

COLUMBUS DAY.

Dr. Talmage Speaks of Columbus and His Discoveries.

The Great Navigator Was Directed By God to Lift Up His Eyes Westward—Incidents of the Voyage Graphically Described.

The voyage of Columbus was the subject of a late discourse by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage at Brooklyn. The text being Deuteronomy iii. 37: "Lift up thine eyes westward." Dr. Talmage said:

So God said to Moses in Bible times, and so he said to Christopher Columbus, the son of a woolcomber of Genoa, more than 400 years ago. The nations had been looking chiefly toward the east. The sculpture of the world, the architecture of the world, the laws of the world, the philosophy of the world, the civilization of the world, the religion of the world came from the east. But while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes and reading cosmography, God said to him: "Lift up thine eyes toward the west." The fact was it must have seemed to Columbus a very lopsided world. Like a cart with one wheel, like a scissor with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bride of a world with no bridegroom. When God makes a half of anything, He does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things half done. But God never stops half way, because He has the time and the power to go all the way. I do not wonder that Columbus was not satisfied with a half world, and so went to work to find the other half. The pieces of carved wood that were floated to the shores of Europe by a westerly gale, and two dead human faces unlike anything he had seen before, likewise floated from the west, were to him the voice of God, saying: "Lift up thine eyes toward the west." But the world then as now had plenty of "can't be done's." That is what keeps individuals back and enterprises back and the church back and nations back—ignominious and disgusting and disheartening "can't be done's." Old navigators said to young Columbus, "It can't be done." The republic of Genoa said: "It can't be done." Alfonso V. said: "It can't be done." A committee on maritime affairs, to whom the subject was submitted, declared: "It can't be done." Venetians said: "It can't be done." But the father of Columbus' wife died, leaving his widow a large number of sea charts and maps, and as if to condemn the slur that different ages put upon mothers-in-law, the mother-in-law of Columbus gave him the navigator's materials, out of which he ciphered America. After a while the story of this poor but ambitious Columbus reaches the ear of Queen Isabella, and she pays eighty dollars to buy him a decent suit of clothes, so that he may be fit to appear before royalty. The interview in the palace was successful. Money enough was borrowed to fit out the expedition. There they are, the three ships, in the gulf of Cadiz, Spain. If you ask me which have been the most famous boats of the world, I would say, first, Noah's ship, that wharfed on Mount Ararat; second, the boat of bulrushes in which Moses floated the Nile; third, the Mayflower, that put out from Plymouth with the Pilgrim fathers; and now these three vessels that on this, the Friday morning, August 3, 1492, are rocking on the ripples. I am so glad it's Friday, so that the crews of those three ships shall first of all run down the superstition that things begun or voyage started on Friday must necessarily prove disastrous. Show me any Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday or Saturday that ever accomplished as much as this expedition that started on Friday. With the idea that that there will be perils connected with the expedition the sacrament of the Lord's supper is administered. Do not forget that this voyage was begun under religious auspices. There is the Santa Maria, only ninety feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. The captain walking the deck is 37 years old, his hair white, for when 35 he was gray, and his face is round, his nose aquiline and his stature a little taller than the average. I know from his decided step and the set of his jaw that he is a determined man. That is Capt. Christopher Columbus. Near by, but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the Pinta and the Nina, about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson river or the Thames in good weather. There are two doctors in this fleet and a few landmen, adventurers ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are enough provisions for a year. "Capt. Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" "I cannot say." "All ashore that are going," is heard, and those who wish to remain go to the land. Now the anchors of the three ships are being weighed and the rattles begin to rattle and the sails to unfurl. The wind is dead east, and it does not take long to get out to sea. In a few hours the adventurers wish they had not started. The ships begin to roll and pitch. O, it is such a delightful sensation for landmen! They begin to bother Capt. Columbus with questions. They want to know what he thinks of the weather. They want to know when he thinks he will probably get there. Every time when he stands taking observations of the sun with an astrolabe they wonder what he sees and ask more questions. The crew are rather grouchy. Some of them came on under four months' advance pay and others were impressed into the service. For sixteen days the wind is dead east and that pleases the captain, because it blows them further and further away from the European coast and further on toward the shore of another country, if there is any. After awhile there comes a calm

day, and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they cannot touch the bottom, though the line and lead run down 300 fathoms. More delightful sensations for those who are not good sailors! A fathom is six feet, and 300 fathoms 1,800 feet, and below that it may be many hundred feet deeper. To add interest to the voyage, on the twentieth day out, a violent storm swept the sea, and the Atlantic ocean tries what it can do with the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina. Some of you know something of what a sea can do with the Umbria, the Majestic, the Teutonic and the City of Paris, and must imagine what the ocean could do with these three small ships of olden time. You may judge what the ocean was then by what it is now; it has never changed its habits. It can smile like the morning, but often it is the archangel of wrath and its most rollicking fun is a shipwreck. The mutinous crew would have killed Columbus had it not been for the general opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety. The promise of a silk waistcoat and \$40 in money to the man who should first discover land appeased them somewhat, but the indignation and blasphemy and threats of assassination must have been awful. Yet, God sustained the great sailor commanding the Santa Maria. Every evening on shipboard they had prayers and sung a vesper hymn. But after all the patience of these on board the ships had been exhausted, and the great captain or admiral had been cursed by every anathema that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing. On Friday morning at 2 o'clock, just long enough after Thursday to make it sure that it was Friday and so give another blow at the world's idea of unlucky days—on Friday morning, October 12, 1492, a gun from the Pinta signalled "land ahead." Then the ships lay to, and the boats were lowered, and Capt. Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shore, amid the song of birds and the air a surge of redolence and took possession in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. So the voyage that began with the sacrament ended with Gloria in Excelsis Deo. From that day onward you say that there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces and world wide applause. No, no! On his way back to Spain the ship was so wrenched by the tempest and threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask and threw it overboard that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures. Honors awaited him on the beach, but he undertook a second voyage and with it came all maligning and persecution and denunciation and poverty. He was called a land grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculators robbed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him ruined health and imprisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them on his wrists: "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout, he groaned out his last words: "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum;" "Into Thy hands O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Of course he had regal obsequies. That is the way the world tries to atone for its mean treatment of great benefactors. Many a man has had a fine ride to his grave who during his life had to walk all the way. A big funeral, and instead of bread they give him a stone, that is, a tombstone. But death that brings quiet to the body of others did not bring quiet to his. First buried in the church of Santa Maria. Seven years afterward removed to Seville. Twenty-three years afterward removed to San Domingo. Finally removed to Cuba. Four post mortem journeys from sepulchre to sepulchre. I wish his bones might be moved just once more, and now that they have come so near to America as Cuba, they might during the great Columbian year be transported to our own shores where they belong, and that in the fifth century after his decease the American continent might build a mausoleum worthy of him who picked this jewel of a hemisphere out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography.

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which, for the next twelve months, we will be commemorating by sermon and song and military parade and world's fair and congress of nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of the prophecies and by what Zechariah and Micah and David and Isaiah had said about the "ends of the earth," felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then the administration of the last supper before they left the gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devout aspiration as soon as they saw the new world, and the doxologies with which they landed, confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery. Atheism has no right here; infidelity has no right here; vagabondism has no right here. And as God is not apt to fall in any of His undertakings (at any rate, I have never heard of His having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be gospelized, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York harbor, and from the top of North America to the foot of South America, from Behring straits to Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanuel's land. All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have cursed other parts of the world will land here—yes, they have already landed—and they will wrangle for the possession of this hemisphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost established. But God will not forget the prophecies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth" seeing the salvation of God, nor the Christian anthem which Columbus led

on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the coast of San Salvador. The great Italian navigator also impresses me with the idea that when one does a good thing he cannot appreciate its ramifications. To the moment that he had discovered America, but thought that Cuba was a part of Asia. He thought the island Hispaniola was the Ophir of Solomon. He thought he had only opened a new way to old Asia. Had he known what North and South America were and are, and that he had found a country 3,000 miles wide, 10,000 miles long, of 17,000,000 square miles, and four times as large as Europe, the happiness would have been too much for mortal man to endure. He had no idea that the time would come when a nation of 60,000,000 people on this side of the sea would be joined by all the intelligent nations on the other side the sea, for the most part of a year reciting his wonderful deeds. It took centuries to reveal the result of that one transatlantic voyage. So it has always been. Could Paul on that June day, when he was decapitated, have had any idea of what effect his letters and the account of his life would have on Christendom? Could Martin Luther have had any idea of the echoes that would ring through the ages from the bang of his hammer nailing the Latin theses against a church door at Wittenberg? Could Eli Whitney have realized the continents of wealth that would be added to the south by the invention of his cotton gin? Could John Gutenberg, tolling year after year, making type, and laboriously setting them side by side, and with presses changed now this way and now that, and sued by John Faust for money loaned, and many of the people trying to cheat Gutenberg out of his invention, he tolling on until he produced what is known as the Mazarin Bible, have any idea that, as a result of his invention, there would be libraries that placed side by side would again and again engirdle the earth, or the showers of newspapers that 'saw the world under? When Manhattan island was sold to the Dutch for \$24, neither they who sold or bought could have foreseen New York, the commercial metropolis of America, that now stands on it.

While studying the life of this Italian navigator, I am also reminded of the fact that while we are diligently looking for one thing, we find another. Columbus started to find India, but found America. Go on and do your duty diligently and prayerfully, and if you do not find what you looked for, you will find something better. Saul was hunting for the strayed animals of his father's barnyard, but met Samuel, the prophet, who gave him a crown of dominion. Nearly all the great inventions and discoveries were made by men who at the time were looking for something else. Prof. Morse gone to Europe to perfect himself in chemistry, on returning happens to take the packet ship Sully from Havre, and while in conversation with a passenger learns of some experiments in France, which suggest to him the magnetic telegraph. He went to Europe to learn the wisdom of others and discovered the telegraph. Hargreaves by the upsetting of a machine, and the motion of its wheels while upset, discovered the spinning jenny. So, my friend, go on faithfully and promptly with your work and if you do not get the success you seek and your plans upset you will get something just as good and perhaps better.

And now, while I am thinking of this illustrious ship captain of Genoa, let me bespeak higher appreciation for the ship captains now in service, many of them this moment on the sea, the lives of tens of thousands of passengers in their keeping. What an awful responsibility is theirs! They go out through the Narrows, or start from Queens-town, or Southampton, or Glasgow; not knowing what cyclone, or collisions, or midnight perils are waiting for them. It requires bravery to face an army of men, but far more bravery to face an army of Atlantic surges led on by hurricanes. A more stupendous scene is not to be witnessed than that of a ship captain walking the bridge of a steamer in the midst of a cyclone. Remember those heroes in your prayers, and when worn out in the service, and they have to command inferior craft or return to the land and go out of service, do them full honor for what they once were. Let the ship companies award them pensions worthy of what they endured until they start on their voyage from this world to the next: Aye, that voyage we must all take, landmen as well as seafarers. Let us be sure that we have the right pilot, and the right chart, and the right direction, and that we start in the right direction. It will be to each of us who love the Lord a voyage more wonderful for discovery than that which Columbus took, for after all we have heard about the other world, we know not where it is or how it looks, and it will be as new as San Salvador was to the glorious captain of the Santa Maria. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." May the light from that golden beach flash on the darkness, and we be able to step ashore amid the groves and orchards and aromas such as this world's atmosphere never ripened or breathed. Aye, fellow mariners, over the rough sea of this life, through the fogs and mists of earth, see you not already the outline of the better country? Land ahead! Land ahead! Nearer and nearer we come to heavenly wharfare. Throw out the planks and step ashore into the arms of your kindred, who have been waiting and watching for the hour of your disembarkation. Through the rich grace of Christ, our Lord, may we all have such blissful arrival!

A Natural Supposition.
"Crucifixions is passionately fond of bicycle-riding."
"Yes, I fancied as I saw him take a header' last evening that he must be heels over head in love with it."—Truth.

Optician.—"You have a pretty bad case of toxic amblyopia." Patient—"Will I have to take glasses?" Optician—"Rather, you'll have to stop taking glasses."—Jeweler's Circular.

THE CANEY ROBBERY.
The Bandits Get But Little—The Messenger Hurt.
COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Oct. 14.—Unwarranted by the fate of the Dalton band of desperadoes only a week ago, two men held up a Missouri Pacific train near Caney, a small town in this vicinity shot Express Messenger J. N. Maxwell through the arm, broke open the express safe and secured all the money in the car. As the regular express money, except what was destined for way stations, had been transferred at Conway Springs, the booty was of little value.

Just as the train drew up at Caney at 10:15 o'clock last night, two masked men, heavily armed with Winchesters and revolvers, climbed on the locomotive tender from the front of the combination baggage and express car and covered Engineer Eggleston and his fireman with their rifles. The locomotive men were ordered to pull slowly to the switch, where all was darkness and where there was no danger of molestation. This was done.

At the whistling post the outlaws ordered the engineer to stop and made the fireman un耦ple the express car from the rest of the train. All this was done so quietly that no one in the coaches was disturbed.

The engineer was then ordered to pull ahead with the express car and obeyed, for the Winchesters held close to his head looked unpleasantly dangerous. When a deep cut, half a mile further on, had been reached, the engine was halted.

Express Messenger J. N. Maxwell, who had witnessed the uncoupling, had in the meantime brown out his lights, barred and barricaded the doors, and made ready for desperate resistance.

The order to open up the car elicited no response and the robbers began firing into the sides of the car with their Winchesters. Maxwell answered the shots with his revolver for a few minutes, but finally received a bullet in his right arm, which disabled him and he was fain to surrender.

The robbers ordered him to light his lamps and open the car door and as soon as he had done so they entered the car with the engineer in front of them as a shield. Maxwell was then forced to open his safe and deliver up his watch and personal property. The men then backed off the car and disappeared in the darkness.

Messenger Maxwell, who is now here nursing his wound which is not serious, declares that the robbers secured less than \$100 all told.

The men engaged in the work were probably the same ones who last week held up the station agent at Sedan.

BANDIT THREATS.
Coffeyville Excited Over Threats From the Survivors of the Dalton Gang.
COFFEYVILLE, Kan., Oct. 14.—Again in this town the scene of great excitement. Another train robbery has occurred almost at its doors and all day wild rumors of a contemplated attack upon the city by the reorganized Dalton gang have been afloat.

Yesterday morning a telegram signed by Detective Dodge, of the Wells-Fargo Express Co., and dated Wharton, I. T., was received here. It stated that a large body of desperadoes had left that place for Coffeyville for the purpose of avenging the death of the Daltons, Powers and Broadwell.

The town was at once in an uproar. Informal meetings were held and telegrams were sent to Parsons and Kansas City asking that Winchesters be shipped at once. Everything is comparatively quiet to-day, and very few people really expect an attack; but if one is made the invaders will get a reception fully as warm as that accorded the Daltons October 5.

There is every reason to believe from the actions of some of the men who have visited Coffeyville that if Emmet Dalton recovers some steps will be taken to liberate him. The following letter received by John Kloer, the man who has the credit of killing three of the Dalton gang, shows at least that all of the gang are not dead:

From Arkansas City, October, 1902:
Dear Sir: I take the time to tell you and the city of Coffeyville that all of the gang ain't dead yet by a—of a sight and don't you forget it. I would have given all I ever made to have been there on the 5th. There are three or four of the gang left and we shall come to see you some day. That day—the 5th of October—we were down in the Chickasaw nation. We did not know it was coming off so soon. We thought it was coming off November 3, we shall have revenge for your killing of Bob and Grat and the rest of them. You people had no cause to take arms against the gang. The binkers will not help the widows of the men that got killed there and you thought you were playing—fire when you killed three of us, but your time will soon come; when you will soon go into the grave and pass in your checks for the killing of Bob and Joe Evans and Texas Jack. So take warning. We will leave you in the hands of God for this time. Yours truly,
DALTON GANG.

The Pope's Envoy.
NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—Archbishop Satilli, who arrived here yesterday morning on the steamship Majestic, comes on an important mission. He is accompanied by Mgr. O'Connell, his secretary and interpreter. The general body of the Catholic church will be considered by the representatives of the vatican. They will investigate the condition of the church in this country, its membership and recent growth. The Paribault school system will also be studied. A visit will be first made to Baltimore, and later the prelates will go to Chicago and attend the dedication of the Columbian fair. Archbishop Satilli will represent the holy see at the Columbian exposition.

Shot From Ambush.
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 14.—The Times-Democrat's San Antonio special says: The first news reached here two days ago of the death under mysterious circumstances of Enrique Palacios, an American civil engineer of prominence in Mexico, at a remote point on the Teocuitla & Papantla railway.

A number of the American colony in this city set on foot an investigation into the cause of the man's death and discovered that he was murdered and robbed, being attacked from ambush by a band of outlaws as he was making his way through the country on a burro, accompanied by a Mexican servant.

THE WIFE OF COLUMBUS.
She Was a Member of a Noble Italo-Portuguese Family.
Columbus allied himself by marriage with an Italo-Portuguese family. She whom he was to choose and take to wife was named Felipa Muniz Perestrello.

She belonged to a noble house associated with Dom Henry, of Ariz, in his explorations and discoveries as well because of their family station as by the grace of the infant.

Laws like those which in chemistry govern the affinity of combining atoms, in social intercourse produce personal affinities. The greatest of all discoverers was himself destined to wed the daughter of a discoverer.

Columbus often went to mass on Sundays and other obligatory days. His residence in Lisbon being near the convent of All Saints, he resorted thither to perform his devotions, and in his assiduous attendance there it was his fate to be attracted by Dona Felipa Muniz until he sought and obtained her in marriage.

The affection of Columbus for the young Lusitanian doubtless possessed practical features also in view of the sailor's desire to live for the realization in his ripener age of the work al-



FELIPA COLUMBUS.
In the generally accepted historical pictures he is represented as possessed of mustache and pointed beard.

At thirty his hair was quite gray. He was temperate in eating, drinking and dress, and so strict in religious matters that for fasting he thought professor in some religious order.

Notwithstanding all he has done for this country some American writers



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
From a portrait in the Marine museum, Madrid.

have recently sought to prove that his moral conduct would not stand the high test of a comparison with that of a New England Sunday school teacher. He was really so devoutly religious that his signature is a cipher, said to mean "Serve-me, Christus, Maria, Yosefus, Christiferens."

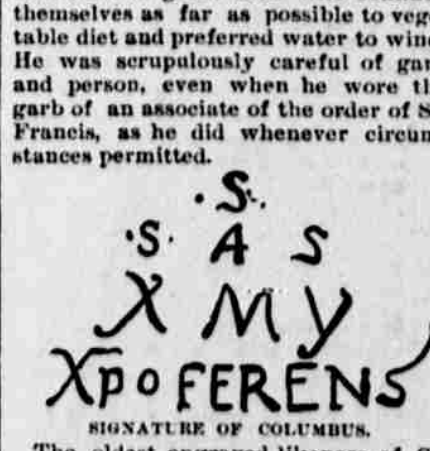
In his later years he suffered from gout, ophthalmia and other maladies which his many hardships brought on.



IDEAL PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.
His sight and hearing were quick and his sense of smell extremely delicate, and he had a great fondness for perfumes. Even on his voyages he was fond of having his linen, which was very fine, and his gloves scented with essence, or more often with dried flowers. Otherwise he was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, from



OLDEST ENGRAVING OF COLUMBUS.
taste and on principle; he may be added to the list of great men who confined themselves as far as possible to vegetable diet and preferred water to wine. He was scrupulously careful of garb and person, even when he wore the garb of an associate of the order of St. Francis, as he did whenever circumstances permitted.



SIGNATURE OF COLUMBUS.
The oldest engraved likeness of Columbus appears in a Latin literary work by Paolo Giovio (Paulus Jovius, in Latin form), dated 1575. This wood cut is thought to have been copied from a picture which Jovius had placed in a gallery of notable people which he had formed in his villa at Lake Como. The collection is now scattered, but the portrait is known to have figured in it.

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THE WIFE OF COLUMBUS.
ready fully planned in the latter years of his exuberant youth. Moreover, crediting his contemporaries as we should, the incomparable pilot displayed two traits capable of turning the head I will not say of Dona Felipa but of every woman—eloquence and personal attractiveness.

His many graces captivated her senses, his eloquence her mind. Felipa Muniz, daughter of Philippone Perestrello, and Christopher Columbus were made one, in conformity with religion and law, in holy indissoluble wedlock, in the year 1471. The year following their union a son was born to them who was baptized in Lisbon and named Diego.

COLUMBUS' DEATH.

He Expired Robbed in the Somber Habits of a Franciscan.

The great world-finder, to whose memory much honor is due and given, was in his time variously known as Christopher Columbus, Cristobal Colon and Christophoro Colombo. Colon is the one which appears on the inner lid of the small leaden case which contains all that now is left of the mortal part of the great navigator.

He, worn out with age, hard work and bad treatment, died on May 20, 1506, at the age of seventy, and was buried at Valladolid, in Spain.

The Feast of the Ascension was the day of his death; and he died robed in a Franciscan habit, as his beloved queen and protector had done.

The cold and heartless Ferdinand gave Columbus a grand funeral, thinking to do himself honor by it, and seven years afterwards he reared to Columbus a marble tomb, whose inscription has since become famous, both for itself and the memory of him who lay beneath.

His remains were afterwards taken to Seville and placed with the body of



COLUMBUS' BOXES.
his son Diego in the monastery of Las Cuevas.

In 1536 they were exhumed—those of father and son—and transported across the Atlantic to the island of San Domingo, which had been named by Columbus Hispaniola and was the principal settlement of his own discoveries in his own time.

In 1790, after the cession of San Domingo to the French, they were again dug up and placed in the cathedral of Havana. There they now repose under a peculiar monument. There is a claim that the real remains were not removed.

There would be poetic justice in placing the tomb of Columbus in San Domingo, the island with which his greatest activity as a discoverer is associated, and the place where with the timbers of his wrecked flagship he built the first European habitation in America. The chains placed on him by Bobadilla during his imprisonment, and which he declared should be removed by no less authority than that of his royal master and mistress, he kept in his study afterwards as a memorial and ordered that they should be buried with him.

Would He Worth a Fortune.
During a severe storm on Columbus return journey from the new land he must go down, committed a narrative of his discovery to the sea. What a rich treasure it would be if it could be fished up in its oil and tar envelope to day and given to the world.