar with forty men escaped into the city. For five days, with his forty men, he tried to hold the city against the fortress. But on July 5th, loyalist reinforcements from Monteverde arrived, and Bolivar and his men escaped by boat to La Guayra.

On the 29th of July, Miranda, believing that Bolivar had betrayed him, and utterly discouraged by the ease with which the priests had turned the people away from the republic, surrendered to Monteverde without a fight. By his treaty he agreed that Venezuela would accept the authority of the Spanish Cortes, and made terms with Monteverde, worthless as they afterwards proved, that no one should be prosecuted because of political opinions.

The next day Miranda arrived at La Guayra to take ship for England. The group of patriots in that city regarded him with suspicion. They did not know the terms of his treaty with Monteverde, and if they had known, would not have trusted them. They clearly foresaw the proscription which awaited them. When they asked Miranda the reasons for his surrender, he maintained a haughty reserve. In the crisis the Congress had created him dictator, and no one had a right to question his actions. When they pressed him for further explanations, he became insulting. Shortly after he had retired for the night, fugitives arrived from

Caracas, with the news that Monteverde had already begun executing the patriotic leaders. They were amazed to find that Miranda was in the city. He had promised to stay in Caracas and act as a mediator with Monteverde. He had left that city by stealth. After a heated consultation, Bolivar and two other patriots awoke the old man and arrested him and threw him into prison as a traitor.

The next morning the city was occupied by loyalist forces. Monteverde, instead of releasing Miranda, as he was bound to do under his treaty, sent him in chains to Puerto Rico, and from there he was sent to Spain.

A British officer has left this note on a visit to the prison: "I have seen this noble man tied to a wall, with a chain about his neck, neither more nor less than a dog." This old man, who had fought for liberty on three continents, never again was free. He died July 14th, 1816, in the fortress of La Caraca, Cadiz.

There is no shadow of evidence that Miranda was in any sense of the word a traitor; but, beyond question, in the supreme crisis of his life he proved a miserable failure. There is small wonder that the group of patriots mistrusted him. He had sent his best officer, Bolivar, away from the seat of war, had sent him almost single-handed to defend Puerto Cabello. After defeating Monteverde, he had continued his disastrous retreat. He had surrendered with no apparent justification. He refused to explain himself. Such action might well seem treasonable under the circumstances. They mistook the broken-hearted old man for a traitor. If they had shot him after a drum-head court martial, it would not have been so bad. But to allow him to fall into the clutches of the Spaniards was shameful.

The First Republic of Venezuela was practically an isolated phenomenon. It alone of all the colonies had formally severed its connections with the mother country.

However, while civil war had been devastating Venezuela, a more subtle and also more permanent force had been at work in the other colonies.

From the moment when the first patriotic juntas had been formed, a relaxation had taken place in the rigid old colonial laws which forbade commerce with other nations. Foreign-made goods, which before had been introduced into South America by means of smuggling, now had free access. Foreign merchants, especially English, started business in the ports. Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic; Valparaiso, Callao, Guayaquil on the west coast; Santa Marta, Cartagena, Puerto Cabello and La Guayra on the Caribbean, became enriched by the flourishing new trade. The colonists had become habituated to commercial freedom and to local taxation during the time that King Ferdinand was in exile.

When he was restored, he—in whose name they had instituted many liberal reforms—turned out to be an extreme reactionary. He treated his partisans in America like traitors. He tried to re-establish all the old restrictions on colonial commerce. The home land had been devastated by the long war over the Succession; he had no place to turn for taxes, except the colonies. In the olden days the Americas had laid many a golden egg for the Spanish throne. His one idea was to start the process again. But the people of South America did not submit willingly to re-enslavement.

Secession was no longer the crack-brained dream of a handful of Venezuelan enthusiasts, it had become "good business." The foreign merchants who had established themselves in the colonies, seeing themselves threatened with exclusion and ruin, became a very active force in the second phase of the revolutionary movement. Paxton rather cynically remarks: "Commercial pressure was the

CULEBRA CUT IN 1904, DECEMBER, LOOKING NORTH FRENCH EQUIPMENT USED BY WALLACE.

great influence in keeping the patriots patriotic." This is perhaps an over-statement. But the foreign merchants certainly were a great influence. Without their ready financial assistance San Martin in the south, and Bolivar in the north, could not have armed the patriots.

The downfall of Miranda marked the end of the idealistic movement. In a few months a new movement sprang up which was largely materialistic—and entirely successful.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WARS OF INDEPENDENCE—BOLIVAR

When the disastrous campaign of 1812 gave Venezuela back to Spain, Bolivar fled to New Granada, and so more directly enters the history of the Isthmus.

His early life had been unhappy. His father—a rich and influential colonist—had died when he was an infant, his mother when he was fifteen. He went to Spain with a tutor, at nineteen had married a girl of sixteen. He had hardly brought her home to Caracas when she died of yellow fever. In 1805 he returned again to Europe. He saw Napoleon playing skittles with crowns. And it is said that during this trip he made an especial pilgrimage to Rome, and there on the Sacred Hill made a vow to devote his life to the independence of his people. He returned to Venezuela by way of the United States, and by 1810 had risen to sufficient prominence to be chosen by the Junta for the mission to London.

While under the influence of Miranda, he seems to have accepted all the ideals of this enthusiast. His speeches at the Society of Patriots are filled with the spirit of the Red Republicans of Paris. At this period his idol seems to have been Thomas Jefferson. But in later life he developed in the opposite direction, becoming as ardent an advocate of aristocracy as Alexander Hamilton.

When he reached New Granada, after the fall of the First Republic in Venezuela, he found this vice-royalty, of which the Isthmus was a province, in a wild ferment. A Junta

was claiming to govern it in the name of Ferdinand. But the federalist tendency had gone to such extremes that each province considered itself a "sovereign state," and a condition of chaos had resulted. A few troops—hostile to the Junta—occupied the lower valley of the Magdalena. Bolivar enlisted as a private in the patriot army, and soon rose to a small command. He began to manifest a brilliant genius for guerilla warfare and also his marked habit of disregarding orders. His commander-in-chief was a strategist of the old school, the kind of general that Napoleon had so easily overthrown in Europe. Bolivar was continually making raids on his own initiative, which were so successful that the Junta, in spite of his commander's frequent demands that he should be court-martialed for insubordination, always sustained him. In a few months he had cleared the district of the enemy and had collected a little army of six hundred men who were devoted to him and as dare-devil a crew as ever took part in partizan warfare.

Meanwhile things had been going badly for the patriots in Venezuela. General Monteverde had entirely repudiated the amnesty he had pledged to Miranda. The execution of suspects was a daily occurrence. It is doubtful if such a long continued and devastating reign of terror has ever existed—even in Russia. The nucleus of Monteverde's army were old soldiers of the Napoleonic wars, mercenaries, hardened by their profession of bloodshed, feeling themselves alien from the conquered people. They played a rôle in Venezuela similar to that of the Cossacks in present-day Russia. The brutality and rapine of the allied armies at the relief of the legations in Pekin did not exceed the cruelties of these men.

Bolivar decided on the invasion of Venezuela. Castillo, his commanding officer, was horrified at the suggestion of so wild an adventure. Bolivar went over his head and appealed

to the Junta. It is doubtful if he waited for their authorization. One thing is sure, the civil commissioners who were appointed to accompany him never caught up with him. With almost incredible speed, he had thrown his little company of six hundred across one of the low, northern passes of the Andes and was in the midst of Venezuela, before Monteverde knew he had started. Revolt broke out everywhere. Monteverde was able to capture a small force—almost three hundred men—who were marching to join the liberating army. Although prisoners of war, he massacred them all. Bolivar replied by the famous proclamation of "War to the death."

It is inexplicable how the human mind works, how it decides what acts to condemn and hold in abhorrence. For instance, history teaches us that the French Revolutionists of 1871 were monsters. During the three months of the Commune they executed about thirty-five royalists. The victorious army of Thiers massacred almost as many thousands of the Communards. Why we should condemn the former act and not the latter is indeed inexplicable. Within our more recent memory, some fanatical Moors at Casa Blanca, stirred to fury by the actions of the Europeans in tearing up a graveyard to make way for a railroad, murdered a half a dozen of them. A week or so later, the French fleet bombarded Casa Blanca in the night, killing hundreds of sleeping women and children. The act of the Moors is considered an outrage; that of the Christians legitimate.

Almost every biographer of Bolivar condemns him severely for this proclamation of "War to the death." It was simply a declaration that as the enemy refused to carry on war in the manner called civilized, the patriots would do the same. If the Devil persisted in using fire, so would the revolutionists. As soon as Bolivar came into contact with Spanish generals who were less devilish than Monteverde, he revoked

much experience and great prestige. In July, 1815, he arrived off Cartagena with two ships-of-the-line, six frigates, seventy transports and 12,000 veteran troops. For six months the patriots held out in the fortress of Cartagena, but were at last reduced by starvation. By June, 1816, Morillo had fought his way up to Bogota and sent a letter to Ferdinand in which he boasted that he had not "left alive, in the Kingdom of New Granada, a single individual of sufficient influence or talents to conduct the revolution."

This was the darkest period for the cause of independence in the northern provinces. Morillo was supreme in New Granada. Boves had suppressed almost all resistance in Venezuela. Only a few bands of "Llaneros," as the Spanish call their cowboys, kept up a desultory guerilla combat, under Marino and Paez, in the interior. But the patriots had no regular army in the field.

Bolivar, however, did not know that there was such a word as discouragement. At the time when the great earthquake had overthrown the First Venezuelan Republic, he had exclaimed: "If Nature opposes us, we will wrestle with her and compel her to obey!" And now, when for a second time the cause of independence seemed to others hopelessly lost, Bolivar was at work with undimmed faith. He had gone to Hayti and had made friends with that noble old negro, Alexandre Pelion, the president of the Republic. He helped the Venezuelan revolutionist to outfit a filibuster. "When your expedition shall land," he said to Bolivar, "free the slaves. For how can you found a republic where slavery exists?" Bolivar at once freed all his own slaves; it was his continued advocacy of abolition which as much as anything else kept the United States from assisting the Spanish colonies in their revolt.

With six ships and a handful of exiles, he made an unsuccessful raid on the island of Margarita in May, 1816. In

December of the same year he made another effort and this time with success. Using the island as a base, he descended on the mainland and captured the port of Barcelona, two hundred miles east of La Guayra. Here, for the third time, he proclaimed the republic. He was never again to be driven from Venezuela by the Spaniards. The tide had turned. Although he had yet to meet many reverses, the flag of independence has not since been hauled down in Venezuela.

Bolivar moved inland to help Marino's guerillas near Santo Tomas de Angostura. Morillo, the Spanish general, had hurried to Venezuela at the first news of Bolivar's operations. By a brilliant dash a Spanish force under General Aldama captured Barcelona behind the Liberator's back. Here Aldama massacred the seven hundred soldiers of the garrison, three hundred non-combatants, including women and children, and the fifty invalids he found in the hospital.

Bolivar moved his capital to Angostura, and was rapidly consolidating his government. He sent out summons for a national congress. During this year occurred an incident around which much hostile criticism of Bolivar centered —the execution for treason of General Manuel Carlos Piar.

The enemies of Bolivar claim that he caused Piar's execution in order to rid himself of a dangerous rival in the affections of the army. However, there seems to be good evidence that while an officer of Miranda's army, Piar had been guilty of an attempt to sell himself to Monteverde—at least, finding himself under such suspicion, he deserted. In 1816 he had met Bolivar in Hayti and had won forgiveness. Bolivar made him a major-general in the invading army. He distinguished himself as an officer, winning a brilliant victory at San Felix in April, 1817. Evidence of a second conspiracy sufficient to satisfy the court-martial was brought against him and he was shot at Angostura, October 16, 1817. The justice of court-martial is notoriously uncertain. And Bolivar,

as he had shown in his conduct towards Miranda, was of a suspicious nature. But it seems foreign to his character to have used his great personal power to make way with an able lieutenant because of petty jealousy.

The year 1818 passed in indecisive campaigns. There was continual skirmishing, but no decisive engagements.

The second congress of Venezuela assembled in February, 1819, at Angostura. Bolivar resigned from the dictatorship and was promptly re-elected. During the preceding year he had recruited a foreign legion, formed principally from Irish and English veterans of the continental wars. His native troops were mostly cavalry. The foreign legion gave him his necessary infantry.

As soon as congress had assembled, Bolivar took the field again. He recaptured Barcelona, which, in giving him a seaport for the free importation of ammunition and supplies, greatly strengthened his position. Morillo, however, had 12,000 trained soldiers, and was too strong to be met in an open battle. Morillo was a wily old general. He saw in Bolivar the soul of the revolt, and he was concentrating every effort to annihilate him and end the revolution. He believed that New Granada had been thoroughly cowed, and he practically denuded that province of troops in his desire to overwhelm Bolivar with numbers.

Bolivar was not the kind of a spirit to accept the apparent necessity of a Fabian campaign. The very odds which Morillo was gathering against him gave him the hint which developed into the most brilliant proof of his military genius. Leaving Paez in command of the native cavalry, with instructions to continually harass Morillo, but avoid a battle, he assembled the pick of his army, five hundred of the foreign legion and two thousand Venezuelans, and dashed up the valley of the Cosnare towards the high Andes—and New Granada.

As ordinarily happened, Bolivar made this move without asking any one's consent. As soon as he disappeared in the depths of the Cordilleras—Morillo, when he heard of it, called it a "military delirium"—the Venezuelan patriots denounced him as a traitor and made General Marino dictator in his place. But Bolivar had lost communication with Angostura and knew nothing of this. He inspired his men to persist in their advance in the midst of incredible hardships. The marches of Hannibal and Napoleon across the Alps were child's play to this raid. Almost all of their horses and many of the men perished in the Arctic climate of the high mountains. Although the distance was less than a hundred miles it took the army of liberators almost a month to get across.

General Barreiro, the Spanish commandant of New Granada, could only muster three thousand men to meet the invaders. The natives gave what assistance they could in the way of provisions to the famished army, and Bolivar was able to remount most of his cavalry before he met the Spaniards. By making a flank movement instead of accepting immediate battle, Bolivar, after a brisk skirmish, on the 22d of July occupied the town of Tunja. This put him between Barreiro and his base of supplies at Bogota. The Spaniards were compelled to attack, and on August 7th were utterly defeated at Boyaca. Barreiro, nearly all his officers and over half his men were captured. This battle put a definite end to Spanish rule in all of New Granada except the Isthmus of Panama. The next day Bolivar entered Bogota.

He returned at once to Venezuela to report his victory to the congress in session at Angostura. They promptly forgave him for having deserted them to conquer New Granada, and re-elected him dictator. He had brought with him a formal request for the union of the two countries.

Then followed many months of bitter debate over the form

of constitution. Bolivar had become separated in thought from his old associates of the Society of Patriots. He was no longer the extreme democrat he had been as a youth, when under the influence of Miranda. His experience with the political turmoil of New Granada—the rivalry of petty "sovereign states"—had sickened him with the federal form of government. As a man of action, he had become disgusted with the intriguing of raw, inexperienced democracy. But he also was a dreamer, and his dream, which extended far beyond the frontiers of his native land, even farther separated him from his old friends. He felt that nothing was accomplished so long as the Spanish flag remained anywhere on the American continent. While their lawyers were becoming eloquent over the rights of constituent states of Venezuela and New Granada, and maintaining that perfect liberty could only exist in a loose federation, Bolivar realized that the war of independence was by no means over, that he had more to fear from political intrigues in his own capital than from Spanish generals, that for the great purpose of freeing the continent—his dream also included Cuba and the Philippines—a strong centralized government, essentially military, was more needful than the granting of franchises to illiterate peons. All these considerations forced him to advocate a policy which the true democrats, the disciples of Rousseau and Jefferson, denounced as reactionary. And certainly a like verdict would fall on any one who advocated the same measures in a settled democracy to-day.

However, there was nothing underhand in Bolivar's opposition to thorough-going democracy. He spoke of liberty as an island against which beat alternate waves of tyranny and chaos. These excerpts from his speeches before the Angostura Congress plainly show the trend of his thought:

"It is more difficult to maintain the equilibrium of liberty than to sustain the weight of tyranny."

"The people more frequently than the government bring in tyranny."

"Pisistratus, an usurper and a despot, did more good to Athens than her laws. . . . The republic of Thebes existed only during the lives of Pelopidas and Epaminondos, for it is men, not principles, which form governments."

"Angels alone, and not men, can exist free, peaceable and happy in the exercise of sovereign power."

He had indeed swung round entirely from his former position; he quoted no more from Jefferson; he had become an advocate of the doctrines of Hamilton.

He asked for a hereditary legislature of very limited power. It was to be chosen by limited suffrage and do little but elect a president with dictatorial powers. All the other officers of the state were to be chosen by this chief executive. As there was no possibility of any one else being chosen as president; he was practically asking for supreme power.

The example of Napoleon was too fresh in the minds of men to allow the patriots to hand themselves over thus bound to any individual. They were in the embarrassing position of wanting a man on horseback who would not trample on them. The result was a compromise. Bolivar's ideas on centralization were adopted, but the advanced democrats won on the other points at issue. This constitution was adopted on the 17th of December, 1819, and Bolivar was elected president of the new Republic of Colombia.

There was a desultory campaign in 1820. And in the spring of the next year, Bolivar took the field with a splendid army of 15,000. His foreign legion had grown to two thousand. General Morillo had returned to Spain, and had been superseded by General Torre. The decisive battle came on June 24th, at Carabobo, where the Venezuelan cavalry, under Paez, completely overthrew the last Spanish army. Torre retreated to Puerto Cabello. This fortress and that

of Panama, which dominated the Isthmus, were all that remained of the Spanish Empire in northern South America. Within a few months the people of Panama proclaimed their independence and entered the Colombian Union. Puerto Cabello held out until 1823.

Bolivar, at the height of his popularity, was by no means ready to lay down his arms. In the spring of 1822 he marched out of Bogota with his army of veterans to liberate Ecuador. On the 7th of March he defeated a strong Spanish force at Bompono. His advance was checked by a stubborn resistance and almost impassable mountain barriers. But on the 24th of May his able general, Sucre, who had landed with another army at Quayaquil, overthrew Spanish authority in Ecuador by a brilliant victory at Pinchincha. This opened the road to Bolivar, and he entered Quito on the 16th of June, the same day that John Quincy Adams recognized the independence of Colombia by officially receiving her chargé d'affaires at the White House. The newly-freed state joined the Republic of Colombia.

While this long war had been going on in the north, a similar struggle had been waged in the south. And as Bolivar had risen to pre-eminence in the Colombian army, so a general named Jose de San Martin had won the title of Liberator of the South. Starting out from Argentina, he had freed Chili and the largest part of Peru.

In many ways his career had been similar to Bolivar's. He had led an army across a pass of the Andes, which was supposed to be impossible. More than once he had snatched victory from defeat by an act of rank insubordination. But in character he was the opposite of Bolivar. Extremely modest and retiring, he stuck much more closely to his profession of arms. He seems to have had no personal ambition, and to have held politics in abhorrence.

On the 22d of July, 1822, San Martin came up from

Callao to meet Bolivar at Guayaquil. What happened in their long private interview no one knows. After it, San Martin returned to Callao and resigned from the dictatorship. The Peruvians offered him 10,000 ounces of gold for his services. He accepted only three thousand dollars, and sailed with his daughter to England, where he lived and died in obscurity.

The enemies of Bolivar claim that San Martin proposed a joint campaign against the remaining Spanish forces in Peru, even offered to accept a subordinate position, but that Bolivar, ambitious to monopolize all the glory of the liberation, would not accept his co-operation under any terms. But the frequency with which he allowed his own generals, Paez and Sucre, to win fame by commanding in decisive battles seems to militate against this explanation. I have not been able to find any account of this meeting from the pens of any of Bolivar's friends.

Bolivar waited impatiently in Ecuador for the Peruvians to invite his assistance in finishing the work which San Martin had left. But his enemies had so industriously spread stories of his Napoleonic ambitions that the Peruvians were afraid of him and decided to finish off the remaining Spaniards themselves. But one after the other, their two armies were defeated by General Conterac, who was the most able soldier that Spain had sent out to the colonies. When Conterac recaptured Lima, the capital, the patriots buried their distrust of Bolivar and sent him an urgent appeal. Sucre took the first section of the Colombian army to Peru. Bolivar arrived the first of September with the main guard. All that was left of the Peruvian congress assembled and pronounced him protector and dictator. On August 7, 1824, with a picked army composed of his own and San Martin's veterans, he defeated the Spaniards at Junin. Bolivar returned to Lima to straighten out his political affairs, leaving

Sucre in command to deliver the coup-de-grace. On December 9th the final battle took place at Ayacucho. Sucre's veterans completely overthrew the Spaniards and ended the war in Peru.

Sucre followed up his victory by leading his army into the province of Upper Peru (now Bolivia), the last stronghold of the royalists. The fighting had been severe there for many years, and the population rose as a man to greet the delivering army. The province was liberated without a battle, and the great war of independence was over. The newly-freed province named itself Bolivia, in honor of the liberator, and practically offered him the crown. This was only one of many times when Bolivar, if he had been at heart the monarchist his enemies maintained, could have acquired a throne.

Instead, he drew up the "Codigo Boliviano." It was, I suppose, as good a constitution as one could expect from a soldier. It was not, however, anything like so workable a document as the "Code Napoleon." Bolivar gave free expression to the anti-democratic tendency he had so clearly enunciated years before at the Congress of Angostura.

The constitution, written in his own hand, and which he repeatedly announced as his profession of political faith, provided for a life president who could nominate his successor. The principal novelty was that each group of ten citizens should elect one of their number as a general elector. The other nine were then to retire to the shade of their fig-tree and forget all about politics for four years—until time to choose a new elector. It was an immensely complex instrument. The Bolivians swallowed it without amending a word. And Sucre was chosen president for life.

Bolivar returned to Peru to force his pet constitution on that country, and in a decidedly high-handed manner

succeeded. The news reached him that a secession movement, inspired by the old distaste to a centralized government, had broken out in Venezuela, under his old companion in arms, Paez.

How far Bolivar had become personally ambitious, how often he allowed himself to dream of an imperial crown, no one will ever know. It is beyond dispute that with clear-sighted vision he foresaw the political chaos, the revolutions and counter revolutions, which were to disturb the great continent to whose freedom he had dedicated his life. That he dreamed of welding all the old colonies into a stable united nation is proven by almost all his speeches and letters. However, it was a hopeless dream. The chief grievance of the Spanish colonies had for a couple of centuries been the lack of home rule. All their ills had come from a distant administration. The one thing on which the Latin Americans were united was a passionate desire for autonomy. An empire cannot be built on such a motive. Under the enthusiasm of the war of independence Bolivar had been able to hush the universal demand for home rule. Now that the last battle had been fought, the old issue came to life with redoubled vigor.

On the 22d of June, 1826, just twenty years after Miranda's disastrous filibuster on the *Leander*, Bolivar's Pan-American Congress assembled at Panama. Mexico, Central America and the South American states, dominated by Bolivar, sent delegates. Chile and Argentina, fearing that the Congress was to be a pretext for him to spring his imperial conspiracy, did not co-operate. Among other resolutions, the Congress adopted the following, dictated by Bolivar:

"The Republics of Colombia, Central America, Peru, and the Mexican States, do mutually ally and confederate themselves in peace and war in a perpetual compact, the object of which shall be to maintain the sovereignty and indepen-

dence of the confederated powers against foreign subjection and to secure the enjoyment of unalterable peace."

Nothing was accomplished at this congress beyond the proclaiming of this ideal of Latin-American unity. All the contracting parties promptly fell into civil war. But the ideal gains ground year by year. The five republics of Central America now have an arbitration treaty; Chile and Argentina also. Our Bureau of American Republics and the frequent Pan-American congresses are knitting these neighbors of ours into closer unity every day. In some not too distant day the ideal of the Great Liberator will be realized.

Bolivar returned to Bogota and tried to bring order out of the chaos of the Colombian republic. The congress refused to accept his Codigo Boliviano. Peru threw off her allegiance to him. And some of his old veterans—ardent republicans—whom he had left in Peru, believing in the stories of his treason, started north to protect their country against his ambitions. The secessionist movement in Venezuela was continually growing. His own people began to plot his assassination. At last in January, 1830, he again tendered his resignation. The congress refused to accept it. The revolted province of Venezuela voted him a pension on condition that he would never set foot in the country again. This seems to have broken his heart. Although not old in years, the two decades of continual campaigning had worn him out. In April he resigned definitely, determined to retire to private life abroad.

Seven miles before reaching the port of Santa Marta, where a ship was waiting for him, he heard that Bolivia had risen in revolution; they had repudiated his Codigo Boliviano, and his dearest friend, Sucre, had been assassinated. He broke down completely, and died on the 17th of December, in the little village of San Pedro.

CHAPTER XXIV

EARLY ISTHMIAN TRANSIT

THE man who discovered gold in California indirectly affected the Isthmus more profoundly than any person since Columbus, who discovered it.

The misguided colonial policy of Spain had killed the trade of her American possessions. Commerce had not revived during the thirty years of independence. It is hard for us to-day to realize how far off the west coast of America was in the fifties. The Chinese ports were in more frequent communication with Europe and New York, than were Valparaiso and San Francisco. What little trade there was went around the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. There was no regular transit across the Isthmus. Many a person lived and died in Panama without ever having seen the Atlantic, less than fifty miles away. A few muleteers kept up an intermittent transportation of merchandise and mail along the old road, which had once been the route of half the wealth of the world.

The discovery of California gold and the rush of '49 woke the Isthmus from its long sleep. The trail across the Great Desert by "prairie schooners" was long and expensive and dangerous. New routes were established across Nicaragua and Panama. The latter proved the more popular.

The number of people who used this route is almost incredible. They came by boat from New York to Chagres, a small town at the mouth of the famous river, went upstream in native boats to Gorgona or Cruces, and then by

mule over the old Spanish road to Panama. Sometimes in the dry season as many as three or four thousand would cross, going or coming, in a week! Of course there were no accommodations for such a horde of immigrants. The hardships suffered were appalling.

In 1851 a little book was published by Dr. E. L. Autenrieth of Panama, called, "A Topographical Map of the Isthmus of Panama . . . with a few Accompanying Remarks for the use of Travellers."

"Chagres is," he writes, "an unhealthy place; but it cannot be denied, that a great deal of the sickness prevailing here must be ascribed to the terribly bad food everyone is compelled to eat. . . .

"Crossing the Isthmus in the dry season is certainly a pleasant trip, if reasonable precautions are taken, and provisions for a few days are carried along; but any journey during the rainy season, from May until December, will certainly be full of hardship and danger so long as this complete want of conveniences and provisions shall exist. We hope the railroad company will succeed in their endeavour to reach Gorgona before the next rainy season, and if, moreover, as is contemplated, a good mule road is opened from Gorgona to the Cruces road, the crossing will be a deal easier, and an express might reach Panamá in twelve hours after leaving Navy Bay. The distance from Chagres to Panamá, in a straight line, is not fully thirty-eight miles, and yet I met a great many who were compelled to spend *seven* or *eight* days in crossing, being exposed to the heaviest rains, unable to obtain food or a comfortable place to lie down at night, or a spot where to dry their wet clothes.

"All who intend to cross the Isthmus, ought to provide themselves with some provisions, such as good hams, smoked tongues or sausages, pickles, good coffee, and their accustomed drinks; a good blanket; if in the rainy season, a light

india-rubber overcoat and leggings; also an umbrella. These should never be omitted. . . .

"If you have Indians for boatmen, I would advise you not to be too friendly, but at the same time to be careful not to insult them or act in an overbearing manner.

"I was told by boatmen of mine, that boats had frequently been upset, and passengers' lives endangered, in consequence of their overbearing and inhuman treatment of the Indians. Negroes and Griffs are in far worse repute then the full-blood Indians; they are regarded as lazier, more malicious, and dishonest; therefore deal with Indians in preference. . . .

"The Cruces road is shorter than the one at Gorgona by about two miles, but far worse to pass over. From Cruces to Cruz de Cardenas, the place where the two paths meet, is certainly the worst and most fatiguing road we ever travelled. There are no high mountains with abysses, which would present great obstacles to making a good road, if hands could be obtained to do the work. It seems that long before the Spaniards came to the country the rain had washed off, at certain places, the ground from the rock below, and particularly at such spots where, by the formation of the rock, a fissure was left. These places presented a solid foundation for the feet of oxen and horses during the rainy season, and were therefore selected for crossing, and by connecting the different gullies with each other, the so-called Cruces road was established.

"In consequence of the continued passing of mules, these gullies have deepened in some places to a depth of about thirty feet, narrowing towards the bottom, which at some places is not over two feet wide. That through such defiles only one mule after the other can pass, is easily understood; and if two parties meet, one is compelled to turn back. When this happens it is not always accomplished without

difficulties. To avoid collisions, the *arrieros* (mule-drivers) will give, before entering, whoops, which are immediately answered by the party inside. It is stated that F. Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, ordered the paving of this road, which was done with large round stones, sometimes a foot and a half in diameter. Since Panamá sunk into insignificance this pavement has been entirely neglected, and is now completely broken; and the big stones are lying loose and in great disorder, where formerly there was a pavement.

"This is the principal cause of the abominable state of the road at this time. It is astonishing that the mules are capable of passing at all over these loose heaps of round stones, with a load on their backs.

"At the places where no pavement was needed the rock is often excavated by the shoes of the mules in such a manner that a series of holes, sometimes more than a foot deep, have been produced, leaving a ridge of the rock between each hole; these are the most dangerous places for passing; the mule has to proceed with great caution, or he will fall. Fortunately such spots do not occur very frequently."

As fast as sections of the Panama railroad were opened it was used by the prospectors. But until its completion in 1855 part of the old route was used. One of the most interesting accounts of those days is found in a report of the surgeon attached to the Fourth United States Infantry. They crossed, en route for garrison duty in California, during the rainy season of 1852. The Captain Grant referred to in the report was later to become famous at Appomattox Court House and to enter the White House.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.,
September 14, 1852.

SIR: The occurrence of malignant cholera in the Fourth regiment of infantry, which I accompanied from New York to California, seemed to me to require that I should make a special report to you upon the

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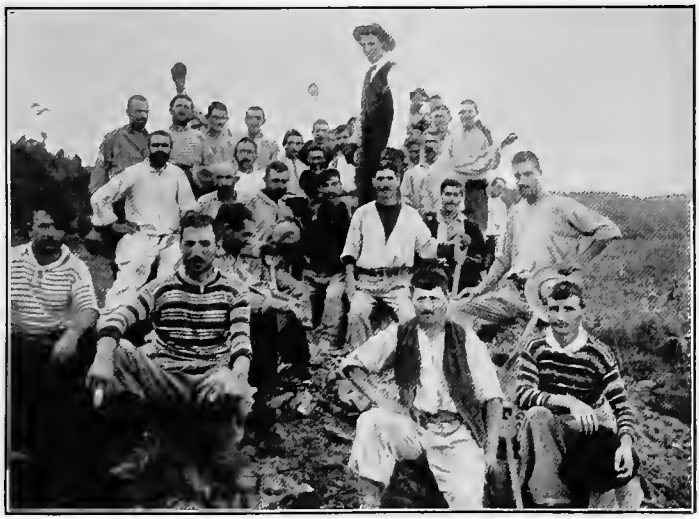
COLONEL GOETHALS'S HOME.



PART OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

subject. I have, therefore, made a report of the sick of that regiment up to the 31st August, and beg leave to accompany it with the following remarks:

The regiment was concentrated at Fort Columbus, New York, in obedience to orders from the War Department, the last company having arrived on the 23d June. On that day 243 recruits were received and examined. On the evening of the 2d July, a telegraphic order was received for the troops to embark on the 5th. On the evening of the 3d July, about 150 more recruits were received and examined. On the 5th July eight companies of the regiment, with the band and headquarters, were embarked on the United States mail steamer *Ohio*, bound for Aspinwall, New Granada. We had a good deal of diarrhœa among our men during their stay at Governor's Island, but it was quite manageable, and when we embarked I did not consider it necessary to leave but one man in the hospital; he was recovering from a broken leg, and would not have been able to march across the Isthmus. The *Ohio* was a large ship, as to tonnage, and in that respect, capable of carrying our whole command; but her room is so badly distributed that we should have been crowded had there been no other passengers. Our command, including women and children, was about 800. We had, however, all told, passengers, crew, etc., 1,100 on board. This was altogether too many people for her accommodations at that season of the year, and in a voyage to the tropics. We, however, reached Aspinwall on the 16th July, without losing a man. We had a number of cases of both diarrhœa and constipation, and a few cases of fever on the voyage. Our sick report, nevertheless, was very small upon landing. One man (the bandmaster), sick with chronic diarrhœa, had sunk so much on the voyage I was obliged to leave him on the ship, where he died two days afterwards.

On the voyage I had endeavored to impress upon the commanding officer the necessity of preventing the men from eating the fruits of the country, and from indulging in any of the liquors they would meet with on the march. A very judicious order, embracing these views, was issued previous to our debarkation. I am sorry to say, however, it was not observed on the march. Had it been strictly obeyed, I think we should have been spared much suffering. It being the height of the rainy season when we reached the Isthmus we were much embarrassed by the state of the roads; by rains every day; by the extreme heat and by the epidemic influences prevailing.

Cholera existed at Aspinwall when we landed. It had been very fatal a short time previously among the laborers on the railroad, in

consequence of which they had very generally abandoned the work. Forty laborers out of one hundred, I was told, had died at one station. It was existing at both Cruces and Gorgona on the route—points we were obliged to pass—and at both of which we were unfortunately detained. We found it also at Panama upon our arrival there.

Notwithstanding all this, and the cautions in the order of march, the men had no sooner been permitted to land to procure water, than numbers of them sought the first tavern they could find, to indulge their fatal craving for liquor. Many were brought back on board that night intoxicated and drenched with rain. Fruits were also eaten with avidity whenever they could be procured.

As we did not reach Aspinwall until after the departure of the daily train of cars we were obliged to remain there until next morning. Our baggage, however, was principally landed, and stowed in the cars that afternoon, and this operation was completed early the next morning. When the hour arrived for starting, it was found that the locomotives were too light to carry more than half our men in one train. They were accordingly despatched in two trains at intervals of an hour, and then the baggage had to be left to be brought by a return engine. Arrived at Barbacoas, the present terminus of the railway, Colonel Bonneville informed me that it was determined to march the main body of the men from Gorgona to Panama; that the sick, the women, the baggage, and one company would proceed to Cruces, where the mule transportation would be provided, and whence they would also proceed to Panama. I was ordered to accompany this last detachment. Colonel Bonneville then proceeded at once in boats to Gorgona. Colonel Wright was to follow when the baggage came up. The baggage did not arrive till after dark; too late to transfer it to the boats.

In the morning it was discovered that the hospital stores were not contained in those cars. I had a special messenger sent back to bring them up immediately. Colonel Wright went on with the battalion, leaving me, a subaltern, and a small guard, with the sick. My messenger did not return till late in the afternoon, and then brought up but four packages out of thirty, declaring there were no more to be found. This made it necessary for me to return to Aspinwall, which I did that night upon a hand car. I found my stores in the first baggage car I met with in the depot, and the next morning carried them to Barbacaos in a special train furnished me by Colonel Totten, the engineer of the road. I proceeded at once up the river to Cruces, a distance of twelve miles, against a rapid and dangerous current, in a small boat propelled by setting-poles only; and by dint of great exertion and deter-

mination succeeded in reaching that point at about 9½ at night. My hospital boat did not get up until next morning. At Cruces, very much to my surprise, I found the regimental quartermaster, about seventy men, and all the women and children. This was Monday night. He had been there since Sunday morning, and no transportation for the baggage had yet been furnished by the contractors. The detachment was encamped on the river at the landing-place, and all the baggage piled up in the vicinity. At this time all were well, and my sick had entirely recovered. Transportation was promised in the morning, and I determined to push on as rapidly as possible, to overtake the main body, at that time probably at Panama.

In the morning we were again disappointed in transportation. This was Tuesday, 20th July. While endeavoring to get from the contractor mules for myself and necessary stores, I was called to see a soldier said to be ill of cramps. I found a case of malignant cholera, of the most aggravated character. The man died in six hours. Upon instituting a rigid inquiry, I found that the disease was, and had been for some time, prevailing in the town; that numbers had died, and were still dying there; and that a physician had been sent there from Panama for the special purpose of treating such cases. It was of course impossible for me to leave the detachment under such circumstances. I, therefore, decided to remain until the men were all started, and this more especially, as I was informed from day to day by passengers from Panama that the main body had gone on board the transport in Panama bay, and that there was no disease among them. I thought it but prudent, however, to urge the quartermaster to as speedy a movement from the place as possible; and by my advice he determined if the requisite transportation was not furnished by the next morning, to procure it himself of anybody, at any price, and require the contracting parties to pay for it. It must be observed that a subcontractor had agreed to furnish mules for 11 cents a pound, and all this time they were in demand for private transportation at 16 to 20 cents. We had the vexation of seeing hundreds of citizens forwarded, with scarcely an hour's detention, while our men were kept at the most unhealthy point of the Isthmus for five days, with no adequate effort on the part of the contractors to forward us to Panama. The next morning we were no better off. Captain Grant then went into the market, and succeeded in completing a contract before night with a responsible person, for the requisite number of mules, to be ready early the next day. In the meanwhile several cases of cholera occurred, and we had four more deaths. One man convalesced from the disease, but too ill to

move, I was obliged to leave him in charge of the alcalde and the town physician. I recommended, under the circumstances, that the whole detachment should be furnished with mules, lest the fatigue of marching over so desperate a road should excite the disease in men predisposed to it, and they should perish, without the possibility of my aiding them, on the way. This was done, but notwithstanding every precaution on our part, three fatal cases did occur on the road.

In compliance with Captain Grant's contract, a large number of mules, both saddle and cargo, were brought up in the morning, and despatched as fast as possible with riders and burdens, respectively; by 1 p. m. about one-half our men and nearly one-half our baggage were on the road. The usual rain then coming on operations were necessarily suspended for the day. I must here remark that the preservation of anything like order or organization in the forwarding of troops or baggage on mules across the Isthmus is altogether out of the question. The moment a rider or a cargo is placed upon a mule's back that moment he must set out, or the muleteer strips his mule and carries him off. Our movement was, therefore, of necessity, a straggling one, each man making his way to Panama as he best could, when once mounted. The next morning, before 10 o'clock, the last of our men was on the way, and most of the remaining baggage, and then I set out myself. I reached Panama before dark, but too late to go to the ship that night. I learned that she was lying off Toboga, 12 miles down the bay; that cholera had broken out on board and carried off a number of men. A small steamer communicated with her once a day only, leaving Panama at 5 p. m. I was, therefore, detained at Panama until that hour the following day. Here I learned that six of the cabin passengers by the *Ohio* (our ship) had died in Panama of cholera contracted on the Isthmus.

I proceeded to the ship on the first opportunity, and there was informed that the main body had passed three nights on the road between Gorgona and Panama without shelter; that they were drenched by the rains every day; that the order relative to fruits and drink had been entirely disregarded, and in consequence several men had been attacked by cholera and died on the way. After their arrival upon the ship, the surgeon of that and of two other ships of the same line had been constant in their attendance upon the sick, and abundance of hospital stores and medicines had been furnished by the company. That day (Saturday) the sick had been removed to a hulk anchored near, and a detail of men to nurse them, under the charge of an officer, had been sent on board by the commanding officer. I went on board the hulk

and passed the night there. Several new cases were sent on board from the ship during the night. The next day, Dr. Martin, of the *Columbia*, kindly volunteered to take my place, and I got some sleep. I passed the next night again on board the hulk, besides frequent visits during the day. The next day I was obliged to apply to the commanding officer for assistance. It was impossible for anyone to endure such an amount of physical and mental exertion any longer. We had, fortunately, among our passengers, Dr. Deal, of California, a physician of experience and intelligence, with whom a contract was made to perform the duties of an assistant surgeon on board the *Golden Gate*, from that time until she reached San Francisco, for the moderate sum of $250. Had we known what was before us we could not have secured his services for ten times the amount.

Tuesday, 27th July, the disease was evidently subsiding. No new cases had occurred during the night, and the sick were, for the most part, improving. I entertained strong hopes that as soon as our baggage was all received we should be in condition to prosecute our voyage. In this hope, however, we were doomed to be disappointed. In the afternoon of that day we had a heavy rain, against which many of our men were but ill protected. Upon the arrival of the small steamer in the evening about a dozen knapsacks were received, that had been lying and moulding somewhere on the Isthmus for a long time. The men to whom they belonged seized upon them immediately with great eagerness, and opened them to get a change of clothing. I was afterwards informed that some of these men fell sick while in the act. Be this as it may, in about 20 hours afterwards they were all taken ill of cholera in its worst form and within an hour of each other, and most of them died. The disease having thus reappeared, it was determined to land the troops. There being shelter for the sick upon the island of Flaminco, about six miles from Panama, the debarkation was effected upon the 29th; the sick were placed in huts, and the well in a few tents and under sails stretched over poles. On the 1st August, Brevet Major Gore was attacked, and died on board the *Golden Gate*. His was the last case of cholera that occurred, and he the only officer we lost. I recommended to Colonel Bonneville to destroy any other knapsacks that might be received from the Isthmus, and to have the ship fumigated with chlorine, which was done. Several other officers were threatened, but, by timely means, escaped a decided attack. Upon the island a number of those previously ill died, but no new cases appeared. The fever of the country, however, began to show itself, which made all anxious to leave Panama as soon as possible.

On the 3d August, the *Golden Gate* determined to go to sea the next day, but refused to take on board more than 450 of our people, and expressly declared that she would not receive a single sick man. To this extraordinary demand we were forced to submit, and I was accordingly ordered to remain on the island with the sick, most of the women and children, and one company of troops to act as nurses, etc., until the next steamer should sail. I approved of the proposal to divide the command between two ships, but could not agree as to the propriety of leaving all the sick for another steamer, as a similar objection would probably be made to their reception on board of her. I was, however, overruled, and on the 4th August, the *Golden Gate* sailed with 450 well men, Dr. Deal acting assistant surgeon. The three months' supply for the regiment being stowed away in the hold of the ship, I placed it in charge of Dr. Deal, with the packer's list, that he might use such of the medicines and store that he should need on the voyage; the remainder to be left with the medical purveyor at Benicia. Dr. Deal was discharged at the termination of the voyage, and I have not seen him since, nor have I had any report from him. I have ascertained, however, that he had ninety cases of fever and diarrhœa on the voyage, and three deaths. These are embodied in my report. I have also learned that, not being able to find the box containing the sulphate of quinine, he had purchased two ounces at Acapulco and borrowed more of the ship, which has since been returned.

Upon the 7th of August it was announced that the steamer *Northerner* would take us on board and sail the next day. The surgeon of that ship was sent on shore to inspect our men; and although he thought there were several cases of fever that would die, still, as no infectious disease was prevailing, he made no objection to receiving them on board. Arrangements were accordingly made for embarking. The sick were to be first sent on board and accommodated before the ship should be crowded with the well. By a mistake of the agent a scow was sent to the island this evening to take us on board. In this scow our baggage was first stowed, and the sick placed upon it. In a few minutes the whole was flooded away, owing to the leaky condition of the scow. Our sick and baggage were hastily transferred to boats alongside, and thus sent to the steamer. It was this accident that caused the damage to the instruments that were afterwards condemned by a board of survey.

It happened afterwards that it was not intended we should be embarked that evening, and the consequence of the blunder was a remonstrance on the part of the other passengers against our sick being per-

mitted to remain on board. After a great deal of negotiation it was finally agreed that a few of the worst cases might be left in hospital at Taboga, under the special charge of the agent of the company, he guaranteeing that every comfort and suitable medical attendance should be provided for them, and they forwarded as soon as possible. I considered it of the greatest importance that we should leave that climate, as our well men were daily sickening with the fever. Accordingly four men were selected to be left, by the ship's surgeon, which satisfied the passengers, and on the 8th of August we embarked the remainder and put to sea.

We arrived at Benicia on the 26th of August, having lost but one man on the voyage. He died of the secondary fever of cholera. Upon my arrival at Benicia I found a large sick report from among the men shipped on the *Golden Gate*. They were ill of diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever. The men were destitute of clothing, and were in tents, exposed to intense heat by day and to very cold nights. By the advice of Assistant Surgeon Griffin they were ordered from the tents into some new cavalry stables just finished, and with marked good effect. The character of the fever was decidedly typhoid, and the dysenteries generally assumed the same type.

With regard to the treatment of the cholera as it prevailed among us, I have only to say that all the usual means were tried, and with the usual want of success. The first cases were nearly all fatal. I think the free exhibition of brandy with capsicum and chloride sodium was about as successful as anything. We found the acetas plumbi, in doses of five to ten grains, a valuable means of restraining the diarrhœa. I feel sure many cases were relieved by it that would have terminated in malignant cholera without speedy relief. Mustard and bottles of hot water with frictions of the surface externally, camphor, calomel, and quinine internally, were freely used. But, as I have already remarked, and as usually happens in severe epidemics, the chances are that the cases first attacked will die and that the ratio of the mortality will diminish with the duration of the epidemic. In this epidemic we lost about eighty men.

Very respectfully, your obd't serv't,

CHAS. S. TRIPLER,
Surgeon, U. S. Army.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LAWSON,
Surgeon-General, Washington, D. C.

Another account by an English traveller, Charles T. Bidwell, of a crossing a year later, is also interesting:

"That the traveller may form some idea of the previous difficulties of the transit across the Isthmus, I may give my own experience of it, no later back than the year 1853. I extract this from my journal, written at that time, and I wrote then, as I do now, without exaggeration. The traveller who finds himself comfortably carried across the Isthmus in a comparatively cool railway carriage, will hardly be able to form an idea of the fatigue, annoyance, and expense of crossing in 'old times'; and, as I have said, the account of my experiences is no exaggerated account of what had to be undergone by passengers even ten or twelve years ago. Yet even then thousands of men, aye, and delicate women and young children, were exposed to the dangers of the Isthmus transit.

"We anchored in Navy or Limon Bay, at Colon, *alias* Aspinwall, and at all events the Atlantic port of the Isthmus of Panamá, and our port of disembarkation. After a very early and hurried breakfast we left the good ship, which had brought us thus far safely, for the miserable town now rising out of a swamp, and struggling for a new name; a place, however, of growing importance, in consequence of the rapidly increasing traffic across the Isthmus of Panamá. It is, and is to be, the Atlantic terminus of the railway now being constructed, and at present it supports three or four so-called hotels, while buildings as ostentatious as painted wood and large sign-boards can make them, are fast appearing in what a few months ago was an almost uninhabitable swampy island.

"We found here, too, a British vice-counsel, who had removed from the old port of Chagres, and who had his office on the top of one of the several 'medical stores,' which the unhealthy climate and bad liquors of the 'drinking saloons' doubtless lucratively supported. Here, too, we began to learn the value of a dollar, and the free Jamaica

nearly the whole way by the luxuriant trees and pretty orchids of the tropics, and we happily escaped with only one or two smart showers during the trip.

"We arrived at Gorgona, a small native village, about thirty-five miles from the Atlantic, between five and six in the evening, and as it was then too late to go on to Cruces by boat, we were compelled to make up our minds, and, as it turned out, our beds too, to spend the night at Gorgona. Here four or five wooden houses, bearing large sign-boards, offering hospitality and accommodation to travellers, struggled for our patronage, but, as we afterwards found, this accommodation extended little beyond the *outside* declaration; indeed, a more dirty, disagreeable, uncomfortable place to pass a night in would with difficulty be found in the highway of modern travel.

"We selected, 'faute de mieux,' the Union Hotel, and after paying more dollars to have our luggage conveyed from the boat thither, we sat down with ravenous appetites to doubtful eggs, the hardest of hard Yankee ham, rice, and preserved cranberries; and from all such fare may I be preserved in future! Hunger, however, knows no laws. We had not made a regular or an eatable meal since our last dinner on board the West India steamer, so this fare, bad as it was, was acceptable. The place contained a few stores and more drinking 'saloons,' which were principally kept by the 'enterprising Yankee.' The Gorgona road to Panamá was just then open, it being passable only in the dry season, and it was estimated that two thousand persons had passed through this place during the last week on their way to or from California. I noticed here one sign-board, the position of which struck me as peculiarly *à propos* to the true state of things; it was that of the 'Traveller's Home,' and either by accident or design, the board was hanging upside down! After our meal, we took a stroll over the village to

arrange the preliminaries for our departure in the morning, and one of my companions, an officer in the navy, who was proceeding to the Pacific to join his ship, found that a new trunk which he had brought from England was too large to be conveyed by mule to Panamá. It had cost him £5 in London, and seven dollars (£1. 8s.) to get it thus far on the road; but there was no help for it, he had to sell it here for four dollars (16s.), and pay a dollar more for a packing-needle to sew his traps up in blankets, which blankets cost some dollars more.

"We decided to take the Gorgona road, and arranged to have saddle mules ready early in the morning, to convey us to Panamá for 20 dollars (£4) each, and to pay 16½ cents, or 9d. a pound additional, for the conveyance of our luggage. Having settled these important details, paid down the cash, and given up our luggage, except that which could be strung to our saddles, we went to inspect a 'free ball,' which had been got up with all available splendour in celebration of some feast, and here we had a rare opportunity of seeing assembled many shades of colour in the human face divine; a gorgeous display of native jewellery, and not the most happy mixture of bright colours in the toilettes of those who claimed to be the 'fair sex.' Dancing, however, and drinking, too, seemed to be kept up with no lack of spirit and energy, to the inharmonious combination of a fiddle and a drum; and those of the assembly whose tastes led them to quieter pursuits, had the opportunity of losing at adjoining gambling-tables the dollars they had so easily and quickly extracted from the travellers who had had occasion to avail themselves of their services. These tables, too, were kept by the 'enterprising Yankee.' Having seen all this, and smoked out our cigars, we sought our beds, when we found for each a shelf or 'bunk' in a room which our host boasted had, at a push, contained twenty-five or thirty per-

sons. We luckily were fewer, and the fatigue of our journey sent 'soft slumbers' to aid us to forget our present cares and wants, and prepare us for the morrow.

"On awaking at daylight, I found a basin and a pail of water set out in the open air on an old piano-forte, which some rash traveller had probably been tempted to bring thus far on the road, and, as its interior would not conveniently sew up in blankets, like the contents of my friend R. N.'s trunk, it had become so far reduced in circumstances as to serve as our wash-hand stand. I at once proceeded to make a most refreshing open-air toilette, and after a breakfast of the same nature as our supper, we mounted our mules for our onward journey.

"It was a strange scene, that starting from Gorgona, and reminded me of the famous start of good John Gilpin. But there was no fear of our steeds bolting with us. They had only arrived from Panamá the night before, and any animal less stupid than a mule would have flatly refused the journey now. For us, 'necessitas non habet legem.' And all honour must be given to the Isthmus mules, notwithstanding their stupidity, for the good service these hard-working, sure-footed animals did, in days gone by, and did then, under bad food and worse treatment.

"Our party was now broken up, and with only six or my old companions, a small despatch-case, a bag, and a soda-water bottle of brandy tied to the saddle, I bade farewell to the shades of Gorgona, at seven A.M. The brandy was the last of the good things of the ship, and the only provision which I was induced to take, although in those days the West India steamers provided pic-nic packages for the Isthmus travellers.

"We had not proceeded more than a mile on our road before we overtook an Italian of our yesterday's party, with his wife and daughter, all walking; the two latter being

afraid to ride the mules they had hired, and which followed them, led by the guides.

"The road, a narrow bridle-path through the forest, was bad beyond description; in many places the mud was so deep that it covered the legs of both mule and rider, while those who were not thrown off into it, were frequently obliged to unseat themselves to allow the animal to get out of it. The weather was excessively hot, although we had several heavy showers of rain during the day, and we could seldom get our mules out of a slow walk; for even those who were most successful were obliged to stop for some of the party lagging behind, hence the ride was toilsome and tiresome in the extreme.

"One old Englishman of our party who was very stout, and, consequently, very heavy, was continually either throwing his unfortunate animal down or falling off himself, so that it was utterly impossible to get on with anything like speed; and not to mend matters, towards the afternoon an irascible gentleman lost a bag from his saddle, containing, among other valuables, his letters of credit; and when, after a long search, the bag was found by a native (who was rewarded by a couple of dollars), the important papers were missing. This very nearly led to a 'row,' for pistols and bowie-knives were produced; but as the missing papers actually turned up afterwards, it was only another cause of delay. But after more or less interruption, we at last arrived at a hut called the 'True-half-way-house,' and it being then six o'clock, we were obliged to halt for the night, giving our mules in charge of two guides who had accompanied us.

Again we sat down to supper, tired, hungry and dirty; and again hard ham, bad eggs, and cranberries. The '*house*,' as it was called, had been newly built, having for walls nothing but fir poles about three inches apart, and for

a roof out-stretched canvas. The establishment comprised an Irishman, a Frenchman, and two Americans. There were several pigs, too, running about, and one fine turkey, but no other hut or habitation near. One of my companions, a German, caused much amusement by asking for a boot-jack, and aspiring to have his muddy boots cleaned. Being tired and stiff from sitting all day in the saddle, I smoked my dear Havana and turned again into a bunk, where I soon fell asleep and became food for mosquitoes. I awoke at day-break, and arousing our landlord, who slept above me, and my German friend, who, after having bathed his body in a pie-dish of brandy, had reposed below me, we soon got ready for breakfast, and got breakfast ready for us. Oh! for the Gorgona pail of water and pianoforte! Alas, I was only allowed to dash a teacupful of water in my poor mosquito-bitten face, for water here was a luxury. As the coffee and tea were kept in saucepans on the fire during the night, we had not long to wait for our meal; again hard ham, hard biscuit, and by way of change, onions and treacle! Having paid for this 'accommodation' two and a half dollars (10s.), we started in search of our mules, which we had been compelled to pay for before hand, and found to our dismay that the guides had made off with them during the night. Nothing then remained for it but to walk the rest of the distance to Panamá in about twelve miles of mud, and what was even less agreeable, carry those of our traps which we had brought with us.

"It was about half-past six o'clock when we left the 'True-half-way-house,' which we afterwards learned was one mile nearer to Panamá than half-way from Gorgona. The road, although very rough and bad, was a vast improvement upon that we had traversed on the previous day; but the morning sun was extremely hot, and the heat of the whole day excessive. We took off our coats, rolled them

into bundles, and strung them with our traps across our shoulders, and so marched on to Panamá, arriving there about one in the afternoon.

"Never in my life had I been in such a mess! After a glorious wash I at once went to bed, sending the servant to purchase for me a clean ready-made suit from head to foot, for our luggage had not yet arrived. Nor did it arrive until two days after us. This delay in the arrival of one's luggage was, I learned, of frequent occurrence; and the people at the hotel told me, quite a matter of course, that I had better buy what I required for the present. It was more by good luck than anything else that I was enabled to do so, for I had spent in crossing all the loose cash I had set apart for the Isthmus transit, and my letters of credit were on Lima. Those who like myself were out of cash, and not so fortunate as to find friends at Panamá, remained in bed until their clothes were dry.

"In those days the gold fever had reached even Panamá. Everybody tried to make money, and many indeed made fortunes. I remember finding at the hotel several American ladies, who occupied the time they were detained for their ship by making dresses for women and children coming from Colon, who were sure to arrive without their luggage. These dresses were easily sold for large sums. . . .

"From the foregoing it will be seen that the distance to be traversed, whether from Chagres to Panamá, or from Colon to Panamá, was, after all, trifling; but there appears to have been an utter want of provision for the requirements of the travellers, who, as I have said before, arrived by hundreds. The old road of the time of the Spaniards seems to have been allowed to fall into the most complete disorder, and to render difficulties more difficult. The mules were often insufficient in number to meet the demands of the passengers and their luggage, and when to be obtained they

had frequently been overworked, and were unfit to make the trip. Provisions, as shown, were difficult to procure, and, when procured, very bad in quality, while the other absolute necessities, such as change of clothing and proper sleeping-places, after a day's exposure to a broiling sun and heavy rain, it was impossible to procure at any price. Was it any wonder, then, that people unaccustomed to such hardships fell victims to them, and that Panamá became best known in those days as the seat of a malignant fever, often fatal to the European? . . .

"In these earlier days of Isthmus travel, the now almost abandoned hotels of Panamá were quite insufficient to accommodate the hordes from the United States, who were attracted to California by the gold discoveries, although four or five beds were placed in each room, and often two persons in each bed. Lodgings were gladly taken in even the most miserable rooms, and with the most wretched accommodation, while passengers often encamped in the open streets and squares of the city. The old city was literally astounded by the influx of noisy Yankees who paraded the town, armed with bowie-knives and revolvers, which were from time to time made use of in the excitement caused by gambling and the liquor of the impromptu drinking-saloons. From these earlier emigrants, and from such men as accompanied Walker in Nicaragua, the South Americans derived their first knowledge of the American of the northern States. The impression created was far from favorable. Emigrants who had no thought about the Isthmus but an impatient desire to get away from it appeared to the Panameños like invaders, who were only waiting for an opportunity to seize the town, or who had already taken possession of it. . . .

"In April, 1856, a *fracas* occurred between the natives and passengers, arising out of a dispute about some fruit, which has since been known as the 'Panamá Massacre.'

The knives of the natives and the revolvers of the Yankees were alike called into play. The contempt of the Americans for the blacks of Panamá, and the dislike and fear of the natives of the Americans, but too readily kindled the spark into a flame. The bewildered governor ordered his ragged soldiers to fire upon the passengers, and several innocent lives were sacrificed and much property destroyed before this lamentable affair ended. This was but the explosion of antipathies and jealousies long pent up. . . .

"Among the temporary settlers on the Isthmus, who were attracted by the hope of making a rapid fortune out of the by-passers, were many Americans, who had earned titles in the war in Texas; almost every American was a colonel or captain. Funny stories are told of two brothers who set up an hotel in Panamá; one was a major, and the other a colonel. A companion of mine went to the hotel upon one occasion to engage beds, and asked to see Mr. ——, the proprietor: 'Which one do you want, sar?' inquired the negro servant. 'Well, I don't know,' my companion replied; 'I merely meant to engage beds for some passengers who are expected to-morrow.' 'Oh, then it's the *major* you want,' replied the servant; 'the colonel attends to the bar—the major to the bedrooms.'"