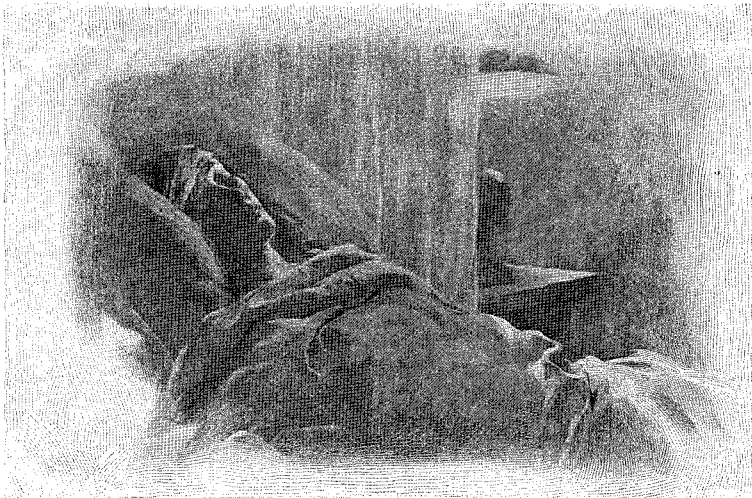


The Girondists had fallen, the great cities of the South were in uproar, the enemy was on the frontier, and the rule of France in the competent and remorseless hands of the Committee of Public Safety. All around Paris the country was infested with wandering people who, for the most part, like François, had good reason to fear. There were beggars, thieves, persecuted nobles, those who had no mind to face the foe as volunteers. Now and then François, ever cautious, picked up a little news on a scrap of gazette found by the wayside. He read that Citizen Amar was of the Great Committee of General Security. François laughed.

"Toto, dost thou think this will add to thy master's security? That was the gentleman with the emigrative mouth. *Ami*, he is still

alive. They must be tough, these Jacobins. What fun, Toto! I can see him pinned to the door like a beetle, and that marquis with a face, Toto, like a white plaster cast those Italians used to sell.

"I like not M. Amar. Toto, we are unhappy in our acquaintances. But the man of the wart is the worst." This was François's black beast; why, he could not have said. Amar, "*le farouche*," was really a more fatal foe. The citizen who dressed neatly, and wore spectacles over green eyes, and was in debt to the conjurer for a not desirable forecast of fortune, was a yet more sinister acquaintance. Yet, it was Citizen Grégoire who came to François in dreams, and the bare thought of whom could chop short a laugh as surely as Mother Guillotine, the merciless.



(To be continued.)

HINDERERS.

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

YE idle chatterers! Ye who use the pen
 As outlet for empoisoned human woe,
 And claim as guerdon for the scars ye show
 Undying fame, and shuddering ruth of men:
 Ye unashamed and shameless! Have ye then
 Less pride in ye than very beasts who go,
 To hide a hurt and make their moaning low,
 Far out of sight in trackless forest den?

Be silent! Give us quietude to hear,
 Deep in our souls, words echoing from the height
 Of God-inspired genius. Ye but rear
 A scowling image to obstruct the light,
 And from the gloom of selfish pain and fear
 Would curse the world with everlasting night.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

I. INTRODUCTION BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

THE fate of the Spanish Armada, as Mr. Tilton remarks below, stands conspicuous among the great catastrophes of war narrated by history. According to the estimate of the Spanish captain Duro, who has made a close study of the records in his own country, out of one hundred and thirty sail of which the Armada was composed when it left Lisbon on May 30, 1588, sixty-three were lost. Of these only nine fell in battle or in immediate consequence thereof, although the injuries received in the various actions in the Channel doubtless contributed to the ultimate shipwreck of many. Nineteen were cast away on the Scottish and Irish coasts; thirty-five disappeared altogether. Of these last, it is possible that some of the smaller classes of vessels may have reached port, and that the fact passed unnoted; but of the forty-odd larger vessels which never returned, the probability is that those whose fate is unknown perished at sea.

Striking indeed is the contrast between this tremendous issue and the hopes attending the creation and despatch of the Armada, as expressed either in its first name, the "Most Fortunate," or in the title "Invincible," afterward attached to it. The moving pictures of the experience of some of the sufferers, presented in Mr. Tilton's narrative, suggest the anguish of the many victims whose miseries have not reached the ears of posterity.

But although the winds and waves were the means by which was wrought the final ruin of the Armada, the first causes of the disasters that befell the Spanish ships are to be found in very commonplace human mismanagement. It was not that exceptional mischances attended the enterprise. On the contrary, it had some very good luck at critical moments. But the general scheme was defective and ill-knit; the commander-in-chief, Medina Sidonia, was incompetent; and the vessels themselves were not adapted for the kind of fighting which they were expected to do. Relying upon boarding rather than upon artillery, they nevertheless were neither swift enough nor handy enough to grapple their agile antagonists. The latter, expert with their guns, which were more

powerful than those opposed to them, and able by their better nautical qualities to choose their distance and time of attack, fought upon their own terms.

The general scheme, as shown by the instructions to the admiral, was to enter the English Channel, traverse it to the eastern end, and there to make a junction with the Duke of Parma, commanding the Spanish army in Belgium. The combined forces—the Armada itself carried six thousand troops—were then to invade England. The plan was defective, because it did not command, even if it did not actually discourage, a previous battle with the English navy so as to disable the latter from harassing the intended passage. It was ill-knit, for due provision was not made to insure the junction, the place and manner of which were left largely undetermined. Above all, no attention was paid to the advice of Parma, a skilful and far-seeing warrior, to seize Flushing, at the mouth of the Scheldt, so as to provide a safe harbor for the Armada during the period necessary for embarking the troops. Failing this, no anchorage was available for the unwieldy vessels, except such as they might find on the English coast, exposed to constant molestation by the enemy. In short, the security of the fleet, and the time and manner of the junction, were left to chance.

The Armada entered the English Channel on July 30, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the Channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred. None was decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of his muskets and lighter cannon. The Spanish losses in battle, by a Spanish authority, were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded. The English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered, moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide, or that cut spars, sails, and rigging, kill comparatively few. With