

Gold, Silver, and Spice

Barbara Westphal

Pacific Press® Publishing Association
Nampa, Idaho
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
www.pacificpress.com



ISBN 978-0816327508



9 780816 327508

Cover design by Gerald Monks

Originally published in 1951.

The author assumes full responsibility for the accuracy of all facts and quotations as cited in this book.

Heritage Project

This book is part of the Pacific Press® Heritage Project, a plan to re-publish classic books from our historical archives and to make valuable books available once more. The content of this book is presented as it was originally published and should be read with its original publication date in mind.

You can obtain additional copies of this book by calling toll-free 1-800-765-6955 or by visiting www.adventistbookcenter.com. You can purchase this as an e-book by visiting www.adventist-ebooks.com.

Copyright © 2011 Edition by Pacific Press® Publishing Association

Printed in the United States of America

All rights reserved

ISBN 13: 978-0-8163-2750-8

ISBN 10: 0-8163-2750-5

Table of Contents

Preface.....	4
Chapter 1 The Cousins Arrive	6
Chapter 2 For Spice - Columbus	11
Chapter 3 For a Passageway - Magellan Part 1.....	21
Chapter 4 For a Passageway - Magellan Part 2.....	29
Chapter 5 For Gold - Pizarro Part 1	36
Chapter 6 For Gold - Pizarro Part 2.....	44
Chapter 7 For Silver - Founding of Buenos Aires	53
Chapter 8 For Liberty - San Martin Part 1	61
Chapter 9 For Liberty - San Martin PART 2.....	69
Chapter 10 For Independence - Bolívar Part 1	77
Chapter 11 For Independence - Bolívar Part 2.....	83
Chapter 12 For the Eastern Shore - Artigas	93
Chapter 13 For an Empire - Dom Pedro II Part 1	100
Chapter 14 For an Empire - Dom Pedro II Part 2.....	106
Chapter 15 For Power - Paraguay	118
Chapter 16 For Education - Sarmiento	126

Preface

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS :

During the eighteen years that we lived in South America I was often happily surprised to learn how much our South American boys and girls know about George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Benjamin Franklin. I have been unhappily surprised to find that our boys and girls know little about the South American heroes, though they, too, were Americans!

We often forget that our neighbors in South America are as much Americans as are we in North America. They are fortunate, however, to have other names for their countries, so they can speak of themselves as Argentineans or Peruvians. Sometimes we don't like to be called "Yankees," but what other name can they give us? "North Americans?" No, that wouldn't be right either, for the Canadians and the Mexicans are North Americans, too. "Estadounidenses" (United Statesers) would be more correct, but that is a difficult mouthful for even their quick tongues - and I think most of us "gringos" (foreigners) couldn't say it naturally at all. Besides, there are other United States in the world-those of Brazil and those of Mexico, for example.

I hope you boys and girls who live in "our" America will enjoy these stories about explorers, liberators, emperors, chieftains, and dictators who lived in the other America under the Southern Cross.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

You will find it easy to pronounce the pretty Spanish names in the right way if you remember that -

a is always ah

o is always oh

i is always ee

e is always ay

Each new Spanish name is marked for you the first time it appears. Watch the accents!

Sincerely yours,
AUNT BARBARA.

Chapter 1

The Cousins Arrive

“THE mailman!” called Earline to her sister. Earline had been sitting on the porch steps with Pogo, her dog. Now Faye came flying up the street on her new bicycle. She was light as a fairy, with red-gold hair flying in the wind. As she reached her own walk she met the mailman coming down the street. Met him? Why, she almost bumped into that patient man, but the brakes brought her to a sudden stop.

“Any letters for us?” panted Faye, with Pogo barking at her heels.

“Well, there are some for your father and mother. Maybe you girls haven’t been writing many letters.” He took a bunch of letters from his leather bag and handed them to Faye.

“Looks as if you had some more foreign stamps for your collection,” he said as he went on down the street.

“Oh, thank you!” said Earline sweetly, though the stamps would be for Faye. Her sister had suddenly left the bicycle lying at the curb and was running to the back door.

“Mother, here’s a letter with some foreign stamps! Air-mail stamps, too! Where is it from?”

Her mother wiped her soapy hands and took the letter. “That must be from your Uncle Henry. His writing is almost as bad as daddy’s! You know, he is coming home from South America this month.”

“Are the boys coming with him?”

“Will he come by airplane as this letter did?”

“May we go to meet them?”

Both girls were full of questions. Their mother opened the letter and began to smile, while dimples crept into her cheeks. She read:

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

DEAR BROTHER AND FAMILY:

We are having a wonderful trip home. In several places we have stayed a few days to visit old friends. So far Barbara and I have not been airsick. The boys are learning lots of geography as we fly over one country after another. When we see you we shall tell you about everything and show you some pictures, too.

We expect to leave Mexico City next Thursday morning, reaching Brownsville, Texas, at noon. If you can't meet us in the car, we'll take a bus to Weslaco to visit you. The boys are anxious to get acquainted with their cousins.

Love from all,

HENRY.

"We can go to Brownsville to meet them, can't we?" begged Faye.

"I want to be there to see them get off the plane," pleaded Earline.

Their mother put the letter back in the envelope. "We'll ask daddy when he comes home for dinner," she said as she turned back to the dishes in the kitchen sink.

"Why, Earline, how sweet you are!" exclaimed mother. "I didn't notice you were wiping dishes while I was reading the letter!" She gave Earline a kiss; and when she looked up, Faye was putting her hands in the warm suds at the sink. So there was a kiss for her, too.

"I'll make a surprise for daddy for dinner," mother said, "since my girls are so helpful."

When daddy came home at noon, there were two surprises for him - a banana cream pie and the letter from his brother. "Won't it be great to see Henry and Barbara again after ten years!" exclaimed daddy.

"We haven't seen Arthur since he was a baby," remarked mother, "and we have never seen their other boy. He must be about Earline's age."

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“And they haven’t seen me,” Earline reminded her mother.

Their father laughed. “They haven’t seen either of our girls, have they, mother? We’re going to be real proud of our family! We’ll have lots of fun together.”

Then the questions began:

“Can they talk Spanish?”

“Do they look like us, or do they look Spanish?”

“How old are they?”

“Can we both go to meet them and see the plane land?”

Daddy answered that though he would like to go very much, he might not be able to get away from the office. “A doctor like me has to be where sick persons can call him,” he told them. The girls understood. The telephone was frequently ringing because someone needed medical help. He didn’t have time to go on many picnics or trips with the family.

“But mamma can take us, can’t she?” insisted Faye.

“Oh, yes; mother can go in the car and meet them,” said daddy.

“And we may go, too?” asked both girls together.

“Well, let’s see,” said daddy slowly, “there are four of them, and they will have several pieces of luggage. But I suppose three grown persons and four not-so-big can ride home comfortably.”

The girls clapped their hands, and Pogo joined in with a few barks at the back door.

The next Thursday the girls and their mother were at the airport in Brownsville at a quarter to twelve.

“What time will the plane from Mexico City be in?” their mother asked at the information window in the waiting room.

“We expect it right on time, madam, at twelve o’clock.”

Mother sat down in the waiting room by a large window. But the girls asked permission to stand on the porch and watch.

“Which way will it come from, Faye?” asked her sister.

“From the south,” answered Faye, pointing with her finger, “because they come from Mexico and South America.”

There were others there, too, looking into the blue sky. At last they saw a little speck in the south. Then they heard the

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

hum of motors, and then the roar as the big plane taxied to a stop. Airport attendants hurried to the plane. The platform, with its steps, was put in position. Then the door of the plane was opened, and the passengers began to descend.

“How will we know them?” the girls asked each other anxiously. By now their mother was standing beside them, and suddenly she began to wave and call. Then they saw that a man and a woman were waving and calling to them. There were two boys beside them who waved at the girls.

“Can’t we get to them?” asked Earline, as she noticed that the attendants were guiding them to a room on the side of the building.

“They have to go through customs inspection first,” mother explained, “because they come from a foreign country. The inspectors will open their luggage to see what they have. We’ll have to wait. Soon they will come out that side door.”

It was an impatient wait for the girls outside and for the boys inside; but soon the door opened, and they were all hugging and kissing each other and piling the luggage into the car.

“Earline has her mother’s dimples,” said Aunt Barbara.

“And Melbert has his mother’s round face!” laughed Earline’s mother.

“And look at these two redheads,” said Uncle Henry, grinning and laying one hand on Faye’s hair and one on

Arthur’s. “They certainly belong to the same family, don’t they?”

The children had been looking at each other shyly, once the first greetings were over; but now they began to feel as if they really were cousins.

Uncle Henry wanted to drive the car, and mother was glad to have him do it, for she was tired. Uncle Henry said he didn’t have a car in South America, and he wanted to see if he still could drive.

Aunt Barbara sighed, “Isn’t it lovely to be home again!” Then she began to say the words of a poem as she looked out of the window:

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“So it’s home again, and home again, America for me!”

Chapter 2

For Spice - Columbus

DURING the next few days Faye and Earline were amused to hear their cousins chattering to each other in Spanish. The first time Arthur spoke to them in English they couldn't help laughing. He spoke distinctly and slowly, and with a slight accent. Little Melbert refused to talk to them in English, but he understood everything they said to him.

Aunt Barbara had been anxious to go shopping. "I want to go to see the five-and-ten once more," she explained. I've missed them so much in South America. Then we must buy some North American clothes for the boys. They looked all right in their short pants and three-quarter socks when we left Buenos Aires. They were dressed like other children their age, but all the boys here have long pants."

It was Saturday evening when Earline climbed up on her uncle's lap and said, "Please tell us a story, Uncle Henry."

Faye and the boys sat on stools and pillows at his feet.

"A story?" mused Uncle Henry. "What about?"

"Oh, about South America," the girls replied.

"Well, ask me some questions," he said, "and maybe that will bring a story to my mind."

"Did Columbus also discover South America?" quickly asked Faye.

"That's a good question," said Uncle Henry. "He certainly did discover South America. On his first voyage he found an island which he named San Salvador. He also discovered Cuba and Haiti. Cuba was such a large island that he thought it must be the mainland of the Indies."

"That's what they called China and Japan, wasn't it?" asked Faye.

"Yes. Many people had read about Marco Polo's trips to China and the East Indies, and these were the countries Columbus was trying to find, for he knew that they were very

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

rich countries. Traders couldn't follow the old caravan routes any more to the East, for the Turks had set up an empire at the crossroads. The European people had learned to enjoy luxuries from the Orient. They also liked cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger as much as you children do in cookies and gingerbread, and they missed the fragrant-smelling spices used to preserve foods, and were anxious to be able to buy them again. I'm sure you know the story of Columbus's first voyage. He believed that, since the world was round, he could reach the Indies by sailing west. He had no idea how large the world really was or how much of it was covered by great oceans. When he did find land, of course he thought it was part of the Indies. He was so sure of this that he sent messengers to explore Cuba and to find the Grand Khan. They took with them a letter of introduction that the king and queen of Spain had written to that unknown ruler.

"When he made his second voyage he only found more islands where naked savages lived instead of the people in silks and jewels from the court of the Grand Khan. Columbus found that there was not much interest in Spain any more for the Indies. Although King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella received him graciously, he knew that many persons had advised them not to waste any more money on his voyages, for he never brought home enough gold or spices to pay for the trips.

"The king told Columbus he thought there must be a real continent across the ocean. Some wise men had told the king that the greatest riches were always to be found in the hot tropical countries near the equator. So Columbus was determined to sail as far south as the hot countries of Africa and then strike out for the west and see if he could not find a continent that had gold and spices. He longed to please the king and queen and take riches back to them.

"When he got as far as the Canary Islands in 1498, part of his fleet was sent over the route that they already knew, directly to Santo Domingo. Here the colony they called Hispaniola had been founded on his second voyage. Columbus took the other little ships farther south, as he had planned. It was a new route

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

for the explorer, and he didn't know about the terrible doldrums in tropical seas."

"Doll - what?" Earline looked up with a puzzled expression.

"Doldrums, girlie, are places on the ocean where the wind doesn't blow. In the days of Columbus, you know, they had no engines in their ships, but depended on the wind to blow the sails and make the boat go. So it was a dreadful experience when the sailors suddenly found themselves in a strange sea with no wind. It happened to be on a Friday the thirteenth! The heat was terrible. For eight days they lay there, praying for a breeze. Then suddenly the wind came up, and away they sailed, happy to hear the admiral's command, West! West!"

"They sailed west so far that the sailors began to complain. They were afraid of being lost, but Columbus knew by his charts where they were, and he promised to sail north toward Santo Domingo. Shortly after they started north he saw on the western horizon the peaks of three mountains."

"Sa then they turned west again, didn't they?" guessed Arthur.

"Yes, indeed. They were very glad to land on the southern coast of the island Columbus named Trinidad. There they bathed and washed their clothes and, best of all, drank fresh, pure water. As they sailed on around the island they could see another island to the west. That is, they thought it was an island! It was really the mainland of South America, but they didn't know it. Columbus sailed across the Gulf of Paria, which is at the mouth of the Orinoco River, and landed on South

America August 1, 1498, but lie still didn't realize that he had found the continent he was looking for. The bay was full of muddy water that was not salty as was the ocean, but sweet and fresh. It was evidently river water!

"One of Columbus's men sailed farther along the coast and found the mouths of four great rivers emptying into the gulf. They were part of the delta or mouth of the great Orinoco, a river that is fifteen hundred miles long and reaches right into the heart of South America. Some of the sailors told Columbus

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

that such big rivers, carrying so much water, couldn't flow out of an island. The land must be a continent. But at first Columbus couldn't believe it. Still, as he studied his charts later and thought about it, he decided it must be a continent. Then he wrote the king and queen, telling them about it. But he had no idea that the continent was a new one on the Western Hemisphere. He thought it was part of the Indies, that is, part of Asia.

“When they finally reached Santo Domingo they found that their fellow countrymen, the Spanish settlers, were fighting with one another. Columbus's brother was the governor of the island in the absence of the admiral himself, but he had made slaves of the Indians. They were forced to pay tribute in gold, and they were tortured if they didn't find the gold in large quantities. Columbus thought that he didn't have enough loyal men to really fight with the rebels on the island, so he came to terms with them instead.

“In place of the gold tribute, which the Indians could not pay, Columbus planned to let each Spaniard have a certain amount of land with a certain number of Indian slaves to work it. That was the beginning of the repartimientos the Spaniards continued to receive all over the islands they settled, and later in South America, too.

“The colonists' only thought was how to get rich quickly without working. Columbus and his brother had so much trouble governing the selfish, cruel Spaniards on the island that Columbus wrote the king to send out a royal officer to establish peace and justice. When this officer arrived, he was horrified to see seven Spaniards hanging from the gallows. He put both Columbus and his brother in jail and then sent them home on a ship with iron fetters on their ankles. The proud admiral, the discoverer of the New World, crossing the ocean in chains! It hurt right down to the bottom of his heart!

“After he had been in Spain about six weeks, the king and queen ordered him to be freed and to appear at court. When Columbus talked with them again, they knew that he didn't deserve to be a prisoner, but they seemed to think that he

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

hadn't been a good governor of the island, and they never gave him that office again.

“Columbus had two sons who were pages at the court. Diego, the elder boy, was already twenty-one, and the younger boy, Ferdinand, was twelve. Columbus stayed near the court, always trying to get permission from the king and queen for another journey. Perhaps it was because they were tired of his continual begging that they finally consented to pay the expenses of one more voyage.

“On this fourth trip Columbus took his younger boy, Ferdinand. He had four ships, and there were in all one hundred forty men. It was his aim to find a passageway through the lands he had discovered - a strait that would lead him to the waters around China and Japan that Marco Polo had told such marvelous stories about.

“Since there was another governor on the island of Santo Domingo now, the king and queen asked Columbus not to stop there on the way out. Probably they feared that there might be trouble between the old governor and the new one. But Columbus felt that he needed to stop in order to send letters back to Spain by a fleet that was in the harbor all ready to sail. Also he wanted to exchange one of his boats for a better one. As Columbus sailed into the harbor, he noticed the sure signs on the water and in the sky of a hurricane. He wrote a letter to the new governor and advised him not to let the fleet sail for Spain until after the storm. But the new governor had no use for advice from Columbus. The fleet sailed anyway. The governor refused also to let Columbus's ship stay in the harbor until after the hurricane. The admiral took his ships around into a sheltered cove, and there they rode out a terrible storm. They lost each other, but after the hurricane they all came together again in the place where Columbus had told them to meet.”

“And what happened to the fleet going to Spain?” asked Faye.

“It was almost completely destroyed. Five hundred lives were lost. Only one ship got back to the harbor. And all because the governor had refused to listen to Columbus.”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Did he find our country on this trip, Uncle Henry?” asked Earline anxiously.

“Well, he reached a part of North America, but not the part that is in our United States. It was on the coast of Honduras, below Mexico. As he sailed along the coast of Panama, he found that there were gold mines in that country that were better than the poor ones in Santo Domingo. He wanted to leave some of his men there under his brothers command to found a colony. It was a hot, low country and so wet that it would have been impossible for the men to work the mines. At this place one of his ships got inside a coral reef, and when the water was lower they couldn’t get the boat out over the reef. Then they had a battle with the Indians, and Columbus lost ten men. He knew he couldn’t leave his brother to live in a dangerous place like that, so they had to leave the houses they had built there and the ship in the shallow water, and they sailed away.

“Columbus explored more of the coast of Panama, sailing right past the place where the Panama Canal is now. When he figured that they were south of the islands he knew, they turned north. The ships were leaking badly. Shipworms had made holes right through the hulls of the boats. The men had to pump water out day and night to keep them afloat. If the pumps failed, they had to use kettles while the pumps were being fixed. It was hard, never-ending work. Columbus was lucky to be able to reach a sheltered bay on the island of Jamaica with his leaky ships. But his men didn’t like it on that island, which was inhabited only by Indians. They wished they were in Santo Domingo with their friends. They even began to say that Columbus could have gone to Santo Domingo if he had wanted to, but that he was afraid of the governor there. That is, some of his men said that. Not all of the men were critical.

“The Indians on the island were friendly, and Columbus was anxious to keep them that way. His men traded with them for food, paying in mirrors, beads, or pins. But the admiral wouldn’t let the men go ashore, because he knew they would

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

begin to mistreat the Indians, and soon there would be trouble. They couldn't repair the ships, for they didn't have the tools or workmen who knew how to do it. They had lost their rowboats, and all they had for little coast trips was a large Indian canoe. There they stayed in the bay, completely at the mercy of the Indians. Columbus knew they couldn't keep that up indefinitely. There was only one way out as far as he could see. Finally he told Diego Mendez (Dec-ay'go Men'des) what his plan was. Someone must take the Indian canoe and cross to Santo Domingo to get help for them. For the Spaniards that was a fearful plan - to cross the rough sea in a fragile canoe. When Columbus told his men about it, only one man was brave enough to volunteer. That was Diego Mendez. But he was soon back, saying he needed some soldiers for protection against the Indians who had attacked him on a little island. Columbus sent one of the captains with him in another canoe, with several Spaniards and Indians to help. Some of the Indians died of thirst, and the Spaniards were suffering greatly before they reached Santo Domingo. Columbus had asked one of the captains to return in the canoe to let him know that they had made the trip safely and that help would be coming. But the Indians refused to cross that sea again, and evidently the Spaniards didn't like it either, for they didn't come back."

"So poor Columbus didn't know if they got there or not,"¹⁹ said Faye thoughtfully.

"No, he didn't know. He must have feared that they were lost and that no help would ever come to him. Month after month he waited in that bay. In the meantime some of his men left the ship and refused to obey him any longer. They tried to sail away in canoes, but they were forced to return to the island. They didn't go back to the ship, but stayed with the Indians on the island, making trouble, as Columbus had feared. The admiral feared the Indians would turn against all the white men. It seemed to him that they were bringing less and less food. He played a little trick on them to make them fear and obey him."

"Oh, what kind of trick?" Arthur wanted to know as he sat up straight to listen.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Well, on board ship, he had a book about eclipses, and he calculated at what time and on what night there would be an eclipse of the moon.”

Uncle Henry noticed that Melbert and Earline did not understand. “An eclipse of the moon is what takes place when the earth’s shadow darkens the moon. That happens when the earth is between the sun and the moon. He called the Indians together and told them that the heavens were displeased with the Spaniards who woe rebels and had left the ships, and also with the Indians who were not bringing enough food to the white men. He told them to watch the moon when it rose that night and they would see how God was punishing them. Some of the Indians laughed, but when they saw the moon rise that night and saw it become darker and darker they were full of terror. They cried to Columbus to forgive them, and they rushed to bring him supplies. The admiral told them that he would go into his cabin and talk with his God. While he was in the cabin he may have done some real praying, for he was a devout man and the situation was desperate; but he did something else, too. He figured carefully at what moment the shadow would begin to pass away and leave the moon clear and bright again. Then he went out on deck and told them that God had heard their prayers and would forgive them. They could now see that the shadow was beginning to disappear, and the yellow part of the moon began to grow larger and larger. After that he had no more trouble with the Indians!

“But it was nearly a year before a ship finally sailed into the harbor. Even then it wasn’t Mendez with help, but a ship sent by the governor of Santo Domingo to spy on them and see if they were really in need. However, the ship brought a letter from Mendez saying that he had tried in vain to get a boat, but would come very soon to get them. When the rebels heard this, naturally they wanted to get back on the ship. Columbus offered to pardon them, but instead they began to quarrel. There was a fight between the loyal men and the mutineers, or rebels. Columbus’s men were the winners. The mutineers were taken aboard ship, but their leader was chained.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“They had been in that bay in Jamaica for a year and five days when Diego Mendez’s ship finally came to get them. In Santo Domingo they found another ship to sail home on. The boy Ferdinand was sixteen when he got back to Spain. I imagine he grew up on that long voyage and came home a man. He has written all about the trip, and a valuable and interesting story it is. It had been a long, hard trip, with more troubles with the wind and waves than on any of the other voyages. Columbus had not found the strait, nor had he found riches. It was useless for him to beg the king and queen for more favors. The good Isabella was dying when he returned to Spain. The admiral’s hard life had made him an old man, and he was ill. Ferdinand tired of Columbus’s continual asking for more and more privileges. The king finally named the elder son, Diego, admiral in place of his father. Columbus had all the money he needed, but not all the honors that had been promised him.

“When he died on May 20 or 21, 1506, his younger brother, his two sons, and the two brave captains who made that fearful canoe trip to save him, were by his side. Columbus was a God-fearing man who had served the king and queen with devotion. I hope he realized that although he hadn’t found the spices he was searching for he had found a great new world that sometime would make Spain the richest country on earth.”

“Why wasn’t the New World named after him?” Arthur wanted to know.

“It does sound as if it should have been. ‘Columbia’ would have been a pretty name for our country.”

“It is the name of a country in South America,” volunteered Arthur. “We stopped there on our way home.”

“A mapmaker first put the name ‘America’ on the new land, for he had read some stories written by a man named Amerigo Vespucci (A-may-ree’go Ves-poot-chee) about his travels in the New World.”

“I think ‘America’ is a beautiful name. The children looked up when they heard Aunt Barbara’s voice and saw her standing in the doorway. “How many times I’ve thought of Van Dyke’s lovely poem about America and longed for -

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“A ship that’s westward bound to plow the rolling sea, To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars!”

“But right now,” she laughed, “I know four children who want a ship that’s bound for the land of Nod.”

Chapter 3

Part 1

For a Passageway - Magellan

THE next morning when the children came to breakfast they noticed that Aunt Barbara was spreading sandwiches, and Uncle Henry was taking ice cubes out of the tray and slipping them into the thermos jug.

“A picnic!” sang the girls together.

“That’s right,” said mother. “Daddy is going to take a day off, and we are going to the beach.”

Arthur wanted to know to what beach they were going, for he didn’t think that there was one near Weslaco. His aunt explained that they always went to a beach on the gulf.

“You mean the Gulf of Mexico?” “That’s right.”

“Oh, that’s great!” he said. “Mother, where’s my swimming suit?”

“Already out in the car,” laughed Aunt Barbara, “along with all the rest of the swimming suits and towels.”

Melbert had a troubled look on his face, and he was trying to whisper something in his mother’s ear. At the same time Earline was whispering in her mother’s ear, too, and, when her mother nodded, she ran to the buffet and found a little package.

“This is for you, Melbert,” said Earline politely as she handed the package to her cousin.

Melbert lost no time in opening it, and then he said, “Thank you!” and he really said it in English! The package contained blue bathing shorts. They were what he needed, and what he had been trying to tell his mother he didn’t have!

A few hours later the children were stretched out on the sand, tired after a good frolic with the waves.

“Aunt Barbara,” begged Earline, “would you tell us a story? Uncle Henry is sound asleep.” Sure enough there was Uncle

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

Henry with a large straw hat over his face. The girls' daddy, too, was lost to the world, stretched out on the sand beside him.

"A story about South America?"

"Yes," said Faye; "tell us about some more explorers. Who found out that it was really a continent?"

"Well, of course Columbus himself thought it was a continent, and then there were many other explorers who sailed along its coast, and little by little they came to know that it was a large continent. The captain of one of Columbus's three ships went on a voyage by himself and sailed along the coast of South America until he came to the mouth of a great river. He thought it must be the Ganges in India. But it was the Amazon. Here, let's make a map in the sand."

Melbert gave his shovel to his mother and with the handle she traced an outline of South America in the damp sand. The children laughed about their geography class on the beach.

"Here is the Amazon," said Aunt Barbara, drawing a line almost across the sandy continent. "The largest river in all the world, it is. The same captain came back on another voyage and sailed along the coast, perhaps as far south as Uruguay. He was trying to find a passage that they could sail through to get to the Indies. Then one of the captain's companions, named Solís (So-lees'), returned and sailed still farther south. He found another great river of muddy water. We call it the Rio de la Plata (Ree'oh day lah Plah'tah) now, but for a long time it was named after Soils. The Indians killed him and some of his men, and the rest sailed back to Spain with the news of a great river, but still no passage leading to the Indies."

By this time the Rio de la Plata with its big branches was traced in the sand, too.

"And then came the greatest voyage of all. The longest, the hardest, and the most important. Can you guess what great explorer I'm thinking about? Columbus sailed only a little more than a month away from the Canary Islands, but this man sailed three times as long on a new ocean after he had already been away from Spain a year and his men were tired and his provisions low."

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Oh, I know, I know!” cried Faye. “It was Magellan.”

“You are right. It was Magellan.”

“Tell us about when he was a boy, Aunt Barbara,” begged Earline, looking up from the tunnel she was digging in the sand.

“I wish I could, my dear; but we really don’t know anything about Magellan when he was a boy. The first we really know of him is that he sailed away from Portugal with a fleet that was bound for the East Indies to get spices and wealth for his country. The Portuguese had found a way to reach the Fortunate Isles, or Spice Islands, by going around Africa. So when the Turks wouldn’t let the traders go by caravan over land any more, the Portuguese were able to get to the precious spices by sea. They were anxious to keep this route and this trade all for their own country, so they sent out ships to build forts along the way and to make sure that no other countries could trade in the East Indies.

“Magellan was twenty-five when he first sailed away from his homeland. He was away for seven years - sailing, trading, fighting, in the new lands for Portugal. During this time he was wounded. He was shipwrecked. He saw the ruler of the Malayans, called the ‘sultan,’ play a trick on the Portuguese. I’ll tell you about that.

“Magellan had been sent by one of the captains to tell the commander of the fleet that all was not well. The sultan had seemed very friendly. But suddenly, at a signal from his palace, the Malays began to attack the Portuguese. The boats were able to sail away quickly, but the sailors who happened to be on shore were killed by the natives. Only one escaped. He was Magellan’s friend, Serrao (Se-rroun’). There he stood on the shore, fighting off the natives, and crying for help. Magellan and another sailor rowed to shore and rescued him, though they might have been killed themselves. From that time on you can imagine that Magellan and Serrao were greater friends than ever. Magellan was not a friendly man, and so he must have been happy to have this one true friend. Serrao didn’t go back to Portugal with the fleet. He liked it so much in the beautiful

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

islands full of spice and fruit that he stayed there the rest of his life. Once in a while he found a chance to write to his old friend Magellan and tell him about the wonderful islands where he lived like a chief among the natives.

“When Magellan came back to his own country after these seven years, he found that Portugal had grown rich from the spice trade; but he was poor and lame. Hoping for some favor from the king for his years of service, he went to the court and became a courtier. But it was a dull life for a man who had been so adventurous, and, besides, the pay was small. Then he went to fight for the king in Africa against the pirates. Again he was wounded, and from that time on his knee was always stiff. Again he returned home, hoping the king would give him a pension for his years of service.

“But the king refused to raise his pay and refused to send him out on another expedition as an officer. Magellan saw that there was no hope for him to advance in Portugal, so he asked the king if he might have permission to go to another country to get a position. The king said he didn’t care where Magellan went! But he didn’t leave his country right away. For a while he stayed around where he could talk to sailors who had been in the Spice Islands. He studied the secret maps that were in the king’s library. He planned and talked and figured with his friend, an astronomer. Together they decided to see if the King of Spain would listen to them and let them sail for him.

“Now Spain and Portugal were rivals in the discovery of new lands. But Magellan had been treated so badly by his own king that he didn’t think it was wrong to go to the king of Spain. He knew that the king of Spain would be glad to find a new way to get to the Spice Islands, since the Portuguese tried to keep everyone but themselves from sailing on the route around Africa that they had found. The pope had, in 1493, tried to settle the quarrels between Spain and Portugal by establishing an imaginary line, called the Line of Demarcation, running north and south one hundred leagues, or three hundred miles, west of the Azores. He awarded the new lands on one side to Portugal and those on the other side to Spain.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

Magellan believed that the Spice Islands must really lie in the Spanish side, and that was another thing he thought would please Charles I, the eighteen-year-old king of Spain. This king was also known as Charles V of Germany.

“A few months after he reached Spain, after much hard work, he was able to sign an agreement with the king of Spain which gave him permission to sail a fleet west to find a strait by which they could reach the Spice Islands. The king promised Magellan great riches and honor for himself and for his sons if he should find the islands and other new lands.”

“Did he have any children? You didn’t say he was married,” remarked the children.

“Yes, he was married in Spain to a girl named Beatrice. Her parents were Portuguese who lived in Spain, and her father helped Magellan. Her brother sailed away with him when he left. It took Magellan a long time to get the boats and hire the sailors, and to buy all the different things that would be needed on a voyage that might take two years. He was careful to buy every single thing they might need. It was a year and a half before Magellan was all ready. By that time he had a baby boy to say good-by to, as well as a wife.

“Even before he sailed, Magellan was afraid he was going to have trouble with the Spanish officers the king had sent along. Naturally these Spaniards didn’t like being under the orders of a Portuguese. Magellan was not the kind to win over the officers by kindness and friendliness. Instead, he was very stern and strict, and he never asked their advice about anything or told them what his plans were. He had two hundred sixty-five men under him, on five ships. He himself sailed on the ‘Trinidad,’ his flagship. In December they reached the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro (Ree’o day Jan-nay’-ro), where they found friendly natives and fresh fruits and good water. Then they sailed on south, like this - ” Aunt Barbara traced the voyage with her finger along the coast of South America.

“On a low sandy shore they spied a mountain all by itself. ‘Monte vide eu!’ exclaimed the sailors in their language,

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

meaning, 'I saw a mountain,' and Montevideo is the name of the place now."

"Mother, you mean that is how Montevideo got its name?"

"That is right, Arthur. You and Melbert and I have climbed to the top of that peak more than once."

"The Cerro (Say'rro)," exclaimed Melbert, remembering the Spanish name.

"Yes, and you recall when we took a boat from Montevideo to Buenos Aires (Bway'nos P'rays) we sailed around the Cerro and up into the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Magellan's ships sailed up the Rio de la Plata, too, hoping that it might be the strait he was looking for. Magellan waited for them in the harbor of Montevideo, and no one knew how disappointed he was when the captains came back and told him that it was only a river - but a river greater than any they had ever before seen! Magellan didn't tell the captains that he knew now that his maps and charts were wrong, for it was right where the Rio de la Plata was that he had expected to find the pass. He told them they would sail on farther south.

"So they sailed on south, farther than anyone else had ever sailed. The land became barren and bleak. The winds grew colder and more stormy and dangerous. It was early spring at home in Portugal now, but down in this strange land winter was coming on. The sailors were afraid. In vain they had explored every bay and river, looking for the strait. When they came to a sheltered bay, Magellan announced that the ships would spend the winter there. It was during that winter that the Spaniards first saw some of the Indians of that land. They were very tall. The Spaniards called them Patagonians, which means 'Trig feet.' The Spaniards were horrified at the amount of sea biscuits a Patagonian Indian could devour in a moment. They wanted to take one of the Indians back to Spain, but they didn't know how to catch such a big, strong fellow. So they let an Indian play with a pair of shackles; then suddenly they snapped them shut around his feet, and he was a prisoner.

"It was a lonely spot there on the bay, and it was a sad, cruel winter, for trouble broke out among Magellan's men. He

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

had put one of the Spanish captains in irons for almost no reason at all, and now the Spanish captains mutinied, and -“

“What’s that?” Earline wanted to know.

“Oh. a mutiny is a rebellion on board ship. The Spanish captains mutinied and took over the ship on which Magellan’s cousin was captain. There were two ships under the mutineers and three that were loyal to Magellan. Then Magellan showed what a bold man he was and how cleverly he planned things. Instead of first trying to get back the small ship they had taken away from him, he planned a surprise attack on the biggest ship right in broad daylight. He had the captain killed, and a few days later he had one of the men who had planned the mutiny killed, too. Again he was in control of the five ships. The men were afraid to disobey him in anything, for they had seen how severe he was and how cruel. Another one of the leaders and a priest who had helped the mutineers were sentenced to be left on the land, alone and helpless, when the ships sailed away.

“The commander sent a ship south to explore the coast line. It was delayed in returning. Magellan was worried. One day, two naked, starving figures appeared. They were two of the men from the missing ship! They had been shipwrecked. The other men were waiting for a boat to get them. Immediately Magellan sent for the other men.

“So there were four boats instead of five when he sailed away from that lonely bay that had sheltered them during the winter. They had with them the Patagonian giant. They left behind them on the shore the two men punished for mutiny, who would undoubtedly starve to death.

“When they came to the place where the ship had been wrecked they found lots of fish in the river, and they stayed there two months, waiting for the long winter to end. They had been on short rations all winter long, and a longer delay was very unfortunate. How could they know that they had almost reached their goal? How could they guess that the strait was only two days’ sailing away from them?”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

At this point in Aunt Barbara's story the two men who had been sleeping so soundly on the sand rolled over, looked at their watches, and said it was time to be going home.

"Oh, daddy," begged the girls, "we are at such an exciting place in the story! Can't we finish?"

But Aunt Barbara said the story was still a long one. She showed the four children, on the sand map, where Magellan had spent the winter, and also showed them where the real strait was. They gathered up their towels and empty lunch basket, slipped on some sweaters and shirts, and were soon riding home.

Chapter 4

Part 2

For a Passageway - Magellan

“AUNT BARBARA, you didn’t tell us you had been through the Strait of Magellan yourself,” began Faye the next evening when the children had finished the dishes and were all together on the living room floor.

“I’ve been there, too,” boasted Arthur.

“Me, too!” added Melbert, in his excitement forgetting that he was afraid to talk English.

“Yes, the boys and I went through there last winter - I mean, last summer! That is, it was summer here,” laughed Aunt Barbara; “but it was certainly the dead of winter down there. We were on an Argentinean ship, but we had a Chilean pilot aboard, for the strait belongs to Chile. So many ships were wrecked on the strait that the Chilean government has mapped the channel and put buoys along the route. Our Chilean pilot stayed at the wheel seventy-two hours to guide us through the strait, which is 370 miles long. It was a wonderful trip.”

“It was cold,” Arthur said. “We put on everything we had: heavy underwear, sweaters, boots, mittens, coats; and we were still cold. There were icicles on the boat. And there was no heat in our cabin.”

“Yes, it was in July,” said Aunt Barbara, “which is the middle of the winter in the southern part of the world. But it was a beautiful trip in spite of the cold. Every morning the sun rose about nine o’clock and then set again at five. The waters of the strait were black, and they were as smooth as glass. The icy mountains came right down to the water’s edge. As we wound in and out of the channels, I marveled more and more that Magellan had been able to find his way through them. Often we came into a space that looked like a lake, closed in on all

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

sides; but the pilot would steer our ship around to one side, and there would be a way out.

“Well, to come back to Magellan: He sent two ships ahead to explore, fearing again that it might be only another bay or river. The ships were to return in five days. During this time there was a hurricane, and the smooth waters became suddenly alive with great, dashing waves. Magellan feared that the ships had been destroyed. In fact, he was about to send out a party to search for them, when he spied the masts behind a mountain. Soon the ships came into view. They were gaily decked with flags and banners, and the cannon boomed. That could only mean one thing. They had found the strait! His aim in life was crowned with success. The sturdy man found tears streaming down his face.

“In order to find the right channel he continually had to divide the ships and send part one way and part another, while he waited for their return. It was on one of these occasions that the largest ship failed to come back. Magellan suspected that the captain had taken his ship back to Spain, turning back as the hour of triumph had come. Still, who could blame him for wanting to go back home? I imagine there were many sailors and some other captains who would have liked to turn back, too; but they were afraid to disobey. After all, they had been gone from home for more than a year. Their supplies were low. What lay beyond them? Perhaps more hardships, and perhaps starvation on the sea on the other side of the strait. Magellan was determined to go on. I think he would have gone ahead even if he could have known that death was waiting for him across that ocean. He was that kind of man. He had promised the king to do something, and he intended to do it.

“So there were only three small ships that sailed out on the broad Pacific on November 28, 1520 - three ships that were short of food and whose men were tired and weak already. Gone were the raisins and wines and almonds that Magellan had put aboard the ships. All that was left was sea biscuit which was crumbling with rottenness, and meat that had a horrible smell. Yet they sailed on over ‘shoreless seas’ for one hundred

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

days. The Patagonian Indian grew thin and frail, and died. Many of the sailors died, too, and others lay on the decks, too ill to work. The fresh water they had brought in the tanks was spoiled. The men ate the rats that swarmed over the ship. They soaked leather from the rigging in water, and then boiled it and ate it, mixing it with sawdust.

“Then they saw, one day, an island ahead of them, with waving palm trees. Their dried tongues longed for the water that must be near those green trees. But the island faded into nothing. It was only a mirage.”

“Oh, what’s that?” the girls asked.

“A mirage is something we see that isn’t real. It is a trick the light plays on us, especially when we are on a desert or on an ocean.”

The children sighed, realizing what a disappointment that mirage must have been.

“They finally reached some islands that didn’t disappear into thin air. Friendly natives scrambled up the ropes and scampered all over the ship, in their curious, unlearned way, helping themselves to anything they wanted. Magellan saw that they couldn’t stay there, or they would lose things they needed badly. They sailed away and called those islands the Ladrones (Lah-dro’nes).”

“Oh, that means ‘thieves,’” laughed Arthur.

“The next islands they came to gave them the rest and the food that they needed. The natives were friendly and were happy to bring them coconuts, bananas, and fresh native vegetables in exchange for pins, mirrors, and beads. Here the poor sailors lay in the shade of the trees and rested and ate, and rested and ate some more. These were not the Spice Islands, but they felt sure they must be near.

“Magellan had a Malay slave that he had bought in the days when he was sailing for the king of Portugal in the East Indies. This faithful slave was Enrique (En-ree’kay). Magellan had promised that he would free Enrique and give him a generous gift of money someday. He knew that his slave would be a great help to him in translating when they finally reached his

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

homeland. It was at the next island where they stopped that Enrique found people with whom he could talk. They understood his native language. How happy he must have been after spending years traveling through India, Africa, Portugal, Spain, and South America to find himself among his own people once more!”

“Why, he had been around the world before Magellan!” Arthur exclaimed.

“That’s right. He had been around the world and had come back home. Magellan and his crew knew without a doubt that the earth was round.

“Magellan had promised the king he would secure the new lands for Spain, Christianize them, and establish trade for Spain. He was busy at the different islands, persuading the people to become Christians, getting them to promise to obey the king of Spain, and buying and selling. When he came to the largest island -“

“What islands were they?”

“They were the Philippine Islands. They were later named after Philip of Spain, the son of Charles I. When he came to the largest island he made a special attempt to make the people become Christians and promise to obey the king of Spain. The king of the island was suspicious, but seeing how powerful the men were, he became friendly. The natives marveled at the Spaniards. Arrows glanced off their armor without hurting them. They were not men at all, surely, but gods! The king of the island feasted with Magellan and his men. In a fine ceremony he became a Christian. Magellan wished to make this Christian king, who had promised to serve King Charles, the most powerful of the native kings and chiefs. He told him that if he had any trouble with natives of other tribes to call on him for help. “Foolish promise! Soon there was an opportunity for Magellan to give the chief his help. The Spaniards, sure of themselves, with their armor and with their gunpowder against naked savages, sent only a few men to fight, and had the native king watch from a distance. The battle went badly. The guns on the ships were so far away from the fighting natives that they

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

did them no harm. Soon the natives discovered that the Spanish soldiers, though armed, could be wounded on their unprotected legs. Once realizing that they could be hurt, that they were not gods at all but men, they were fierce in their fighting. Magellan was the center of their wild attack. He was wounded and thrown down, with the natives climbing over him and stabbing him mercilessly. The Spaniards had to flee to their boats, leaving their commander dead on the island.

“The Spaniards were anxious to finish the trading and get on to the Spice Islands. The slave Enrique had been wounded by his master’s side. Now they insisted that he leave his bed and go and translate for them. Enrique must have feared the cruelty of the Spaniards now that his master was gone, for he made plans with the king of the islands to capture and kill the Spaniards. The white men were invited to a native feast. The highest officers went, and the rest stayed aboard ship. Suddenly the men at the feast were attacked and killed. The ships had to sail away without their best captains and officers. Magellan’s brother-in-law was one who was killed that day.

“There were only one hundred fifteen men left. Not enough to man three ships. So they decided to burn one of the ships. They took everything they could use from the ship first, and then watched it go up in smoke. The two ships sailed with a captain who was not wise. He acted like a pirate, attacking anything he met, and robbing. He was not sure of the direction they should take, and for six months they sailed around among the islands without finding the Spice Islands, which were really nearby. Finally the men were disgusted with him and chose two new captains in his place.

“At last they reached the Fortunate Isles. A native whom they captured showed them the way. Finally they could fill the holds with spices to take back to Spain. After twenty-seven months they had reached the islands for which they were searching.”

“Two years and three months!” calculated Faye. “When they had the two ships well loaded they discovered that one of them was leaking. It was Magellan’s flagship, the ‘Trinidad.’”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

They must get home as soon as possible, so they decided to divide up the men and leave part of them on the island to repair the 'Trinidad' for a later voyage to a port in Panama. It was the 'Victoria' that sailed for Spain with only forty-seven men aboard. Del Cano was the captain. He had been one of the mutineers before. But he was a good captain. He knew the way home.

"They were on the Portuguese trade route, where there were Portuguese forts and provisions at the important ports. But it did them no good. They had to go all the way home, halfway around the world nearly, without stopping at these ports. That was because the Portuguese were very angry to think that Magellan had gone on an expedition for the king of Spain. The Portuguese had orders to kill any of Magellan's men that they found and to destroy the ships.

"Again Del Cano's men were faced with famine such as they had gone through on the vast Pacific. Once they dared to land where no Portuguese were around to imprison them, but they found no food there. Sometimes the men thought that they would rather land and be taken prisoners than go on starving, but Del Cano, like Magellan, insisted that they sail on.

"Twenty of the forty-seven who left the Fortunate Isles on the 'Victoria' had died, and also the nineteen natives, by the time they rounded the Cape of Good Hope and steered north. Their mainsail broke. Day after day they had to throw their dead companions into the ocean. It was a crippled ship with staggering, hungry men aboard that finally reached the Cape Verde Islands. Del Cano determined to stop in order to save their lives.

"He sent a boat ashore, telling a story about having come from America from the west, making the men promise not to let anyone know that they were the last remnants of Magellan's fleet. The men were able to get a good supply of food and water. Three times the rowboat brought provisions safely aboard. The fourth trip was to be the last. But the rowboat didn't return. Del Cano realized that they had been discovered. He had to sail away quickly before they could be overtaken -

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

had to sail away and leave the men on shore prisoners of the Portuguese.

“There were only twenty-two men aboard when the ship left the Cape Verde Islands on the last stretch toward home. There were storms. The ship was leaking. The men had to work from morning until night, and then from night until morning again. But they were nearly home, and that thought gave them strength. The tired men on the decks at last saw the little port of Sanlucar (Sahn-loo’kar) beside the Guadalquivir (Guaht-ahl-kee-veer’) River. They had sailed from there three years before. Only a handful of men were left of the two hundred sixty-five that had sailed away so bravely.

“Trembling, they went ashore and knelt on the homeland ground and kissed the earth. The people looked at them with awe. They had almost forgotten the sailing of Magellan’s fleet! For the first time in three years the men ate fresh bread. They lay down to sleep and rest.

“The tired ship went up the river to Seville, where crowds were waiting to see the first men who had sailed around the world. But the men, instead of feasting when they got ashore, all had one idea. They had made a vow before leaving, and they must fulfill it now. So those eighteen weary, hungry men walked barefoot, dressed in white, to a church. They each carried a lighted candle. There they gave thanks for their safe return and prayed for the souls of the two hundred forty-seven men who never came back.”

“That was a sad story,” Earline said softly.

“Yes, it is a sad story, and a brave one, too. I always wish Magellan could have returned with his ship and had some reward for all his troubles.”

“Did his sons get the riches the king had promised?” Faye wanted to know.

“That is sad, too. He had no sons. His wife and baby boy had both died while he was away on his long voyage. But today we honor Magellan and think of his voyage as the greatest of all that were made in the age of discovery.”

Chapter 5

Part 1

For Gold - Pizarro

“DADDY, whatever made the Spaniards willing to go through so many hardships when they were exploring?” Arthur wanted to know when the story hour had come.

“Well, son, that’s a hard question to answer. I’ve often wondered myself. The Spaniards were brave and adventuresome. Many of them, as good Catholics, felt as if they were on a crusade to give Christianity to the Indians.

“You mean that they were like missionaries?” Earline asked.

“Some of them thought of themselves as missionaries, and every expedition had some missionary priests along to convert and baptize the Indians. I can imagine that often the Indians really didn’t know what it was all about, but they thought that the banners and images and robes and fancy vestments worn by the priests were all pretty, and they were willing enough to make the sign of the cross, as the strange, powerful white men did. The priests sprinkled them with holy water and gave them new names, and they were Christians.

“But there was another reason why the explorers were willing to risk so much danger, and that was because they wanted gold. Most of the soldiers were poor men, and it wasn’t easy in old Spain for a man who was born poor ever to earn enough money to have a fine house and wear a velvet cloak and have servants. So these hardy adventurers dreamed of a castle back home in Spain, and went through untold suffering in the hope of finding gold, because it would bring them honor and riches.”

“Uncle Henry, do you know the story of King Midas?” asked Faye.

“Tell it to me,” demanded Melbert before his daddy could answer.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

So Faye told the rest about the king who wanted gold more than anything else in the world. “A magician gave him the power to turn anything he touched to gold. At first he was very happy and went about the palace turning his dishes and his furniture and even the flowers in his garden into gold, but his little girl cried when she went to pick the flowers and found that they had lost their sweet perfume. Then the king began to have trouble because his food turned to gold nuggets right in his mouth, and you know you can’t eat gold!”

The children laughed.

“But it wasn’t funny,” continued Faye, “for the king was desperately hungry. Then the worst thing of all happened. When Marygold, the princess, saw that he was having trouble, she went to him to ask what was wrong. As she laid her hand on his knee she turned into a golden statue. Then the king cried and begged the magician to take away all the gold and give him back his only daughter once more. So he learned that gold wasn’t the thing he wanted most of all.”

“Well, I wish another man by the name of Pizarro (Pee-sahr‘6) had known that story when he was a little boy. What a lot of sorrow it might have saved Peru!” sighed Uncle Henry.

“Who was Pizarro?”

“Are you going to tell us about him tonight?”

“Did he find lots of gold?”

The children were full of eager questions.

“Yes, he found more gold than you can imagine. It’s like a fairy story. But it certainly didn’t make him happy, and it made thousands of others sad and wrecked a whole kingdom.”

“Was he poor when he was a boy?” Earline asked sympathetically.

“Yes, he was a poor boy, Earline; but I can’t tell you much about his childhood, because no one knows. His father was a soldier, but I don’t know anything about his mother. Some stories even say that the baby was found on the church steps because no one wanted him, and that a mother pig nursed him. You can imagine that he was a ragged boy who had to take care of pigs to earn something to eat. He must have looked

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

longingly at the fine castles of the nobles and determined that when he was big he would get some gold, somehow, anyhow, and live like a prince.

“He was probably a boy of seventeen when Columbus discovered America, and Spain was full of wonder stories about the New World in the next few years. So somehow Pizarro got to the New World and lived on the island of Haiti, or as it was called then, Hispaniola. From there he went on some expeditions along the coast of Panama. He was with Balboa when he discovered the Pacific Ocean.”

“Oh, you didn’t tell us that story, daddy,” Arthur reminded him.

“No, I didn’t. Well, to make it short, Balboa was an evil man who lived on the island of Haiti, where the Spaniards made the Indians work as slaves. He wanted to leave the island and go exploring. He didn’t have the permission or the money, so he thought of another way. When a boat was about to sail for Panama, Balboa managed to hide himself inside an empty barrel, until the ship was well out at sea.”

“Oh, he was a stowaway.” laughed Arthur, who knew about stowaways because he had traveled on many boats on the ocean.

“Yes, he was a stowaway, and it’s a wonder the captain didn’t kill him when he climbed out of the barrel. Later there was a storm, and the boat was shipwrecked on a strange coast. Balboa told the men that he knew where they were and that he would lead them to an Indian village. The men began to follow Balboa as if he were the leader, and soon he did manage to make himself their captain. Then he became governor of the province of Darien, or Panama. He and his men punished the Indians and even burned them on slow fires to make them tell where gold was. One Indian gave Balboa news of something besides gold. He told him there was a great ocean on the other side of the mountains. Balboa took an Indian guide and a few of his soldiers and went to find the great sea.

“‘When you get to the top of that Mountain you will see the great water,’ the Indian told him. So Balboa left his men behind

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

and climbed the mountain alone. I should have liked to be Balboa at the moment when he saw that great smooth sea stretching out to meet the sky.”

Aunt Barbara looked up from the book she was reading to exclaim, “I would rather have seen that than find all the gold and treasures of the Incas. The poet Keats has written about it, but he made a queer mistake and used Cortes’ name instead of Balboa’s.

“Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes
He star’d at the Pacific - and all his men
Look’d at each other with a wild surmise -
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

“Mother and her poetry again,” laughed Arthur.

“Well,” said his father, “that was a moment worthy of a poem, I’m sure. Later, Balboa let his men come up the mountain, too, - and Pizarro must have been among them, - so they could gaze on the new ocean. Then Balboa went down to the coast and waded out into the water to raise the king’s standard there, and he loudly claimed the great ocean and all the lands it touched for Ferdinand, king of Spain. A large order, wasn’t it? The Pacific Ocean covers half the globe, and they hadn’t known anything about it before. No wonder they thought our world was much smaller than it is!”

“That’s the ocean that Magellan was one hundred days crossing, isn’t it?” asked Faye, remembering the story Aunt Barbara had told them.

“Yes, that’s the ocean. The Spice Islands that Columbus started out to find lay on the other side of that big ocean.

“Now to come back to Pizarro. After living in Panama for five years he had a fine house and lots of land and many Indian servants to work for him. But it wasn’t enough. He had heard stories about a land farther south where gold was so plentiful that it covered palaces and temples and was used for dishes and many ornaments. He was determined to go south and find this

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

land of gold. He finally got the consent of the governor (no longer Balboa) to go on an expedition, but the governor refused to help him with money. Pizarro had a partner in his plan, an old soldier named Almagro (Ahl-mah'-gro). A rich priest who believed in their idea let them have money, though he didn't go with them. They were to divide the gold they found equally between the three of them. With two small boats and only one hundred men, they started south along the newly discovered Pacific Ocean. The trip proved to be harder and longer than they had expected. Three different times Pizarro had to send back to Panama (and once he went himself) for more provisions, better ships, more men - and always for more money! The governor of Panama never had any confidence in the expedition, and he once sent ships with orders to bring every one of Pizarro's men back home before any more lives were lost in a vain search for the land of gold. It was then that Pizarro drew a line on the sand with his sword. Then, as his men watched with wonder, he boldly pointed south of the line and said, 'Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching rains, desertion, death. There lies Peru with its riches. Here,' and he swung his sword toward the north, 'Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south,' and with that he stepped over the line by himself. Only thirteen men followed him.

"They sailed on farther south than anyone had gone before; but as he learned more about the Incas he was sure he needed more men, so he had to return again for more help. This time he went clear to Spain. He showed the king some gold ornaments and also some animals the king had never seen before - llamas. 'Little camels,' the Spaniards called them. The king agreed to give him noble titles and powers if he could conquer this land of riches. Of course the king was to have his share of the wealth.

"Now, Pizarro had promised his friend Almagro in Panama that he would share all the honors with him; but when Pizarro came back from Spain, there was little for Almagro. Pizarro had

all the high-sounding titles for himself. That was the beginning of trouble between the two partners. Then, too, when Pizarro came back from Spain, he brought with him four brothers and half brothers, who wanted a share in the riches. There was jealousy between Pizarro's brothers and his old friend, Almagro. But they patched up their quarrels and started off together by boat for the land of the Incas."

"Who are the Incas?" asked Earline.

"The Incas," her uncle told her, "were the Indian rulers who lived in Peru and Bolivia and Ecuador. They had a great empire, reaching fifteen hundred miles from Quito, Ecuador, south into Chile. They ruled over many tribes, who were gentle, peaceful people. These people believed that the first Inca was the child of their sun-god and that he came down to this earth with his sister, who was also his wife, to help the poor Indians. He taught the men to grow crops, and his sister taught the women to spin and weave. They built the great city of Cuzco (Koos'ko), which was the capital of the empire.

"When Pizarro reached their country, he stopped on the coast and established a colony there. He waited several months before he began to march against the Indians in the mountains. During this time he learned all he could about them. He was glad when he found out that the last Inca king had, when he died, divided his kingdom between his two principal sons. He had given Huáscar (Wahs'kahr), his real heir, the southern part with the ancient capital of Cuzco. He had given the newly conquered part to his son Atahualpa (Ah-tah-wahl'pah) with Quito for his capital. Atahualpa was the son of a princess of Quito, and a half brother of Huáscar. Of course it was but a few years until the two brothers were quarreling between themselves. Atahualpa from the north took his brother prisoner and tried to rule the whole kingdom. Pizzaro knew that this trouble between the two brother kings would make it easier for him to take the country because they were not united against him.

"When Pizarro finally ordered his men to march up into the high Andes, he had only one hundred seventy-seven

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

soldiers. Of these, sixty-seven rode horseback. Twenty of them had large crossbows for fighting. Only three had firearms. He knew that Atahualpa had hundreds of thousands of soldiers with him. In spite of that he told his men, like Gideon of Bible times, that if any of them wanted to return and stay in the colony on the coast, they could go back. Nine soldiers went back. Pizarro wanted only the bravest with him. He sent word to the Inca that he was going to make him a visit."

"How could he talk with the Incas, daddy? Did he know their language?" asked Arthur, with a puzzled look in his brown eyes.

"Pizarro had wisely taken some Indians back with him from his other trips along the coast, and his men had taught the Indians to speak Spanish quite well. So now they could interpret for Pizarro.

"The Inca knew all about Pizarro, for the Indian's runners had watched all his movements, right from the first, and always told the Inca everything they observed. He knew they were a handful of men compared to his big army, but what he didn't know was how terrible their guns and crossbows were, or how strong their armor was. The Inca was staying at this time at Cajamarca (Kah-hah-mahr'kah), a pleasure resort, where there were mineral baths.

"There were good roads all over the empire, and Pizarro and his men followed one of these up into the mountains. In the narrow passes were stone forts where a few Indians could easily have stopped Pizarro's army; but the forts were deserted, and the Spaniards were free to continue their journey without danger. Several times they met messengers from the Inca with gifts. When the Spaniards finally reached the valley of Cajamarca and saw the countless white tents of the army outside the city, they were fearful. Pizarro found the streets of the city empty. He sent two officers to the camp of Atahualpa. One was Pizarro's brother, and the other was De Soto, who later discovered the great Mississippi River.

"The emperor received them without a word. They told him they had come from across the seas from the greatest

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

monarch on earth. They offered to help him fight his battles, and they told him they had come to teach him about the true faith. At last Atahualpa raised his head and told them he was keeping a fast, but that the next day he would call on their commander. He told them to make themselves comfortable in the royal barracks in the city but not to enter any other buildings.

“The next day Pizarro and his men awaited the visit of Atahualpa.”

Suddenly Uncle Henry looked at his watch and whistled. “We had better leave that next day for our next day!” he said.

“Oh, daddy, you always stop at the worst places! And now when Pizarro is going to see the Inca!”

“Keep on, Uncle Henry!” urged Earline, suddenly sitting up and rubbing sleepy eyes. The rest laughed, for she had been sound asleep; though she wouldn’t confess it. The laughter broke up the party, and they were soon off to bed to the tune of sleepy “good nights.”

That night the children dreamed of brave soldiers and hidden treasures. Stories of the search for gold, silver, and spice had set their imagination on fire. They would hear of other adventures in South America in days to come.

Chapter 6

Part 2

For Gold - Pizarro

THE children didn't have to be called next evening. They were waiting for Uncle Henry when he and Aunt Barbara came home from doing some errands. The four dragged him into the living room and showed him into his favorite chair, while he made a show of pretending to get away from them. It was only pretending, however, for he enjoyed the story hours as much as did the boys and girls. With Melbert on one knee and Earline on the other, he began:

“Atahualpa had promised to call on Pizarro the next day. Pizarro decided to do a bold thing. He planned to make the Inca a captive by trickery, as he knew Cortes had done with the emperor of the Aztecs when he conquered Mexico. The soldiers had occupied a fort as well as the barracks. He had them stationed all around the great square in the barracks, and they were all armed. Hour after hour they awaited the coming of the Inca, but he delayed. Pizarro sent word to him that he had prepared a feast for him and begged him not to be late. The Inca answered that he would come later.

“In the afternoon they saw the long procession coming toward the city. Servants went ahead to sweep the road. Companies of nobles and officers were dressed in different-colored gowns. The Inca himself was carried on a platform decorated in silver and gold and lined with bright-colored feathers of birds. He sat on a golden throne. His clothing was rich. A string of large emeralds hung around his neck. On his head he wore the scarlet fringe that was the sign of his power.

“Pizarro's men were hidden in the buildings on three sides of the plaza. When the Inca and several thousand of his men had entered the plaza, he looked around and asked, ‘Where are the strangers?’ Then the priest, Father Valverde (Vahl-ver'day),

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

stepped up to the Inca, carrying a crucifix and a breviary - two things that meant nothing to Atahualpa. The priest told him the story of creation and the fall of man, and the story of Jesus on the cross and of His resurrection. He then asked Atahualpa to worship the true God and to swear loyalty to Charles I, king of Spain.”

“That was a queer way to convert him, wasn’t it?” said Faye.

“Yes, it was. The Inca probably didn’t understand much that was told him. Father Valverde had to talk through an interpreter. Atahualpa got the idea all right that they wanted him to give up his power and his throne. His black eyes flashed with anger, and he frowned as he asked by what authority Father Valverde said these things. The priest handed him the book and told him that was his authority. Atahualpa turned its strange pages over a bit and then threw it on the ground, exclaiming that Charles I might be a great king, but he had no right to take away lands that didn’t belong to him; and as for the white men’s God who died, he preferred his god, the sun, who was alive and shining on his children.

“The priest told Pizarro that nothing more could be done for this proud monarch. Pizarro waved a white scarf, which was the sign for a soldier in the tower of the fort to fire a gun. Then the hidden Spaniards rushed out into the palace and began to kill the Indians, who had no arms at all, since they were making a friendly visit. The Indians found themselves surrounded on four sides by the terrible armed white men. Thousands of Indians were killed, but not one Spaniard. The Inca’s litter swayed this way and that as his nobles tried to protect him. He looked down on his dying people with horror and surprise. Soon his nobles, too, were killed, and he fell from his litter and was taken prisoner.

“Pizarro sent his men to clear the plaza of the dead bodies, and he invited the Inca to the feast he had prepared for him.”

“I don’t imagine he felt much like eating!” suggested Earline.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“The Inca always tried to be brave and not show his feelings before the white men. For weeks he was a prisoner. They treated him kindly. His nobles, those who hadn’t been killed, were allowed to visit him, and his wives also waited on him. Father Valverde continued to try to teach him to be a Christian.”

“I shouldn’t think he would have a favorable idea of the Christians after the way they had tricked him,” philosophized Arthur.

“The Spaniards were surprised at the reverence the Inca nobles had for their emperor even after he was a prisoner. He was still their god-king. When they entered his room they carried burdens on their backs to show that they were his servants. He ate from gold and silver dishes.

“It wasn’t long until Atahualpa realized that the Spaniards were greedy for gold. He thought of a plan. Raising his arm and making a line on the wall of the spacious room, he promised Pizarro that his men would fill the room with gold up to that point if he were set free. Pizarro must have caught his breath at such a promise. The room was about seventeen feet by twenty-two feet, and to think the Inca could fill it with golden ornaments! Pizarro agreed. Swift runners were sent all over the kingdom to tear the gold from the palaces and temples and bring it to Cajamarca. Atahualpa’s brother, who was still a prisoner, heard of this plan, and offered to get even more gold together if the Spaniards could set him free! That was not pleasing to Atahualpa, and he secretly sent his men to kill his brother. Then when he heard of his death he pretended to be surprised and sorry. Atahualpa told Pizarro where he could find gold, too, and Pizarro and his men brought in great quantities from faraway temples. But it was never enough to please the Spaniards. They complained because the gold was coming in slowly.

“When the room was nearly full, Almagro arrived with more soldiers. His men quarreled with Pizarro’s men over their shares of the gold. The day came when Pizarro decided not to wait any longer but to melt up all the gold and make it into gold

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

bricks to be divided among the men. He gave every man his share, but first they set aside the 'royal fifth,' as they called the part that was for the king of Spain."

"Why did they melt it up? Why didn't they keep the pretty things the way the Indians had made them?" asked the girls.

"I wish they had kept them as they were so we could see the curious things in some museum now. But they only cared for the castles and riches the gold would buy, and it was easier to carry it and easier to divide it when it was made into bars. So for a month they were busy melting up the gold. There were vases and dishes, and little images of birds and animals and fruits, and one pretty thing was a golden ear of corn with silver leaves and silver tassel. The gold melted up was worth fifteen and a half million dollars!

"Now that Almagro had come with more men, Pizarro was anxious to go on to the real capital of the Incas in Cuzco and find more treasure there. He heard that the Indians were hiding and burying the gold and silver, so he was in a hurry to get it first.

"Almagro and many of the men urged Pizarro to kill Atahualpa. There were always rumors that he was stirring up the Indians for a rebellion. Pizarro sent De Soto to another town to find out if the rumor were true, but, before he returned they had a trial and sentenced Atahualpa to be burned to death. The Inca begged pitifully for his life. 'I and my people have treated you like brothers,' he said. We have shared our treasures with you.' The priest told Atahualpa that if he would accept Christianity he could be strangled instead of being burned. With the fire all ready to be kindled around him, the Inca consented to become a Christian. He was baptized by the priest and given the name of John, for John the Baptist. Then he was killed. When De Soto came back, he told Pizarro that the stories about an army's being gathered together were false. He was sorry when he heard they had already killed Atahualpa.

"Pizarro and his men marched on to Cuzco. A few times they were attacked by Indians, but most of the people continued to treat them kindly, even after they had deceived

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

and killed their Inca. They traveled on the royal road to Cuzco, stopping to rest in forts and eating the provisions that were stored there.”

“Did they find as much gold in Cuzco as they expected?” questioned Faye.

“Well, perhaps not as much as they expected, for of course the stories of its riches had grown as they passed from mouth to mouth. You will recall that much of the gold and silver had already been torn from the temples and sent to Cajamarca to help make up Atahualpa’s ransom. Then, too, the Indians had doubtless hidden some of it; but still there was plenty left. Cuzco was the old capital, you will recall, that was founded by the first Inca and his sister. There is an old legend that tells us that they carried with them a golden wedge given them by the sun. They were to build a city where the golden wedge sank out of sight.”

“Oh, and was Cuzco the place where it disappeared?”

“Yes, Arthur; according to the old story that was the place where the sun-god wanted them to build the capital. Many Inca emperors had built palaces in Cuzco, and there were many temples, too. The House of the Sun is still standing, and if you went to Cuzco you could visit it. At that time the gold plates covering the walls had been torn off, but there was still a broad band of gold all around the palace which was embedded in the rock and so had not yet been pulled out. The walls are made of great rocks, very carefully carved so they fit together perfectly. No mortar was used to make them stick together, yet they fit so closely that even today you cannot slip the blade of a knife between them.”

Uncle Henry drew from his pocket an envelope of picture post cards. The children wanted to see all the pictures at once, but, “Only this one right now!” he insisted. There was the old wall of the cut stones.

“Look at that largest stone. It has twelve angles or corners, and it is taller than the Indian standing beside it, and it weighs many tons. No one knows how the Indians moved such

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

enormous stones from the faraway quarries to Cuzco without any modern machinery.”

“Oooh!”

“Ah!”

“Hmm!”

The children were thoughtful before a new mystery.

“Well, Pizarro divided the gold among his men and Almagro’s and -“

“And then did they go home to Spain to buy the castles and the velvet cloaks?” asked Earline.

“Only a few wise men did that. Gold didn’t satisfy most of the soldiers. It made them want more and more. They were so reckless with their new riches that they gambled night after night, losing and gaining fortunes. One soldier had received the golden image of the sun from the temple for his share, and he gambled and lost it the first night.

“Pizarro became the governor of the city, and his soldiers lived like lords in palaces.”

“Now, Uncle Henry, don’t tell me he lived happily ever after, because I don’t think he deserved it,” said Faye with indignation in her voice.

“He was mean and cruel to the Indians,” agreed a cousin.

“And he wasn’t fair with his partner,” added the other.

“With Almagro, you mean? That’s true. You will find that Pizarro had plenty of troubles, both from the Indians and from Almagro; but before his enemies began to catch up with him, he did something for which he is remembered as a wise and talented man. He founded a new capital city, not up in the hard-to-reach mountains like Cuzco, but down in a valley beside a river that flowed into the ocean. It was a pleasant place, and he planned the city carefully, laying out wide, straight streets around a beautiful central plaza.”

“What did he name it?” Earline wanted to know.

“The City of the Kings, because it was founded on January 6, the Day of the Kings.”

“Oh, that was our Christmas in South America,” laughed Arthur. “The children there don’t have a Santa Claus, but they

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

say the Kings, or the Wise Men, bring their presents to them, and instead of hanging their stockings, they leave their shoes out for the gifts.”

“Oh, daddy, last year the Wise Men brought me that red fire truck, didn’t they?” asked Melbert.

“You mean daddy bought it for you!” teased his older brother.

The others laughed, and Melbert looked a bit disappointed.

Then a thoughtful look came over Arthur’s face. That is to say, he puckered up his forehead as his daddy had a way of doing. “What became of the City of the Kings? I never heard of it!”

“You’ve been right there!” laughed his father, “but it has always been called Lima(Lee’mah) instead - after the river Rimac (Ree’mahk). Only the Spaniards pronounce the name of the river differently than did the Indians.”

“Oh. yes, I remember Lima. Show them the pictures of Lima, daddy!”

“In a minute, son. First I want to tell you about the troubles Pizarro had. Before he went to Cuzco, Pizarro had made Atahualpa’s brother the ruling Inca; but he soon died. Then he chose Huáscar’s brother, Manco, who was another half brother of Atahualpa. The people were glad to have the rightful ruler crowned. They didn’t seem to realize, at first, that although he wore the scarlet fringe of the royal Incas he was really only a captive. He could only command the people to do what Pizarro wished.

“Manco wanted to be free. He wanted to gather his people together and fight against the Spaniards who had killed his brother by trickery and who had stolen gold from the temples and the tombs. He told the Spaniards about a great statue of gold made by his father, and then he offered to go where it was hidden and find it for them. The conquerors couldn’t resist a story like that, and they let the Inca go to bring the treasure. But he never returned! j “Hundreds of thousands of Indians rallied around him, and the day came when the great host came down the mountains and surrounded the city of Cuzco. They

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

threw firebrands onto the thatched roofs of the houses in Cuzco. For weeks the old city was burning and the Spaniards were starving. They would rush bravely out and push back the Indians, but immediately more warriors would come down from the mountains and take their places. It was a desperate situation. Manco attacked all the settlements of the Spaniards at the same time. His soldiers occupied the passes on the mountain roads so that Pizarro, who was in Lima, couldn't go up to help his men in Cuzco. Pizarro was afraid they would all be killed, and so they might have been; but Manco knew that the fields must be planted or his people would starve the next year. So he withdrew his armies and sent them to work on their fields. Cuzco was left half ruined, and the rebellion failed.

“One of Pizarro's brothers had gone to Spain to take gifts to the king and queen, and to ask for new powers for Pizarro. Not since the days of Columbus had there been such excitement in Spain. Every poor man wanted to go to the New World and make himself rich with Pizarro. The king gave new honors and titles to Pizarro, and he gave to Almagro the land south of Pizarro's. The two old friends had been quarreling about the possession of Cuzco even before this. Now each man claimed that the city lay within his territory. There was only one way to find out. They sent a ship with a good navigator along the coast to measure how far south Pizarro's land reached. But before they had the answer Almagro took the city, for he saw that Pizarro's brothers were trying to get ahead of him by strengthening the city against him.

“The troubles between Pizarro and Almagro and his men are a long story, and I see a pair of sleepy eyes and a nodding head already. So I'll merely tell you that they quarreled and made up, and then broke their promises and quarreled again. Finally one of Pizarro's brothers took Almagro prisoner and condemned him to die. When Pizarro heard of the death of his old friend, - hanged by one of his own brothers, - he pretended to be sorry; but I think he knew all the time what his brother was going to do. He had pretended to be sad at the funeral of Atahualpa, too.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“He was cruel to Almagro’s men and took away their lands to give them to his own men, especially to his brothers. Almagro’s men were poor. There is a story about twelve of them who lived in one house in Lima. They had only one cloak among the twelve, but they were so proud they didn’t want anyone to know, so only one of them went out on the street at a time. They took turns wearing the cloak! They all gathered around Almagro’s young son as their leader. Pizarro had been kind to the boy, and he had a house on the plaza in Lima.

“Almagro’s men planned to kill Pizarro as he was returning to the palace from the cathedral after going to mass; but Pizarro didn’t go to mass that day. Almagro’s men imagined that he must have found out their plans and would punish them. They thought he was only pretending to be too sick to go to mass that day. So they decided to go right to the palace and kill him openly. They rushed, shouting, across the plaza, through the big open gate of the courtyard, into an inner courtyard. Then they forced their way right into the dining room where Pizarro and his friends had been eating. There they stabbed him. So he fell in his own palace, killed by the followers of his old friend, Almagro.

“Here is a picture of the palace of Pizarro, as you might see it today, and if you were to go in and visit the building, the guide would show you the bloodstain on the wall where they claim the old conqueror fell. Then across the plaza in this beautiful cathedral” (showing them another card from the envelope) “you may see the skeleton of Pizarro lying in a glass case.

“I can see that you are thinking that he was a bad man and deserved to die like that. But you must remember that he lived a long time ago, when soldiers didn’t have the high ideals that they have now. Besides, he never had a good home with a father and mother to teach him what was right. So let’s remember that he was brave and untiring and that he founded the beautiful capital of Peru.”

Chapter 7

For Silver - Founding of Buenos Aires

AUNT BARBARA,” called Earline in a longing voice, “Will you tell us our story tonight? Uncle Henry and daddy are busy now.”

“Of course; I’d love to tell you a story tonight. Let’s go out on the screen porch, where it is cool,” said Aunt Barbara.

“Mother, Faye won’t believe that Buenos Aires is the largest city in the world,” complained Arthur.

“Oh, so you have been having an argument about that, have you?” Aunt Barbara smiled. “Well, it isn’t the largest city in the whole world, son, but it is an enormous city and a beautiful one, too, for it is the capital of the great Argentine nation. If you could cut the world in half at the equator it would be the greatest city in the southern half. It is the third largest city in the Western Hemisphere.”

“New York is larger, isn’t it, Aunt Barbara?” asked Faye defensively.

“Yes, and so is Chicago. But Buenos Aires is a city that is as modern as either of them. It is full of busses and streetcars, and it has fine subways, too. There are many beautiful parks and wide avenues lined with flowering trees.”

“Are you going to tell us who discovered the country and founded the city?” asked Earline.

Before Aunt Barbara could answer, Faye said she hoped the Spaniards didn’t try to find gold there, too, for she had heard quite enough about their search for gold in Peru.

“No, they weren’t searching for gold when they sailed up the broad River Plate, but they were looking for silver! It was in 1532 that the king of Spain planned the first big expedition to sail up the great southern river that flows into the Atlantic. That was before he had heard about Pizarro’s conquest of the Incas. He knew there were rich silver deposits in what is now Bolivia. Explorers had told him about a mountain that spouted

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

silver. They called it Potosí (Po-td-see'). The Spaniards were anxious to reach the Mountain of Silver before the Portuguese did, so they planned to try to reach the rich mountain by sailing up the River Plate. You see, the Spaniards were working from both sides of the continent. They were searching for gold from the west through Peru, and from the east they were trying to find the Mountain of Silver by sailing up the Rio de la Plata."

Arthur's keen ears had noticed something wrong. "Mother, why is it called the River Plate in English? 'Plate' certainly doesn't mean 'silver.' That's 'plata.'"

"I'm glad you noticed that, Arthur. The Spaniards called the river 'plata,' which means 'silver,' as you say, because they were so sure that it would lead them to the Mountain of Silver. But in modern times the English, in their careless way, have translated it 'River Plate,' because 'plate' looks like the Spanish word 'plata.'

"Well, to come back to the dream of silver - the very name of Argentina comes from the Latin word for silver, but it has never been a country of rich mines; rather it is best known for its fertile lands.

"The king of Spain asked one of his richest and most noble lords at the court to lead this expedition. His name was Pedro de Mendoza (Pay'dro day Men-do'sah). He had to pay for all the expenses of the trip himself, but in return he was to be rewarded by being governor of all the lands around the Mountain of Silver. Mendoza was a sick man, and he waited a year before starting, hoping to be in better health. Finally he started out. His expedition was the best outfitted of any that sailed from Spain. He had nearly a thousand people with him, and eleven ships. There were among them other nobles. Even some of the fine court ladies went along on the great adventure. It was August 24 when they sailed away, and three months later they landed on the lovely white beaches of Brazil where the city of Rio de Janeiro lies now. There they rested and enjoyed fresh fruits and fresh meat for two weeks.

"But the pleasant stay there was marred by a cruel deed. Mendoza had turned over most of his authority to one of his

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

men who was a good leader. But the other nobles were jealous of him and told Mendoza that this man was only waiting for him to die so he himself could take charge of the expedition. Mendoza, without finding out whether it was true or not, ordered his death. It was Ayolas (I-oh'lahs) who killed him, and after that Ayolas became the most important next to Mendoza. But the men had been fond of their murdered leader, and they were discontented. So it was an unhappy party that finally sailed into the wide mouth of the River Plate.”

“Were they the first ones that ever sailed up that river?”

“No, they weren’t the first. Back in 1516 a captain who was looking for the strait leading to the Pacific Ocean found the mouth of the river. You will recall, boys, that the river is so wide there that it is impossible to see across it.”

“I remember,” answered Arthur. “It used to take us all night to go across from Montevideo to Buenos Aires on the boats.”

“That’s right. Well, you can see why Solis, who was looking for the strait, may not have been sure that it was a river. He found that the water was sweet instead of being salty like the ocean, so he named it the Sweet-Water Sea. Solis landed on an island and went ashore with some of his men. Suddenly they were attacked by the savages, and Solis was killed.

“Then, of course, you recall how Magellan sailed past the Sweet-Water Sea. Finding that it was only a river, he went on farther south looking for the strait. Another explorer named Cabot had sailed up the river as far as Paraguay.

“So Mendoza knew a little bit about the Sweet-Water Sea. He thought it would be best to establish a settlement at the mouth of the river and then explore upstream from it. The spot he chose was on the western bank where the city of Buenos Aires now stands.”

“Did he give it that name?”

“What does that mean?”

“Buenos Aires means Good Airs,” announced Arthur, sure of his knowledge of Spanish.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Mendoza gave it that name, but not because of the good fresh air of the place. The sailors had a saint called the Holy Mary of the Good Airs or Good Winds. They thanked this saint for their safe journey on a sailing vessel that could be blown here and there by the winds. The little village they built was surrounded by a crude wall. The houses were mud huts.”

“I wonder how those fine ladies from the court liked to live that way,” mused Faye.

“It certainly must have been hard for them, but the Spanish women were as brave as the Spanish men. At first the Indians were friendly and brought them food every day. Then, one day, the Indians failed to come, and the colonists were worried. Mendoza sent three soldiers to demand the food, but - ”

“Didn’t they even say please?” asked Earline, to whom the “pleases” and “thank you’s” came easily.

“I doubt if they said either please’ or ‘thank you,’ or if they paid for the food. All the Indians on the shores of the River Plate were wild and warlike - not a bit like the gentle Incas. So these three soldiers received bad treatment from the Indians and went back to the camp without any food. Then Mendoza sent thirty horsemen and three hundred foot soldiers with orders to kill or capture all the Indians. When they came to the camp of the Indians there were four thousand savages awaiting them, and the battle that followed was terrible. There the Spaniards first saw the Indians throw the terrible boleadoras.”

“What were they?”

“Three smooth stones fastened together by short leather strips make up the boleadoras. The Indian would hold one stone and whirl the others around above his head; then he would throw the boleadoras at the horses’ legs. The horses would trip and fall when their legs were wrapped around and entangled by the boleadoras. Mendoza’s brother and several other nobles were killed in that fight with the Indians. This was on Corpus Christi Day, and on the same day a party of explorers that Mendoza had sent ahead looking for silver had founded a town called Corpus Christi near the place where Cabot had once established the first settlement on the river.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“After that battle, Mendoza fortified the little village as well as he could. Added to the sufferings caused by the continued attacks of the Indians was that caused by hunger. The Spaniards were so hungry that they even ate rats, mice, and serpents.

“At one time as many as twenty thousand wild Indians attacked the fort with boleadoras, to which hay soaked in fish oil was tied and set on fire. They also tied hay to their arrows, set them on fire and shot them among the Spaniards. The fort was burned, and so was one of the ships. Nearly half the men were killed or died.

“As I told you, one party had already sailed upriver under Ayolas. Mendoza had told Ayolas to find the Mountain of Silver belonging to the Incas, to establish a fort where there was a good harbor, and to be back in four months. He had no idea how far away the Mountain of Silver was. He should have allowed Ayolas at least a year to make the trip. Anxiously he waited for Ayolas’ return. More adventurers joined Mendoza, coming down the coast from Brazil with fresh supplies, but Ayolas didn’t appear. Not even a messenger had come from him. Mendoza sent a searching party to look for Ayolas. Months passed with no news from the searching party. In the meantime Mendoza’s health became worse and worse, and finally he decided to give up and go back to Spain.”

“He must have been glad to get back home and rest and have good food again,” was Earline’s thoughtful comment.

“Poor Mendoza never reached home. He died on board ship and was buried at sea.”

The children sighed. Then they remembered that that wasn’t really the end of the story.

“Did Ayolas find the Mountain of Silver?”

“And did the searching party find Ayolas?”

“Yes, Ayolas did find the Mountain of Silver, but the searching party never found him. I’ll tell you how it was. Ayolas sailed up the river until he came to the capital of the Guarani (Gwah-rah-nee) empire where he found a temple dedicated to the worship of the serpent.”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Ugh!”

“He took a daughter of one of the Indian chiefs for his wife. He found an Indian who had been with a party of Spaniards twelve years before and knew the way to the Mountain of Silver. So with his Indian princess, his Indian guide, and about three thousand Indian allies he crossed the terrible Chaco and went up into the mountains. He found the Inca had built forts since the first Spaniards had been there. The Indians were determined not to let the white men get their silver mines, and they fought so bravely that Ayolas and his men decided to go back for more help. They had secured a lot of silver in spite of the fighting. About fifty men were carrying it for them.

“Only eighty of the one hundred twenty men who went with Ayolas returned to the little settlement where he had left the rest of his men. They found the settlement deserted. For a week they stayed there, hoping that their companions would return. At last some of the Indians appeared and invited them to their huts, promising to give them food. Ayolas and his men gladly accepted the invitation. But it was a trick! When Ayolas and his men were in the woods the Indians suddenly turned on them and clubbed them to death. So died Ayolas, not knowing that Mendoza had sailed away to Spain or that he had died on the way or even that before dying Mendoza had named him as the new governor.”

“And the searching party?”

“They finally found Ayolas’ helper, whom he had left in command of the rest of the men. The searching party stopped on their way back to establish a fort in a beautiful place where there was a good harbor and where the Indians were friendly. That place was Asunción (Ah-soon-syon’), now the capital of Paraguay. It was founded in 1537, and, although it was far up the River Plate, it soon became the great center of Spanish colonization and exploration. Ayolas’ helper, whose name was Irala (Ee-rah’lah) became the governor there. In fact, he refused to obey the governor of Buenos Aires or the new governor sent out from Spain in Mendoza’s place. He said he

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

should be the governor because Ayolas had left him in command. He was cruel to the Indians. He gave them to the Spanish landowners by the thousand, like slaves, to work for them and to be taught to be Christians.

“Irala ordered the colonists in Buenos Aires to abandon the place and move up to Asunción. When they did not obey him, he sent ships and forced them to move upstream. In fact he even burned the church, a ship, and the huts, leaving Buenos Aires completely deserted, only five and a half years after it had been founded by the rich and hopeful Mendoza.”

“Then who started to build Buenos Aires up again?” asked Faye.

“A great man by the name of Juan de Garay (Whahn day Gah-ri’). He had gone to South America when he was only fourteen, along with his uncle who was one of the governors. He knew the country well, and he founded several of the Argentine cities. It is interesting to know that when he decided to rebuild Buenos Aires he took with him only ten Spaniards. All the rest were criollos (kree-ol’yos).”

“Now, what are criollos?” asked the girls.

“Oh, they are the people born in South America. Some of them were of mixed blood, part Indian and part Spanish. Others were pure Spanish. But they all knew how to live in the new country much better than did the nobles that came over from Spain.

“Garay chose a better place for the rebuilding of Buenos Aires than Mendoza had. It was on higher land, overlooking the river. He laid the city out in squares, keeping one whole square for himself and another for the main plaza right beside it. Even today those two squares, now the May Plaza, are the heart of Buenos Aires.

“When the town had been deserted thirty-eight years before, the horses had been left behind. There were only seventy of these horses when the colonists had brought them over from Spain in 1535, but when the city was rebuilt they found that those horses had been thriving on the rich pampa grass, and now they ran in great herds all over the level plains.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

Catching wild horses became profitable as well as great sport. During the years that Buenos Aires was deserted the Indians had learned to ride the horses with great skill.

“When Juan de Garay was busy founding the city of Santa V6 on the banks of the River Plate, he was told that a band of horsemen was chasing Indians. Who could be chasing the Indians but mounted Spaniards? But where could any Spaniards have come from? He knew well the few colonists who had settled along the river. The strangers were riding out from the west. He hurriedly went out to meet them. His guess was right. They were Spaniards who had come from the west, colonizing as they came. They founded the cities of Tucumán (Too-koo-mahn) and Córdoba (Cor’do-bah).”

“They must have been ever so happy to meet each other!” exclaimed Earline.

“They should have been! But instead they were jealous of each other. They both claimed the right to the land. So it was whenever explorers met. They had more troubles with each other than with the Indians.

“Even one hundred seventy-six years after Buenos Aires was founded it was only a village of mud huts - a stopping place on the way to Asunción. But in time it began to grow. The headquarters of government was moved there. Asunción took a back seat, and Buenos Aires became the center of the richest farming land in the world, and the second largest port in the Western Hemisphere.”

“Viva la Argentina!” shouted Melbert, who felt that he must be loyal to the fine country in which he had been born.

Chapter 8

Part 1

For Liberty - San Martin

“TONIGHT I’ll tell you about our South American George Washington.” Uncle Henry told the boys and girls. “When your daddy and I were boys in Argentina, our teacher told us this story and we learned to love and honor this great man.

“His name was José de San Martin (Ho-sa’ day San Mar-teen’)- José is the Spanish name for Joseph. He was born on one of the Indian missions on the Uruguay River in what is now a part of Argentina. Did you see any of the old missions when you were in California last summer, girls?”

“Oh, yes; we visited one in Santa Barbara,” answered Faye promptly.

“Good. Then you know what the missions were like. José’s father had been sent up the Uruguay River to be governor of the mission lands near Yapeyú (Yah-pay-yoo’). He was a military officer in Buenos Aires when he received this promotion. He had a sweetheart there, and he wanted to be married and take her upriver with him. But I suppose she wanted to have time to get ready for such a long trip, and he had to obey orders and go right away. So they had a rather strange wedding. He asked three of his friends to be witnesses at his wedding, he signed the papers, and then he went away. Later she was married by proxy.”

“What’s that?” asked Earline.

“That means that she was married to him without his being there.”

“A wedding without a groom!” laughed Arthur.

“Yes, it was a wedding without a groom. Then Gregoria, for that was the bride’s name, had to make the long trip up to Yapeyú alone.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“There they lived, inside the walls of the great mission among the orange groves. Josh’s father collected the taxes to send to the king of Spain, and protected the lands against the Portuguese across the river, who would have liked to have had those lands for part of their own country. The San Martins lived in the big house that belonged to the priests who had founded the mission. There was a beautiful church, a large school, and enormous storerooms for bales of cotton, bags of Paraguayan tea leaves, homespun cloth, hides, tobacco, and sugar.

“Uncle Henry, was San Martin born before our George Washington?”

“Oh, no; he was born later. Washington was forty-six years old when San Martin was born in 1778. Their birthdays, and Lincoln’s, too, are in the same month.”

“February!” shouted Faye.

“That’s right. San Martin was born about a year and a half after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in the United States. He had four older brothers and a sister.”

“What did he look like?” asked Melbert.

“He had large, serious black eyes, and he was so dark that some persons thought he was partly Indian, because he was born on an Indian mission. Well, when his older brothers needed more schooling than they could get at the mission in Yapeyú, his family moved to Buenos Aires, where little José began to go to school.

“When he was seven years old, his father was sent back to Spain to serve the king there. The family must have been happy to go where their boys could attend better schools than those in the South American colonies. San Martin’s brothers all joined their father in the army. His sister stayed home with her mother. Little José was put in the nobles’ seminary in Madrid.”

“Did he like to go to school?” asked Arthur.

“He liked to study arithmetic and geometry most. When he was eleven he wanted to stop school and be a real soldier like his brothers, and he became a cadet in the Murcia Regiment.”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Did he fight when he was only eleven?” Arthur wanted to know.

“No; but he was right with the soldiers, and he could do many things to help them, like playing the drum or running errands. By the time he was thirteen he was in a real battle that lasted for thirty-seven hours, and when he was seventeen he was a lieutenant. He fought against the Moors in North Africa, against the French in Spain, and against the British on the Mediterranean. For twenty years he fought. When he was thirty he was a lieutenant colonel.

“In 1810 he heard some news from his home country in South America. There had been a revolution in Buenos Aires. The people wanted to be free from Spain, as our country had become free from England. He loved his father’s country, Spain, and he had been an officer in the Spanish army for a long time. But he loved his own country, Argentina, also, and he wanted to help free it. So the next year he sailed for South America. Of course he had to do that secretly, for he was going to fight against the army to which he had belonged. An English friend of his gave him a passport, and San Martín sailed away wearing plain clothes so no one would know that he was a Spanish officer. He visited England on his way to South America. It was a long, long trip from England to Buenos Aires on a sailing ship. They were on the ocean for fifty-two days. It had been twenty-seven years since he had left Buenos Aires as a boy.

“He took his army record and showed it to the directors of the government in Buenos Aires, and told them that he wanted to help his own country. His army record said that he was single -“

“What does that mean?” Earline wanted to know.

“That means that he was not married. ‘Single,’ his record said, ‘of noble class and the son of a captain.’ It said that he was brave, and that he had not had a vacation in twenty years.

“So San Martín was recognized as a lieutenant colonel in his own country, and the government asked him to organize and train a group of soldiers. San Martín chose the men carefully.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

He called his soldiers the Mounted Grenadiers, and he trained them thoroughly. Some of the young men were sons of Spaniards, born, like San Martín, in Argentina. Some were rough gauchos, or cowboys. Others were tall, dark Indians from the mission lands where San Martín used to live. He trained them so well that later nineteen of his men became generals, and more than two hundred of them were officers.

“In the afternoon it was fashionable for the fine ladies in Buenos Aires to walk out to Retiro (Ray-tee’ro), where San Martín was drilling his troops. Among the young girls who admired the colonel were two sisters who lived in a large house near the cathedral. Their names were Mary of the Snows and Mary of the Blessed Remedies.” “Both named Mary?” asked the girls. “Yes, they were both named Mary. It is a common name for Spanish people because it was the name of Jesus’ mother. I once knew three sisters all named Mary!

“San Martín often went to the home of these Escalada (Es-kah-lah’dah) girls to attend the parties there, where the best families in Buenos Aires met together. Soon he fell in love with the Mary called Remedios (Ray-may’-de-os). She was only fifteen, but in those days girls seemed much older at fifteen than they do now. The women of Buenos Aires decided to help their country by buying new muskets for San Martín’s Mounted Grenadiers, and Remedios’ name was the first on the list of the patriotic women who helped. San Martín and Remedios were married in the same church where his mother had been married.

“The next year the patriots in Buenos Aires heard that some Spanish ships were sailing up the river, planning to land soldiers where they wouldn’t be discovered and then to march down and attack Buenos Aires. The time had come for the Mounted Grenadiers to fight their first battle for their new country. They marched along a shore road until they came to the monastery of San Lorenzo (San Lo-ran’so). San Martín climbed a tower from which he could see the Spaniards landing in the early morning light. He and his men were hidden behind the walls of the church. Then they rushed out and surprised the

Spaniards. San Martín's horse was shot, and, as the colonel fell, his leg was pinned under the dead horse. San Martín was wounded, and the Spaniards, seeing him unable to move, were rushing up to kill him, when a brave soldier came to help him. His name was Juan Cabral (Whan Kah-brahl'), and he died saving the life of San Martín. But he said, 'I die happy. We have overcome the enemy.'

"Oh, I know about Cabral!" said Arthur happily. "We used to sing about him in school in South America. The San Lorenzo March, it was, and it ended up," and here Arthur began to sing with spirit, "Honor, honor al gran Cabral."

"Well, after the battle of San Lorenzo the Spaniards didn't try to sail up and down the river past Buenos Aires any more. But they had an army in what was called Upper Peru. That part of South America is the country of Bolivia now, but it had been a part of the viceroyalty of La Plata."

Melbert asked what a viceroyalty was. Uncle Henry told him it was the land governed by the viceroy. "The king of Spain had a viceroy, or vice-king, in Peru. He had another in the northern part of South America, and it was called the viceroyalty of New Granada. Argentina and Upper Peru had belonged to the viceroyalty of La Plata. That made three Spanish viceroys in South America, and they lived in fine palaces like kings. Now there was only one left, and he lived in Lima, Peru.

"As I said, a Spanish army was still in Upper Peru, northwest of Argentina. General Belgrano (Bel-grahn'o) had been sent with a patriot army to fight the king's forces there. But after two victories, Belgrano lost two battles. The government in Buenos Aires was displeased, and they asked San Martín to go and take his place.

"Now, San Martín and Belgrano had never met, but they were friends because they had written letters to each other. San Martín was sorry that the government blamed Belgrano so much for the battles he had lost. Belgrano was hurt and disappointed. When they met they became the best of friends. Belgrano realized that San Martín knew more than he about

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

training an army, and he said to him, 'I have made war like an explorer. You must be not only my friend, but my teacher, my companion, and my chief, if you wish.' Belgrano stayed with San Martín for a time and watched him train the army better and so learned many things.

"There were only some six hundred men in the Army of the North when San Martín, now a general, took it over. But he soon had two thousand. He found them hungry, ragged, and without pay. They had with them riches that they had taken from the Spaniards in Upper Peru, but the government had told Belgrano to send the silver to Buenos Aires. San Martín disobeyed the order and used part of the silver to pay the poor soldiers and officers. He started a training camp near Tucumán.

"He was strict with his men. Once he gave an order to his officers asking them to lead their men into battle formation at a certain minute. One of the officers began to argue with the general because he didn't like the plan. San Martín stood looking at him with his watch in his hand and said sternly, 'Two minutes have already gone by since your men were to be on the formation I ordered.'

"But although San Martín had made the Army of the North into a good army, he didn't think it was wise to attack the Spanish army in the north. A plan was forming in his mind. A secret plan. A daring plan. He asked the government in Buenos Aires to send him somewhere else because he was ill. It was true that he was sick. He asked if he could be made governor of the small province of Cuyo (Koo'yo). He left Tucuman and went to a ranch in the country to rest and get well.

"Finally he was sent to be governor of Cuyo, as he had wished. He went to live in the city of Mendoza. Remedios had been living with her parents in Buenos Aires while her husband was forming the Army of the North, but now that he was located in Mendoza he sent for her. She made the long trip in stagecoach across the plains and up into the foothills of the Andes. Her father gave her a servant, who accompanied her on the trip. Remedios was a lovely young woman of eighteen when she joined her husband in Mendoza. Although she was so

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

young, she knew how to help the governor win the hearts of the people. She was sweet and kind to everyone and made friends wherever she went. She helped the poor. She organized a patriotic society. She embroidered a beautiful flag for the new Army of the Andes which the general was organizing. Every afternoon she and the general would take a walk and stop at some cafe for hot coffee in the winter, or a cold drink in summer. These were the happiest years of San Martín's life.

"He governed the people as strictly and as wisely as he had ordered his soldiers. Once a woman was brought before him accused of having spoken against her country. San Martín fined her ten dozen pumpkins for the army kitchens."

The children laughed.

"Once one of San Martín's officers lost some money belonging to the army treasury. He had been gambling. He was sorry for what he had done, and he decided to confess it to the general. Secretly he went to San Martín and told him he wanted to talk to him, not as a general, but as a gentleman. San Martín gave the young man the money to repay what he had lost, and then he said to him, 'Deliver this money to the treasury, but keep the secret; because if General San Martín ever hears about this he will have you shot!'

"He had made a rule that no one wearing hobnailed shoes or spurs could enter the powder factory because of the danger of explosions. He wished to see if the guard at the door was obeying his orders. Twice he tried to go into the factory himself, but the guard refused to let him pass with spurs on his boots. San Martín changed to plain clothes and slippers with rope soles, and that time the guard let him by. The obedient guard was given an ounce of gold as a reward.

"The general had given half of his salary back to the country ever since he had returned to South America. His pay was small as governor of Cuyo, and he and his wife lived very simply, always using only half his pay. He decided to send his wife back to her home in Buenos Aires and close his big house so he wouldn't spend so much money. But the people of Mendoza were afraid when they heard that Remedios was

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

leaving. They were afraid the Spaniards were going to attack the city and that the governor was sending his young wife away because of that. So Remedios stayed in Mendoza, and the people felt safe.

“The next year the San Martíns had a baby girl. They named her Mercedes (Mar-say’days), which means mercies’ in English.

“San Martín gave up being governor. He was busy training the Army of the Andes now because he had that secret plan in his mind. He asked the new governor to give him a farm, since he had no money of his own. The people of Mendoza knew that he had worked hard to make their province and their city a better place to live, and they knew that he never spent any money on himself. So they were happy when the governor gave San Martín the gift of a farm.”

Uncle Henry noticed that Aunt Barbara and the girls’ mother were standing in the doorway, and he knew what that meant.

“Bedtime!” he told them. “Good night, I’ll tell about the secret plan tomorrow night.”

Chapter 9

PART 2

For Liberty - San Martin

“DADDY ” said Melbert the next evening, “what was that secret plan of San Martins?” Melbert never forgot a promise.

“All right; it’s time for me to tell you now. San Martin thought that they would never win freedom from Spain until they had taken Lima away from the Spaniards.”

“That was where the last viceroy lived, wasn’t it?” asked Faye.

“Yes, you have a good memory, my girl. No wonder you get such good grades in school! San Martin wanted to go to Lima and free Peru. But that was only part of it. He wanted to free Chile first, and then he knew that many soldiers from Chile would be happy to go to Peru with him. The big problem was how to get to Chile, and then how to get to Peru. Who has a good map of South America?”

“I have one in my geography book,” said Faye. “I shall get it.” No sooner said than done, for in a moment she had brought her geography book and found the page where the map was.

Uncle Henry took a pencil from his pocket and pointed. “Now, what is there between Argentina and Chile?” he asked.

“The Andes Mountains,” shouted Arthur even before Faye could read the name from the book. “I ought to know,” laughed Arthur, “for we flew right over them, didn’t we, Melbert?”

“And were they high and steep! Daddy, where are the pictures we bought in Chile? You know, daddy, the ones of that high peak. What is its name?” Melbert had jumped out of his daddy’s lap and was running to get the pictures.

“The pictures,” his father called after him, “are right in the top of my suitcase, son, in that blue envelope. The name of the

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

highest peak is Aconcagua (Ah-con-kah'-gwah). It is more than twenty-three thousand feet high - the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. We flew right beside it."

Melbert found the pictures quickly, and they all looked at Mount Aconcagua.

"How could San Martin think of getting across those mountains?" the boys and girls inquired.

"It was the most difficult thing San Martin ever did. In fact, it is one of the most wonderful things that a general ever did with an army. San Martin planned for years the crossing of the Andes Mountains. A friend of his was now at the head of the government in Buenos Aires, and he knew of the plan and helped to find food and clothes for the army. But most of the work was done in the poor province of Cuyo. You can understand now why San Martin wanted to live in Mendoza. It was the gateway to the passes across the mountains. The women in Mendoza, headed by Remedios, gave their jewels to their country to be sold in order to buy guns and uniforms. The children collected clean cloths from house to house and helped wrap them for bandages. The women were busy sewing uniforms. The men made horseshoes and bullets and saddles. They melted church bells to make guns and bullets. They made water carriers of goats' hides. 'He wants wings for his cannon, and he shall have them,' said his engineer. So he invented portable bridges and carriages for the cannon.

"San Martin made friends with the Chilean Indians and gave them a great feast. The Indians promised to let the army go through their country over a southern pass across the mountains.

"The general needed good maps of the mountain passes. He called Condarco (Kon-dahr'ko) to him and said, 'I am sending you to the Spanish viceroy's governor in Chile with a letter from me. You must deliver the letter. He may hang you at once.' But Condarco didn't flinch. He was ready to obey any orders. The letter that San Martin wrote gave a copy of the declaration of independence that the provinces of La Plata had recently signed. But the letter was only an excuse. Condarco's

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

real errand was to make maps of the passes he went through over the Andes Mountains. He must not carry any drawings with him, for he might be caught, and then the plan would be discovered. He must remember those trails and draw the maps when he got back home. I'll send you by the longer main road because I'm sure you will have to hurry back over the short Uspallata (Oos'-pahl-yah'tah) route - if the governor doesn't shoot you!' "So Condarco went to Chile over the long trail, and he took the letter to the governor."

"Did they shoot Condarco?" Earline's eyes were big.

"No, the governor didn't shoot him, but he had San Martin's letter and the Argentine declaration of independence burned in the public square. Condarco was rushed out of the city, and, as San Martin thought, he was told to go back to Mendoza the quickest way possible. Over the Uspallata Pass he returned, remembering its cliffs and peaks and canyons. San Martin was glad to have maps of the two passes. He decided to divide his army into five parts and send each over a different pass. He knew that if the Spaniards found out where his men were crossing, they could rush to the narrow pass and stop them.

"Finally everything was ready. The small city of Mendoza was full of soldiers and horses and feasts. Then they all disappeared, and the city seemed deserted, with all the strong men gone. Remedios and her baby went back to Buenos Aires. She had no idea when she might see her husband again - if ever.

"The crossing was as difficult as San Martin had imagined. The men were cold, and many were made helpless by mountain sickness. Many animals died. Some slipped or lost their balance on the rocky trails and fell down the cliffs to be killed on the rocks below.

"Once San Martin took shelter in a cave during a hailstorm. He was so tired that he took off only his three-cornered hat with its blue and white rosette. He lay down on the rocky floor of the cave and slept in his wet boots and cape. When he awoke the sun was sparkling on the snowy peaks. His men and

the animals were shivering. He ordered the band to play the beautiful Argentinean national song. So the martial music rang out over the dreary mountains, and the great condors of the Andes wondered what it was all about as they flew overhead.

“San Martín and his Chilean friend, O’Higgins, went over the Uspallata Pass. Another general went over the longer pass with the heavy artillery. When the Chilean soldiers, who had come with O’Higgins to help, got out of the terrible Andes and saw the plains of Chile again, they cried for joy.

“They soon met the Spanish troops and won a great victory at Chacabuco (Chah-kah-boo’ko). The good news was sent back to Buenos Aires by Remedios’ brother, who was one of San Martín’s officers. Suddenly San Martín became a great man in Buenos Aires. His countrymen there had not helped him or trusted him much. They had said unkind things about him. But now he was the ‘Hero of the Andes.’

“The governor of Chile had been taken prisoner, and the people asked San Martín to become their ruler. But San Martín never wanted to rule or to mix with politics in any way. He wanted to free the people and then let them choose their own form of government. It was the Chilean general, O’Higgins, who became their president.

“San Martín didn’t buy any fine new clothes. He had his coat turned and a new oilcloth covering put on his hat.

“He had crossed the Andes and freed Chile, but now he must plan to go by sea to free Peru. It would take a long time to get ships ready. One day as he was standing in the kitchen eating his lunch he said to one of his men, ‘O’Brien, we are leaving tomorrow for Buenos Aires, with what we have on, of course.’ When the Chilean government found that he was going in order to ask for money, ships, and men, they voted him eleven thousand pesos for the trip. But he gave the money to found a library in Chile. Across the Andes again went San Martín, tired and sick, but determined to finish his work. He found his wife ill at her parents’ home, but he had to leave her and go back to Chile. In three years San Martín crossed the

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

Andes seven times. He was so ill that he began to take opium to relieve his pain, but he would not rest.

“It was three years before he was ready to sail to Peru with O’Higgins. The army landed and camped near Lima. Some of the officers were anxious to attack the city, but San Martin had no wish to fight the Peruvians. He wanted them to join him in driving out the Spaniards. So he waited for many months. Many Peruvians did join his army. Finally the viceroy left the city, and then San Martin was free to enter. That was what he had been waiting for.

“His army marched into the city without having fought against it. The Army of the Andes carried the blue-and-white flag made by Remedios and the women of Mendoza. The Army of Chile carried the flag that O’Higgins had chosen, and the Liberating Army of Peru had its red-and-white sun flag. People watched from their old Spanish balconies as the armies passed, but San Martin did not march with them. He had dreamed of freeing Lima for years, but he never liked to show off. Instead, he rode quietly into the old City of the Kings, as it was called, in the evening. He became the Protector of Peru. It was a title he liked better than ‘governor’ or ‘king.’ He worked hard to establish schools and to make Lima a better place for everyone. The government gave him a gift of half a million dollars. He asked his secretary to divide it into twelve equal parts. Then he gave \$25,000 to each one of his highest officers. He didn’t keep a cent of it for himself or for his family.

“There was at this time another great man who was freeing other countries from Spain. His name was Bolívar (Bo-lee’vahr), and I’ll tell you all about him some other night. He also had wanted to free Peru, and he was coming toward Peru from the north, as San Martin had come from the south. San Martin hoped that they could finish the work together, for there was still much to be done in Upper Peru, and there were still thousands of Spanish soldiers in Peru. San Martin and Bolívar planned to meet in a country to the north of Peru - in Ecuador, in the city of Guayaquil (Gwi-yah-keel’).”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

Faye was looking for it on the map, and Arthur showed her where it was. He felt proud that he had been there, as well as in old Lima, on his way to the United States.

“In Guayaquil,” continued his father, “San Martin was given a royal welcome. He rode into the city beside Bolívar. Arches of flowers were over them. Flowers were thrown in their path. Bolívar smiled and enjoyed the honors, but San Martin was uncomfortable, for he didn’t care for that kind of show.

“The two great liberators met in secret to discuss their plans all alone. For many years no one knew what they said to each other. But now we know that San Martin offered to serve under Bolívar in order to finish the liberation of Peru. But Bolívar refused politely. San Martin was disappointed. He had hoped they could be friends. But now he saw that Bolívar wanted to liberate Peru alone. So he made a great and generous decision. He decided to retire, to go home to Remedios and little Mercedes. He would let Bolívar finish the war in Peru and receive all the glory and honor. Wasn’t he a noble man?

“That night there was a great banquet in Guayaquil. San Martin attended it, looking tall and handsome in his fine uniform. When the generals drank, Bolívar raised his glass and said, ‘To the two greatest men in South America - San Martin and myself!’

“San Martin’s toast was quite different. To a prompt end of the war!’ he said, ‘to the new republics on this continent, to the health of Bolívar!’

“While the beautiful ladies and elegant men were dancing, San Martin left the brightly lighted banquet hall and went quietly out into the night. He boarded his ship and sailed away.

“Back in Lima, he called together the congress and laid aside his crimson-and-white sash of office. He told them that he was leaving. His friends could not believe him. But soon his few things were packed and he was on his way back to Argentina.

“He was ill, and he was poor. His friend O’Higgins lent him money for the trip home. When he reached Buenos Aires he

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

found that his wife had died, longing to see him once more. Now he had only his daughter, who was seven, left.

“With his girl San Martin sailed away from South America. The general made a good father. He wrote down some rules that he wanted Mercedes to follow as she grew up:

She must love the truth and hate lying. She must be kind to the poor.

She must not meddle with things belonging to others.

She must be able to keep a secret.

She must be sweet to servants and to old people.

She must be polite at the table.

She must be neat but not extravagant.

She must not talk too much.”

“Sounds like my mother,” laughed Faye.

“Yes, I believe the great general made a good mother! San Martin and his daughter lived in Europe for many years, and Mercedes went to school there. They were poor.”

“Didn’t he ever go back to South America to live?” the children asked.

“No, he never did. But he did make one trip back. He left Mercedes in a good school and sailed for Buenos Aires. He had heard that his country was at war with Brazil, and his friends begged him to go back and help. But before he reached Buenos Aires the war was over. When he reached the port (he was traveling under a different name so no one would recognize him) he knew that his enemies had been saying untrue things about him. He saw some handbills that said, ‘General San Martin has come back to his country - after the war is safely over.’”

“Why, that sounds as if he were a coward!”

“Yes, it was an unkind thing to say,” continued Uncle Henry. “The statesmen in Buenos Aires were quarreling for power. San Martin never had wanted to take part in a political quarrel. So he sailed away from his America, back to Europe.

“When he and his daughter were living in Paris, a young Argentinean went to call on them. His father had been a friend of the general’s, and the young man wanted to see the great

liberator. The young man met and loved Mercedes. They were married and went to South America for their honeymoon. After two years they went back to live in Europe, and Mercedes took good care of her old father. When he was nearly blind, she would read to him to entertain him. She had two bright girls.

“One day San Martín’s younger granddaughter came into his room crying. He handed her something bright to play with, and she went away happy. He had given her a beautiful gold medal presented to him when he was a young man fighting for Spain. He handed it to the child and then forgot all about it. But Mercedes found her baby playing with the medal, and she put it away carefully.

“Finally the old gentleman died when he was seventy-two years old.”

There was a moment’s thoughtful silence.

“The countries that he fought for shouldn’t have let him be lonely and poor,” protested Faye.

“Yes, you’re right,” their uncle said; “but I think most great men are lonely. Few are appreciated while they live. San Martín’s heart was buried in Buenos Aires, and there is a fine monument to him there.”

“I’ve seen it!” Arthur’s bright eyes were brighter. “He’s riding on a big horse, isn’t he?”

“That’s right. It’s a bronze statue on a high pedestal overlooking a beautiful plaza in Retiro where he once drilled his Mounted Grenadiers.”

Chapter 10

Part 1

For Independence - Bolívar

“WHAT shall our story be about tonight?” asked Uncle Henry when the children were through with their work and play the next evening.

“I’d like to hear more about that other liberator from the north - the one that met San Martín and made him decide to go home without finishing the war or having the honor.”

“You mean Bolívar. The story of his life is exciting.”

“We saw a large statue of him in the Plaza Bolívar right in the center of Lima. Didn’t we, daddy?” asked Arthur.

“Yes, indeed, we did. I have a fine picture of it right here in my pocket.” Uncle Henry took a post card from his vest and showed it to the four children. They thought that they had never seen a more beautiful horse than the bronze one Bolívar was so proudly riding.

“Was he born in Spain or in the New World?”

“Which was older, Bolívar or San Martín?”

“Bolívar was born in the country of Venezuela, which is on the northern coast of South America. He was five years younger than San Martín. His family was very rich. Now listen to his name: Simón José Antonio de la Santísima Trinidad Bolívar y Palacios.”

The children laughed. “All of that?”

“Yes, all of that. Many Spaniards have long names. And they make them longer by adding their mother’s maiden name to their own last name. So, if you were Spanish, Earline, you would tell people that your name was Earline Mae Westphal y Reed, because your mother’s name was Reed before she was married. Bolívar’s names in English mean Simón Joseph Anthony of the Most Holy Trinity Bolívar (that was his father’s name) and Palacios (that was his mother’s name).

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“He had two sisters and a brother, but, as they were older, little Simón (See-mon’) was badly spoiled. He was a lively, slender boy with dark, wavy hair and black eyes. He was only three years of age when his father died. His mother was still young. She was an elegant lady and accustomed to having many servants about her all the time. When she went from their mansion house in the city to church she was accompanied by fifteen servants. She wore a rich silk gown with long flowing skirt. On her head was a high comb and a lovely black lace shawl. She was loaded with jewels and many rings. One servant carried a parasol over her head, another carried her fan, another her prayer book, another her rosary, and another her pet monkey. Simón’s colored nurse was in the procession, holding the little boy by the hand.

“One day the boy became angry because a man with only a few servants was sitting in his mother’s pew. He wanted to fight with the Spaniard. Though he was only a child, he was proud, and since his father was dead he thought it was his place to take care of his beautiful mother. But when he told his mother he was waiting for that Spaniard, she told his nurse to pick him up and take him home! Simón was carried, kicking and screaming, down the street.

“He could hardly remember his father, but he knew that his mother was sad and pale since his death. They went to their country home, San Mateo (Sahn Mah-tay’o), hoping that the fresh mountain air would be good for her. Simón loved to stay at San Mateo, where he could ride horses and watch the fifteen hundred slaves work in the sugar-cane plantations. But his mother did not get better even in that beautiful place. One day when Simón was nine years old he saw a nun coming toward him. When she was close to him, the boy saw with horror that it was his mother. She took him in her arms and kissed him good-by. Then she rode away on her white mule. He never, never saw her again. She had given up all her wealth and jewels and gone to live in a convent. It wasn’t long until she died.

“From Simón’s birth he had a yearly income all his own of twenty thousand pesos. Now that he was an orphan he had a

great deal more. The family owned rich mines, cattle ranches, fine town houses, besides the mansion in Caracas and the enormous San Mateo plantations. His uncle Carlos became the boy's guardian. The uncle found the boy disobedient, rude, willful. He asked a wise judge to be the boy's tutor, and the judge hired the best teachers he could for Simón. These private teachers lived at the boy's home or came to give him classes all by himself every day."

"Oh, I don't think I'd like that," observed Arthur. "Why, I'd have to answer all the questions myself."

"One of these teachers whose name was Rodríguez (Rodree'gays) taught the boy for a long time and came to have a great deal of influence over him. Simón was bright, and he read many good books and was able to write poetry. Rodríguez had traveled a great deal, and Simón loved to hear stories of his adventures. The boy was especially excited when Rodríguez would tell about the wild llaneros, or cowboys, who lived in Venezuela. Simón wanted to go and visit them. He wanted to ride wild steers and horses as they did. Rodríguez told him that he was too young - Simón was only twelve. But the more the boy heard about the dangers the more determined he was to go. Finally his older brother, who never could say No to him, gave him permission.

"Off went Simón and his teacher on horseback, across the mountains and through the jungles until they came to the plains called the llanos (yah'nos), where the Bolívars owned cattle ranches.

"There the boy and his teacher lived among the wild, rude men. The rich boy who had been used to fine clothes was dressed in the coarse clothing of the llaneros. He slept in a hammock as they did. He saw that babies were tied up to the roof in a cowhide for a cradle. When boys were four years old, they were taught to ride horseback. At eight they were expected to ride a steer and throw it by twisting its tail. A few years later the boys were expected to tame a wild horse. Simón felt that he must break a wild horse as did the llanero boys. His friends lassoed a strong young mare from a herd of wild horses that

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

was galloping across the plains. It took the boy a week to teach the wild horse to obey him, but he was able to ride his own trained horse to the rodeo later, and the llaneros called him Iron Seat because nothing could throw him. The boy couldn't know that some day he, a great general, would lose a battle there on the plains, and that later he would win a great victory on the same llanos.

“When Rodríguez and Simón rode through the city of Caracas after several months on the plains, they saw that there was great excitement there. They asked passers-by what it was all about, and were told that a patriot was to be beheaded in the plaza. They rode on into the city and saw the death of a man who had tried to make their country free. Their hearts were bitter.

“Three hundred years after the discovery of their country the Spaniards born in America did not have the same rights as those born in Spain. All the important offices were filled by the Spaniards sent out by the king. They looked down on the Americans, even if they were rich and well educated. Once the people of Venezuela asked permission of the Spanish king to have a university. But the king replied, We do not consider education advisable in America.’ The American colonies could not trade with other countries, but only with Spain. That meant that they sold things cheaply to Spain and had to pay heavy taxes on everything they bought from Spain. It was unfair.

“Rodríguez told Simón many stories about George Washington. All his life George Washington was his great hero. Rodríguez began to tell him stories of a Frenchman named Napoleon. The people thought he was going to be a great liberator also.

“When Simón was fourteen, his teacher disappeared. He had been banished from the country because he had been plotting against the Spanish government. When Simón was left without his teacher he was restless. He was not happy in Caracas, and he was not happy at San Mateo. He joined his father's old regiment and had two years of military training. At

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

seventeen Bolívar was a handsome lieutenant with a fine uniform trimmed in gold braid. He loved to go to parties and dances. He spoke French well. Bolívar had a young uncle who was visiting at the court of Spain, and he wished to have Bolívar join him there. So the young man persuaded his guardian that travel in Europe was what he needed.

The slow sailboat on which Bolívar left his native land stopped for several weeks in Mexico, and then again in Cuba. Bolívar visited the viceroy in Mexico and the governor in Cuba. Everywhere he made friends. He was always introduced to the best people because he was of a noble, rich family himself. His uncle presented him at the court of the king in Madrid, the capital of Spain. His uncle was sharing a room with another young noble who was a favorite of the queen. For a time Bolívar was happy at the court in Madrid, spending his money and meeting new friends. One day he beat the king at a game of darts. He noticed that the king was displeased. Once when he was riding his fine horse in the early morning in the park some guards stopped him and searched him. His uncle told him that his friend was no longer the queen's favorite, and that probably they were looking for some secret letters. Bolívar didn't like to be stopped and searched. He felt that the Spaniards did not treat him as their equal because he was born in America. Bolívar's uncle said it was time to leave the court before they got into any worse trouble. He wanted Bolívar to go with him to Paris at once. But Bolívar refused to go." "Why?" asked Melbert.

"It was because he was in love with a beautiful girl, Maria Theresa, he had met at the court. He went to stay at the castle of the girl's uncle, and he lived quietly, spending his time reading or writing instead of riding and going to parties as he had done before. Finally he went to the girl's father and asked permission to marry her.

"How old are you?" asked the nobleman.

"Nineteen," answered Bolívar.

"Then you may come back when you are twenty-one and ask me again, if you have not changed your mind," the girl's

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

father told him. So Bolívar went to Paris. But it wasn't long before he went back to Madrid and again asked permission to marry the girl of seventeen. This time he received permission. Although the girl's father had lived for many years in Caracas, she had never seen America, for she had been born in Spain. Now they sailed away to Venezuela.

"When they reached Caracas, there was a month's celebration in the city for these two rich young people who had returned to America. Then Bolívar took his bride up into the mountains to San Mateo, the home of which he had told her so much. There they were happy for many weeks. Then poor Maria Theresa became ill with fever. Bolívar made a stretcher and had her carried down the mountain trail to the city of Caracas, where he could get a doctor for her. But it was too late. She died of yellow fever. They had been married less than a year. Bolívar was so desperately unhappy that his friends and relatives finally persuaded him to go back to Europe, hoping that he would forget his sorrow as he traveled.

"Once more in Paris, Bolívar watched the crowning of Napoleon and felt sick at heart. Napoleon had turned out to be another dictator and was having himself crowned emperor. Then one day Bolívar met his old friend and teacher, Rodríguez. Together they made a walking trip through Southern Europe to Italy. Rodríguez was always talking about the right of the common man and the setting up of republican governments.

"One sunny day in Rome they climbed a hill together and admired the view below them. Suddenly Bolívar, filled with a great desire, fell to his knees and, holding up his hands, made a vow: I swear by the God of my forefathers, I swear by my native land, that I shall never allow my hands to be idle, nor my soul to rest, until I have broken the shackles which bind us to Spain."

"He was twenty-two years old. He never married again. He dedicated all his energy, all his talents, all his money, to help free his native land."

Chapter 11

Part 2

For Independence - Bolívar

“ARTHUR!” called his cousins. “Come! It’s storytime!” ,

That morning Arthur’s uncle had bought him a toy airplane kit. He had been working on the plane ever since. In fact, the family had had a hard time to make him stop for dinner. So his daddy began the story without him that evening.

“Bolívar looked fine,” began Uncle Henry, with his dark green cape and high gold-embroidered collar as he said good-by to his friends in Europe. He visited our country on the way back to Venezuela.”

“You mean he was here in the United States?” asked Faye.

“That’s right. He visited several weeks in Boston and New York. When he met his friends in Caracas again and talked to them about liberty he found that they were afraid to declare their independence from Spain yet. They needed help from other countries. Bolívar suggested sending someone to the United States and someone to England to see if those great countries wouldn’t help Venezuela become free.

“The Council, that was ruling the country since they had gotten rid of their Spanish governor, said that they would like to have Bolívar himself go to England, but the government had no money for his trip. Of course Bolívar was happy to pay his own expenses. He took with him a rich young friend. The Council told the two young men that they must not visit old General Miranda.”

“Who was he?” asked Arthur, who had been attracted by the story.

“Miranda was one of Napoleon’s generals who was a Spaniard, born, like Bolívar, in Caracas. In fact, Miranda had fought against the Spaniards in several places. He had fought in our American Revolution, in the French Revolution, and had

schemed and planned for independence in Venezuela for many years. The people of Venezuela felt that if Miranda helped them, the Spaniards would know right away that they were willing to fight for their freedom. They wanted to get the Spanish government to let them have more liberties without fighting.”

“Did Bolívar go to see him anyway?” the children asked.

“Yes, he did, but not until he had tried for a long time to get help from others. Finally he saw that Great Britain would not promise any help unless the Venezuelans declared their independence from Spain first. So as a last resort he went to General Miranda.

“The old general returned to Venezuela with Bolívar, and the country declared its independence.

“The Spaniards in one part of Venezuela made trouble for them, so the general organized an army to go against the town of Valencia. The general didn’t like young Bolívar and didn’t want to take him along. But an uncle of Maria Theresa, the wife he had lost, took him into his regiment as a common soldier. Miranda was used to fighting in the European way, and he found everything different in America. The enemy surprised him from behind rocks and mountains. Many lives were lost before Valencia was finally taken by the patriots. Bolívar had shown his great bravery, and general Miranda had a better opinion of him after that. He sent Bolívar back to Caracas with the news of the victory - their first victory.”

“My, that must have made the people happy!” interrupted Faye.

“Well,” continued Uncle Henry, “you’ll be surprised when you know what happened in Caracas at that time. Bolívar’s life was always full of big ups and downs. When things were going fine, something awful would happen to spoil everything. So when Bolívar had returned to his native city he found a great crowd of people in the streets. They were celebrating Holy Thursday. Hundreds of Indians from the surrounding country had come into the city. The churches were filled, and the church bells were ringing. Suddenly Bolívar heard a horrible

roar, and then the cracking and banging of falling buildings and the screams of frightened people. It was an earthquake! Thousands of persons were killed. Bolívar went everywhere trying to help the people, caring for the wounded, digging the people out from under fallen houses. He began to hear strange talk. The priests, who had always been on the side of Spain, were telling the people that the earthquake was a punishment that God had sent them because of their rebellion.

“You have not been faithful to Spain,’ the priests were shouting to the people. ‘God has sent the earthquake. Return to the mother country and be forgiven.’ So the frightened people gave up their ideas of freedom.

“Bolívar was angry. ‘If nature is against us, we shall fight nature herself!’ he cried.

“After that Bolívar was sent away from the city of Caracas, to a little village of adobe huts on the banks of the Magdalena (Mahg-dah-len’ah) River. He was in charge of a fort there. One of his officers was a traitor.”

“What’s that?” asked Melbert.

“A traitor is a person who is not loyal, who deceives those who trust him. This traitor gave the fort over into the hands of the Spaniards. Bolívar fought until he had only seven soldiers left. They had to escape then.

“Bolívar went back to his home in Caracas. He had been ashamed when he was sent away to stay in such a small fort, and now he was more ashamed to think he had lost it. His proud spirit was broken, and he was ashamed to meet his superior officers. Then he heard some more bad news. General Miranda had surrendered to the Spaniards!

“‘It’s treason!’ said Bolívar to his friend. Together they went to the port where the general was waiting to sail away. Bolívar and his friend made up their minds that the old man was not going to get away so easily. ‘He came to liberate Venezuela, and now he runs away and leaves her,’ they said. So they crept into the place where he was sleeping, and, waking him up in the middle of the night, they took him prisoner. He was put in a

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

prison that the Spaniards took over the next day, and they sent him to Spain in chains. Four years later he died in prison.”

“Was he really a traitor, Uncle Henry?” asked Faye. “I don’t believe he was. He was discouraged. He felt that Venezuela was not ready for independence yet, at least not without some help from another country. But I think Bolívar was too hard on him, for the general had given his whole life to the cause of liberty.

“Bolívar was hiding in an Indian hut for some time. Then he decided he would surely be found there, so he went boldly to the Spanish general and asked for a passport so he could leave the country. The general must have liked his boldness, for he let him have a passport - ‘since you took Miranda captive,’ he said. Still bolder, Bolívar exclaimed, ‘I didn’t take him captive for the king of Spain, but because he was a traitor to his country.’

“Everything had gone wrong; the earthquake, his loss of the fort, Miranda’s surrender. Bolívar was in hiding on an island. His sisters were hiding, too, and he had been defeated. He had left his city. He was penniless. There he lay in a native hammock eating oranges and custard apples that grew there, and gazing at a map on the wall of his hut, a map of his dear country.”

“He really must have felt discouraged,” said the girls. “I suppose he was, but he didn’t give up even then.

He decided to go to the port of Cartagena in the neighboring country of Colombia. In order to get the fare for the boat he sold a gold buckle and some other keepsakes he had. As soon as he was in Cartagena he published a daring article telling the people of New Granada, as Colombia was then called, that their freedom must be won at the same time as Venezuela’s. He was made a colonel in their army and sent to a little port on the Magdalena River. It was where he wanted to be. Soon he and his men were sailing up the river in canoes, poling their way through the forests. He surprised some Spanish gunboats and took them, and then went on to the next city, which surrendered to him at once. In six days he won six battles.”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Whew!” whistled Arthur.

“Only nine weeks before, he had been all alone on the island. His army was strengthened with each battle he won, and now he insisted that they must go over the mountains into his own country. It was a terrible trip. The soldiers suffered cruelly from the cold as they crossed the rugged, snowy peaks. But Bolívar had a way with his men. He could talk to them and make them willing to do almost anything for him and for liberty. In a narrow mountain pass he had another great victory when he took a Spanish fort there. Everything was not perfect, for he couldn't trust two of his generals. But, ‘On to Caracas!’ he urged them. And on to Caracas they went, right back to his home city that he had left feeling so sad.

“Before he entered the capital city he changed his traveling clothes for a fine uniform. It was a great day for him when he entered Caracas, looking proud and handsome. The people made him ride in a golden chariot, and it was drawn, not by horses, but by twelve beautiful girls with silk ribbons instead of reins. He was decorated with a ribbon that said, ‘To the Liberator of Venezuela and of New Granada.’ His old nurse was still in the city, and he had dinner with her that day.”

“Is that the end of the story?” Melbert asked sleepily. “I wish it might have been for Bolívar and his men, but it was not. The Spaniards were not ready to sign a peace treaty yet. They had succeeded in getting the wild llaneros to fight on their side.”

“Oh, they were the cowboys that Bolívar had visited when he was a boy twelve years old, weren't they?”

“Yes, that's who they were, and they were fierce and wild. Bolívar went out to fight them, and left his friend Ribas (Ree'bahs) to defend the city of Caracas. He fought a battle with those swarming hordes right on the grounds of his own old plantation, San Mateo. It was sad for him to see his beautiful country estate destroyed, but it was sadder for him to see the plainsmen being led by a Spanish general and fighting for something they didn't understand. He wanted to give the llaneros their liberty, but they thought he was their enemy. The

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

battles went badly for Bolívar in the country, and badly for Ribas in the city.

“Finally Bolívar and his patriots had to leave Caracas. It was the time when Bolívar’s fortunes were at their lowest. For twenty days he and his patriot friends fled through the forest, plunging down through the dense jungle growth of the mountains toward the sea. Some were ill, some hurt, and some even lost their minds. The mosquitoes made life miserable for them. They had some treasures with them, and they put them on an Italian vessel to be taken to a place of safety. Bolívar discovered that the captain intended to sail with the treasure and keep it for himself, so he boldly went out to the ship in a rowboat and forced the captain to turn back. Then Bolívar’s friend, Ribas, misunderstood and thought that Bolívar was trying to run away, too. To have his friends believe him a traitor was almost more than he could bear. He became sick and was taken to Colombia.”

“‘You have been an unfortunate soldier, but you are a great man,’ his friends there told him as they tried to encourage him.

“Bolívar found that things were going badly for the patriots in Colombia, too. He took the capital city of Bogotá (Bo-go-tah’) and drove out the Spaniards. Again he was a great hero. ‘The Peacemaker,’ they called him there. Then in the moment of triumph, again there was bad news.

“Spain, the mother country, had finished a war in the Old World and was now ready to turn her attention to her rebellious colonies in the New World. She sent a fine general with ten thousand troops and seventy ships to end the rebellion in New Granada and Venezuela. There were more battles and more disappointments, and again Bolívar was a fugitive, this time in the island of Jamaica. He didn’t even have a change of clothing with him.

“While he was in Jamaica he wrote a famous piece called ‘The Jamaica Letter.’ He urged the South American colonies to unite as free countries and form a federation of republics. He even suggested digging the Panama Canal.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“One night he walked the streets, back and forth, thinking and thinking. At dawn as he entered his house he saw a man running away. A friend of Bolívar's was lying in his hammock - dead! Bolívar understood that the man who ran away had thought he was killing him.

“Then there was bad news from New Granada. The port of Cartagena was surrounded by Spanish troops, and the people in the city were dying of starvation. Six thousand were dead already. The capital city, Bogotá, was again in the hands of the Spaniards. Bolívar tried to form an expedition and go to their relief, but his general deceived him and went over to the side of the enemy.

“In 1816 Bolívar finally returned to the mainland and never left it again. He was about to be overcome by a troop of Spaniards when one of his old generals freed him from them. Bolívar thanked him saying, ‘I greet the liberator of the Liberator! Other old friends came back to him at this dark time.

“By night he traveled and came upon the camp of the plainsmen. They were being commanded by a man by the name of Páez (Pah’ays). They were dancing around the campfire. Bolívar chose an attractive girl and began to dance. It was one of the llaneros own dances. The people began to watch him with growing interest. Then they cried, ‘It is the commander in chief!’ Páez and the llaneros were won over to the side of freedom, and they began to help Bolívar. Although it was a hard trip for the plainsmen to cross the steamy swamps in the rainy season, and harder yet for them to climb the freezing, high Andes, they followed the commander who seemed to have a strange power over them, and finally they had a great victory and were once more in the capital of Colombia.

“Five years after Spain sent over the new general and the big army that was to regain all the lost colonies, the mother country received word, not that he had conquered the colonies, but that Bolívar had formed a new government, Greater Colombia. It included Colombia and Venezuela, and even Ecuador, too, though Bolívar really hadn’t freed that country yet. But he intended to!

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Bolívar continued his battles, and soon the last of the Spanish troops sailed away, and he was once more in his own city of Caracas - again its great hero. He was now ready to turn south and persuade Ecuador to join the forces of the free. Then he planned to go on to Peru, where, you will recall, the Spanish viceroy lived in his fine palace in Lima.”

“It was while on his trip to Ecuador that he met San Martin, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, they met in the port of Guayaquil.”

“Oh, that’s where I got that piece of balsa wood that I carved my little boat from,” said Arthur, running to his room. He was right back with a boat he had made out of the feathery-light wood.

“Yes, it was in that very city where you saw them loading the balsa wood for airplanes that San Martin and Bolívar met and talked secretly. You know, they were quite different men. Bolívar loved paraded and fine clothes and praise. San Martin always disliked such things. Bolívar was ready to lead out in the government, while San Martin always wanted the people to choose someone else. So it was no wonder that the two generals couldn’t work together well, though they both loved the same cause.

“As I have already told you, San Martin offered to serve under Bolívar, but Bolívar made polite excuses for not accepting his help. San Martin understood that Bolívar wanted to finish the work alone and have the honor for himself. So, after all the parades and the banquet and the ball, San Martin slipped away to his ship in the harbor. He sent a handsome present to Bolívar - a fine horse and a pair of pistols. There was a note with them that read: ‘Accept these gifts from the first of your many admirers.’

“Bolívar and his helper, Sucre (Soo’kray), went on to Peru. Bolívar had troubles with many of his generals, but there was one whom he could always trust, one who was ever faithful. This was Sucre, a young man that Bolívar loved as his own son. Sucre was as good and as humble as he was great. To Sucre

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

goes the honor of winning the last great battle of independence, that of Ayacucho (I-yah-koo'cho), in 1826.

“While Sucre was in Upper Peru, Bolívar lived in a lovely villa near Lima. You can still visit the house if you go there. He had silver bird cages in the windows and ate from a golden dinner service. Bolívar received many costly gifts while he was in Peru. Among them was a uniform that was embroidered in gold thread and had his initials worked in diamonds and emeralds. He received a sword with the handle and case covered with four hundred fifty-three diamonds. Another gift he received came from our country, from the stepson of George Washington. It was a locket with Washington's picture engraved on it and containing a lock of his hair. The people of Peru wanted him to be their king or their emperor, but he said he liked the title of Liberator best of all.

“Bad news from Venezuela made him rush home, and when he had everything arranged in good order there he heard that trouble had broken out in Peru. So it always was. The new countries didn't know how to govern themselves yet, and he couldn't be everywhere at once. The countries that he wanted to see united in one large republic couldn't get along with each other.

“In recent years we hear often of Pan-American meetings. You will be surprised to know that Bolívar planned one in his day. It was held in Panama. But not all the delegates came. The United States minister died on the way. So again Bolívar was disappointed.

“More troubles came in Bogotá, and Bolívar remained there some time trying to settle the troubles. Finally he asked the congress to release him from his duties. He was ill and tired and disappointed.

“Alone he sailed down the Magdalena River, hoping to get a boat and go far away from the ungrateful countries that caused him so much sorrow after he had given his life for their freedom. But he was too ill to travel. He stayed at the small seaport town of Santa Marta. His work, he felt, had been

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

useless. There was unrest everywhere. In despair he said, ‘All who have served the Revolution have plowed the sea!’”

“But you couldn’t plow the sea!” protested Arthur.

“No, and that was the point. It seemed that his life’s work was as useless as it would be to try to plow the water.

“On December 17, 1830, Bolívar died of tuberculosis. Only a few friends were with him.”

“But his people must be very proud of him now!

“Oh, they are, indeed. There are villages, and coins, and streets, and hotels, and parks named after him everywhere, and many fine statues to commemorate his memory. Only twelve years after his death his countrymen brought his body to Caracas. The flags of many nations were at half-mast as a warship carried the warrior from Santa Marta to the port of Caracas. Cannon boomed. The whole city was in mourning. He was the liberator of five countries. Can you name them?”

“Caracas,” said Melbert, who liked to be first.

“Caracas was his city all right, but what was the name of the whole country?” asked his daddy helpfully.

“Venezuela,” corrected the other children.

“And New Granada. That’s the same as Colombia!”

“And Ecuador.”

“And Peru.”

“But that’s only four. What was the fifth, Uncle Henry?”

“The fifth was Upper Peru in those days, but now it is the country that bears the Liberator’s own name. It is Bolivia.”

Chapter 12

For the Eastern Shore - Artigas

“DADDY, you told a story about Argentina the other night. When are you going to tell one about my country?”

“Why, Arthur,” one of the girls exclaimed. “I thought you were born right here in the United States! Oh, I know! You mean Uruguay, don’t you?”

“Of course!” laughed Arthur.

“Well, it’s no wonder that you think Uruguay is your country, when you have been living there and going to school there. I think that of all the South American countries it is the one that is most like our own United States. We certainly enjoyed the years we spent there, didn’t we?” Arthur’s father responded.

Melbert said he enjoyed swimming at the beaches, and the others sighed in envy.

“You went to school three years in Uruguay, Arthur, said his father. “Perhaps you can tell me who the great hero of that country is.”

“Artigas (Ahr-tee’gahs), of course!” answered Arthur. “But I really don’t know much about his life. Why don’t you tell us about him tonight, daddy?”

“Artigas’s grandfather was one of the first seven families that went across the river from Buenos Aires to found the city of Montevideo. There were many attacks from the Indians, and the colonists had to be hardy folk. Artigas’s father owned several cattle ranches near Montevideo. The boy went to school in Montevideo, as the sons of many cattle ranchers do nowadays, and he spent his vacations in the country. He loved the outdoor life of freedom and adventure. He was a quiet, kindly boy, fond of listening to the sad stories the negro slaves told him of their trip across the ocean, and fond of riding and talking with the gauchos.”

“Who were the gauchos?” asked both girls.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“The cowboys!” answered Arthur.

“The gauchos were the most interesting people that ever lived in South America,” Uncle Henry declared. “They were the real pioneers that made Argentina. Some were descended from the conquerors that settled down in the New World and married Indian girls. Others were of pure Spanish descent but were criollos - born in America. The gauchos kept the Indians away from the settlement, and the gauchos helped fight the armies of Spain in the north while San Martin and the soldiers were crossing the Andes. They were rough, brave men who practically lived on horseback. How they loved their horses! I suppose they did love their families more, but many of them didn’t have families; they wandered around with their horses. If they did have a home, it was only a rude adobe hut with a thatched roof. If they had any money they spent it on silver ornaments for their saddles. On horseback they rounded up wild cattle. On horseback they shot at the Spaniards or threw boleadoras at the Indians.”

“What are those?” asked Earline.

“The boleadoras? Didn’t Aunt Barbara tell you about the thousands of wild horses on the pampas and how the Indians caught them by throwing boleadoras at their feet?”

“Oh, yes; I forgot the word!”

“I can shut my eyes and see the sunburned gaucho riding his horse, flinging the boleadoras with his right hand, holding the reins with his left, his large knife stuck in his belt, his felt hat turned up boldly in front, his cape flying behind him in the wind, his silver spurs urging on his half-wild horse, and the wide white lace on his full, bloomerlike pants flapping in the wind.”

“Uncle Henry, do you still see gauchos in South America?” queried Faye.

“Well, not really. At least the cowboys who have settled down to work on the ranchos as peones don’t wear lace on their pants any more, but they do wear the same kind of trousers and hats, and they still carry the large knives. It was the

invention of barbed wire that ended the real life of the gauchos.”

“Barbed wire!”

“Yes, when the landowners divided up the land and put up barbed-wire fences the gauchos were no longer free to ride over the wild pampas. They had to settle down.”

“I thought you were going to tell us about Artigas,” reminded Arthur, with a grin.

“Oh, we’ll come right back to him, son. You wouldn’t understand Artigas without knowing something of the gauchos, for he became their leader. In fact, he was practically one of them. From the time Artigas was eighteen years old he had his own business and was independent. He was a cattle trader. Some say that he used to break the Spanish laws and smuggle cattle back and forth between his province and Brazil. The Spanish laws which wouldn’t allow the colonies to trade with anyone but Spain were unjust. Anyway, we know that the Spaniards had enough confidence in him to make him captain of a regiment of frontier soldiers who protected the ranches from the Indians. It was at that time that he fought the British when they tried to take Montevideo.”

“Why, I didn’t know that the English ever tried to get part of South America!” exclaimed Faye in surprise.

“Yes. once they occupied both Montevideo and Buenos Aires for a short time. The English invasions were important because they gave the colonies two reasons for wanting to be free from Spain, First, they liked the more liberal trade rules that the English gave them. They saw that commerce could grow on the river and that they could all earn more money and pay less for the things they bought if it weren’t for Spain’s selfish laws. Second, it was the colonists themselves who drove the English out of Buenos Aires with little help from the Spanish soldiers; so they decided that they were ready to be independent and take care of themselves.

“In 1810 Artigas and his friends heard that the Argentineans across the river had set up an independent government and had rid themselves of the Spanish viceroy who

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

had ruled the River Plate country for so many years. Argentines have two Independence Days. The first one, on the 25th of May, is to celebrate the day in 1810 when their town council in Buenos Aires took over the government from the Spaniards. It is a glorious day in Argentinean history. Many of the colonists across the river in Montevideo would have been glad to do the same thing. But the Spaniards were firmly settled in Montevideo, so the colonists didn't try to gain their freedom at that time.

"Artigas had a quarrel with a superior officer. He knew that if he didn't leave the country he would be punished and put in jail, so he sailed across the river one dark night and reached Buenos Aires. He was happy to help the Argentine patriots there in their battles for more freedom. He was happy, too, later on, to hear that across the river in his home province there were little bands of ranchers and gauchos who were fighting for freedom. These little bands of soldiers needed a leader." "They needed Artigas, didn't they?" "Right! Artigas became their leader. He took with him two hundred fifty well-trained men from Buenos Aires. He found the gauchos fighting with spears they had made from the shears used for clipping sheep, Artigas won a victory at Las Piedras (Lahs Pee-ay'drahs). That pleased the patriot government in Buenos Aires, and they made him a general and gave him a sword of honor.

"Then Artigas surrounded the city of Montevideo, where the Spaniards were. For six months he tried to take the city. The Franciscan friars who had been Artigas's teachers when he was in school tried to help him by sending him secret messages. When the Spaniards discovered it, they drove the Franciscan fathers out of the city, along with Artigas's own family and forty other patriot families.

"The Buenos Aires government sent help across the river to Artigas. The Spaniards in the city needed more help, too, so they asked the Portuguese in Brazil to send them some soldiers. The Portuguese were glad enough to help, and they sent word that an expedition was coming. The Portuguese really weren't

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

so much interested in helping the Spaniards keep the city as they were in getting the little province for themselves.

“The Spaniards and the Portuguese were rivals in the New World. The Portuguese had settled in Brazil long before the Spaniards had settled along the Rio de la Plata. By a treaty the two countries made, the province on the eastern shore of the river fell into the lands belonging to Spain; but there were Brazilian settlers there, and for many years Brazil tried to make the Eastern Shore, as the province was called, a part of Brazil.

“The new government in Buenos Aires wasn’t strong yet, of course, and when they heard that the Brazilians were going to help the Spaniards in Montevideo, they were afraid they couldn’t help attack the city any longer. They had their own hands full trying to keep the Spanish armies from coming down from the north and recapturing the River Plate provinces. So the Argentineans told Artigas they could not help him fight any more.

“Artigas was terribly disappointed. All he had worked for would be lost if the Buenos Aires government made a peace treaty with Spain and took their troops away from the Eastern Shore. He went across the river again and begged them to at least let him carry on the fight alone, but they refused. Artigas knew that when the troops surrounding the city were taken away, he and his men would be captured and punished by the Spaniards. There was nothing for him to do but leave the country. Twelve thousand people went with him. It is called the Exodus of the Easterners. They took their cattle with them and traveled north afoot or with ox carts for two months, crossing over into Argentina and camping along one of the rivers there. They built their ranch houses there, and Artigas trained the men to be better soldiers, while he was waiting and hoping that someday he could go back to his Eastern Shore and finish the work he had begun.

“That time came when he heard that Montevideo was again besieged by patriots. He returned to his country as its leader.

“In Buenos Aires there was to be an important meeting to decide on the form of government for the colonists. Delegates

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

were sent from faraway provinces to meet together in Buenos Aires. Artigas sent delegates from the Eastern Shore. He gave them instructions about the kind of government for which they were to vote. The Instructions of Thirteen are famous.”

“Why thirteen?”

“Because it was the year 1813. Artigas told his delegates they were to vote for complete self-government in the provinces. But the men in Buenos Aires wanted a centralized government with all the authority right there. It was many years before Argentina was able to solve the problem of the right kind of government, for the country people, especially the gauchos in the provinces, wouldn’t agree to be governed by a group in Buenos Aires.

“Well, those delegates that Artigas sent weren’t even allowed to attend the meeting. They weren’t recognized as delegates. That made Artigas angry. He had been helping them fight for the freedom of the River Plate provinces. Even then he was helping them besiege Montevideo. He was angrier still when they took away the sword of honor that had been given him and set a price on his head. To the Argentines, Artigas was a lawless gaucho chieftain.

“Artigas began to fight the Argentines, as well as the Brazilians and the Spaniards. He made a new red, white, and blue flag for the Eastern Shore. On it were the words, ‘With liberty I neither offend nor fear.’

“Because of the misunderstandings with Argentina, Artigas withdrew from the siege of Montevideo, and it was an Argentine general who had the satisfaction of entering Montevideo when the Spaniards were finally driven away.

“But Artigas had become the Protector of Free People, as he was called. Four provinces in Argentina had come under his influence and looked to him as their leader. It was at this time that a Scot by the name of Robertson visited Artigas’s camp up on the Uruguay River. He knew that the man was the recognized leader of four great provinces. What was his surprise to find the chieftain in a mud hut, sitting on a cow’s skull for a chair, eating with his hands a piece of roasted meat,

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

and drinking from a cow horn! His officers were all around him. Important state papers were lying on the floor. Messengers ran tired horses up to the door and leaped to the ground with letters, and fresh horses carried the messengers with answers back to places as far distant as fifteen hundred miles.

“In 1816 the Portuguese again tried to take the Eastern Shore. Argentina would have helped Artigas defend the province, but he refused. He was determined that his little country should never belong to Argentina, Brazil, or Spain. It must be independent. For four more years he fought both Argentina and Brazil. But it was a losing battle, and the Portuguese moved in. Artigas fled to Paraguay. The gaucho chief pulled out leather bags from his belt and emptied all the silver and gold into one bag. He called a trusted messenger and said, ‘Here, take all I have left to our companions who are in prison in Brazil.’ Then he retired to live on a ranch in Paraguay.

“He never returned to his native land, not even when it became a free country in 1828 or when its independent government was set up in 1830. England helped persuade Brazil and Argentina to stop fighting for the Eastern Shore and let it be a peaceful and independent state lying between them.

“So Artigas, the gaucho chief, lived thirty years in exile, with only one faithful servant with him until he was eighty-six years old. When he was dying, the hardy old horseman said he had always wanted to die in the saddle. ‘Bring me my horse,’ he begged his servant; ‘I want to ride.’

“You can see him riding, as he would have wished, on a fine horse in the Independence Plaza in Montevideo, and on the monument is written: ‘The Founder of the Uruguayan Nation.’”

Chapter 13

Part 1

For an Empire - Dom Pedro II

“AND here are the Carlsbad Caverns,” pointed Faye.

“And here is the Grand Canyon,” said Arthur as he marked it in red on a large road map. The two redheads were lying on the floor with the map between them. They were looking up the route to California.

Only that day Uncle Henry had surprised the children by driving up to the door in a new car. The boys were thrilled, for they had never had a car in South America. They had to examine all the shiny gadgets carefully.

The new car was a sign that the boys were about to start on their trip to California—a trip that their parents had been telling them about for years. Their grandmother in California was fully as anxious to see them as they were to see her! That is why they were so busy with the road map in the evening.

“Is there any story left for you to tell us, Uncle Henry?” asked Faye when she saw her uncle come into the room and make himself comfortable in the armchair. “Seems as if we have all of South America free and full of republics now!”

“Oh, no, girlie!” her uncle hastened to correct her. “We haven’t had a single story about the largest and most beautiful country of all, and it was still ruled by an emperor long after the other countries were republics.”

“Why, what country was that?”

“The largest one in the Western Hemisphere,” Uncle Henry was trying to help them recall. “The only republic in South America where Spanish isn’t spoken,” he continued.

“What do they speak there? English?”

“No, Portuguese.”

“Brazil!” said Arthur.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Yes, indeed. And we mustn’t forget the story of their boy emperor who was only five when he became ruler and ruled for sixty years.”

“Oh, that sounds like a good story!” exclaimed the two children, pushing aside the road map.

“Where are Earline and Melbert?”

“Out in the new car.”

Uncle laughed. Then he went to the window and called them in for storytime.

“Hurry up, there,” encouraged Faye. “Uncle Henry’s going to tell us about an emperor who was only five years old!”

“I’ll have to begin the story with his father - or, better yet, with his grandfather! The Brazilian states were colonies of Portugal, as the other countries were colonies of Spain. When Napoleon was conquering Europe he inarched into Portugal, too. The king and queen and all the royal family and all their lords and ladies and servants and guards went aboard ships and sailed away from Portugal as Napoleons armies were marching in. There were ten thousand of them that left Portugal. They went to live in their loyal colony of Brazil in the New World.

“King Joao (Jwaon) had with him his queen mother, who was out of her mind, his wife, Queen Charlotte, and their eight children. The Brazilians were happy and proud to have the king come to live in their country. The king did a great deal to make the city of Rio de Janeiro finer. Perhaps he was thinking more of the convenience of his royal family and of his lords and ladies than he was of the Brazilian people; but anyway, he did many good things for the country. Queen Charlotte was proud and hateful, and she never liked Brazil or the Brazilians. She was a Spanish princess, and she never let people forget that she was used to much finer things.

“As the years went by, the people became tired of having to support so many members of the court with their taxes. King Joao had word from Portugal that he ought to go home and organize the government again after Napoleon’s defeat. It was hard for him to make up his mind, but he did finally decide to go back to Portugal to rule his kingdom there, but to leave his

son, who was heir to the throne, in Brazil. So king Joao sailed away with tears in his eyes.”

“I suppose the queen didn’t have any tears in her eyes!” suggested Faye.

“No, she didn’t. In fact, she was so happy to leave Brazil that she shook off the dust of that primitive country from her feet and from her trailing skirts before she went aboard the ship.

“The prince’s name was Pedro. He was a handsome young fellow of twenty-four. Neither his father or his mother had been careful of his training during the fourteen years they lived in Brazil. The boy had been allowed to run the streets and spend much time in the stables with the grooms when he should have been studying hard and learning how to be a good king. But he was much more pleasant than was his mother and much more capable of being a good ruler than was his father. For a prince, Pedro I was friendly and fond of the common people. His wife was an Austrian princess who had come out to Brazil to marry him.”

“Didn’t they know each other before they met in Brazil?” asked Faye.

“No, they had never seen each other before. But princes and princesses can only marry among nobility, you know. So the king had sent to Europe for some highborn princess for Pedro, and the matchmakers sent out Leopoldina (Lay-o-pol-deen’ah). She fell in love with Pedro at once and with the gorgeous kingdom his father was ruling. But I fear he didn’t really fall in love with her, for he was a thoughtless husband and often made her unhappy. Leopoldina was not a beautiful girl, but she was blond and healthy and smart. She loved to collect flowers and butterflies. She was a fine horsewoman, and she and Pedro looked handsome when they would review the troops. She liked to wear a blue dragoon’s uniform at such times which was most becoming to her beauty. The people liked her, and she shared her husband’s liberal ideas about ruling.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“So, when the councilors asked the prince if he would stay in Brazil when his father returned to Portugal, she encouraged him to accept. ‘Fico!’ he decided. That means, 1 stay!’ It was a famous word for Brazil. So Pedro I and Leopoldina became the first emperor and empress of Brazil.

“There were many patriots in Brazil who wanted to be free from Portugal and have their own government. King Joao realized this, and before he left he talked to Prince Pedro about it.

“‘If the people demand a separate government,’ he advised him, ‘Go along with the people and become their ruler yourself.’

“After the king went back to Portugal, Brazil was only a colony again. There were many laws that were unjust, and they displeased Pedro as much as they did the people. He wrote to Portugal to try to make things more fair for his Brazilians, but the Portuguese government refused to help. It was while Pedro was on a trip in the south of his enormous kingdom that a final answer from his father came to the court. Leopoldina was reigning in his place while he was away, and so she opened the letters. His father told him that he should return at once to Portugal and that a new governor was being sent out to rule Brazil. Leopoldina sent the letters to her husband by a swift messenger.

“Pedro was on horseback on the plains of Ypiranga, with his officers around him, when he received the papers from the messenger. There was silence as his men watched him open the letters, saw him turn pale with anger, and then tear them up.

“‘Independence or death!’ he cried, waving his sword in the air and spurring his horse forward. Independence or death!’ shouted the men with him, thrilled that at that moment the emperor was separating himself from Portugal. Pedro tore off the Portuguese emblems from his uniform. That was what we call a bloodless revolution.’ The country became free without any fighting. The emperor himself had declared its freedom. That cry is famous in Brazil. His words are called, The Cry of

Ypiranga,' and it is celebrated on the seventh of September every year.

"The Portuguese troops in Brazil refused to obey Pedro when he separated himself from the government in Portugal, so they had to return to the mother country. It was when he was busy giving orders to the troops that his young son died. The father took the child in his arms and kissed him good-by while he was busy with the troubles of state. He blamed the Portuguese troops for the death of his prince, for the baby had caught cold when the family fled to their country home the night the troops rebelled. 'The troops killed your majesty's grandson,' he wrote his father.

"Pedro asked one of the great patriots of Brazil to help him rule the kingdom. This man's name was José Bonifacio (Hosay' Bon-i-fahs'yo)."

"Did he have another little boy?" asked Earline.

"Yes, he did, but that prince also died. You know, kings and queens are especially anxious to have baby boys, for then they know that there is an heir to the throne. Of course girls can become rulers, too; but they often marry a foreign prince who doesn't know how to help govern the country. Pedro's first child had been a girl, Maria da Gloria CMah-ree'ah dah Glor'ya). Then had come the two princes who died, then three more baby girls. But the seventh child was a boy again, and he named him, like himself, Pedro."

"What was his middle name?"

"His middle names, you mean! Ancestors on both sides of the family had to be honored in the little prince's name. It was Pedro de Alcántara Joao Carlos Leopoldo Salvador Bibiano Francisco-Xavier de Paula Leocadio Miguel Gabriel Raphael Gonzaga!"

"Sounds like Greek to me!" declared Faye.

"It was on the second of December in 1825 that Pedro II was born."

"Oh, he's the one you were going to tell us about! Hurry up!" urged Melbert.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“He’s the one. It was rather a long introduction, telling you about his grandfather and father first, wasn’t it? And I can see that the story is going to be too long to finish in one evening, but I must tell you how happy the whole nation was when that prince was born. There were many government officials sitting up all night to find out if the baby would be a boy or a girl. The people were waiting for a signal, too. The firing of cannon was to boom out the news of his birth - two if a girl, three if a boy. How hearts overflowed with joy when they heard the cannon, once, twice, and finally the third time! Brazil had an heir to the throne, a prince that was truly Brazilian, for he was born in their own country. The proud father carried the tiny baby all wrapped in lovely lacy things on a satin pillow and showed him to the solemn statesmen who were waiting. Then the celebrations began. He was baptized. He was blessed. He was proclaimed the heir to the throne by congress. Each time there was a wonderful display of gay uniforms, jewels and silks, fine carriages, while the people crowded the streets, shouted, threw flowers, and lighted firecrackers to greet their future emperor. He was a beautiful, fair baby, much like his good mother.

“The next part of the story is rather sad, and I think we had better save it for tomorrow night. It wouldn’t be a good bedtime story.”

The girls and boys Oh’ed and Ah’ed, but Uncle Henry was firm. The remainder had to wait until the next day.

Chapter 14

Part 2

For an Empire - Dom Pedro II

“NOW for that boy who was king when he was only five years old! Hurry, daddy!” called Melbert as soon as he had helped his cousins put away the supper dishes. Melbert was doing all right with his English now that he had gotten up courage to start. He had known how all the time!

His daddy laid down the newspaper and pulled up a footstool and stretched himself out, taking off his glasses and twirling them around in his hands in the absent-minded way he had. His eyes twinkled as the children gathered around him.

“Where did we stop last night?” he asked, to see if the children remembered.

“Little Pedro was born,” they chorused.

“Oh, yes, now I remember.” (As if he had really forgotten!) “All Brazil was happy because there was an heir to the throne who was born in their own country and was one of them.

“Pedro, the baby’s father, wasn’t as popular as he had been at first. After all, he came from a long line of kings, and it was hard for him to get used to the democratic ideas in the New World. Then he had banished the wise José Bonifacio and his two brothers, whom the people loved and trusted. The year after little Pedro was born, his grandfather, the king of Portugal, died. That meant that the baby’s father was now the king of Portugal, and the baby himself heir to the throne. The Brazilians didn’t like to think that their emperor was also king of another country. Pedro, the father, didn’t want to go back to Portugal. So he named his eldest child to be queen of Portugal in his place.”

“Maria da Gloria?”

“Yes, little Maria da Gloria was only seven years old, but she was named Queen of Portugal. Maria da Gloria’s uncle

would have liked to be king himself, but Pedro I tried to solve that by promising that they should marry each other and so rule together.”

“When she was only seven years old?”

“Of course she wasn’t supposed to be married until she grew up; but she was already engaged when she was only seven, and she was already queen, though someone else had to reign in her place until she was older.

“The empress Leopoldina died the same year, leaving four girls and the baby Pedro without a mother. But their father didn’t neglect the children. He had the best teachers for them. A fine Portuguese lady had been brought to live at the court even before the baby was born, and she was his governess. The children were fond of her and called her ‘Dadama.’ Little Maria da Gloria was sent to Portugal to live in the country that she was to rule as queen. But her uncle, with her grandmother’s help, had taken the kingdom over for himself, and the little queen without a country went back to Brazil again.

“The matchmakers and diplomats got busy again and chose a new wife for Pedro I - another wife whom he had never seen. She was a young French princess, only seventeen years old and very beautiful. Pedro I loved her very much when he saw her. Together they traveled over the empire. For two years they were happy. Then trouble struck.

“The emperor refused to appoint ministers that pleased the people. One night there was a tumult in the street as the people demanded their rights and the king insisted on his rights. The army went over to the side of the people, and so did the palace guard. The empress was crying, and the ladies in waiting were frightened. Pedro I sat down and wrote out a letter naming his little son, Pedro II, emperor in his place. Then he and the lovely empress Amelia left the palace hurriedly. But first they kissed the little children good-by before they went on the ship that would take them back to Portugal.”

“You mean they didn’t take the children with them on the boat?”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“They took only Maria da Gloria with them, for the emperor was determined to fight until he had placed her on the throne of Portugal. But the three little princesses and the five-year-old Pedro were left behind in Brazil. They did that because they believed it would be best for the children. Little Pedro was a Brazilian, and the people would like him for that. The father wrote some good-by letters. One was a pathetic good-by to the little prince. Another was to the wise José Bonifacio, who was back in Brazil again, begging him to take charge of the education of little Pedro and train him to be a good king. The empress, too, wrote a letter to the mothers of Brazil asking them to take care of the orphan children left behind.

“Poor children! They were too small to know what had happened. But when ‘Dadama’ came into the little boy’s room the next morning she bowed and greeted him solemnly as ‘Dom Pedro II, emperor of Brazil.’ The good José Bonifacio came to the palace to see the lonely children and told Dadama to give them all the toys they wanted to play with that day.

“Little Pedro was proclaimed emperor amid the greatest rejoicing. The boy rode through the streets in a fine carriage. Although he didn’t know why all the crowd was shouting and throwing flowers at him, he bowed and smiled every time Dadama told him, ‘Say, How do you do.’ Then he and his sisters appeared on the balcony of the palace, the boy standing on a chair to be seen, and the happy people waved and shouted and cheered. The father, out in the harbor, waiting for his boat to sail, heard the shouting and heard the church bells ringing. He was satisfied, for he knew the people would take his boy to their hearts.

“A regency was set up. That was a government that would rule until Pedro II was older. Then years of hard study began for the little emperor. He and his sisters were called the Pupils of the Nation, and congress was very particular that they should have excellent teachers so that by the time Pedro was eighteen he would be prepared to rule as the best monarch in the world.”

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“What did he have to study?” asked Faye with pity in her voice.

“He had to study all the things that you study, besides four foreign languages, music, painting, horseback riding, and dancing. But he loved it. His doctor had to insist that he rest and play at times, or he would have studied all day and far into the night.

“Then they were careful to teach the prince court manners. He had to know how to entertain the great men he would meet. It was a rather solemn life for a boy, but he and his three sisters were quite happy. I should say, ‘his two sisters,’ for one had died soon after the parents sailed away. The names of the girls were Januaria, and Francisca.

“Pedro had a bodyguard, Raphael, who was a colored man. He had been with Pedro’s father for years, and the faithful servant stayed with the new emperor until ninety-eight years of age. Pedro loved Raphael, who told him wonderful stories about the gauchos in the south and sang him their songs, too.

“The story goes that one day the emperor had failed to prepare his lessons, so he ran to his dear Raphael, begging to be hidden so he wouldn’t have to go to school that day. Raphael couldn’t refuse his master anything, and he did hide him and locked the room where he was; but he told the boy he must never do that again. He must study every day and do his best so that when the country needed him he would be ready.

“The children were still small when news of their father’s death came to them. They clung to each other and cried, and then they dressed in black to mourn for him. He had fought until he got the throne back for Maria da Gloria, who was now Maria II of Portugal.

“From time to time the regent of Brazil, the person who was ruling, was changed. One of these regents decided that the nation was not spending enough on the royal children. So more clothes and jewelry and beautiful carriages were bought, and the palace was redecorated in grand style. Everything was looking its best when Pedro was thirteen and a royal visitor came to see him.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“The twenty-year-old Prince of Joinville was the guest. The courtiers were anxious to impress the young prince with the magnificent court, for they thought that he might be a possible husband for Januaria or Francisca, though Francisca was only fifteen at the time. They had a gay time together, the prince and the boy emperor, and the two princesses, and then the prince sailed away again. But he didn’t forget the good times he had at the palace in beautiful Rio de Janeiro.

“Making Pedro emperor hadn’t brought peace to Brazil. It was a vast country, made up of states that were quite different from each other and far apart. Sometimes one of the states would try to set up a separate government. Then, too, a law had been passed to begin to free the slaves, but it was difficult for everyone to agree on a subject like that, a question that brought civil war to our own country. For years they argued about it.

“So, during the years when the regents ruled, there were many troubles. The people were tired of the regents and wanted Pedro to begin to rule himself. Although he wasn’t fifteen yet, everyone knew that he was well educated, and that he was kind and good. Some of the statesmen thought they at least should wait until Pedro was fifteen. The argument was a hot one all over the country. Finally one day congress sent a messenger to ask Pedro if he would begin to reign at once, or if he wished to wait until his birthday. He received them like a gentleman and listened quietly. Then he asked for a few minutes to think about his answer. He returned with a look of determination on his young face. ‘Quero ja,’ was all he said. ‘I desire it now,’ was his answer.

“Then the fiestas began. The streets were filled with the people proclaiming Pedro their emperor. When he was crowned he wore a white satin suit with frilly lace at the neck and cuffs. A green velvet cape with a long train was draped over his shoulders. Around his neck was a gorgeous collar of crimson feathers from Brazils bright tropical birds - the kind of adornment that South American chieftains used to wear long before the Spanish conquest.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“It wasn’t long before the boy’s councilors were advising that he must find a European princess to be his empress. Pedro wrote to his uncle, the emperor of Austria, suggesting that he choose a princess for him from the royal family of Austria and also two princes for his sisters. Pedro was only a year old when his mother died, but he loved her from the pictures he had and from her books and from the stories about her. He dreamed of an Austrian princess with light hair and blue eyes like his mother’s.

“But the statesman that Pedro sent to Europe to make the arrangements had trouble. The European courts doubted that young Pedro would long be able to rule in the New World, partly because he was so young and partly because all the other countries in the New World were republics. The young emperor waited in faraway Brazil, and the two princesses waited; but no news came from Europe. It was nearly two years before the secretary in Europe sent word that he had found a princess of noble ancestry who was willing to go across the ocean. Like most of the princesses in Europe she was a cousin of Pedro.

Her brother was king of Sicily. She wasn’t the blond girl that Pedro had been hoping for. She was dark. But when Pedro saw a little painting of her made by a fine Italian artist he was delighted. He had a ship especially outfitted for her. It was a floating palace, with every room decorated for her, even to a lovely workroom where she could embroider or paint as she chose. The wedding was in Italy.”

“Oh, did Pedro go to get her?”

“No, he couldn’t go. But someone else took his place, and they were married nevertheless. It was a long, stormy voyage of three months for the Princess Theresa Christina. When their boats finally came into the most beautiful harbor in the world, - that’s Rio, - there was great excitement. Pedro was so anxious to see his bride that he couldn’t wait until the formal celebration the next morning, but slipped out secretly with his sister Januaria and -“

“Where was Francisca?”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you! She was on her honeymoon in Europe!”

“The Prince of Joinville!” guessed Faye.

“You’re right. The prince remembered the pretty, lively Francisca and came back to see her, surprising everyone.

“So only the serious Januaria was with Dom Pedro when he went out to meet his bride. Dom Pedro was a handsome, fair young man well over six feet tall at this time. Theresa Christina’s heart must have skipped a beat when she saw him. But, alas! No one had told Dom Pedro that Theresa Christina was lame or that she was short and fat! She didn’t look a bit like the little painting Dom Pedro had been treasuring for months. He tried not to show his disappointment. He just bowed and kissed her hand, and then he turned and left the ship. I think the poor bride must have realized how things were, for we are told that she cried most pitifully that night aboard ship. Back in the palace in the city Pedro was refusing to marry the girl. But Dadama talked with him most of the night, and she persuaded him that he couldn’t do a thing like that. In fact, they were already married! So the disillusioned young emperor went out to meet her formally the next morning. They rode through the streets in their splendid carriage while the people celebrated what seemed to them a gay occasion.”

“Glad I’m not a prince!” exclaimed Arthur thoughtfully.

“I’m glad, too,” laughed his father. “But Dom Pedro soon learned that the empress was kind and sweet. She had soft brown eyes and a smile that made all the people love her. So they came to be very fond of each other after all.”

Earline wanted to know if they had a baby boy to be heir to the throne.

“Yes, they did, but he died. Then they had two girls and another prince. But again they lost their boy. Dom Pedro was sad about the two sons that died. According to an old legend the Braganza family would never have a first-born son to rule. Pedro, his father, his grandfather, and even his great-grandfather had all lost their eldest sons. The two princesses were sent to a convent to school so they wouldn’t be all alone

in their classes as Pedro and his sisters had been. The names of the girls were Izabel and Leopoldina.”

“After Dom Pedro’s mother,” remembered Faye.

“Yes, but they always called her ‘Poldi’ for short.

“When Dom Pedro was a young man he was unfriendly and suspicious of others; but as he became older and began to travel over his vast country he came to have more confidence in himself. He was a great and good emperor, wise, charming, and a tireless worker. Of course he had troubles. There was a long, sad war with Paraguay. There was still the difficulty of keeping the faraway states united in one great nation. But he saw his country grow and develop marvelously, and he was always willing to give the people and the congress more and more power as they learned to govern themselves better and better.”

“Daddy, did his girls have to marry princes they had never seen?” worried Melbert.

“Dom Pedro planned for his daughters to marry young men they knew and liked, though of course they must be of royal families. They didn’t have any chances to meet European princes in Brazil. But their Aunt Francisca suggested two fine young men, a count and a prince, to the emperor. He wrote and invited them to visit Rio, but he didn’t ask them to promise to marry his daughters. The young men came, and the emperor watched them sing and dance and ride with the princesses. His sister thought it would be best for the prince to marry Izabel, as she was to be the next ruler, and then the count could marry Poldi. But the older daughter fell in love with the count and the younger girl with the prince. They had elegant weddings and honeymoons in Europe. They were both happy marriages. Poldi died when she was still young and left four boys. Dom Pedro had the two elder ones brought up and educated at the court in Rio. Izabel often ruled for her father when he was away on trips.

“Dom Pedro was one of the world’s greatest emperors, yet he had never been in the Old World. He longed to visit the land of his fathers. Finally he found a good excuse to make the

trip. The empress needed to see European doctors and have treatments at mineral springs. He had been an emperor forty-six years before this opportunity came to him. Europe was surprised at the democratic ways and the plain clothes of the emperor of Brazil. He insisted on staying at hotels and traveling as did common people instead of being entertained like royalty everywhere. He met all his many European relatives.

“Dom Pedro II made another long trip a few years later when he came to our country. It was the year of the hundredth anniversary of our country’s freedom. Now what year would that be, you history students?”

Faye and Arthur got their heads together and added one hundred to 1776.

“1876,” they announced.

“There was a world’s fair that year in Philadelphia, and one of the finest buildings was the Brazilian pavilion. You may be sure everyone who went to the fair wanted to see the emperor, Dom Pedro II. Americans couldn’t help but like and admire Dom Pedro, even if he was an emperor! You’ve probably heard the story about Dom Pedro’s meeting with Alexander Graham Bell.”

“The man that invented the telephone?” asked Arthur.

“Oh, I have heard that story at school,” remembered Faye; “but tell it again. I really didn’t know who Dom Pedro was when I heard it.”

“Well, Alexander Graham Bell was a poor young man who was teaching in a school for the deaf and dumb. Dom Pedro was trying to see everything he could that might be a help to him in making Brazil a better country. He visited schools, hospitals, fire departments, and factories, and on one of these visits he was at the school for the deaf and dumb and met Mr. Bell. But the bashful young man didn’t say a word about his invention. Then at the fair, as Dom Pedro was passing through a building almost at closing time one afternoon, he saw the young man again. He remembered him at once.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Bell, and how did you leave your students?” he asked at once as he shook hands with him. Then

he noticed that the young man had a strange contraption there, and was trying to show it to the judges who were in a hurry to leave. Dom Pedro was interested immediately.

“Let’s try it right now,” he said, putting the queer thing to his ear. Mr. Bell went into the other room where he couldn’t be heard and recited some lines from Shakespeare’s poetry into the apparatus. Dom Pedro was excited. ‘It works! It works! It’s magnificent!’ he exclaimed. ‘You must make one for me to have in Brazil!’ Well, when the emperor took such an interest in the new invention, the judges began to pay attention to Mr. Bell, too. So he was able to begin the manufacture of his invention, and one of the first models went to Brazil.

“It wasn’t only business that interested the emperor as he visited our country. One of the persons he was most anxious to meet was Longfellow, our much-loved American poet. Dom Pedro loved good literature and music, and he had educated many young poets and musicians in his country.

“After leaving our country, he traveled some more in Europe, meeting great poets, musicians, and scientists, and matching his splendid mind with theirs. Then he and the empress and the faithful old Raphael sailed back to Brazil and a warm welcome home.

“But Dom Pedro was not well, and it was impossible for him to rest with the problems of state crowding on him all the time. Soon he had to make another trip, for the first time without the faithful Raphael. Dom Pedro was seriously ill for a long time in Europe. His friends didn’t tell him anything about the government in Brazil, for they didn’t want him to worry. The princess Izabel was reigning in his place. She had always longed for and worked for the freedom of the slaves, and in her father’s absence the crisis had arisen, and she signed the proclamation for their freedom. Theresa Christina thought that the emperor was dying, and she wanted him to know that the slaves were at last free. Very gently she told him that, a week before, they had received the news by cable from Brazil. Immediately the emperor began to get better. He sent a cable to his daughter congratulating her for having finished the work

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

of liberation. Then he began to make plans to return to his Brazil again.

“His people seemed as happy as ever to have him back. But there were new forces at work. Brazil was ready to govern itself, and like all the other countries in the New World it wanted a republic. I suppose it was only love for the good Dom Pedro that had made them put off proclaiming a republic when all about them other republics were flourishing. Dom Pedro was at his summer home in Petropolis when the republic was proclaimed. He couldn’t understand it. He rushed down to Rio to find out what had happened. He would have gladly made any change in the government that the people felt was necessary. It was sad for him to find that they didn’t want him any longer. In fact they arrested him.

“Poor old Raphael was lying down all the time now. He was ninety-eight years old. When he heard that his dear Dom Pedro was under arrest he cried out and then died. Dom Pedro and the empress went aboard ship at once, not wishing to cause any bloodshed by fighting for their rights. Before going on the boat the good Theresa Christina, called the Mother of the Brazilians, knelt and kissed the good Brazilian earth. So they left their beautiful country forever. The people were sorry when they knew that the emperor and empress and princesses had sailed away like that, but they wanted their republic.

“The heart of Theresa Christina was broken, and she was laid to rest in a month. The emperor himself lived only another year without her.

“Not many years passed until the Brazilians wanted their Dom Pedro brought back to their country to be buried there. So the bodies of the emperor and the empress came back across the water to rest in the land they loved. Princess Izabel’s family came back, too, to live in Brazil like the good citizens they were.

“It’s a wonderful story of how a monarchy became a republic. Dom Pedro I freed Brazil from Portugal without a struggle, and Dom Pedro II educated the country for self-

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

government and then quietly stepped aside when the hour came. He was truly an enlightened monarch.”

Chapter 15

For Power - Paraguay

“IS THERE any country in South America that we haven’t had a story about, Uncle Henry?” asked Faye the next evening.

Uncle Henry yawned and rubbed his eyes as he thought. “Let’s see, we had a story about Pizarro who conquered - ” he hesitated.

“Peru,” prompted the children.

“Then I told you about San Martín who liberated -“

“Argentina and Chile and part of Peru.”

“You’re doing fine!” laughed Uncle Henry. “This is turning out to be a regular review lesson, isn’t it?”

Arthur said he hoped there wasn’t an examination coming next.

“Bolívar,” recalled Faye, “freed five countries. One was Venezuela, and one was Colombia, and -“

“Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia,” helped their uncle.

“Artigas from Uruguay,” shouted Arthur, not wanting to leave out “his” country.

“And the little boy who was emperor of Brazil when he was only five years old.” This from Earline.

“Well, if we don’t count the three Guianas in the north, which are not independent countries, you’ve named all the South American countries but one. We’ve left out Paraguay.”

“I thought that was Artigas’s country, where you used to live,” puzzled Faye.

“Oh, no; you are mixing up Paraguay and Uruguay in your head, as a lot of older persons do - perhaps because the names rhyme with each other. They are different countries, though both are small. Uruguay is where we used to live, and it is in some ways the most modern country in South America, while poor Paraguay - much as I hate to say so - is the most backward.”

“Is it poor?” asked Earline seriously.

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

“Yes, it is poor in every way. It has no outlet to the sea. As it is an inland country, it hasn’t much chance to trade with the world except as it sends its produce through Argentina or Brazil, and that is expensive. Its capital is Asunción on the -“

“Oh, we did have a story about Paraguay, Uncle Henry! I remember you told us about the founding of Asunción.”

“Bright girl, Faye. I believe Aunt Barbara mentioned it when she told you how the explorers sailed up the River Plate looking for the Mountain of Silver. You will recall that the settlers from Buenos Aires moved up the river from Asunción when they had so many troubles, and, later, some settlers from Asunción went down and refounded the city. For some time Asunción, on the

Paraguay River, was the center of Spanish life and exploration in the River Plate region. But as Buenos Aires grew up right at the mouth of the river, Asunción he-came less important, and the time came when Paraguay was shut off by itself as if it were on an island.”

“Did the Paraguayans want to live shut off like that?” wondered thoughtful Arthur.

“Yes, they did. At least, their dictator did.”

“Dictator? What is a dictator?” the girls asked.

“A ruler who takes so much power to himself that no one else in the land has any liberty.

“When the Argentineans were fighting for their freedom, they sent an expedition of about a thousand soldiers under Belgrano to ask the Paraguayans (who also belonged to the viceroyalty of the River Plate) if they didn’t want to declare their freedom from Spain and join Argentina as a new nation. But the governor of Paraguay saw that Argentina was having trouble among its own people since it had become free, and he refused to join. Belgrano tried to force them to join the cause, but the Paraguayans fought and drove Belgrano and his army away.

“Then the dictator came into power and decided to shut Paraguay away from all the troubles that Uruguay and

Argentina were having. He wanted Paraguay to be free from Spain, but he wanted it to be independent.”

“You haven’t told us the name of the dictator yet, Uncle Henry.”

“He was a strange man, and I’ll tell you about him. His name was Francia. We know little about him as a boy. His father was from Brazil, but Francia changed his name so it wouldn’t sound Brazilian, for he didn’t like the large country to the east. As a young man he was good and serious. He studied in an Argentine university to be a priest; but, instead, he became a lawyer. He was an extremely honest lawyer in a time when most lawyers were the opposite. It was no wonder that such an upright man was chosen a member of the government council. When he tried to resign he was re-elected. Everyone trusted him. How could they guess he would turn out to be one of the crudest tyrants that ever ruled!

“Dr. Francia (he wasn’t a doctor of medicine, but a doctor of theology) suggested that it would be well to have two consuls governing the country. It wasn’t long until the other consul was governing in name only, for Dr. Francia was somehow doing it all himself. ‘Andate, barbaro’ (Ahn’dah-tay, bahr’bahr-o), he said to the other consul, which means, ‘Run along, barbarian.’ Still the people trusted him, for he was fair and just. When they had elections the next time, he was made the only consul. A year later, in 1816, the people voted that he should be their ruler as long as he lived! Perhaps the pistols he carried to the meeting had something to do with the voting. He began to call himself ‘El Supremo’ (El Soo-pray’mo), which means ‘The Supreme One.’”

“Sounds as if he thought he were God,” suggested Faye.

“That’s about what he was to his Paraguayans, for no priest had any authority. They only preached sermons that praised El Supremo. The bishop didn’t please El Supremo, so he had the bishop removed, saying he was crazy. Dr. Francia, instead of the priests, collected the church tithes, and he spent them as he wished. There were no judges in the country - only El Supremo. Not a ship could enter the port or leave it without his

special permission, so most of the time the boats were tied up idly at the wharves. He even stopped the postal service. No one was allowed to enter or leave the country unless El Supremo gave the word. He established a circle of forts around the country. He told the people exactly what to plant and where to plant it and how much to plant. If they didn't obey exactly - well, it was too bad!

"It was against the law to call Dr. Francia any other name than El Supremo. The wealthy old Spanish families who hated him were afraid to whisper his name, for they knew that his spies were everywhere. Why, their most trusted servants might be spies! If Dr. Francia so much as imagined that someone spoke against him or disobeyed him, that person went into the dungeon! In time his filthy prisons were full of suffering persons."

"Couldn't they do anything to get rid of him?" wandered Arthur.

"That's a thoughtful question, son. I think there were two reasons why they never rebelled. One was that Dr. Francia did everything he could to protect the Guarani Indians against the Spaniards who liked to cheat them and enslave them. If one of his Indians came to him - at his palace they were welcome day or night - and said that a Spaniard had sold him five meters of cloth that turned out to be only four meters and three quarters - to the dungeon with that merchant! So you can imagine that the Guarani Indians adored him. The Indians have always been in the majority in Paraguay. Even today Guarani is spoken more than is Spanish. So you can see that Dr. Francia readily had the majority on his side.

"The other reason was that the Indians were used to obeying. For two hundred years the Jesuit priests had gathered thousands of Guarani Indians together on their missions in Paraguay. There they led a life protected from the slave traders and learned to obey the priests, who were good to them. They were taught to work in many useful ways. But when the Jesuits were sent away and the missions were closed, the Indians went back into the forests to their old ways, like sheep without a

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

shepherd. They seemed to need someone to tell them what to do - like the priests and like Dr. Francia.

“Even though El Supremo was so cruel, we have to be fair enough to say that he ruled Paraguay in such a way that the people were all busy and all had enough to eat, though no one was allowed to make much money. Paraguay is the only country in all South America that didn’t have wars and struggles among its own people after it became free from Spain. But it paid a sad price for its independence. The Paraguayans never learned to govern themselves, and they are having to learn now.

“As Dr. Francia got older, he became more suspicious and cruel. His palace was like a fortress. All the trees around it were cut down so no one could creep up on the dictator and shoot him. When he went through the streets on horseback to review his troops, the people hid and the streets were deserted. He was so afraid some enemy would get into his palace and kill him at night that he took to sleeping in a different bed every night. There were many bedrooms in his mansion, and no one knew in which El Supremo might be. He must have been as unhappy and as scared as his frightened people.”

“How long did he rule like that, daddy?” Melbert wanted to know.

“For nearly thirty years, sonny.”

“The people must have been glad to be free again when he died,” exclaimed Faye.

“You’d think so. But it was only a year until they had elected two consuls to govern them again, and only three more years until one of those consuls, a nephew of Francia’s, had become another dictator. He ruled them for eighteen years, and his name was Carlos Antonio Lopez. His ideas were very different from those of Dr. Francia. He wanted Paraguay to find her place among the other young nations of South America, so the little country would be no longer shut off from the rest of the world. A large army and a navy were built up by him. The country was opened to trade.

“Lopez had a son whom he brought up like a prince, taking it for granted that his son would be the next ruler. The son,

whose name was Francisco Solano Lopez (Frah-n-sis'co Lo-pays), was sent to Europe as a representative of his father's country. While the young man was traveling around from one great city to another, he met an Irish girl, Eliza Lynch, with whom he fell in love. Together they returned to Paraguay - just in time for the death of the senior Lopez. The young man didn't have trouble in taking over the government himself, so there he and Eliza ruled like a king and queen.

"They were proud of their army and navy, and kept on adding to it until it was the largest in all South America. I told you that Paraguay was the only Spanish colony on the continent that didn't have some kind of civil war after independence was declared. But Paraguay got mixed up in another most terrible war. The emperor of Brazil sent troops into Uruguay to protect his Brazilian subjects there who had been molested by the Uruguayans. Lopez said that Brazil had no right to invade Uruguay, and so he began to fight Brazil. As he went across an Argentine province to get into Brazil, the Argentine government declared war on Paraguay. Then Uruguay also began to fight against Paraguay."

"But, daddy, didn't you say that Lopez went to war to help Uruguay?"

"Yes, son, and it is hard to understand how Uruguay was soon fighting against Paraguay; but the government in Uruguay was very unstable, and there was a change in the ruling party at that time. The new government was friendly to Brazil, so they helped Brazil in the war. There was little Paraguay, with a million inhabitants, fighting three nations - two of them great nations. The president of Argentina thought the war with small Paraguay would be over in three months, but it dragged on from 1864 to 1870."

"It began when our Civil War ended!" suggested Faye.

"That's the way I like to have you tie things together!" smiled Uncle Henry. "The Paraguayans were used to obeying their dictators, and, besides, they truly loved their beautiful little country, so they bravely gave their lives in the terrible Paraguayan war. Eliza Lynch trained the women to shoot, too,

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

and they fought beside their husbands. The whole army was divided into companies of six men each. If one tried to escape it was the duty of the others to kill him. If a soldier did succeed in running away, his mother or his sisters would be tortured publicly in Asunción as a punishment.

“Over and over the three allied countries tried to get Paraguay to surrender, but she would not. Finally there were ten allied soldiers to every Paraguayan soldier - but she still fought on. Believing that the war was nearly over, the allies released ten thousand prisoners of war - most of them wounded. But did they go home to get well? No, sir; they hobbled along as best they could and joined Lopez in the deep forest to die with him.

“Of course there has to be an end to everything, and it finally came. The allied soldiers found Lopez surrounded by only about a hundred men. He still fought on. The allied soldiers were filled with pity when they saw what was left of the once great Paraguayan army - little boys of eight and nine, old men of seventy. All the young men had been killed. Four out of every five persons in Paraguay had died during the useless war. Out of the remaining people, only one of every seven or eight was a man. It was a nation of practically women only. Poor Paraguay! It has never been the same since.”

Llora, Uora, urutaú,
En las ramas del yatay;
Ya no existe el Paraguay,
Donde naci como tú,
Llora, llora, urutaú.

It was Aunt Barbara repeating poetry again. “It sounds almost like music, like sad music. But what does it mean?” asked Earline.

“These are the words that a great Argentine poet puts in the mouth of a Paraguayan sweetheart who mourns the death of her lover in that terrible war. It’s a bit hard to translate

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

because urutaú is the name of a bird that seems to cry, like our mourning doves. And yatay is the name of a Paraguayan tree.

Cry, urutaú, weep,
In the limbs of the yatay.
There is no longer a Paraguay,
Where you and I were born.
Cry, urutaú, weep.

Chapter 16

For Education - Sarmiento

FAYE was lying full length on the living-room rug, wearing the jeans and shirt that were so dear to her hearty. She always wished she were a boy. Her pretty face was buried in a book. Reading was the only thing she liked more than a ball game. Her sister, the opposite, loved frilly dresses and dolls. Even now she was busy changing the doll's clothes, choosing the prettiest from a small trunk beside her.

"Daddy," asked Melbert, "aren't you going to tell us a story tonight? You know it's our last chance, because we are starting for California in the morning." He was jumping up and down, thinking of the trip ahead of him, for Melbert loved to go - go anywhere, any time.

"Oh, son, maybe you can get mommie to tell you a story tonight. I have to load the car so we can get an early start in the morning."

"One more story!" pleaded Earline. "Only one more, Aunt Barbara."

Faye looked up from her book to express her opinion. "I'm tired of tyrants and dictators and conquerors!" she declared.

Aunt Barbara laughed at such a string of long words.

"You and I both," she sympathized. "How about the story of a man who was not a conqueror, dictator, or tyrant - a man who will make you think much of one or two of our own heroes?"

"O.K.," agreed Faye, as she pushed her book aside. "Who was he?"

"I was thinking of Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (Sahr-mee-en'to), the great Argentinean educator. His father and mother were both poor, though they were descended from noble families. Sarmiento's father was handsome and adventurous; but he wasn't a steady worker, so he never made a good living for the family. Luckily for the children - there were

eight of them - his mother had learned to work hard before she was married.

“There had been fifteen brothers and sisters in her family, and for twelve years her father was sick in bed. So by the time he died there wasn’t much left of the great tract of land that had been his. Sarmiento’s mother inherited a piece of land, but there wasn’t a building on it. In those days girls of good families never thought of working to make a living, but Paula was different. She knew that good woolen material for the priests’ robes was hard to find. So day after day she sat at her loom weaving the fine dark cloth, and night after night she was up late preparing her loom for the next day. She could weave twelve yards in a week, and at fifty cents a yard, how much did she earn?”

“Six dollars,” came the quick answer from Arthur.

“Her goal was to build a house on her own land, so as soon as she had saved enough to buy the materials she set up her loom under a fig tree and from there she could watch and direct the men as they built her house. Probably any other girl from a good family in those days would have gone to live with some rich relatives and spent her time on embroidery and music. But Paula was independent.

“She and her husband were both patriots; that is, they worked for the support of the new independent government. Buenos Aires had declared its freedom from Spain in 1810, a year before little Domingo was born. Then the Buenos Aires provinces tried to get the others along the banks of the Rio de la Plata to join them.

“It was a lucky day for Domingo Sarmiento when the Buenos Aires government sent a really good teacher to the faraway town of San Juan (Sahn Whahn) at the foot of the Andes mountains where the boy lived. This excellent teacher had modern ideas for those days, and he built up a fine school in San Juan. Domingo was five years old when he went for the first time. For nine years he never missed a day of school.

“In that old-fashioned ‘modern’ school all boys were taught to call each other ‘Señor,’ as if they were dignified ‘Misters’

already. The best reader in the school was honored by being given a seat on a platform at one end of the school room. 'First Citizen,' they called the child. How Domingo's heart beat with pride when he won that privilege! I wonder if the boy or his teacher ever dreamed that he would be 'First Citizen' of Argentina some day."

"You mean he was going to be president when he grew up, Aunt Barbara?"

"Yes, Faye, that's what I mean by 'First Citizen.'"

"The boy wanted to go on and study in a seminary, but there was no money. His uncle, a priest, took the lad with him to San Luis to teach him privately. Soon Domingo, who wasn't yet fifteen, was teaching school himself. His pupils were grown men, older and larger than he.

"Domingo's mother wanted him to be a priest, as was her brother. His father thought it would be fine for his son to be a great soldier. But in the meantime the boy had to earn money. He began to clerk in a store; but always there was a book under the counter, and customers coming in would find the boy deep in his search for knowledge."

"Sounds like Abraham Lincoln," suggested Faye.

That was what Aunt Barbara was waiting to hear. "His birthday was in the same month of great men's birthdays, as Lincoln's and Washington's. I wonder if you remember another great American who used to keep a book handy while he worked in a print shop."

Again it was Faye who guessed. "Benjamin Franklin!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it was while Sarmiento was working in the store that he read the life of Benjamin Franklin. He said, 'No book has ever done me more good.' Perhaps he, too, though poor, could someday be a great man like Franklin!

"Evidently Sarmiento was full of mischief like other boys his age, for once when there was a parade he threw a firecracker under the horses' hoofs as they passed. It exploded near the chief of the province, - the tyrant Quiroga (Kee-

rd'gah), - and the sixteen-year-old boy had to spend a night in prison.

“Sarmiento learned to hate Quiroga for his cruel ways. Two years later there was an uprising against him, and Sarmiento gladly took part. So he did become a soldier for a while. It was while he was a soldier in Mendoza that he found French books in a library. A young soldier helped him learn the language, and in six weeks he had read twelve French books!

“Argentina was broken up under the rule of caudillos (cow-deel'yo's), or chiefs, who had seized the power in their provinces. There was Quiroga in the northwest, Artigas on the Eastern Shore of the river, and the terrible Rosas in Buenos Aires. Sarmiento and his family left the country and went over the Andes to Chile.

“In Chile, teaching was considered low-down work that could be done by anyone. They even sentenced a thief to teach three years as a punishment! But Sarmiento liked teaching, and that was his first work in Chile.

“Next we find our Sarmiento in the port city of Valparaiso (Vahl-pahr-i'so) on the Pacific. He walked to get there - all the way down from the little mountain village of Los Andes (Los Ahn'days), where he had been teaching. There he had different jobs. For one thing, he was a clerk in a store. Sixteen dollars a month was his salary. Half of that amount he spent paying an English professor to teach him our language. Another small amount he paid a watchman.”

“What for?”

“For waking him up at two o'clock every morning so he could study!”

The boys and girls laughed - and sighed, too.

“By now Sarmiento was a well-educated man, and he was already discovering that he could fight better with his pen than with his sword.”

“What do you mean?” Arthur was puzzled.

“He could accomplish much more to help his country by writing than by fighting. He went back to his native town in his own country. He was always writing something - newspaper

articles, books, pamphlets. But he had time for his dear schoolwork, too. The first school for young ladies in South America was begun by Sarmiento at that time. The dictator Rosas in Buenos Aires saw the articles that Sarmiento was writing against him. He was angry. Soon Sarmiento was again an exile in Chile.”

Aunt Barbara noticed a puzzled look on Melbert’s face and hastened to explain.

“An exile is a person who has to leave his country, generally because the government will not let him stay. Sarmiento was an -exile for many years of his life, but he always turned his misfortunes into a chance for more study and travel, or for helping his adopted country.

“Besides being an editor in Chile, he was head of the first normal school for training teachers in South America - the second normal school started in the whole New World. In a few years graduates from Sarmiento’s school in Santiago (Sahn-tee’ah-go) were teaching better schools all over Chile. Gradually the Chileans got a higher idea of teachers.

“Sarmiento traveled through Europe and the United States. He was especially interested in our public-school system, started by Horace Mann in Massachusetts. When he returned to Chile he copied the same plan for the Chilean schools.

“He was married in Chile to a lady with a three-year old son. The boy later took his stepfather’s name, Domingo Sarmiento, but he was called Dominguito (Do-meen-gee’to), which means ‘little Domingo.’

“In 1851 Sarmiento was again a soldier and rose to the rank of colonel. He was helping his countrymen fight against the cruel Rosas. After Rosas had gone into exile, Sarmiento was disappointed in the kind of government set up in Argentina, and he went traveling again. Before returning to Chile he visited our scholar-emperor, Dom Pedro II of Brazil.

“His countrymen soon had him in Buenos Aires again, and this time he was given important work. He was the director of schools. You may be sure that the schools he supervised had the best equipment and the best teachers he could get. He said

GOLD, SILVER, AND SPICE

the ills of his country were tyrants and bandits, and that they were both caused by ignorance. Education would cure the people.

“From then on, Sarmiento was an honored man in his own country. As a state senator he had the vast properties acquired by the dictator Rosas turned over to the government for schools. He helped to unite the quarreling provinces into a great nation and to set up freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

“While he was governor of his home province in San Juan he set up a university there. While he was Argentinean ambassador to Washington he wrote a book about one of his favorite heroes - Abraham Lincoln. He had it sent to his country to be distributed there, for he believed that the Argentineans would truly admire our Abraham Lincoln. He was sorry not to have known Lincoln personally, but Lincoln had been shot shortly before Sarmiento reached Washington.

“The people of Argentina chose Sarmiento for their president while he was still in Washington. As president, of course, his big interest was schools. He had many teachers from the United States come to Argentina to train other teachers. For six years he was a wise and good president. Later he was a senator.

“Always he was busy writing. Fifty-two books were written by him!

“When he was seventy-seven he was visiting in Asunción, when he was suddenly taken sick and died. Before his coffin was sent home to Buenos Aires it was draped with the flags of four countries: Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, and Argentina.

“With his last breath he had begged his servant to open the windows and let in the sunshine. ‘Light!’ he cried, ‘Light!’

“It was a symbol of all he had lived for - the light of education.”