

asas, bishop of Chiapa. Of these only about a half a million remain. What became of the rest? Las Casas says, "that most of them were massacred, and that those who were not were sold into slavery; that as such they were used for carrying burdens, often dying at the task." Near Cartagena there is a hill one thousand feet high, almost straight up, and deliciously pretty and grand; it has very much the shape of a sugar loaf. On the top of that hill is a very large building and it took fifteen years to build it. It was a monastery; today it is a signal station. Every stone of that building, and it is all stone, was carried up there by these unfortunate beings who had become, so to speak, beasts of burden; if any of them failed for want of strength, or from the heat, they were at once set upon and devoured by bloodhounds. And this during fifteen years! It is too terrible to relate. It was the same wherever the Spaniard had a foothold, and no wonder that from eight millions there are so few left; and no wonder either that the remnants of these people hold the Spaniard in such a terror and hate; and this terror and hate they even to this day indulge in toward the actual rulers of Colombia, as the following will show: In the fall of 1880, the Colombian government decided to put a stop to the extensive smuggling which was being done on the San Blas coast, in the U. S. consular district of Colon, among the Indians who occupy that territory. It is a neck of land some one hundred and twenty miles long and some fifty wide on an average, and comprises the eastern part of the state of Panama. This territory is exclusively reserved for the San Blas Indians; they recognize no Colombian authority; they are ruled by a chief elected for life and selected from among the most virtuous and brave; these people are heathens. The republic of Colombia, however, found the means to stop this contraband traffic, and as a consequence no vessels went along that coast any more to trade with these Indians, who in proportion to their number trade more than the civilized Colombians. Most of the vessels going there were American, a very few of them English. So that after patiently waiting for vessels, and seeing none come, they decided to investigate the matter, and for that purpose at the end of some two months without a sail in sight, they sent a committee to Colon, and said committee called upon me. There were three Indians, two of whom spoke some English. They inquired of me, after telling me of their great love for the United States people, why it was that I did not allow any American vessels to come to them any more? They said they had millions of coconuts ready for market, and that these would soon decay if not taken away, thus entailing great loss upon them. I answered, that I was exceedingly sorry for them, but that I was powerless, as I had been instructed by the Colombian government not to clear any more vessels for San Blas, and that I was obliged to comply with that request; and they left. About three weeks afterwards the same committee returned and told me their chief and his people wanted me to take possession of their land and protect them against "Spanish cruelty." I told them that I had not the power to do so. I also told them that if they had grievances to complain of they should make their complaints to the governor of Panama and not to me. I advised them to send their chief to wait upon the governor, and that I would furnish him and his escort transportation on the Panama railroad. "What!" said the spokesman, "Put our chief in the hands of the Spanish, to be killed! Never!" And I have not seen them since.

These people are very jealous of their rights; are said to be very hospitable, but it is sure death to anyone that attempts any flirtation in their midst, or who trespasses on their domain in search of gold, or of any of the products which grow in rich profusion in their beautiful territory, reported to be the most beautiful and richest in the universe.

The original aborigines, through miscegenation with the Spanish invaders on the one hand, and with the negroes brought from Africa on the other, have produced the actual races of the land today. The most numerous is the Creole, the issue of white and Indian; it numbers perhaps one-third of the population. The quarteron is a secondary type, the issue of the white and Creole. The white race represents about one-thirtieth of the population. The Mulatto, issue of white and black, is about one-sixth. Next the full Negro, about one-quarter of the population, and finally the original Indians, who have become so jealous of the perpetuation of their race that any of their women is sacrificed with her offspring if it does not prove to be the "pure article." The issue of the Negro and Indian is called Coolie. Taken all in all it is a very much mixed crowd.

The United States consulate at Colon is right over the sea, built on piles near the lighthouse. It was a stormy day, the sea was very rough, the breakers rushing high sending their spray far away on the beach. Among the waves at a distance of not over two hundred yards I saw a boat upset and a man riding it. I called out to the lighthouse

man and gave him the alarm thinking that he would at once take a boat to save this man who was in great danger. He never paid any attention to it. I asked him, why is it that you do not take steps to save that man? "He is a coolie" said he, "and no negro or Colombian boatmen would try to save him," and the man would have perished if some other coolie boatmen had not picked him up. This hate between the two races is pushed to that extent, it is almost barbarian! And yet the Colombian as a rule is docile as well as indolent. In war he is fearless and dies smoking his cigarette or callia.

COLON AND THE CONSULATE.

In the days when work was in progress on the canal, Colon was a lively place; the whole isthmus from Colon to Panama, a distance of forty-five miles was in fact a most lively place and business was excellent by day and by night. It was perhaps the most dissipated locality on the face of the globe. Since the work has stopped the whole thing has dwindled down to insignificant proportions, and the population of Colon instead of 20,000 has fallen to some 8,000. Aspinwall and Colon are the one and same place; if used to be called Aspinwall after its American founder, but now the official name is Colon.

Colon is situated on the Island of Manzanilla, the Atlantic terminus of the Panama railroad. Fox river separates the Island from the main land, but the railroad company filled the river where the railroad crosses, so that in reality the island has become a peninsula. It is flat and would be uninteresting if it was not for the sea that surrounds it. The Panama railroad owns the island for ninety-nine years and it has splendid and extensive machine shops at the northern end. On the main land it is all hills and mountains covered with a most dense vegetation, entirely impenetrable unless with a machete or an axe in hand. There are no wagon roads nor any other roads; mules and donkeys do the packing; however canoes are, outside of the railroad, the best and most numerous public carrier. There is along this coast the very best material for first-class seamen.

As I have already intimated, owing to the Art. 35 of the treaty of 1845, the United States consulate at Colon is quite important in itself, and as at all seaport consulates, the consul has frequently much trouble with seamen, who in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are about the very toughest of individuals to deal with. So far as steamships are concerned the United States do not cut much of a figure at the port of Colon nor at any other port for the matter of that. Great Britain takes the lead with steamers at Colon, but the United States takes the lead with sailing vessels. There is seldom any trouble on board steamers, but as to sailing vessels there is always more or less of a rumpus on board. I made it a point never to allow Colombian alguazils on board of American vessels. When the trouble was serious I always went on board myself and became my own police; this however was seldom, and only in cases when the master of the vessel had not the nerve to handle his own crew. The sailors as a rule, when ashore, have a grand old time, and not unfrequently get into trouble with the natives; if the police interfere they let the natives go and all pounce on the police, against whom the American tar seems to have a particular spite. He fears nobody while in port except his consul, for the latter holds the purse strings.

As a matter of course a consul at a seaport must be well acquainted with all laws relating to shipping and admiralty, and these are oftentimes extremely delicate. However, the most disagreeable task I had was with the repatriation of the American negroes who worked on the canal and who became destitute when the work ceased. There were some twenty thousand of them, all negroes, mostly Jamaicans, thrown all of a sudden out of employment. The little they had saved was soon gone and the situation soon became critical, so much so, indeed, that the executive called upon England and the United States for the repatriation of their respective citizens. This was done at once by the United States, our congress in February, 1883, appropriating two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purpose. The Department of State advised me by cable at once, with instructions to draw for such sums as I might need, and to treat the destitute workmen as I would destitute seamen. I repatriated all the Americans who came under the act for the small amount of seven thousand dollars, thus leaving two hundred and forty-three thousand dollars to the credit of the fund in the U. S. treasury. Many Jamaica negroes came to the U. S. consulate trying to make me believe they were "Uncle Sam negroes," but the difference of dialect between the two classes of negroes did not allow such a deception to be successfully carried out. Among the negroes I repatriated were some terrible characters, who now and then were really dangerous, coming to the consulate in large numbers bent on running things generally, and insist-

ing upon receiving the cash in their own hands. Of course I refused to do this; if I had not, the \$250,000 would have disappeared and repatriation hardly begun; and then they became abusive and threatening. Then also I had them at once arrested and locked up in jail, and the Colombian dungeons are the greatest of pacifiers. The reason why I refused to give them the money to purchase their own tickets with, is because they would be liable to expend the money for drink instead of for tickets. I boarded them, clothed them and bought them tickets myself, and called the roll of those to be repatriated at the landing by the steamer, and made them go on board in my presence, so as to avoid losses of money. If any wanted clothes, and they nearly all were in absolute need of them, they were made to meet me at some store, where they had an opportunity to select what they wanted, and I paid for it. The same method was resorted to for their boarding and lodgings.

After the last of the negroes was repatriated—it took me some five weeks to do it—and the spirit of the act of congress fully complied with, the American consulate was overrun for some six months with whites and blacks who had read in the papers "about the consul at Colon repatriating destitute citizens," coming from all parts of South and Central America, some even coming from San Francisco, expecting to be repatriated at Uncle Sam's expense, as the canal negroes had been, and they made consular life exceedingly unpleasant at all times of the day, and frequently at night. These, however, did not come under the act of congress, and I could not repatriate them. Many of these poor fellows died from hunger and misery. I made an appeal to the department in their favor, representing the terrible condition of these unfortunates and referring to the large amount of money left from the fund appropriated by congress, but in vain; the law was remorseless and so were the officials of the treasury. I, however, shipped many of these on board vessels bound for the states as seamen, waiters, and so forth, working their way for their passage, without a cent of expense to Uncle Sam, but with considerable expense to me.

My experience as consul confirms me in the opinion that no one should be sent as consul anywhere unless he is acquainted with the language of the country where he is sent; it enables him to feel the pulse of public sentiment, through the press, and permits him to have immediate social intercourse with the officials; and pleasant, but dignified social intercourse with the authorities is the surest means for the successful management of so responsible a position as that of consul; and until the consul learns to speak and read the language, he necessarily loses much of the efficiency which he otherwise might bring to bear at once and from the very start, in behalf of his constituents, and for the care of the public interests he has the honor to have in his keeping.

Three Letters.

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SEND you by express (she wrote) (she wrote) Your presents every one, Our friendship's past and I (a tear) Am sorry it begun.

Now that it's Christmas time, you can (Her eyes begin to swell) Bestow them on some other girl. You hateful man! Farewell!

The things came back (was his reply) Your note came with them, too; And really, dear, I've sought in vain Some girl to give them to.

I'm in despair, and only you Can help me, that is plain. Come, say you'll be another girl, And take them back again.

Dear John, you're right (she wrote again), Return the gifts to me, And after this, as you suggest, Your sister I will be.

TOM MASSON.



One of the Arts.

IN these days of rapid strides toward perfection none of the arts can take more credit to its particular field than does that of the dress maker and costumer, and it is only within the last half century that this particular profession has been so vividly brought to light. Formerly a garment was made up simply to fit and look well, but in our advanced day ladies require something more. They require novelty, exclusive designs and patterns as well as a neat trim fit and handsome appearance. This subject was brought to the writer's mind the other day in rather a pleasant manner while conversing with several lady friends. The topic of conversation was relative to a certain costume worn at the recent Charity Ball and the interest increased as the gossip proceeded. The costume in question was worn by one of Lincoln's wealthy matrons and a member of our most popular circles. It was made entirely of imported materials and was the handiwork of Madame Wallace, the celebrated modiste of Omaha. The work was, as one of the ladies expressed it, "perfectly exquisite," and another said it was a "model of beauty and good taste;" "and such a fit" broke in the third, and so the conversation kept up.

But alas, "who is this Madame Wallace?" was finally asked. "Why, I am surprised at your ignorance," remarked one of the trio. "The madame is so well known all over the west and especially is she so well known in Lincoln that I am surprised that you have not heard of her. Madame Wallace's parlors are the most elegantly furnished I have ever seen and nothing could be nicer. The entire suite was built for her at Sixteenth and Howard in Omaha, and is so arranged that no matter how many ladies call at one time to be fitted or measured, each one has a private apartment, elegantly furnished. Madame goes to Europe every year and to New York twice, for ideas and novelties. She buys all her goods in person, trimmings and everything and makes up a dress of any kind complete from the goods in stock, avoiding all trouble of matching goods at a dozen stores, etc. Or, if preferred, material may be furnished by patron and the dress made to order. In tea gowns, party dresses, wedding trousseaus and fine work generally Madame Wallace has made a great reputation and right here in Lincoln in the wardrobes of our finest homes many of her dresses may be found. It will interest anybody while in Omaha, to call and pass a few moments at Madame Wallace's handsome quarters. Ample reference as to the work can there be seen, and if desired appointments may be made in Lincoln by telephone, (No. 772,) direct to her apartments."

A MUSICAL WONDER.

