

**CARTAGENA AND  
THE  
BANKS OF THE SINÚ**

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Cartagena and the banks of the Sinú by R. B. Cunninghame Graham

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**R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM**

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CARTAGENA  
AND THE BANKS OF THE SINÚ



R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM ON "LUCERO," CARTAGENA DE INDIAS.

# CARTAGENA AND THE BANKS OF THE SINÚ

*Robert  
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A LA ILUSTRE SEÑORITA  
**CAMILA WALTERS,**  
DE CARTAGENA DE INDIAS, CON EL HOMENAJE  
DE MI ADMIRACION Y AMISTAD SINCERAS.



## CARTAGENA DE INDIAS

MORNE ville jadis reine des Océans ;  
Aujourd'hui le requin poursuit en paix les scombres  
Et le nuage errant allonge seul les ombres,  
Sur ta rade ou roulaient les galions géants.

Depuis Drake et l'assaut des Anglais mecréants  
Tes murs desemparés croulent en noirs décombres  
Et, comme un glorieux collier de perles sombres  
Les boulets de Pointis montrent les trous béants.

Entre le ciel qui brûle et la mer qui moutonne  
Au somnolent soleil d'un midi monotone  
Tu songes ô Guerrière aux vieux conquistadors.

Et dans l'énervement des nuits chaudes et calmes  
Berçant ta gloire éteinte, ô cité tu t'endors  
Sous les palmiers, un long frémissément des palmes.

JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA



## PREFACE

NOTHING could possibly have been a better corrective to the atmosphere of war, the excited newspapers, the people ever on the lookout for news, the accounts of hardships, heroism, and death at the front, and the oceans of false sentiment at home, than a visit to Cartagena and the Sinú. Little enough the people there were stirred by war news, though they regarded it with a mild curiosity, tempered by lack of faith in most of what they heard. True it was that several German steamers lay in the bay, blistered by the sun and dirty, their plates expanding and their paint dropping off in scales. The people looked at them at first and then took them apparently just as they take their city and their lives, as sent by God, and therefore not to be questioned by mankind. They heard the news of the suicide of a German mate, unable to endure the monotony on board, and remarked, "Pobrecito." That was his epitaph. Certainly it was fitting for his death—or, rather, his escape from life. After a week or two within the walls of the "unconquered city" one felt that there possibly might be a war, up somewhere in the clouds, but that it did not matter much. In fact, one soon assumed the attitude of a man who passes by an ant-hill and sees the toiling multitudes beneath his feet, and then walks on, smoking a cigarette, and thinking that it is a fine day.