

## THE REPETITION OF HISTORY IN OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

THE thunder of American guns at the Philippines and Santiago is still echoing around the world—a warning-signal to tyranny.

It is but one of the many signs of the times; indicating to the most casual student of history that the close of the nineteenth century is another of those great epoch-making periods which, recurring centuries apart, influence the currents of human life, and, by uniting and giving force and direction to hitherto apparently diverse and irreconcilable conditions, move onward and upward toward a nobler and better existence for all men.

In the splendid victories at Manila and Santiago we are again reminded that history repeats itself. By these victories have been maintained the traditions of a great race of people who have been called masterful, aggressive, and belligerent; and, in truth, these faults we have, if faults they be. Without them we should long ago have been trampled under foot and exterminated from off the face of the earth.

We believe that the Anglo-Saxon stands, and has always stood, foremost for liberty, for the equality of men before the law, for the fullest freedom of thought and intellectual development, and all that is implied thereby. If in believing this we are conceited, then are we conceited.

Through what sorrow and suffering, through what long and terrible civil strifes, through what blunders, and, alas! through what crimes, the race has passed, history sadly records. But, however slow and painful the march, it has ever been forward, never in retreat. Profiting by hard experience, we have solved some knotty problems, and have gained thereby courage and confidence with which to attempt the solution of many difficult ones that remain.

In Spain we see these conditions reversed. Lying at the gateway of the nations, she could have commanded the seas; and Nature, with prodigal hand, has endowed her with a magnificent territory, overflowing with oil and wine, and producing the choicest fruits in tropical abundance. In Spain, also, are to be found, according to the best authorities, the grandest deposits of coal and iron, of copper and quicksilver, in

the world. But all this has been of little avail. Spain's people remain among the most ignorant and downtrodden on the Continent; and to-day Spain is engaged in a perfectly hopeless struggle to retain a few shreds of that vast and magnificent colonial empire which she, with fatuous and monumental stupidity, has thrown away. She has persisted through the centuries in the impossible task of holding distant colonies by force of arms; utterly unable to comprehend that her own best interests would be served in their contentment and prosperity. Herein we see the difference in the spirit and genius of the two races. The Anglo-Saxon *can* learn a lesson; he does not commit the same blunder in the same place, over and over again, making it a crime: once is enough for him. Be it blunder or crime, however, it must be paid for; and if former Administrations blundered in the Cuban Question, we must pay the penalty.

In the light of the strained application of the Monroe Doctrine to a disputed boundary-line through a South American wilderness, the course of the United States Government toward Cuba seems inexplicable. We believe it would have puzzled Canning, who suggested the doctrine, and Monroe, who applied it. While taking no action itself, our Government would, of course, allow no other nation to intervene, however just and humane the cause. A protectorate is assumed over the western hemisphere. In the case of Cuba, however, it has failed to protect. This may be high statesmanship: it is certainly high enough over the head of the average layman. And until the "Maine" was destroyed there were eminent statesmen who continued to advocate non-intervention. It would seem that it required the sacrifice of hundreds of our brave sailors to arouse us to a sense of duty.

At last statesmen and diplomacy were swept aside. "A Power abune a'," as the Scotch say, has pointed the way: we must perforce follow it.

And the recent gathering of the fleets off the Spanish Main recalls another epoch, the greatest in modern history as regards its momentous and far-reaching consequences. It was when, a little over three hundred years ago, the same races—Anglo-Saxon and Spanish—joined in deadly battle on the stormy seas which girt Old England. The issue of to-day seems insignificant, compared with that which confronted England in 1588, when the "Invincible Armada" suddenly appeared off her coasts. Spain was then at the zenith of her prosperity; and Philip II, succeeding to the empire of Charles V, was the despotic ruler over a hundred million people, exerting a power and a controlling influence which almost dominated the rest of Europe, and which had not been equalled since the fall

of the Roman Empire. It was this vast power that little England dared to defy, to the amazement of Europe, whose diplomatists pronounced her conduct "sheer madness." To comprehend the situation, we must recall the England of that period; and in doing so it is difficult to realize the enormous changes which time has wrought. We sometimes hear in these later days of the "isolation of England": but she has many children in many parts of the world; and they claim a heritage in her grand history.

Aside from racial affinity and a latent love for the old home, there may be other reasons why these children would not look with indifference on any diminution of her power and *prestige*. They might come to regard it as a menace to their own trade and commerce—possibly to their liberties. Surely it would be hardly prudent for any Power or combination of Powers to forget them in their calculations. But the England of Elizabeth's time was indeed isolated. This was before the Union; and Scotland, torn as she was by religious feuds,—always most disastrous,—was a source of weakness and apprehension. The population of England was about four millions,—not much more than half that of the State of New York to-day. The splendid empire that Clive carved out of the Indies was yet in a dim, distant future. In the great western hemisphere there were but one or two feeble germs of English settlements, struggling for a most precarious existence. It was a generation before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. William Penn and his gentle Quakers did not come till a century later. There were no great colonial commonwealths, there was no great republic to bring trade and wealth to her ports. She was poor: she stood alone, without a friend in the world except the brave Hollanders, in befriending whom she had incurred the wrath of the Spanish king.

For six months prior to the coming of the Armada the English Commissioners sent to the Netherlands had been engaged in the hopeless task of trying to negotiate a peace between those States and Spain. Some of their last letters, containing continued assurances of King Philip's peaceful intentions, were not received in England until after Spanish guns were thundering in the Channel. The Duke of Parma had been instructed to detain the Commissioners as long as possible in the discussion of preliminaries and the exchange of protocols: his *rôle* being to lull suspicion, and to delay, if possible, the arming of England till such time as the Armada should be fully prepared. To this end, in the mind of the "crowned criminal" of the Escorial, the assassin of William the Silent, any number of lies was fully justifiable; and in Parma he found a ready

tool. The Duke had in his desk letters advising him of the early coming of the Armada, under convoy of which he, with some fifty thousand men,—already gathered in the Netherlands, and to be largely reënforced from the fleet,—was to cross to the shores of England. “Keep the negotiations alive till my Armada appears,” wrote King Philip. In the face of these facts, Parma was assuring the English Commissioners, as late as the month of July, of the King’s desire for peace.

“Upon the honor of a gentleman,” he said to Dr. Rogers, “I declare, really and truly, that I *know not* of any intention of the King of Spain against Her Majesty or her realm.” Whereupon the credulous old doctor wrote home, “singularly rejoicing,” as he expressed it, that he could send such “authentic information from the highest source.” When asked about the great preparations it was rumored that Philip was making, the Duke told the Commissioners that Spain was going to war against the Turks. That all this duplicity was not without its effect, is evidenced by the fact that as late as midsummer of that year the Queen ordered some of the larger ships out of commission to save expense,—an order which the admiral, Lord Howard, ignored. He had no faith in King Philip’s protestations, and declared that he would keep the ships on the sea at his own expense, if necessary. In chicanery and procrastination Spanish statesmen and diplomats have always been consummate artists. They have yet to learn that “simple truth” is “utmost skill.” Philip’s design was to make his Armada so overwhelming, so complete, as absolutely to command success. It was to be “invincible”; and Spaniards generally thought that at the mere sight of it the British tars would flee, panic-stricken. But the British tars were not alarmed. In that day there were no lightning-flashes under the sea and over the continent: news came by slow and painful journeyings of weeks and months. Unheralded, the Armada succeeded in arriving within sight of the shores of England on July 29, 1588; the British fleet lying peacefully at anchor in Plymouth harbor. A Dutch skipper, named Fleming,—his name should be remembered with honor,—crowding all sail and running before the wind, entered the harbor and told that he had that morning seen the Spanish Armada off the Lizard.

It happened that the captains of the fleet were at the Bowling Green on the Hoe, busily engaged in a game of bowls. More gallant sailors than were there assembled never trod quarter-deck,—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Howard. On Fleming’s report, there was an immediate rush for the boats: but Drake checked his brother-officers; declaring that he had plenty of time to win the game and to thrash the Spaniards after-

ward. So they coolly proceeded with their game,—the most famous game that ever was played. That night the beacon-lights flashed from tower and hill-top through all England: the flaming telegraph had but one meaning; and every Briton knew that the enemy had come at last. As Macaulay wrote:

“Night sank upon the dusky beach,  
And on the purple sea;  
Such night in England ne’er hath been,  
Nor ne’er again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,  
From Lynn to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright  
And busy as the day;  
For swift to east and swift to west  
The ghastly war-flame spread;  
High on St. Michael’s Mount it shone:  
It shone on Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw  
Along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,  
Those twinkling points of fire.”

The Spanish fleet, composed of huge galleons, of galleys rowed by fettered slave-gangs, and of other craft,—one hundred and thirty sail in all,—carrying more than thirty thousand men, with three thousand guns, was almost helpless in the presence of the English, whose swift-moving and splendidly handled vessels sailed around and around the great hulks; attacking when and where they pleased. Plenty of guns had the Spaniards; but they did not know how to use them. Most of their shot passed harmlessly over the heads of their adversaries; while their own great ships were riddled; their lofty sides furnishing an easy mark for the more skilful English gunners.

In one of this series of remarkable naval battles, the Spanish lost sixteen of their best ships, sunk or captured, and five thousand men; while of the English there were not a hundred men wounded and killed.

An incident that occurred when the Armada first approached English waters is worthy of mention. In the fleet were four galleys—great, clumsy structures, with tall turrets, stem and stern, filled with splendid state apartments, chapels, pulpits, and other paraphernalia having nothing to do with a warship,—altogether about as unlike as possible what a war-vessel ought to be. One of them had already sunk off Cape Finisterre; and, being even worse sailors than the lumbering galleons, the remainder were at the tail of the procession. These craft were manned by

galley-slaves, under guard of armed soldiers—an admirable arrangement, truly, for a fighting-machine! In one of these sat David Gwynn, a Welsh sailor, for eleven years a prisoner. It may well be supposed that, when these unfortunate men were embarked on this expedition, the hope of freedom revived in their breasts, and that they had a complete understanding among themselves.

A violent gale came up; and, the vessel being near foundering, the captain lost his head. Knowing Gwynn to be an able seaman, the captain appealed to him to save the vessel. Gwynn, with other sailors like himself, soon had the queer craft laid to, stripped of her canvas; then, as Gwynn threw down his cap and raised his hand,—the preconcerted signal,—the soldiers were attacked with stiletos, and most of them killed or thrown overboard. Having captured the vessel and being now well armed, Gwynn next boldly laid the ship alongside of another galley following closely, and the only other craft in sight. Of course the crew of galley-slaves on that vessel instantly joined with their deliverers, and made short work of the officers and soldiers on board. Motley says, in this connection:

“This done, the combined rowers, welcoming Gwynn as their deliverer from an abject slavery which seemed their lot for life, willingly accepted his orders.”

Under command of the gallant Welshman, the two galleys made their way to the French coast; landing at Bayonne. They then placed themselves under the protection of brave young Harry of Navarre, who welcomed them most kindly; providing for their wants, and aiding them to return to their homes. There were four hundred and sixty-six of these fugitives—Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, and Turks. For his part in these great deeds, Gwynn was knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

Another tragic incident soon afterward occurred on board Admiral Oquendo's flag-ship. A master-gunner, a Fleming, being severely reprimanded and threatened with punishment for bad gun-practice, became so enraged that he laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and then jumped overboard. The ship blew up; the great turret in the stern rising high in the air, and carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large amount of treasure, and hundreds of men.

The Duke of Medina, the commander-in-chief, being deeply chagrined at the lack of discipline and seamanship displayed in his fleet, sent a sergeant-major on board each ship of the Armada, with stringent orders to hang, without appeal or consultation, every captain who dared leave the position assigned him in written orders; and to insure prompt atten-



tion, a hangman was sent with each sergeant-major. They appear to have had a full corps of these pleasant gentlemen on board. Indeed, the prevision of King Philip was thought to have included all possible wants or contingencies. For instance, he remembered even to provide for the spiritual welfare of his proposed English subjects, whom he considered in a sad state in this respect. He thought to convince them of the error of their ways by the same unanswerable arguments that had proved so efficacious in his own kingdom of Spain. To this end there was included in the outfit a battalion of about three hundred monks and familiars of the "Holy Inquisition," under the command of the Vicar-General Don Martin Allacon. On their arrival in England, it was fully expected that they would find an ample field for the exercise of the ministrations of this beneficent institution.

One of the greatest feats of arms was the capture of the "Capitana," the largest and most splendid vessel of the Armada, "the very glory and stay of the Spanish navy." She was seen trying to enter the harbor of Calais. Admiral Howard determined to cut her out and sent his long-boat with some fifty volunteers. They were joined by a pinnace, with a body of musketeers on board. With not more than a hundred men, all told, they dashed at the great ship, which was manned by seven hundred and fifty men and carried forty brass pieces of artillery, and boarded her; killing the captain. The soldiers on board, dismayed and panic-stricken, jumped overboard and endeavored to reach the shore, in which attempt many of them were drowned. Such stories read more like a page of romance than sober history. Seven hundred and fifty men on a great warship! One hundred men in small boats! But when we remember that the working-crew consisted of three hundred and fifty galley-slaves under guard, watching for just such a chance to regain their freedom, and four hundred soldiers, good enough on land perhaps, but not very efficient on shipboard, it is not so surprising that they were overcome by their enemies, who were free Englishmen. "Their force is wonderful great and strong," said Howard; "but we plucked their feathers by little and little."

We read how, fighting day by day, the Armada at last reached the Flemish coast, expecting to be joined by Parma and his army. And just here it was suddenly discovered that King Philip had forgotten something after all. He had forgotten all about the brave Dutchmen, who, in their light but well-armed and well-manned galleons and sloops, commanded by Nassau, Wormond, and Rosendaal, swarmed in every inlet and estuary of their crooked and dangerous coast from Dunkirk to Walcheren.

The Duke had his army ready, with boats in which to pack them for transportation; but he had no warships to cope with the Dutchmen. The Armada, on which he depended to raise the blockade, had been unable to arrive in time; having been unavoidably detained by "pressing engagements" elsewhere.

Thus, cooped up by the patient and watchful Dutchmen, Parma was "beside himself with rage." He made one attempt to force a passage; ordering an attack on a supposed weak point with a thousand of his best troops embarked in some improvised gunboats. These boats were immediately sunk by the fire of the Dutch; and not a man escaped alive.

Until about August 10, some two weeks after their appearance in the Channel, the "St. Matthew," "St. Mark," "St. Luke," and the rest of the great galleons,—named for all the saints in the calendar,—continued their hopeless fight against the "Lion," "Bear," "Dreadnaught," "Revenge," "Victory," "Triumph," as the English ships were more profanely baptized, when, having lost some thirty or forty of their best vessels and over twelve thousand men, the shattered and demoralized Armada fled, panic-stricken, before the wind into the North Sea. As Capt. Fenner said, "The Almighty had stricken them with a wonderful fear."

Fortunately for the Spanish, the English were in no condition to pursue them; for they had hardly a shot left in the lockers, and no provisions. But the Armada had still a dread enemy to encounter; for the Storm King of the North awoke at their intrusion, and, with his fiercest gales, dashed the great hulks on the rock-bound coasts of Norway and Scotland, pursuing them along the Irish coast, where forty of the remaining vessels were wrecked, and nearly all on board lost. It is estimated that eight thousand men perished in this stormy passage.

There was hardly a noble family in Spain but was placed in mourning, for it seemed that the *jeunesse dorée* of that time regarded the expedition as a holiday excursion—a grand picnic, in which the dangers were *nil*, and the opportunity for gain was endless. So they flocked on board the ships in thousands. Now, as the numerous sad-colored garments of mourning added to the universal gloom of a people writhing under an overwhelming disaster, the King, thinking to mend matters, issued an edict—he was fond of edicts—forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a Lisbon merchant who was not an admirer of the oppressor of his land, on hearing of the defeat of the Armada, indulged himself in a hearty laugh, whereupon, by express command of Philip he was immediately hanged. So it came to be said that "men could neither cry nor laugh in King Philip's dominions." Thus dropped



the curtain on this great tragedy, which had held the breathless attention of all Europe. So far from conquering the "tight little Isle," "their invincible and dreadful navy," wrote Drake in his official report, "with all its great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their sailing about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

England's experience with Spain has been reproduced in our recent victories at Manila and Santiago.

In studying the wonderful story of the Armada, it is natural to try to discover the underlying causes of such overwhelming defeat.

The Spanish ships were manned partly by galley-slaves, and were crowded with thousands of soldiers. Seasick and miserable, no doubt, it can be easily understood what a nuisance, what a hinderance these soldiers must have been to the sailor contingent, on whom the heat and burden of the day fell. Under the deadly fire of the English the great hulks became slaughter-pens.

Curiously enough, there has come down to us a more detailed and authentic account of the equipment of the Armada than of the British squadrons. Hakluyt, a contemporary chronicler, in his "Voyages," gives what he calls "A very large and particular description of their navy, which was put in print and published by the Spanish writer Materan."

After reciting the number, names, and tonnage of ships, number of sailors and soldiers, names of admirals and captains, and particularly of the "noblemen and gentlemen voluntaries," of whom he says there was a "great multitude," he goes on to give other details of equipment. For instance, they carried several thousand horses and mules, with a full complement of carts, wagons, axes, spades, mattocks, etc. They had six months' provisions on board, including twelve thousand pipes of water, "likewise of wine they had *one hundred and forty-seven thousand pipes*,"—a large proportion of sack it would seem. In short, they had provided everything that could be wanted on land or sea.

The great galleons of fourteen or fifteen hundred tons, the largest that had ever been built up to that time, were sufficiently capacious, but proved to be of a wrong type, when it came to sailing and fighting. The controlling factor, after all, was the personnel of the two fleets.

In no position is the man in command more potential for good or for evil than on the quarter-deck of a warship. Fortunately, the right men were to the fore; and it may be said that on the courage and skill of half a dozen men depended the fate of England and the future of a great race. Thus nobly led, with every man in the fleet feeling and act-

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ing as if the fortune of the day depended on his single right arm, is it so wonderful that the English prevailed against hired mercenaries and galley-slaves?

Spain has been the cruel oppressor of many peoples. History is full of her crimes. It records how Philip II condemned three million Netherlanders to death; wishing they had but one neck, that he might exterminate them all at a single blow.

It tells of the expulsion—the extermination, almost—of the Moriscos, early in the seventeenth century. Through the active instrumentality of the Holy Inquisition these people had, of course, all been “converted.” Still there remained harassing doubts as to their sincerity. Among the many minor persecutions to which they were subjected, they were forbidden to indulge in their national amusements or to wear the national dress. They were a cleanly race, and had numerous public baths. As bathing was a heathenish custom, these baths were all destroyed, as were even the baths in the private houses.<sup>1</sup>

Finally, in 1602 it was resolved, by the advice of the bishops, to expel what was left of the Moorish people. As the Archbishop of Valencia put it, in a memorial to Philip III:

“All the disasters that had befallen the monarchy had been caused by the presence of these unbelievers, whom it was now necessary to root out, even as David had done to the Philistines and Saul to the Amalekites.”<sup>2</sup>

There was some difference of opinion as to methods. The Archbishop of Valencia, for instance, thought that children under seven years of age need not share in the general banishment, but might, without danger to the faith, be separated from their parents, and kept in Spain. But the Archbishop of Toledo was opposed to this; being unwilling, he said, “to run the risk of having the pure Spanish blood polluted by infidels.” And he declared that “sooner than leave one of the unbelievers to corrupt the land, he would have the whole of them—men, women, and children—at once put to the sword.”<sup>3</sup>

That their contemporaries of the same church in other lands were horrified at this monstrous crime, we have evidence:

“Le Cardinal de Richelieu, qui n’était pas très susceptible de pitié, l’appelle le plus hardi et le plus barbare conseil dont l’histoire de tous les siècles précédents fasse mention.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> JANER, “Condicion de los Moriscos,” pp. 31, 32.

<sup>2</sup> XIMENES, “Vida de Ribera,” p. 370.

<sup>3</sup> GEDDES’ “Miscellany” (1730), vol. i, pp. 85, 86.

<sup>4</sup> SISMONDI’S “Histoire des Français.”

By this edict of Philip, it is estimated that a million of the most industrious inhabitants of Spain were hunted like wild beasts from their homes, simply because the sincerity of their "conversion" was doubted.

Toiling painfully to the coast, thousands of Moriscos were murdered on the way, or died from exposure and starvation; for so steeled by a cruel and insane fanaticism were the hearts of the people of that dreadful age and country, that they could refuse to give to these infidels so little as a cup of cold water. Of those who reached the coast and embarked to cross to Africa, many were butchered by the Spanish crews, who ravished the women, and threw the children into the sea; a remnant only escaping to the Barbary coast.<sup>1</sup>

Thus was the work, begun in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, completed. The last of the Moors was driven from the Iberian peninsula. Acclaimed by church and state, another step had been taken toward the ruin of Spain.

In culture these Moriscos were at that time far superior to their descendants of the present day, and were almost the only skilled artisans in Spain. As farmers, and especially as manufacturers of textile and other fabrics, they were unequalled in Europe. They had established numerous factories containing thousands of looms at Seville, Toledo, and other places. All these industries were wiped out at a blow, and whole districts laid waste, which to this day have never been repopled, except by brigands. That Spain persecuted the Jews mercilessly, goes without saying. There are other alleged Christian nations, however, who have frequently vied with her in that "pious" work, even down to the present time. As for the Spanish dons themselves, but two vocations in life were possible—the army or the church. All other occupations were regarded with supreme contempt.

In the old Cathedral of Granada stands the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. The traveller of to-day may read thereon an inscription, of which the following is a translation:

"To the Most Catholic Don Fernando and Dona Isabel, King and Queen of Spain, of Naples, of Sicily and Jerusalem, who conquered this Kingdom and brought it back to our faith; who conquered the Canary Islands and the Indies, *who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion.*"

In this epitaph we find the key to Spanish history, to the causes which led to the downfall of a great empire. As the ages pass, the marvel will grow that such hideous crimes should have been committed in the name of religion.

<sup>1</sup> WATSON'S "Philip III." London, 1839.

But the most awful part of Spain's record is that made up by her own historian, Las Casas, a Spanish priest, who has left a full account of the occupation of the West Indies, and especially of Cuba. This work has been but recently translated. The natives of these islands, unlike the fierce North American Indians, were a gentle and peaceful race; leading a life of Arcadian simplicity, and sustaining themselves, almost without labor, by the spontaneous products of that garden-spot of the earth.

This helpless race was completely exterminated in less than thirty years, and negro slavery substituted. Thus was introduced in this free western hemisphere a false and wicked system, for the perpetuation of which our own great Republic has been called to a fearful account; expiating the sin in the blood of her sons and at a cost of untold millions.

Some of the statements of Las Casas hardly bear recital, and would seem incredible, were it not for the added light thrown on the Spanish character by recent events in Cuba. The unfortunate natives were divided among the Spaniards by a *repartimiento* (an allotment) of slaves—so many slaves to so much land. There being an abundant supply of labor, and Indian lives being considered of no value, it was considered cheaper in the cultivation of certain of the crops to work an Indian to death under the lash and replace him with another, than to give him any care. When they rebelled, as they naturally did occasionally, they were murdered by the hundred, buried alive, impaled, or torn to pieces by bloodhounds. On one occasion, in retaliation for the killing of one of their oppressors, the hands of fifty Indians were chopped off by the Spaniards. Little children were drowned like puppies, as useless incumbrances.

Las Casas writes thus of "the mingling of religious ideas with the sheerest devilry." He says that once, in honor and reverence of Christ and His twelve Apostles, they hanged thirteen Indians in a row, at such a height that their toes just touched the ground, and then pricked them to death with their sword-points; taking care not to kill them too quickly, and first gagging them, in order that their cries and groans should not too much disturb the Spaniards. A favorite amusement was a test of their Toledo blades by deciding who could most neatly cleave an Indian in twain at a single blow. *Repartimiento* then, *reconcentrado* now, the result is the same—extermination.

In that "Pearl of the Antilles" which Spain has worn so proudly, which she has so sadly misruled, she is at last to find her Nemesis. For the murder of her own people, for the blood of those slaughtered millions of long ago, the terrible cry of whose suffering will not be stilled, but comes ringing down through the centuries, a just retribution is at hand.

Great as has been the punishment of Spain, the end is not yet. For "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Removed from its home environment to far-distant lands, and brought under the influence of a better civilization, the Spanish character is modified; becoming more energetic, broader-minded, more tolerant.

Latterly many American travellers who have visited Mexico have spoken in enthusiastic terms of the Mexicans, of the progress they are making; and they tell us of the great work accomplished by their noble President, of their grand, their magnificent country. Indeed, we seem to be getting quite proud of our sister-republic. Yet the Mexicans are of the same Spanish stock that has shown itself capable of such crimes against civilization and humanity as those of which I have written. But they are now free men, have been for several generations, and are learning to make good use of their freedom.

We also hear the shallow assertion that the downtrodden Cubans are an ignorant lot, unfit to govern themselves. Perhaps they are; but they are what centuries of oppression have made them.

Forty years ago Thomas Buckle, in his remarkable "History of Civilization," wrote:

"As Spain is the country where what I conceive to be the fundamental conditions of national improvement have been most flagrantly violated, so also shall we find that it is the country where *the penalty paid* for the violation has been most heavy, and where, therefore, it is most instructive to ascertain how the prevalence of certain opinions *causes the decay* of the people among whom they predominate."

The fiery ordeal of battle is again throwing a search-light on the Spanish character; and we can see what the intellectual suppression of generations of men does for them. In Spain inquiry and freedom of thought have always been systematically discouraged. The Spaniards have had little part or interest in the magnificent achievements of modern science. A people so suppressed and oppressed, so stunted mentally, cannot produce the best sailors, soldiers, merchants, or mechanics.

S. L. THURLOW.

## THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY — SOME RECENT MEDIUMISTIC PHENOMENA.

ANYONE who has read De Quincey's passionate and rhetorical monologue on the death of his sister in the "Confessions of an Opium Eater" must be struck with the contrast between his manner of treating the problem of immortality and the attempts of the Society for Psychical Research to throw light upon the same question. Philosophy and its endeavors landed in the agnosticism of Kant and Spencer. Rhetoric has always terminated in poetry and grandiloquence; and it remains to be seen whether science will achieve any better results.

The Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882, and issued its First Report in 1883. Its purpose was to investigate the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism without any bias for or against that doctrine. These phenomena comprised such alleged facts as apparitions, clairvoyance, telepathy, mediumship, table-turning and spirit-rappings, hypnotism, and other supposedly supernormal events. The mass of material which it has collected, bearing on its problems, has been enormous; but at no time has the result seemed to come up to the standard of scientific evidence for anything like the immortality of the soul, until the allegations of the last Report laid claim to that character. The Census of Hallucinations, which represented the Society's Tenth Report, comprised a very interesting conclusion, which was, that "between deaths and apparitions of the dying persons a connection exists which is not due to chance alone." This was in 1894, and hinted very strongly at the trend of the investigations, though only to create the suspicion that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. In the meantime, Prof. William James, of Harvard University, accidentally discovered a case of mediumship which invited the serious attention of the Society and its officers. Two Reports previous to the present one have been issued upon this case; yet, though they confirmed the wisdom of the investigation, they did not establish any substantial claims for the spiritistic hypothesis. The last Report, however, which represents the work of Dr. Richard Hodgson, mostly since 1888, makes a bolder profession; and anyone who competently examines the various reports upon