

the boys have a uniform. I should like my boys to have them. I notice your terms are payable in advance; if you will make out the account, I will settle with you now.—This is it, sir.—Thank you very much. I should like my wife to see the rooms before the boys come; I will bring her and the boys too.—Any time you please, sir, say to-morrow at ten: I shall be here, and so will my partner.—Very well, then, till to-morrow, Good day.—Good day, sir.

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## PART THIRD

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### The landing of Columbus in the New World

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It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard, though everything appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. Yet the island was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore. They were all perfectly naked, and, from their attitudes and gestures, appeared lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus made signal to cast anchor and to man the boats. Richly attired in scarlet, he entered his own boat, holding the royal standard. Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanjez, his brother, likewise put off in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As they approached the shore, they were delighted by the beauty and grandeur of the forests, the variety of unknown fruits on the trees which overhung the shore, the purity of the atmosphere, and the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands. On landing, Columbus threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts, indeed, overflowed with the same feeling of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy and representative of the sovereign.

His followers now burst forth into the most extravagant transports. They thronged round him their admiral, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, asking his forgiveness, and

offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands.

The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day, they beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them to be some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about without any apparent effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel or raiment of various colours, landing on the beach, they fled in affright into the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves and making signs of adoration. During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and fac-

es, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared strange and formidable, submitted to the scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The astonished savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament that bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

*Washington Irving.*

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**Christian and Hopeful fall into the hands of  
Giant Despair**

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Now I beheld in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful had not gone far, before the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels. Wherefore, still as they went on they wished for a better way.

Now a little before them, there stood on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow was called Bypath

Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, "if this meadow lies along by our wayside, let us go over into it." Then he went to the stile to see; and, behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. "It is according to my wish," said Christian; "here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, let us go over." "But," said Hopeful, "suppose this path should lead us out of our way." "That is not likely," said the other. "Look does it not go along the wayside?" So, Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were in the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and, looking before them, they saw a man walking as they did; and his name was Vain-Confidence; so they called after him, and asked him whither the road led. He said to them, "to the Celestial City." "Look," said Christian, "did I not tell you so? By this you may see that we are right." So they followed, and he went before them. But, behold, the night came on, and it grew dark; so that they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

It now began to thunder and rain; and Christian said, "Let us go back." But they could not, with all their skill, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter; they sat down there till the day should break; but, being weary, they fell asleep.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner of which was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they were now sleeping; wherefore, he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way.

"Then," said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here they lay, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel they that were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he came home, he told her what he had done. Then he asked her also what he had best do further with them. Then she counselled that, when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

Then he fell upon them fearfully, in such a manner, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn upon the floor. Then he left them to themselves to mourn under their distress; so that all that day they spent their time in nothing but bitter sighs and lamentations. The next morning, he went to them in a surly manner and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes he had given them the day before, he told them, that, since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves either with knife, halter or poison; "for, why," said he, "should you choose to live, seeing life is attended with so much misery." Then he withdrew, and left them to themselves. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or not. Hopeful said, "Let us be patient, and endure a while; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers." With these words Hopeful did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening, the giant went down into the dungeon again, to see if the prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what from want of bread and water,

and by reason of the wounds they had received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. The giant now fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

The next morning the gaint came again, and took them into the Castle yard and showed them the bones and skulls of those he had already despatched, and told them that ere a week came to an end, he would tear them in pieces, as he had done their fellows before them. Then he said, "Get you to your den again," and with that he beat them all the way thither.

On Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, broke out into a passionate speech: "What a fool I am," "said he, thus to lie in this dungeon, when I may as well be at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." "Then," said Hopeful, that is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with

ease, and Christian and Hopeful came out. Then he went to the outward door, that led into the castle, and with this key, opened that door also. After this, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but the lock went desperately hard; yet the key opened it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it woke Giant Despair, who, hastily rising, to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for he fell into one of his fits, that so often attacked him at this time of the year, so that he could by no means go after them.

Then they went on, and came to the King's Highway, and so were safe again, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after, from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they decided to erect a pillar, and to engrave upon it this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despises the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims."

Many therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

*From Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."*

A Spanish translation of this delightful book can be bought for ten cents at 4 San Juan de Letrán.

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### The King and the Locusts. A story without end.

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There was a certain king, who, like many other kings, was fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; and yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of his courtiers were in vain: the more he heard, the more he wanted to hear,

At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter in marriage; but, if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail—that is, if it came to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure. But, all in vain: sooner or later they all came to an end;

and, one after another, the unlucky story tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said he had a story that would last for ever if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. The king warned him of his danger, and told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking and sleeping, he thus began his story:—

“Your Majesty! there was once a king who was a great tyrant: and desiring to increase his riches, he seized on all the wheat and other grain in the kingdom, and put it in an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. Then he stopped up doors and windows, and closed it fast on all sides.

But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a *very* small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So *one* locust went in, and carried off *one* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried

off *another* grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn.

He had gone on thus from morning till night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king, though a very patient man, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted the story with: "Well well, we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards." To which the story-teller answered very deliberately, "If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards, before I have told you what happened first."

And so he went on again: "And then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in, and carried off another grain of corn. The king listened with admirable patience for six months more, when he again interrupted him: "O friend,

I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?"

To which the story-teller made answer: "O king, who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But let the king have patience, and no doubt we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another year, the story-teller going on as before: And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything; only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts."

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The caprice of the king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of this wise man.

*Third Reader.*



### The Archbishop and the student

At the time when those States which are to-day South American republics, were colonies of Spain, and when the Seminaries were the best colleges for the instruction of the youth of those days, it was the custom to make an inspection every month of all the students' rooms, and also of their wardrobes, trunks &c. The object of this examination was to see if they had books of immoral literature, cigars, or anything that was against the rules of the seminary.

Such inspections were sometimes made by the archbishop of the diocese himself. On one of these occasions, it was made by an old priest, very much respected, as well for his wisdom and talents, as for his religious and moral qualities. This prelate was called Archbishop L.

While inspecting one of the rooms, he approached a table, where his attention was arrested by a blank book, on the outside of which was written. "Notes of all the extraordinary things I have seen in my life, and my opinions regarding them." Great was the curiosity of the archbishop to see the contents of that note-book, and to know what were the extraordinary things that the student had seen, and also what were his opinions. The lad showed much uneasiness when he saw His

Grace with the note-book in his hand, so that the archbishop felt a still greater desire to see it, and read in silence several pages, the contents of which have never been known; and continued reading until he reached some lines which were as follows:—"The most foolish man that I have ever known in this world is His Grace, the most illustrious Archbishop L."

The prelate raised his eyes, put his spectacles on his forehead, and, gazing calmly at the student, said: "I am not of the same opinion, Mr. Student." To which the latter replied:—"Your Grace has taught me to tell the truth, and therefore I say that what you see written there is my most profound conviction."

"Then give your proofs for this assertion," said the archbishop. To which the student answered:—

"Does your Grace remember that two years ago an Italian, a seller of plaster images, presented himself here, and who did not have the appearance of a very honest man; and he talked to you a great deal about art, pictures, statues and saints; and you became so enthusiastic that you gave him \$ 2000 in gold, in order that he might leave off selling these things, and return to Italy to buy some holy images for the Cathedral; and all this without security and without having the slightest idea who this Italian was?"

The archbishop remained pensive for a moment and then said: "Yes, I remember."

"Well, this is the motive for my assertion, and the reason why I have written these lines in my note-book," continued the student.

The archbishop, after a moment's meditation, said: "But suppose the Italian should return to-morrow with the statues of the saints."

"Then," replied the student, "I will erase your name, and put in that of the Italian."

*Ybarra's Spanish "Method."*

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### The Roguish Physician

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A rogue arrived at the city of Saragossa, proclaiming that he possessed rare secrets of medicine; among others, that of making old women young. The rascal's manner was so persuasive, that the greater number of the women of the place believed him. Many came therefore, asking that he would bestow on them this precious gift.

He told them that each one should write on a slip of paper her name and age, as the necessary condition for carrying out his plan.

This they did faithfully, giving their age to

the very day, so as not to lose the happiness of being young again; and the physician told them to come to the hotel on the following day.

They came: and, on seeing them, he began to lament that a witch had stolen all the slips of paper from him that night, envious of the blessing that awaited them; so that it was necessary for each one to write her name and age again; and, not to keep back the knowledge any longer why that condition was necessary, he declared to them that the whole operation was reduced to this, that the oldest among them all had to be burned alive; and that on each of the others taking a portion of her ashes, they would all become young again.

The old women were astonished at hearing this; but, firmly believing the promise, they set about making new slips.

They made them indeed, but not with the fidelity of the first time; for, each one, fearing that it would come to her turn to be sacrificed to the flames, on account of being the oldest, there was not one of them who did not take off a great many years.

She who was ninety, say for example, put herself at fifty; she of seventy at thirty-five, &c,

The rogue received the new slips, and, taking out those they had given him the day before, compared one with the other, and said to

them: "Well, ladies now you have gained what I promised you; all of you have already grown younger. You, were yesterday ninety years old, now you are only fifty. You yesterday were fifty; now thirty-five."

Discoursing so, he dismissed them, much ashamed of themselves, as may be imagined.

*Gerónimo Feijoo.*

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**Robinson Crusoe discovers a footprint  
in the sand.**

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It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised at seeing the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up on a rising ground, to look further; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot-toes, heel, and every part of the foot. How it came

I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of his mind, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe in how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whims came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came into my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this,) I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over it by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; nor could I remember the next morning; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I did not sleep that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright the greater my apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear; but I was so embarrassed with my own fright-