

Rear View of Monastery, Pie La Popa.

A hunt was organized to capture him but he easily eluded his pursuers until nearly starved, and would no doubt have done so indefinitely had it not been for lack of food. People generally have a very erroneous idea of the ease with which food may be found in the tropics, believing that oranges, bananas and breadfruit may be found almost anywhere growing wild, but this is quite untrue, and the man was captured after a little time and brought back to the city. The authorities then cast about for some method of punishment that would fit the crime. Ordinary methods of executing a criminal seemed quite inadequate and the instruments of torture from the inquisition building had, no doubt, nearly all been destroyed before this time. He might have been placed in the tide water dungeon, but even here his time for reflection would have been altogether too short, so his captors decided to place him in this passage and wall up the ends, leaving him to starve. This was accordingly done and the gateway left closed to traffic for about a hundred years.

About twenty years ago it was decided to open this passage again to traffic and the walls were torn down. Curious and superstitious throngs came to look for the skeleton of the immolated man, but not a trace could be found. Its disappearance was at once accredited to supernatural means, and if you ask many of the people living in the vicinity now they will tell you that often

on dark nights they can hear the unfortunate victim crying and groaning and begging to be let out. One thing is quite certain, there are many people living near the gate now who could not be induced to pass through it at night.

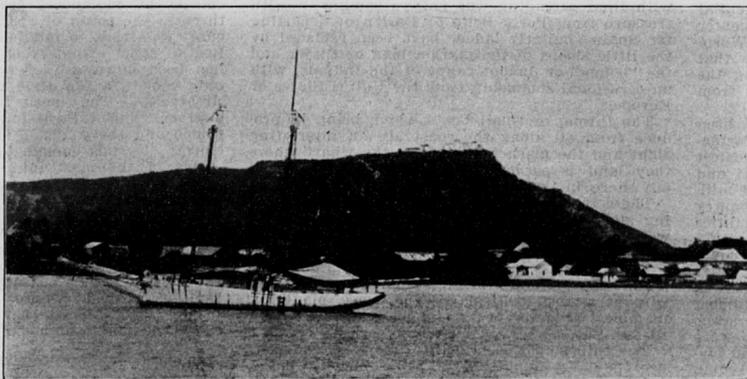
Upon the wall at the western side is a large collection of old cannon principally of the most antiquated type but representing all sorts, from the old plank wheeled cast iron gun of the fifteenth century to the modern breech loader, and strewn here and there are piles of cannon balls, many of them rusted till they have almost lost their shape. It seems a very good place to study the evolution of the cannon.

In many of these old Spanish American towns the street corners are nearly all marked by the barrels of these old cannon set as corner posts, muzzle down in the earth.

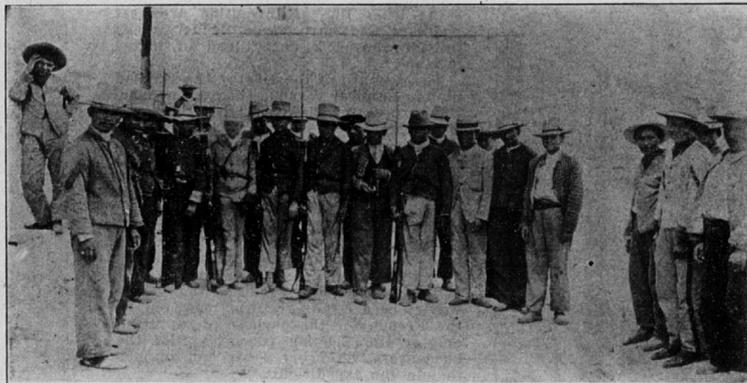
At the northwestern corner of the city the wall widens out upon a series of arches and built within are a number of rooms and dungeons, used formerly as quarters for the soldiers and as military prisons. This

is another spot which is full of interest and as one looks it over he wishes that the grim old wall and dungeons could give to the world the tales of tragedies that have been enacted within them.

During the late revolution which dragged along for ten years until the country was reduced to the verge of ruin, one of these inner dungeons was used as a prison for captured liberals and

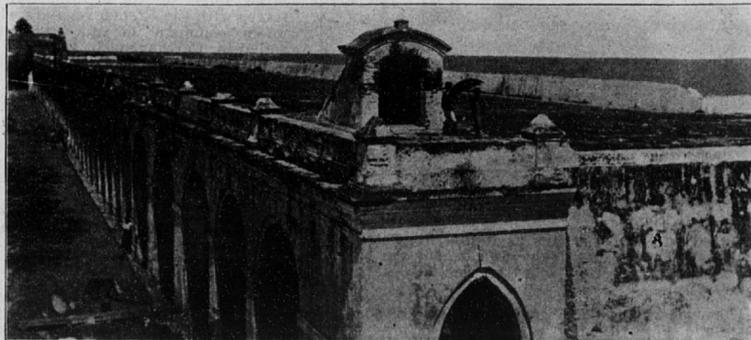


Pie La Popa from the Wharf.



Soldiers on Pie La Popa Wharf.

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Corner Wall where Dungeon and Ruins are located.

but the priests who found it took it as a direct dispensation of providence and set it up in the cathedral.

I expected to have some trouble in securing the pictures that I wanted of the interiors of the churches and cathedrals but I found that if approached in the proper manner, the keepers were perfectly willing to show one around and no objection was made to my taking all the pictures that I wished. If one approaches them as one who is praying

a favor and is entirely dependent upon their good graces he seldom fails to get his wish gratified, especially if he shows some respect and veneration for their institutions. A friend and myself were shown into every nook and cranny of the cathedral and its various shrines and altars pointed out and explained.

The religion of the average Colombian is something that he takes very seriously in some ways but which has very little hold upon him in others. He shows very great respect and veneration toward the outward visible symbols of Christianity, but the effect upon his inner life and private actions is very doubtful.

Wherever one goes about the walls of this unique old city he finds objects which are full of interest and with which, are connected the most interesting stories and legends. A few squares north of the principal entrance to the city a smaller gateway pierces the wall and as the wall here is fifty or more feet in thickness, it makes a passage-way of considerable length. There are several of these minor entrances to the city and several that are used more than this one, but none that have a more interesting history.

For about a hundred years this passage was closed, being sealed by a stone wall at either end, but was again opened to traffic about twenty years ago.

The circumstances leading to its being closed were certainly tragic enough to attract more than passing interest. A shoemaker who was well known in the city was unhappily married and had a great deal of trouble with his wife, partly at least, on account of the fact that several of her family lived in the same house. One morning after a quarrel more serious than usual he worked himself into a towering rage and murdered her with one of his shoe knives. Her brother interfered and was disposed of in a similar manner. His wife's parents, hearing the commotion, appeared upon the scene and were both also killed.

The man promptly fled the city and hid himself in the jungle beyond.