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FRANKLIN

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THE EARTH DELINEATED

WITH

PEN AND PENCIL;

OR,

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

EDITED BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., &c., &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH

TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

GUSTAVE DORÉ, BÉRARD, LANCELOT, JULES NOËL, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

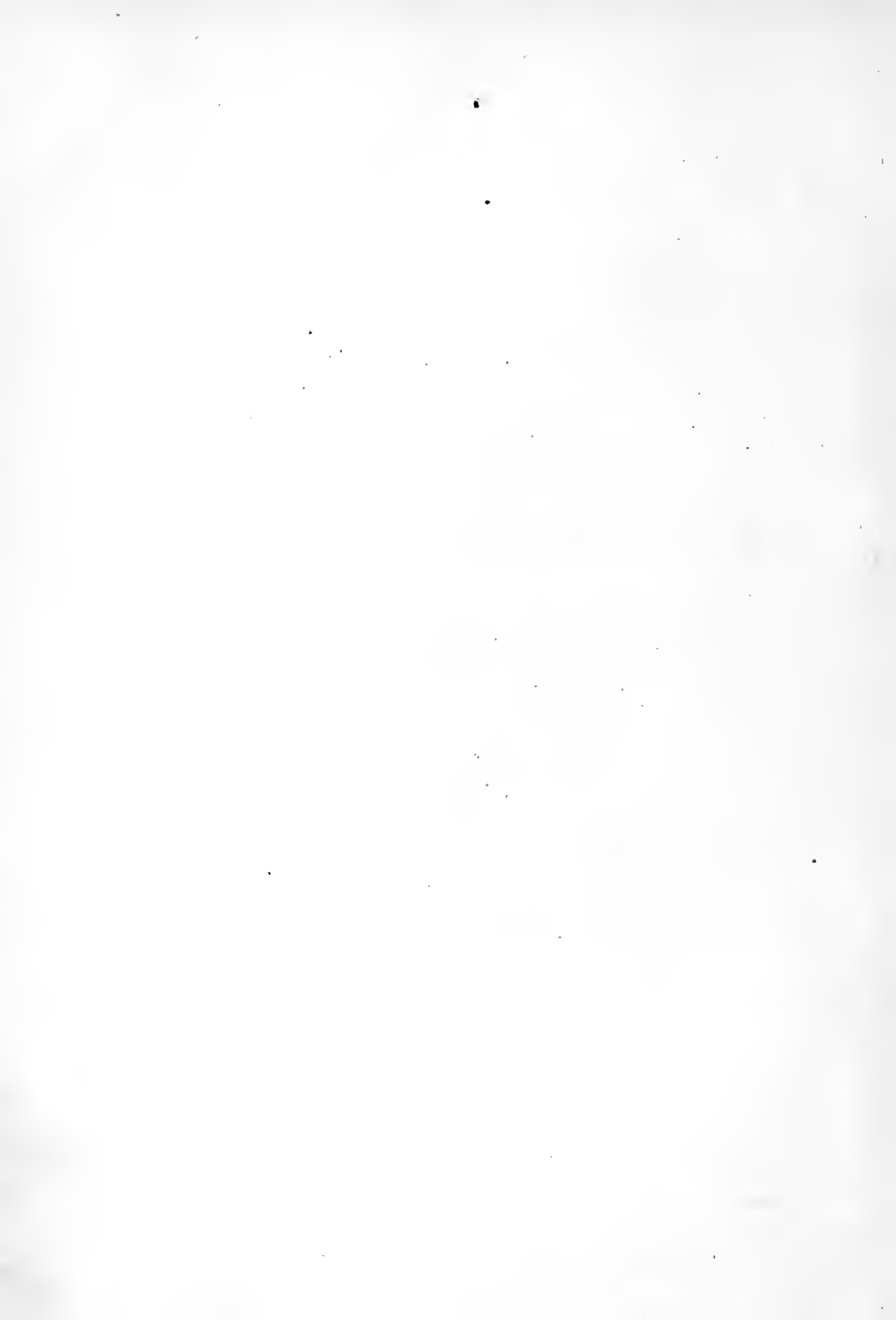


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PREFACE.

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1870

THE object of "ALL ROUND THE WORLD" is to set before the Stay-at-Home Traveller an exact image and representation of the World wherein he lives; supplying him with that ready means of acquaintance with each Country, its Inhabitants, its Scenery, its Vegetation, its Animals, and its Monuments, that can only be attained by the eye, and accompanying each pictorial delight with graphic Illustrations by men of celebrity in the career of Travel and Adventure.

We propose to take our readers "ALL ROUND THE WORLD," in a long and varied traverse; opening to them the great Books of Geography, of Science, and of Nature.

How necessary such a Work is at the present moment; how little we know of ourselves and each other—of those even who live almost in contact with ourselves—may be judged from the fact, that the interior of even our own great Colonies is as yet *Terra Incognita*. In Asia, the vast range of the Himalayas, with the health-giving breezes of a northern climate, looking down upon the sun-burnt plains of India on the one side, and the smiling pastures of Tartary on the other, were until lately unvisited; China and Cochin China, with their swarming millions of population, unfrequented; and Japan a sealed country. In America, while of the South-east we still only know

"Those vast shores washed by the farthest sea,"

of the Centre and the West we were almost wholly ignorant, except that they were inhabited by untamed savages. It is a fact that the whole of a country, since pronounced to be the most beautiful in the world for scenery as well as the mildest in climate, whose valleys teem with fertility, and whose mountains abound with gold and other metals, and minerals even more precious—viz., from California upwards to Vancouver's Island, and across from the Red River to the Pacific, was left for two centuries in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, as being a region of ice and snow, fit only for the bear, the beaver, and the trapper.

In Africa, we are only just roused to the importance, not of exploring merely, but of trading with the tribes and nations of its fertile and healthful central regions; while Commerce no longer brandishes the bloody whip and clanks the iron fetters of the slave, as she sails up the Gambia, the Benawe, and the Niger, or loads her polluted decks with a human cargo from barracoons on the fatal Western coast; but, with Religion by her side, advances up the Congo and Zambesi, to assure and certify a conquest more enduring than arms—intercourse in connection with the precious gift of instruction in the Religion of Peace.

Wonderful, indeed, has been the progress of discovery effected within the most recent times. Whilst the exploration of the Niger, the Benawe, and the Zambesi, in Africa, reveal new fields of inquiry, the navigation of the Murray and the Murrumbidgee in Australia, and of the Amoor in Russia, opens up new regions to the colonist, and that of the Yang-tse-kiang in China, and of the Parana, the Paraguay, the Amazon and other great rivers in South America, equally extensive realms to commercial enterprise. Nor are the remarkable accessions made of late to our knowledge of the interior of Australia—more especially of the discovery of a vast extent of land available for pasturage or tillage—of less import to the future. The discovery of a whole district of lakes, and of a region of snow-clad mountains in intertropical Africa, with the exploration of the upper affluents of the White Nile, solves the great problem of all ages—the source of the Nile; nor ought it to be omitted, that the determination of the existence of an available pass in the Rocky Mountains is like the last link in the great line of communication, which will inevitably be established with the lapse of time, between the Atlantic and the Pacific through British America.

Every care has been bestowed in making "ALL ROUND THE WORLD" a work of intrinsic value, not only as a book, but as a work of art. The designs are not ornamental landscapes, but drawings by travellers themselves, executed by the most able artists and engravers.



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ALL ROUND THE WORLD:

EDITED BY W. F. AINSWORTH, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.

FIVE DAYS AT JERUSALEM.



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM OVER THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

I.—JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

HE who would visit Jerusalem aright must do so with the Bible in his hand and faith in his heart. He must throw down the measuring rod, and lay aside the historical disquisition, while he visits the scene of Jehovah's just wrath and a Saviour's never-ending mercy, with the hushed silence of a penitent and the reverential enthusiasm of a pilgrim. It was with such feelings that we first touched the soil of the Holy Land, when landing from the steamer at Jaffa, and set forth on a six hours' ride towards Ramleh, the first stage on our journey towards Jerusalem.

Jaffa or Joppa, before whose time-stained and battle-worn walls we are now landing, through a difficult surf, is one of the most ancient cities in the world. It is here that Noah is said to have built the ark; here the cedars from Mount Lebanon for the building of the Temple were landed by Hiram, at the order of Solomon, for conveyance to Jerusalem; here the prophet Jonas embarked for Tarsus; hither came St.

Peter from Lydda, to restore to life the charitable Tabitha (whose dwelling may yet be seen); and during his residing here, in the house of Simon the tanner, (there is a row of tanners' shops on the other side of the town), it is here that the Apostle saw, while sleeping on the roof (just as many of the inhabitants are doing at this very moment, for the tops of these houses are all flat and battlemented) the vision of the clean and unclean meats; here the messengers of the Centurion found the Apostle; hence he went further on his great mission to the Gentiles; and tradition points to the Convent of the Holy Land as built on this very spot, where Simon lived. Burnt by Judas Maccabæus, taken by Vespasian, Joppa was erected by the Crusaders into a titular county. Godfrey of Bouillon died here, as some say, though we shall shortly see his tomb at Jerusalem; and the walls of a donjon keep, built by St. Louis, still remain: as does also, sad and doubtful monument! the vast magazine or hospital where died of the plague, and, as scandal says, of too much opium administered (in mercy, as he alleges) by

their chief, so many of the victorious soldiers in the French expedition to Egypt. Nor are classical heroes wanting to the place; for at ten minutes' distance to the south (in eastern travelling we allow three miles to the hour—a horse's walking pace,) you can see on the summit of an eminence a small Mussulman sanctuary, the very place, we are assured, where Perseus, mounted on the winged horse Pegasus and armed with the Gorgon-headed shield of Minerva, conquered the sea-monster and rescued the fair Andromeda. The fact, we know, never occurred any more than the fellow fight between St. George (who was born in this district) and the Dragon; but, nevertheless, St. Jerome himself, in his Commentaries, does not disdain to mention an oral tradition as existing in his times. A clever writer suggests that the city itself was the Andromeda, and the sea-monster the Phœnician pirates; the winged horse being the Desert Arabs, who were invited to her rescue.

The town is charmingly situated on a hill coming down to the shore, with the sea on the west, and beautiful gardens on the east. The gardens of Jaffa are estimated at one hundred and fifty, in one hundred of which are large pools, constantly supplied from shallow wells, wherewith all the trees, as well as vegetables, are daily watered. The citron, orange (both fruit and blossom on the tree, for it is April), the lemon, the banana, and the palm, will strongly impress you with the notion of tropical scenery; but the apples, pears, and quinces, even the mulberry trees, will remind you of Devonshire. Feast your eyes upon this verdure, and these orchards, and these pomegranates, good Pilgrim! for you will see no where again such luxuriant vegetation until you reach the Valley of the Jordan.¹

Pass through the one only gate looking towards Jerusalem, and notice the void space near it, and how the people gather there. You perceive the governor and the judge are hearing cases there, just as you read of those seated at the gate in the Scriptures. Now are we in the open country—in the very Desert of Egypt—for all along this part of the coast the sand blows in from the sea, and destroys the natural fertility of the soil, watered as it is by many streams now hidden in minute percolations. They say this sand is brought up by the northern current

¹ Rabbinical writers derive the name of Joppa from Japhet, while the classical geographers refer it to Iope, daughter of Æolus, and they argue that such a form of the word best suits the Phœnician original, which signifies "an eminence." Joppa existed when the Israelites invaded the land of Canaan, and is mentioned as lying on the border of the tribe of Dan (Joshua, xix. 46). It was the only port possessed by the Israelites till Herod formed the harbour of Cæsarea. Although the port is bad and even dangerous, Joppa has been from the first Crusade down to our own day the landing-place of pilgrims going to Jerusalem. There is still an hospital for pilgrims there, dependent on the Convent of San Salvador in Jerusalem, and occupied by Spanish monks. The eminence or promontory on which Joppa is built, is picturesquely crowned by a castle, the town itself chiefly faces the north; and the buildings appear, from the steepness of the site, as if standing upon one another. The most prominent features of the architecture from without are the flattened domes by which most of the buildings are surmounted, and the appearance of arched vaults. From the steepness of the site, many of the streets are connected by flights of steps, and the one that runs along the sea-wall is the most clean and regular of the whole. There are three mosques, and Greek and Armenian convents, as well as the Latin one. No ancient ruins remain in a place so frequently destroyed in war. The chief manufacture is soap, and the inhabitants are said not to exceed 4,000, of whom one-fourth are reckoned to be Christians.

of the Nile. It may be seen in the Bay of Acre, begins again at Cæsarea, south of Jaffa, passes Askalon and Gaza, and rolls on in desolating waves to the Great Desert that lies between Arabia and Africa.

Water your horse, before starting, at this noble Saracenic fountain, with its elegantly ornamented roof supported on six pillars. It is the most beautiful object in the place; the courts and minarets that surround it, the Arab merchants, and the busy people, always about, cannot fail to impress upon your mind a recollection of what Arab life must have been when the Moors were a great and civilized people.

I see you take out your pistols and examine the priming. If ever you wish to be robbed while travelling in the East, you should carry arms. They are the articles most coveted by wild people; consequently, the greatest temptation you can offer them: they will rob you for your arms, and even murder you. From Jaffa to Jerusalem, you are, otherwise, as safe as between London and Birmingham. You hire a dragoon and horses, and place yourself in his custody at about a pound a day, if for a long journey; just as in former times men hired post horses, and took a guide through the Lake Districts. They will ask you to have a guard, but you might as well walk along the Strand, or any other high street, at noonday, with a policeman to take care of you. The best friends for a voyage through the Holy Land, are a priest or a clergyman: those who are known only to do good are everywhere respected.

Passing through the green forest of gardens, and, thence, through thickets of cactus, we come out at last upon a wide spreading plain, not a flat dead level, but swelling with gentle undulations, rising into long sandy ridges, from which occasionally slope up rocky mounds and hills. The day is hot, though the sun has not long been up; the heat is hardly bearable, the vapour rises steaming from the sands, and out upon the horizon is the mirage—the phantom of a lake! You are now in the land of Dan. The peasant of Sharon—the valley of which is hard by—bears, as you may see, the Egypto-African characteristics of that race. Our road is lonely, but how picturesque the few we meet! The camel, with a burthen seemingly larger than himself; the slow, heavy, down-looking Jew; the haughty Turk; the slender, swarthy, muscular, lithe-limbed peasant—the women, bearing jars of water on their heads!

Having early in our journey passed a fountain in the Moorish style, surrounded by cypresses and ancient sycamores, the pious erection of the good Abu Nabbut, a former governor of Jaffa, we reached a village called Yazun, situated to the left of the way, on a mount all green with gardens; for wherever there is water here, there is verdure, and, wherever care is taken, everywhere there is water. This village marks the first hour of the distance. On the right stands a sepulchral chapel, surrounded by nine cupolas, on the right, again, of which is a cistern or fountain with a narrow mouth, whereupon rests a jar from which the thirsty wayfarer may quench his thirst. This is called the "Fountain of the Plane-tree." The chapel marks, so says tradition, the tomb of the Prophet Gad—Gad, the Seer,—at whose instance, as we read (2 Samuel xxiv. 18), David bought from Araunah the Jebusite the area (now known as Moriah) on which the temple was afterwards built,—not the Patriarch Gad, as it is

argued, for the sons of Joseph all died in the land of Egypt: unless, as a pious writer suggests, the bodies of all the patriarchs were embalmed, as was expressly directed to be done with those of Jacob and Joseph, and transported to the Land of Promise; a supposition strengthened by the fact that the pious Mussulman points out, about an hour's distance from the tomb of Gad, the tomb of Nebi-Rüben, the Holy Saint or Patriarch Reuben.

Thus surmising, we slowly jog on for another half-hour, until we reach a grove of olives, planted in quincunxes, and a plantation of mulberry trees—the remains of an enterprise of certain French speculators in the 17th century, undertaken at the instigation of Colbert. You must not fail to picture to yourself how, when the 18th century was in its prime, these olives and these mulberry trees afforded a grateful shade to Bonaparte and his staff, who came thus far on their way towards Jerusalem. The mulberries here are grown for their fruit, and not for the silkworm. We are too early for their fruit, which does not ripen until May, and is very sharp, and in flavour like an overgrown blackberry. To the right of the road—if so a camel path or horse-track be rightly called—half hidden in the grey foliage of these olive trees, at about a mile distance, lies the village of Beit-Deegan. Pronounce this, as do the Egyptians, Beit-Dágan, and you will have (for *Beit*, or *Beth*, means house or place belonging to) the House of Dagon, that great idol of the Philistines, who could not endure the proximity of the Ark of the Lord. We are near to Ashdod—where the captured ark was deposited before Dagon and triumphed over the idol—and not farther than an hour from Gath.

Passing Sarapend, a poor village, and its ruinous aqueduct, about a musket-shot to the right, where the prophet Jonas is said to be buried—a fact which the pious Mussulmans dispute, when they show his tomb at Nineveh—we come in sight of the wished-for tower and minarets of Ramleh, the Arimathea of the Scriptures, rising up from a wood of olive-trees, whose trunks are about as thick as those of pollard oaks. The name now given implies the City of the Sand. It is, indeed, a city of dust and ashes, for the mounds of grey rubbish that lie about in the narrow, crooked streets, are the dried lees of soap factories, and the slightest wind blows them about, so much so as to blind a large proportion of the population. We hasten to the Latin Convent, a large building walled round for safety, as are all convents in the east. There we find shelter and refreshment, thanking, thereupon, the goodness of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, who founded it, as well as the kindness of the venerable brothers who offered us the welcome solace of so excellent a repast. How delicious the shelter from the sun with which this pillared corridor provides us! How cool this stone floor; how clean that whitewashed, arched roof, with its frescoes of St. Joseph! How grateful the look-out from the cloisters into the gardens, that palm-tree's shade, and that far-spreading, thick-leaved vine!

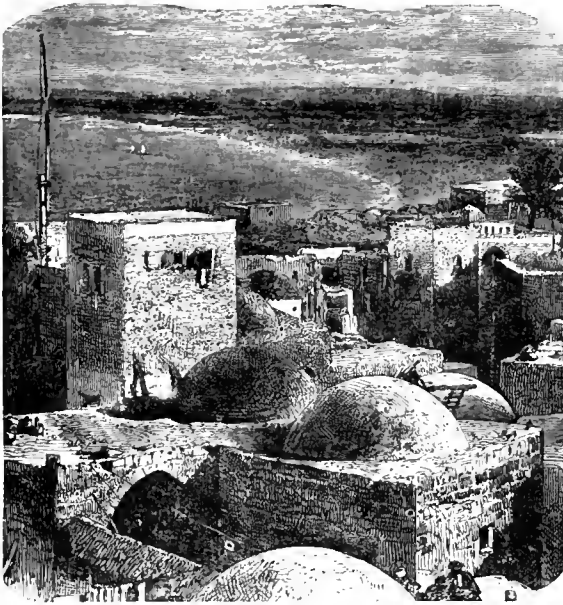
Ramleh is a town of some size, and has 3,000 inhabitants.¹ When the pirates of the Mediterranean hunted out the merchants' ships along the sea coast of

Syria, the trade from Persia and India came inland by Bagdad and Damascus in caravans, and, then, Ramleh was a stopping-place. Hence its large khans or open inns, its yards and storehouses for travellers and merchandize. Large houses are numerous, and there is a Greek and Armenian convent, as well as the one of whose hospitality we are now partaking. But the streets are narrow and crooked, as well for safety and defence as for shade. The square tower to the right of the road is known as "The Tower of the Forty Martyrs." It forms a portion of an old church built by the Crusading Templars, in honour of the sacred relics of forty soldiers murdered in Armenia. What is now the mosque within the walls—you see its minaret between the palm trees to the left as you come up the town—was once an establishment of the Knights of St. John. Let us ascend the tower and gaze from this advantageous spot over the first extensive view of the Holy Land, and its pleasant places, that we have been able to obtain. The plain of Sharon spreads bright, fertile, and beautiful before us—from the dark mountains of Judea and Samaria to the sea, and from Holy Carmel to the sandy deserts of Philistia. See the white villages, glittering in the sun, along the many declivities of the mountains. See the waving corn, the barley already in the ear and ripe for harvest; the heavy crops of wheat, rich as Lincolnshire. Yonder the shepherd walking before his flocks, as they return frisking to their folds; the reaper returning from his toil. In summer you would see hills of grain, and the thrashing floors and the oxen driving the machines ("the new sharp thrashing instrument having teeth" (Isaiah xli, 15) over the bruised grain. But our horses await us at the convent gate of the good Franciscans. They have rebuilt the old house entirely, all but one room, where Bonaparte slept when he constituted Ramleh his head-quarters. Nothing therefore remains of the house of Joseph of Arimathea, except only the site on which we are now standing.

The journey across the fertile plain of Ramleh is oppressive. There is a sirocco of the quiet dry-heat kind; our very clothes are dry and hot. It is the south wind of Job (xxxvii. 17) that "quieteth the earth." The birds have sought the shade. The very air is weak and languid with heat. An hour and an half brings us to Berea (the desert) a modern village, awakening no memories. An hour further and we reach a spot where a village nestles. On the left the cactushedges show the declivity of the first ripple in which the plain begins to ascend towards the mountains. This is Kubab, or the City of Roast Meat (the roast or frizzled khibobs, as the British traveller well knows, being small pieces of meat roasted on a skewer, the only roast in the Turkish cookery books), and in this village we begin, for the first time, to meet with reminiscences of Samson, whose birth place, Ashdod, is not far distant. The Arabs have a curious legend about this place.

¹ Professor Robinson disputes the identity of Ramleh with Arimathea, "a city of the Jews" according to Luke, on the grounds that Abulfeda alleges Ramleh to have been built after the time of Muhammad, or about A. D. 716, by Sulaiman Abi-el-

Malik; that Ramah and Ramleh have not the same signification, for that Ramleh is in a plain, while Ramah implies a town on a hill, but it has been justly remarked that Abulfeda's statement may mean no more than that Sulaiman rebuilt the town, and with regard to the name it cannot be assumed that Hebrew proper names were always so significant. Indeed it is generally admitted that Dr. Robertson's objections have not destroyed either the tradition, or the grounds for following the usual course of describing Ramleh as representing the ancient Arimathea.



JAFFA.

In the legend referred to, it is not difficult to detect an Arab reminiscence of Sampson's 300 foxes, with torches to their tails, by means of which he revenged himself upon the Philistines (Judges xv. 4, 5). Along by the south-western side the slope is pierced with subterranean magazines for grain, and the numerous openings, like well-holes, leading to them are dangerous traps for horses. We next reach Amwas or Emmaus, "Hot baths," also called Nicopolis, but not the Emmaus of Luke (xxiv. 13), where Our Saviour met his disciples in their disconsolate walk after his crucifixion. This is 28 miles from Jerusalem, and the disciples could scarcely have walked there and back to Jerusalem the same day, especially as "the day was far spent" before they "sat down to meat."

The country now is broken up, and the mountains gradually rise in front of us. We are fast ascending. The road begins to be rugged, and gradually narrows into a mere valley, then to a defile.

Two miles south of Amwas or Emmaus we come upon Latrun, or the Town of the Thief, situate on a conical mound, commanding a wide prospect, and crowned with the ruins of a large and strong fortress—from which Jaffa and the Mediterranean can be seen. It was a strong military post in the old time, commanding the road from Jerusalem to the sea. It is called the Castle of Emmaus by St. Jerome, and afterwards the Castle of the Good Thief. Here is the legend. It is here the good thief was born and dwelt, and made his living, like the barons of the Rhine, by robbing the passengers up the valley (Wady Aly) leading to Jerusalem. One day, the Holy Family, while passing this way in their flight into Egypt, were stopped here by this thief and his companions, and required to pay a ransom. Dimas, for such was the good thief's name, was so touched by the grace of the Divine Infant, that he protected the Holy Child from the brutality of his accomplice; to which good inspiration is attributed, by tradition, the special favour of that thief's conversion at the moment of his expiring upon the Cross, while the other died in impenitence to the last.

This also, is the site of the Modim of the Maccabees;

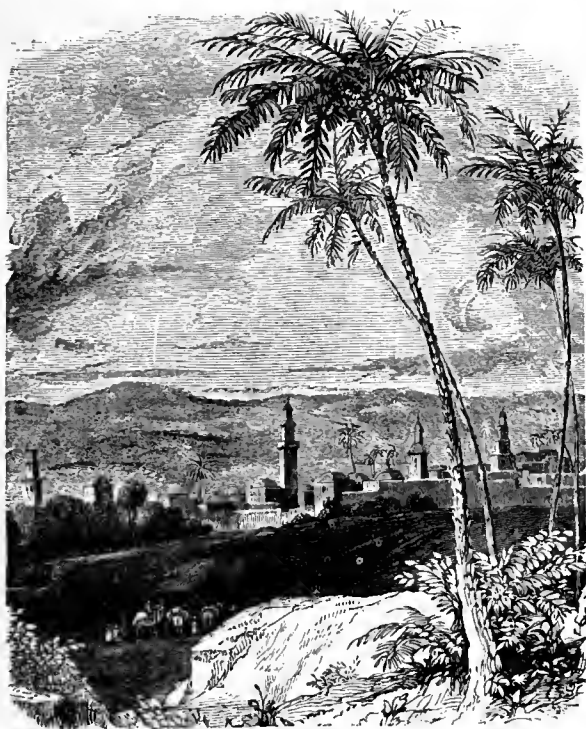
it is here that Judas Maccabeus conquered Gorgias, the lieutenant of Nicanor (i. Maccabeus, iv., 3). Here, too, the Crusaders had a camp, and here was the last advance post of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. He came no nearer to Jerusalem, but returned to be captured on his road home. A little to the right lies a village, where the Tomb of Samson was said to have been, but is not. It lay between Zorah and Eshtaol. The site remains, as do the ripening fields of corn, and the noble fountain from which the women—as oft did the mother of Samson—may, even now, be seen coming with their full pitchers balanced on their heads.

Returning to the road, a short half hour brings us up to the "Well of Job," (Ayuab) a deep fountain, or shallow well, about five feet in diameter and six feet in depth, containing about three or four feet of water, by no means tempting to the sight or taste. This is considered the half way between Jaffa and Jerusalem. We are now following the itinerary of the Ark, which, when restored by the Philistines from Ekron, was taken by the unbroken and unguided kine, harnessed to the cart containing it, across the plain to Bethshemesh (1 Sam. vi., 10, 12), whence the terrified inhabitants conveyed it to Kirjath-jearim. The stones by the well beside which we are now standing, are regarded by the Jewish pilgrims as marking the threshing floor of Joshua of Bethshemesh, where the Ark first halted. The streamlet flowing from this well now waters a field of gourds. This is said to be the boundary of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin,—the well and waters of Nephtoah marked down by Joshua (xviii., 15).

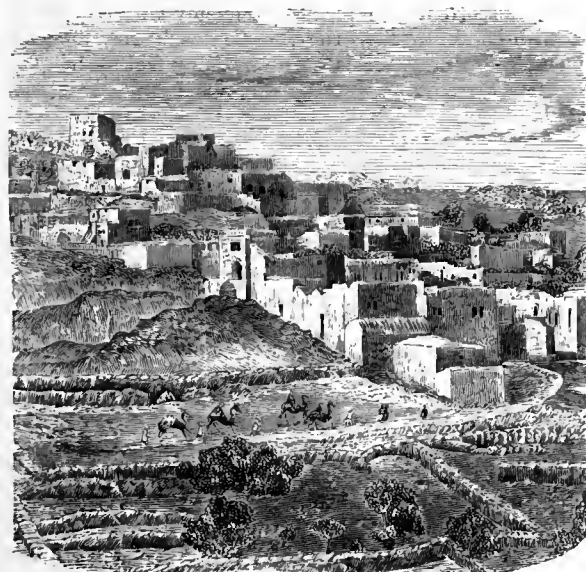
Hence we follow a narrow valley, barren and rocky, into which numerous other minor valleys trend. The road is everywhere rocky, and strewn with stones that endanger our horses' limbs, and plough up with deep ravines a mass of colossal stones, heaped up on each other as if by some mighty Titanic masonry. The scene is one of dreariness and desolation. We have been three-quarters-of-an-hour in this ravine, and now the road opens, the valley becomes less abrupt, and we find ourselves in a kind of basin amongst the rocks, under a green clump of oaks—a delicious retreat and halting place for refreshment. A ruined kiosk stands near this fountain: this is the tomb of the Imam Aly, from whom the valley takes its name.



LYDDA.



RAMA (ARIMATHEA).



KIRJATHJEARIM.

Passing the kiosk, we push our horses up to the culminating point of the valley by a steep and rugged path, cut through clumps of cactus, among huge boulders scattered over the rocky sides. Still rising upon the ridge we come to the thicket of olives, wherein lies an ancient desolate village, Saris, by which the Ark of Jehovah passed over to Kirjathjearim, and where David is said to have taken refuge from the wrath of Saul. Another hour, over an undulating road, always rising—for we must reach to full two thousand feet

above the level of the sea before treading on the plateau of the Holy City—and we turned the hill, and found Kirjathjearim, or Kuriet el Enab (the Village of Raisins) at the opening of a cultivated valley, prettily situated in a basin on the north side of a spur jutting out from the western hill. This is where the Ark rested twenty years in the house of Aminadab, on a slight elevation (Gibeah). They show the site, and within a house erected upon it dwells the sheikh or head man of the village tribe. There is an open space in front of Kirjathjearim like one of our village greens. It is shaded by five or six fine fig-trees, under the leafy shelter of which council is held and judgment given on matters of importance to the little community. There is a fine fountain of excellent water, and flocks and herds are to be seen lying about—a scene of pastoral repose! Be not deceived; this village was until lately the residence or den of the greatest bandit of the Holy Land, the terror of priests of all religions. Each successive chief of this family succeeded to the same title—Abu-Ghush, “Father of Deceit,” which ultimately became a word of terror throughout all Palestine. So long as 500 years ago, one Abu-Ghush murdered all the monks in the village, where there is a large convent of the “Good Fathers of the Holy Land;” so thenceforward in their annals the place bears the name of Jeremy, as well from the once noble church now in ruins—yet finely preserved, so far as its pointed gothic porch and aisles, and its round-arched windows—a strange mixture of the Crusaders’ time, dedicated to the Prophets, and now a stable,—as from its moral resemblance to Anathoth, the mournful scene of “Jeremiah’s lamentations.” Twenty-one years ago the Abu-Ghush of that period commanded 40,000 Arabs, and rebelled against his sovereign from Ramleh to Jerusalem, and from Hebron to the mountains of Jericho. There are still sixty or seventy members of this family remaining, but the Turkish government took them in hand in 1846, seized the grand delinquents, and sent them to Constantinople. Some of these died in further banishment; one only has returned, after years of expatriation, to private life and painful respect for other people’s purses, a saddened and an honest man. Some day ere long, perhaps, there may be an Abu-Ghush figuring at the head of a prospectus for the mercantile development of the Holy Land by a railway from Jaffa to Ramleh, with branches to Jerusalem and Damascus. Even now the wealthiest of the family is largely interested in soap-boiling, which (tell it not in Gath!) is, now-a-days, one of the principal and most flourishing manufactures of the cities of Palestine.

This Kirjathjearim is most probably Emmaus, where our Saviour broke bread with the disciples (Luke xxiv. 30).¹ It is just three hours’ ride from this place to Jerusalem, down by a long descent to Kustul, a ruined fort upon a hill—whence may be seen, high on a hill-top, and bending over the valley of the Gibconites, Nebi Samuel, the tomb of the prophet Samuel, said to be the Ramah,—in Hebrew, “assembly place”—of that Prophet. After this we have a steep descent and a slippery path down to Colonia. It was here, in all probability, that Uzza put his hand upon the Ark, for the steep is

¹ Kirjath-jearim signified “City of Forests.” The first part of the name *Kuryet-el-Enab*, signifies, like Kirjath, “city” only, “jearim,” forests, has been changed to “enab,” grapes. So close a correspondence of name and position seems to justify Dr. Robinson’s conclusions in favour of the identity of the two.

rocky and dreadful for a cart; and close at hand here, no doubt, were the sites of the threshing-floor of Nachon and the house of Obelddom. At Colonia we stop a few minutes, to ease our horses and examine the stone bridge, with round arch, the large ruins, evidently extending, the fine pools and copious fountains. These are the works of Hadrian the Emperor. Henceforward the path winds up a valley and steep hills, over a waste of dreary rocks. This long and weary passage past, we look for Jerusalem, but in vain. There is yet a mile of stony table-land to stumble across. Nebi Samuel is again in sight, however, on a hill above. Then comes another white tower; that is the Convent of the Ascension, on the Mount of Olives. Another swelling ridge surmounted, and the wall of Jerusalem, battlemented with towers, rises blank before us. The slope of the ground eastward prevents the houses, temple, domes, or minarets, being seen above. There is only the gray old square tower of Hippicus, and the wall; and the first impression to the mind, highly wrought up as it cannot fail to be, is singularly disappointing. A moment's pause, a look around, and the desolation of the scene strikes the beholder in all its awfulness—"mountains without shade, valleys without water, earth without verdure, rocks without terror or grandeur," and gray walls rising on the brow of Zion. Not a breath of wind murmuring, not a sound. "Jerusalem, where we would visit one Sepulchre only, is, itself, the tomb of a whole people." But this is not the vantage-spot to gaze upon the city. Seen from the Mount of Olives, on the other side of the valley of Jehoshaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane, descending from east to west. The embattled wall, fortified with towers and a gothic castle, encompasses the whole of the city all round, excluding, however, part of Mount Zion, which, in more ancient times, was enclosed within its precinct. The city, here, presents to the imagination the appearance of an army advancing down a hill, the pinnacles and the domes on Mosque Moriah, looking like the banners raised in advance. Here, there is a vacant space to be seen, as also towards the Fort Antonia, in the western part of the city; while towards the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary the houses appear to stand close together; but towards the east, and down along to the Brook Kedron, the eye falls on ruins and desolation. The houses are heavy masses, very low, without chimnies at top or windows externally, and with flat roofs or terraces, with cupolas on the top. They look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole city would appear like one level roof, but for the rare steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, the tops of a few cypress trees, and the dark clumps of nopals, which only break the uniformity of the plan. The general aspect has been well compared to the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert. Such is the present condition of "the most beautiful city of the whole earth;" Josephus, speaking without knowledge of the new and greater claims to the admiration of the world which the City had attained as the scene of the great martyrdom and testification of God's goodness and man's great wickedness, says (*Wars*, vi. x., 6) "Yet hath not its great antiquity, nor its vast riches, nor the diffusion of its nation over all the habitable earth, nor the greatness of the veneration paid to it on a religious account, been sufficient to preserve it from being destroyed."

II.—OVER JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, standing upon four hills—Zion and Acra on the west, Moriah (with Ophel) on the south, and Bethesda on the north; defined on three sides by deep valleys or ravines—Jehoshaphat, Hinnom, and Gihon; and cut asunder by a deep defile, the Tyropœon, or Street of the Cheesemongers, forming what was once its main street, dividing the Temple from Zion—is easily comprehended at a single glance, in its most striking features, from almost any point of vantage.

On entering under the deep archway of the Jaffa Gate we have on the right the ditch and tower of the citadel or "Castle of David," as it is sometimes called, being, however, in fact, the fortress built by Herod Agrippa. Of the three great towers, dedicated to his queen Mariamne, whom he murdered through jealousy, and his brother Phasaëlis and friend Hippicus, who both fell fighting for him in battle, one only remains, the gloomy, squat-looking, but massive tower of Hippicus. The lower portion of that, too, alone is standing, formed of massive stones, similar to those that remain of the temple in the Haram walls, monuments of masonry in the Roman ages, such as were pointed out to the Saviour, "Seest thou these great stones" (*Mark*, xiii, 2). Here was the palace of that sumptuous king, the vast bed-chambers for one hundred guests, with roofs of great beams of cedar, and furniture of silver and gold, as recorded by Josephus. Those gilded porticoes and richly carved pillars, and gardens ever cool and green, and groves of trees, and canals with their dove houses, are all gone—all burnt with fire by the zealots during the siege by Titus, when discord within aided the enemy without, and a Jewish hand first fired the Temple itself. The ancient portion of this tower is now only forty feet in height, but its dimensions remain, fifty-six feet by seventy. An additional height of about eighteen feet was built up on this by the Crusaders.

Mount Zion is to our right; to our left are Acra and the lower city, with the Holy Sepulchre, Calvary, the Via Dolorosa, the whole scene of our Lord's suffering; before us the Temple and—over the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which lies concealed between them—the Mount of Olives.

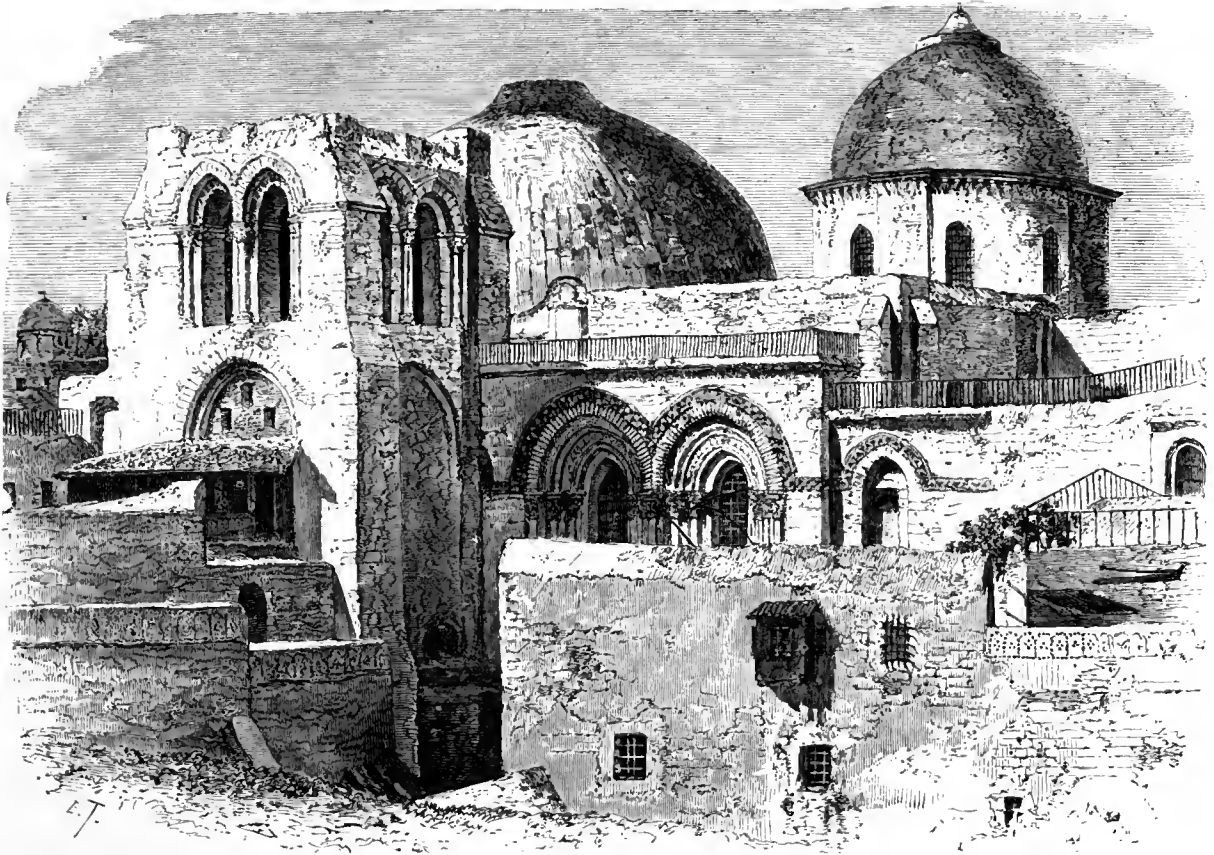
To the right of the gate, as we enter, is an open square, once ruinous and desolate, now a kind of West-end to Jerusalem. Here stands, upon the site of King Herod's palace, an English church, newly erected, in the modern Gothic style, like some Baker-street chapel, the whiteness of its fresh-cut stones strangely contrasting with the mellow brown colour and antique Saracenic architecture of the buildings all about. There are also the Bishop's house, and the new Armenian Convent, a fine building with gardens. There are bankers and *boutiques* and shops of all kinds, and three tailors' "establishments," in strange discordance with the solemn Orientalism of the general costume and character of all about them. We pass on; for this is not what we have come to see.

The small community of British, American, and German residents are doing much good, but nothing in comparison with the mighty change that has to be effected before Jerusalem or her people are restored. The Protestant congregation numbers, it is said, occasionally two hundred. These are under the protection of England and Prussia in an anomalously united bishopric. Austria defends the Roman Catholic institutions; France is "Protector of Christianity (generally)





SARACENIC FOUNTAIN, NEAR THE COUNCIL HOUSE, JERUSALEM.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

in the East;" and the Emperor of Russia is head of the Greek Church. These communities reside for the most part in the Frank Quarter, from the Jaffa Gate to the Damascus Gate, while around the Holy Place, whence the glory has departed, the Jewish people still linger. The Jew in Jerusalem is himself a perpetual miracle and lasting monument of Scripture truth. Enter the abodes of these people, you will find them doing what they did five thousand years ago—teaching their children to read the Holy Book. Seventeen times have they seen Jerusalem destroyed, yet still they turn their faces towards Zion, expecting still a king who is to deliver them. "Greeks, Persians, Romans, are swept from the earth," says a noble writer, "and a petty tribe, whose origin preceded that of those great nations, still exists unmixed among the ruins of its native land."

8,000 (some say 11,000) Jews, 5,000 Mussulmans, 3,000 Greeks, 1,500 Latin Catholics, 1,000 Armenians, and from 100 to 200 Syrians and Copts, form, with the Protestant community, for the most part English, the present population of Jerusalem, which Jewish historians narrate to have at one time equalled the enormous and indeed incredible amount of two millions. This was during the Holy Week, when pilgrims from all parts came to Jerusalem. How far this must have exceeded the enthusiasm of our degenerate days may be judged from the fact that the pilgrims who visit Jerusalem yearly do not exceed 12,000, of whom 10,000 are Mussulmans. This being Easter, is the most crowded season, so we are enabled to judge for ourselves.

The foundation of the city dates from Melchisedek. Of this one of the Arab traditions, many of which

breathe the pastoral air of the early portions of the sacred Scripture, has preserved the following charming legend:—

"Jerusalem was a ploughed field, and the ground, on which the Temple now stands, the joint inheritance of two brothers, one of whom was married and had several children, the other lived a bachelor. They cultivated in common the field which had devolved on them in right of their mother. At harvest time the two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made of them two equal stacks, which they left upon the field during the night. A good thought presented itself to the younger. 'My brother,' said he to himself, 'has a wife and children to maintain; it is not just that our shares should be equal; let me then take a few sheaves from my stack and secretly add them to his; he will not perceive it, and therefore cannot refuse them.' This project the young man immediately executed. That night the elder awoke and said to his wife, 'My brother is young, and lives alone, without a companion to assist him in his labours and console him under his fatigues; it is not just that we should take from the field as many sheaves as he does; let us get up and secretly go and carry a certain number of sheaves to his stack; he will not find it out to-morrow, and therefore cannot refuse them;' and they did so accordingly. The next day both brothers went to the field, and each was much surprised to find the two stacks alike, neither being able in his own mind to account for the prodigy. They pursued the same course for several successive nights, but as each carried to his brother's stack the same number of sheaves, the stacks still remained equal, till one night, both determining

to stand sentinel to elucidate the mystery, they met, each bearing the sheaves destined for his brother's stack.

"Now the spot where so beautiful a thought at once occurred to and was so perseveringly acted upon by these men, must be a place agreeable to God; and men blessed it, and chose it whereon to build a house to His name."¹

Improved by David, who drove the Jebusites away, and enriched by Solomon, who added to Mount Zion the Temple and circumjacent buildings, the City was reduced, by the division of the tribes at his death, to the capital of Judea simply, but in the next four centuries it was still further embellished and aggrandized, until, the worship of false gods, the true sin of the Hebrew nationality, replacing the law of Moses, the wrath of God fell upon the children of disobedience, and its fall was not far distant. In vain, under Hezekiah, did Jerusalem resist the armies of Sennacherib; for it was destroyed soon after by Nebuchadnezzar. Its inhabitants were carried into captivity. Sixty years later Cyrus permitted its re-establishment, and a theocratic government took the place of its monarchy. While on his march to Persia, Alexander received its submission, though he spared it, owing to a divine interference communicated through a dream. From the sovereignty of the Lagides, after his death, it passed to the Seleucides, whose persecutions gave occasion to one of the brightest periods of its history; the devotion of the Maccabees, who succeeded in delivering their country, and governed it with glory. A quarrel between

Hyrcanus II. and Aristobulus II., who disputed its throne, brought to its walls the Roman armies under Pompey, and then the Parthians, and then again the Romans under Crassus, from whom Herod, by successful intrigue, obtained authority to assume the honour of entitling himself its king. Antigonus, the son of Aristobulus, and the last of the Maccabees, being captured by Herod, an officer of his uncle's court, was delivered to Anthony, by whom the last descendant of the Maccabees was scourged to death. It was in the reign of Herod the Great that Christ was born, and in the reign of Herod Agrippa, his grandson, that those events passed which have given to Jerusalem its immortal interest among Christians,—the life and death of the Saviour, and the appearance of a new religion destined to transform the world. Jerusalem next became apportioned for a time as one of the tetrarchies that replaced the unity of government under Herod, but the successive revolts of the Jews brought upon it capture and destruction by Titus, after a siege of seven months, the miseries of which were aggravated by internal discord; then afterwards by Hadrian, who drove the Jews entirely away from it, gave it the name of *Ælia Capitolina*, and desecrated the Christian shrines, and even the revered sepulchre of Christ, by introducing the filthy rites of the worst part of Eastern idolatry, adopted into Pagan pantheism under the title of the worship of Adonis. The once Holy City preserved its Roman name until the time of Constantine, whose mother, the Empress Helena, was the first to avail herself of her son's conversion to Christianity, and search for and restore the Christian monuments with a pious care. The subsequent capture by the Persian king Chosroes, the release of the holy shrine by the Crusaders, and the final triumph of the Saracens, with the subsequent history of Palestine, need no recapitulation in our brief summary. At the present moment, the Holy City is the seat of government of the district of Liva, and the residence of the Pasha of Palestine. How long it will thus remain is one of the questions imminent for settlement in the present disturbed state of Syria.

Every dynasty has left its stamp upon the city. The site is Melchisedek's, and all around speaks of the Pastoral ages; Zion tells us of David; the Temple platform, of Solomon; the towers, of Herod; the walls and bridge, of the Romans; the Great Mosque, of Omar and the Turks; the Holy Sepulchre, of Constantine; the churches and monuments, of the Crusaders; the Mount of Olives, of the Saviour; the Valley of Hinnom, of the worship of Moloch; the Valley of Jehoshaphat and its tombs, of the Prophets and the Kings, and of the wretched People who live in exile and fear, and, trembling, beg to purchase permission to lay their bones there. The whole Land in its desolation is a record of the wrath of an offended God.

Such are the recollections, and these the solemn thoughts, to which our first entrance into Jerusalem gives rise. But the day is far spent, and we will turn to the left by the north-west angle of the castle, and take up our quarters, not at any new inn, the Mediterranean, or the Malta, but at the Casa Nuova, a new building erected as an addition to their old convent by the establishment of the Latin monks, who, from time almost immemorial, have habitually entertained pilgrims to Jerusalem, of every rank. Walking out from this convent, and mounting the wall which is

¹ The identity of the Salem of Melchizedek with the Jerusalem of sacred history, has been demonstrated by a close critical analysis of all the passages in which the circumstances are alluded to; and it has been further shown to be highly probable that this patriarch was identical, not with Shem, as has been sometimes supposed, but with Heber, the son of Peleg, from whom the Land of Canaan obtained the name of the Land of the Hebrews, or Heberites.

The elucidation which the early history of Jerusalem receives from the monuments of Egypt is extremely important and valuable, as relating to a period which is passed over in silence by the sacred historians. There is a city which stands forth with a very marked and peculiar prominence in the wars of the kings of Egypt with the Jebusites, Amorites, and neighbouring nations. We meet with it first as a fortress of the Amorites. Sethos II. is engaged in besieging it. It is situated on a hill, and strengthened with two tiers of ramparts. The name in hieroglyphs, translated into Coptic, and thence into Hebrew, is *Chadash*. The next notice of Chadash belongs to the reign of Sesostris, and connects it with the Jebusite nation. The inscription further describes Chadash as being in the land of Heth or of the Hittites. It was thus apparently the metropolis of three or four of the most powerful Canaanitish nations before the time of the Hebrews. Its metropolitan character appears in Scripture, at the time of Joshua's invasion. We cannot hesitate in identifying the Chadash of the hieroglyphs with the Kadutis, or Cadutis of Herodotus, the Khadatha of the Syrians, and El Kuds of the Arabs—"the Holy City." It was not till David's time that the Jebusites were finally expelled, and under his son, Solomon, it became the ecclesiastical head of the nation and the ark of the covenant, and the tabernacle of the congregation. The name, Jerusalem, is generally admitted to be a compound of two earlier names. Some have supposed of Jebusalem, "the tramping down of peace," euphonic-ed into "possessio hereditaria pacis," or as others have it, "the vision of peace." Old Sir John Maundeville seems to have anticipated the researches of the most learned scholars of Europe when he says, "You must know that Jerusalem of old, until the time of Melchisedek, was called Jebus; and afterwards, it was called Salem, until the time of King David, who put these two names together, and called it Jebusalem, which King Solomon altered to Jerusalem." But he did not anticipate the Egyptologists.

close by, we obtain a general view of the City, and may obtain a cursory knowledge of its localities.

The present walls of the City are about two miles and a half in circumference, and average about forty feet in height; but in some few places they are about twice that height. In position, they are nearly identical with those erected by Hadrian, which were so decayed in 1178, (just before the final expulsion of the Christians by Saladin, in 1187), that large sums were sent by Christendom for their reparation. Saladin himself repaired them in 1192; but Sultan Melek el Miadh-Shem threw them all down, except the Haram walls (about the Temple), and El Khalat (the citadel). In 1243, the Christians, to whom the city was again handed over by Barbacan, (it having been previously surrendered to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, in 1240, and captured again), rebuilt the fortifications, principally at the expense of the Knights Templars; finally Sultan Suliman I, the second of the Mirzan Sultans that reigned over Jerusalem, built the present walls in 1542; St. Stephen's Gate, and some portion of the Damascus Gate remaining as they were left by the Crusaders, as well as some portion of the existing walls. The fosse, then deep, is now filled up by accumulating rubbish. At a few points the native rock is merely faced with masonry, or often, as in Mount Bezetha, built into the wall. The gates—only the principal gates are now only open—face the cardinal points of the compass. These are the Jaffa or Bab el Khahil (Gate of a Friend, that is Abraham, the friend of God), on the west; the Damascus or Bab es Sham, or Bab el Amud, (Gate of the Column), on the north; the St. Stephen or Bab Sitti Miriam, (St. Mary's Gate) on the east; and Zion or Bab en Nebi Daud (Gate of the Prophet David) on the south. These are kept open from sunrise to sunset every day, except an hour on Friday—the Moslem sabbath-noon, when they are closed while service is performed in the Mosque of Omar. The Mugharibeh¹ or Dung Gate,²

situated in the Tyropœon, is never opened except during seasons of scarcity of water.

The other gates are walled up—the Golden Gate especially, the Turks having a tradition that at some future time a mighty conqueror is to enter through it into the city.³ There are several battlemented towers of minor elevations, besides that of Hippicus. At the north-east corner of the Temple enclosure, are remains of the tower of Hananeel. In the north-west corner of the city wall are also the remains of a large fortification called "Goliah's Castle," (Khalat-Julib), better known as "Tancred's Tower." The existing wall occupies only about one-third of the site of the original city, much of Mount Zion being excluded on the south, and nearly all of Cœnopolis, or the Lower City, on the north.

The streets of Jerusalem are narrow, seldom more than ten feet wide, and mostly not so much; they are filthy and ill-paved, covered with stones of all sizes embedded in the earth. In many there is a ditch or trench in the centre, hollowed out for horses and camels, between side paths for passengers. The ditch is often two feet in depth, and one beast can only pass at a time. The natives know only two or three streets by name. The Christians have endeavoured to remedy this inconvenience. Thus there is "Zion Street" from Zion Gate to Damascus Gate, dividing the Jews quarter from the Armenian; the continuation of it which separates the Latin and Greek quarters from the Turkish, is called "Saint Stephen's," there being a tradition that the courageous deacon was martyred near the gate. The "Street of David" designates the great thoroughfare from Jaffa Gate to the Temple, dividing the Latin and Greek quarters from the Armenian. The continuation of this between the Turkish quarter and the Jews is called the "Street of the Temple." "Mill Valley Street" runs from the Mugharibeh Gate at the end of the Tyropœon into Damascus Street. The zigzagging street from Saint Stephen's Gate to the north-western corner of the city, as far as Damascus Street, is the famous "Via Dolorosa," up which the Saviour passed from judgment to crucifixion; from the last point mentioned, it is the "Street of the Holy Sepulchre," the church of which forms the main feature of it. The "Street of the Patriarch" is a short and narrow street from Hezekiah's Pool to the Greek Convent of the Forerunner, and is between David Street and the Street of St. Sepulchre. The short street lying between Damascus and Valley Streets, immediately in front of Helena's Hospice, is sometimes called "Market Street," but generally Tariki el Sitti ("Lady Street"), in honour of the lady who raised

¹ The Mugharibeh, who have a quarter named after themselves, which they no longer entirely occupy, are the people of the West, or of Barbary. There are some of them the descendants of the Moors driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. These exiles were charitably received in the Holy City; a mosque was built for them, and they receive even now a liberal portion of bread, fruit, soup, and money (the latter rarely), allowed from the Hospice of St. Helena, or rather Roxalana, for the poorer Muslims of Jerusalem. The heirs of the proud Abencerages, the elegant architects of the Alhambra, are become porters at Jerusalem, who are sought for on account of their strength, and as messengers esteemed for their swiftness and intelligence. What would Saladin and Richard say, if, suddenly returning to this world, they were to find the Moorish champions transformed into door-keepers of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Christian knights represented by brethren of the Mendicant Order?

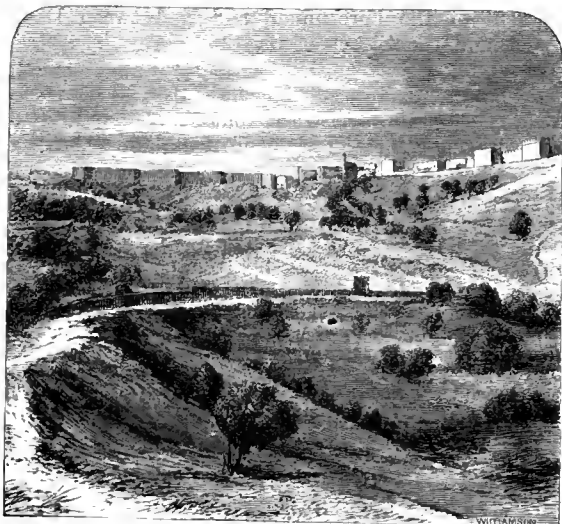
² Bishop Arculf, who travelled in the year 700, relates a curious legend in reference to this exit of the Tyropœon—once a fosse within a fosse, shutting in Zion and Moriah into one compact mass, which explains the origin of the Frankish name of its gate, Dung-gate—which might otherwise appear repulsive. "On the 15th of September, annually, an immense multitude of people, of different nations, are used to meet in Jerusalem for the purpose of commerce; and the streets are so clogged with the dung of camels, horses, mules, and oxen, that they become almost impassable, and the smell would be a nuisance to the whole town. But, by a miraculous providence which exhibits God's peculiar attachment to this place, no sooner has the multitude left Jerusalem, than a heavy fall of rain begins on the night following, and ceases only when the city has been perfectly cleansed." In other words, heavy rains carry off a large portion of the filth of the streets by this gateway. The so-called Dung Gate is supposed to be the same as Josephus's Gate of the Essenes. (Neh. ii. 13; xii. 31.) It has also been identified with "the gate between two walls." (2 Kings xxv. 4. Jer. xxxix. 4).

³ The Pilgrim Sæwulf, who travelled in 1102-1103, says:—"There is a gate of the city, on the eastern side of the temple, which is called the "Golden," where Joachim, the father of the blessed Mary, by the order of the Angel of the Lord, met his wife Anne. By the same gate, the Lord Jesus, coming from Bethany on the Day of Olives, sitting on an ass, entered the city of Jerusalem, while the children sang 'Hosanna to the Son of David.' By this gate the Emperor Heraclius entered Jerusalem when he returned victorious from Persia with the Cross of Our Lord; but the stones first fell down and closed up the passage, so that the gate became one mass, until, humbling himself at the admonition of an angel, he descended from his horse, and so the entrance was opened to him." Sir John Maundeville describes in his time (A. D. 1322) the marks of the ass's feet as being still seen in three places at the Golden Gate, the steps of which are of very hard stone. Maundrell calls it the Gate of the Temple, and below this gate, he says, in the bottom of the valley, was a broad hard stone, discovering the prints made by our blessed Saviour's feet.

this magnificent structure—either the Empress or Dame Tanshok—the wife we believe of a German crusader, who was exceedingly charitable in founding hospitals for poor pilgrims. What the Empress Helena endowed, the Sultana Roxalana seized, and perverted, adding further endowments, to providing soup for poor Turks. The benefaction is still carried into effect.

The domestic architecture of Jerusalem, as can be seen, is of the simplest character. The houses are all constructed of the common limestone of the country. There being no timber in Palestine, this material is of course exceedingly high-priced here; and the doors and casements of the windows are the only portion of the houses made of wood, not a particle being used about the floors, roofs, or any other part whatever. The windows are few and small, and all grated with iron if sufficiently large to admit a thief. Window-glass is a rarity but just introduced. There is only one door to the largest establishments, and there are no windows below, which, as those above are generally latticed, ensures seclusion—almost that of a prison—to the inmates. The want of timber necessitates an extensive use of crypts, arches, vaults, and domes. This characteristic will be remarked in the View over Jerusalem at page 1.

We will now set forth to get another view over Jerusalem, and, reaching the Patriarch Street, ascend to the top of the Coptic convent adjoining the noble caravanserai of the same church, thence looking down upon one of the notabilities of the city, the Pool of Hezekiah. This deep cistern is nearly 250 feet long, and 150 feet wide: an immense reservoir, capable of holding water sufficient for half the city. It is quite surrounded by houses. Its depth below the surface is eight or ten feet, but it is considerably deeper at the southern than at the northern extremity. It is usually thought to be supplied by rain-fall from the neighbouring houses, but it is in reality in connection with the upper Pool of Gihon—outside the Jaffa gate, and at the head of the Valley of Hinnom. Jerusalem was once abundant in water; it is a part of the curse upon it that water should be now deficient; hence it sometimes fails at the end of autumn. The view we have from here (*see page 1,*) is a fine one. But still,



VALLEY OF GIHON.

the desolation of the city is most conspicuous. The whole of Bezetha beyond on the left, and a large part of Acra to the left just below, is uninhabited; the Temple enclosure is a vast void space; the parts about Mugharibeh or Ophel, and the south-east of Zion, are either ploughed fields, or overrun with cactus; the entire west face of Zion is occupied by the gardens of the Armenian Convent; the space south of Calvary is vacant, and what is occupied is merely filled by mosques, convents, and churches; though even where there are houses, they are for the most part in ruins. We have now a fine prospect of the walls, which form almost an oblong square, the longest sides running from west to east. The ancient Jerusalem could not have been much more extensive than the modern city, and must have occupied, in its palmy days, the same site, except that it comprehended within the walls the whole of Mount Zion, but excluded Calvary, which was afterwards enclosed by Adrian. Solyman, the son of Selim (1534), is reported to have slain his architect for not comprehending the whole of Zion within the walls, but this, it is hinted, he did, as the readiest means of paying him. In modern warfare the City would be untenable, as it is commanded by hills on all sides. We are now on the edge of Acra, between which hill and Zion—the sloping buildings of which are on the right—the valley of the Tyropœon is seen descending. Over to the right, where once stood the Temple of Solomon, may be seen two blue cupolas marking the octangular Mosque of Omar, with the long low roof of the minor Mosque El Aksa. The minaret rising to the left of the Mosque of Omar (Temple Enclosure) was erected, we are told, by Tunguz, Prefect of Syria, when he built the celebrated school at the side of the Gate of the Chain. It is served by the most eminent Muezzins, and gives the directions to the others in announcing prayer. It stands near the Gate of the Chain, which opens from the Temple Enclosure into the Street of David, but into which it is not advisable to peep unless you desire a sound beating from the Turks. Around and about it are majestic planes and cypresses, an union of nature and art peculiar to Turkish religious enclosures. It was from their living in this Mosque el Aksa that the Knights Templars took their name; and in front of its porch lie buried the murderers of St. Thomas à Becket, who died at Jerusalem, upon a pilgrimage undertaken in expiation of their crime. At the corner of the wall is the “House of Pilate,” now a barracks, late a stable, whence stolen views of the sacred platform were of old vouchsafed to favoured Christian pilgrims, such as Châteaubriand and Lamartine. To the right, just below, are the swelling domes and heavy massive towers of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—one dark elliptical dome overlooked by another, and a white one rising out of a cloud of little domes over an ocean of houses. This is Calvary and the Sepulchre. The line of walls, the pointed minarets stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of the orient sky; but no voice is heard in the widowed City; no roads seem to lead to her, and were it not Easter Week, few would be passing in and out of her gates. The centre of attraction for the Pilgrims is evidently the square before the Holy Sepulchre: here beads from Mecca, and mother-of-pearl images from Bethlehem, and crosses of bitumen from the Dead Sea, are attracting purchasers of various nations. The tall and elegant minaret adjacent to the



THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre belongs to a mosque, called El Khanky, formerly the residence of the Latin Patriarch. Of this building we read a curious story, related by an Arab authority, who tells how the Christians were greatly distressed at seeing this minaret arising in such close proximity to the Holy Sepulchre, which it entirely commanded. They offered a large sum to Sheikh Ibn Ghanem, to bribe him to desist from his pious intention, but he persisted and completed the structure. The Prophet then appeared to a Holy Man and commanded him to seek out and salute Ibn Ghanem, and assure him of his intercession at the day of judgment for his meritorious work of having out-topped the infidels. But see! how the eager pilgrims crowd to the portal of the Holy Sepulchre—where the whole scene of the Saviour's crucifixion and entombment are vividly brought before their eyes. The church is a magnificent monument of the Byzantine age. (See page 9).

We shall soon be down there, and following the eager enthusiasts in visiting the religious stations of that sacred spot.

The spacious deserted enclosure close on the right, and on which grow two or three olive trees, a palm tree and a few cypresses, was once the magnificent house of the Knights Hospitallers, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The Greek Convent forms one side of this square, and that community had hoped to obtain these gardens and the ruins pertaining thereunto, but within the last few years the whole square containing them, as well as the Church of St. Anne in another part, have been made over by the Sultan to the

Emperor Louis Napoleon. The very curious and picturesque gateway which forms the subject of our illustration (page 17) stands at one end of this vacant spot, facing into the street leading from the Church to the Sepulchre. The external façade displays a flattened pointed arch, while the archway beyond is round headed. The carving is extremely rich. Among the ornaments and emblems is seen the Lamb, the emblem of the noble order of St. John of Jerusalem, of whose palace this was the entrance. Behind the gateway are seen some remains of the buildings. The interior is the receptacle of every kind of filth; from the open area a staircase mounts up to a cloister, from which opens sundry rooms, not capable of being entered from multifarious pollutions. There is a large hall with painted windows absolutely filled with dung. How are the mighty fallen! Immediately upon the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders (in 1099) followed the foundation of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the origin of which was an hospice founded in Jerusalem in 1048 by a few merchants of Amalfi for the accommodation of pilgrims from Europe. An hospital for the sick was afterwards added—hence the term, Knights Hospitallers, the members of which were also known as Knights of Rhodes. When the Crusaders entered Jerusalem, many of the chevaliers determined on joining the order. Godfrey granted a donation, an example which was followed by other princes. To the usual vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, was added a vow to be always ready to fight against Muhammadans and all who forsook the true religion. In 1118 the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, then called also the Knights

of Malta, became a military order. The building now so desecrated was described in 1322, as having 178 pillars of fine stone, and having near it the church called "Our Lady the Grand" and "Our Lady the Latin," "and there stood Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalen, and tore their hair when Our Lord was executed on the cross." Napoleon Bonaparte expelled the last relics of the Order of St. John Hospitaliers, when he took Malta from them. Will Louis Napoleon resuscitate their ancient glories? Stranger things have happened.

With the City thus lying before us, and its landmarks denoted, it will not be difficult, looking down upon the valley of the Tyropœon, which separated Zion from the Temple, and over which was a bridge connecting the two parts of the City (each of which were separately walled), to imagine Jerusalem restored to its pristine magnificence under Herod the king, and that during the anarchy that ensued after his death it was crowded, as Josephus tells us, by two millions of people—when the ridges of Zion—now covered with their crops of corn, and here and there an olive tree—were adorned with magnificent structures. We have in our mind's eye the beautiful city in its grandeur. Between that and its destruction and its present desolation our Christian associations intervene. There to the right is the Mount of Olives, from whose sacred brow the Saviour saw the glory of Jerusalem, and wept over it and predicted its fall. Down that hill he approached the City, and passing into the deep Valley of Hinnom, ascended to the Temple, the crowd accompanying him like a conqueror with their hozannas, and strewing palms. There is the Golden Gate by which he entered, now walled up. There is the outer court whence he drove out the money changers; there the dark groves of olives, through which he passed to Olivet, or traversed on his way to the house of Lazarus at Bethany; and there the garden of Gethsemane. There the scene of his Passion and his Ascension. To the "governor's house" to the right was the Saviour conveyed before Pilate; and along the "Dolorous Way," from St. Stephen's Gate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, was the scene of his long agony prior to his final suffering on the Cross of Calvary, which that building covers. The destruction of Jerusalem, in fulfilment of his prophecy, followed within a few years. Judea, after the death of Agrippa, was made a Roman province, and a Roman Pro-consul appointed over Jerusalem, thus destroying the independence of the city and abolishing its hierarchical or theocratical form of government. The Zealots resisted, however, and were driven into the Temple by the High Priest and the people. Here John of Giscala, driven in from Galilee, united his forces with the fanatics within the city; they together admitted the Idumæans by stratagem during a storm; the barbarous allies plundered and slaughtered the Jews and the high priest, and the contending factions triumphed over the citizens, who, however, sought aid in a third party, and Simeon, son of Giorias, was admitted to occupy the upper city, whence he attacked the Zealots in the Temple. While the wretched city was thus divided within, the banners of the Roman army under Titus appeared at the north-western wall—you can trace it by drawing a line from the extreme left across Acre and round inside of the Holy Sepulchre, up to the Temple—but one legion was encamped to the right, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, facing the Temple.

Step by step the Jews defended the city. Driven from the first wall, they fought upon the second, and the Roman engines having broken in a breach, the troops poured through, but became entangled in the narrow streets, and were driven out, being unable to withstand the missiles poured upon them from every roof. The misery of the Jews was indescribable, death and starvation were everywhere. Titus withdrew from the attack and awaited the result, having vainly offered mercy and terms to the besieged. Josephus tells us of their indomitable obstinacy; until, at last, Titus dug a deep trench round the city, and closely blockaded it. This is said to have been completed in three days, and to have been five miles in extent, and to have had thirteen garrison towers—a fact which, as narrated by the historian, an eye-witness, without any great expression of wonder, gives us a great idea of the engineering powers of a Roman army. The City became a charnel house; the mothers "soddened their own children for meat." A forlorn hope of Romans scaled the walls, but were valorously repulsed. At last a breach was made in the fort by the Roman engines; and one night the soldiers rushed through it upon their prey. The fortress was taken, but the Jews retreated, only to defend themselves in the Temple Court below. Driven thence, they fell back to the inner court, and rallied round the Temple. This Titus had resolved to save. But the Jews having sallied forth in rage upon their enemies, were closely followed up by the Roman soldiers, one of whom fired the sacred precinct. The Jews rushed infuriated upon the Roman swords, and a terrible carnage ensued around. One historian only has been equal in description to his task. We have the places before us to our right. In the centre is the upper city. "It was an appalling spectacle to the Romans. What was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commands the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedars were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and groups of people were seen watching with horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiers, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents, who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration, and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who had been expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation." Simon and John cut their way, by desperate fighting, across the Tyropœon bridge, into the "Upper City," where, in spite of the remonstrances of Josephus, and the personal instance of Titus himself, they still held out. But, with the Temple, the hearts of the people had fallen. Flushed with their victory, greedy for fresh spoils, and chafing at resistance, the impetuous Roman conquerors burst into the upper city, exulting; but found there only death and desolation—empty streets and houses full of dead bodies. Even now the ruins over Acre, within, on the

right, and over the city to the left, even as far as the Holy Sepulchre, tell the tale of that fierce onslaught and defeat. The monument of this Roman triumph over a people left to their own devices and the wrath of the Almighty may be seen on the Arch of Titus at Rome, where Jewish captives bear the sacred furniture of the Temple, the golden candlesticks and silver trumpets, to adorn the triumphant show of their conqueror. In that one siege one million one hundred thousand Jews perished, about one sixth of the population of the whole of Palestine, at that period. Ninety-nine thousand prisoners of war were carried off, some of them to labour in the public works, others to march in the triumph of Titus; after which they appeared in the amphitheatres of Europe and Asia, and killed one another for the amusement of the populace. Those under the age of seventeen were put up to auction with the women, and thirty of them were sold for a denarius—about tenpence. The blood of the Just Jesus, as it has been finely said, was sold for thirty pieces of silver at Jerusalem, and the people had cried: "His blood be upon us and our children." God heard this wish of the Jews, and, for the last time, he granted their prayers, after which he turned his face from the Land of Promise, and chose for himself another people. It was only thirty-eight years after the death of Christ, that the Temple was burned, so that many of those who had heard the prediction of our Saviour, might, also, have witnessed its fulfilment.

The Jerusalem that now lies extended before us, is but the seventeenth shadow of the primitive one, for it has been seventeen times captured.

Looking from this spot, you may imagine that scene in the Crusaders' siege (1099), when, their army having taken up its position, Godfrey's troops left their encampments before the Damascus Gate, and turning to the East descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, whence they proceeded, like peaceful pilgrims, to offer up prayers on the Mount of Olives. It was on a Tuesday, the 13th of June, as chroniclers tell us, that the Crusaders attacked Jerusalem by escalade, having first beaten down the outer wall with their machines. The attack failed, although night, alone, put an end to the bloodshed. The Crusaders, feeling certain of success, had neglected to bring victuals, and for ten days were without bread, until their ships reached Jaffa; even then they suffered greatly from thirst, their horses and mules having drunk out Siloe, were sent six miles to water, while the soldiers dug holes in the ground and pressed the damp clods to their lips; they licked the stones wet with dew; they drank the putrid water caught in hides, and even abstained from eating in the hope of mitigating by hunger the pangs of thirst. On the 12th of July, the great attack was made. Godfrey and his two brothers, Baldwin and Eustace, fought on the towers "like two lions defending another," until "at the hour when the Saviour gave up the ghost," a Flemish warrior named Letolde leaped on the ramparts of the city. He was followed by Guicher, "Guicher, who had conquered a lion." Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights followed their chief—sword in hand. The enemy fled, and the soldiers of Christ pursued them with loud shouts. The Count de St. Gilles, who was outside the Zion Gate, heard the tumult, and summoned the Emir there to surrender, which he did. "But (says the chronicler) Godfrey with the French was determined to avenge the

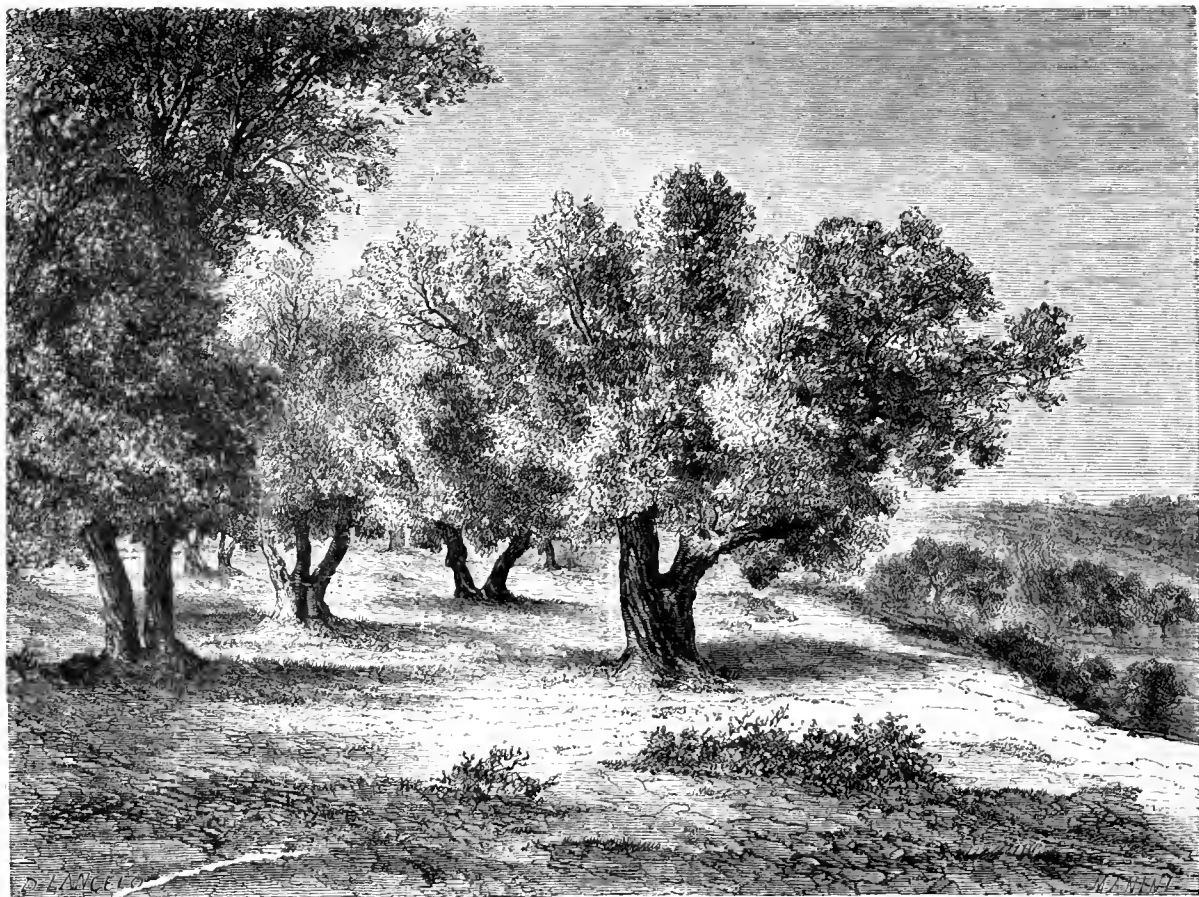
Christian blood spilt by the infidels in Jerusalem, and to punish them for the raileries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. Never had he in any conflict appeared so terrible, not even when he encountered the giant on the bridge of Antioch. Guicher and several thousands of chosen warriors cut the Saracens in two from the head to the waist, or severed their bodies in the middle. None of our soldiers showed timidity, for they met with no opposition. The enemy sought only to escape; but to them flight was impossible; they rushed along in such crowds that they embarrassed one another. The small number of those who contrived to escape took refuge in Solomon's Temple, and there defended themselves a considerable time. At dusk our soldiers gained possession of the Temple, and in their rage put to death all whom they found there. Such was the carnage, that the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dis-severed hands and arms floated in the current, that caused them to be united to bodies to which they had never belonged." "The Holy Sepulchre," says another historian, "was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the Hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy, kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the World, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monuments of their redemption." The scenes of these fierce and tender passions we are now about to visit.

III.—IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Following the example of all pilgrims to Jerusalem in ancient times, and imitating their undoubting faith and reverence, we determined to resign ourselves to our feelings as Christians, and make it our first duty in the Holy City to follow the footsteps of our Lord in captivity, judgment, death, and entombment, up to his ascension. Catholic tradition, preserved through ages, by a succession of pious memories,—traditions as yet undisturbed, except by guesses and suggestions merely, always disputable and mostly fanciful—enables us to recall with sufficiently distinct identity, the scenes of sacred Scripture and the localities of our Lord's sufferings. We are contented so to receive them. We have found Jerusalem; we shall see Bethlehem.

Rising early (it is hardly possible to sleep late in such a place), we set out from St. Stephen's Gate, to which we shall shortly return on our solemn path with the captive Saviour. Before going farther from this gate, we may observe the Church of St. Anne, said to be the birth-place of the Virgin, raised upon the site of the house of Joachim and Anne, and the scene of the Immaculate Conception. In the grottoes beneath this church, the building of which is attributed to Justinian, is shown the humble chamber where dwelt the Holy Family. It was converted into a Turkish school by Saladin, and subsequently a mosque, but has recently by the able intervention of M. Thouvenel, aided by M. Barrère, the consul of France at Jerusalem, been made over by the Sultan to the Emperor of the French, and restored to the worship of the Christian faith under the pious care of the Latin fathers. There are two Christian nations active in Jerusalem, France and Russia, and the aggrandisement of the Greek and Roman Church makes itself everywhere conspicuous.¹

¹ The church of St. Anne is of great antiquity. Scæwulf, a pilgrim of the twelfth century, describes it as the place where



THE FIELD OF BLOOD, IN THE VALLEY OF HINNOM.

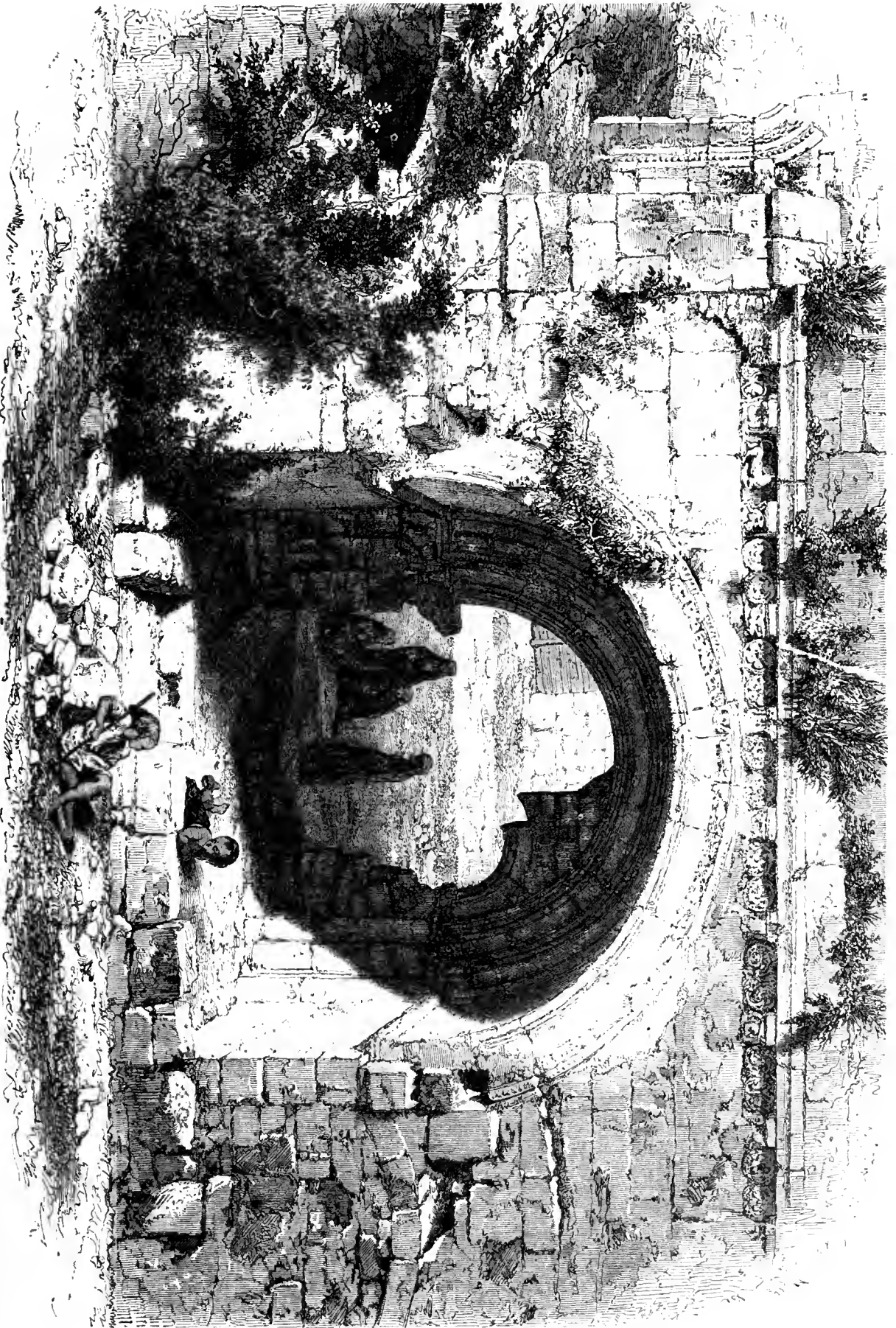
The Pool of Bethesda, now a broad deep ditch without water, lies just within the gate, and is a specimen of the primitive architecture of the Jews at Jerusalem. It bounded the Temple on the north. It is a reservoir one hundred and fifty feet long and forty wide. The sides are walled and composed of a bed of large stones joined together by iron cramps, a wall of mixed materials run up on these large stones, a layer of flints stuck upon the surface of this wall, and a coating laid over these flints. The four beds are perpendicular with the bottom, and not horizontal; the coating was on the side next to the water, and the large stones rested as they still do, against the ground. The pool is now dry and half filled up. It is used as a threshing-floor. Here grow some pomegranate-trees, and a species of wild tamarind of a bluish colour. On the west side may be seen two arches, probably leading to an aqueduct that carries the water into the interior of the Temple.¹ The western angle is full of nopals.

the mother of the Blessed Mary lived with her husband, and she was there delivered of her daughter Mary. Sir John Maundeville, who travelled in 1322, says that before the church grew a great tree which began to grow the same night, that was the night of the conception, not of the birth. In Maundrell's time (1697) it was a convent or nunnery, the church of which was large and entire, as were also part of the lodgings; but both were desolate and neglected.

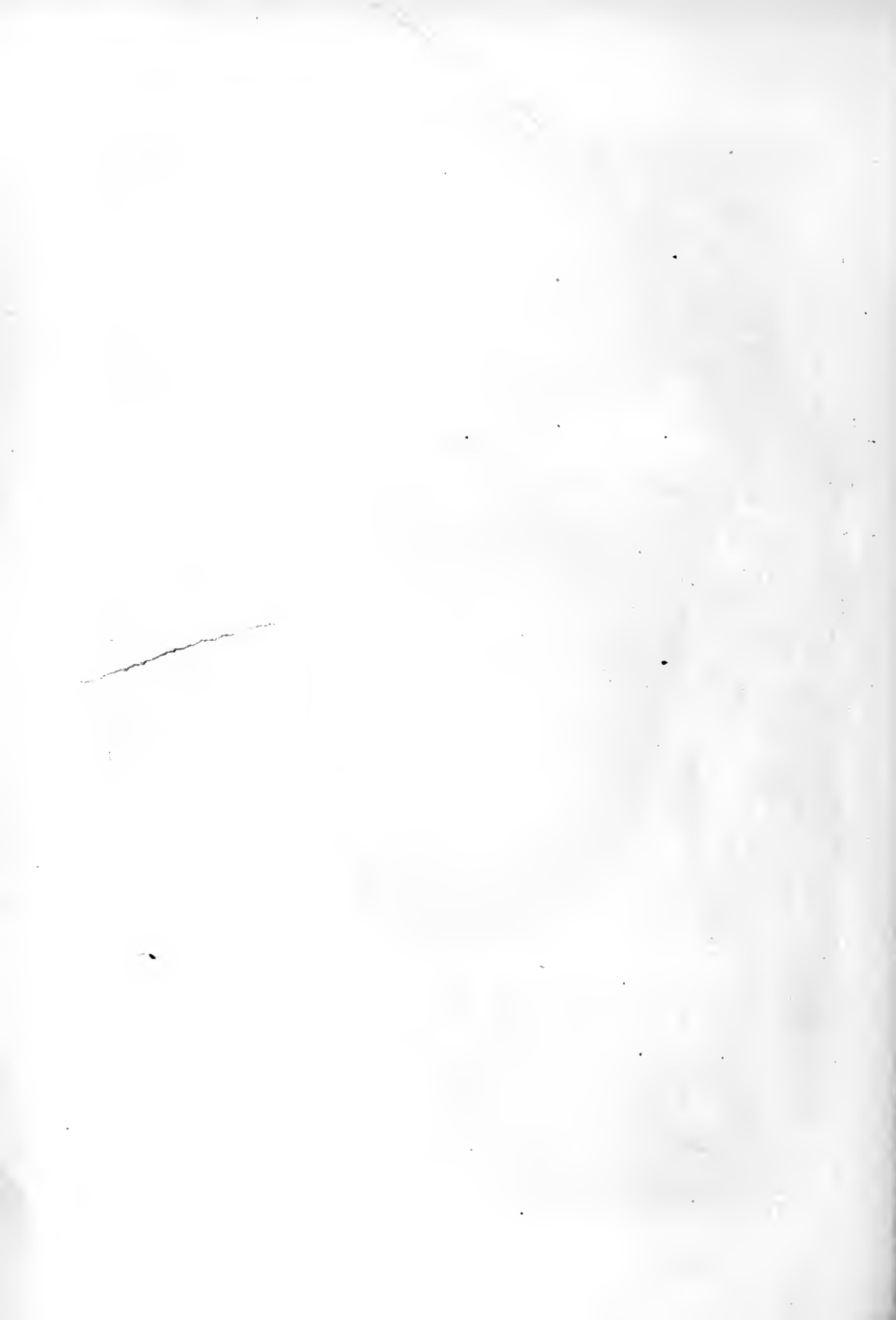
¹ Sawulf describes the pool called, in Hebrew, Bethesda, as having five porticoes, of which the Gospel speaks. Maundrell describes it as 120 paces long and 40 broad, and at least 8 deep,

and it was on the brink of this pool that Christ said to the paralytic man, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." This is the only monument left of the primitive Jerusalem of David and Solomon. Outside this gate we come upon the great Turkish buryingground, a place, it would seem, of parade as well as sorrow for the Turkish population, for they resort hither in the evenings dressed out in their gayest attire—the women especially—who, flitting among the tombs, in their long white veils, are perhaps seeking, as widows, the consolation of a new husband, though many of them, it must be said, are seen for hours bending in faithful sorrow over the turbaned tombs of their lost lords. A rapid descent brings us across the narrow bridge of one arch that crosses the dry brook Kedron, and spans the gloomy and mysterious Jehoshaphat, the "Valley of the Tombs." Every step here is full of sacred associations; the vast sepulchral monuments all round; the tombs of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat, with the thousands of Jewish tombs everywhere about, tell a solemn story of death past, present, and to come. Hither wend the Jews, from the far corners of the earth, to purchase a final resting place near the Temple of the Lord in the land of their forefathers; the place allotted being

and void of water. At its west end it discovers some old arches, now dammed up. "These," adds the quaint but trustworthy old traveller, "some will have to be the five porches in which sat that multitude of lame, halt, and blind (John v.); but the mischief is, instead of five there are but three of them."



GATE OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AT JERUSALEM.



calculated at a price, which goes to the Jewish chest for the support of their poorer living brethren. Here Melchizedek met Abraham to congratulate him on his victory over the five kings. In this valley, the wicked Jews worshipped Moloch and Belphegor; Solomon here planted his cedars; the Temple overshadowed it; here "flowed softly" the waters of Siloam; here David sang his songs, and Jeremiah uttered his lamentations; here Our Saviour underwent his agony; and here, according to the prophecy of Joel, all mankind will at last appear before one awful Judge. "I will gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there." (Joel iii, 2).¹

The Valley of Jehoshaphat is but a deep trench at this spot, sinking rapidly southward until near Zion, where it is nearly five hundred feet below the top of the Mount. Jerusalem is on one side: the Mount of Olives on the other, and the dark shadow of the Mount of Offence,—so denominated from Solomon's idolatry, for there he had his gardens and his "women's" palaces, and was led by them to the worship of strange gods. The stone on which we are now standing, just near the bridge, is revered as the spot of St. Stephen's martyrdom.² The two contiguous hills rise up close to us, nearly naked, and of a dull red colour. Their sides are bare, but of some scattered wild olive trees, and, here and there, a scanty few black and parched vines, with sparse chapels, oratories, and

mosques in ruins. The bottom of the Mount of Offence and its sides (no preferable place, and sold at small price to the poorer Jews) are covered with tombs in heaps, right up to the poor and badly charactered village of Siloam, whose houses seem like sepulchres themselves, and are so. The grave, melancholy stillness of Jerusalem, the silence of a great city, smokeless, noiseless, suggests to the imagination that the tombs are here, the dead have not yet been summoned to awake.

Mounting the Hill by a rocky path, the same along which David went lamenting when driven forth from his beloved Zion by the rebellion of Absalom, we proceed down a few steps to the left, leading us to an open court surrounded with rocky walls, at the end of which we reach a beautiful building of Gothic architecture, of a severe and antique character, with a picturesque façade, opening by a marble door, into a subterranean chapel, where are the tombs of St. Joseph and the Virgin, excavated in the solid rock. Down from this solemn entrance, fifty marble steps, each twenty feet long, lead us to the floor. The tomb of the Virgin is on the right, in a large recess, with an altar over it, and a painting of her death, with the Saviour himself standing by her bedside to comfort her. The tomb of St. Joseph is higher up, as are also those of St. Anne and St. Joachim. Mary, who died at Ephesus, was, as they tell us, miraculously buried here by the Apostles, according to the tradition of the Fathers; for there is a full relation of this marvellous funeral by Euthymus, who tells how "St. Thomas," (who was always desirous to satisfy any doubt by ocular testimony,) "having caused the coffin to be opened, nothing was found in it but a virgin robe, the simple and mean garment of that Queen of Glory whom the angels had conveyed to Heaven."

Arculf, a Gaulish Bishop, who travelled in A. D. 700, speaks of the "round church of St. Mary, divided into two stories by slabs of stone. In the upper part are four altars; on the eastern side, below, there is another, and to the right of it, an empty tomb of stone, in which the Virgin Mary is said to have been buried; but who removed her body, or when this took place, no one can say. On entering this chamber you see, on the right hand side, a stone, inserted in the wall, on which Christ knelt on the night on which he was betrayed, and the marks of his knees are still seen in the stone, as if it had been as soft as wax." Arculf also tells another traditional story that he heard on the spot, of the disappearance of the body of the Virgin Mary, that "St. Mary expired in the middle of Jerusalem, in the place called St. Sion, and as the twelve apostles were carrying her body, the angels came and took her from their hands and carried her to Paradise." He adds that the church is called St. Mary, not because her body rests there, but in memory of it.³

³ The traditions which associate the tomb of the Virgin Mary with the locality in question appear, with the exception given above, never to have varied. Maundeville, who was partial to wonders, saw there "the stone which the angel brought to our Lady from Mount Sinai, which is of the same colour as the rock of St. Catherine." St. Thomas appears to have been of a very sceptical turn of mind; for Maundeville describes a great stone as lying at the bottom of the Mount of Olives, "upon which you are told the Blessed Virgin let fall her girdle after her assumption, in order to convince St. Thomas, who, they say, was troubled with a fit of his old incredulity upon this occasion. There is still to be seen a small winding channel upon this stone which they will have to be the impression made by the girdle when it fell, and to be left for the conviction of all such as shall suspect the truth of their story of the assumption."

¹ The traditions connected with this point are curious. Bernard the Wise, a monkish pilgrim, who travelled in A. D. 867, describes a church in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, called that of St. Leon, "in which it is said that Our Lord will come at the Last Judgment." Sir John Maundeville says "Also in coming down from Mount Olivet is the place where our Lord wept over Jerusalem. And there beside is the place where our Lady appeared to St. Thomas the Apostle after her assumption, and gave him her girdle. And very near is the stone on which our Lord often sat when he preached; and upon that same shall he sit at the day of doom, right as he said himself." The permanence of the tradition is not a little remarkable, the Muhammadans have even availed themselves of it. Upon the edge of the hill, on the opposite side of the valley, there runs along, in a direct line, the wall of the city, near the corner of which there is a short end of a pillar jutting out of the wall. Upon this pillar, the Mussulmans have a tradition that Muhammad will sit in judgment at the last day; and that all the world will be gathered together in the valley below, to receive their doom from his mouth.

² The traditions of olden times are so much the more deserving of attention as they were nearer to the time of the events to which they related. It can hardly be supposed that the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, under the Romans, did not preserve some authentic traditions concerning the localities of the more important events of Gospel History. The earliest notice we meet with of the site of the martyrdom of St. Stephen is that of Bishop Arculf, who travelled A. D. 700, who describes it as being on Mount Zion. Bernard the Wise, who followed in A. D. 867, also places the scene of the proto-martyrdom on Mount Zion, and describes a church as existing at the spot in commemoration of the event. Sæwulf, who travelled in A. D. 1102, describes the stoning of St. Stephen as having occurred about two or three arbelist shots without the wall on Mount Zion to the north, where a very handsome church was built "which has been entirely destroyed by the Pagans."

So far from the eighth till the twelfth centuries. In the fourteenth century we first find the site of the tradition removed. Sir John Maundeville, who travelled in 1322, says "over against that vale of Jehoshaphat, out of the city, is the church of St. Stephen, where he was stoned to death." After this the tradition grew in strength, and we find Maundrell, in A. D. 1697, speaking of a broad stone on the way up the hill to the city, going from the Virgin's Tomb to St. Stephen's Gate, on which the Saint suffered martyrdom. The gate which had previously been called that of Jehoshaphat, as in the time of Benjamin of Tudela, that is in A. D. 1164, became the Gate of St. Stephen, and has remained so.

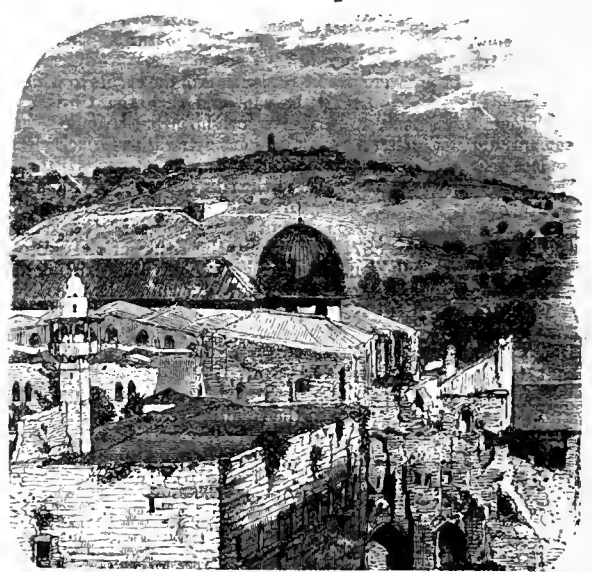
Thirty paces from the border of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, is an enclosure of about forty-seven paces long by forty-four wide—the Garden of Gethsemane. Tread reverently, for under the shade of that seared trunk of the oldest of those eight venerable olive trees,—so old that its roots are growing in strangely-shaped monstrosity out of the earth,—was the Saviour betrayed with a kiss by the traitor Judas. In a cavern outside is a sombre grotto,—the place where the Apostles hid themselves on their Master's being captured. The wall around is high, and plastered, and whitewashed. The garden has become the property of the Fathers of the Latin Convent, who have planted young trees among the old ones, the grim gnarled arms, pillar-like trunks, and thin foliage of which have a weird and solemn antiquity about them that strikes the beholder. The scene is one that has its fitness for the mournful scene of the Saviour's Passion. The deep valley, the dark and barren heights, the sorrowing moan of the streams below, and the shadow of the guilty city over all! They point to us a stone marking the spot where Christ prayed that the cup might pass from him; a little further the place where he swate great drops of blood, and, a little farther on, the spot where he found his disciples sleeping. The traditions of this place are innumerable.

It is Easter week, and we have a host of pilgrims of all nations with us, mounting in long procession upwards towards the Chapel of the Ascension. About half way up, by a rugged winding path, worn with the footsteps of ages, are the ruins of a monastery—on the site of the stone from which Christ, looking over towards the sinful City, bewailed the approaching desolation of Jerusalem. It is just on this spot that the Sixth Roman Legion is said to have encamped during the siege by Titus. From the Rock of the Prediction we march up to some curious grotto excavations, called the Tombs of the Prophets. Their ground plan is very singular, something in the shape of a quadrant, and there are more than fifty tombs. Some have said they are the Apostles' tombs; others caves for the worship of Baal; others, again, consider them as belonging to the Priests of the Temple, but all this is guesswork.



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Going upwards from these tombs, and imagining the scene of the raising of Lazarus as taking place in some such place, we climb up a few more feet of the ascent, and stand before the Chapel of the Ascension—the last grand consummation of our Saviour's history in the form of man. We are now gazing up to the same Heaven that opened to receive him ascending to His Father's right hand, upon the accomplishment of the atoning sacrifice which took place in that City, we have but to turn our heads to look upon. The chapel is a small octagonal building with a dome, and half in ruins. This is the Chapel of the Ascension. Within it is the rock or stone from which Christ is said to have ascended. There is the print of a left foot. It has been said the Turks removed the print of the right, and placed it in the Mosque of Omar; but this may only be from the tradition of Mahomet's foot on El Sakhara. The authorities that assure us we are now gazing on the veritable foot-print of our Lord are St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Paulina, the Venerable Bede, and Sulpicius Severus. The foot is turned towards the north; Tradition says, the Saviour had his foot towards the north, at the moment of his Ascension, as if to renounce the south, involved in errors. The scene of the Ascension has not been without its describers. Traditions of the Fathers tell that the Lord "ascended to heaven, attended by the souls of the patriarchs and prophets, delivered by him from the chains of death. His mother and one hundred and twenty disciples witnessed his ascension." "He stretched out his arms like Moses," says St. Gregory Nazianzen, "and commended his disciples to his Father; he then crossed his almighty hands, holding them down over the heads of his beloved friends, in the same manner that Jacob blessed his son Joseph; then, rising from earth with inexpressible majesty, he slowly ascended toward the eternal mansion, till he was enveloped by a brilliant cloud." The Empress Mother Helena first identified the spot by the erection of a church, on which, however, says St. Jerome, "it was found impossible to cover in that part of the roof through which Christ pursued his heavenward way." The Venerable Bede declares that in his time, on the eve of the Ascension, the Mount of Olives was all night seen covered with flames. We find the meaning



MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM.

of this story in Arculf's writings (he visited Jerusalem in A.D. 700), and tells us that, "On the highest point of Olivet, where our Lord ascended into Heaven, is a large round church, having around it three vaulted porticoes. The inner part is not vaulted and covered, because of the passage of our Lord's body, but it has an altar on the east side, covered with a narrow roof. On the ground in the midst of it are to be seen the last prints in the dust of our Lord's feet, and the roof appearing open above where He ascended; and although the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains as before, and retains the same impressions of the feet. In the western part of the same church are eight windows, and eight lamps, hanging by cords opposite to them, cast their light through the glass as far as Jerusalem, striking the hearts of the beholders with a mixture of joy and divine fear. Every year, on the day of the Ascension, when mass is ended, a strong blast of wind comes down and casts to the ground all who are in the church. All that night lanterns are kept burning there, so that the mountain appears, not only lighted up, but actually on fire, and all that side of the city is illuminated by it."

The foot-print is in the rock, enclosed by an oblong block of marble, and we bring away with us an impression in wax, which pilgrim after pilgrim treasures as one of his dearest reminiscences of the Holy Land. We are now about twenty minutes,—hardly a mile, from the walls of Jerusalem, so we finish our "Sabbath day's journey" by going over the crest of the hill to Bethany. As we walk down the footpath so often trodden by the Saviour on his friendly visits to the house of Lazarus, whom he loved, many landscapes of wildly pleasing variety open before us. We seem to have left the desolation in Judea on the other side, and pass through open corn-fields, across which, among groves of olives, are seen the white roofs of the little village that stands almost on the border of a desert land. Here Jesus picked the corn by the way-side, and here the sister of Lazarus met him, as she came forth with the mourners from her brother's tomb. The house of Lazarus, where the Saviour so often received hospitality, has given place to a church founded by Queen Melisenda. A chapel marks the dwelling where

Simon the Leper addressed the Lord, and perpetuates the memory of the devout Magdalen, who anointed the feet of Christ. Lastly, the rock, whose hallowed sides formed the tomb of Lazarus, has been surmounted by a mosque, the entrance to which is down a stair of twenty-four steps.¹ Christian and Moslem alike reverence this spot, and the pilgrimages to it are numerous. The sick children we see here have been brought by the Mahometans in the neighbourhood, from a persuasion that some trace of the divine virtue of the great Prophet Jesus, the Spirit of God, still rests upon these stones. Towards the left, about three-quarters-of-a-mile farther on, is Bethphage, the Village of the Figs, and a little farther some bold interpreter and guide ventures to show the very fig-tree that withered at the Saviour's word. It was very old, and certainly very withered, but we may not vouch further for the tradition.

Returning back over the crest of Olivet, after pausing to admire the view of Jerusalem,—the whole panorama of the Gospel narrative spread out before us,—we proceed obliquely, by a sloping path that brings us to the village of Siloam, where the natives have made their dismal dwellings among the rock-hewn tombs. Hence we look down upon the dry bed of Kedron and the platform of the Moriah (the Temple enclosure) overhanging it. It slopes down, gray and bare, 500 feet. We gaze upon a perfect City of Tombs—everywhere along the valley. Opposite to us is the Fountain of the Virgin, where the water rises and falls with sudden-flowing swell. Here come the neighbouring flocks to water. There is a cavernous connection between this and the Pool of Siloam lower down, along which some topographers have crawled more than 1750 feet. It was once a sealed fountain—that is, closed with a stone. Tradition tells that here the mother of Jesus was accustomed to wash her garments. Mohammed declared that these waters flowed from Paradise, and some say it is the very stream brought down subterraneously by Hezekiah into the city when he ordered the fountains without Jerusalem, and the brook to be stopped, saying, "Why should the Kings of Assyria come and find much water?" The stream has been ascertained to run down from the Temple area—indeed, it is said, from Zion. It is pleasant in the heat of the day to descend the flight of steps that lead under a dark archway down into this fountain, and, standing on the upper steps worn with the footsteps of ages, to look deep into a mysterious cavern, down into which again goes another flight of steps to the spring. The women coming up and down the steps with water-jars gracefully balanced on their heads, the wayfarers trending hitherwards from all sides, and the horses and sheep that are being watered at the trough above, form a picture that reminds us of the patriarchal ages. There is an old Arabian tradition connected with this well which was in days very, very old, called the "Fountain of Accused Women." Women accused of adul-



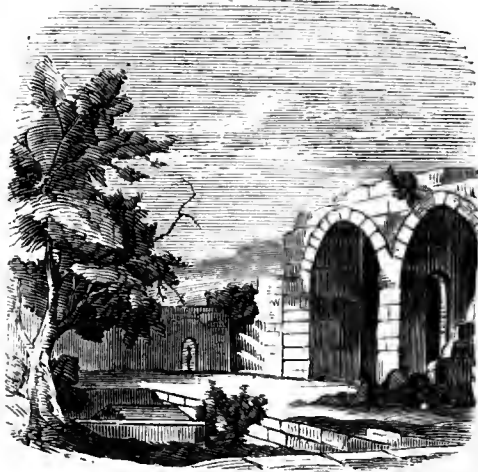
BETHANY.

¹ Canon Stanley has designated the religion of Palestine, from the moment it fell into the hands of Europeans, as far as sacred traditions are concerned, as "a religion of caves;" but if we compare the reports of pilgrims and travellers between the ninth and seventeenth centuries, it will be readily seen that in the instance of the Grave of Lazarus that it was the Muhammadans who profited by the passion for cave history and mythology, and who improved upon it by removing the site that was traditional in the eighth century, to a grotto of far larger dimensions before the seventeenth.

tery used to come here and drink the water, which, if they were innocent, did not hurt them, but poisoned them if guilty. When Sitti Miriam (the Virgin Mary) was found with child and accused, she submitted to this ordeal, and was thus proved guiltless: she then prayed that the water might never harm any faithful woman, and from that day the waters have been intermittent.

Following the arid path above Kedron we now come to the Tomb of Absalom, one of the most striking monuments about Jerusalem. It is a monolith, or square mass of stone, measuring eight feet each way, cut from the solid rock of the neighbouring hill, from which it stands detached fifteen feet. Twenty-four columns of the plain Doric order, six on each front, are hewn from the rocky mass, and support a triangular pyramidal top, evidently not of the same style as the monument. It is forty feet in height. May not the old stone pillar, "which is in the king's dale," (2 Samuel, xvii., 18,) have been thus ornamented by after hands; "it is called to this day Absalom's place." Every pious pilgrim—Jew, Turk, or Christian—still shews his abhorrence of the rebellious son of David, by flinging a stone at this monument as he passes: a circumstance of which Jehoshaphat, the pious King of Judah, "who walked in the ways of the Lord," might justly complain; for his tomb, also cut out of the rock, with a Doric portico, is just behind, and receives an undue proportion of the ungracious missiles. Close to this stands the tomb of Zachariah, similarly hewn away from the rock, and surrounded by a plain pyramid. This is without an entrance, in fact merely an ornamented stone. Further down the valley, and just above a dry pool, lies a garden, close upon the point of the junction of the valley of Jehoshaphat with the valley of Hinnom, that runs round at the foot of Mount Zion, now rising above us in rough terraced ground, dotted with scattered wild olive trees.

Near this garden is a rugged old tree, raised on a rough broken bank, said to mark the spot of Isaiah's martyrdom. The bank is protected by a wall of stones, half in ruins, and the old tree still puts forth green foliage from its scarred and aged trunk.



ISAIAH'S GRAVE.

Below this, in a little corn-covered hollow, we come upon the well of Job. It is the En Rogel where Adonijah summoned a meeting of his followers, to proclaim him king,—a deep old well, consisting of a fountain, a tank, and three drinking troughs, under an arched chamber of rough hewn stones, part of a bygone

mosque. A constant train of donkeys, bearing its water to the city, are seen ascending and descending on the hill-sides by a steep path to Zion Gate. In the winter, when the rains are abundant, the water of this well bubbles forth, from a hole, about fifty paces below and flows with a strong stream into the brook Kedron, which then becomes a real torrent for some weeks. At such times, in this dry parched land, such an overflow causes a general holiday, and parties are made from the city to enjoy the *fête*. The water collects for this purpose in the subterranean basins of the Temple, which are mostly supplied from the collected rains drained off from the city in wet weather; hence the overflow, but Muhammedan traditions give another reason.

"The Haram Sherif (Mosque of Omar) is guarded at all hours, night and day, by a guard of honour consisting of 70,000 angels, always present in the holy precincts. By a decree of the Most High, while this celestial garrison watches and prays about the sacred rock (El Sakkarah), an equal number of infernal spirits are groaning in the depths of the mountain, condemned to support the sacred building, and the vast plain about it, upon their accursed heads. This weight is heavy enough, but, beyond this, every time a faithful Mussulman, in a pure state, places his foot on the platform, the mere weight of his body augments, by sixty times, the pressure of the burthen already piled on the demons. If the devout be numerous, the sufferings of these *Shayatin* (evil genii) are proportionately augmented, and they shed tears of agony and rage. The greater the fervour of the true believers at the sanctuary, the more plentiful these tears, until the reservoirs of the Temple vaults are filled by them and overflow into the neighbouring wells. The abundance of the water in the Bir Ayaub (Well of Job) is a measure of the Creator's goodness. Only prayers are wanting to ensure abundance of water, and a consequent good harvest."

Such is the legend. These wells are called, by the Jews and Christians, the Wells of Nehemiah; and it is here, we are told, that the prophet preserved the sacred fire of the Altar in concealment, after the departure of the Hebrews in captivity to Babylon, and, here, he found it safe and burning on his return.

Returning back up the valley, just as we come to the foot of Zion, is the Pool of Siloam;—

"Siloah's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God."

Milton.

It is a square basin, about fifty feet long and twenty deep, from which trickles a small stream, spreading verdure where it goes, but soon exhausted in small gardens of radishes and cucumbers. The taste of the waters is no longer sweet—it is like that of rain-water too long standing in a cistern. It was different in Isaiah's time—out of this pool was drawn the water of separation, to be mingled with the ashes of the red heifer, at the Feast of Tabernacles, and hither was the blind man sent to wash and be clean; (John ix., 11, 17,) and now, at this moment, we see the pilgrims bending over the walls and washing, like ourselves, in its hallowed waters. The scene is beautiful from the contrast of this spot with the general nudity and arid sterility of the soil around Jerusalem. This was the "king's dale, near the king's garden and wine-press"—a garden and pleasant green, a sparkling gem—hard by Tophet—a paradise close upon Gehenna! On reaching the brink

above this pleasant place, the waters, that have thus far "run softly," tumble over, and dash, splash, and rush from a hundred little cascades, to be distributed in a thousand murmuring rills, for the irrigation of this delightful spot. Upon the rock in which this pool is dug down twenty steps, stood the pleasure palace of David. The stones comprising its walls are polished by ages, and carpeted with ivy and mosses—a solace and relief to the eyes, wearied with perpetual sunshine. The women of the valley—like the daughters of Judah of old—come down these steps which shine like marble from the tread of centuries,—come up and down the cool steps with naked feet, to fill their pitchers. We bathe our hands and foreheads, and listen to the evening wind as it sighs up the valley, sweeping over us and rustling in the trees—a music the more delicious to the ear from its strangeness, in this otherwise treeless, bare and silent land.

We now return, further upon our footsteps, upwards, nearly back to the tombs of the Jews, whence a few lingering mourners are hastening homewards, belated, from a funeral, to reach the gates ere nightfall. Here we cross the brook Kedron, by the passage, now dry, where the Saviour is said to have passed over, dragged along by the brutal hands of the servants of the High Priest. They point out to us a stone in its dry bed, bearing the impress of the knees, the mark left by Our Lord in falling on the spot. The path up here is steep and long, by the City wall, and it will be as well to pause awhile and admire the "Golden Gate," which opened, in Herod's time, under the eastern porch of the Temple. We have told you of the traditions among the Turks that a conquering Christian King is to enter here, and how they have walled up both its arches, and keep a guard over it. Here you will observe enormous blocks of stone—bevelled round the edges—the characteristics of the ancient Hebrew architecture, and just such as are to be found in the walls of Baalbec. Could we remove the stones from the archway, and enter within the walls, we should find the interior passage of the "Golden Gate," inside the tower, to be seventy feet high, and ornamented with lofty pillars, bearing rich and elaborately carved capitals. There is a legend about the closing of this gate related by Sæwulf (A.D. 1103), who tells us of a lesson of humility given to the Emperor Heraclius, who rode up to this gate proudly after his victory over Chosroes, king of Persia, returning in all the pride of a conqueror, and with, as he thought, a justificatory oblation in the True Cross, which he had valorously recovered from the Infidel. He thus advanced victorious to enter the Golden Gate at the head of his chivalry; but the stones fell down and closed up the passage, so that the gate became one solid mass, until Heraclius, at the admonition of an angel, humbling himself, got off his horse, and so the entrance was opened unto him. The lesson is a good one for human pride and human sufficiency in the face of God's all absorbing vastness.

We are now under what were once the Temple walls. These very stones, if not so old as Solomon's time (which they are believed to be, nor is there any reason to suppose the contrary), are, at any rate, as old as King Herod. Josephus speaks of the enormous proportions of the materials used by that magnificent monarch, and these are the great stones spoken of (Mark xiii, 1, 2.) "And as he went out of the Temple, one of his disciples saith unto him: Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are

here! And Jesus answering, said unto him: Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down!" Keeping along the wall towards the south, we remark the end of a column jutting out like a cannon from an embrasure. This is the mortice on which will be supported the abutment of the famous bridge, Sirath, that immense passage-way which is to be thrown over (as Mussulmans tell us) the abyss of infernal punishment, and over which, on the Day of the Great Judgment, all the good will have to risk a passage, before arriving at the mansions of peace. This bridge, not over wide, as we see, in its commencement, is to be no thicker than a hair, and as sharp as a Damascus blade. Many will fall at the first step, but the just will be held up by guardian angels—as many in number as they have done acts of charity and mercy in life.

We have now reached the angle of the wall. Here is a projection like a seat, and on this the Prophet will stand on the Day of Judgment, near the foot of the throne, to intercede for the faithful. Jesus and Mary being by his side.

Turn the angle of the southern portion of the eastern wall, and we are under the mosque El-Aksa, formerly the Church of the Presentation, and erected by Justinian. We now follow the course of the conduit-pipes conveying water from Solomon's Pool, just by Bethlehem, into the city, under the wall, by the Tyropæon. To the right is the grotto whither St. Peter withdrew to lament his fault after hearing the cock crow three times, and near to it—just above—on the hill top, separated by a small interval from the Zion Gate, is the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest, now covered by a small Armenian convent.

In this chapel are shown a dark corner, where Christ was imprisoned till the morning, when he was carried before Pilate, and a little to the west is the place where, as some say, the Virgin died, and whence she was carried to her tomb on Mount Olivet by the disciples. They also show "the very stone" which secured Our Lord's Sepulchre, a stone two yards long, one yard deep, and one broad. It is now, after long argument, recognised, we learn, as the true stone; but all say (and the Armenians do not deny the fact) that it was stolen from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

Here, likewise is the small room where Peter was frightened into the denial of his master.

The Cenaculum or "large upper room," the scene of the Last Supper, is now a Turkish Mosque, which has succeeded to a church and monastery formerly occupied by the Fathers of the Holy Land. The room is on the second story, is constructed of stone, and is large and dreary, about fifty or sixty feet long by some thirty in width. An ancient tradition says, that here Our Blessed Lord celebrated the Passover, and, at the close, instituted the Sacrament. Here, too, he gave us the great lesson of humility, in washing his disciples' feet. Here he appeared to his disciples on the day of his Resurrection. Here, too, the Apostles are said to have assembled together on the day of Pentecost, when the miracle of cloven tongues was shown. This sanctuary is equally celebrated in the Old Testament. Here David built himself a palace and a tomb: here he kept, for three months, the Ark of the Covenant. The place hallowed by the Last Supper was transformed into the first Christian church the world ever beheld. Here James the Less was consecrated first Christian Bishop of Jerusalem, and St. Peter held his first council of the Church. From this spot set forth the Apostles, on their mission to seat their religion on all the thrones of the earth.

Below this is the most sacred of all sacred places in the estimation of the Turks. This is the Neby Daud, or Tomb of the Prophet David—the word Neby meaning Prophet. It is situated beneath the Cenaculum, or "Upper Room." Its traditional locality as connected with the Last Supper of our Lord, and the repute of its containing the ashes of the Sweet Singer of Israel and his son the wisest of men, as well as millions of buried treasure, has led to much bribery on the part both of the Jews and Christians to obtain admission; but in vain, for the old Sheikh who has the care of the tomb invariably receives the bribe and palms off upon the spectator a tumulus of richly canopied stone and mortar on the floor of an upper room. To one person only, besides Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, (who were only allowed, at an immense cost, to "behold it through the lattice of a trellice door,") has it been permitted to see the sacred and royal deposit of the best and noblest of kings. This was the daughter of a physician, Dr. Barelay, who went disguised, and thus describes what she saw and did:—

"The reputed Tomb of David is just outside of Zion Gate, hard by the Cenaculum or 'Upper Room,' and the Armenian cemetery. It is surrounded by an irregular pile of buildings, and surmounted by a dome and minaret. In the interior are some of the most grotesque architectural embellishments imaginable, on the capitals of some remains of the Crusader's architecture—the frightful owl occupying the place of the classic acanthus and the mystic talus. We passed several halls and corridors before reaching the consecrated apartment, the entrance to which is guarded by double iron doors. In front of these, an aged dervish lay prostrate in earnest prayer on the stone floor, and, not being privileged to enter within the sacred precincts, he gazed eagerly at the tomb through the iron bars. The key was fetched, the dervish dismissed, and the doors closed and double locked behind us. The room is insignificant in its dimensions, but gorgeously furnished and decorated to produce a splendid effect. The tomb

is apparently a sarcophagus of rough stone of very large size—(about four times the height of a man) covered by green satin tapestry, richly embroidered with gold. On this is fixed a tablature of black velvet, framed in gold embroidery, and having inscribed upon it in rich golden bordering certain verses of the Koran. A canopy formed of red, blue, green, and yellow satin, in stripes, is suspended over the tomb. At one end of the room hangs a piece of black velvet tapestry, embroidered in silver, with an arabesque pattern; this, they told me, covers a door leading to a cave underneath. Besides this door, and fronting a grated niche in which is suspended a golden lamp, stand two tall silver candlesticks, each about the height of a man. The ceiling of the room is vaulted, and the walls covered with blue and pink porcelain in floral figures. The golden lamp of which I have spoken is kept constantly burning, and, to my surprise, my devout companion took from it the wick, thoroughly saturated as it was with oil, and swallowed it eagerly, doubtless with unctious muttering to herself a prayer, with many a genuflection. She then, in addition to the usual form of prayer, prostrated herself before the tomb, raised the covering, pressed her forehead to the stone, and then kissed it many times. Having remained here an hour or more and completed my sketch, we left, and great was my rejoicing when I found myself once more at home, out of danger and, still better, out of my awkward costume."

Josephus tells us how Hyrcanus the High Priest, when besieged by Antiochus the Pious, opened the tomb and took out three thousand talents, with which he bought off his attack; and subsequently how Herod the king opened another chamber and took away some furniture of gold and precious goods; and how two of Herod's guards were slain by a wrathful flame that burst forth from the tomb, (supposed to be the mouth of the cave covered with the black velvet tapestry) and how Herod the king built up a propitiatory tomb of white stone. Another chronicler, in whom some trust is placed, Benjamin of Tudela, and who visited Jerusalem about 1160—1170, tells the following story of this tomb:—

"On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the House of David and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recognised at present. Fifteen years ago, one of the walls of the place of worship on Mount Zion fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded him to take stones from the original wall of Zion, and to employ them for that purpose, which command was obeyed. Two labourers who were engaged in digging stones from the very foundation of the walls of Zion, happened to meet with one which formed the mouth of a cavern. They agreed to enter the cave and search for treasure; and in pursuit of this object they penetrated to a large hall, supported by pillars of marble incrustated with gold and silver, before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the Sepulchre of David, King of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon and of all the kings of Judah who were buried there: they further saw locked chests, and desired to enter the hall to examine them, but a blast of wind like a storm issued from the cavern, and prostrated them almost lifeless upon the ground. They lay in this state till the evening, when they heard a voice commanding them to rise up and go

forth from the place. They proceeded, terror-stricken, to the patriarch, and informed him of what had occurred. He summoned Rabbi Abraham, of Constantinople, a pious ascetic, one of the mourners of the downfall of Jerusalem, and caused the two labourers to repeat the occurrence in his presence. Rabbi Abraham hereupon informed the patriarch that they had discovered the Sepulchre of the House of David and of the Kings of Judah. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up, so as to hide it effectually from everyone to the present day."



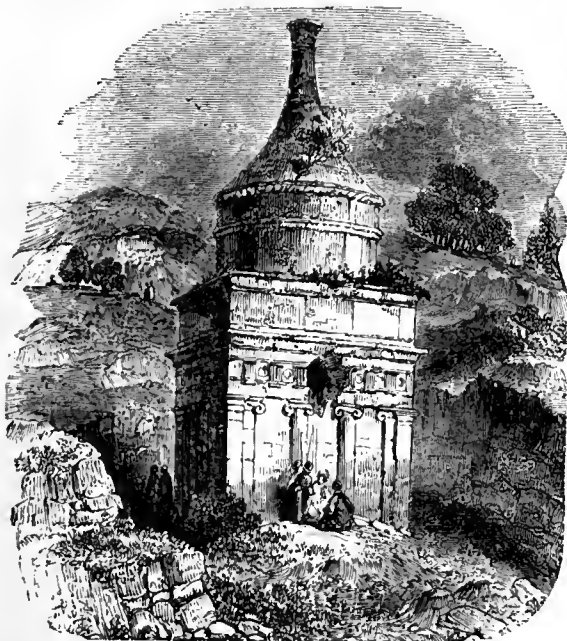
THE TOMB OF DAVID.

We come forth from the Tomb of David, and by the light of the moon, gaze down upon Jerusalem. The hill slopes down to the south by terraces, and is of a yellowish colour and barren appearance, opening in form of a crescent towards the city. By the full light of the harvest-moon of Judæa—in April—we look out upon what was once the loveliest scene in the world.



POOL OF SILOAM.

The eye rests upon the Valley of Jehoshaphat, once green with many waters, and pleasant with gardens and palaces. The opening in the eastern hills leads it from steep to steep across many heights, rising over each other like tumultuous waves, to where the Dead Sea lies shining in the distance. To the right is the beautiful esplanade of the Mosque of Omar, the glittering domes, and the embattled walls. Beneath and near are tombs and ruins. A universal silence reigns over all; save where the voices of the muezzin from the top of the high minarets of the Mosque ring out in prayer, which murmurs again as if an echo, from various parts of the City. Five times every day the sound of prayer may be heard around Jerusalem alone breaking the silence. These prayers or *namaz* are five in number, and have each their allotted hour. First, that of daybreak (*salath Seribh*); this, as we learn from the *Mulkaka* (a collection of the canons of the Mahomedan Faith), was composed by Adam, at the moment when, after his expulsion from the terrestrial Paradise, he saw, for the first time the light of day, and was released from the fear of perpetual darkness. Second, the prayer of midday (*salath Dhahur*), recited by Abraham on the occasion of the sacrifice of his son Isaac. Third, that of the middle of the day (*salath aser*), the expression of Jonah's gratitude on coming forth from the belly of the whale. Fourth, the prayer at evening (*salath*



ABSALOM'S TOMB.

Mughrab) was uttered, towards twilight, by Jesus Christ, to assure the Eternal of his own submission and that of the Virgin Mary. Lastly, the fifth, that of the night (*salath Ereba*), has Moses for its author; that prophet, having lost himself while going forth from Midian, was, just at nightfall, in the plain of Wady Eylam, comforted by the voice of God, and composed this prayer, in thankful acknowledgment of His mercy.

And thus ends our first day in Jerusalem.

IV.—MOUNT ZION AND THE JEWS.

To "go round about Zion and mark well her bulwarks," and see her beauty and her strength, is a task that requires no slight pedestrian strength, as well as determination, in a pilgrim traveller. We are up and out early, strongly tempted everywhere throughout our route by narrow, intricate, half-covered streets, or rather alleys, darkened with canvas where not by arches, to turn aside hither and thither by celebrated localities, long before we have reached the gate of Zion. Passing through this, we place ourselves once more at the House of Caiaphas, where we paused last night in the footsteps of the Saviour, leaving him imprisoned, and awaiting the morning to be taken before the Sanhedrim or Council of the Jews, by them to be condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated. We proceed on our way to the spot where was the Council-Chamber, first pausing to look down upon the Christian burying-grounds. That of the English is on the south slope of Zion, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom. Here lie Bishop Alexander, Robert Bateson, M.P., Dr. Schultz, the Prussian Consul, and others. That of the American Missionaries, which is on the Hill of Zion itself, though but a few years established, has some remarkable names. The burial-ground of the Roman Catholics is nearer to the gate; and the story of an unfortunate there buried is so curious as to be worth noting. This is Costigan, an Irish traveller, who was the first in modern days to navigate the Dead Sea (a feat since successfully performed in a thoroughly professional style by Lieutenant Lynch of the American Navy), and whose death from so doing the superstition of the people hereabouts—Jew as well as Christian—have invested with peculiar terrors. He had a boat brought over from the Mediterranean to Lake Tiberias and came down the Jordan; sliding through its rapids with some danger, and even entering with it into the Dead Sea, into which its waters constantly pour, and where it loses itself. He had only a Maltese sailor with him, and they rowed together round the sea, taking eight days to accomplish that journey. On their return Costigan was exhausted. It was in the month of July, and from nine to five dreadfully hot; every night a north wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lyons. They had suffered exceedingly from the heat, so the sailor reported; Costigan taking his turn at the oars for the first five days; on the sixth day the water was exhausted, and Costigan gave in. On the seventh day they were obliged to drink the water of the sea; and on the eighth, they were near the head of it, the sailor also being exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea; and a favourable wind springing up, they hoisted their sail for the first time, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake. Feeble as he was, the sailor set off for Jericho; and, in the meantime, poor Costigan was found by some Arabs on the shore, a dying man, and by the

intercession of an old woman was carried to Jericho. He was next conveyed up to Jerusalem, where he died in the Latin Convent; but he never once afterwards referred to his unhappy voyage; remaining silent and—as the people about him imagined—terror-stricken at the horrors he had seen while floating over the doomed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. We now enter the city by the Zion Gate. Turn to the left towards the Jewish quarter where, even before reaching it, we find ourselves in the midst of all kind of filth, ruins, and desolate waste ground overrun with the cactus. The walls of the Armenian Convent rise high on one side, shutting out all view; on the other side the ground slopes down towards the Tyropœon through half-ruinous houses over to the site where the Temple enclosure rises. A little on one side are the houses of the lepers—a loathsome race—whom we must avoid. See where "the grass upon the house-tops" is "withered before it be grown up." See where the woman is sitting at that hovel-door, spinning woollen yarn with a spindle, while another near her is twirling the ancient distaff.



JEWS' QUARTER JERUSALEM.

As we are looking over the Tyropœon, the Valley of the Cheesemongers, in coming down the slope, towards the Temple wall—that within the city—let us imagine one scene of the olden times. Take the Temple in its splendour; the Priests in all their power. Let the murderess-queen, Athaliah, hear across the Tyropœon, as she sits stately in the Zion Palace, the rejoicings of the people, as the High Priest points to the young king,—preserved within those sacred precincts from the wholesale murder of his race (2 Kings, xi. 16)—"Treason!" she cries, and rushes over the connecting bridge from the Palace to the Temple, but the High Priest orders her to be taken out immediately, "and they laid hands on her," and carried her out down by "the Horse Gate," to Kedron, and there was she slain. The "great stones" of part of one arch of this bridge that Athaliah crossed, on which, too, Titus stood in order to hold a parley with the Jews in the Temple—are still here. Let us measure this one; it is twenty-five feet long, another, twenty; the width of the bridge we can tell from the spring of the arch remaining; and its length must have been over the Tyropœon from Zion (as it were from Snow Hill to Holborn Hill, across the Valley of the Fleet)

not less than three hundred and fifty feet. Of course there must have been several piers and arches. What a magnificent passage along this causeway, from the south porch of the Temple to Zion!

But this is not the place to speak of the glory of Zion. We are now nearing her wall; that narrow passage like a corridor open to the sky, with that huge massive wall rising about forty feet, and at the base of the wall which supports the west side of the Temple area, is the *Wailing Place* of the Jews. Doubtless these large stones with bevelled edges—some of them still preserving the polish so carefully tooled upon them, as you will notice on the old Egyptian monuments—formed part of the foundations of the Holy Temple itself, certainly they are not later than Herod's day. Here we see a sad and affecting sight, the most painful spectacle in Jerusalem; there are at least fifty Jews, old and young, white-headed, turbanned, fur-capped, or broad-hatted, along the wall, praying and lamenting, with tears running down their cheeks. They lay their foreheads against the sacred stones, they kiss them. They lean against the wall, and seemingly try to pray through cracks and crevices. The tradition which leads them to pray *through* as well as *against* this wall is, that during the building of the Temple, a cloud rested over it, so as to prevent any entrance; and Solomon stood at the door, and prayed that the cloud might be removed, and promised that the Temple should always be opened to men of every nation desiring to offer up prayers; whereupon the Lord removed the cloud, and promised that the prayers of all people offered up in that place should find acceptance in his sight; and now, as the Mussulman lords it over the place where the Temple stood, and the Jews are not permitted to enter, they endeavour to insinuate their prayers through the crevices in the wall, that they may rise from the interior to the throne of Grace (see p. 32). How long and fervent their prayers! See how they stand, with the right foot extended, and the Bible in their hand, intoning the Lamentations of Jeremiah (v., 21, 22, 23), or the Psalms of David, or singing with Isaiah (lxiv., 9-11): "Be not wrath very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever. Behold! see! we beseech Thee! we are all Thy people. Thy Holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Benjamin of Tudela mentions this touching custom in the twelfth century. After the capture of the city by Adrian, the Jews were excluded from entering within Jerusalem, and it was not until the age of Constantine that they were permitted to approach so as to behold Jerusalem from the neighbouring hills. At length they were allowed to enter the city once a year, on the day on which it was taken by Titus, in order to wail over the ruins of the Temple; but this privilege they had to purchase of the Roman soldiers.

The present condition of the Jew at Jerusalem is exactly what it was when Nehemiah attempted their restoration. "The remnant that are left in the captivity, these are in great affliction and reproach."

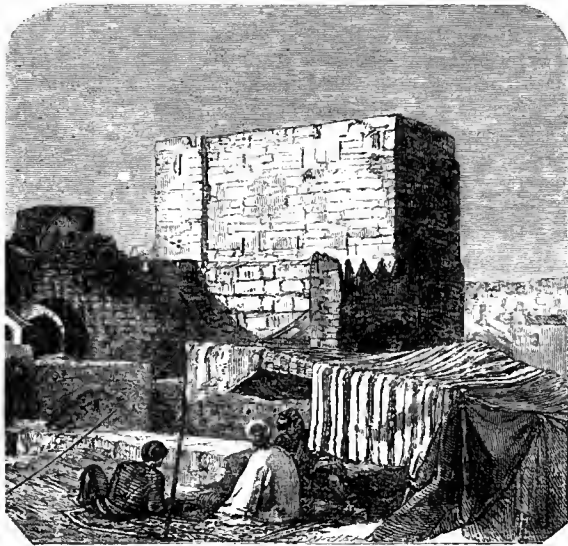
All the Jews in Palestine are under the spiritual domination of a Chief Rabbi, called *Chackham Bashi*, "the First in Zion." He is assisted by a special council of seven leading rabbis, and a large number of sub-rabbis. Hither, to the Holy City, asking but to lay their bones in Jehoshaphat, Jews crowd from all parts

of the world; but there is no trade, no employment, and they are, consequently, miserably poor. The subscription for the Jews, generally, throughout the world, does not avail to allow the poorer Jews more than thirty shillings a year, on which wretched pittance they live miserably, starve and die, constant in their faith, though strongly tempted aside by schools, and hospitals, and allowances, and employment, offered in pious zeal by the different divisions of Protestant Christians, who lay out large sums of money annually in Jerusalem for the purpose. The converted Jew is despised by his brethren and regarded as a dead man; but the unconverted Jew is looked down upon alike by Christian and Turk. nay, it would cost a Jew his life, even at this moment, should he venture into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or even within the outer court of his beloved Temple. They are divisible into Sephardim and Askenarim, or the Spanish and German communities, or southern and northern Jews, the latter numbering 4,000, the former about 7,000. Each class has its own synagogues, and are again divided. The old Pharisees still remain in the *Perous-choni*, which means "separated" or "isolated." The class assuming that title affect great piety, and a knowledge of the mysteries of the Kabala. Almost all agree, however, in adopting the Talmud and its traditions as their canon. Yet there is a sect of Jews which rejects everything but the sacred Scriptures; but it is a very small community, and rarely represented in Jerusalem. That swarthy proud-looking fellow with the pitchfork in his hand (see p. 49), reminds us that the Rechabites, still exist, and boast their descent from Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, and High Priest of Midian. They are still dwellers in tents, and still, as in the time of Jeremiah, offer an example to the faithless sons of Israel (Jeremiah xxxv., 8). They drink no wine, and would deem it a transgression to dwell in houses or obtain a living otherwise than by agriculture.

Near this wall or Wailing-Place is a hospital founded for the Jews by the humanity of M. de Rothschild, Each bed bears the name of one of the members of that family—a monument of their charity. Here, too, is a school for Jewish children recently erected—and bountifully supported by Sir Moses Montefiore, but here, as everywhere, the Jewish quarter is full of dirt, and dust, and nasty smells. The men have a magnificent appearance, in spite of all the poverty and the squalor around.

Having seen the Jews in their present degradation, we now revert to the Jewish Sanhedrim, in its haughty pride, and look for the place whither the Saviour of the world was brought before the Council of the Jews to be questioned. We find it in the present *Mehkemeh* or Council-house (or Guildhall), of the Turks, at the western wall of the Temple, just where Josephus tells us the "first wall" of Jerusalem abutted. We learn from the Psalmist that it was built on piers or arches, and that like the present building it had one entrance to the Temple area, and another to the city. It has now a splendid Saracenic portal, and here is the most beautiful Saracenic Fountain in Jerusalem, of which our artist has made a drawing (see p. 8), showing the women of Jerusalem as of old, fetching and carrying water from it. "You shall meet a man bearing a pitcher of water," was thus a special direction whereby to notice the individual, sure to engage the attention of the disciples of our Lord, when searching for a fit place and person to prepare the Last Supper. The San-

hedrim and its subalterns, having condemned, mocked, and blasphemously maltreated Christ, "then led they Jesus from Caiaphas, unto the judgment seat of Pilate," and it was early, and they themselves went not into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover. Pilate then went out to them. The judgment hall of Pilate was undoubtedly a large apartment in the Tower of Antonia, situated on the north-west corner of the Temple area. Pilate, without condemning him, sent him up to Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, who had, no doubt, come up to the feast, and was occupying the magnificent Palace of Herod the Great, near the Tower of Hippicus, where the chief priests and scribes stood, and vehemently accused Jesus; and Herod, with his men of war, set him at nought and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him back to Pilate. The governor having examined him, informed the chief priests and the rulers and the people assembled in the yard of the Fort of Antonia, that as neither he nor Herod could find anything worthy of death in the Messiah, he would chastise and release him. But the malicious hierarchs having finally extorted his condemnation, he is taken into the Prætorium by the soldiers, arrayed in mock royalty, and smitten, treated with the utmost indignity and cruelty, and finally Pilate, occupying his judgment seat out on Gabbatha, or "the pavement," brought him out of the Prætorium.



TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM.

V.—THE VIA DOLOROSA.

THE Via Dolorosa is a steep, narrow, crooked street, vaulted with arches, and gloomily impressive in appearance, even were it not for the awful reminiscence that up this steep ascent—along this gloomy way reviled, spat upon, and beaten, the meek Saviour of mankind was compelled to toil, laden with his cross, from the judgment seat of Pilate, to the Hill of Calvary.

Standing with our backs to the city wall, at St. Stephen's Gate, having on the right (behind us) the church of St. Anne, where the Virgin was born, and close to the spot where the woman was healed by touching his garment, and on the left the Pool of Bethesda, where "The angels used to come from heaven and bathe," we have, to the right, a small tower of modern construction upwards, but ancient

below, which is regarded as one of the five towers of Fort Antonia, and stands by an archway of pointed architecture. A few paces to the left of this is a small porch; here was said to have been the celebrated *Scala Sancta*, or Sacred Staircase, up and down which, on his way to Herod's Palace and back, and also, after his delivery to the soldiers, the Saviour must have several times ascended and descended. It was removed by the pious care of the Emperor Constantine to St. John the Lateran's convent. This gate opened into the Prætorium by the guard-room of the Roman soldiers. An iron door under a gateway here, about twenty paces further up, leads into the Convent of the Flagellation, which marks the place where the soldiers mocked and scourged Our Lord. The early Christians raised a chapel on this spot; one Quaresmius will tell you how this church was in ruins in 1618, and how the son of the Governor of that day repaired it and made a stable of it, and how on the night of the 14th January, 1619, the fête of the Holy Name—all the horses placed in it died, and so the Turks abandoned the buildings. A pious Pilgrim, Duke Maximilian, of Bavaria, saw it in 1838, deplored its condition, and paid for rebuilding the convent and chapel. There is still to be seen a beautiful mosaic pavement, whether of the Prætorium or the original Chapel is doubtful.

Coming out of this gate we have before us the Palace of Pilate, now only a ruined portion of a house. A Turkish post use it for barracks. It commands a charming view of the (Temple) Esplanade of the Mosque of Omar, and the gardens and corridors, and marble pulpit of that sacred locality (see p. 33), from that upper chamber, where you may see the Turkish colonel smoking at the window as he tranquilly enjoys the prospect.

Christ having been scourged with rods, crowned with thorns (probably of the cactus, as thorny and common) and dressed in a purple robe, was presented to the Jews by Pilate. *Ecce Homo!* "Behold the man!" exclaimed the Judge, and you still see the window from which these memorable words were pronounced.

Over against the northern corner of Pilate's house the arch of the *Ecce Homo* crosses the street. A lofty gateway with a narrow gallery at the top, from which Pilate is said to have addressed the Jews on delivering the Saviour into their hands.

Ecclesiastical tradition commences from these points, the numbering of what are called "The Stations" of our Lord's journey to the crucifixion.

Passing through the arch with the procession of people, soldiers, and the meek Saviour, sorely burthened with his cross, we lock up the narrow street, and we see it rapidly ascending, sometimes open, at others, gloomily covered with arches. The walls on either side rise like those of a prison. There is just such a place within Newgate, whence the prisoners pass from the cell to the gallows. It is called the Debtor's Yard, and has a passage just such as this—no wider; with just such walls and stones, which, marked with numbers, the turnkey will point out to your shuddering attention as denoting the graves of murderers, the very mention of whose names, with the memory of the awful crimes associated with them, is appalling. Go there and imagine this *Via Dolorosa*. The stones are rugged and slippery. A few small doorways or grated windows, or a rare wooden lattice, open into it; and at these bend the spectators, gazing on the Procession of Death. We mount the steep

ascent until we turn the street by which stands the neatly built house of the Austrian Consulate. At this corner, on the left, is a column, which marks the "Third Station," being the place where Our Saviour first sank down under the weight of the Cross. Turning our backs to this column, we see on the side of this street a dilapidated church,—what is left of the ruins of "Our Lady of Sorrows,"—built on the spot where the Holy Mary—who had been at first driven away by the guards—met her Son, bending beneath the weight of the Cross. St. Boniface and St. Anselm have preserved the tradition, which the love of every Christian mother has perpetuated. Mary, we know, was at the foot of the Cross, with Mary, the wife of Cleophas and Mary Magdalen (John xix., 25). St. Boniface tells us, that the Virgin "sank to the ground as if lifeless, and could not utter a single word." St. Anselm asserts that Christ said, "Hail, mother!" "Eighteen centuries of persecution without end," says Chateaubriand, "of incessant revolutions, of continually increasing ruins, have not been able to erase or hide the traces of a mother going to weep over her son." This is the "Fourth Station."

The road, which before ran east and west, makes here a sharp angle, and turns to the north and south, the Via Dolorosa continuing in the latter direction—the former trending up to the Damascus Gate. Proceeding southwards, about sixty yards to the left, we come to the House of the Rich Man (Luke xvi. 1.), now a Military Hospital. The stones of which it is built are laid in courses of red and white, so that you can easily recognise it. Close by here, the Jews, seeing that their victim was not able to carry his Cross any longer, caught hold of Simon the Cyrenean, who was just going into the city towards the Gate of Ephraim (a street from which leads up here), and made him assist in carrying it. This is the "Fifth Station." A niche in the wall at the angle of the street on our right hand, shows at a short distance on the left the broken shaft of a column marking the situation of the house, on the threshold of which Berenice, afterwards known as Saint Veronica (or the Holy Woman of the True Image), came forth to wipe the sweat of agony from the suffering Saviour's brow, and received on her handkerchief the full impress and character of His Holy visage. This is the "Sixth Station."

Here ends the Via Dolorosa and commences the descent of Calvary. Here begins what an American missionary has called "the most interesting half acre on the face of the earth;" for within that space are Mount Calvary, Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre, the scene of our Lord's Passion.

We have reached the top end of the Via Dolorosa, and begin now to descend. We now pass through a portion of a vaulted Turkish bazaar, and on coming out again, see three columns denoting the spot of another, the third, fall of Our Saviour under his oppressive burthen. Each time was he driven forward as we are told, by the blows and revilings of the impatient soldiers, amid the tears of his followers, and the pitying daughters of Jerusalem, and the outcries of the fanatic party of the Jews, many of whom—strangers from the outer country—were present for the Feast. Up the little street to the right, and we reach the square of the church of Calvary, or of the Resurrection, which is included, together with that of the Discovery of the Holy Cross—three Churches, under the one roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



VIA DOLOROSA.

Thus far we have traced the Sacred Scene. It is impossible even to peruse, in the Gospels, the mournful history of Our Lord's sufferings, without the most painful emotion. What must be the feelings of a Christian mind, when, with profound and melancholy admiration, it traces the scenes around, and follows the very footsteps of the Saviour at the foot of Mount Zion, in sight of the Temple, and within the very walls of Jerusalem! The Via Dolorosa itself is only a mile in length, but it has taken just two hours to ascend it to the present point. It has been calculated that the distance traversed by the Saviour between the "Upper Room" and Golgotha, was from four to five miles; from Zion to Gethsemane, 900 yards; Gethsemane to House of Annas, 2,400; House of Annas to High Priest's Palace, 2,100; High Priest's Palace to Council House, 400; Council House to Prætorium (in Antonia), 400; Prætorium to Herod's Palace, 1,000; Herod's Palace, back to Prætorium, 1,000; Prætorium to Golgotha, 600. Total yards, 8,000.

We may now step across the square and proceed on to the awful consummation of the day's proceedings as set forth before us in the magnificent and world-renowned Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

VI.—THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE representation we have given of this noble Church (page 9), taken as it is, from a photograph, and therefore unexaggerated, will give a correct notion of

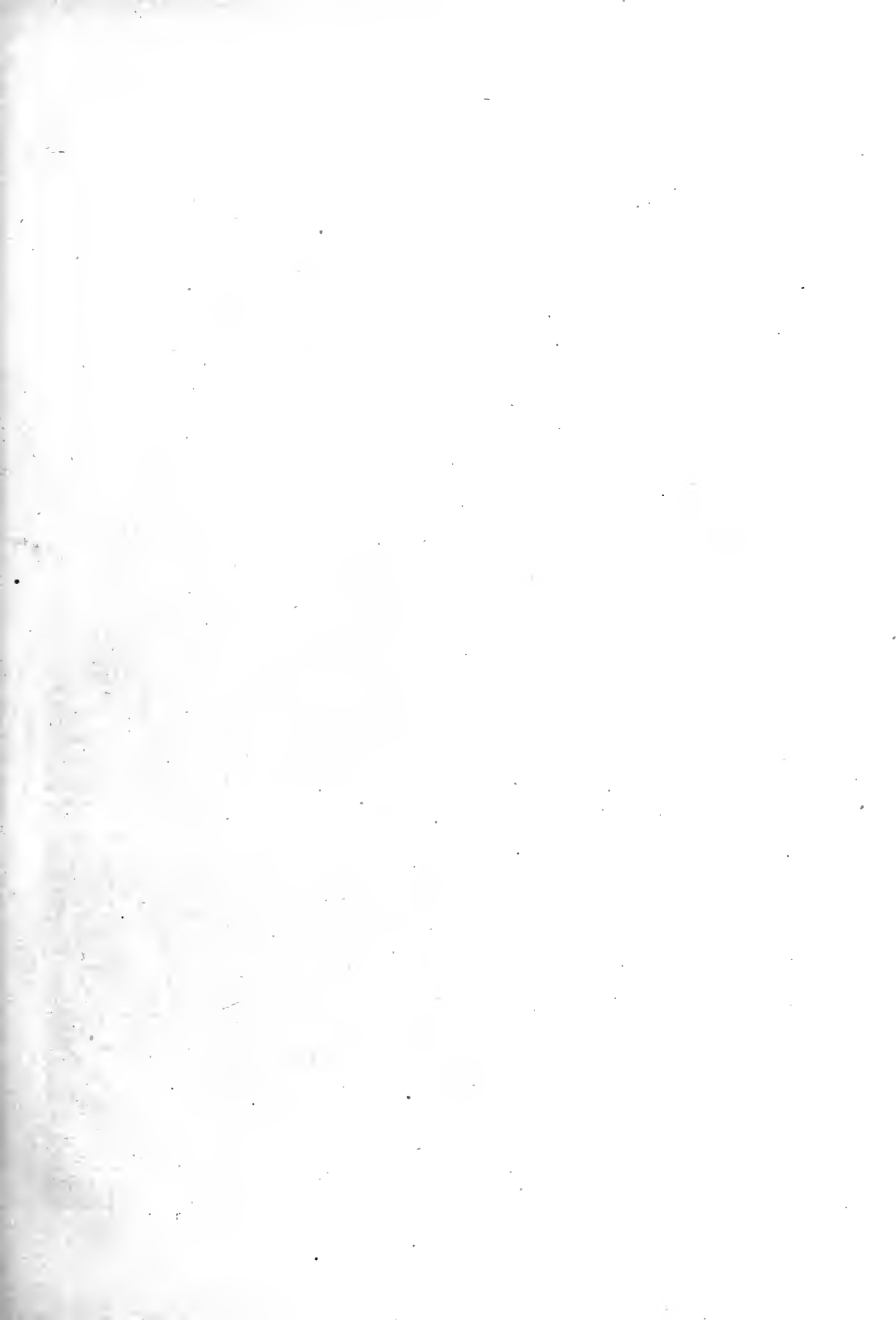
the magnificent character of this august edifice, which, in its combination of style, calls to mind memories of the Crusaders, as well as the Byzantine age of its erection. The Convents that cluster round it, as if under its sacred shelter, add to its impressive majesty by increase of area, and to its picturesqueness by their harmonious irregularity. Constantine's mother, the Empress Helena, built the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It has been fired and ravaged, but not destroyed; and though restored and in some parts rebuilt by the Crusaders and other Christians, ancient or otherwise, retains its ancient form. When Jerusalem last fell under the Muhammadan yoke, the Syrian Christians ransomed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with a considerable sum, and monks repaired thither to defend with their prayers a spot entrusted in vain to the arms of kings. It is said that, within three centuries of Our Lord's sacrifice, the Christians obtained permission to build, or rather rebuild, a church over the Tomb, and to enclose in the new City the spot venerated by the Christians. These places were afterwards profaned, but recovered and restored by the Princess Helena. The letter of Constantine the Emperor, to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, is still extant, in which he commands him to erect a church on the place where the great mystery of Salvation was accomplished. Coming into the court, we observe the pavement—worn under the feet of innumerable pilgrims—the high tower, the Saracenic arches of the windows and the entrance, as well as the ruins of pillars of Byzantine architecture. This court is paved, you see, with the common flag-stone of Jerusalem, and is about ninety feet long by seventy wide. The two ample doorways are elaborately ornamented, but the whole is greatly dilapidated. The tower on the west has a grand effect: there are now but two stories, and the ruins of a third, but there were once five. The under story is the Chapel of St. John; south of it is that of Mary Magdalene, and adjoining this is the Chapel of St. James; connected with it and facing the western side of the court, is a range of chapels; the apse, or semicircular opening behind the altar, (by which the priest passes to prepare the Host), appearing externally as buttresses. The whole is a vast and beautiful monument of the Byzantine age, of an architecture severe, solemn, grand and rich. The monument appears, if not worthy of the Tomb of the Son of Man, certainly of those whose wish has been to do it honor. The small Mosque which faces this magnificent edifice was built by Omar, when, after conquering the city, he came to offer his prayer at the Holy Tomb. But a difficulty arose in the generous mind of the pious Chief of the Faithful. The act of his kneeling there would immediately, according to usage, have converted the whole building into a mosque, and so deprived the Christians of their most cherished monument. Desirous, withal, of not passing the Tomb of the Prophet Jesus without offering up his thanks for the victory he had obtained, Omar ordered the place on which this mosque stands to be cleared of the filth and ruins which encumbered it, and, prostrating himself there, addressed a *namaz*, or prayer, to the Eternal, of which the mosque itself was, subsequently, erected in commemoration. The property in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is vested in the Sultan, as a means of ensuring free and joint access to all communities of the Christians and Turks; whose representatives, resident on the spot, would otherwise, as they too often do

even now, profane it by their indecent quarrels. Even now, Turks and Christians alike unanimously refuse admission to the Jew, who, as a descendant of the Saviour's murderers, would enter at the sure peril of his life. The key is in the hands of the governor of the City. The door is opened only at fixed hours, and then only with the consent of the three convents, Armenian, Latin, and Greek. The rush of pilgrims this day is something tremendous: we have some difficulty in pushing our way through the motley throng. Every man of any sensibility must feel affected at the sight of so many people of all nations, thus pressing to the tomb of Christ the Saviour of all, and at hearing prayers offered up to Him in so many different languages, here on the very spot where the Holy Spirit gave to twelve humble men, the Apostles of God, the gift of speaking in all the tongues of the earth.

With this serious and solemn impression we enter the nave, passing the Turkish guard, who, sitting on a divan, in the western entrance, have their coffee cups and pipes placed before them on the carpet. Pilgrims, travellers and visitors of every hue and dye of the Frank order, are expected, if not required, to make bare both head and foot on entering any of the sacred localities of the Holy City, whether Jesuit, Moslem, or Christian; and at the Holy Sepulchre, the visitor is expected to doff his shoes as well as his hat: nor must you cross your hands behind your back, or show the slightest gesture of "taking it easy," or longing disrespect—if such vulgarity of mind could by possibility display itself within such precincts, or in the presence of such memories. We see, at once, on issuing from the vestibule, that we are in the first of the three churches that constitute the great whole, and that the Church of Calvary, the first we enter, is built in the form of a cross, the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre constituting in fact the nave of the edifice. We stand at once under the large cupola of the dome. This grand rotunda is most striking and impressive. It rises to a height of about one hundred feet, and the circular opening at the top, for light, is about fifteen feet in diameter. We have to observe, that to the shame of Christendom the roof is out of repair, for the covering of lead has been torn off by the wind, and there is a contest for the right of repairing it. Sixteen marble columns adorn the circumference of this rotunda. They are connected by seventeen arches, and support an upper gallery, likewise composed of sixteen columns and seventeen arches, of smaller dimensions than those of the lower range. Niches corresponding with the arches appear above the frieze of the second gallery, and the dome springs from the arches of these niches. The pictures of the twelve apostles, St. Helena and the Emperor Constantine, with some other portraits, unknown, that once adorned these niches, were destroyed by the fire in 1808. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands at the foot of Calvary, its eastern front adjoins that eminence, beneath and upon which are the two other churches connected with it by courts and staircases.

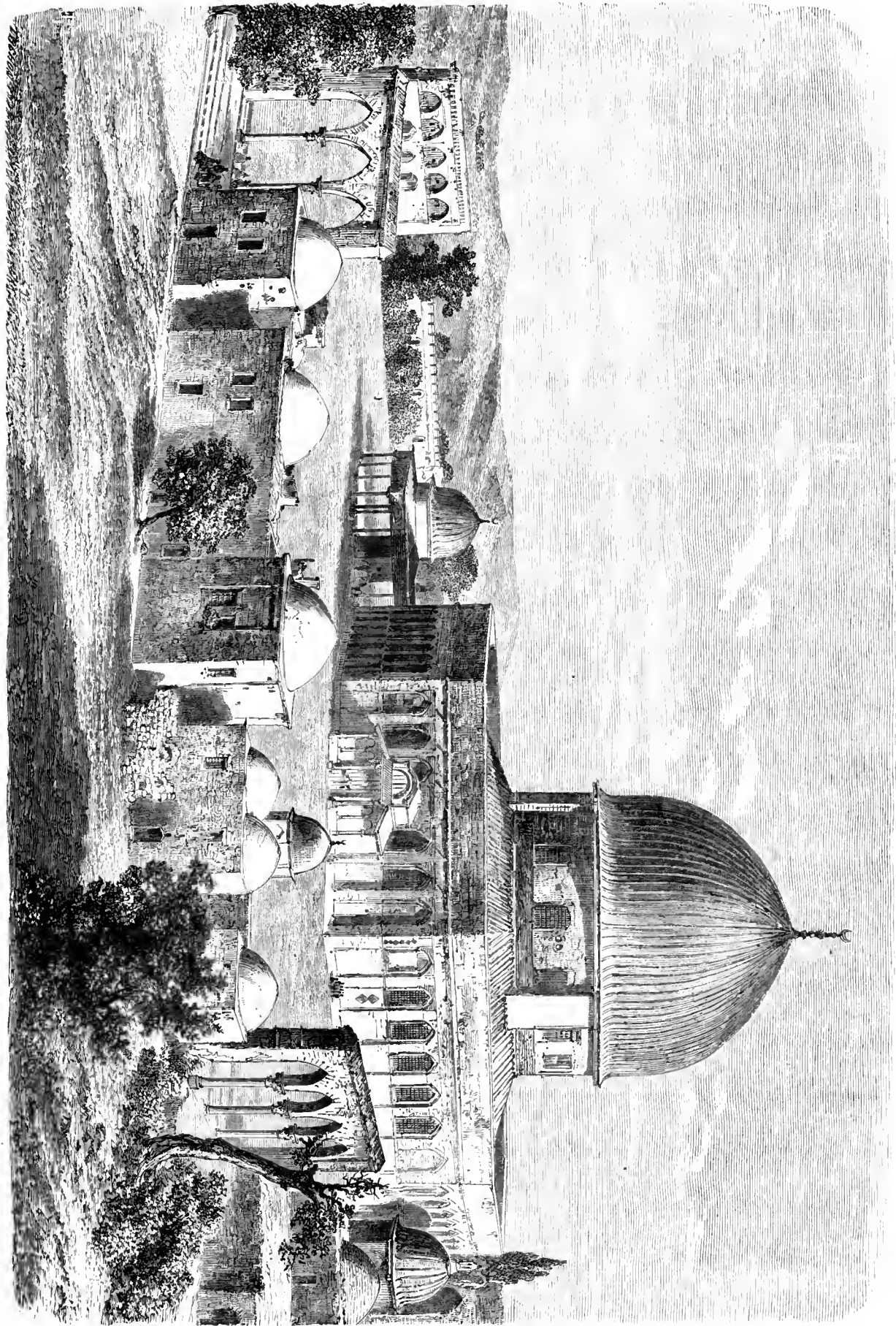
We have omitted to mention that in this original dome were large beams of the cedars of Lebanon,¹

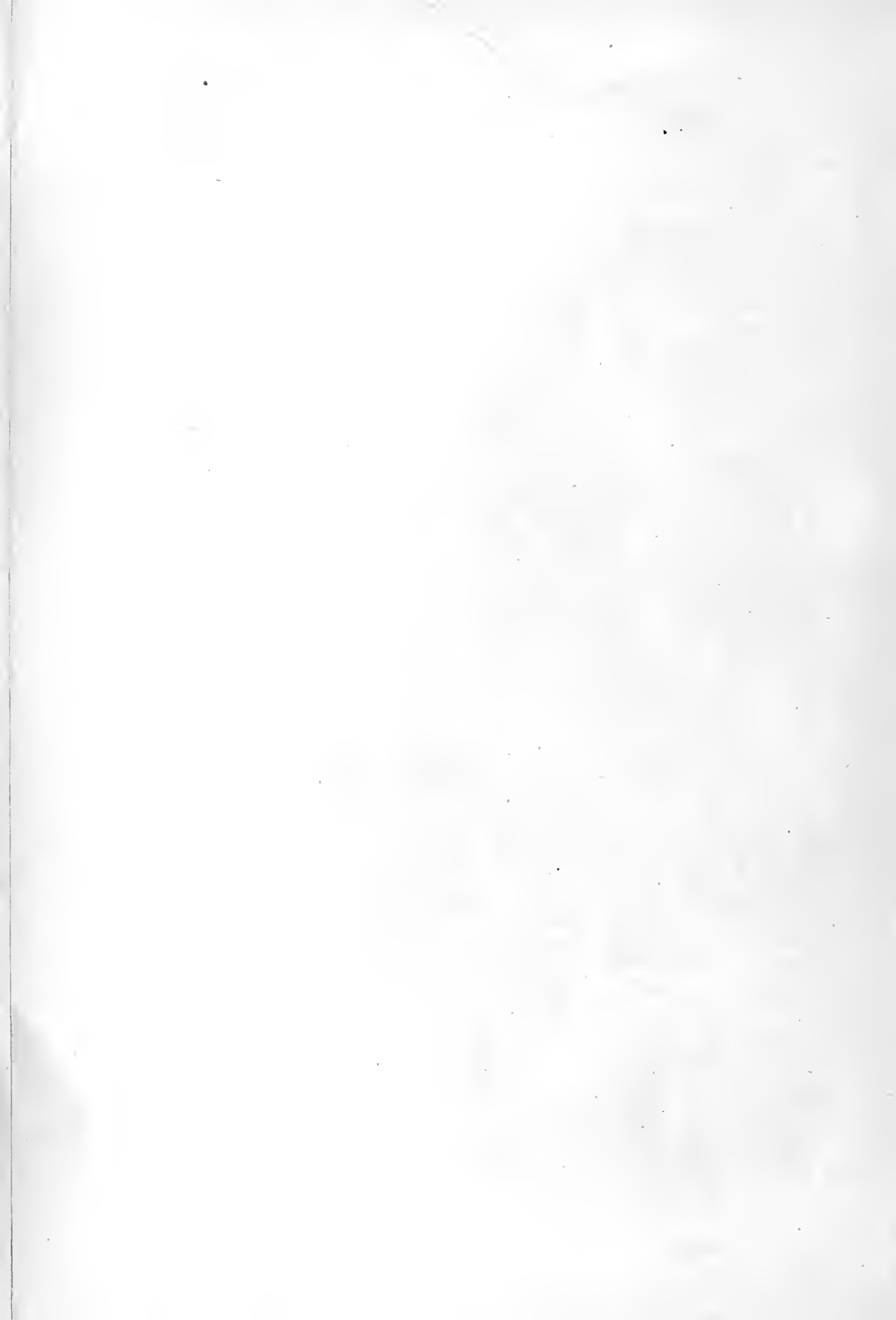
¹ The Cedar of the Bible is now confined to one locality. The celebrated Cedars of Lebanon are situated high up in the mountains, ten hours (or about twenty-eight miles) south east from Tripoli. Besherrah is directly west in the romantic gorge of the Khadisha, two thousand feet below them, and Ehdan is three hours' distant on the road to Tripoli. In no other part of Syria are the mountains





THE WAILING PLACE.—JEWS PRAYING AT THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.





destroyed by the fire of 1808, and impossible to be replaced.¹

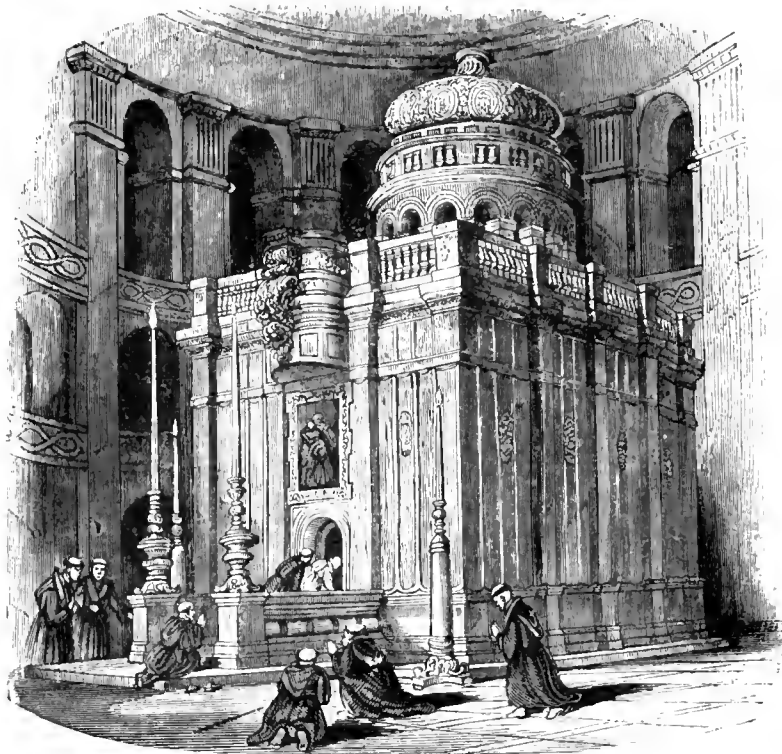
The Greek church opens from the Rotunda, and is in a line with it, though separated by a partition of painted wood hung with pictures, and singularly profuse with ornaments of every description. It is a gorgeous affair, blazing with gold quite up to the dome. It has a high altar at the east end, and wide transepts at the west, and is about a hundred feet from west to east, and the same from north to south. The dark-looking chapel of the Latins, opening from the north-east, will not sustain a comparison with the gorgeous glitter of the Greeks; nevertheless, these churches altogether do not fail to create a solemn and impressive feeling. Erected as they are on an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps, a sombre, dim, religious light pervades the whole, and is singularly mysterious. Priests of the different divisions of Christianity are seen moving about the building. From the arches above, from the chapels below, and subterranean vaults, their songs are heard, the organ of the Latin fathers, the cymbals of the Abyssinian priest, or the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately or at once assail the ear. You inhale the perfume of incense all around, and merely perceive the poutiff—who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished—pass quickly by, glide

so alpine, the proportions so gigantic, the ravines so profound and awful. The platform on which they stand is more than six thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and around it are gathered the very tallest and grayest heads of Lebanon. The forest is not large, not more than five hundred trees, great and small, grouped irregularly on the sides of shallow ravines which mark the birth of the Khadisha river. A night among the cedars is never forgotten—beneath the giant arms of these old patriarchs there comes a solemn hush upon the soul. Some of the trees are struck down by lightning, broken by enormous loads of snow, or torn to fragments by tempests. There is a complete gradation from old to young—young trees are constantly springing up from the roots of old ones and from seeds of ripe cones. The girth of the largest is more than forty-two feet: the height of the highest may be one hundred. These largest, however, part into two or three only a few feet from the ground. Their age is very uncertain, judging from what are called the *growths* or annual concentric circles. The birth of some of them may be carried back three thousand five hundred years. They are carved full of names and dates, and the growth since the earliest date has been almost nothing. At this rate of increase they must have been growing ever since the Flood!

¹ Of the fire which attacked the tomb in 1808, the following account is given by an eye-witness:—"The heat was so excessive, that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the sacred grotto, were completely pulverised. The lamps and chandeliers, with the other vessels of the Church—brass, and silver, and gold—were melted like wax; the molten lead from the immense dome, which crowned the Holy Sepulchre, poured down in torrents; the Chapel erected by the Crusaders on the top of the monolith was entirely consumed; half the ornamental hangings in the ante-chapel of the Angel were scorched; but the cave itself, though deluged with a shower of lead and buried in a mountain of fire, received not the slightest injury internally; the silk hangings and the painting of the Resurrection remaining, in the midst of the volcanic eruption, unscathed by flame, the smell of fire not having passed upon them." This was not the first escape of the Holy Sepulchre from destruction by fire. In 969 the Kaliph Muez gave orders to destroy the buildings, as far, at least, as destruction could be compassed by fire; and during the Khalifate of El-Hakim, the prophet of the Druses, in 1010 the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre was defaced and special efforts made to destroy it. Glaber, a contemporary chronicler, relates that they endeavoured to break in pieces even the hollow tomb of the sepulchre with iron hammers, but without success, and Audemar, another chronicler and pilgrim, states that when they found it impossible to break in pieces the stones of the monument, they tried to destroy it by the help of fire, but that it remained firm and solid as adamant.

behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the sanctuary.

There are some seventy "stations" within, and connected with this mass of buildings, and a visit to them all is no light achievement. The whole pile of edifices is three hundred and fifty feet long from St. Joseph's sepulchre, within the "aisle on the west of the Rotunda, down to the extremity of the Chapel of the 'Invention' on the east, and it is not less than two hundred and eighty feet to the north side of the apartments belonging to the Latins. We will, therefore, for the sake of a more lucid order in visiting the shrines, resume our footsteps in the procession of Our Lord towards Calvary, and pass through the localities of the last impressive scenes described in the Evangelists. We enter the Latin Chapel, and cross it to where, at the right hand, is the Altar of the Scourging, where, through an iron railing, is a portion of the pillar to which the Saviour was attached while flogged by the soldiers in Pilate's court-yard. There are pilgrims here, like the curious country folks who, when they visit London exhibitions, desire to touch everything. For these is provided a long stick, with a handle outside, which the pilgrim thrusts in to touch the pillar, and then draws out to kiss the point, made sacred, as he supposes, by the contact. Passing hence, to the extreme of the left nave, we enter a small vaulted chapel—seven feet long, and six wide—called the Chapel of the Bonds, where Our Lord was confined pending the preparations for his crucifixion. This chapel is on the opposite side to Mount Calvary. In the circular cave adjoining is the shrine of St. Longinus, the Jewish soldier who pierced Our Lord's side after his death. Here he retired after the deed, and reflecting on what he had seen, received the inspiration of his new faith. In this chapel the inscription on the Cross is said to have been long preserved. Very close to this is the "Chapel of the Division of the Garments," five paces long and three broad, standing on the very spot where Jesus was stripped by the Soldiers before he was nailed to the Cross, where they mocked him, cast lots for his apparel, and divided it among them (John xix., 23). This is called the "Tenth Station." Leaving this chapel, and turning to the left as we come out of it, we find a great staircase pierced through the wall—(on the other side of this opening is the small "Chapel of the Mocking")—and, diving down, dark and mysteriously, into a kind of cellar dug out of the rock, pass by a flight of thirty broad stairs down to a most striking spot, on the left. This is the Chapel of St. Helena, a large chamber, nearly a square of eighteen paces, with a small cupola in the centre, having four small windows, that admit a dim light. The cupola springs from arches supported by four short Byzantine pillars, with ponderous but picturesque capitals. Strings of ostrich eggs, suspended from pillar to pillar, and a few silver lamps, are the only ornaments. The pavement is broken and rugged. Here the Empress Helena offered up her prayers, and here is the marble chair on which she sat and watched the workmen digging for the True Cross. Lower and lower we descend, by thirteen steps, into the subterranean cave. This is covered with red tapestry, and a marble slab, bearing on it a figure of the Cross, closes up the mouth of the pit from which the venerated relics of the True Cross were dug out, "together with the nails, the crown of thorns, and the head of the spear, after lying buried in this place upwards of three hundred years."



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

There are but few lights here—the scene is solemn and impressive: what wonder that the o'erwrought feelings of enthusiastic pilgrims have regarded even the moisture exuding from the heart of the rock as tears wept for sorrow at Our Lord's sufferings!

Returning up the double flight of steps, emerging from the sombre cavern to the still dim light of St.

ther on we come to a narrow staircase of eighteen marble steps, up which we ascended to the top of Mount Calvary, the place of the crucifixion. This place, once so ignominious, having been sanctified by the blood of Our Lord, was an object of particular attention of the first Christians. Having removed the earth which was upon it, they surrounded it with walls,



INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Helena's chapel, into the fuller twilight, as it then looked to us, of the great church, studded with lamps like stars, we feel the full effect of its solemn antiquity and sacred gloom, its dim retiring arches, and shadowy corridors, its lamps, and lights, and pictures, its pealing organs and chanted prayers; while fancy called before our mind the long array of knights and pilgrims who, century after century, through so many perils, had come to kneel around the Sacred Tomb, and, like us, turned their feet, shuddering and awe-struck, towards Calvary. Immediately after coming up the forty-nine stairs, we see, on our right, the "Chapel of the Mocking," a little place four yards long and two and a half broad, under the altar of which is a pillar of gray marble spotted with black, two feet high, on which Jesus was forced to sit down while the soldiers in mockery crowned him with thorns, and cried, "Hail! King of the Jews!" and smote him. Forty yards farther

on we come to a narrow staircase of eighteen marble steps, up which we ascended to the top of Mount Calvary, the place of the crucifixion. This place, once so ignominious, having been sanctified by the blood of Our Lord, was an object of particular attention of the first Christians. Having removed the earth which was upon it, they surrounded it with walls, so that it is now like a lofty chapel inclosed within this spacious church. It is fifteen feet square, paved with marble in mosaic, and hung on all sides with silken tapestry, with lamps descending from the ceiling. Two short pillars support the spring of two arches; that towards the north is the spot where Our Lord was nailed to the cross, and is the "Twelfth Station" of the Pilgrimage. Here thirty-two lamps are kept continually burning, which are attended by the Franciscan brothers, who daily perform mass in this sacred place. In the other part, which is to the south, is where the Holy Cross was erected. You still see the hole dug in the rock to the depth of about a foot and a-half, besides the earth that was about it at the time. This is at the foot of a large

altar at the end, adorned with paintings and figures. Under that altar is a round plate of silver, with a hole in the centre. On each side, rather close, is another, wherein the crosses of the two thieves were erected. That of the penitent thief was to the north, and the other to the south, so that the first was on the Saviour's right hand, who had his face turned towards the west and his back to Jerusalem, which lies to the east. Fifty lamps are kept constantly burning on this spot, which is the "Thirteenth Station." The thieves, it must be noticed, are said to have been buried, as was the custom with such culprits, close by their crosses—generally with them—and it is said that, under the pavement of St. Helena's chapel is a hollow place that was used for that purpose. Look down on this same platform of marble (for all is richly encased), and you will see some brass bars, having a silk cover over them. Lift that silken cover, and you will observe a fissure or crevice in a rock,—the rock that was rent asunder by the dying cry of Our Lord—in the agonies of Death—"My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me!" There is an iron grating, with steps, down which you may descend and see the cleft, going further into, and splitting the rock.¹

Opposite this place is a large monument, said to be erected over the skull of Adam,—a singular Arab tradition strangely connecting with the Saviour's death on this spot the first man through whom all sinned, and the God in man through whom the sins of man are remitted. There is evidently some very ancient tradition respecting a skull connected with this locality, for the names of Golgotha and Calvary given to it in the old times are, otherwise, inexplicable; and the learned, who have not taken this tradition into account, or perhaps have never heard of it, seem to have puzzled themselves greatly about the interpretation of these words.

We descend from Calvary down by a second staircase, that brings us out again to the porch of the Church; so that we now see before us, level with its pavement, surrounded by a railing, with six colossal candlesticks burning beside it, a long flat slab of white marble, not quite eight feet in length and about ten feet in width, round which crowds of pilgrims, old men, young women, and children are prostrating themselves—the rich man and the beggar, the pale Frenchman and the swarthy Copt, kneeling, praying in all attitudes, and kissing the "Stone of Unction," for such it is; that upon which the body of our Lord was said to have been anointed with myrrhs and aloes before it was laid in the Sepulchre. This consequently is the "Fourteenth Station." This stone is by some said to be of the same rock as Mount Calvary; others assert that it

was brought to this place by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who were secret disciples of Jesus Christ. There are pieces of it to be seen in different parts of Europe, which are of a greenish colour; indeed, so indiscreet were pilgrims in breaking away relics that the whole would have been lost, and it was at last found necessary to cover it with white marble and surround it with an iron railing. On the left is another spot encircled also with railing, and having a lamp burning within it. Here stood "the women," the Virgin Mother and Mary Magdalene, and the sister of Lazarus, sadly gazing on the loved and honoured dead during the anointing.

The Entombment follows the Anointing. It is the last stage (the Fifteenth Station of the pilgrimage) in the awful story. Thirty paces further on, to the right, we are under the cupola; just in the centre of the great dome, approached by a slightly elevated platform, reached by two steps from the side, but gradually led up to from the front, we perceive sixteen golden candlesticks, exceeding the height of a man, with blazing wax candles of colossal dimensions, placed in front of a beautiful *Cedicula* or small marble church enclosing the tomb in which the Lord of Life lay in death. It stands quite alone, and is about ten feet in breadth and twenty feet in height, and twenty-six feet long. It is here that the pilgrim is expected to throw off his shoes, "for the place is holy." We enter within the first of the two sanctuaries into which it is divided; here is the stone where the Angel was seated when he addressed the two Marias "He is not here, but he is risen;" and, as well on account of this, and to prevent the Sepulchre from being entered, the first Christians erected before it a little chapel, which is called the Angel's Chapel. The second Sanctuary incloses the Sepulchre itself, which is, in fact, the rock that contained the Sepulchre hewn bodily away, as the rock itself can be seen under the lintel of the low entrance. Within is a sarcophagus covered with white marble, and the rock itself is all cased round with greenish marble, like *verd-antique*. Forty lamps of gold and silver, always burning night and day, light this chapel. The air is warm and balmy with perfume. You enter through a curtain, and if possible—except on such days as this, of Easter festival—alone, with but one guardian monk. The interior of the Sepulchre is nearly square; it is six feet in length, (except an inch), and six feet (all but two inches) in breadth; and eight feet high from the floor to the roof. The entrance, which faces the east, is only four feet high, and two feet and a quarter broad, so that all must stoop that enter. Nor within is there much room, for the solid block of the same stone, left in excavating the other part, and hewn into the sarcophagus shape, is two feet four high, and being six feet (but one inch) long, and two feet wide, it occupies half the Sepulchre. On this table the body of Our Lord was laid, with his head towards the west, and the feet to the east; but on account of a notion of the Oriental Christians that, if they place their hair on this stone, God will never forsake them, and also because the pilgrims broke off pieces, it was covered with white marble.

We enter with reverence, and we come forth with awe. Such impressions admit not of words. "Death," says Chateaubriand, "lies conquered and enchained in this monument." "All the pious emotions," says Lamartine, "which have affected our souls in every

¹ Henry Maundrell, in his journal (1697), says: "At about one yard and a-half distance from the hole in which the foot of the cross was fixed, is seen that memorable cleft in the rock, said to have been made by the earthquake which happened at the suffering of the God of nature, when, as St. Matthew witnesseth (Math. xxvii., 51.), 'The rocks rent, and the very graves were opened.' This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a span wide at its upper part, and two deep, after which it closes, but it opens again below, as you may see at another chapel, contiguous to the side of Calvary, and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake that happened at Our Lord's passion, there is only tradition to prove, but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings, as cannot well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instruments."

period of life ; all the prayers that have been breathed from our hearts and our lips in the name of Him who taught us to pray to his Father and to ours ; all the joys and griefs, of which these prayers were the interpreters, are awakened in the depths of the soul, and produce by their echoes, by their very confusion, a bewildering of the understanding and a melting of the heart which seeks not language, but transpires in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, a prostrate forehead, and lips glued in silence to the sepulchral stone."

This stone has been aptly called the material visible foundation of the whole edifice of Christians. The respect which all men acknowledge to have felt on coming near to these relics is one of the most remarkable facts in the modern world. An incontestable truth seems to take its departure from this spot. Doubt, hesitate, suggest, as many do,—it has been found impossible by any to approach this one spot without awe and veneration. "To the Christian or the philosopher," as has been finely said, "to the moralist, or to the historian, this tomb is the boundary of two worlds—the ancient and the modern. From this point issued a truth that has reversed the universe ; a civilisation that has transformed all things ; a word which has echoed over the whole globe. This tomb is the sepulchre of the old world, cradle of the new ; never was earthly stone the foundation of so vast an edifice ; never was tomb so prolific ; never did doctrine, inhumed for three days or three centuries, so victoriously rend the rocks which men had sealed over it, give the lie to death by so transcendent a resurrection."¹

Twelve yards from the Holy Sepulchre is a chapel containing a large block of grey marble, about four feet in diameter, placed there to mark the spot where Our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene in the form of a gardener. (John xx., 15.) Farther on is the "Chapel of the Apparition," where, as tradition asserts, Our Lord first appeared to the Virgin Mary, after his resurrection. The Copts, a very small community, have an altar immediately behind the Holy Sepulchre itself. In a straight line from this, the Syrians have a chapel, behind which is a small door between two pillars to the left, as we stand with our backs to the Holy Sepulchre. In this cavern are two openings, constituting, as we are told, the Tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. As you pass from the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, into the Greek Church, you see in the centre, under the cupola, a spot marked out as the navel or centre of the world. But it is Easter Sunday, and the Turkish Guards are entering, for it is now mid-day, and the great Greek ceremony of the Sacred Fire is about to take place. We must pass, therefore, with rapid glance, the Tombs of Adam and Melchisedek, an Arab and Turkish introduction into the Church. Greeks, Arabs, and Copts, Germans, French and Italians crowd in upon the entrance,

¹ According to Eusebius, the Emperor Constantine, being divinely moved thereto soon after his memorable vision of the Cross, "*In hoc signo vinces*"—"Under this banner shalt thou conquer") caused the dirt and other obstructions with which Hadrian had covered the rocky cavern, as well as the sanctuary of Venus, that had been erected by his order upon a vast hill of earth heaped over the ancient Christian chapel which marked his shrine, to be removed, and a magnificent Temple to be built about it. The monticle containing the sepulchre of our Lord was cut away until it became only a foot or two in thickness around the cavern, which seems at that time to have been converted into a double-roomed sepulchre, and was covered with marble within and without

and all rush tumultuously towards the orifice on the right side of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greek Archbishop, with a long retinue of priests, marches in procession round the tomb. At last the Archbishop enters the Chapel of the Angel, and, after a few moments of awe-stricken silence,—the multitude expecting the Divine presence, and a miraculous fire from within,— thrusts through an opening in the Edicula, a bunch of thirty-three wax candles—one for each year of the Saviour's life. These are alight, and are received from him by a person specially privileged. It is impossible to describe the tumult that ensues. There were thousands of pilgrims of all nations present, all in a state of frantic excitement, and they shouted and screamed. The tremulous motion of the arms of so many people at once raised above their heads was in itself surprising. Hands were crossed in every direction, torches blazed in every hand, and a mounted horseman waiting at the gate rides off full speed to Bethlehem to light up the Greek altars there from this sacred fire. The Archbishop was carried back in triumph to his sanctuary, brandishing his torches as he went, and looking like one possessed. The smoke of the torches, and the waving lights, and the shouts of the people, create an intensely exciting scene. The first hurry is to get a light for the candle each carries, and then each tries to snuff out his candle, after a short time, with his skull-cap of linen, called *tekie*, and worn under the turban, tarbush, or fez. This is to be reserved for his burial head-dress. The noise increases, until fervour rises to fury, and enthusiasm becomes converted to a riot ; so, at last, the Turkish soldiers quietly but unceremoniously clear the church of its excited and exulting congregation. As we go forth, we look in at the side of the vestibule, at the tombs of Earls Baldwin and Godfrey de Bouillon, the crusading Kings of Jerusalem, which are two stone coffins supported by four little pillars. The epitaphs, which were inscribed in Gothic letters, but are now effaced, may be Englished as follows:—

"Here lies the renowned chieftain Godfrey of Bouillon, who gained over the whole of this land to the worship of Christ. May his soul reign with Christ. Amen."

"Baldwin the king, another Judas Maccabeus, his country's hope, the strength of the Church, the valor of both, whom Candia, and Egypt, and Dan, and even the murderous Damascus, held in terror, and paid tribute to, lies below, inclosed within this narrow tomb."

The pious deliverers of Jerusalem were worthy of reposing near the tomb they rescued from the infidels. These are the only mortal remains interred near the shadow of the tomb of Christ.

VII.—THE TEMPLE, AND THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

From whatever part we view Jerusalem, the Moriah or Temple Enclosure, with its cypresses, minarets with esplanade, and its domes and colonnades, and the Mosque of Omar the Great, forms a conspicuous object in the grand picture. To enter within these precincts is not easy. It was worth a man's head to do so a few years ago ; but an Englishman first got in under the disguise of an engineer, then an American doctor, then an English artist, then some ordnance officers, then some naval officers of our own country, then a number of Omar Pacha's Hungarian and Polish friends : until,

finally, tolerable interest with either Consul, and the company of an artist, supposed by the fanatic Mussulmans to be sketching for the purpose of repairs by the Architect Effendi, will open the way to you, or any one else, as it did to us.

We have seen the Temple of Solomon and of Herod fall under the arms of Titus, while not even the device of the Emperor Julian the Apostate, who desired to raise it in aggravation as he thought of the Christians, sufficed to execute the work. Fire springing from the earth, and terrible utterances, as we learn from Ammianus Marcelinus (xxiii., 1.), prevented the accomplishment of his impious defiant boast. But when the Caliph Omar took the city, he searched on this spot, the ancient mountain of Moriah, where Abraham had offered up his son, for the sacred stone on which the Prophet Jacob, 'The dreamer of God,' (Israel Allah) had laid his head during his vision. (Genesis xxviii., 10.) This he found, and cleared from the dirt that covered and surrounded it, and built upon it the Mosque, which he called Kubbah, or Kubbet esh Sakhra, (the Dome of the Stone or Rock).¹

Abdul Malik the First, when he prohibited the pilgrimage to Mecca, and placed the Mosque of Jerusalem on a level with the Kaaba at Mecca, aggrandized the value of the spot in Muhammedan eyes. The Crusaders converted the Mosque into a Church. But Saladin restored the rights of Moslemism, and they tell us how he caused the Holy Place to be purified by washing the whole with rose water, brought for the purpose on the backs of five hundred camels. At this day, Jerusalem stands next in Moslem estimation to Mecca and Medina, as the present concourse of pilgrims shows us, as well as the perpetual muttering of the pious, while reading the Koran for themselves and others. The Guard of seventy thousand angels is represented, visibly, by two hundred negroes, whose post or barracks disguise the beauty of the esplanade (see p 33). In our view the area is free, the photograph having been taken early in the morning; but, when we were there, you might have seen in every direction numerous groups, many of them composed of females, some kneeling in prayer, others gossiping, as is their custom on a warm afternoon. Dervishes in various costume, and people drawing water at the many fountains (there are 34) are also visible. The "Dome of the Chain," an exquisitely elegant building, a mosque on a small scale, stands in front of the Great Mosque on the Eastern side, between it and the Eastern Gate, where are some steps up which Burak, the steed that bore Mahomet

¹ The only meritorious attempt that has been made to arrive at some knowledge of what this Temple of Solomon and of Zerubbabel was, has been made by Mr. S. Sharpe. That gentleman propounds, upon sound data, that it was not a covered building, as the English word might lead us to suppose. The Hebrew and Greek words mean a holy place, which included several courts, in one of which stood the covered building of the House of the Lord. Mr. Sharpe believes that Solomon copied the plan of some of the Egyptian temples, the simplest of which consisted of a covered building, with a court in front surrounded by a wall or colonnade. Such are the plans of the temples of Upper Egypt. In the Temple of Bubastis, in Lower Egypt, there was a wall surrounding the whole, so that the building stood not at one end of a court, as in the Theban temples, but in the middle of it. Solomon's Temple resembled in some respects both of these. There was a court in front of the house, and a yet larger court which inclosed the house with the inner court. The porch of this temple with two square pillars—Jachin and Boaz—may be explained by the pillars in front of an Egyptian temple.

to Heaven, carried the prophet to his sacred rock. It is supported by seventeen marble columns, and here it is that the Prophet, as tradition says, saw the Houris during his nocturnal journey heavenwards. Here is a praying place turned towards Mecca, said to be the *Mihrab*, or Praying Place of David; for, here was "David's Judgment Seat," they tell us. Nor was his task difficult, as to this spot came down a chain from Heaven—(hence the "Dome of the Chain")—to which each party in the suit stretched out his hand in swearing to his evidence, and from which a link dropped off in case of perjury. David's people were not over-strict in evidence: for they swore away the whole chain during his reign, and not a link of it, says Turkish tradition, existed in Solomon's time. The Eastern Gate here is called "The Gate of Death." The northern gate (in front of us) is the gate of Paradise. On coming up into this second esplanade which rises from the great enclosure, we had to take off our shoes and put on red slippers, which are sold for the purpose in the bazars. The whole of the Haram enclosure as it is called, is very large, containing about thirty-five acres, or 1500 feet on the east side, 1600 on the west, 1000 on the north and 900 on the south—including Fort Antonia on the north and the Mosque of El Aksa on the south.

At the eastern end was, according to an Arabic MS. by Kadi Mejr-ed-din, the *Gate of Repentance*. "When an Israelite transgressed, his sin was found in the morning written on the door of his house; then he went to this place to repent and beseech God. The sign of his pardon was the disappearance of the writing; and so long as it was not obliterated, he dared not approach any one."

The Great Mosque is pannelled outside with beautiful arabesque and mosaic work, and verses of the Koran in letters of gold, and both courts are paved with white marble. The Mosque, it will be seen, is octagonal, with a dome of an egg shape covered with lead, and a lantern with eight sides, having a window in each, a pinnacle under a crescent overtopping all. The eight windows in the lantern are fitted with stained glass, and the whole has a Saracenic appearance. There are twelve porticoes like the cloisters of the Alhambra, of three or four arches, the largest of which is said to be the Beautiful Gate of St. Paul. Near the one on the south side, not visible in our illustration, stands a beautiful Muhammedan pulpit and staircase, the staircase, pillars and arches of which are exquisite specimens of Arabian taste.

Within the Mosque the light is dimmed by the stained glass windows; the effect is one of a rich simplicity. The pavement as well as the walls is of marble, grey or white; 28 columns of porphyry form a concentric nave, a second range of sixteen columns supports a dome covered with golden arabesque; but the general prevalence of pillars gives a Byzantine appearance to the building, and has led, in some quarters, to a suggestion that this may have been a superstructure raised by Constantine.²

² Father Roger tells of a curious legend. "Besides the thirty-two columns which support the vault and dome, there are two of smaller dimensions very near the west door, which are shewn to foreign pilgrims, who are made to believe that if they can pass with ease between those columns, they are predestined to share the joys of Mahomet's paradise." It is likewise said, that "if a Christian were to pass between these columns, they would close upon him and crush him to death."

Immediately under this dome is El Sakrah, or the Rock, also called Hadjar, or the Stone *par excellence*, a mass of native rock, the sole remnant of the top of Moriah, some sixty feet long by fifty wide, and ten or twelve feet high on the lower side. It is surrounded here by a railing of wood elaborately carved and gilt.

Sæwulf, speaking of this rock in the Crusaders' time, when he made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, says, "In this place Solomon placed the Ark of the Covenant, having the manna, and the rod of Aaron, which flourished and budded there, and produced almonds, and the two tables of the Old Testament. Here Our Lord Jesus Christ, wearied with the violence of the Jews, was accustomed to repose; here was the place of confession, where his disciples confessed themselves to him; here the Angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, saying, 'Thou shalt receive a child in thy old age;,' here Zacharias, the son of Berachias, was slain between the Temple and the Altar; here was the offering of Our Lord; and here he was found sitting in the midst of the Doctors; the footmarks of the Lord were here made when he concealed himself, and went out of the Temple, lest the Jews should stone him; and, finally here the woman taken in adultery was brought before him for judgment."

There are many more traditions, but we will go on with the Turkish legend. From this rock, Mahomet, after his celebrated night journey from Mecca, on the beast El Burak, accompanied by the Angel Gabriel (as described in the seventeenth chapter of the Koran) ascended to Heaven, leaving the print of his foot, which is an object of veneration to all true believers. Some say that the impression of the foot is that of the prophet Enoch, called in Arab *Ur Idriss*, or the studious. He was a great astrologer and the inventor of writing. His charity was equal to his knowledge, and to reward him God preserved him from death, and translated him alive to Heaven. This also is the rock from which the four great rivers of the East flow. It is said to be suspended in space, or supported on an invisible palm-tree, which is itself held up by the mothers of the two great prophets, Jesus and Muhammed. The Blessed Mothers sit at the universal spring, busied in weaving garments for the just who have traversed Sirath (the invisible bridge), without falling. Jewish tradition makes this rock that on which the Ark

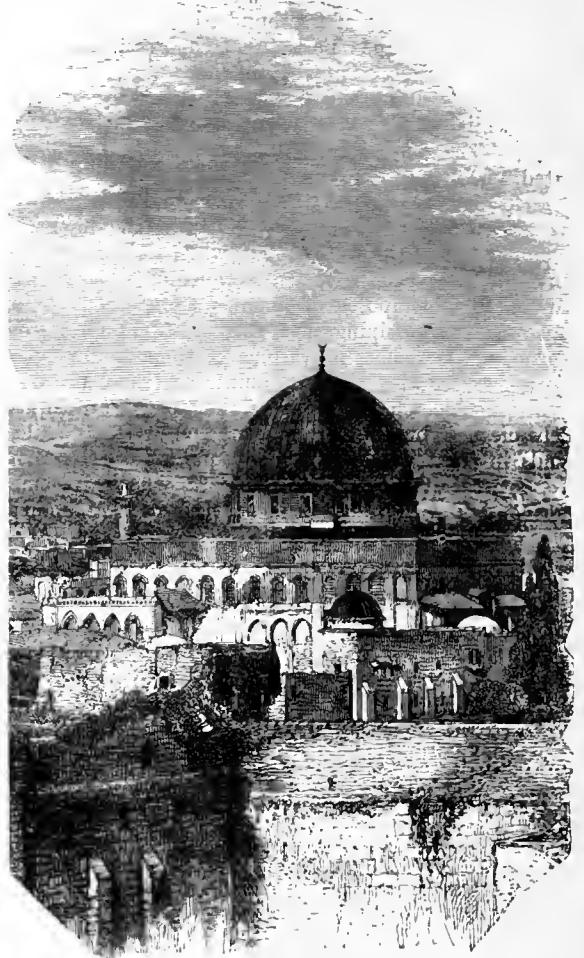
rested, within the Holiest of Holies. It was hidden by the curtain behind which the High Priest alone had the right of entering to pronounce there the holy name of God,—the pronunciation of which word, the Rabbis tell us, is now lost,—the letters only, of Jehovah, remaining to us. Down eight steps, we come to a large chamber or cave hewn in the Rock. Around this are five hollow places, at which Abraham, David, Solomon, Jesus, and Muhammed are said to have successively prayed.

The cave is 8 feet high and 15 feet square. The ceiling of this cave is about four or five feet below the surface of the rock, from four to six feet thick, and pierced with an oval-shaped hole about three feet in diameter. The sides are plastered, "in order," as is said, "to produce the impression that this immense rock is now supported by a wall of masonry," people having been frightened at seeing so large a rock supported on nothing! There is a round piece of stone about the centre of the floor, which marks the site of the Bir Arruah (Well of Souls), formerly kept open for the convenience of holding intercourse with departed spirits—of the wicked, we ought to say, for this is supposed to be the entrance to the Muhammedan Hell.

There is something like a tongue cut in the rock above the entrance, and this, they say, spoke to the Caliph Omar very much after the fashion of the Irish echo, which replied to Pat's "How d'ye do?" with a "Very well, I thank you;" for when Omar, in his



CAVE UNDER THE TEMPLE HILL.



POOL OF BETHESDA.



JEWS AT JERUSALEM.



delight at finding Jacob's Pillow, said to the stone, *Esh salam aleik*, ("Health to you"); the stone, not to be behind in civility to the Prophet's nephew, replied at once "the same to you :—" *Aleiki esh salam!* Down in the cave we saw the mark of Muhammed's turban, where he knocked his head against the wall in his fervour after the ride in one night from heaven to this place. Up stairs we go—unable to believe any more—but here we are shown on a desk the Caliph Omar's copy of the Koran, a MS. with pages four feet long, the sword and standard of Ali, the shield of Hanzeh, the Prophet's companion, and a stone strangely shaped, the saddle of Burak, the Prophet's mule! There is a few paces from the rock, a green slab of marble, with the marks of eighteen nails, said to have been of gold, ten only remaining. There are now only three iron nails left in it, and the priests say that at certain great events a nail is drawn, and that the three remaining mark the distance of time before the destruction of the world, there being three ages only between us and that consummation. Then Issrafil is to sound Burin (the trumpet of Death) and forty years afterwards, the trumpet of Resurrection, upon which the judgment will ensue.¹

Coming out of the mosque by the Gate of Heaven, which faces us in the view (see page 33), and turning to the left, we come to two little domed mosques or shrines, with marble pillars. The nearest is that of Fatima, the Prophet's Daughter, whose descendants ruled in Egypt and Morocco as the Fatimite dynasty. The other is the Chapel of Muhammed's Ascension, and at the wall, close by, is the staple to which he fastened Burak, while he made a short prayer before he started on that wonderful voyage, which was so rapidly executed, that although he held various conversations with Moses and others whom he saw in Heaven, he returned in time to prevent the falling of a silver urn, which Gabriel's wing happened to strike as they mounted on high. Just within the east gate is the famous Well of the Leaf, concerning which there is a pretty legend, as follows:—

"The Prophet said, 'One of my people shall enter into Paradise walking, while yet alive.' It happened in the time of Omar that some persons came to Jerusalem to pray. A man of the tribe of the Beni-Temin, named Sherif Ibn-Habasha, went to bring water for his companions, and his bucket fell into the well. He went down to recover it, and found a door in the well which led to gardens. He entered the door to the gardens, and walked in the gardens, and took a leaf from their trees, which he placed behind his ear. He returned by the well, came to the governor, and re-

ported what he had found in the gardens, and about his entering them. He sent some men with him to the well, who descended with him, but they did not find any door, nor arrive at the gardens. And he wrote to Omar, who answered, that the tradition of the Prophet concerning the man that should enter Paradise alive, was true; but it should be ascertained whether the leaf was fresh or dry; for if it had changed colour it could not be from Paradise, where nothing changes." The tradition adds, that the leaf had not changed. At the west gate, outside, are two birds, or something like them, in the veins of the marble, said to be two wicked magpies fixed in stone by Solomon as a perpetual punishment and sign to all birds, that even the air was subject to his power, and that the birds of the air were bound to reverence the sanctity of the Temple he was then building to the Lord.

We now turn to the South and proceed to the Mosque El-Aksa, originally a Christian foundation by Justinian on a portion of the Temple of Herod; then again a Muhammedan building; then again, a Crusaders' Church and the seat of the Knights Templars; and now a mosque of the highest sanctity. It is 300 feet in length, and includes the Mosque Alu Ehen, a large Hall, principally used for educational purposes, 400 in breadth. It is supposed to cover the spot of our Saviour's Presentation or Purification, the old church having borne that title. The front has a piazza of seven slightly pointed arches. This portico is said to have been at one time completely plated with gold. The ceiling is flat, and supported by six rows of pillars, of brown marble, and there are three naves on each side. There is an enormous octagonal pillar, dedicated to Sidi or Lady Omar, and two granite columns, dedicated to the Lady Fatima, which are said to have replaced the famous brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz. One hundred and seventy lamps are here burning brightly, being only ten less than blaze in the Great Mosque of Omar. Below this mosque are vast vaults, the true substructure of the Temple of Solomon. There is an entrance hall, fifty feet long and forty-two wide; and in the centre of this hall is a column formed of one stone (see page 48), six and a quarter feet in diameter, and barely one foot high, with foliated capital of no special order, but yet tasteful. This is certainly of the time of Solomon. From the top of this spring the arches that support the fine dome constituting the ceiling. There is another pillar of an oval shape (see page 51), at the northern end, and four white Corinthian pillars attached to the doorway. There are nine steps right across the hall at the western end, which are blocked up. There is talk of the furniture and treasures of the Old Temple being concealed on the one side or the other of this passage; and a closed door on the eastern side seems to indicate a vacant space, but no attempt to open it has been made in modern times. At the south-east corner of the Temple esplanade, there are open vast substructures, known as Solomon's stables. These are piazza-like structures, on square pillars of gigantic bevelled stones, such as are seen in the most ancient portions of the hall. The whole of the under portion of the Temple area is pierced with caverns, and tanks, and archways, for sewerage and running water. Indeed, the under-ground of Jerusalem is really more ancient, and may ultimately prove more fruitful in sacred relics of the earliest ages, than what remains to be seen above ground.

¹ Father Roger tells a different story. He says, speaking of the Rock, "At the distance of three paces from these two columns" (mentioned in a former note) "there is a stone in the pavement, which appears to be black marble, about two and a half feet square, and raised a little above the pavement. In this stone are twenty-three holes, in which it seems as if there had formerly been nails, and indeed two are yet remaining. The purpose of these is not known; the Muhammedans themselves believe that it was on this stone the prophets set their feet when they alighted from their horses to go into the Temple, and that Muhammed also alighted upon it when he arrived from Arabia Felix, on his journey to Paradise to hold consultation with God."

So far Father Roger. But Ali Bey reports this stone to be "The Door of Paradise," and says that the devil pulled out the nails when he tried to enter there, but was prevented by not being able to pull out those that remain. To this mixture of Old and New Testament Saints with Muhammedan legends, later ages have added the name of George of Cappadocia.

About midway in the easternmost range of these subterranean arcades a rock is pointed out to us, and we are told that this is the place where Solomon tortured the demon. Some bold fellow in the olden time, who thought that treasures were hidden under it, struck at it with a pick-axe; but, at the first blow, the devil cried out, "Let me alone!" We need not say that the affrighted searcher after other people's property complied with this request. This rock is six feet high, four and a-half long, and four broad. Hundreds of small pyramidal piles of stones are seen about the floor, deposited by Moslem devotees from all parts of the world, and the roots of old pine-trees hang down in many places from the roof into which they have penetrated from the Haram above.



VESTIBULE WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATE.



VAULTS BENEATH SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

VIII.—ROUND AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

A SOUND night's sleep—nowhere does a man sleep so soundly as at Jerusalem, where he is all day employed in walking about from one famous object to another—serves to clear our brains from the confusion and distortion of the grandeur of Old Testament History, and the simplicity of Christian truths, into the monstrous legends of Arab imposture; and we start forth, at early dawn, with a party of Arab attendants, to finish our pilgrimage round the walls of Jerusalem. Our journey from St. Stephen's Gate up the Mount of Olives down through the Valley of Jehoshaphat and up to Mount Zion, has already carried us halfway in the circuit, and made us masters of the eastern and southern sides. We have already crossed and recrossed the City either way, and a journey, therefore, from St. Stephen's Gate round by the north and western sides, ending where the Valley of Hinnom unites with that of Jehoshaphat, will complete our circuit. Turning to the left from St. Stephen's Gate by a narrow path, under the walls, suspended on a ridge along the precipice of Gethsemane, we gradually ascend to the north-east angle of the City wall, which here goes off square and sharp. Turning by this angle, we perceive that the wall is here protected by a fosse, and rests upon a foundation of rocks, rising up into high cliffs, while there is another rocky ridge on the other side, the roadway round the City passing between them. In fact, we are now upon the ridge or crest of Bezetha, cut away by Herod. It shoots up here to a hundred feet, a solid tower of rock. Between this point and the north east angle was the part selected by Tancred for his attack; hence, too, Saladin forced his way into the City. A short distance farther is the mouth of a cavern in the rock on which the wall is built. It leads under the houses of the city, the first hall extending seven hundred and fifty feet, and being three thousand feet in circumference. It is evidently the quarry from which the stone of the Temple and other great Jewish buildings were cut, and it seems to have been known to the Crusaders, though not opened to modern inspection until within the last ten years. There are many intricately meandering passages leading to larger halls farther within, with walls white "as driven snow," and supported on colossal pillars of irregular shape, as left by the stone-hewers. These are evidently the quarries of King Solomon, and, not improbably, King Herod cut through them in digging out the fosse in which we are now walking; for we are only two hundred feet



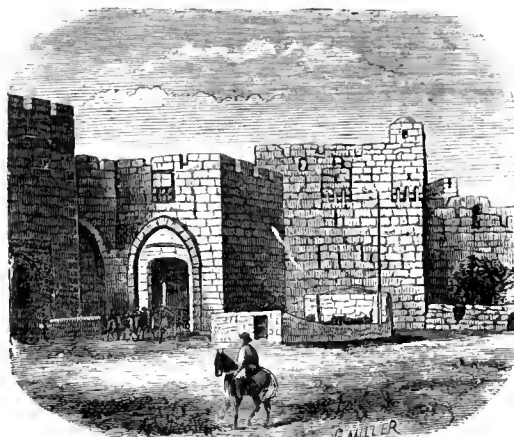
REMAINS OF ANCIENT TEMPLE BRIDGE.



CASTLE OF SION.

from a similar cavernous excavation, the reputed Grotto or Cave of Jeremiah, on the opposite hill of Zahara, near to a Turkish burial-ground of such bad repute, for the living at least, that no one will venture near it after sunset. This cave is deeply sunk in a brown ridge of rock, by the way-side, and is a profound and gloomy cavern, about fifty yards deep, supported by two enormous natural pillars of rock. There is a court or open passage in front of it, and a wall with several houses, for the place has been used as a quarantine station, a dervish (a very civil personage) acting as its guard and showman. There is a miniature lake or vast cistern, generally on the floor, and underneath, the water of which is bright and pure. The cave is divided into partitions, nests or dwelling for the sick or suspected, and is otherwise, with plaster and whitewash, made to look clean, tidy, and actually comfortable. For its being Jeremiah's Pool or Cave there is, of course, no sufficient authority. The place where the prophet was confined, and the pit where he sank in the mire, were in the King's court (Jer. xxxvii. 21.) This cavern, though of great size, has a limited aspect in comparison with the unknown vastness of the quarries on the other side, in which the whole City, for aught we know, might be stowed away. Their range is as immense as that of the catacombs of Paris, but they have been unexplored for ages past.

A little to the left—as we stand with our faces towards the City wall—a whole mile of towers and battlements at one view, in a bright sunlight—old and yellowish in tint, and crumbling minutely, yet large and massive in their whole aspect—is “Herod's Gate,” now closed up. It is also called “the Gate of Flowers,” and is the gate where the Empress Helena, the mother of our countryman—for Constantine the Great, and the first Christian Emperor, was an Englishman, and born at York—entered in penance, as a humble suppliant, in all her power, for God's mercy and forgiveness of her sins. We are now at about the highest part of the wall, and this gate towers high on the hill which hence begins to descend to the Gate of Damascus. All along here the olive trees grow close up to the wall, and it is a pretty sight to see the doves and other birds flying backwards and forwards from



JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

the trees to the old wall and from the old wall to the trees. The Jews of old, it will be remembered, were great pigeon fanciers, and the dove houses and pigeon towers of old Jerusalem were quite an institution. This Damascus gate, “the tower that looketh over towards Damascus,” is, as it now stands, externally, a charming monument of Arab taste, flanked by two towers and crowned with arabesque battlements of stone in the form of turbans (see page 13). It is undeniably the finest of all the gates of Jerusalem, and in its gateway we notice what is remarkable as a first example of the pointed arch, which the Crusaders are considered to have carried back with them into Europe. In the base of the towers of this gate may be seen great stones bevelled round the edges, similar to those in what remains of the wall of Solomon's Temple. This gate is said to be identical with the “Old Gate” of Nehemiah, which “Jehoiada the son of Paseah, and Meshullam the son of Besodeiah repaired; they laid the beams thereof, and the bars thereof, and set up the doors thereof” (Nehemiah, iii., 6). The very ancient, massive, and characteristic Jewish remains which we see in the two turret chambers on each side indicate this as a portion of the “Second Wall.”



TOMB OF KINGS.

These chambers, and the pillars in the vault of Solomon's Temple (*see* pages 48, 51), are almost the only relics which the battering ram, the corroding tooth of Time, and the vengeance of God, have left us. The winding square-shaped staircase within the chambers lately discovered in both towers is the kind of ascent by which "they went up with winding stairs into the middle chamber;" (1 Kings, vi. 8). One of the stones lying there is seven and a-half feet long, by three and a-half feet high, and another six and a-half feet long, by the same height. These apartments are conjectured, by the learned in such matters, to have been guard rooms of the old gates; built upon and round by Nehemiah, then by Herod, and afterwards by the Saracens. They are vaulted, and their massiveness is very impressive. Before passing on we step within these gates into the City, curious to see the condition of the vicinity. The streets about here are filthy, and almost in solitude, overshadowed with darkness from the numerous vaulted arches which cover them. Everywhere there are ruins and rags. As for inhabitants, you see them seldom, and when seen they appear to be eaten up with idleness and wretchedness. The passers by creep close to the houses, and look as if they have no purpose, only walking for the sake of walking; the shopkeepers appear to be always waiting for custom that never comes, and everywhere there is a lack of life, interest, and activity. The rocky mound opposite this gate, within, has evidently been the foundation of some great building, for it is excavated in many places, but not into tombs. There was a St. Stephen's Church along here once, and this may be the spot. We gladly quit the dreary scene, and hasten to the free air without the walls. About half a mile right out of the gate, a little to the right, after passing a heap or bill of ashes and soapmaker's waste, we pass along the level surface of a reddish rock, with a few olive trees, hardly enough to call a grove, growing upon it, and then come upon an excavation in the middle of a field, like a neglected quarry. In front is a square court hewn out of the rock and open to the air, just like a deep trench. It is entered by an archway. This court is ninety feet square. The arch is in the centre of the wall, and to the left, as we enter, we see something resembling a large portico, nine yards long, supported evidently, at one time, on two pillars, which mischievous people of various ages, bye-gone simpletons, and profane fools now grown grey or gone to their account, have knocked away, one after the other. The architrave has fruit and flowers sculptured upon it, but these also are sorely defaced—a shameful outrage, of which the Arabs must not be accused, as none but civilised Europeans, for the most part—we are sorry to have to say it, for both our sakes—Americans and English, violate the habitations of the dead. Our torches are lighted, let us enter. We seem to be going into a rock, the interior of which has been hewn out, and the face of which has been cut into architectural designs. Such is really the fact; but the grapes, garlands, and festoons, the Corinthian capitals, and the pillars, have all been ruthlessly broken and chipped away. When whole they must have resembled a very large and very handsome marble chimney-piece, from which the grate has been removed. Through a low door in the south-west corner, we advance—candles in hand, and not without attendant Arabs, for this is not a pleasant place in which to find oneself alone in the dark—opening

into a kind of ante-room, about 20 feet square, a place for the mourners, while the body was carried on to its last receptacle. This opens into another room, thirteen feet square, in which are a dozen catacombs for coffins and a passage to another apartment 10 feet square. The south side of the ante-room has a door leading into other rooms, in many of which are relics of rich sarcophagi, torn from their places and thrown upon the ground. One of these has been preserved entire and carried to the Melkemeh, or Council House, in Jerusalem, just by the beautiful fountain we have illustrated (in page 8). Here it supplies the Divan of Jerusalem Effendis with water! The contrivance of the doors of stone, which, fitted in with mortice and tenon hinges, is noticeable, and should be seen by some of our stonemasons, as a good hint for a fire proof closet; so also is a round disk, shaped like a mill-stone, curiously contrived to close a tomb, and then be itself concealed by a pool of water. An inspection of these cunning contrivances, for an apparently unnecessary security, assists us in understanding the question in relation to the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Of what kings the rocky excavations in which we stand are the tombs, is an unsettled question. Not so of that tomb on the other side of the valley of Kedron, which sweeps all round here, and into which we descend and go over it to reach the tomb—just in time to see a flock of sheep, who have been folded there, come streaming forth into the open valley. This is the tomb of Simon the Just, a Jewish Saint, if we may use the term, who spent his great wealth in providing a feast for the poor yearly, and having been allowed a great age as a reward for his charity, was so afflicted at the sorrows he saw coming on his nation from their obstinacy in resisting Titus, as to find the burthen of life too heavy, and so pray to be released from it. His prayer was granted, and his tomb provided under this little hill. But his wealth having been buried with him, Simon the Just feels conscientious scruples respecting the feast he had annually promised to the poor,—a promise from which, as his death was by his own wish, his scrupulous justice does not consider him to be discharged. Every year, therefore, he comes to life, at the feast of Purim, and places a piece of money outside to provide food for the poor. A great pilgrimage is held to his tomb by the Jews. To make a profit out of this veneration, as well as to keep in the sheep, the Turks have put up an iron door to the tomb, and appointed a guardian, who, being a shepherd of the dead, fleeces to the best of his capability the living.

We now re-cross the Kedron valley, and coming to a junction of two roads, take the one that leads us to the north-west angle of the wall, the towers of which, rising prominently before us, are evidently of modern construction. The ground rises from the hollow by the Damascus gate to a low ridge, just over which lies, in the deeper hollow, the Valley of Gihon, under the western wall, sloping down towards Hinnom, under the southern. At this corner, near us, is a Terebinth tree, conspicuous as rising at the highest portion of the city. Hereabout, the vine and the olive begin to be more abundant, and have been made—of late years only, as we learn—to take root in the scanty, but prolific soil. Jerusalem grows good wine, and the Greeks have planted it pretty extensively in the new purchases of land they have made. Every

where that water is collected and distributed, the grateful land, all bare as it looks, returns most abundant crops. The fields of barley in this vicinity (about a quarter of a mile from the walls), are full in the ear, and the grain of the finest. It is now just ready (it is April), for the sickle. They say this new spirit of cultivation is due to Russian gold; but money is of no nation, and its profitable employment an universal good. We should have thought some English money might have been advantageously employed here.

How is it that persons who are obliged to leave England in search of a milder climate, or others who prefer living abroad, do not choose the most interesting country in the world for their residence! Why should not young clergymen at least, spend one year among Bible scenes, and in acquiring Bible languages before entering upon their active duties. Sixty pounds per annum would be quite enough for all expense of board and lodging (including the keeping a horse) for a single person, and sixty pounds more would cover the expense of a journey there and back. The mighty tide which during three centuries impelled half the nations of Europe towards the rocky shores of Palestine—has not yet subsided. It is rising again. Travellers from every nation, and 10,000 pilgrims from the East, visit the shrines of Bethlehem and Calvary; Moslems from Arabia, Tartary and India, and from the utmost shores of Africa, come to worship at the (so-called) Tomb of Moses. The Jewish people go to pray over the ruins of their city and Temple that the time of their deliverance may be hastened. The deep religious interest which has for two thousand years been gaining strength among the nations of the earth is becoming more intense, and high and mighty potentates, study with anxious care politics, whose interest centres in Jerusalem. Here however, where, above all places, Christianity should be most Catholic, it is most sectarian. But God disposes and all are working, and can only be working to his glorious and final purpose.

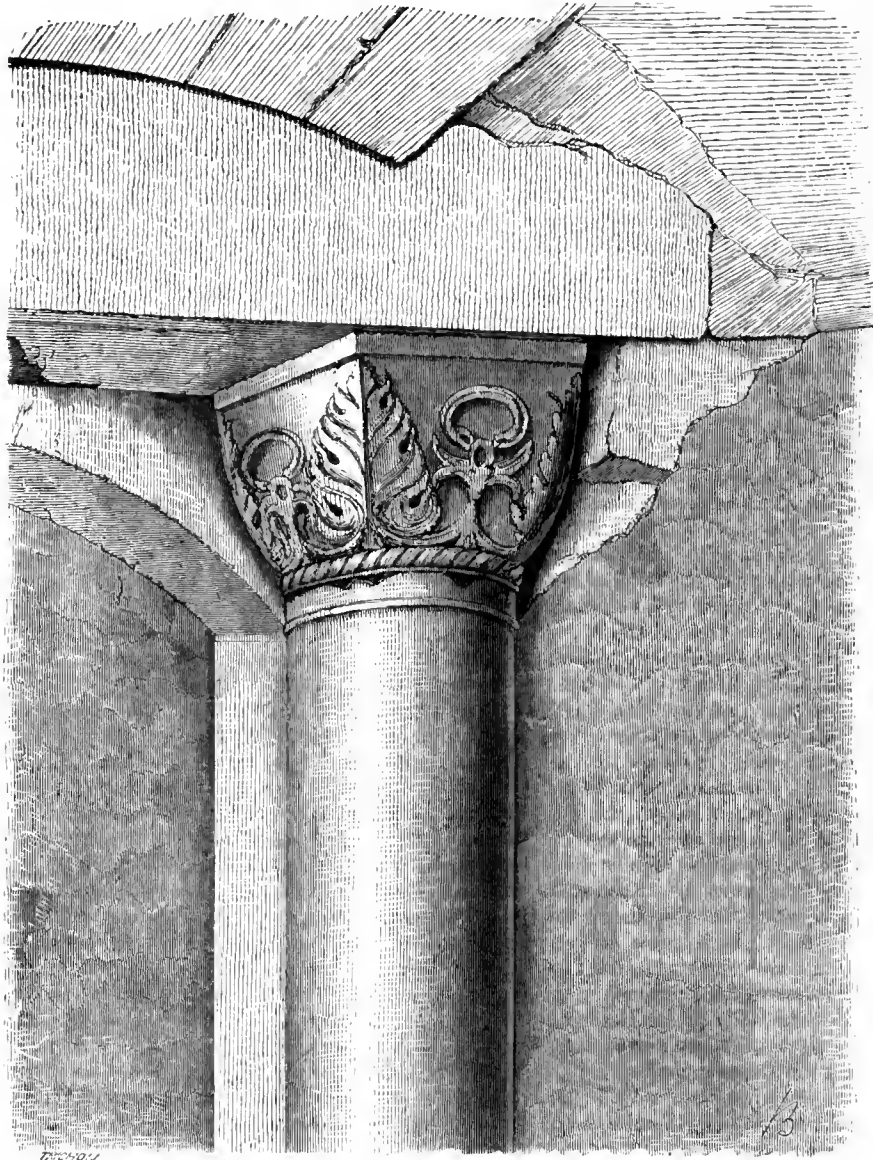
We now approach the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate, and fall into the road that takes us across the Valley of Rephaim—which runs down on the right, past the Greek convent of St. George, to the Valley of Hinnom—proceeding on our way to the Tombs of the Judges, by a road lying between that to Jaffa and that to Bethlehem, both of which begin, one to the right and the other to the left from this gate; hence called, at option, the Jaffa or the Bethlehem Gate, and, universally, the Gate of the Pilgrims. On our left lies the Upper Pool of Gihon, or *Birket-Mamillah*—the Pool of Serpents—at about one hundred and fifty rods from the City Gate, near the bend of the shallow valley. This is about three hundred feet long, two hundred wide, and twenty deep. There is sometimes no water in it, as it is now supplied only by rain-water drained from the surrounding basin, its former feeder by a water-course from Etham having been broken. In the season of winter, and just now, boys and men bathe in it. We leave on our left some Moslem tombs, the remembered graves of Saladin's warriors, and turning to the right, at about a mile's distance from the city, reach the "Tombs of the Judges," Martyrs or Prophets. These are of the same character as the "Tombs of the Kings," although ornamented in a different pattern. They constitute a catacomb of sixty tombs, hewn in the solid rock of limestone. The pediment is sculptured in the Grecian style, and the main room is twenty feet square by eight in height. This is even more re-

markable than the Tombs of the Kings, and is said to have been hollowed out for the use of the Sanhedrim, the Jewish Council, numbering seventy-two members. Hence we return back to the head of the Valley of Rephaim or Gihon, and, bending towards the right, as we face the Jaffa Gate, go down its sloping declivity along by the western wall. We come along by the Bethlehem road from the Gate down into the Valley of Gihon, and across open fields of corn that thinly cover the stony, dry soil. A few struggling olives, silver-topped, are scattered on the hill. Above all frowns the City Wall, and the huge Towers of the Citadel. This deep excavation of 200 feet by 600 is "The Lower Pool of Gihon,"—the "Great Pool" that once held four acres of water—the Pool Solomon was so proud of (Ecclesiasticus, xlvi., 17), and at which he was anointed King of Israel; hence it is even now called "*Birket esh Sultan*," or the "King's Pool." It has been formed by building two walls across the valley (the lower very massive, the upper rather slight), connecting them by side walls, scarping the shelving edges of rocks on its sides, and plastering the whole over with water-cement. The Pool is now ruinous and dry; the bottom is used as a thrashing ground. From this, looking upwards, on the left, to the lowest part of Zion, we see, enclosed with a wall, the English burial ground; a little below runs an aqueduct on nine small arches, which conveys the water from Hezekiah's Pool into the City. From this point we enter the valley of Ben Hinnom—the "Valley of Shrieking Children"—crying out in agony at their murderous sacrifice in the red-hot, brazen arms and lap of the statue of the idol of Moloch, from which they fell into the blazing furnace below!—the Valley of Tophet, or the Drum, beaten with hurried hands, and accompanied with shouts to prevent those childish cries of suffering from being heard by mothers. Oh! the horrors of these ancient and modern heathen practices! This crime of the Jews,—so carefully separated by God as his chosen people, from these and other hideous rites of Paganism,—was punished afterwards in this very place; for, in this same valley, says Josephus, "no fewer than 118,880 dead bodies were carried for burial under the charge of one officer during the siege of Titus." King Josiah, to prevent such sacrifices to idols as we have mentioned, polluted the place by throwing filth and dead men's bones into it (2 Kings, xxiii., 10). Fires were kept constantly burning in it to consume the filth thrown here. It became at last the emblem of everlasting punishment among the Rabbinical writers—Gehenna!—Tophet!

"—Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and trumpets loud
Their children's cries unheard, but passed through fire
To this grim idol,
In the pleasant vale of Hinnom, Tophet thence,
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell!"

MILTON.

It was here, that standing on one of the rugged eminences which overhang Tophet, the Prophet Jeremiah, at the inspiration of God, did, in the presence of the worshippers and the Priests, address himself to Jehoiakim and his courtiers, and lifting up a pitcher, dashed it to the earth, after denouncing terrible judgments upon them. (Jer., xix., 1-12). You will remember how Napoleon, during the conferences for the peace of Campo Formo, dashed a porcelain jar to atoms at his feet,



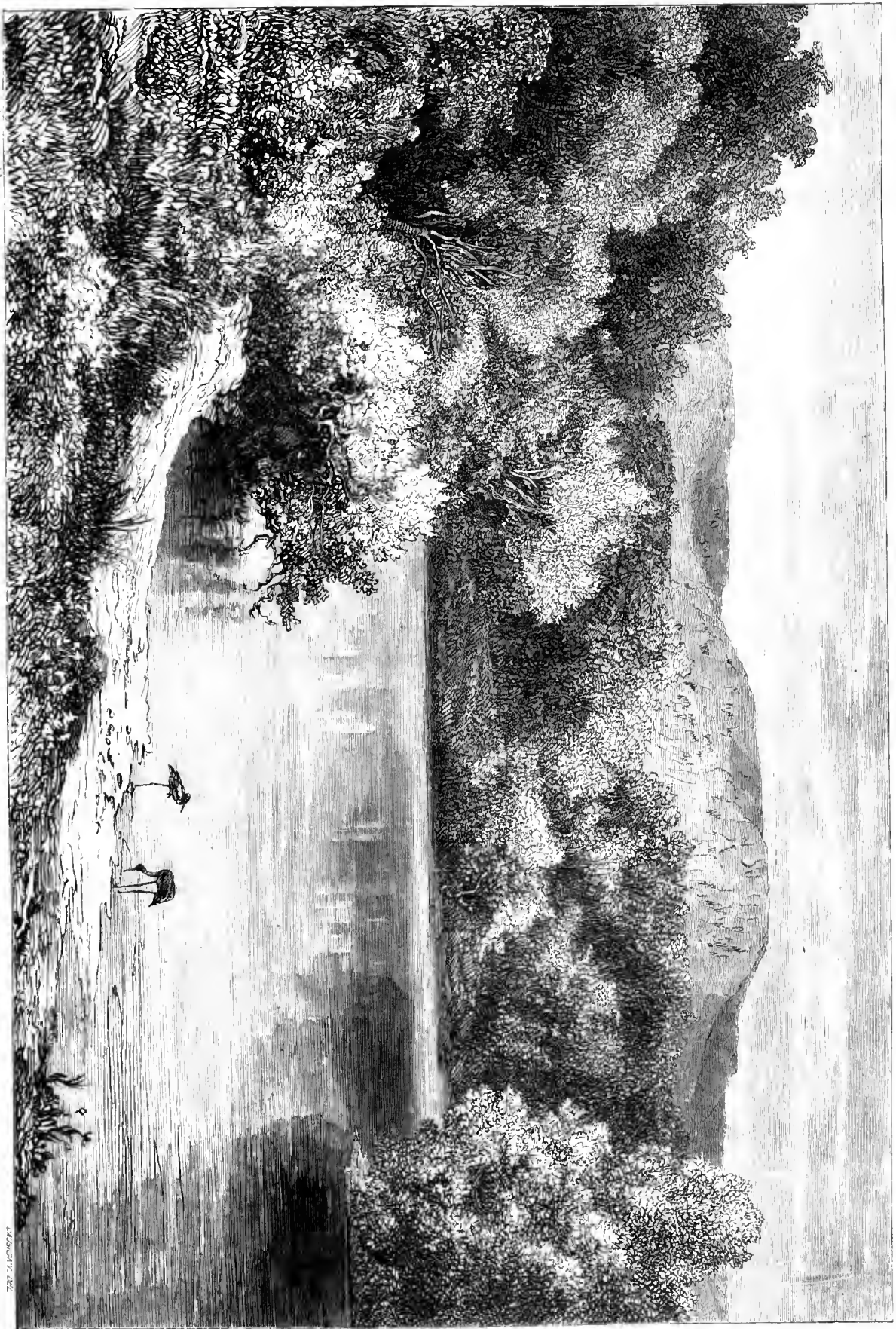
A PILLAR IN THE VAULTS OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON AT JERUSALEM.

as he said to the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, "In one month your monarchy would have been shattered like that vase." The people here, about Jerusalem, have the same custom of breaking a jar when they wish to express their detestation of any one. They come behind a man and smash the jar to atoms, thus imprecating, upon him and his, a hopeless ruin. You will remark from this and from many other instances perpetually coming under your notice in the Holy Land as common objects, that the Bible minutely narrates, does not invent; and thus many circumstances, though to us novel and surprising, are to those on the spot now, and were then—for Eastern life never changes its habits—ordinary and every day circumstances and allusions.

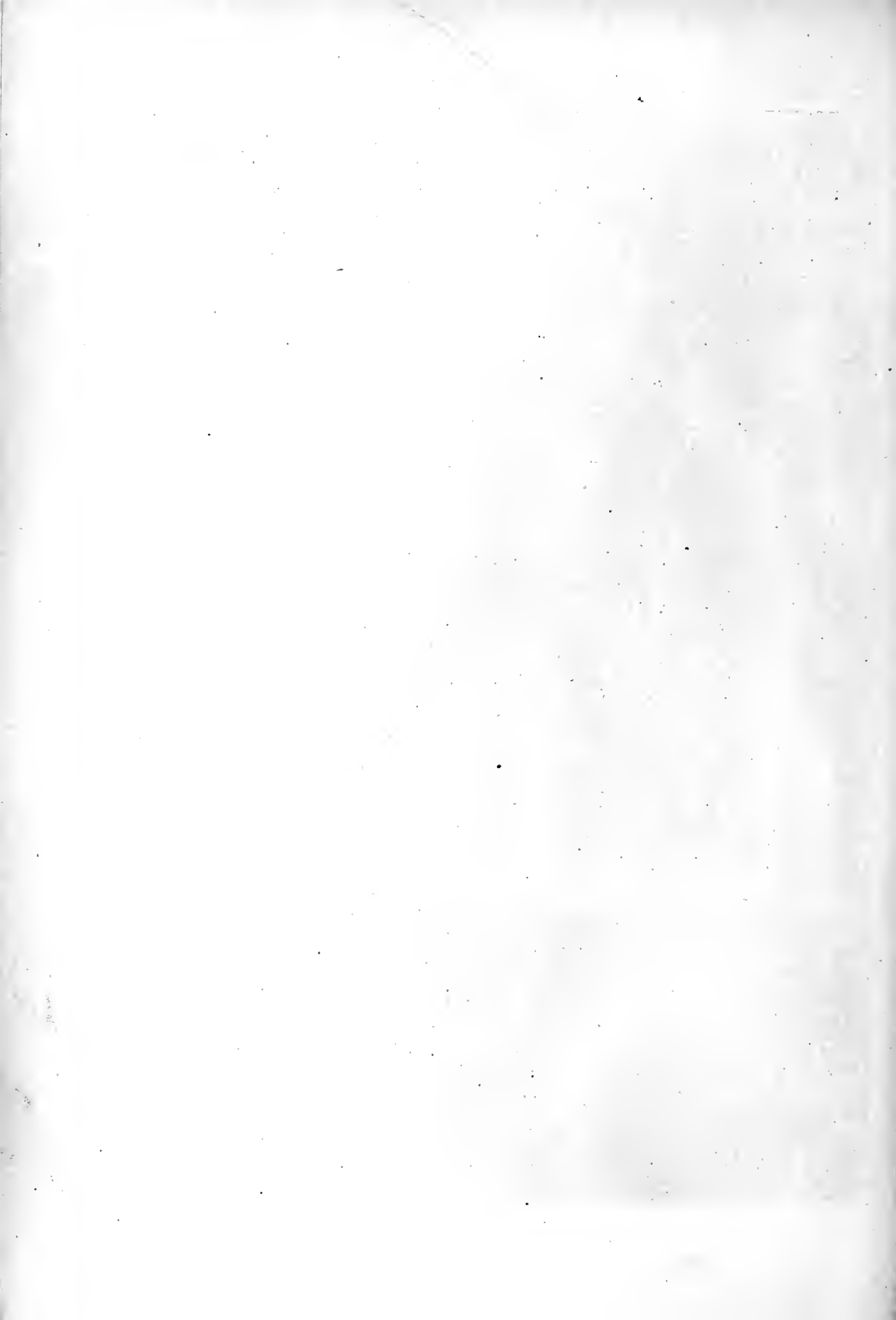
The valley descends rapidly into a rugged glen. On the other side of this rises abrupt, broken, and frowning, with precipitous banks, the Hill of Evil Counsel. The ruins on its top are those of the house of Annas, the High Priest, or a convent that succeeded them. Here it was "the Scribes and Pharisees took counsel

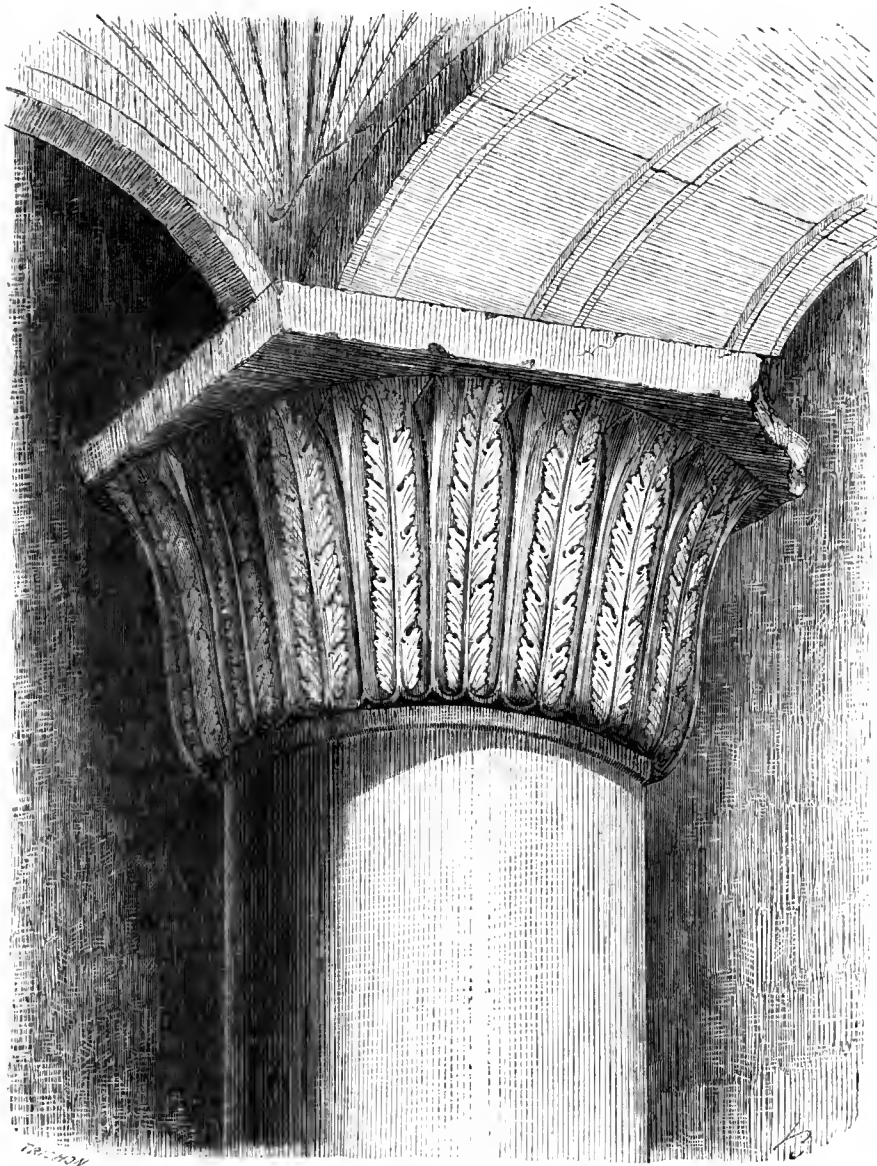
against Jesus to put him to death," (Mat. xxvii. 1), and just here, on the brow, about a hundred yards away from the house (just time for repentance in the distance), is that accursed tree stretching its ominous arms, darkly frowning, with crooked branches, and as if with stretching fingers,—that tree on which the traitor Judas hung himself. There—close by it, is what he sold himself for—the Potter's-field—"the Field of Blood" (see p. 16). A precipice overhangs it, and it looks down another into the glen below where there is a deep charnel-house. The pious pilgrims used to be buried there. St. Jerome marked the locality. Annas himself was buried here.¹

¹ We are told by Monroe, that "by order of the Empress Helena, two hundred and seventy shiploads of its earth were translated to Rome, and deposited in the Campo Santo, near the Vatican; where it was wont to reject the bodies of the Romans, and only consume those of strangers." "The interior of the Campo Santo at Pisa is also," says Dr. Barclay, "filled with this soil, which I saw two years ago (1858) producing a rank crop of alopecurus and other grasses."



THE RIVER JORDAN.





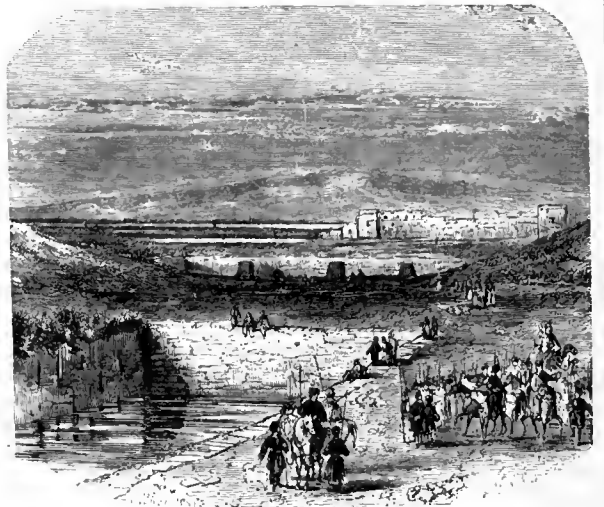
ANOTHER PILLAR IN THE VAULTS OF THE TEMPLE.

There are tombs of all kinds in this vicinity—down the slopes all about, some of them ornamented like the Tombs of the Judges and the Kings, but none with chambers except one, in which it is said the Apostles hid themselves. It is called “The Apostles’ Retreat”—and is scarcely large enough to hold eleven; but St. Peter we know was away, and all were not together. The view of Jerusalem, from here, is a remarkable one. We can see the Valley of Hinnom in its full extent, with all “the dark idolatries of alienated Judah” full under our eyes. The hewn tombs, the dark rugged hill, the accursed tree, and the fatal field—the grey gloom of the trees, and the old time worn wall of Zion overhanging all, constitute together a wild and mournful picture of Jerusalem in her desolation. Sadness and gloom attend our parting: we entered in disappointment, and depart in mournful stillness. The curse of God seems to us still to hang like a darkening cloud over the doomed city.

IX.—TO BETHLEHEM AND TO HEBRON.

HAVING started with the earliest dawn, we have even now most of the day before us, and at this part of the Valley we take horse, for we have a long journey before us of five hours’ riding ere we visit the birth-place of our Lord, and Hebron, and return to Jerusalem. We leave the hill of Evil Counsel on our left, and ascend up the steep sides of the Valley of Hinnom, to where the broad, green, long Valley of Rephaim spreads itself before us. As we know that relays of horses will be provided for us by the joint care of our own clever and excellent consul, Mr. Finn, and the French Consul—for we are travelling with French artists high in favor—we stretch towards the right to the extreme westernmost part of the Valley, to where the Convent of the Holy Cross lies prettily retired within a sheltered hollow, one of the pleasantest spots about Jerusalem, which city lies behind us in a white

line level with the plain. You would hardly think there existed the deep opening of the two valleys between us; the citadel towers, the Armenian convent, and the minaret over the Mosque alone breaking the line, above which towers Ramah (of Benjamin) high on the dark hill beyond. It is known as Nebi Samwel—the Tomb of Samuel. "A very fair and delicious place," says Sir John Maundeville, "and it is called 'Mount Joy,' because it gives joy to pilgrims' hearts, for from that place men first see Jerusalem." One reminiscence is pleasing to us Englishmen. Here the noble Richard Cœur de Lion, advancing from his camp at Askelon, stood in sight of the city, and buried his face in his armour, with the grand exclamation, so full of chivalry and piety: "Oh! Lord God! I pray that I may never see thy Holy City, if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of thine enemies." We shall soon have this hill on our right. Half an hour brings us to the Convent of the Cross. It looks like a fortress; and it is well that it is so in this wild country, for one Superior has already been murdered by plundering Arabs. Now, it lies all peaceful, surrounded with rich olive-grounds, with a back-ground of hills, and every semblance of wealth and comfort. It owes this wealth and fame to its covering the spot where the tree from which the Cross was made grew; the good-natured Greek papas shows the hole under the high altar. The church is richly decorated with mosaics, and has a splendidly gilded choir and an admirable Byzantine pulpit. The old priest will show you a very strange picture here, like a long panorama—a singular heterogeneous mixture of devils, priests, and allegorical personages of all ages, and castles and groves. It relates to some story about Lot, the gist of which is, that having repented of the sin into which he had been deluded by intoxication, the Patriarch, on waking, sought at once some means of expiation, by consulting a Levite. The holy man ordered him to plant in his garden three branches of trees, and to nourish them with water from the Jordan, to be fetched by him every morning on foot. If the branches took root, he would then know that he was forgiven. Next morning Lot planted the three cuttings, and started off to the Jordan—no short distance—for the water; while returning he was accosted by an old beggar man, exhausted with the heat, who asked for a drink of water; this Lot gave to him, knowing that he should still have enough left to water the cuttings. A little farther on, the same demand was made upon him by a traveller, which request he knew not how to refuse; and so on, he met so many people on his way, and was so charitable, that when he got home he had not a drop of water left for himself. Tired as he was he must go back to the Jordan, or see the trees perish and with them his hopes of pardon. As he rose up to set off again an angel appeared to him in his extremity, and comforted him with the assurance that his charity had caused him to find grace before the Eternal, informing him that it was the Devil, who, unable to bear the thoughts that Lot's mischance should not place the Patriarch in his power, had assumed different forms on his homeward path, and thus drank all Lot's provision of water. So Lot was pardoned, and the trees took root and flourished; in after years one of them supplied the wood for the Holy Cross. We quit the hospitable Georgians (for this is the last and only Convent of that church of Christians, their sole possession and evidence of faith, and they claim it as given them by their

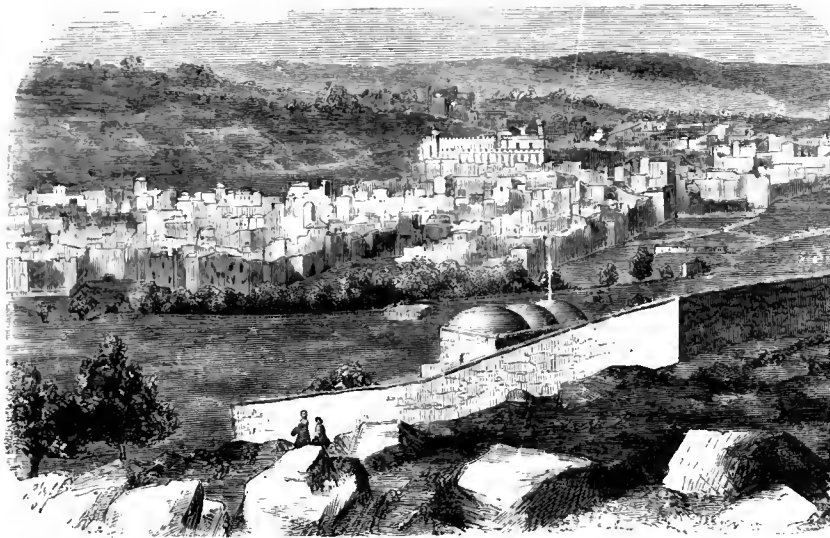


POOLS OF SOLOMON.

Emperor Tatian,) and going down by a rapid descent to where they say was the threshing-floor of Obed-edom, half an hour brings us to the "Valley of the Terebinthus" or Turpentine, a dark and deep and narrow valley, with the bed of a dry torrent scoring a white line along its bottom, which tradition declares to have marked the separation of the camp of Saul from that of the Philistines. Here David slew Goliath,—(others say this happened at Shuweikel, the Socoh of the plain of Judah (Josh. xv., 35), beyond Gaza, and near Beit Sybim). The situation is sublime, and we halt at a little spring, under some olive-trees, before descending the steep declivity into the valley by which we must mount up to the Convent of St. John by steps hewn in the rock. There is "a mountain on the one side and a mountain on the other, and a valley between them," just the place for the fight as described, and there, too, is the brook, and there some smooth stones that would have just answered the young shepherd-boy's bold purpose. Up in these rocky mountains southward, is the cavern wherein St. John dwelt in the Wilderness; but we must first stop at the Convent,

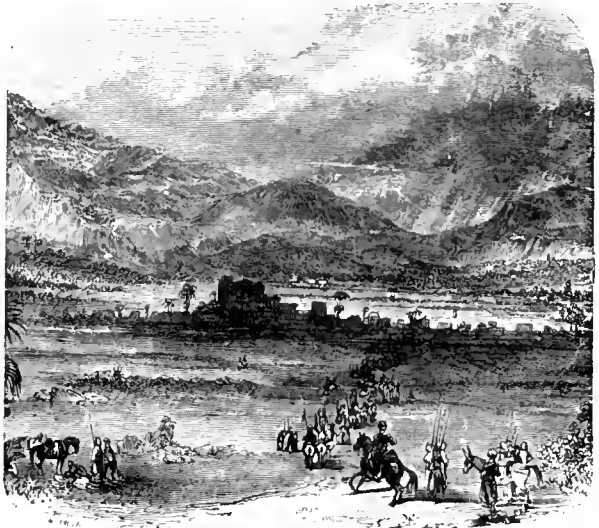


CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.



HEBRON, WITH THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

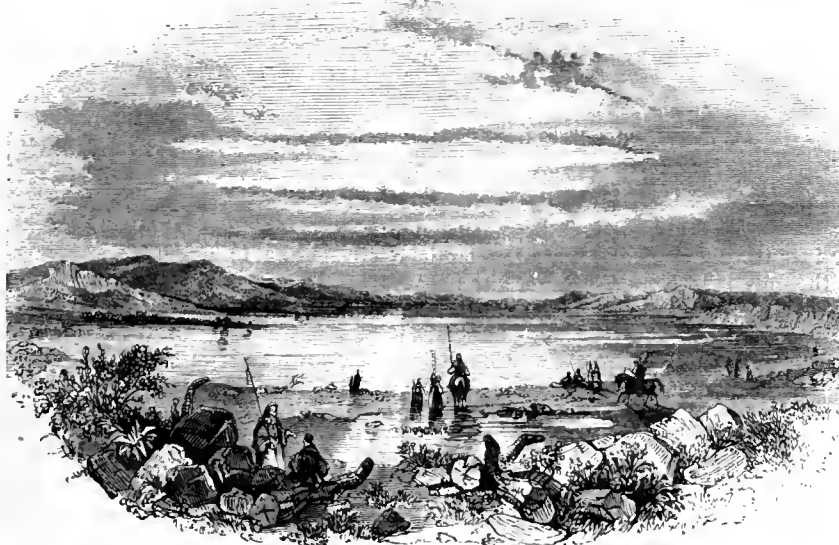
which is high-walled and strong outside. Here, having obtained admission for ourselves and horses through the low iron door that admits but one at a time,—a sure precaution,—we visit their subterranean chapel, a cave in which St. John was born; then gaze upon the scene from the insulated hill on which this strong convent-fortress stands, down into deep and dark valleys, whose grey rocks, where they face the convent, have been hollowed by nature into caves, such as the hermits of the early Church loved to dwell in. Occasionally, where sufficient soil can be found for roots, fig-trees, with vines clinging round their trunks, may be seen scattered about. The village under the convent-walls is called Ain-Karin, the fountain of the Virgin, for hither, they say, came the Virgin to draw water when on a visit to Zachariah and Elizabeth, whose house, about a quarter of a mile from the convent, is covered with a ruined oratory and small chapel, called the Chapel of the Visitation (Luke i., 39).



PLAIN OF JERICO.

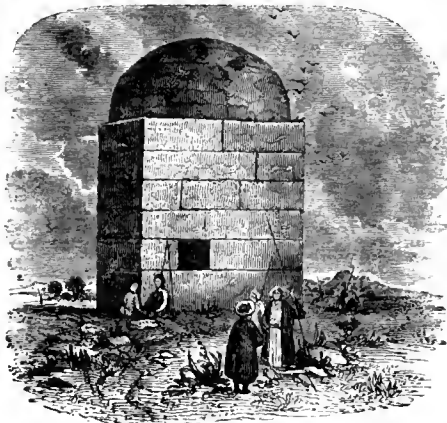
the rock. A brief pause here, and then back as quickly as our horses will carry us under such a burning sun, to the Convent of St. John for a relay of cattle and a new escort, sent on before, as well as refreshment, hospitably furnished by the good fathers.

At first starting our road was bad and dreary enough, rock after rock, like great slices of a mountain cut off with a knife, and stored up as gigantic paving stones. By this road trending southward, in which direction we have been all along proceeding, we approach the traditional spot of the Conversion of the Eunuch, by Philip. How he managed to ride in a chariot (Acts viii. 28) on such a road is almost a miracle, and the meeting any one upon it, now-a-days, would be another.



THE DEAD SEA.

A fountain marks the spot—not a stream. It was once highly adorned, and the numerous carved stones lying about evidently formed a portion of the channel by which its water was conveyed into the Soree. Another hour brought us to Beit-jala, where the Latin Patriarch has a noble foundation for the education of the native clergy. Hence by a toilsome road until we reach the plain of Replaim once more, from which, by a gentle bias towards the left, we arrive at a small oblong Turkish mosque, slightly elevated on the way-side, with a little white dome on the top, and a pointed arch on its side at the other end. We now know "There is but a little way to Ephratah, which is Bethlehem" for we are travelling in the footsteps of Jacob on his way from Beth-el to Edom, and we have reached the place where he buried his beautiful and well-favoured Rachel, who named her son Ben-oni (Son of Sorrow) as she died (Gen. xxxv., 18, 20). We halt here for a few minutes under the influence of tender and respectful feelings, the sympathy for a bereaved husband three thousand years ago;—the homage of tears paid to a Jewish wife's humble tomb, which golden mausoleums of Zenobia and Cleopatra would fail to elicit. "Rachel died by me!" What power to wake emotion is in those simple words, while here we stand upon the spot where the patriarch lifted up his face and wept, and "there was great weeping and lamentation."



RACHEL'S GRAVE.

As we go on we see Bethlehem. We are hardly half-an-hour from it. The road is nothing more than a mule track, but well trodden for some thousands of years. The ascent is gentle: the narrow ridge, on whose side is placed the little city, with its flat-roofed houses, and its clump of convents thick clustering round the spot of the Nativity, is not of great height. It is a confused and irregular pile of white buildings, but has a gay and smiling look, as if the Star of the East still sheds its light and brightness over it. Over the town hangs a plain of green; below it the hill is fashioned into terraces of olive trees, and vines, and fig trees. At its feet, sloping down in the valley, are the corn fields—yes, the very corn fields in which Ruth gleaned—there is the very farm of Boaz himself. It must be so. Already our artist is sketching the labourers who worked with Ruth (see p. 56), and there, along that path across the fields, going towards the deep gateway, is Naomi herself, just as she looks in the pictures painted by the great old painters, who so happily caught the spirit of the Scriptures—in the long gown of dark blue, and her veil of white cotton cloth to shade away the burn-

ing glare of the sun. She is returning from the land of strangers to her native village (Ruth, i., 7). Close by the gate is the well, for the water from which David longed. All about, we see the vineyards of Jndah on every hill-side, with watch-towers and walls. Every place about is glowing with wild flowers, daisies, and the white Star of Bethlehem; with a blaze of scarlet flowers, anemones, wild tulips, and the like; the first pilgrims used to call them "the Saviour's blood drops." Bare and barren as is all around, these flowers, in this spring time, are a brilliant contrast. Behind Bethlehem, we see rising a huge wall of mountains, high, massive, and overshadowing. You know the effect of the distant Helvellyn over the surrounding district—that is the appearance of the mountains of Moab over Bethlehem. The Dead Sea lies between, but there are the mountains, brown, huge, impending, never to be forgotten; and this is why David, who as a boy had them always before his eyes, took care to secure refuge for his old father and mother in their heights when there was no longer safety for them in Bethlehem. An opening in these mountains shows the spot where Lot's wife was changed into a Pillar of Salt, and in the distance is the Wilderness of Engedi. The Church of the Nativity, is an enormous pile of buildings, covering a large space, originally built by the Empress Helena, repaired and enlarged by various Christian contributions, but still imperfect and in some parts ruinous. This ought not to be. There are three convents, Latin, Greek, and Christian, with the Church of the Nativity common to all. The nave, with its double lines of Corinthian columns and roof of Lebanon cedar, is what remains to us of the grand Basilica. The Church of the Nativity itself has a roof of English oak, the gift of our own Edward IV. Here Baldwin was crowned King of Jerusalem. On the columns of the side naves may yet be traced vestiges of the armorial bearings of the Crusaders, and the walls of the central nave still show the remains of Byzantine mosaics. It now seems but as a passage between the convents, and you will observe that it is also a place of meeting for the peasants of the vicinity, where they enjoy the shelter it affords from heat or rain, and tranquilly smoke their pipes, as they are now doing, while their children are receiving instruction from the pious brethren. From this we descend to the subterranean vaults under the floor of the Church, and going through a long narrow passage belonging to the Latins—the Greeks have another entrance—find ourselves in a little chapel, twenty-seven feet long and eleven wide, with a marble floor, adorned with tapestry and pictures, and lighted dimly with silver lamps. This is the Grotto of the Nativity. There are two small recesses, nearly opposite to each other; a marble slab in the northernmost, which is semi-circular, and marks the spot of the Nativity, having upon it a silver star to designate where the Star of the East rested. There is also an inscription—"Hic natus est Jesus Christus de Virgine" ("Here Jesus Christ was born of a Virgin"). On the right, or on the south, is a chamber, down two steps, paved and lined with marble, at one end of which is a block of stone hewn out,—the stall,—from which was taken the wooden manger now at Rome in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and exhibited every Christmas in the presence of the Pope. Justin Martyr, who was born at Nablus and martyred at Rome in the second century, mentions this stone, and St. Jerome, who wrote the Vulgate in a chamber but a few paces from this spot, has vouched for its

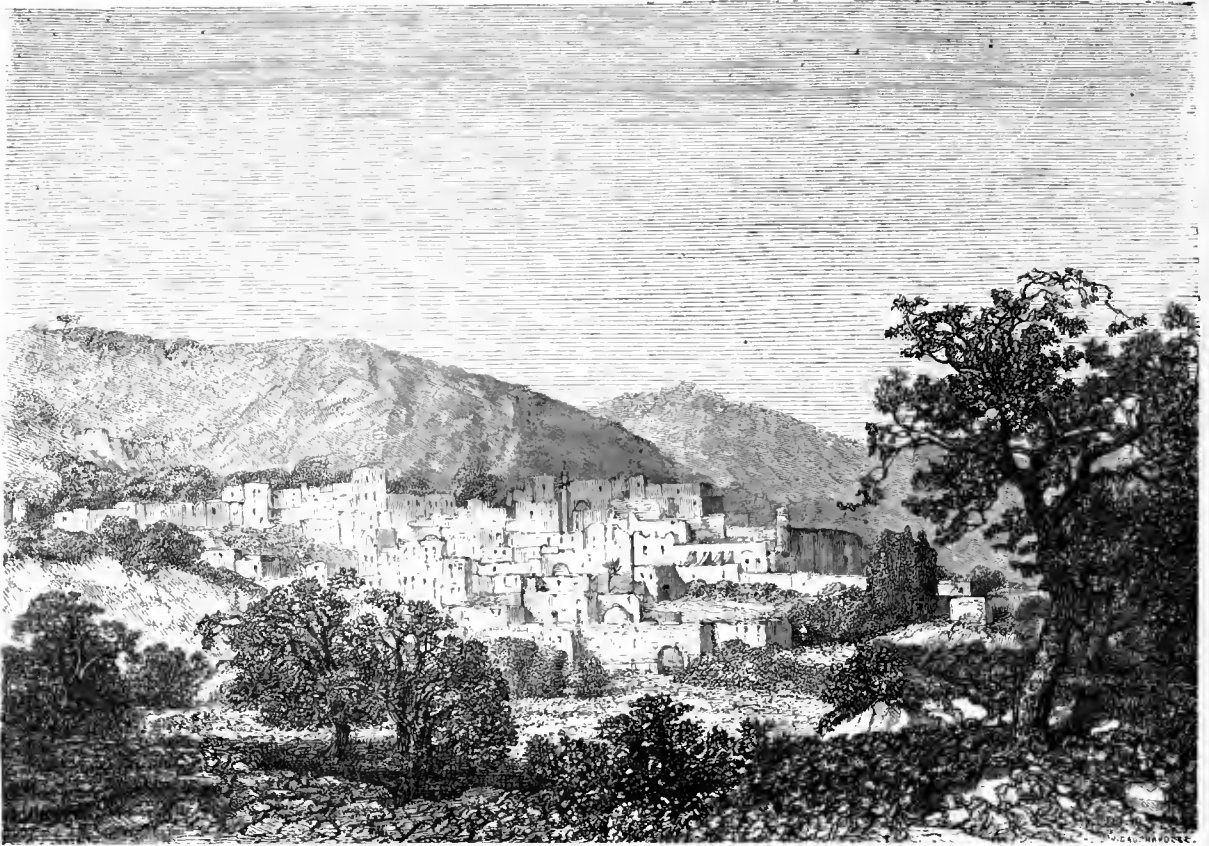
identity, by choosing it for his residence. Here lived and died, that most illustrious of pilgrims to the Holy Land. Here he fasted, prayed, and studied; here he gathered those bands of Christians together who still survive, in the numerous convents of the Holy Land. Over the altar in this Chamber of the Manger, is a picture of a stable and cattle, and, behind a little railing of iron, five lamps are kept constantly burning. Right opposite to this is an altar, that of the Magi, or Three Eastern Kings, on the spot where they sat, when they came to offer presents to the Son of God. There is a picture of this over the altar, in which one of the kings is painted as a negro.

Near the door of the chapel of the Latin Convent you go down two flights of steps to a small chapel, dedicated to St. Joseph, where he waited during the confinement of the Virgin. At the end of this passage is St. Jerome's Chamber; and just out of the door, on the right hand, is his tomb. Opposite are the tombs of Santa Paula and her daughter, Saint Eustochia, two holy ladies who accompanied St. Jerome, and provided him with means during his lengthened and pious labours. Here also is the grave of his faithful and earnest disciple, St. Eusebius, of Cremona. Just by, in the first passage to the left, is a deep pit, into which, they say, the bodies of the infants, murdered by Herod's cruel mandate, were thrown at the time. There is an altar over it, but we looked down into the pit through an iron grating, and saw nothing. Be all this as it may, we know that, anywhere here, we are within a few paces of the birthplace of the Saviour of mankind; and cold indeed must be the heart, and dead the very soul, of that man who, once on this spot, does not earnestly and sincerely share the enthusiasm of those poor pilgrims whom we now see in deep emotion, and with fervent thankfulness for His great mercy, prostrating themselves at the shrine of the Nativity. Local traditions abound. There is a grotto in the rock, just out of the village, to the south, where the Virgin sat down to suckle the infant Jesus, and the milk overflowing from the divine child's lips, has given to the grotto the virtue of assisting all weak mothers who pray at the altar therein erected. Turks, Greeks and Armenians alike vouch for this, and, you see, the limestone is scraped away in all directions; in one part a chamber has been scraped out, that women may drink water in which the powder from it has been mixed. There is also another grotto in which the Virgin remained hidden with her child during forty days, to escape the wrathful persecution of Herod, after the Magi had made known the successful results of their search for the Son of God and future King of Men.

Passing through Bethlehem town—for we are now rapidly journeying towards Hebron—it is impossible not to notice the manly and spirited bearing of its people, or the beautiful form and fine expression of countenance in the daughters of Ruth. The men have a sturdy bearing and fearless look, something like the Highlanders. David came from here, and so did Joab and David's other valiant captains. These men are naturally hardy, for they are brought up as shepherds. There are large flocks in the plain and on the hills; and see, where the reapers are cutting the barley, and their women and children gleaning, just as Ruth did—when Boaz came to look after his labourers (Ruth ii, 5-7). There, too, is a woman beating out the grain on a stone, as Ruth did (Ruth ii, 4), and they "dip their morsel in

the vinegar," and eat "parched corn"—that is, the roasted ears, the chaff being burned off over a flame. We go on to the "Grotto of the Shepherds," where they lay at night, watching their flocks, and make our modest offering, as pilgrims, of a few wax candles to the little humble shrine, adorned with some poor paintings. Thence, a three-quarters of an hour's march to the Cave of Adullam, in the mountainous wilderness of Engedi. It is situated in a great rock that hangs on the edge of a narrow shelf of rocks in a fearful gorge, with towering cliffs above it, and to get to it you have to leap into a low window-hole. Within, it is a very large grotto, quite dry but very dark, with numerous passages ramifying in all directions; a veritable stronghold and hiding-place, such as a few bold men could hold against a host, armed as soldiers were in Saul's time. The ravine here is excessively precipitous. The cave has been made use of, even in late years, as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the district in time of war. You read, in the accounts of the French Algerine campaign, of Marshal Pelissier and General Lamorieiere having suffocated some hundreds of peasant Arabs with their wives and children, in just such a cave, by lighting fires at the entrance, when they could by no means drive them out or venture in themselves.

A rugged road brings us back to the mules' path and up the green valley of waters to the "Three Pools of Solomon," which lie all in a row, one below the other; each of an oblong form, of the respective lengths of 360, 423, and 582 feet. The largest, the easternmost, is 200 feet wide and 50 deep, so that when full—which it now is, and running over to the second and the third—it would float the largest man of war that ever ploughed the ocean. How beautiful must have been the gardens, hereabouts, in Solomon's time! the vineyards and the orchards on the neighbouring hills and the valley to the north-west. Along the mountain side, winding in a conduit, is the channel to supply Jerusalem, made by the wise king and restored by Pontius Pilate, as we learn from Josephus. It runs and meanders in various sinuosities for nine miles' distance, just as used to wind and wander, through the meadows of Islington and Hornsey, our own New River, in its old leaden conduit, from Ware to London. The high steep hill to the left—that enormous natural mound, rising 800 feet from the valley—is the Herodium of Josephus, a great fighting-place and fortress of the olden time, the "Frank Mountain" of the Crusaders, who had their last fight out here, and made here their last stand after they were driven out of Jerusalem. The old castle, the towers, and the walls connecting between them, still remain, but in ruins. At its feet lies Tekoah, whence came the clever woman to seek for the rebel Absalom's pardon from his father. We are now approaching, along the Valley of Eshkol (out of which came the great bunch of grapes that so surprised the Israelites), to Hebron, the oldest city in Canaan; one of the oldest, also, in the world; for it was built seven years before Memphis, and has survived it. It was the border city of the Promised Land, the city of Arba, the Prince of Giants, the city of Ephron the Gittite, of whom Abraham bought his tomb-field, Machpelah (Gen. xxiii, 10), the first home of the patriarchs, as it is their last, "for here," says St. Jerome, "are buried Adam, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Caleb chose it for his portion, for he had seen it when out with the spies. The vale that leads up to it is delicious, rich in orchards and in vineyards, abounding in wells and fertile in soil.



BETHLEHEM.

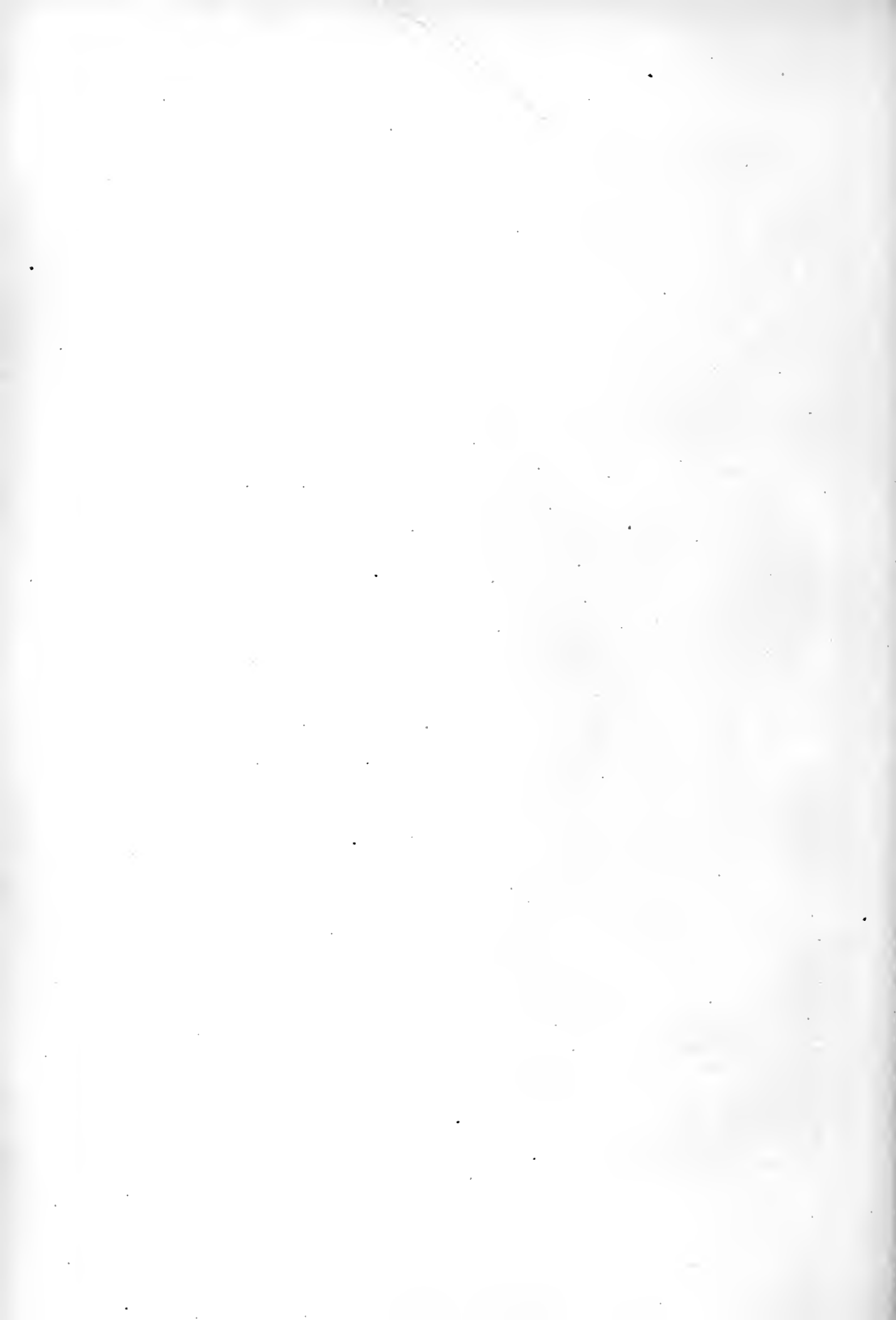
Harvest groups pass us on the road, with reapers and gleaners, pictures of the patriarchal time. The mosque is the most prominent object in the landscape. Once a convent built by Helena the Empress, it covers the tomb of Abraham in Machpelah, and lies on a sloping hill-side. At its base, in the valley, is the town in three divisions, each on a separate small hill. The green vallies and the corn-fields, the olive groves and the vineyards, stretching up into it, run right away to the desert, whence advanced the Israelites. The mountains of Moab look down, frowning, brown, and gloomy over all. About two miles before reaching the town, but still within view, we come upon a noble old oak, standing alone, in the centre of a beautiful green sward. It is a fine ancient evergreen oak, twenty-six feet in girth, and its thick spreading branches extend over an area of ninety-three feet in diameter. See how it throws out its three giant arms, which again break into innumerable limbs! The valley is full of figs, carobs, nut and fruit trees in all variety. Under that oak, as tradition tells, Abraham entertained the angels; but here another tradition interferes, which says that the oak of Abraham withered at the moment of our Lord's crucifixion. We had introductions to a venerable Jew resident in this town, where there is no hospitable convent to receive travellers; so that after due refreshment some enlightened conversation followed on the condition of the Jews in Palestine, which our host considered to be improving, as the Turks were certainly humbled, though no less fanatic. We entered the town through a labyrinth of streets and ruins. The bazaar, however, was full of people, and all seemed brisk, active, busy, bustling, and interested. The

mosque, to which access is denied, is a remarkable building with a strong high wall—built at the base with large stones, said to have been brought from the Temple ruins—and with two square minarets. The wall is ribbed with square pilasters. The Tomb of Abraham is in a chapel, within the square of the mosque; under its dome is what is called the Tomb of Esau. On the right of the mosque-door is Sarah's Tomb, and just beyond it that of Abraham; corresponding to these are the Tombs of Isaac and Rebecca, and near them is a recess for prayer, with a pulpit. These tombs resemble small huts, with a window on each side. They open with folding doors of wood and iron. Within each of these is an imitation of the sarcophagus which lies in the cave below the mosque. On the opposite side of the mosque are two larger tombs, where are deposited the bodies of Jacob and Leah. There are also in this mosque the Sarcophagi of Jacob and Leah. A canopy in the centre of the mosque hangs over the cave of Machpelah, and through a hole in the floor a lamp is let down which is kept perpetually burning. No one is admitted to the actual cave below.¹

¹ The "Torch of Hearts," an essay on the authenticity of the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, by the learned Ali, son of Jafer-ar-Ruyz, gravely states, on the testimony of Abû-Horâirah, a dependable witness, who heard it: "It was said by the Apostle of God (Mahomet): When the Angel Gabriel made me take the nocturnal flight to Jerusalem, we passed over the tomb of Abraham, and he said, 'Descend, and make a prayer with two genuflexions, for here is the sepulchre of thy father Abraham. Then we passed Bethlehem, and he said, 'Descend, for here was born thy brother Jesus.' Then we came to Jerusalem."



INHABITANTS OF BETHLEHEM.



There is a legend that a descent into this cave would be fatal. For a certain Scid-Omar Ettoher, a pious Mussulman, having been invited by Abraham to come down, lost his eye-sight through his temerity. The fact is, that within these few years a Christian so attempting it would have lost not only his eyes but his head. There are two immense Pools in the town, very ancient, but they are rarely full of water. The people go down to them by stone steps, and you see them constantly coming up and going down with goat-skin bottles on their backs. A large monument is shown near the bazaar as the Tomb of Abner. Just beyond the mosque, on a rising ground, is the Fountain of Sarah, where she washed the clothes of Abraham and Isaac—a service, in those times, by no means unusual in the wives of great men or even queens—those good old days, when queens and princesses came down to the river side to wash their own and their husbands' garments. The country all round presents fine landscapes, and the land is richly cultivated; but beyond rural life—the Moslems so religiously closing the mosque to us dogs of Christians—there is little to be seen. So we mount our fresh horses, and make the best of our way back to Jerusalem, where we arrive at a late hour, having stopped in the moonlight to see the Convent of Mar Elias, opposite to which Elijah left the imprint of his wearied body on a rock. There is behind this a mound from which you can see the Mediterranean on the one side and the Dead Sea on the other. From the Convent of Elias a few paces brought us to the Well near to which the Magi were reposing when the Star of Bethlehem appeared to them. We arrived in Jerusalem the same night, having accomplished in the most satisfactory manner a journey which is very unusual for the generally slow-paced pilgrims who visit the Holy City.

X.—TO JORDAN AND TO NAZARETH.

THE pilgrims for Jordan, in a numerous and motley band of many thousands of all nations, having started from St. Stephen's gate over the Mount of Olives through Bethany, early on the previous day, with an escort of soldiers under the command of the Governor, we resolved—by means of relays, previously arranged—to follow them this morning, and, contrary to the usual course of travellers, to take the Convent of St. Saba on our way; as our purpose was not to return again to Jerusalem, but to proceed onward from the Jordan to Nazareth, and so homewards to the sea coast. So we came out of the Zion Gate, and down the steep way to the bottom of the hill, whence, turning to the right, we halted at En-Rogel, or the Well of Job, at the junction of the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, the locality of a tradition, preserved by Josephus, of a tremendous earthquake in the close of the reign of Uzziah, when the leprosy struck him (1 Kings, xv., 5). "Just as Uzziah was entering the Temple, the building suddenly started asunder; the light flashed through, and the same moment the leprosy rushed into the king's face; the hills around felt the shock, and a memorial of the crash was long preserved, in a large fragment of the rock, or landslip, which, rolling down from the western hill (of Evil Counsel), blocked up the royal gardens between that hill and the Mount of Olives, at the junction of the two valleys by the spring of En-Rogel." We now make for the bed of the Kedron—called from its dryness, the Wad-en-Nar, or

Valley of the Stream of Fire—a wonderful gorge, that leads down by a long descent through precipitous, overhanging rocks, to the Plain of Jericho. We worked, over a steep and difficult way, through tangled ravines, and shelving gullies, and in two hours and a half, before the sun was too high and scorching, reached the convent of Santo Saba. Perched up high among the rocks—as if a portion added to the cliffs—with towers, bastions, walls, church and dome in picturesque array, an embattled fortress garrisoned by monks, overhanging a dark abyss, whose sides are pierced with caverns and hermits' cells hewn in the rocks by pious hands, now untenanted but by night birds or the vulture and the eagle,—this convent is one of the most remarkable localities in the Holy Land. The Wilderness and grim rocks present an extraordinary scene from the convent terrace under the two square towers. The buildings rise in terraces overtopping each other, and, to the monastery above access is permitted only through a low iron door, from which a basket is let down and the stranger is hauled up. To pilgrims there is admission to the lower tower up a ladder and through a low door to a large room, while, for guests of distinction, a smaller chamber, and separate, is allotted; but to all a kindly and never-failing hospitality is extended.



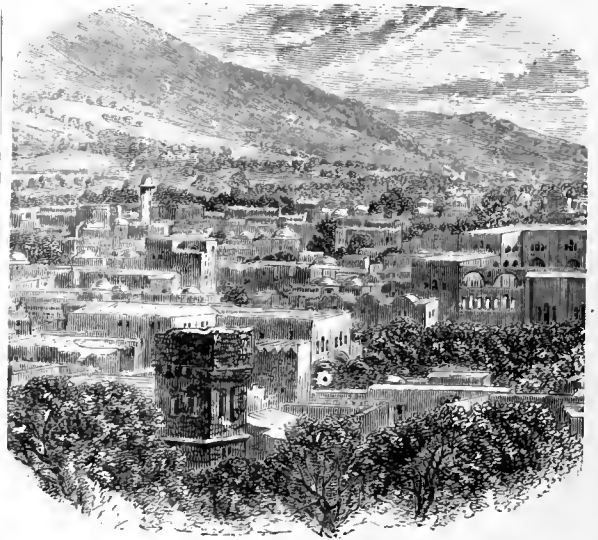
INTERIOR OF CONVENT, MAR SABA.

It is the richest convent of the Holy Land, and stands in need of the good guarding which it enjoys. We saw the Grotto of St. Saba and the Lion, where the pious and hospitable saint used to live, and in which, returning late one evening, he found a lion had taken up his quarters. Too hospitable to drive him out, the hermit gave the King of Beasts a corner of his cell, and dwelt there a long time afterwards with his strange lay brother. Having breakfasted handsomely, we started off with fresh horses for Jericho, down an ever-descending road, that seemed almost to rush down to the deep depression of the Dead Sea. As soon as we had reached the bottom of one deep valley, another still deeper succeeded—naked and calcined rocks—a burnt up soil—all nature in desolation! the whole landscape bears the grim aspect of an immense convulsion; and below us, in the far horizon, stretches, like a mirror, the wan motionless surface of the Accursed Sea, buried amongst dreary and silent rocky hills. A narrow pass in the rocks ends in a plateau, whence a full view of the Dead Sea, from end to end, is obtained. The Jordan

streams along, from the distance in a long, apparently narrow, line of green, where all about is sandy and bare, except where the barley harvest of the plains of Jerusalem is being gathered in—for we have arrived just at the same season as the Israelites, in "barley harvest;" (Joshua, iv., 19.) though the river no longer overflows all its banks, for the venerable trees and thick bushes in the upper of the three terraces, through which it flows at this spot, show that, for a long time, the river has not filled that part of its own channel, as a current. We now stand between the Mountains of Moab and the mountain ranges of Palestine, Judea, and Ephraim; the "hills about Jerusalem," down which we have just come, rising majestically from between. Jericho may be seen clearly below, on our left, with its wall of faggots of cactus, and its straggling white houses, in a dark green oasis, made by the waters of the Ain Hajld, (identified by Robinson with Beth Hoglah), the Wadi-kelt or brook Cherith (or the Cleft) and the Ain-es-Sultan, or Fountain of Elisha, where the prophet, out of compassion, made the bitter waters sweet (2 Kings, ii., 19). This fountain rises on a tell or mamelon, or mound, such as abound in Palestine, near large cities, and have apparently, in some cases, been raised originally for defensive purposes, but are in others, as is well known, mere heaps of ruin. They are not, however, always artificial, but mounds of rock, and, as in the Hauran, even extinct volcanoes. The water is transparent, sweet, cool and abundant, having in it small fish—a very rare thing in this country, especially so near the Dead Sea. In its neighbourhood grows a tree, bearing fruit, that looks like an apricot, beautiful to the eye, but nauseous to the taste, and said to be poisonous—in fact, the "bitter apples." Hereabouts must have lain the old city of Jericho; the modern village of Ridah, or Riha, is but a collection of poor dwellings. Hereabouts, also, must surely have stood the "City of Palm trees,"—the key to Judea; for here, by the meeting waters of Elisha's Fountain and the other streams, are woody thickets and patches of corn and melons, that still wear the pleasant semblance of gardens from where we are standing; although much of the spot is thorny shrubs, where the wild boar haunts, and the lion of Judah might even now find a fitting lair. There is an ancient square tower, the rest of the castle is in ruins; we shall be down there speedily to refresh our horses and seek a night's shelter for ourselves. The Jordan rises far north in snowy Hermon, flows through the high lake Merom, and running down 300 feet, passes, next, right

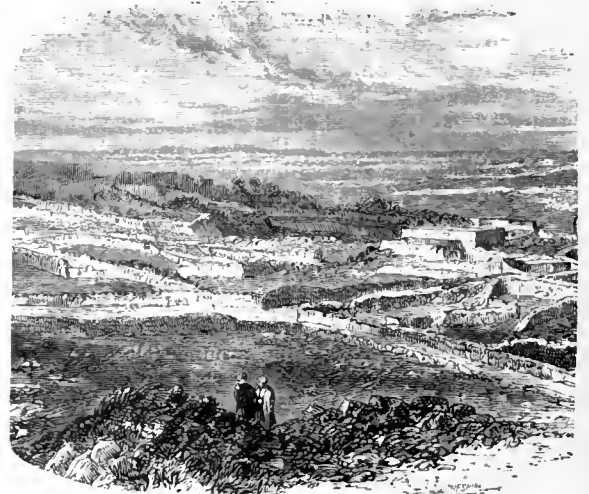


THE JORDAN LEAVING THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

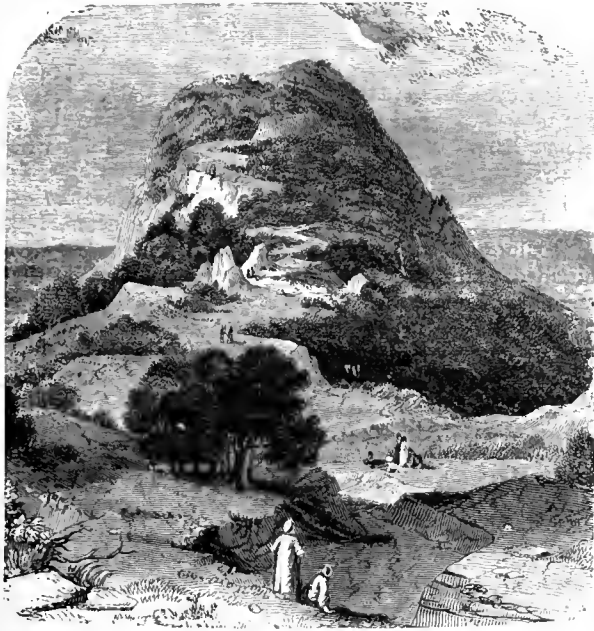


NABLOUS, THE ANCIENT SHECHEM.

through the Sea of Tiberias, and out of it, with unassociating waters; then, comes out to lose itself—after a course of sixty miles—the latter part through twenty-seven rapids and a fall of 1,000 feet—in the Dead Sea, which absorbs it for ever into its withering bosom. That dreary lake lies fifteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and at the northern end is 1300, at the southern only thirteen feet below the surface; the shallow part of the Sea being fifteen miles in length, and said to cover the Plain of Sodom and the submerged cities. At this end, the southern and farthest from our sight, is a ridge of rock salt, but a party of the artists, who came with us, have started to make photographs of Sodom and Gomorrah, cities which it is now argued were not submerged but destroyed by fire. M. de Sauley says he found them; M. Van der Velde has disputed this fact; but, nevertheless, it is by no means improbable, and we believe the photographs are now in England. For ourselves we could not make the ruins, but we may have been too hurried, and, not impossibly, off the right track. To return to Jericho. There was, years ago, one venerable palm tree, near that old square tower, but like other recorded

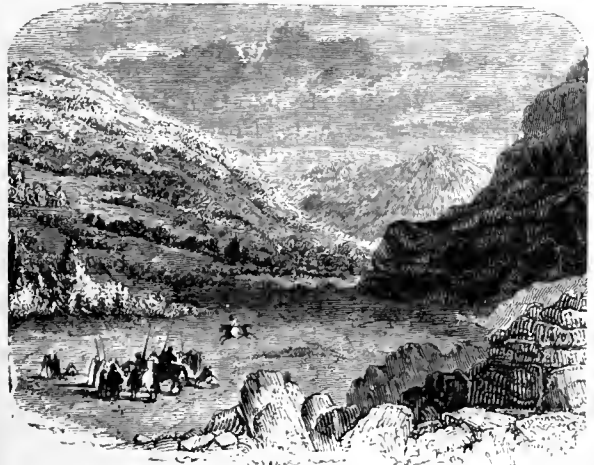


BETHEL.



MOUNT TABOR.

palm trees of the Holy Land, that one has gone, the last of that "forest of palm trees," for which the locality was distinguished. We must not altogether despise those thorn bushes—one of them is the Zukkum, and bears a nut, from which a liquid balsam is made by the monks and soldiers—the famous "Balm of Gilead." The vista of twelve miles that lies opened before us in the spread of the valley of Jordan, just here, is the locality of extraordinary scenes. From Pisgah, in the mountains, and more clearly visible on the other side (but no one knoweth where Pisgah is), Moses looked down on the Promised Land and saw this plain and this valley, then fertile as the valley of the Nile. Here, on the spot where the pilgrims are about to enter, the Jordan rolled back twenty miles. The river had dried up from north to south (Josh., iii., 16), and the host of Israel *came out* of the deep channel, (here eight feet deep), and pitched their tents in the desert plains. They had seen Jericho from Gilgal, (where pilgrims still carry their children yearly to be circumcised), about five miles from the eastern bank,

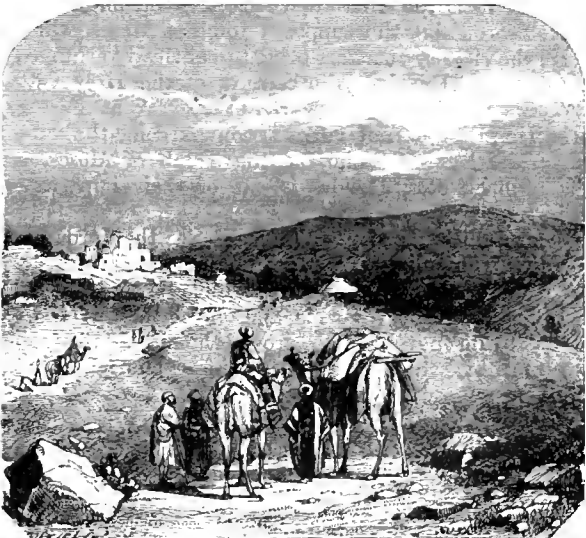


MOUNTS EBAL AND GERIZIM.



TIBERIAS.

on the skirt of the forest, a vast grove of majestic palms, about three miles broad and eight miles long. Above the trees could be seen Jericho, "high and fenced up to heaven;" behind it, the white limestone mountains of Judea, in which the spies had taken refuge; just as the hermits did in the after Christian period, when they hewed out cells in that hill, now called the "Quarantania," which they regarded as the scene of the "Forty days Fast of the Temptation." Down that pass from Jericho went Elijah and Elisha to the Jordan banks, and smote the waters and divided them, the sons of the prophets standing on the terraces to see the great prophet ascend. Those palm groves, now no more, were given by Antony to Cleopatra as a love-gift; and Herod the Great farmed them for her, and afterwards bought them for himself, and built here a sumptuous palace, and died here, stricken, in his pride. Our Lord passed through here on his last journey to Jerusalem, and, along the road by which grew the Sycamore Tree (Luke, xiv., 4), went up into the wild dreary mountains, and so up the long ascent towards the City, past the old khan or inn that now marks the locality of the Parable of the Good



HAIN.

Samaritan (an English traveller was robbed and murdered there in 1820), and so to the friendly house of Lazarus at Bethany.

Night falls, and we look for and obtain a kind lodging from the captain of the guard in the old tower. Here we snatch a few hours' repose, which early is broken, in the dead waste and middle of the night, or rather about three o'clock in the morning, by loud shouts from the neighbouring camp. Lights are flashing about and drums beaten, and then come, in a long line,—all carrying blazing torches of the turpentine,—the pilgrims who now advance towards the Jordan in solemn silence, the moon shining brightly above their heads. Before reaching the shore, we perceive the white cliffs and green thickets on each bank, just where the Greeks and Armenians bathe, which they do, rushing headlong, men, women, and children, in one undistinguished mass. The banks are perpendicular, and the stream flows strong; and is ten feet deep, and rather muddy. We are more used to rivers, and wisely prefer a lower spot, which the Latin pilgrims use, and which our artist has sketched (see page 49), where the beach on one side is low. You will see fathers and mothers, delightedly, bathing their children, that they may enjoy the advantages of a pilgrimage without the toil. There is little noise and shouting, though much haste and tumultuousness, but at the same time, no indecorous conduct. The bath is delightful, and the intermixture of the reeds, wild vines, and climbing plants, imparts much beauty of contrast. Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, Protestants, from Abyssinia, Egypt, Asia, Turkey, Greece, Malta, Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Great Britain, America, and all Christian lands; even Cossacks from Tartary, and Negroes from Abyssinia, were thronging along the shores. The forest of thorns was all alive with them. All brought back some memorial from the banks—long branches of the Jordan willow; some even carry away trunks of trees, loaded on their asses, horses and mules, as a store from which to cut out relics for profitable sale at a distance. All, on their return, were engaged in singing hymns, the confused sound of which from so great a multitude, when harmonised into one sonorous hum or trumpet murmur by the effect of distance, had a surprising effect. At the camp are a large body of Turkish pilgrims, it is the time of their Moslem pilgrimage to Nebi-Moussim, the supposed tomb of Moses, which lies in the vicinity; matters being so politically arranged that, to guard against the capture of the Holy City by Christian pilgrims mustered every year at Easter, a similar pilgrimage of Turks is convoked for the same time; and Nebi-Moussim, or the Tomb of Moses, a small hillock near Jericho, is one of their important shrines.¹

A short distance above the Dead Sea the Jordan is 40 yards wide, and 12 feet deep; then 50 yards wide, and 11 feet deep; then 80 yards wide, and 7 feet deep; and, finally, 100 yards wide and only 3 feet deep at the bar, by its entrance. We proved the buoyancy of the Dead Sea by attempting to sink in it, but found the

¹ Van Egmont speaks of this tomb as of a modern Mussulman Saint. But the prefix of Nebi (Prophet) to Monsa (Moses), Canon Stanley remarks, is nearly conclusive in favour of its being intended for the grave of Moses. Such is the opinion also of Jelal-ed-din. Schwartz describes a Keber Moshel, or Moses' Grave, south of Hams, when it is well known, the Rabbi adds, that the sepulchre of this holy man is east of the Jordan (Deut. xxxiv., 6).

water very buoyant, and, at the same time, extremely bitter, and far saltier than that of the ocean. It acts like alum upon the tongue, smarts like camphor when applied to the eyes, and stiffens the hair like cerate. Here are no fish, nor did we see any birds, and an unnatural gloom hangs over the sea and over the plain. One analysis of the water shows chloride of sodium, 8; of potassium, 1; of calcium, 3. Another says, chloride of calcium, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$; of magnesium, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$; of potassium, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; of sodium, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. The specific gravity is as 1200 to distilled water at 1000; but this varies, as do also the amount of saline substances according to the time or place at which the water may be taken. We made the best of our way up the Valley of the Jordan, but found the attempt to reach Jerusalem in that direction would be fruitless; so we at once hastened back with the pilgrims, now in advance—who halted, however, at the castle,—in a long picturesque line towards Jerusalem. This, by taking up again the relay of horses we had left at Mar Saba, we were enabled to do before the evening fell.

Next morning, at day-break, we started on the usual route out of the Damascus Gate to Nablus, and soon cleared the hills and rocks that skirt the city, and entered on the Plain of Jezreel, or Esdraelon. El Birch, or the Well, the ancient Beerot, is the first halting place of caravans on this route. One day a band of pious pilgrims were returning to Nazareth, after offering their humble sacrifices at the Temple. On their reaching this fountain, when the scattered caravan joined up to halt, a mother and her husband perceived with great terror that their only child was not with them. Devoured with anxiety, they retraced their steps towards Jerusalem, inquiring everywhere on the way for their little son, and found him in the Holy City, in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors or teachers of the law. A little chapel was built here to commemorate the Virgin's anxiety. The path winds through an uneven valley, covered with bare spots of rock. A little to the east are some blocks of stone, recording how Jacob had his dream on this spot. This is all that remains of Bethel, leaving it just what it was when the wanderer "who went out from Beersheba" slept on the brown bare rocks, and the beaten thoroughfare, and erected the stone which had been his pillow, in memorial of his dream. In the valley below was the "Oak of Tears," near where Deborah, the nurse of Jacob, was buried (Gen., xxxv., 6-8). Yet here, at Luz, as it was then called,² was the place of council—the Witenagemote—of the old Canaanites. This place small as it was, held out against Benjamin, until the strong family of Joseph captured it by storm, and made it their own (Judges, i., 22-25). The Jews then assembled here in the House of God, Beth-el. Next, Jeroboam built a Temple, which Josiah destroyed; the old Canaanitish relish for idols hovered over the spot; and Jeroboam himself, while in this Temple, by the altar which stood before the Golden Calf, was confounded by the terrible denunciation of the Man of God from Judah (1 Kings, xiii., 1). Thence it was called Bethanen, the House of Idols, which Josiah destroyed, with all its groves, and Ahaz and Hosea pronounced their emphatic curses upon the spot. It now bears the mark of their accomplishment.

² The ruins at Beitin and Bethel occupy the whole surface of the hill-point and cover a space of three or four acres. They consist of very many foundations and half standing walls of churches, towers, and other buildings.

The hills of the main road from Jerusalem are passed, and we descend into a wide stretching plain, full of growing wheat, or barley being harvested, with here and there an olive grove peeping from the midst of the waving mass. Beyond us, to the right, lies the snowy brow of Mount Hermon. The crests of Mounts Gerizim and Ebal warn us of our approach to Nablus, the ancient Sichem or Shechem. The Samaritans claim that it was here Melchisedek met Abraham, and that on Mount Gerizim, and not on Moriah, was Isaac offered in sacrifice by Abraham. We are in the Vale of Shechem, a valley green with grass, grey with olives in the gardens sloping down on each side, with fresh springs running in all directions. Here was the first halting-place of Abraham, and here, at Moriah, he built the first altar of the Holy Land. Here was the first settlement of Jacob; the first capital of the conquest; upon Mount Gerizim was the blessing pronounced, upon Mount Ebal the curse (Deuteronomy, xi., 29-30).¹

There was a famous temple here, 241 feet from east to west, and 255 feet from north to south. The stones are bevelled after the ancient fashion. The temple was destroyed 130 years before Christ, but they persevere, even to this very day, in "worshipping the Father" on this very spot. The place is a singular one; the streets are dark and vaulted, and the brooks rush uncovered over their pavements in wet weather, threatening to sweep away the passers-by. The houses have gardens, and the mulberry, orange, pomegranate, and fruit trees, load the air with delicious perfumes. Here are nightingales and hundreds of other birds, and the valley—for the city lies right across between two prodigious masses of high mountains—is excessively picturesque. Mount Ebal is on the north, Gerizim on the south, and the city between. This was the locality of Abimelech's murder of his brothers. Shechem was the government seat of old Canaan, and it was easy to get up an insurrection there against the conquerors. From Mount Gerizim Jotham addressed his famous parable to the people (Judges, ix., 7), and you can see that from his position he would have time to escape before he could be reached on the overhanging mountain. It was on Ebal and on Gerizim that Moses, by the Lord's command, placed "the blessings and the curses" (Deuteronomy, xxvii., 4, 8; Joshua, viii., 30, 32).

At the mouth of the valley we see, on one side, the white cupola of a Mussulman Chapel—that is the "Tomb of Joseph"—that is "the parcel of ground" left to him by Jacob on his death-bed (Genesis, xlviii., 22, as carried out in Joshua, xxiv., 32). A remarkable point is noticeable in this will of Jacob's, as, according to it, the distribution of property used to be regulated. What he inherited, no man thought his own, but for life, and therefore suffered it always to go in the fair order of his generation; but what he had earned, or himself obtained or added—"which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and my bow"—that the patriarch considered himself entitled

to give as a special gift to his favourite son; the rest he equitably distributed.² On the other side are a few broken stones, where was the well sunk by "our father Jacob," "to give drink thereof to himself, his children, and his cattle" (John iv. 12). "Jacob's Well" is the undisputed scene of Our Lord's conversation with the Woman of Samaria. He halted, as we and all travellers do, at this well; his disciples went up the city; and down the gorge, from it, came the woman, as do all women in the East, to the well to draw water. The same mountain, Gerizim, looked down upon that conversation, and the same fields of waving corn surrounded them as they talked.

Six miles from Shechem, along the valley, in a wide basin, rises a steep hill, a position unequalled for strength, beauty, and fertility. This is the hill of Samaria, looking over the Plain of Sharon, and the Mediterranean Sea to the west, and up the green Valley of Shechem, to the East. It was the capital of the Kings of Israel, and second only to Jerusalem. Here is a grand gothic ruin, the church of the beheading and grave of St. John the Baptist, and a second "Holy Sepulchre." It is now a mosque, and carefully guarded by the people of Sebaste (the modern appellation of the town). There is a broken reservoir, which they tell us was the pool in which the chariot of Ahab was washed, which had brought up the dying king from the valley of the Jordan after the fatal fight of Ramoth-Gilead. (Stanley's *Palestine*.) (1 Kings, xxii., 38.) The martyr has a tomb, and his memory is revered; but of the proud Herod, of his palace and his terraces, his sumptuous halls, and his feasts and dances, nothing remains, but a few broken pillars on the hill. All nature smiles around, as she then smiled; groves of trees, of corn and olives, rise in the valley, and up the hill sides; but the plough passes over the King's palace every season, and the peasant who drives it knows not the very name of Herod.

Over the mountains of Manasseh and into the Plain of Esdraelon, after a night's halt, we hasten, across Galilee, leaving Tabor, or the Mountain

towards the Eastern summit of Mount Gerizim; in the far back histories of the mysterious old time, the actual presence of God on Mount Gerizim is stated." An American traveller says, "The brother of my host was particularly fond of talking about them. He was very old, and the most deformed man I ever saw, who lived to a great age. He seemed to think there were many Samaritans in England and America, and told me to tell them, wherever I found them, that they believed in one God Omnipotent and Eternal, the five books of Moses, and a future Messiah, and the day of the Messiah's coming to be near at hand; that they practised circumcision; went three times a-year up to Mount Gerizim, 'the everlasting mountain,' to worship and offer sacrifice; and once a-year pitched their tents and left their virgins alone on the Mount for seven days, expecting that one of them should conceive and bear a son, who should be the Messiah; that they allowed two wives, and, in case of barrenness, four; that the women were not permitted to enter the synagogue, except once a year, during fast, but on no account were they suffered to touch the sacred scroll; and that, although the Jews and Samaritans had dealings in the market-place, &c., they hated each other now, as much as their fathers did before them. I asked about Jacob's Well: he said he knew the place, and that he knew Our Saviour, or Jesus Christ, as he familiarly called him, very well; he was Joseph the carpenter's son, of Nazareth; but that the story which the Christians had about the woman at the well was all a fiction; that Christ did not convert her, but that, on the contrary, she laughed at him, and even refused to give him water to drink."

² The exploration of the tomb of Joseph at Shechem, the stone set up by Joshua at the same place to perpetuate the law of Sinai, and a description of the ruins on Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, are still desiderata.

¹ "In their humble synagogues, at the foot of the mountain," says Canon Stanley, the most perfect and judicious, as well as the most picturesque writer of all the travellers in the Holy Land, "the Samaritans still worship—the oldest and the smallest sect in the world, distinguished by their noble physiognomy and stately appearance from all other branches of the House of Israel. In their prostrations at the elevation of their revised copy of the Pentateuch, they throw themselves on their faces in the direction, not of priest, or town, or any object within the building, but, obliquely,

of the Transfiguration, green to its very summit, and towering in the prospect like a dome, as if isolated in the mountain range, on our right. Carmel, for eighteen miles, is on our left, stretching towards the sea, all verdant to its top with groves and glades, like Tabor. Gilboa all bare, and little Hermon, we have left behind. We now enter the Valley of Nazareth from the broader Valley of Jezreel, or Esdraelon. Nazareth, the dwelling place of Our Lord, is built on the steep slope of a hill, as will be seen from our illustration, and fifteen gently-rounded green hills form a barrier round the beautiful fields abounding in bright flowers, fig trees, and hedged gardens, in the midst of which sits Nazareth like a rose, with the mountains for its leaves, according to the poetic image of an old topographer, Quaresmius. Innumerable files of cattle and black goats may be seen winding towards it, and under a large pomegranate tree. On the way towards Saphorah (Sephorieh) the traditional residence of the Virgin's parents, may be seen a party of women and girls, with regular and delicate features, dancing under a pomegranate tree. We are now at the very source and first spring of Christianity. Here for thirty years resided the Saviour of mankind: "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." At the north-west end of the town, we encamped by a well, which is called the "Spring of the Annunciation," where, says the early Greek tradition, the Angel saluted Mary as she went to it, as we see her countrywomen now coming with their jars and their skins, to draw water. Dismounting from our horses, we proceed to look at "The Mount of Precipitation" (Luke, iv., 1), the brow of the hill on the slope of which the town is built. This is just above the Maronite Convent, at the south-west corner of the town. The women here are very pretty; nor did we notice that boldness in their looks which made a reverend American put the question to himself over again that

Philip once put to Nathaniel, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

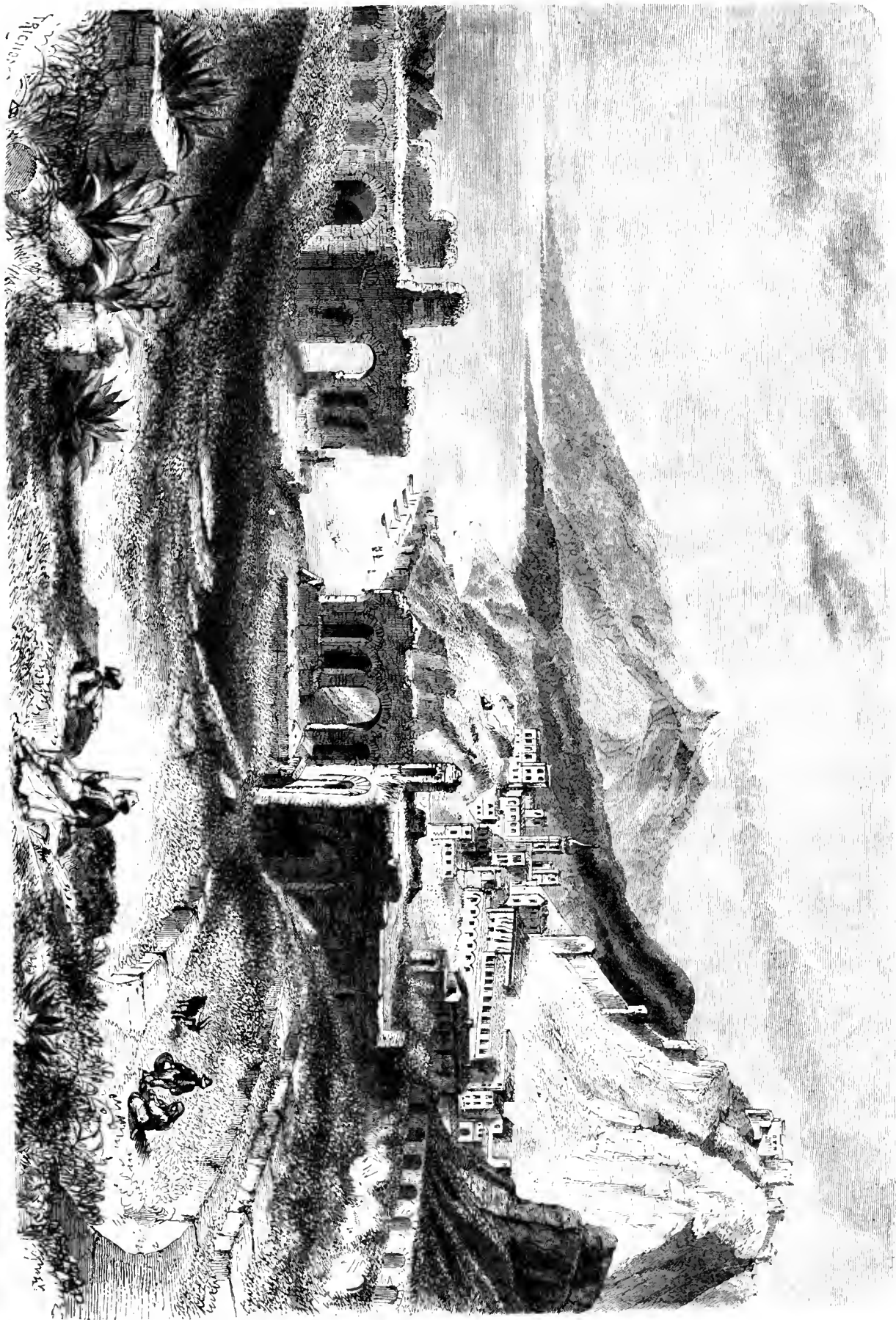
The Church of the Annunciation, within, is very handsome, and without is very strongly guarded. We leave the Convent walls, and by a flight of steps descend to an altar, with a recess cut in the solid rock, but cased in marble, where the Angel addressed the Virgin; under that is an inscription, "Verbum caro hic factum est:" "Here the word was made flesh." A broken column, hanging from its capital in the roof, designates the place where the Angel stood. Below the altar is the house of Joseph and Mary,—that cave, the kitchen, keeping-room and bedroom. The House that miraculously transported itself from this spot to Loretto, is said, here, to have been the other half of the holy dwelling. Close by, however, the "Workshop of Joseph" is left, though in a very different style of architecture and material; there is also, the little Synagogue where Christ, by reading the book of Isaiah, and applying the passages to himself, exasperated his townsmen to thrust him out of their city. It may not be generally known, perhaps, that Pope Sixtus V. had actually negotiated a treaty with the Sublime Porte, to purchase the Holy Sepulchre, and convey it bodily to Rome, with the surrounding shrines, so that Christendom might possess the actual sites of the Conception, Birth, and Burial of our Saviour.

We were strongly tempted to continue our tour, and visit Cana, Nain, and Tiberias; but an intimation of the steamer's departure drew us once more from the Sacred Past into the regions of the busy present; and diverging to the left, from Nazareth, we worked our way on to Caiffa, and thence to Jaffa, where we re-embarked, thus concluding our seven days' journey in the Holy Land, out of which we had spent

FIVE DAYS AT JERUSALEM.



NAZARETH.



MOUNT ETNA (VIEWED FROM TAORMINUM), IN SICILY.



SICILY AS IT IS.

I.—IN AND ABOUT PALERMO.

THE triumphal entrance of Garibaldi into Naples having released us from the charge of attending his victorious career, which we might have accompanied from his landing in Marsala and during his progress across Sicily to Palermo, we are enabled to turn to that island which is now likely to assume a very interesting position in European affairs, and complete our knowledge of its present condition and the prospects of its possible future, by a tour completely round and across it. This is no very difficult task apparently, for the whole island is only 560 miles in circumference, 220 miles in length, and 150 miles in breadth; but there are 500 cities, although there are only two post-roads and one stage-coach! Palermo is reached in the steam-boat from Naples in seven hours. This ancient City¹ stands on the margin of its beautiful bay, in a wide rich valley, backed by an extensive plain, and surrounded by a grand amphitheatre of mountains, verdant to their summits, and of a varied and picturesque outline. It looks down smiling upon dark blue waves, while around it the palm, the orange tree, the fig, the olive and the vine, cheered by the brightest sun and refreshed by cool breezes, shed forth their verdure, and fringe the shell of gold,—the Conca d'Oro,—for so the plain is called—that contains "Palermo the Beautiful," as if within a frame. The town has an eastern appearance; white and square houses with flat roofs. We could fancy the Saracens were again in possession of the place, and that the gongs sounding so loudly were intended to call the Moslems to their prayers.²

¹ The origin of Palermo is lost in the night of antiquity. Thucydides says it was originally a Phœnician city, which passed under the Greeks, and eventually Carthaginians, the principal seat of whose dominions it was. Eventually the Romans won it. During the decline of the empire, it was overrun by the Barbarians and Goths, until, by the valour of Belisarius, it was restored awhile to the Byzantine Emperor. Then the Saracens took it, then the Normans, then the French, then the Spanish. At one time there were three codes of Law; the Normans had the Custom of Normandy, the Saracens the Koran, and the Greeks and the Sicilians the Roman Law. Six Languages were spoken at the same time; French, German, Italian, Greek, Latin, and Arabic. The city, like the country, has been Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Byzantine, Norman, French, Spanish, Sardinian, and Neapolitan, and preserves traces of each one in its buildings, as well as the language, manners, habits, and appearance of its inhabitants.

² But how did the Saracens come here? *Dux femina facti.* There was a woman at the bottom of it. Goths, Vandals and Byzantines followed the Romans, and it happened that at one of the gratings, just such as we now see a pair of bright eyes and a pale face under a white muslin veil looking down from the balconied

The lovely bay is eight miles broad. To the west it is closed by Mount Pellegrino, where once was Hyccara, whence Nicias, who did little else, brought away the fair Lais, who fascinated all Athens, and seduced the great Pericles to listen and admire. The Eastern headland is Mount Catalfano—the ancient Solus or Soluntum, and at the foot of which is a small port, with a fort called Castelli di Solanto. The Marina, the loveliest ride, walk, or drive in Europe, open to the sea, and guarded only by a dwarf wall, with flagged pavement for pedestrians, is a broad road, along which, on the other side, are the palaces of the nobility. Even now, there is a procession of carriages—every one rides in Palermo—and a band, whose music from above floats softened over the sea. We have very little trouble in landing, and as for the Custom House that used to be so vexatious, "we" and Garibaldi, *nous avons changé tout cela.* Farewell, for a while at any rate, to official extortion in Sicily. We hasten to the Victoria Hotel, on the Upper Marina, where we "greatly daring dine;" and then, out to enjoy the evening fragrance of the orange groves and the amphitheatre of lights round the bay, and the busy, bustling scene of the Marine Promenade. The sweet silvery bells chime out here for vespers—Sicilian vespers! It is only half a mile from here to the Church of San Spirito, in a field by which took place that famous assassination on so huge a scale,³ that set people

second story in the High Street, he saw a pretty nun and fell in love with her. Love laughs at locksmiths, so the nun got out of her window at night, and was just stepping off the rope-ladder into the arms of her lover, when a friar, returning late to his convent, discovered her. The power of the Church in those days (it was in the same year that Egbert was crowned King of England,) was not to be trifled with even by Byzantine Generals; so Euphemius was sentenced to be flogged through the streets, the nun being compelled to stand at her grating and witness the degradation of her lover. But by the aid of some of his fellow officers, he ventured upon a most hazardous escape. The keeper of his prison was poisoned before midnight and the keys obtained; he then swam out into the bay, where he remained floating, until a fishing boat took him up, and for a heavy bribe put him on board a vessel bound for Africa. Once there he instigated the Muhammedans to an easy conquest of Sicily; and they ruled the Island with rigour for upwards of two hundred years, enriching its cities with graceful palaces.

³ It was here, on Easter Tuesday, March 30th, 1382, about half a mile from the city at the Church of San Spirito, that, when a great concourse of the citizens had taken place, ostensibly for the purpose of attending vespers, a party of French soldiers, to the number of two hundred, under suspicion of the people wearing arms, began to search for them, and one insolent young officer, named Drouette, stepped up to a very handsome young married lady who was walking surrounded by her friends, under pretence of searching for a weapon, rudely thrust his hand into her

thinking that it was not always necessary to endure oppression, and that a people when resolute were equal to any disciplined force with a bad cause.¹

bosom. The lady fainted in her husband's arms, who, furious with rage, struck at Dronette, crying "Death to the French!" "Death to the French!" echoed the crowd, and armed with knives and clubs they fell desperately upon the soldiers and killed them to a man. Inflamed with rage and blood, the mob then hurried to the city, where they broke into the convents and killed every French monk they could trace. A horrible butchery followed—not even the altars afforded refuge—men, women, and children were alike sacrificed to the national hate. The French were hunted to their homes everywhere, and murdered without mercy. Eight thousand fell miserably murdered in this impetus of fury, which long repressed, now suddenly and awfully burst forth. In the universal massacre a single individual was saved, William of Porceletta, the governor of a small town. He had stood aloof from the tyrannies and insolence of his countrymen, and had made himself beloved. The Sicilians, who, throughout the country, had risen on the tolling of the vesper bell of San Spirito, refrained from injuring his abode, and honourably conducted him on board one of his own vessels to Provençe, first compelling him, as it were, to receive the price of the possessions he left in Sicily. A remarkable example of popular justice and the power of virtue.

This insurrection had been carefully prepared beforehand by John of Procida. "His birth was humble," says Gibbon, "but his education was learned, and, in the poverty of exile, he was relieved by the practice of physic, which he had studied in the school of Salerno. Fortune had left him nothing to lose except life, and to despise life is the first qualification of a rebel. The island was roused to a sense of freedom by his eloquence, and he displayed to every baron his private interest in the common cause. In the confidence of foreign aid, he successively visited the courts of the Greek Emperor, and of Peter, King of Arragon, who possessed the maritime countries of Valentia and Catalonia. To the ambitious Peter a crown was presented which he might justly claim by his marriage with the daughter of the sister" (Constantia, the daughter,) "of Manfred" (the last of the Norman Kings), "and, by the dying voice of Conradino," (the young grandson of the Emperor Frederick's son, ruthlessly slain by Charles of Anjou), "who, from the scaffold, had cast a ring to his heir and avenger. Paleologus was easily persuaded to divert his enemy from a foreign war by a rebellion at home; and a Greek subsidy of 25,000 ounces of gold was most profitably employed to arm a Catalan fleet, which sailed under a holy banner to the specious attack of the Saracens of Africa. In the disguise of a monk or a beggar, the indefatigable missionary of revolt flew from Constantinople to Rome, and from Sicily to Saragossa; the treaty was signed with the seal of Pope Nicholas, himself the enemy of Charles; and his deed of gift transferred the fiefs of St. Peter from the house of Anjou to that of Arragon. So widely diffused, and so freely circulated, the secret was preserved for above two years with impenetrable discretion; and each of the conspirators imbibed the maxim of Peter" (of Aragon), "who declared that he would cut off his left hand if it were conscious of the intention of his right. The mine was prepared with deep and dangerous artifice; but it may be questioned whether the instant of explosion at Palermo were an effort of accident or design." The French were long taught to remember this bloody lesson. "If I am provoked," said Henry the Fourth, "I will breakfast at Milan and dine at Naples." "Your Majesty," replied the Spanish Ambassador, "may, perhaps, arrive in Sicily for vespers." Charles threatened dreadful revenge, but the Messinese, who were the first attacked, defeated his army most ingloriously, and in the meantime Peter of Arragon had been sent for and arrived. Since that day, until the coming of a new John of Procida in Garibaldi, the Spanish family have reigned in Sicily, personally or by viceroy. The island having, in 1713, only for a brief period passed to the House of Savoy, was by them exchanged with Carlos, son of Philip the Fifth of Spain, for the Island of Sardinia. In this manner the Spanish Bourbon dynasty entered into Sicily.

¹ But how did the French come into Sicily? A woman did this also. At a festive entertainment, held in the French Court, Beatrice, Countess of Savoy, married to Charles of Anjou, brother to Louis IX. of France, was removed from the superior range of seats occupied by her two younger sisters, the Queen (Eleanor) of England and the Queen of France. Mortified by this humiliation, she returned to her apartment, excited by ill humour, and dissolved in tears. On learning the cause of her chagrin and on

There are the strange Sicilian nobility in their carriages, with every trace of Spanish blood,—proud, lazy, and polite. Many a one of them half starves himself, and lives in a humble lodging up a dirty back street, for the sake of rolling along in that elegant equipage on the Marina every evening. The Spanish veil is not yet uncommon with the women; and the best dressed ladies wear Paris bonnets and cloaks. All the men are smoking, and the gay uniforms and the bright eyes and the rapid animated conversation, the strange black-looking priests, and the pale-faced nuns peeping from their grated windows in the upper story, combine to form an extraordinary scene. There are 200,000 inhabitants in Palermo, and it is a tolerably busy town. They are about to have a Parliament in it, and you will hear of some strange goings on before all is over, for the Sicilians are famous in history for winning their liberty, and not knowing how to use it or to keep it. They have done this several times before; the last time was in 1812, when King Ferdinand, then a refugee from Naples, convoked his barons in a Parliament, and imprisoned them for protesting against an arbitrary tax. Then Lord William Bentinck landed troops, and threatened to depose the king, and drew from him a constitution. But the Sicilians quarrelled amongst themselves, flew off into parties, and the king tricked them out of the constitution, as a toy too cumbersome and troublesome for them to play with. In 1847 they carried another revolution, and they beat the soldiers in Palermo, and they captured the citadel, and the Capuchins distributed arms, and led them on, as they did this year. In 1848 they defied the king, and Lord Minto interfered in their behalf, but they unwisely sent an expedition to Calabria, which failed; and then the king threw them all over, and bombarded the town and gained the day, and, as they tell us, imprisoned, flogged, tortured, shot, and hung them, up to the coming of Garibaldi. Whether they will manage better now-a-days is the question. However, all are enjoying the present. Gallant cavaliers dash past, pedestrians press along from their evening walk in crowds. It is the hour of enjoyment. The children of the rich, dressed like dolls—of the poor, dark-eyed, fine, and beautifully graceful, are all at play on this cool evening; the artisan sits at his door; the coffee-house loungers occupy the pavement with their chairs; ices and refreshments are handed about—the bay is silvered over with the moon; Pellegrino stands out like a giant in the shade; the sea breeze blows in fresh; and the song of the homeward fishermen comes over the gleaming waters. It was about midnight before we could tear ourselves from the scene.

Palermo is a pleasant and easy place for travellers. No street directory is required; there are only two streets besides the Marina, and these crossing at right angles, divide it necessarily into four parts. Out of these

her saying she would give her life to be able to confine her tresses for one hour beneath a diadem, Charles embraced her affectionately, and added, "Set your heart at rest, Countess, for before long I will make you a greater queen than either of your sisters." So he promised to her. He defeated Manfred, who died bravely fighting, and caused Conradino to be executed, he himself and Beatrice witnessing the bloody spectacle. A similar promise is said to have been made by the late Emperor of Russia to his Empress, when they were stopping together in the vicinity of Mount Etna, who promised his Empress Sicily for a summer residence, after he had taken Constantinople,—which he did not.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. ROSALIA NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY.

great streets shelve and slope narrow alleys and lanes, in which clothes, hung out to dry, are ludicrously conspicuous. There is a fine St. Giles' element about the prospect, in spite of the arches and archways, and the deep blue sky, and the bright blue sea, and the occasional palm tree. The first great street is called the Cassaro, and was the Al Kasr or Street of Palaces, also called Via de Toledo, of the Saracens—it is a mile long. The houses on either side are tall and stately, with bold cornices and projecting balconies; the flowers and striped blinds of the windows give colour and effect; the ground-floors are all shops, of a second-rate, country-town-shop-like description. The front of each is an arch; the proprietors live above; hence the lodgers have almost all the house. A circus adorns the intersection of the streets; this is ornamented with statues of the Seasons, of sovereigns, and of saints. The gates of the city are very handsome, with fountains and marble columns. The second street is the Macqueda, which at the close opens out into the mountains, which seem as if they were exactly at the end, though in reality at least three miles distant. Both streets are lined with churches and convents innumerable, a small piazza, part of the Cassaro, contains a very elaborate fountain, extremely handsome, but too complicated in its machinery ever to throw up water. It is circular, and of white marble, and gleams with statues of exquisite workmanship. It has no business to be in a public street. It was designed and executed for a private garden, but was bequeathed to the Senate, who caused it to be erected here.

We now hire mules and start off—three boys have fired us out with asking us to do so. Our object is to reach Monte Pellegrino and the Grotto of Santa Rosalia.¹

¹ This glorious virgin, says the legend, was born at Palermo, in 1130, of noble progenitors, the descendants of Charlemagne. Educated with the utmost refinement of the period, she fled, at the age of twelve, from her father's house to the neighbouring mountains, where she passed her whole time in acts of devotion and penance. At length she retired to a cavern on Monte Pellegrino, where she died, without her place of refuge having been discovered. During that terrible plague of 1624, when all efforts to stay its ravages proved ineffectual, the Saint appeared in a dream to a certain inhabitant of Palermo, and disclosed to him the spot where her mortal relics yet remained unburied, which were reverently gathered up and deposited in the custody of the Archbishop. Still the pestilence refused to leave Palermo, until one day a certain Vincenzo Bonelli, a soap-maker, wandering about the mountain to deplore the loss of his better half, was encountered by a beautiful damsel, who said to him, "Come hither with me, Vincenzo, and I will show you my grotto." Bonelli, all in a tremble, demanded her name. "I am Rosalia," replied the virgin. "Then why," asked the soap-maker, plucking up courage to address her, "do you abandon your country to so many afflictions?" "Such has been the will of Heaven," interrupted the saint, "but I am now sent to announce to you, that so soon as my body shall be carried in procession through the city, the pestilence shall cease." She then showed Bonelli her place of retreat, advised him to confide all that he had seen and heard to his confessor, and, moreover, predicted that in four days he should be with her in Paradise. Bonelli, of course, fulfilled his mission, and died himself four days afterwards in corroboration of it. Her bones were carried through the City, and the plague was stayed. In honour of this, a yearly festival takes place in Palermo, a magnificent car is conducted about, 20,000 wax-lights are lighted in the Cassaro, and a splendid exhibition of fireworks takes place.

Monte Pellegrino has been compared to the Rock of Gibraltar, and is about the same height—1,963 feet above the level of the sea. It was an impregnable stronghold in the Carthaginian period.¹ The grotto of the celebrated cavern of Rosalia is extremely curious. The chapel is hewn in the rock, and contains a white marble statue of the fair young saint of sixteen, arrayed in gold and silver, jewels, flowers, and lamps, that hang around all night and day (see p. 69). The annual festival is very gay. St. Rosalia parades in an immense car, as high as the highest palaces of the Toledo or Cassaro. It is splendidly fitted up with gold and silver embroidery and painting, the body being formed of a huge mount of orange-trees, corals, vases of flowers, and on the top of all is St. Rosalia herself—a silver statue. There is a grand show of fireworks to close the scene.

Returning into Palermo, we observed the fruit exposed for sale in the market. Pine cones, which are eaten roasted, the produce of a flat-topped pine; red-cheeked apples; figs of the cactus, of which the seller strips the skin off and hands them to you to swallow, and delicious they are when you are once used to them; chesnuts—the chesnuts of the sunny south, fine and mealy; dried figs; tender green lemons—the most charming of fruit; ripe oranges, nuts, and melons. We saw, too, what will soon be the last lottery (for one of Garibaldi's first steps was to abolish this cheating method of taxation), where, in a red balcony, in a great house in the Piazza, standing where the Inquisition used to be, a little child in white, with due ceremonies,—such as we ourselves used to have in Guildhall about thirty years ago,—drew the lucky ticket from the wheel, and made one man happy with a few pounds extra, while he disappointed a thousand others. What import? the Government raised £200,000 a year by it. There was now no end of sight-seeing, all within easy distance. The Convent of St. Maria di Gesu, at the foot of a mountain, buried in cypresses, round-topped pines, olives,² oleanders, the vine, the date-bearing palm, and aloes innumerable; the aloe here being thick and strong—a hard trunk of fibres a foot round, and strong enough for a beam. The pathway behind this convent goes up to an ivy-clad hermitage, with a wide-spreading yew tree of giant size. The view hence over the plain of Palermo, the sea, the bay, and the City, to Mount Pellegrino, which heaves up as the back ground to the picture, is something never to be forgotten for beauty and brilliancy.

Coming back, we pass the Church of San Spirito, surrounded by a cluster of cypresses, the scene of the Sicilian Vespers. There is the large Campo, or burying-ground of the City, and a convent, which enjoys a vaulted burial ground, where the occupants are dried into mummies; and there they are, in coffins with

¹ Of course the Carthaginians and the Romans had a battle here. It came off on the banks of the river Oreti, now a mere mountain stream. Hasdrubal came from the eastern plain with an immense army of elephants, trained for war, on whose terrific aspect he relied to scare the Roman troops at the first onset. But Marcellus opposed craft by courage, and told his soldiers to affect fear at the slow, desperate march of the beasts, and fall back. As soon as a number of the elephants had crossed the river, and while others were crowding in and to the ford, a volley of darts, discharged upon them by the Romans, threw them into confusion, and they turned upon their leaders, and, trampling down the Carthaginian ranks, threw their army into such confusion that the Carthaginians lost 20,000 men.

² The olive trees take long to grow. The Saracens exempted from taxation, during thirty years, those who made a plantation of

glass cases, in the very clothes they used to wear in life—a well-dressed skeleton in white kid gloves; a soldier in regimentals; a child preserved with glass eyes!

But we have had our seven penny-worth of carriage out (it costs you two tari, of about three pence half-penny each, fifty-seven—there ought to be sixty—to a pound), the fare in Palermo, for a carriage,—and it is time we started to survey the curiosities of the town. One of the greatest of these would be, if we could collect them together, its four thousand lawyers, or at the rate of one attorney to every five hundred inhabitants, which, allowing the usual set-off of wives, women, and children, would be about one per cent. for every able-bodied man in the town; deduct from this a liberal per centage of noblemen, all the members of whom are forbidden, by their rank, to trade, deduct also the clergy and the monks, and how few will be left to earn a living for themselves and the rest? Yet all day long there are processions, and incense, and prayers; every other day, almost, is a holiday, and every third evening a "festa," with fireworks. We once heard tell of a Staffordshire working week as follows: "Monday a holiday; Tuesday we go on an excursion; Wednesday we talk about it; Thursday we go to work; Friday we get our wages; Saturday we all drink; and Sunday we go to sleep." A Sicilian week would be nearly the same, but that the Saturday and Sunday would be better spent; the evening of both, however, being enlivened with a dance,—one night to celebrate the close of labour, and the other, after prayers. Milking the cows, pruning the vines, or crushing the grapes and tending the silkworms,³ or basking in the sunshine, constitute the most of a Sicilian peasant's labours, unless in the sulphur district, where he really works hard.

There are three hundred churches in Palermo, and therefore we cannot see them all. Let us begin with the Cathedral on the right hand of the large open square at the head of the city. Severe and simple in the exterior, with its stone burnt to a yellow by the sun's heat, it is impossible to say whether it be Sicilian, Norman, Gothic, or Saracen in its construction, but it has all the characteristics of a noble Spanish Cathedral. There is a grand Saracenic old door for front entrance, and its interior contains numerous side-chapels, each enclosed by marble balustrades and dedicated to special sin. Its altar of lapis lazuli is magnificent, and Gagini, the Sicilian Michael Angelo, has adorned it with

olive trees. The olives fall in August, but then are green and small; they swell and grow greener, until quite black and ripe in October. Then the olive plantations are crowded with men, women, and boys harvesting the crop; the women and children pick up the fallen fruit; the men climb up ladders, sit on the trees, and shake down the olives into the sheets spread out below. The olives are crushed in a rude mill—very rude indeed, and here there is much room for improvement and capital.

³ In the month of May the women take the eggs, wrap them in a fine linen cloth, and place it in their beds when they get up in the morning. The chilling influence of the air is scudulously avoided. When hatched the young worms are placed in a basket with the tenderest mulberry leaves. These are given fresh every night, being merely laid on the worms' backs. When full-sized the worms are fed no more. The women take it out of the basket and drawing it back see the silk protruding from its mouth; they then place it on a dry tray, where they weave their cocoons. They are taken hence and baked in an oven or roasted in the hot noon-day sun. Then, in the month of August, when the two crops of silk are in—the second begins in June—the cocoons are thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, which loosens the silk, the loose threads are dexterously caught and thrown on a reel, and the silk is wound off.

a fine picture of the Redeemer; mosaics of porphyry and verde antique brighten its pavement, and among the five grand Sarcophagi is one containing the body of Frederick Barbarossa, opened in 1781 by barbarous hands, when the Emperor's dress, of a gorgeous triple robe embroidered with gold and jewels, was found to be still in excellent preservation. Here lies Roger the first King,¹ there too, lie the two Constantia's, Queen and Empress, and the Norman King Henry VI.

¹ Our own William the Conqueror was not the only knight adventurer of the Norman race about the same period as he invaded England. It was in the year 1003 that Drogo, a Norman chief, from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, landed with about forty companions at Salerno. The Saracens attacked the town whilst the Normans were there. Drogo, with his companions, put himself at the head of the people, and repulsed the invaders. The Duke of Salerno having witnessed the prowess of the strangers, pressed them to remain. The pilgrims excused themselves at the time, but engaged to return. In the following spring, Drogo, with a band, augmented by no small number of bold adventurers, fulfilled his promise, returned to Italy, and entered into the service of the Duke of Salerno. Profiting by the dissensions of the Pope, the Lombards, the Byzantines, and the Saracens, they sent over in 1022 for a reinforcement of their countrymen to reap the golden harvest; whereupon William, Drogo, Tristan, and Raynulfus, four of the twelve sons of Tancred, a Norman gentleman of small fortune, came out with a party of martial adventurers to Italy. The three entered into the service of the Greek Emperor, on condition of half-shares in the spoil; and the eldest, William, the very model of a knight of romance, signalised himself by transfixing on the point of his lance the Saracen Governor of Syracuse, and his brethren largely aided in the release of Sicily from their new invaders. But the Greek general tried to cheat them of their reward, and made the worst of the bargain; for the Normans elected Iron-Arm (the name given to William) as their chief, and crossed to Calabria, where they seized several cities. William was made Count of Apulia; and on his death, two more of his brothers, Robert (afterwards surnamed "the Devil") and Hubert, came out in the disguise of pilgrims. A Sicilian party assassinated Drogo, and attempted to shake off the invaders, but in vain. Even the Pope himself, when he attacked them, at the head of his own army in person, was taken prisoner. The Normans now gave a proof that they possessed as much wisdom as courage. Aware of the spiritual influence of Rome on the minds of men, they knew that any injurious treatment offered to the head of the Church would infallibly bring down upon them a deluge of indignation. Instead, therefore, of treating the Pope as a captive, the Normans fell at his feet and implored his pardon and his blessing. They welcomed and conducted him as it were in triumph to Benevento. Leo IX. was so touched by a conduct the very opposite of what he expected, that he confirmed to the Normans all they had conquered, or might conquer, in Apulia or Calabria, and made an alliance with the very men whom he came to expel. Humphry was now Count of Apulia, and Robert made himself Duke of Calabria, by movements which obtained for him the appellation of Guiscard, or "the wily." On one occasion, when, from the natural strength of its situation, he despaired of taking the citadel of Malvito, he sent word to the monks of a convent within its walls, that one of his officers was dead, and besought them to give him burial in their church. The bier was carried and accompanied by unarmed men. In the middle of the funeral service, the corpse started up in complete steel, and put swords into the hands of the escort. The garrison, taken by surprise, laid down their arms, and the gates of the fortress were opened to Robert by his own soldiers. Finally, in 1059, Roger the youngest son of Tancred, came over, the last and most fortunate of the adventurous band. History here repeated itself. A fugitive Greek general had brought over the Saracens; a Saracen chief, Ben-et-Themmah, dispossessed of the government of Catania, revenged himself by persuading Count Roger, whom he found at Mileto, in 1061, to invade Sicily. Roger, nothing loth, crossed the Straits of Messina, defeated the Muhammedans, and finally won the island. His son succeeding him, reduced into order what his father had conquered, and his fellow-adventurers saluted him king; and thus it came to pass that the son of the youngest of the twelve sons of a poor Norman gentleman, who had left his country with no possession but his sword, was crowned at Palermo, the first monarch who had ever ruled over the whole of Sicily.

The Sarcophagus of Roger is supported by kneeling Saracens. There are four large sarcophagi on a pedestal, under a marble canopy, supported by four pillars. The interior of the Cathedral no longer produces the same harmony of effect as of old, for some Sicilian churchwarden has whitewashed it. All the fine ornaments produced by the taste of the founder, Archbishop Walter, the English prime minister of the Good King of Sicily—whose plans are said, however, to have been mainly chosen from those bequeathed by King William the Bad—have been defaced by the rude hand of over-careful cleanliness.²

Proceed we next to the Palazzo Reale,—royal palace no more; for poor old Prince Castelecale, long its lieutenant-governor, has vanished out of the way. The world got too fast for him, and has pushed the old diplomatist aside. While he cut and shuffled, the game was lost. We have just passed Cicero's house in the Cathedral square, and the Romans have gone; we have seen where Hasdrubal fought, and the Carthaginians are gone; we have seen Barbarossa's tomb, and the Suabians are gone; and the great Count Roger's, but where are the Normans? The bells of St. Spirito have told us how the French went. Here is the King's Palace, and the Bourbons have gone. What next, and next? Beautiful staircases, furniture delicately classical, roofs fretted and arched, floors of marble, and prospects the most charming; but there stands a fellow in a red shirt, with an English rifle on his shoulder, and he is explaining to another fellow without a shirt, and with his mouth full of figs, how to give his vote; while yonder beggar, reclining against a wall on the shady side of the way, just raises his hat, and taking his cigar (about a foot long) out of his mouth as we pass, asks us "Charity for the love of God." We walk on; another beggar meets us without a cigar. He follows and begs—"what, not a farthing!" We have no change—"he will give it to us." We don't wish to trouble him. "Then will the signor give him the cigar he is smoking, 'in charity for,'" &c. Aroused and angry, we rebuff him, but not comprehending why

² WALTER OF OFAMILIO—whom William II. the son of William the Bad selected for his prime minister when he came of age—was an Englishman of humble birth—the son of a miller, it is said. He had been recommended to the Court of Sicily by our Henry the II., who wished to bring about an alliance between his daughter Joan and the young King. Walter was a man of great ability, and faithful to his English as well as his Sicilian master. William the Bad, the successor of the first king Roger, was a weak and indolent prince, addicted to luxury and governed by unworthy favourites. He shut himself up in his palace and neglected the affairs of his kingdom. Whilst indulging with the ministers of his pleasures, a formidable insurrection aroused him, the conspirators seized upon his youthful son, the Duke of Apulia, and threatened to depose William, who at length awoke, and with a vigour becoming his bold ancestors suppressed the dangerous commotion. But a melancholy domestic tragedy darkened his triumph. The young duke, as soon as the tumult was over, ran open-armed to his father, when William, irritated by the supposed complicity of his own child with the conspirators against his throne and life, dashed him off with such great force, that the poor boy fell back, expiring, into his mother's arms.

Nothing could assuage the grief of the wretched king, who throwing aside his royal mantle, cast himself on the ground in an agony of deep remorse. Recovering at length from his dejection, he shut himself up in his palace, and desiring his servants henceforth to exclude anything that could occasion him the least anxiety, gave himself up to his favourite pursuit of architecture, until suddenly cut off in the very prime of an inglorious and unhappy existence.

we are angry, he finally beats us by "At least the signor will give him half the cigar, 'in charity for,' " &c., and so we give it to him.

Up a broad staircase, by open colonnades and Moorish frescoes, to a chapel, which, though mysteriously sombre, yet glitters with a thousand gems. It occupies the whole of one side of the Palace, and is the most remarkable feature in Palermo, combining the perfection of Byzantine and Saracenic art, as it was built by Roger, the first Norman king. It is in the form of a Latin cross (a Greek cupola rising from the intersection), with a long nave, supported by exquisite Corinthian columns, from which spring pointed Arabesque arches. The whole entrance of the church is ornamented elaborately with rich mosaics on a gold ground, and the effect produced is wonderfully rich, softened as it is by the mysterious shade purposely brought about by the narrowness of the lancet windows. Everywhere you may see frescoes, antique paintings, mosaics, and rare and costly objects; the high altar is crowded with some exquisite antique objects, and the floor is laid with choice porphyry, jasper, and *pietra-dura*. The roof is richly fretted, and resembles that of the Hall of Justice in the Alhambra, so familiar to all of us from Owen Jones's miniature of it in the Crystal Palace. Continue this room by expanding it to one hundred feet by fifty, and place composite pillars on each side—gild walls and roof, and then panel them with exquisite stones, and slices of gems—on each side aggregated into pictures of scenes in the Lives of the Apostles—place a vast, gigantic picture of the Almighty—a half length—at the bottom, just behind the high altar, before which blaze seven colossal candles—and you will then have but a feeble idea of the Capella Reale of Palermo, because you will want the side-chapels and the apses, and that exquisite façade of which no words can convey an idea. We must return to the Palace, and enter the Royal apartments through the hall of the Viceroys, hung with the illustrious personages of Sicilian History; and long for time to examine some fine portraits by Velasquez in another hall. The audience room is hung with Spanish tapestry, which tells the exploits of Don Quixote. The armoury is now stripped of all but one of the rams of Archimedes, the last of four that used to stand at the port of the ancient Syracuse, and were so contrived as that the wind rushed through certain holes punctured artfully in their mouths, in such a manner as to proclaim by loud roars from what quarter ships might be expected.

In a hollowed vault below this chapel, four noble Sicilian matrons expired, after enduring the slow test of lingering starvation rather than betray the retreat of their husbands and their forces during one of the desperate struggles of the island with its oppressors. "Worthy sisters," says the "Unprotected Female," "to those whose lovely hair strung the bows to dart arrows from the walls through the bosoms of their invaders! Yet we Northerners say the Sicilians fail in constancy." The fair writer pronounces the Sicilians to be "more sincere than the French, more courteous than the English, more refined than the Germans." This is not saying much, and so far, at any rate, we can adduce evidence to her experience.

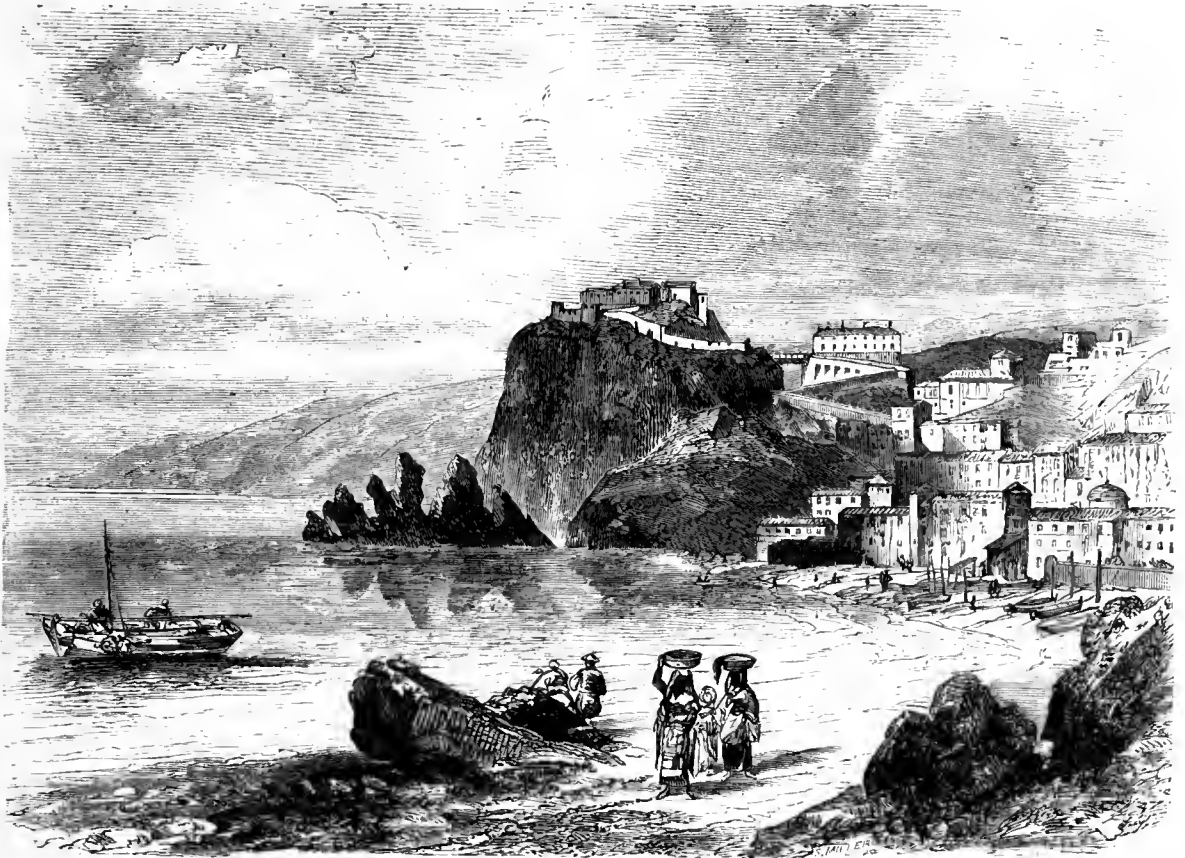
We must give up the rest of the churches, but at St. Caterina you may look for a real Vandyke of the Virgin; and everywhere see strange mixtures of the devout and the saintly ludicrous, startling to our

colder northern notions; but to warm southern feelings, suggestive and edifying. Here the infant Saviour and the meek-eyed Virgin—there silver crowns and wax legs and arms, and models of distorted limbs, restored by prayer-won intercession. Pass on, nor scoff; the method is rude; but the humble acknowledgment of God's great mercies has made itself a testimony. Let us respect the feeling.

Away, then, *cochière*, and outstripping the pursuing beggars, whom even war has not cleared away, carry us to the Ziza, the last house of the last Saracen in Palermo. These walls we pass are not of Moorish gardens, such as Cervantes opens to us in his exquisite tale of the Captive; no, they are walls of the gardens of the Nunneries, and there floats a veil, as the pale-faced dark-eyed girl disappears from her post of vantage, at the sound of our approaching coach-wheels. How exquisite this monastic retreat! How luxurious this hall! Thanks to some kind influence, some spirit of a Lalla Rookh that has preserved it so far unharmed; for hardly a corner of the house is as it should be, that is, as it was. Some one has made it "comfortable," and placed high-backed chairs and a toilet-table and piano. There are the three recesses where the ladies sat; and there, before the centre recess, is the cool fountain, flowing down to a marble channel in the marble floor. As for the lovely garden that used to be (so late as 1526) where the road now is, which had a fountain in a fish-pond fed from that fountain, and where, in the upper floor, the ladies used to sit and watch the fish play, while all around was a "beautiful garden, filled principally with oranges, lemons, and other shrubs," and "an inclosure, with wild animals," they are all of the past. There is, however, just such a fountain in the garden on the other side of the road, and Garibaldi has brought with him wild animals enough, Heaven knows!

There are Palaces in plenty to be seen. The Favorita, half-an-hour's drive from the town, with its splendid avenues, four miles long! round the side of Mount Pellegrino, and skirting the sea. It was a royal residence, but "something ails it now." Then there is the Butera Palace, with its ball-room ornamented with coral. There is here a little chapel with kneeling wax figures in Trappist garb. The group commemorates the sacrifice which a young Sicilian maiden made to atone for having driven a devoted lover to a cell and despair. Repenting too late, she, however, assumed the habits of that rigid order, and passed her sorrowful existence by his side, undiscovered till her dying day. And the gay, light, elegant Forcelli Palace—so exquisitely furnished—where the late Emperor of Russia used to live, and whence every night he used to come forth to walk about on the Marine Parade, with his daughter hanging on his arm. No, we must pass the Palaces, although all their owners have not gone, and many will fight, as the Sicilian Barons of old did for their country. There is some prospect now of advantage for education, refinement, and intelligence. There was none before.¹

¹ Every spark of intelligence was but viewed with the utmost suspicion and dread by the Government of the Two Sicilies. Every attempt to move forward was met by disgrace and imprisonment. Hard and decisive steps were taken to repress the desire for advancement of every kind; any man a shade above his fellow in intellect and activity, any man enjoying public confidence, and considered by public opinion as worthy of esteem and



THE ROCK AND TOWN OF SCYLLA, COAST OF SICILY.

So off for Monreale, an old mountain town founded by William the Good, and charmingly situated—through the great sea-gate, Porta Felice,—the Happy Gate,—by a gentle ascent into the interior of the island, out of the side of Palermo farthest from the sea, and opposite. We are on a good broad carriage-road, and we climb along across through what was once a wild country. The legend runs that the spot was formerly covered with a wild forest, whither William II. repaired from Palermo to indulge in his favourite amusement of hunting. When overtaken by slumber after his fatigues, the Virgin Mary appeared to him in a vision, and desired him to erect a church in her honour on the very spot. The pious monarch determined to outdo all his former efforts, and the result is seen before us, standing out beautifully, midway, on the mountain side, as we drive up the valley between hedges bordered with cacti, gorgeous in spring with red flowers, and rich with the delicious fig. The church is a marvel, with its bronze gate and two hundred pillars. The bronze gate is richly ornamented with small figures in compartments, and a grand arabesque pattern. It is the work of Bonani of Pisa, the joint architect (with William the Tuscan) of the celebrated Leaning Tower, and is a work of curiosity, because, until this one, bronze gates—a much coveted church ornament—had been brought solely from Constantinople. Gregory VII. (or Hildebrand) brought those of

St. Paul's at Rome from Constantinople, when sent on an embassy to the Greek Emperor. The interior is glorious in historic pictures; the walls being covered with representations of the whole Bible History, and all of them are as fresh and untarnished as on the day when they were first set up. The capitals of the pillars consists of volutes, with foliage and figures intermixed; on one of these capitals the pious King who founded it, is seen introducing to the Virgin, who enjoined the building of so sublime an edifice, the architect who designed it. In the centre apse is a colossal half-length of the Almighty, environed by the Vision of the Apocalypse and all the Apostles. Here are thrones for the arch-bishop, and for the King, over which is a mosaic of the Redeemer blessing the good monarch. The effect of this picture is not so intense as that of the great one over the altar, which, wherever you go, seems to follow you with earnest piercing look, and being of vast size, has a strange and by no means pleasant, though a very striking effect. William the Good is buried here in a porphyry sarcophagus; and in the Benedictine monastery attached is the famous picture, by Novelli, of Saint Benedict blessing that good Monarch. All the ornamentation of the Cathedral is wrought upon a gold ground, as in the Capella Reale; from which the splendour of the whole can be imagined. Luckily, we had no ladies in our party, and were at liberty to go where ladies are not admitted,—to the top of a steep winding path from Monreale,—on mule back, (never walk in these sunny elimes if you can avoid it), up to the Benedictine Convent of Saint Martin.

respect, any one connected, either by ties of nature or the bonds of friendship, with men of learning and practical progress, was marked out for judicial persecution, though humble and silent under the tyrant's sceptre.

We pass, by the way side, an old castle, once a fortress, then a monastery, but now deserted. Monreale and Saint Martin have squabbled about it. The quarrel is settled now, for in the large oblong pile, with thick walls, we saw the red shirt and the gleaming of a bayonet that told us of an outlying piquet, and, *per Bacco!* as good luck would have it, they were a party of our own countrymen!

Oh, the pleasure of that ten minutes on that mountain, looking over that valley, over that City, to that Bay! Never before was luncheon enjoyed in such a prospect, and many were the kind interchanges of thought, and memories of home and of the past. We had enjoyed some slight skirmishing together, and had known what it was to dance to the music of a whistling bullet, on Milazzo heights, as well before and after breakfast as without dinner, and with more showers than great coats; so we hob-a-nobbed and passed on; they to embark for Capua and glory, Forward! and we, to top the ridge, Excelsior! for the no less picturesque than celebrated convent of Saint Martin. It was just here that we came upon a vehicle of a strange construction, a *lettica*, or sleeping carriage, they call it,—a kind of slice of a double carriage without wheels—an exaggerated sedan chair—on poles, with mules in place of chairmen, one before, and the other behind. We took a sketch of it, and you will see it in the mountain background (just as we saw it ourselves) of the tableau of Sicilian costumes, (*see p. 85*). You cannot always get carriages in the country, and, when you do, you would be puzzled to find a road for them to travel upon. So, as it is, you will have to go dingle-dangling between two donkeys, through the country if you must travel in such out-of-the-way places. But we are at this famous convent, and as carefully shut out of the world as if in a wilderness. Take a bowl and plaster its sides with rock shape excrescences, stick a house at the bottom, and palm trees all round. Let there be a beautiful green lawn and a garden, and apples and oranges and lemons and almonds down at the bottom, and rough and dark broken masses of foliage all round up the sides, and that will be, San Martino and its site. See how charmingly the purple convolvulus trails its luxuriant wreaths, and see the good father is inviting us in to luncheon and repose. There is a capital library, but is not the wine good? and how much more interesting that bunch of grapes than the manuscripts!

The road home, downwards to Palermo, presented everywhere a view, like a forest of gardens, rich and diversified. It is easy to comprehend how Sicily could have been the granary of Rome, and how the "herds of the Sun" might well have been said, in ancient times, to have pastured in these plains, or rather those of Etna, whose distant cone is just perceptible, from the topmost point over towards our right, as we go towards the sea.

The flowers that led Proserpine's feet wandering in the Valley of Enna, are still smiling all about. Every mountain dale is bright with anemones of many colours; the orchis plants are singularly beautiful. The daughter of Ceres has bequeathed her floral tastes to high and low throughout the land. Everywhere the streets are full of nosegays, and women of every rank festoon their evening dresses with flowers, looping them up tastefully, and trimming them with bouquets and real flowers. As for the men, they all wear a short cloak or cape, something after the old Spanish

fashion, and they trim their clothes with pistols and knives. Every one is armed, and everywhere that a tree can be found with a bird singing on it, bang! goes a gun; for there are no game laws here, and every one shoots everything. We don't think they have much stomach for real fighting, these Sicilians; perhaps good drilling may make them soldiers, and officers they can trust may bring them up to fight; but they have the Spanish partiality for long shots, and the Italian aversion to close quarters.

Our next excursion was to Bagaria (Bagheria, commonly called Baaria,) or Mount Catalfano; on the opposite horn, headland, or cape of the Bay, to Mount Pellegrino. It is nearly seven miles distant, along a pretty road by the sea-side, and being the Richmond of Palermo, and the suburban pleasure residence of the nobility, there are four or five omnibuses, of most uneasy springs, running up and down to the decent little white-painted village through the day. The grand curiosity of the place is the Palargonia Villa, once so celebrated for its monkey monstrosities, and that of the Prince Serra di Falco, whose gardens, with their long alleys of oleander and groves of lemon and orange trees, their labyrinths of jessamine and aloe, and all the rich foliage of the beautiful Sicilian climate, are now noticed for a little trick of a hermit's cell, into which you are gradually led on by a rustic path, and opening the door, you see a monk, who jumps up at your entrance, and gesticulates violently and angrily. The figure is an automaton, and you tread upon the spring as you enter. Of course you are startled, and get very hot; but you are soon cooled by another hermit a short distance off, on approaching whom, unless you have been liberal beforehand to the guide, a copious discharge from innumerable water-spouts awaits you. The guide can put you just upon one righteous spot, which the water does not touch, but he is not polite enough to do this in all cases, and the butt of the party is generally made the water-butt for the occasion. In our rides backwards and forwards we observed groups of fishermen engaged in the tunny fishery, a large and important industry throughout the Mediterranean,—in fact, the cod-fishery of the South. The fish are driven in shoals within large nets, and gradually compressed into a smaller space, or room, as it is called; then large flat-bottomed boats close round this chamber of death, the net is weighed, and the fish are dextrously struck on the head with a club, armed with a small spike. The scene is one of violent excitement, the activity of the men and the struggles of the fish giving great animation to the whole, especially as the fish are so large that you will see steaks of them from four to eight feet in length hanging up for sale at the corner of every street. The sun along the road is intensely scorching, under the shadow of a cactus—grown into a large tree, by the road side—a horse and cart are sheltered; there, at the spring side, is a group of peasant women, the centre one with a terra cotta jar on her head, just as we have sketched her in our illustration (*see p. 85*); the young man on her right is a muleteer; the dark looking Irish kind of "jontleman" on her left is a shepherd, an ordinary peasant; the jolly fellow with the cowl a friar—they get the best of everything in tithes and the best of good wine; we say *good*, for your Sicilian wine is of charming quality when well tended; as a white wine, that of Syracuse especially—it is something between sherry and Madeira, the clearness of one and the richness of the

other—and two-pence a quart. The red wines are rather earthy in flavon—like those of the Cape—"South African the wise it call"—but this from want of care. Barrels and bottles would turn out a wine just between Port and Burgundy, that would exactly fit the English palate; and then—hurrah for Mr. Gladstone! and farewell to beers of all kinds, black, sweet and bitter, so far as enjoyment is concerned; for it is quite possible to have it over in England, and sold by retail at a shilling the quart.

Bagaria is a thriving little town, with a busy population of 6,000 souls, whose principal occupation is a good fishery; they appear to be an orderly and quiet class of people, and the place has always a holiday look, especially on those evenings when its little bay is full of pleasure-sailing craft, and its road crowded with carriages of Palermitan gentry, who come to enjoy the drive there, its fresh and bracing air, and its enchanting scenery. We leave with regret its gardens and palaces for the sultry sea side road,—its coast, indented with recesses, upon which the bright sea dashes, sparkles, and foams; its hamlets, hills, and vales, backed with ranges of far-rising mountains, overtopping each other, and Mount Etna rising over all; the tall, waving palms, that rise across its blue sky, the dark cypress alleys, the magnolias, the brilliant verdure of the lemon and the yucca (Adam's needle), eastern and tropical, all growing free without hot-houses; the fountains and the flowers; the sparkling anemones and rare scarlet flowers, and shrubs with bells of blue or darkest purple, with velvet variegated leaves, and the wide sea, sweeping around all, below; then, too, the women, with their dark petticoats and bright short-skirted pelisses and jackets. The purple mountains were almost veiled with mists of heat, and the country lay rich and luxuriant to the mountain's feet, beyond which a thin white sheet, like smoke, marked the cone of Etna, lost in the greyness of the distant sky. We passed through a little village, the macaroni and onions hanging in streaks across the grated windows, orchards of fruit trees skirted the winding road, above hedges of tall, slender laurels, and quaint, grim-fingered, cactuses, with aloes twenty feet high, and geraniums and fuchsias enlivening the dense dark green background. Observe, as we roll along, those white-hooded peasant girls, those fishermen and mule-teers, and a carriage and six, a regular drag, with post horses, belonging to some rich Count; mules laden with sulphur, mules laden with tobacco, a butcher killing an ox by the road-side, and peasants squeezing oil from olives in a rush basket, squadrons of rural cavalry, the mounted National Guard, in French kepis and red shirts, with long boots, volunteers, cacciatori (felt-hatted riflemen of Lombardy), squadri (Sicilian militia), volunteers and pressed men; the box, the priest, and the cross by the way-side, to remind us to say our prayers and leave a few tari; but a taro, which is just less than a fourpenny-piece, goes as far as a franc (which is tenpence) in France, or eighteen-pence in England. The friars of various orders are the best men in Sicily, and showed themselves so in the late conflict. It is only a pity that, like the nobility, they are too well off to have to work for their living. A country without trade and commerce, with no education, and no industry, requires something even more than religious feeling to regenerate it.

Ha! the Sirocco! The air is hot and dry; then up gets the wind until it blows a hurricane, and then, for

two or three days, a gale! The mention of a wind makes you think of coolness and refreshing; but this sirocco is a hot blast—it dries you, suffocates you, and presses down your spirits with a weight like lead. No! let them boast their sunshine and their blue sky—we will give them their moonlight, their flowers, and their music; better a Lambeth fog any evening than a Sicilian sirocco. We hasten home, and shut ourselves up, to make preparations for our tour round the island, and to read and write letters. Letters! A Sicilian letter is indeed a curiosity. It is just like what they bring in to the clown, in a pantomime, for a letter—a large square thing, with an immense seal, and a paper of the roughest and least white. It can't be that they have no rags to make it of; for next to Ireland, Sicily carries the palm in rags; and as for fibrous material, they have aloes enough—all fibre—to furnish paper-stuff for all the possible paper in Europe—no bad addition, on some future day, to their general exports of sulphur, wine, oil, marble, amber, coral, alum, antimony, salt, hemp, sumach, vanilla, fish, figs, honey, oranges, lemons, and a few minor articles.

It is one o'clock, and the shops even in the main street are, almost all of them, half-closed. The shopkeepers are asleep, or enjoying a bath. Every one takes it easy—though, save the sirocco, there is nothing very enervating or relaxing about the climate; the temperature in summer being about 80°, and seldom without a cooling breeze from the sea, and in winter about 45°, but then the breeze is warm. But they are a pleasure-seeking people, and the climate tempts them to late hours—for with the hour of sunset a new life seems to begin. Then, along the Marine Parade, is heard the music of the regimental bands, while the whole merry-hearted populace turn out, to ride or drive, or walk or gamble,—prince, count, shopkeeper, and beggar,—to quaff lemonade, drink ices, smoke, and play cards until twelve. Cards, too, are an amusement all day; the poorest and the lowest may be seen "making their game" in the streets, in the doorways, even in the church porches. The Sicilian ladies of the higher order are of the Spanish breed, short and slim, with fine lustrous dark eyes, but their mouths are large and their faces too thin. The children are lovely. The gentlemen are finer looking than the ladies, with pale clear skins, fine dark eyes, and an intellectual expression, tall and well-made, and fastidious in dress in public. They all follow French fashions, but their favourite colours are claret and brown. Of the clergy the Jesuits are the most aristocratic-looking, and are a talented class of men, but they avoid foreigners and take no part in politics, content with that primary power which their having the main control of education of the male and female population gives them. The Capuchins, on the contrary, are more of and with the people, as they showed themselves in the late fight at Palermo. Their care of the sick and dying endears them to all, and they go about in all weathers, barefooted and bare-headed, in their common woollen frocks, aiding, strengthening, and supporting, while they themselves live on charity, for they have no more lands but those gardens round the convents. The brave benevolence of the brethren of this order during the raging of the cholera will never be forgotten by the grateful Sicilians. Out of doors, amusement is the fashion; they only eat, drink, (very moderately), and sleep at home, and get up in the morning to do—what do you think?—to fly kites! The Kensington Gardens of Palermo are at the west

end. They are called the English Gardens, because of the long avenue of trees that leads up to them and their general style. This is the place where fashionables walk. Trees, intertwining roses and honeysuckles, and green sloping banks, and every variety of shade, and shrubberies of myrtle, and little lakes, and marble seats, about which hover the gay throng; these are their delights. Up and down the long shady avenue go the carriages of all sorts, from a tandem to a drag, crowded with ladies in blue and green, and mauve, festooned, and bonneted, and flounced, and crinolined to the last Paris fashion; but all of a gaudy hue. The very maid in attendance on the over-dressed children (in pink satin or blue silk,—close resemblance of their mammas) are gay with yellow shawls over their heads. On Sundays, both these, and the Flora or Botanical Gardens, with the orange walks, and vast bird cages, and fountains, are crowded with the middle class, and even the poorest. Not but that Sunday in Palermo is very much like Sunday in London. All the shops are shut (after ten o'clock) and all the streets are quiet; the people only being seen on their way to or from their churches at all hours in the day, especially in the early morning.

II.—ALONG SHORE TO MESSINA.

OUR bargain for travelling was of a satisfactory nature. For six piastres (somewhere in the whole about five and twenty shillings) a day, we contracted with a muleteer, one Luigi, or Louis, for four mules, two for our own riding, one for our baggage (principally consisting of wine and victual, and cloaks), and one for the muleteer himself: besides this, we were to be provided with beds at the best inns, and have breakfast and dinner found us. So that travelling in Sicily is by no means dear, as you can see; indeed, when we tell you that good wine is twopence a quart, that a fowl costs not quite fourpence, and that the finest wheaten bread never exceeds a penny a pound, and is generally less, that salad vegetables are thrown in, and apples, peaches, and oranges given in any quantity for a halfpenny, you may judge that our muleteer was not the loser even by such an apparently bad bargain. We start with the dawn, in the Eastern fashion, carrying with us knives, cups and plates, with a due provision of cold pork and baked cream, universally used throughout Sicily in place of butter.

Our first start into the country was through high walls, just like those about Richmond and Brentford—only of stone—and belonging to the villa gardens, sadly knocked about in the last fight here. Then came the sea shore, and the murmur of the breaking waves, and the tinkling bells of the goats browsing on the mountain sides rising to the clouds; olives waving in the fresh morning breeze, and the pink flowers of the tall oleander glittering in the early sunlight. The bees were up and out, and humming amongst the meadow anemones and daffodils. A string of mules, bearing grain, meets us. Then a herd of cows, with bells, going to be milked, into the villages, in which not one chimney rises up, and most of the inhabitants are stirring, and, already, coming outside their doors to transact all their business, according to the Sicilian custom. All along we could see the fishing boats going out, and coming in with the *spalletta*, a huge fish like a small shark, that cuts up into something

like hard beef-steaks, and has a wooden taste, with a coarse pork flavour; horses and mules, very lean, but dressed out very fine, drawing pointed little two-wheel carts, set far back in the shafts, and driven, *à la* costermonger, at a rattling pace, by picturesque blackguards in white jackets, bell buttons, and black velvet breeches or leather gaiters. The horses have no collars but the broad leather strap across their chests, like our funeral-coach horses. We had an early cup of coffee with milk—they always serve it so in Sicily, and the peasants habitually come to the village inn for it in the earliest morning—the charge for it to us, with bread and butter, was threepence half-penny. We breakfasted and dined at village inns on the way, and just before sunset came to the Fiume Grande, a great river, one of the largest streams in Sicily, which obstructed the road and must be crossed before we entered Termini. This is one of the interesting events of Sicilian travelling, for you can't always get across; the river won't let you. The stream runs shallow, it may be, but is furious as a torrent; the bottom is sandy and the banks steep, and travellers in carriages are sorely pestered; all the luggage has to be taken out, and the unhappy pair—for it sometimes happens to honeymoon travellers, as it did to Sir Robert and Lady Peel—are compelled to sleep in a little river-side inn, where waiters spend most of their time in the metamorphosis of fleas. We contrived to get over with our mules and reach Termini at sunset. Cicero tells us of the citizens of Himera, a town higher up,—where there are some fine remains of an amphitheatre and an aqueduct four miles long to be seen,—coming down to this spot, where were their baths (*Thermæ Himerenses*), and building a small town, when their own had been destroyed by a siege during the Carthaginian and Roman quarrel, of which the poor Sicilians paid all the expenses. Termini is said to mark the spot where Hercules rested from his Mediterranean labours. We found the little place—it has 12,000 inhabitants, (22,046 according to A. J. Du Pays' *Itin. de L'Italie et de La Sicile*.)—all agog with music and singing and dancing. It stands on a green hill, by the sea-side, and has some handsome churches. They tell us it is a thriving town, and drives a prosperous trade in anchovies, oil, and wine. Anywhere else it would be run after for its beauty, for the numerous antiquities in the neighbourhood and in its museums, for its churches and convents paved with mosaics and adorned with antique columns, its thermal springs, and its romantic castle on the top of the hill: but here such beauties are common. Our twenty-four miles' ride, or rather crawl, on mule-back, gave us a good appetite for sleep. So we left our muleteer dancing the tarantella, and after a saunter through the street and up the valley to the castle on the rock behind the town, retired to rest, not conscious that we constituted a rare show for all the beggars and the idlers, and that the chinks in the wall and the key-hole had each their curious occupant.

Early in the morning, as we had a three-and-twenty miles stage before us to Cefalù, we took our coffee and mounted our mules. Our ride was such as poets love to sing about—through myrtle groves and orange bowers, and almond trees. Indeed, it was like a Swiss scene, with goats and cows and sheep in the sloping meadows. You never see a cottage or a farm house alone—they are always collected, like stone blocks, in some snug cranny on the

mountain slope. The hills on the other side of the bay, at the extreme front of which stands Cefalù, and its ancient cathedral, founded by the great Count Roger, in gratitude for his escape from a storm off the coast, are clothed with olives, and as we look back we can see capes and promontories jutting out into the bright sea from beyond Palermo. Every one was at work in the streets, outside the shop doors, as we crept on—for your mules at a journey's end make no such clattering and noise as a French courier on entering a country town. There are 20,000 inhabitants, and the town, which was built in the middle ages, and abounds in gothic-painted windows, stands on a ledge of rock just above the sea; the harbour is full of xebecs, feluccas, and speroneras—their sails furled, and the boats run up on shore. The Cathedral is a fine one, and the outside, at the east end, is richly ornamented. The building is Roman Gothic, and the decorations Byzantine. But the most interesting feature of Cefalù is a Cyclopean wall of enormous unhewn stones, a relie of the old great city of Cephalædium.¹ We had nothing to complain of in lodging, food, or beds, and rose refreshed. Everywhere at the inns we observed the frugal, temperate living of the people—fruit, fish, and maccaroni, and no strong drink. Their highest luxury is a water-ice and a melon; and with a penny a day you can send home a beggar happy. The rest of the day seems to us to be taken out in singing, and dancing, and sunshine; not but that Cefalù has its mournful reminiscences, for here, many a Sicilian patriot broke his heart in prison. The fresh morning air made us look out our *caputos*, or brown cloaks with pointed hoods—the general wear throughout the island for all who don't wear shaggy sheep skins, which the peasant labourers go,—for there is a cold wind in the morning and evening. We pushed on for Tusa, where there was nothing to see; and then on for St. Stefano, a stage of twenty-four miles, passing through which we entered Caronia (anc. Calacte), a small town on a rugged hill, with the sea in front, and a forest on its skirts. It was on this beach that Verres the Proconsul (whom Cicero so abused, for private reasons, as he took his place afterwards), halted and robbed the people of Aluntium of their valuable bronzes, just as coolly as the great Spaniard Balboa, and the rest, did the chiefs of New Granada of their golden ornaments. The forest is noticeable for its extent of twenty miles, and its containing oak (old and well grown), elm (a sure sign of a good soil), ash and pine. We halted here for the night, and next day we came to a village on a little plain, called St. Agatha; the fair Goodness (such is the meaning of her name,) has not availed to preserve the village from malaria, a dismal complaint, that leaves you half insane when quite enred, and poisons all your blood; so we pricked our mules with the spur, and jogged apace through the fever district, until we reached San Marco, where we managed to get some tea out of our own stores, and were served with the milk from an Etruscan-shaped vase, and the tea from a Wedgewood black tea-pot. We had an excellent dinner of veal and maccaroni,

¹ Cephalædium derives its name from its situation on a lofty precipitous rock projecting into the sea. Roger I. transferred it from its almost impregnable position to one at the foot of the rock. The Cyclopean relie, the only one of the kind in Sicily, is an edifice consisting of various apartments. Rude mouldings, approximating to those of the Doric order, are hewn on the face of the massive blocks,

flavoured with "a suspicion of garlic," as Ude used to call that artistic tonic, and then pushed on to Naso, the ancient Agathyrna,² where the ancients bored Artesian hot springs for rheumatism and nervous complaints. One of the springs is well impregnated with iron, for if you put into it a white cloth, it comes out a black one. The knowledge of a spring of this character may be useful to our travelling countrymen. A mixture of iron and sulphur in a hot spring is rare, and for some disorders likely to be exceedingly efficacious. We slept on mattresses, with clean sheets, laid on boards, as in convents or barracks. Borro, twelve miles distant, with castle on a sea-beaten rock, was our next halting-place; thence to Patti, where the coast is mountainous, and the rugged slopes are covered with olives. The town stands high on a pyramidal hill of its own, backed by lofty mountains. The streets are narrow, winding, and ill-paved, and there is a little cathedral of romantic associations; for there are the bones of Queen Adalaisia, the widow of the great Count Roger, whose hand was sought in marriage by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem. The monarch wanted the lady's wealth, and she, dazzled by ambition, accepted the offer; but discovering after two years that King Baldwin had another wife alive, she returned home in disgust, and buried herself in a convent on this spot, where she lived in grief and despair for a short period, and then died of a broken heart. Her pious son, then King of Sicily, raised this cathedral over her remains. The old tomb has fallen to pieces, but a modern one, with a recumbent figure of the injured wife, has been raised by the piety of her descendants. They make tasteful earthenware at Patti; which is celebrated throughout Italy for elegance of its design. There is a fine view from the height, of which the cathedral tower forms the apex, over grounds that seem to heave and rise tumultuously, and vineyards and olive groves. On one side you see Gioiosa, a little village in ruins, that we passed on the road, perched on a hill-top, and deserted, because too much exposed and often struck by lightning; and on the other, rises Tyndaris—to which we are making, on a height seven miles distant. We mount up to it through a beautiful pass, with a fine view, on our left, of the Lipari Isles, Vulcano, Stromboli and the rest. The ancient port off which Octavius, with Caesar, defeated the fleet of Sextus Pompeius, and won the empire of Rome, is now choked up with sand. Tyndaris,³ so named from the father of Castor and Pollux, and where Dionysius of Syraeuse placed the colonists of Laecædæmonia, banished from their own country, is now but a wretched village, with little to profit its inhabitants but the tunny fishery.⁴ There is a glorious view from

² The site of Agathyrna or Agathyrnum, so called from a son of Æolus, may possibly be at Naso, but this has been much disputed, on account of the great discrepancy between the authorities as to its distance from Tyndaris and Calacte.

³ There is a legend that the earthquake at Our Lord's crucifixion shook down all the temples at Tyndaris; some say that the whole town was destroyed, nothing being left but one crag and some idols, which the waves refused to retain, and threw them upon the shore.

⁴ The chief monuments of which the ruins are still extant of this city—one of the latest of all the cities in Sicily that could claim a purely Greek origin—are the theatre, of which the remains are in imperfect condition, a large edifice with two handsome stone arches, commonly called a Gymnasium, the remains of the place where the cliff has fallen in, in the manner recorded by Pliny, two gates, and some Roman tombs.

the convent of the Madonna, over the sea and along the coast of hill villages and convent towers on projecting points. We proceeded along the bay towards princely Milazzo, famous for the recent battle. Its castle, standing on a high granite promontory, would seem impregnable but to those who saw it, as we did, so gallantly captured by Garibaldi and his little army; the town, which is divided into upper and lower, about a mile in length, is surrounded by a fortified wall. It rises on a peninsula, three miles in length, with a lighthouse on the point, and has always been regarded as a strong position in Sicilian warfare. Here Hannibal and Drusillus fought a hard battle in the first Punic War; here Cæsar and Sextus Pompey fought for the empire; here the Saracens had a long sea-fight with the Emperor Basilius; and here, finally, was the crowning and liberating victory won by Garibaldi. There is a large tunny fishing here of two seasons, from April to June, and from August to September; and hither come the great people of Messina to spend their winter months. It is here that the fabled oxen of the Sun were pastured, the slaughter of which by the companions of Ulysses led to the fatal prolongation of his voyage, consequent on the just anger of the offended deities. You must read the story in the "Odyssey," and carry Homer with you (we advise Lempriere also, if you have still got your school books), for we are in the very centre of mythological localities, and scarcely a town but has a classical allusion in its name. By the bye, the Ulysses of modern history, Louis Philippe, found refuge in the Milazzo during his first long exile from France.

III.—STROMBOLI AND THE LIPARI ISLES.

On the beach at Milazzo a *speronara* was lying, the wind was fair for the Æolian Islands¹ that lay out in the sparkling sea, and we resolved upon a sail there and back. Now a *speronara* is a large open boat that can either sail or be rowed, and as we had six stout fellows with us to pull us back again, we stowed a basket of provisions and wines, and made up our minds, if needful, to sleep under the sail thrown over the boom. We had just twenty miles run out to the open with a spanking breeze that sent us spinning before it, until we reached Vulcano, the nearest of the eight Æolian Islands, consisting, with it, of Lipari, Salina, Felicudi, Alicudi, Panaria, Stromboli, and Basiluzzo.²

¹ These wild, fantastic looking rocks, starting from the sea, were supposed by the ancients to be the chimneys of a vast subterranean cavity, inhabited by Mephes, Brontes and Arge, and the cavern in which Æolus imprisoned the winds (that he let out to worry Æneas and the Trojans) were also in this archipelago of fires. Here also Diana was placed by Latona in her infancy. Here Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, and here the sooty Brontes embraced a rainbow instead of the Queen of Chastity. Æolus, a clever navigator and weather-wise, here lived with his wife, the daughter of Liparus, the son of Anson, who passed over from Italy and built a city.

² The Æolian Islands were also called Vulcanic or Hephæstic, from their volcanic character. They were—1. Lipari, still called Lipari. 2. Hiera, sacred to Vulcan, from whence its modern appellation of Vulcano. 3. Strongyle, now Stromboli, so called from the roundness of its form. Sir Charles Lyell says, the volcano of Stromboli serves as a barometer to the Lipareans, being quiescent in fine weather and disturbed previous to the coming of bad. 4. Didyme, now called Salina or Isola delle Saline. It was called Didyme from its two high conical mountains, which rise to a height of 3,500 feet. 5. Pheniceusa, so called from the palms in which it abounded, now Felicudi. 6. Eriœusa, from the abund-

Vulcano, which is said to have been thrown up out of the sea five hundred years before the Christian era, was consecrated, by the Greeks to Vulcan. It is eight miles round, and has a silent crater three miles broad and half a mile deep. It is a "lonesome place," and inhabited only by a few goatherds, whose flocks may be seen browsing happily, and skipping merrily under very difficult circumstances of locality. The bottom of the crater has an awful look of stillness, and all around are shining pieces of black and green glass (obsidian), and above, pumice and sulphur. There ought to be something well worth looking after in such a Plutonic formation; but somehow or other no one likes to interfere with the place. The hares, rabbits, and wild fowls, of many kinds, have a pleasure-place of their own, and seem to have multiplied accordingly. A dashing run of five miles brought us over to Lipari, which is quite a large place, comparatively, fifteen miles round, and with twenty thousand inhabitants. The soil, being broken lava and pumice-stone, yields excellent crops, and the mountain sides smile with cornfields, orange groves, and vines. The town of Lipari, as you enter, looks like a beautiful scene in a play. A castle and ramparts standing out upon a rock, and an ancient tower and cathedral right opposite to you, with a mountain rising high behind. Those who like sulphur baths ought to come here. It is hardly pleasant to think, as we stand away for the next volcano—Stromboli—a real one, that has never ceased smoking, burning, blowing and belching out lava for a thousand years—that here we are sailing over what must once have been one united crater, which the sea has detached and broken through into separate islands. Fortunately, Stromboli catches what it throws up in its own month, or else the sand, black ashes, and red-hot stones which it sometimes ejects to such a height, might render its aspect even more awfully grand. Even at the present moment, when a long banner of smoke ascends from its top (which is like a pyramid with the cone cut off) it would render the approach and the ascent, which we are meditating, not very desirable.³

There are about thirty houses on the island, for the most part built of lava, and the whole island is only one mountain, which is more than a mile high, green almost to the top, but most unpleasant to ascend, as emitting sulphurous vapour in the higher regions. Up through a path of shifting sands, among vines and thistles and prickly cactuses, but not without trusty guides and stout staffs, we ascend to the point where vegetation

ance of heath, now Alicudi. 7. Enonymus, or "that which lies on the left hand," now Panaria. Several small inlets adjacent to Panaria are now called the Dattole, the largest of which, Basiluzzo, the Hicesia of Ptolemy, may be considered an eighth island. Vulcano and Stromboli are the only two active volcanoes.

³ "Superstition" says Smythe, "is not idle with respect to this wonderful abyss, and even Pope Gregory I. seemingly believed it to be the abode of the damned. Here Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth, despite of his virtues, was plunged by the ministers of divine vengeance on earth; while William the Bad of Sicily, and poor Henry the VIII. of England, have both been detected endeavouring to make their escape from this fiery cauldron. An eminent contractor of biscuit for the supply of the British Navy is supposed, among English sailors, to be in durance there; and by a remarkable trial at Doctor's Commons about seventy or eighty years ago, the judge in his decision seemed to acquiesce in the opinion of the 'baker's' being confined to its domains for ever. The culprit was a Mr. B—, I have forgotten the name, but I can never lose the remembrance of the effect that reading this trial from the *Naval Chronicle* had on a naval audience while passing the Island."

disappears. In three hours we reach the top of the old cone, 600 feet above the present crater, and on our arrival are saluted by the demon of old Stromboli with an eruption. The abyss kindles below us, and a jet of fire rushes up with the roar of a cannon. This is no despicable crater, for it encloses six mouths; two are ejecting smoke with the agreeable accompaniments of hydrochloric and hydro-sulphuric acid gas,—the third is vomiting fiery stones, that, in their unintermitted rise and fall, have the sound of a heavy surf breaking on a beach. This gives fewer eruptions than the rest, but emits the highest jets of burning rocks and cinders, and makes the sharpest and loudest noise. The other three mouths are intermittent in their fiery vomitings, two of them kindling and going out at the same time. Such a sight was worth waiting for until evening, when in the darkness the red brightness of the lava shone terrifically, and the three mouths playing together in a magnificent eruption, lighted up the triple enclosure of the crater. We made our way down, not without difficulty and perhaps danger, and lay off the island during the night, under the sail, the dim rays of a suspended lantern alone interfering with the grand light of the stars, the moon, and the volcano. The sea too added its silver fire to the illumination in the phosphorescent luminosity of those glow-worms of the deep, the free *aelephææ*, and medusæ with which this sea abounds. We took out a bucket of the sea-water, and as we poured it back again it looked like molten lead; while the waves breaking against the shore encircled it with a shining border, and every cliff had its wreath of fire. So we lay, lulled upon the gently heaving waves, until volcano and heaven and sea went softening into one dreamy light; and we slept, on the bosom of the friendly sea, soothed by the suppressed murmur of the distant waves as they broke on Scylla. In the morning, with the first fresh breeze, our bark bore back to Milazzo, where we landed as men do who have returned from fairy land.

Our route hence to Messina was through deliciously romantic scenery over the mountains, and past several small towns, that looked like illustrations of the romances of our boyish days; Romalletta, especially, on the top of a high, straight, uprising rock, with old Moorish castles and towers. We look down upon Messina; what a glorious panorama! We could see the sickle shape of the port,—the Greeks called it *Zancle*, or the sickle, and say that here Ceres, in her sorrow for her daughter Proserpine's loss, when Pluto carried her off from the fertile plains of Enna, dropped the sickle from her hand, and so gave to its shores their lovely curve.¹ And there stands the bright city in a semicircle of hills, having the Faro Straits in front, with their rushing, free, flowing waters, and the high Calabrian coasts on the opposite side to bind in their wandering waves, which, passing the white palaces of Messina, go smiling by the proud statue of Don John, that confronts them at the pier head; past the forts on the heights, the convents on the greenest of slopes, the woods, the mountains, the whirling Charybdis, and the treacherous Scylla—round to the poetic shores under Mount Etna, and the beautiful bay of ancient Taorminum.

¹ The word *Zancle* has been supposed to be of Sicilian origin, and hence it has been argued that there was a Sicilian settlement at the Messina or Messene of the Greeks before it was occupied by the latter; but no mention of this is found in history, and all ancient writers describe *Zancle* as a Chalcidic colony.

IV.—MESSINA.

We found Messina, which, from the port of Cape Faro that forms its bay, is but three and a half miles from the Calabrian coast, all in an agony of excitement and impatience for news of further progress in Italy.² But for all that, Punch was screeching funnily to a laughing crowd on its beautiful marine promenade (*see p. 81*), and in spite of politics and war, the convent bells were ringing, and they were celebrating a *festa*, or holiday, in the name of some pleasure-giving saint. Bombarded so frequently by its later sovereigns, and worried with earthquakes by the vicine Etna,³ it is a miracle that Messina stands bright, shining, and beautiful as it now does, though the palace along its Marina, and the half-dismantled fort and broken-down castle, still bear evidences of both. The environs are lovely, and the view, from wherever taken, over towards the higher rising mountains of Calabria,—the back-bone between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean,—is magnificent: not even the views on the Bosphorus can surpass that of the Straits of Messina. The Marina Drive, or Corso (as will be seen from our illustration), is along the sea shore, at the foot of the hills that rise in gentle slopes, covered with fruit-bearing trees in their gardens, hedged with the aloe and the prickly pear, and blooming with vines, figs, and olives. You are never further than five minutes from a grove in any part of the town; Messina being as celebrated for its walks, as Palermo is for its drives. There is another parallel street with the Marina, which used to be called the *Ferdinanda*, but has changed that now odious name for one more popular. We took up our abode at the Victoria Hotel on the Marina, and enjoyed the sight of the gay equipages, and bright coloured dresses of the promenaders—ladies and children—as we sat at our dinner. On the one side of the town (the right of our illustration), is the terrace where Goethe wrote the famous lines,—

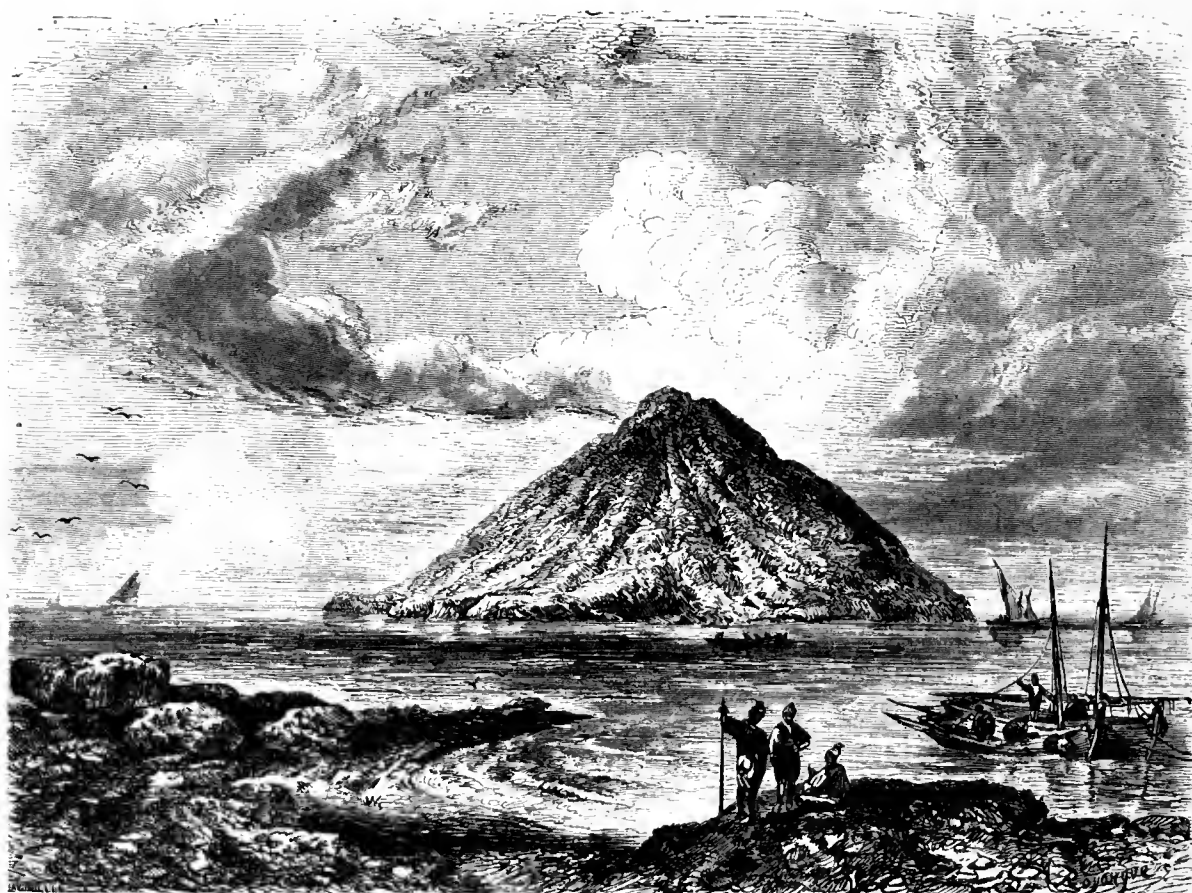
“Knowest thou the land where citrons scent the gale?”

and on the other side is the fort built by our King Richard Cœur de Lion,⁴ and beyond, over the deep blue sea, rise

² The distance from the castle on the promontory of Scylla to the Torre del Faro, is stated by Admiral Smyth at 6,047 yards, or rather less than 3½ English miles, but the strait afterwards contracts considerably, so that its width between the Punta del Pezzo (Carys Prom.) and the nearest point of Sicily does not exceed 3971 yards, or little more than two English miles.

³ A terrible earthquake, in 1783, threw down all the splendid buildings of the city, with the exception of the cathedral and a few other edifices of uncommon strength and solidity. The first shock drove all the inhabitants to the sea-shore, where they awaited in dismay two days and nights. The greatest shock came at eight o'clock on the second night. The sea swelled suddenly, and precipitated its towering waves on the beach, engulfing upwards of 2,000 souls. The same tremendous swell sank ten vessels in the port and destroyed the quay. The dogs in Calabria seemed to anticipate this awful convulsion of nature, by howling piteously; the sea-fowl flew wildly into the mountains; and a noise like carriage-wheels running round with great velocity over stone pavements preceded the shock; while a dense vapour extended over Calabria and Messina, accompanied with a strong sulphurous odour. In 1852 there were thirty shocks felt at Messina in one night. In 1713 the plague carried off thousands of its inhabitants. In 1854 the cholera raged fearfully, twenty thousand persons died, and the Government was obliged to release the galley-slaves of Palermo, on condition of their coming to Messina to bury the dead. They did so, and not one of them died.

⁴ Philip Augustus of France and Richard of England, having agreed to meet in Sicily, on their way to the Holy Land, arrived at Messina. Tancred hastened from Palermo to show every mark



STROMBOLI—ONE OF THE LIPARI ISLES, NEAR SICILY.

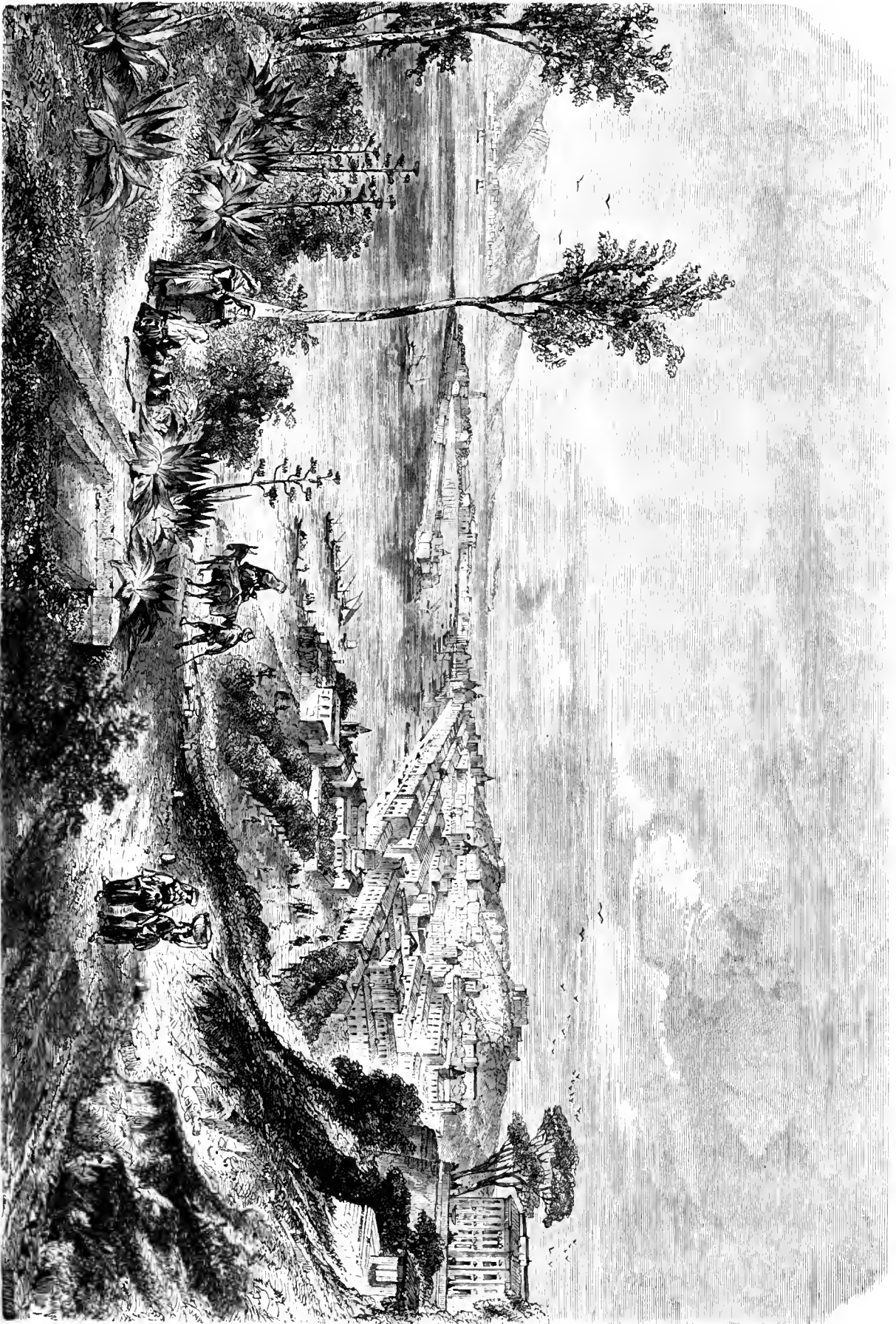
the magnificent heights of the Italian Appenines; the town seen under them is Reggio. There are some fine churches, but the most conspicuous is the old Norman cathedral, founded by the first king, Roger, the nave of which was burnt in 1254, on the occasion of the funeral of Conrad, son of the Emperor Frederick II.

of courtesy to his illustrious guests, and contributed to the expedition an armament of one hundred sail, to fulfil completely an engagement of his predecessor in the sovereignty. But the king of England demanded, in addition, the cession of the County of St. Angelo in Apulia, with several towns and castles, by way of dowry, for his sister, the wife of the late king. Tancred, astonished at a demand so unexpected, interposed delays. The impetuous Richard, whose forces were encamped without the walls of the city, attacked and took possession of the fortress near the Faro, as the shortest way of bringing matters to a conclusion. This aggression led to a skirmish between the Messinese and the English; upon which Richard put himself at the head of his men, stormed one of the gates, entered the city sword in hand, slew many Sicilians, and planted his leopard standard on the walls of Messina. But this act of violence led to a further imbroglio; for Philip Augustus, the French King, considered it to be so disrespectful to himself, as well as unjust to Tancred, that he offered the King of Sicily the use of his whole army to revenge the insult. The prudent Tancred, however, aware how inexpedient it was to add the wrath of Richard to all his other embarrassments, preferred moderation, and made the King of England so handsome a proposition, in satisfaction of his demands, that the misunderstanding was terminated, and the Kings of France and England remained six months at Messina, in the course of which Richard learnt to admire the frank and gallant character of Tancred. On the return of spring the two royal visitors set sail for Palestine, to the no small relief of their host.

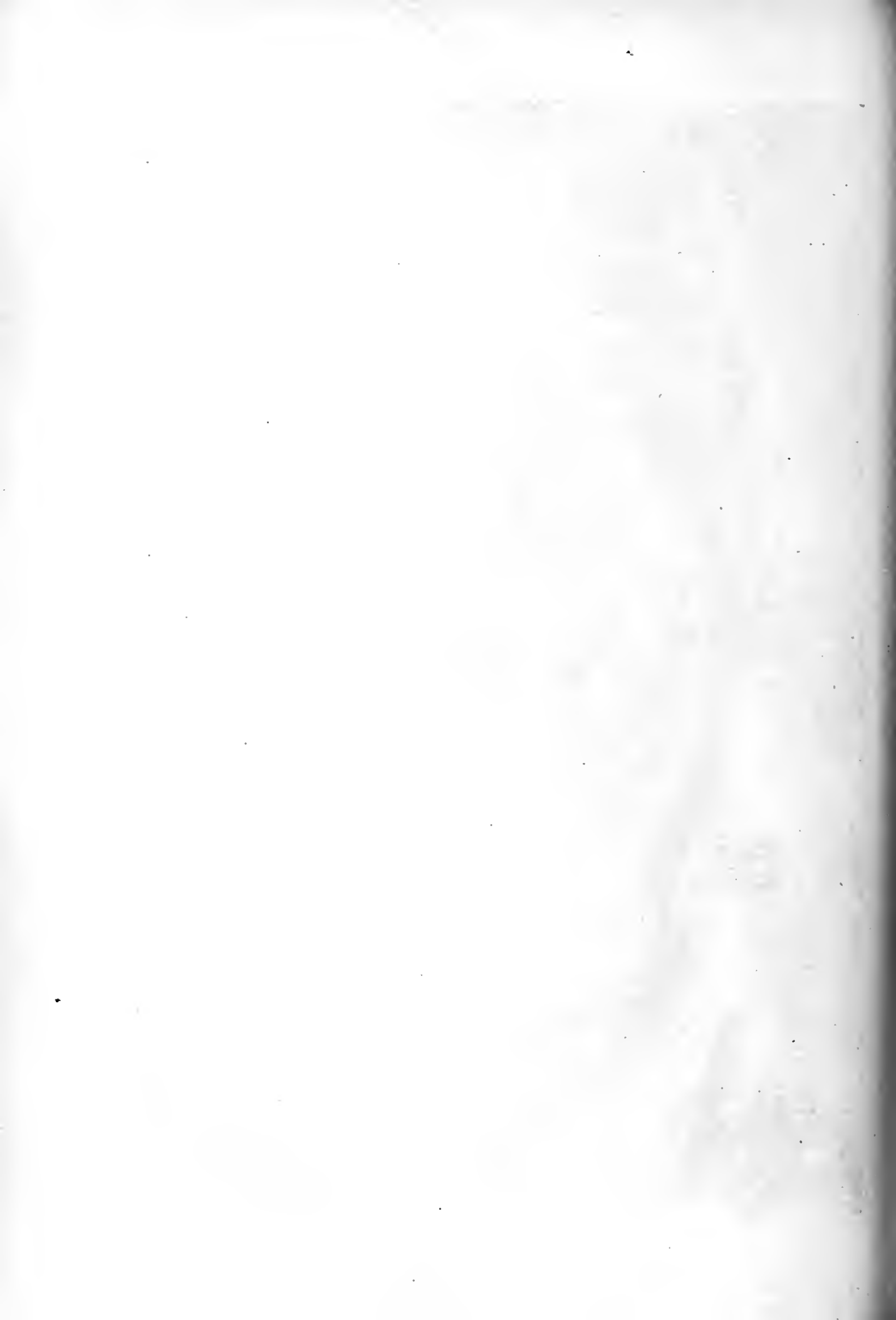
The catafalque, or funeral trophy, was so lofty, that the lights on its summit caught the rafters of the nave and the roof; and it and the body of the Prince were all consumed together. The Madonna is, herself, the patron saint of the city; indeed there is a letter in Latin, said to have been written with her own hand, (preserved in the Cathedral, and exhibited once a year,) in which she specially adopts this city and its inhabitants, who, from this cause, have almost all of them "Letterio," or "Letteria," in the feminine, as one of their Christian names.¹ There is a tolerable theatre, the Santa Elizabetta, and an excellent "Flora," or Botanical Garden. The port is generally full of foreign vessels, and the brisk trade has brought to the place a large mercantile population, very greatly to the improvement of its society. The number of inhabitants is somewhere about 100,000, and Messina vies with Palermo for the honour of being the capital of Sicily.

Messina is not famous for the fine arts; but in the Church of "The Cross-bearing Fathers" you may see a large picture of the Raising of Lazarus by Caravaggio, and in St. Andrew's Church is an *Ecce Homo*, by Michael Angelo. The Convent of St. Gregorio stands high on the hill, on the site of Jupiter's Temple,

¹ The discovery of this letter has been attributed to Constantine Lascaris. The Jesuit Melchior Inchofer wrote a volume in folio (1629) to prove its authenticity.



THE MARINA, OR SEA VIEW AT MESSINA, IN SICILY.



but we could not obtain admittance, the Lady Abbess being absent, so we missed seeing its fine marbles and relics.

We walked down to the quay, where stands a broken statue of Don John of Austria, who sailed hence on his expedition against the Turks, and joined a party on a cruise over to Scylla, on the opposite coast. The Channel widens as we leave Messina, where it is three-and-a-half miles across, but below the Faro point, it diminishes to little more than two miles in width. Just beyond this, we enter upon the circling eddies of Charybdis, a whirlpool formed by the meeting of the currents from the straits and the harbour. In a northerly wind, the vessel clearing Charybdis on the left is not unlikely to be carried full on to the crags of Scylla on the right, a jagged rock, rising just above the surface, as will be seen in our illustration (p. 73) under a high rock, where are caverns, into which the waves rush, murmuring and roaring, when there is any wind. Homer and Virgil describe the sea monster Scylla—as fastened down in these vast caverns, and tormented by wolves and mastiffs. There are shells, stones, and strange sea animals in the museum of the little city below, which are said to have been found in these rocks, which rise boldly and abruptly 200 feet out of the sea.¹ On the other side are the fruitful hills of Sicily, and at the extreme point of the island is Cape Pelorus.²

V.—ROUND AND UP MOUNT ETNA.

WHEREVER you go on this side of Sicily, you have Mount Etna rising, as a great fact, before you, and compelling your attention. Not that it appears so very high; for its hugeness and vast upheaving circumference of a hundred miles partially detract from its height, but it seems omnipresent, and weighing upon your mind until you have ascended it, which you know to be your fate, a consciousness that impels you to the performance of the task. To get a good idea of Etna, it

¹ Anaxillas, the despot of Rhegium, being struck with the natural strength of the position of the promontory of Scyllæum, fortified the rock, and established a naval station there for the purpose of checking the incursions of the Tyrrhenian pirates. This was the origin of the "Oppidum Scyllæum," and of the existing fort and small town which stretches down the slopes towards the two bays.

² Hannibal is said to have put his pilot to death, off here, on suspicion of treachery, from finding that he was about to take his ship through the Faro Straits, and afterwards, on discovering his error, erected a temple on the spot, to his memory. A modern naval authority remarks, that as the Athenians and Syracusans, as well as Locrians and Rhegians, did not hesitate to fight in the Faro Straits, they could not have been considered so fearfully horrible by ancient sailors as they were by ancient poets. Charybdis, however, is known to be from seventy to eighty fathoms deep, and its eddies are strong enough to whirl round a seventy-four gun ship, when the current and the wind are contrary to each other, and both in great violence. Especially when the sirocco blows, the swelling and dashing of the waves in Charybdis is more impetuous and extensive; it then circles in eddies, and if, at this time, vessels are driven into it, they rock and slightly whirl round, but are never drawn into the vortex; they only sink by the waves heating over them, and this would be frequently the case with the undecked vessels of the ancients. When larger vessels are forced into it, whatever wind they have, they cannot extricate themselves without the aid of pilots, who know how to bring them out of the course of the current. These are always ready along the shores, and rush out, like our Deal boatmen, to vessels in distress. Admiral Smyth says he has seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four gun ship, whirled round on its surface.

is necessary to know that it is 100 miles round, though its immediate base is only from thirty to forty miles in circumference, and that it rises in a pyramidal shape to 10,874 or 10,882 feet, according to the best authorities. It is twenty-five miles to the top, by an easy and gracefully winding-road. The Zones of Etna are celebrated. Around its lower slopes cluster villages, farms, and villas, with gardens and fruitful fields. Next comes the temperate zone—of woods and waterfalls, and herds and shepherds, and balmy air. Above this is the cold region—where are the pine forests. Next is the frozen zone—where ice and snow make the traveller shiver. Then comes the region of fire and ashes, and smoke and desolation. The first day took us up to Bronte, where Nelson's vineyards grow right up to the snows, and a short distance from which there is an old convent, which the farmer of the estate has made into a snug dwelling. The only agrarian disturbance in the last revolution took place here, from a mistaken notion of the peasantry that the Nelson estates were about to be divided amongst the cultivators; but the error was explained away by the presence of a few of Garibaldi's riflemen, one or two of whom, being Englishmen, found means to announce emphatically that no robbery of Horatio Lord Nelson was intended by the liberating army. They call Bronte a small town in their books, but it contains 14,000 inhabitants, and makes no slight figure on the slope of Etna, which has been good enough to spare it by dividing every stream of lava just at its extremities, leaving it complete in the middle, with all its glowing vineyards. There is a valley just beneath, with a river flowing in its bottom, and both sides green with olives. All the land round is arable, and the distant heights are covered with woods. We saw the point at the green vineyard where the lava had stopped, after creeping for miles up to it, slowly and silently. There was the streak of the lava from the volcano, darkening wood and vineyard, above and on either side, but just here was the line—the point of separation, and Bronte—as an oasis blooming in the midst of a burning desert. There are churches, and convents, and Norman walls and ruins, and it is pleasant to stop the night here, and get up in the morning and stroll over the lava, through the wild looking country, seeing Etna's top covered with snow, on our right; centred in groves of oak and chesnut, till we reach the old walls, the old houses, the winding streets, and fine churches of the old Lombardian Randazzo. There are some houses here of a very moderate size, richly decorated, and offering very desirable models for domestic architecture for our young students,—examples to be met with nowhere else. Thence, by a picturesque country, abounding in oaks and chesnut trees, past Malvagna to Luigna, or Lingua Grossa, where there is a poor inn, at which we advise you not to attempt sleeping, but keep on descending through the rich country over lava streams until you reach Giardini on the sea beach, and finish the evening, as we did, at that lovely village, amidst orange trees and rocks, diverging only to Naxos, the first settlement of the Greeks in Sicily.

To Taorminum early in the morning is a two-mile walk over the beds of torrent streams, *fumare*, rushing down to the sea, past hills topped with castles or white villages, shining in the sunlight, and at every opening vista the deep blue sea. Taorminia, the ancient Taorminum, which contains five thousand inhabitants.

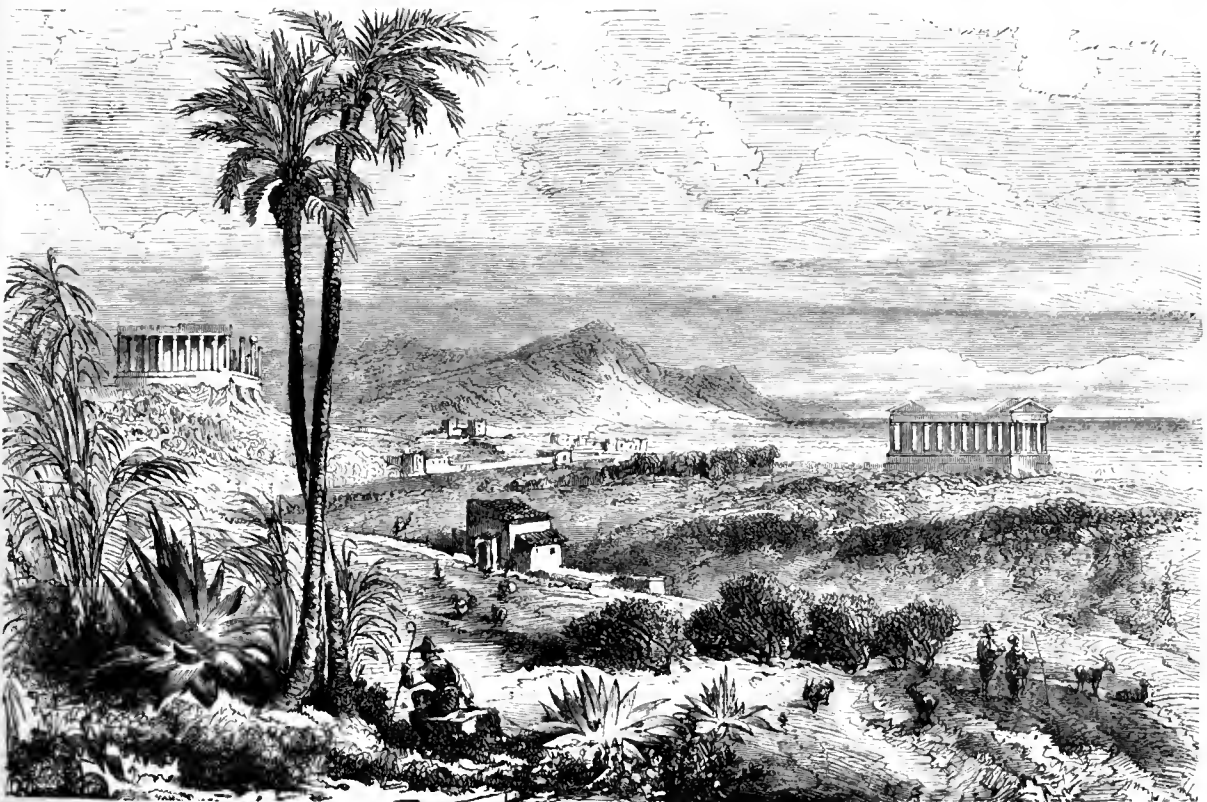
is still famous for its salubrious air and glorious view of Etna (*see* p. 65). The houses are built in the Moorish style, and adorned outside with arabesque patterns, in black and white; a striking and novel effect. On the ridge of a height outside the town, fronting the mountain and looking down upon the sea, stands the ruins of the old Greek Theatre, whose walls once were lined with marble and adorned with statues and Corinthian columns. The Greeks built it, and the Romans completed. It held 40,000 spectators, and naumachia, or naval battles,—in which real ships fought in real water, and real sailors (prisoners) were killed,—used to take place here. There was a corridor all round for protection to the spectators from stones, and, vast as its structure, a whisper or a sigh could be heard in its remotest extremity. The Mediterranean, seen from this spot at sunrise, is, of itself, a sight of surpassing loveliness; but add to this the magnificent sweep of one side of Etna—the fortress—the old tower—the peaks—the heights, and, on the other side, Messina, and the whole coast up to it, dotted with towns, trees and bushes, and you can imagine, even did our illustration not suffice, how exquisitely beautiful is Taorminum. Next came Riposto, whence Polyphemus threw the rock that disturbed the loves of Acis and Galatea at Aci Reale, a town on the mountain, standing “on seven beds of lava,” each with a stratum of earth over it, every one of which they say takes 400 years to form. Diodorus Siculus mentions one stream of lava coming down here which stopped a body of troops marching to aid the Syracusans, who were besieged by the Romans in the second Punic War. At La Trezza, but a short distance away, is the Bay of Ulysses, where are the Lava Islands, said to have been thrown at his ship by the Cyclops. This port rounded, we come upon the white and bright-looking city of Catania; but just before reaching it we made an excursion to Giarra, and six miles beyond it up the mountains, to see the famous chesnut tree called Cento Cavalli, said to be a hundred and ninety feet in girth, and to have covered a hundred horses (*cento cavalli*) with its shade. The old stock is in the earth, but young trees have sprung from it; just such a growth may be seen in Kew Gardens.

Catania is a modern town, standing on four beds of lava. Its very harbour has been filled up by an eruption in 1699, which sent down a stream of lava that rose sixty feet in height, over-topped the walls, and poured upon the devoted city. You go down seventy feet into what looks like a well, but it is the old city wall; and over it hangs what looks like a rock, but is actually lava. There is a Benedictine Monastery hard by, which the lava spared by dividing and running on each side of it, as at Bronte. The fiery flood came within ten yards on one side, and five on the other. We had no time to stop for other curiosities, for rumours of a lost battle here reached us, and our duties superseded further excursion. So we passed through Catania (observing how its houses were built of lava, and its streets paved with it—how the liquid fire had filled up its harbour, consumed its gardens, and overturned its walls), and pushed on, over lava pavement first, and black sand afterwards, through cactus hedges with scarlet flowers, for Mount Etna. Fourteen miles, after passing two obelisks that mark the Etna road, brought us at a creeping pace to Nicolosi, where we got some wine and cold meat, as if going over Helvellyn or up Snowdon.

They tell us here, as everywhere on the mountain, that the village has been, some time or other, a victim to its treacherous parent, fire, and they speak of earthquakes as we do at home of great storms. Behind the houses of Nicolosi we see rising the double summit of Monti Rossi, or the Red Hills, so called from the dark red colour of its scoria. This was the crater that threw up the lava by which Catania was nearly buried. It consists of two cones, close to each other, and nearly 1,000 feet high. We here received the kind hospitality of Dr. Gemellaro, to whom, and his two brothers, travellers on Etna have been so much indebted. In 1804, they built and furnished a cottage for travellers at an elevation of 9,587 ft. above the level of the sea. Two years afterwards it was destroyed, but soon replaced. Then, the English troops being here, Lord Forbes and his officers subscribed and built a more solid shelter—now called the *Casa Inglese*—or English Cottage. The herdsmen of Mount Etna stole the furniture, and when it had been replaced, the Austrian officers, quartered at Catania, broke open the door (this was in 1820), and burnt the furniture as firewood. After passing through forests, broken down in many places by lava torrents, in which we roused herds of affrighted cattle, we saw above us the enormous lava beds of the Boccarelle del Fuoco—the “Little Mouths of Smoke” which, not quite a century ago (1666), destroyed a million of oaks in the forest! At a hut in the wood, a mere shed, we rested, and then entered the desert region. At the foot of Monte Minardo, one of the largest secondary cones, are seen the glaciers of Catania. Bitter, indeed, was the cold, and great were our sufferings from difficulty of respiration; but we pushed our way, with the undaunted “pluck” of English travellers, and at last, just before dawn, looked down from the edge of the crater into the very bowels of Etna. Beneath us yawned the great crater, a deep and irregular valley, bristling with blocks of blue, green, and white lava, and variegated with lines of curling vapour issuing from a hundred rents, and almost suffocating us with their sharp, acid emanations. The sun, rising from an eastward sea, now gave us a most astonishing prospect. The whole of Sicily lay before us westward. The hundred smaller cones and hills immediately around, rose up as from a flat surface of overspreading mist, and beyond was a sea of mountains rising like waves, over which, like the shade of some vast cloud, was thrown, as the sun rose, the gigantic shadow of the mountain itself,—a purple darkness, reaching across the entire island to the remotest horizon, and gradually shortening as the sun rose above the Ionian Sea. Now the mists rose from below, and standing, as we were, two miles above it, all Sicily lay at our feet. We saw the whole triangle of the island, its three promontories, and all its fabled and storied localities,—the Boot of Italy, Calabria, the Adriatic, Lipari Islands, and the Mediterranean. The shade of Etna was clearly defined, a cone slightly curved on one side,—the last earthquake of 12th December, 1857, had toppled down a large portion of it—and we could see clearly the whole circumference of the water, about three miles, and its depth, about 700 feet. Down below us were the plains of Enna, where Proserpine went a-maying, and found herself entrapped by Pluto. After a parting look at the crater, the guides lead us to the brink of another crater, which, in 1842, threw its lava into the Val di Bove (Valley of the Ox), so called from its resemblance to a pair of horns. The scene



COSTUMES AND INHABITANTS OF SICILY.



RUINS OF AGRIGENTUM (GIRGENTI), IN SICILY.



is strange and terrific. Eddies of fiery smoke issuing from a large vent, with deafening and whistling noises following, and thousands of crossing and re-crossing streams of smoke, whose sulphurous vapours speedily forced us to retreat. From the *Caso di Bosco* we descended to the *Torre del Filosofo*, or house of Empedocles, the vain philosopher, who wished to be thought to have been carried up to the skies, but whose brazen slipper, thrown up by the crater, betrayed the method of his self-sought death. From hence we saw the *Val di Bove*, six miles long, and three broad, enclosed by perpendicular walls of lava, older than the human race, and rising in places to more than a thousand feet from the base. From here we soon found our way back to the road and into Catania, where, after inspecting the silk manufactory, which is its chief industry, and is made two yards in width, we left our neat hotel, with its cool red-tiled floor, and hastened on to Syracuse; passing *La Braca*, famous for oysters; *Agosta*, with 12,000 inhabitants, who export wine, oil, and honey, and where there is still a plantation of sugar canes, the last remnant of the Moors: across *Erineus*, where *Demosthenes* (not the orator,) fought a battle with the Syracusans, which he lost; and thence to old Syracuse (*see p. 88*), where we heard the Sicilian sailors chanting the evening hymn, in the ancient harbour. The city is interesting from its classical association, and its olive groves are said to be the oldest in the world, those about Jerusalem alone excepted. The Syracusans have all Greek features; and there is a population of about 25,000, as against a million in ancient days, with an army, besides, of 100,000 infantry, and a navy of 500 armed ships. The fountain of *Arethusa*, the patron goddess of Syracuse, once so famous, is now a washing-tank, the common rendezvous, not of nymphs, but of washerwomen; and the site of the Temple of *Minerva* is occupied by the Cathedral, although some of the ancient columns are still standing. *Santa Lucia* occupying the place of the Goddess of Wisdom. A Grecian basin forms the baptismal font. The Church of *St. John* here is said to be the oldest Christian church in the world, and they say that *St. Paul* preached there. There are miles of catacombs under the city, marked with Christian symbols, when the early Christians sought refuge there from persecution. The amphitheatre, that once held 60,000 spectators, is a mass of ruins; but the semicircle of seats is still defined, and there are yet remains of the *Nymphæum*, or music-hall, that held the tripod of *Apollo*. The castle seen in our illustration (*see p. 88*), was built by *Maniaces*, the Byzantine general. In this castle died the Dutch Admiral *De Ruyter*, and in this harbour Lord Nelson stopped to water his fleet before sailing to *Aboukir Bay*, for the victory of the Nile. Down in the *Latemias*, or excavations which abound at Syracuse, and at the one called *Latomia del Paradiso*, is the famous *Ear of Dionysius*. It is an excavation sixty-feet in height, which gradually tapers to a point, whence a narrow channel conveys sound to a chamber in the rock; the crumpling of a piece of paper below can be heard above, but there is at present no way of access to the chamber, except by being let down to it by a rope. The reputed tomb of *Archimedes* lies near this; and at the gate of *Agrirentum* we hired a boat and crossed the harbour

to the mouth of the *Anapus*, which we found rather a ditch than a river, passing through plantations of flax, its flat muddy banks on either side being rank with vegetation. We had to pole and push our way up, but at last succeeded in discovering the papyrus—the plant (whose stem, split into thin slices, sufficed the ancients for paper.) growing on its banks. This is a curiosity, for the plant grows nowhere else in Europe. It is a tall rush of very great height, with a naked stem terminating in brown tufts. Satisfied with our voyage, we returned to our wine, and fortified ourselves against the malaria with pleasant draughts of the Syracusan Muscat wine, whose quality is such that should recommend it to English consumers, and its price something between fourpence and sixpence a bottle. We cross an angle of the island to *Terranova*, the ancient *Gela*, where *Æschylus* is said to have been killed while walking on the beach, by an eagle dropping a tortoise on his bald head, which the bird mistook for a stone. Hence, through wild heaths and lovely mule tracks, to *Girgenti*, the site of the ancient *Agrirentum*, a Greek colony, the site of which is now covered with luxuriant groves of fig, orange and olive. It was here that Pha-

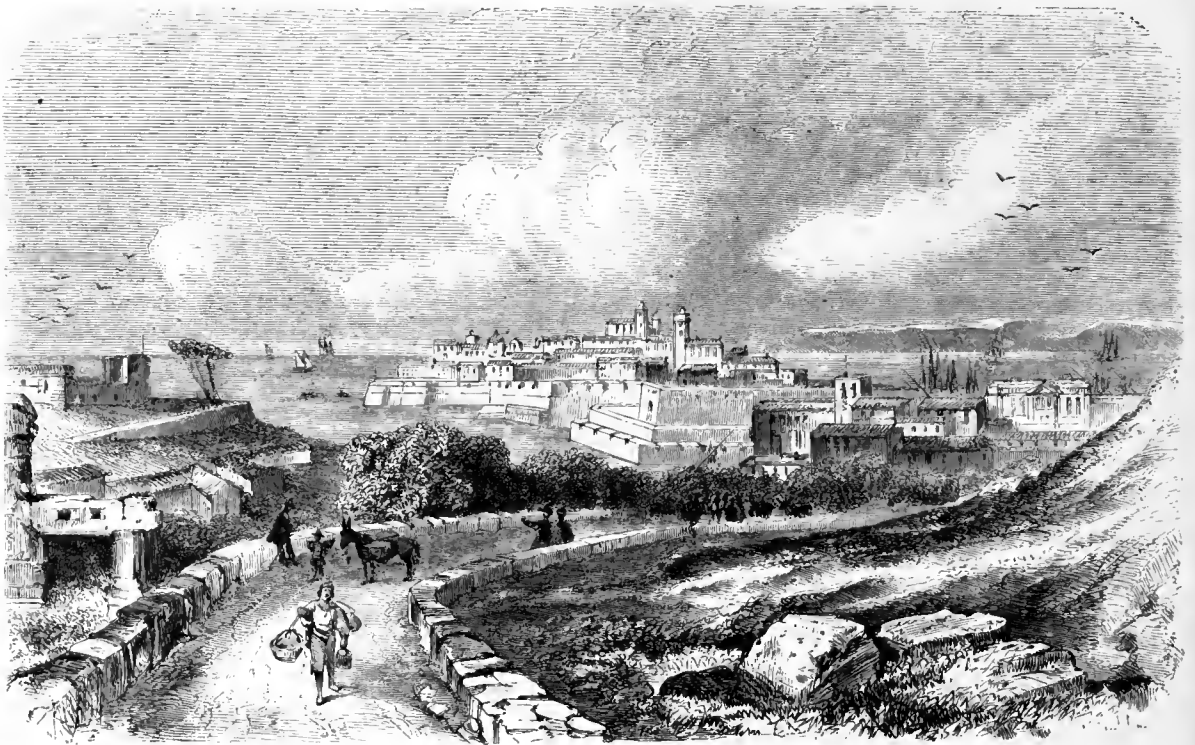
about 200 years before Christ. The story goes, that a goldsmith having been employed by *Hiero*, king of Syracuse, to make a crown, a mass of gold was given him for that purpose. But it was suspected that the workman had kept back part of the gold for his own use, and made up the weight by alloying the crown with copper. *Hiero*, not knowing how to ascertain the truth in relation to this circumstance, referred the matter to *Archimedes*. The philosopher, after having long studied the subject in vain, at last accidentally hit upon a method of verifying the king's suspicion. Going one day into a bath, he observed that the water rose higher in the tub or bath than it was before, and immediately began to reflect that any body of an equal bulk with himself would have raised the water just to the same height, though a body of equal weight, but not of equal bulk would not raise it so much. This idea suggested to him the mode of finding out what he so much desired to ascertain; and, in the transports of his joy on making such a discovery, he rushed out of the bath, and ran naked through the streets of Syracuse, exclaiming in the Greek language, "Eureka! Eureka!" "I have found it! I have found it!" Now, since gold was the heaviest of all metals known to *Archimedes*, it appeared evident that it must be of less bulk, according to its weight, than any other metal. He procured a mass of pure gold equally heavy with the crown when weighed in air, and desired that it should be weighed against the crown in water, and if the crown was not alloyed, it would counterbalance the mass of gold when they were both immersed in water, as well as it did when they were immersed in air. But, on making the trial, he found that the mass of gold weighed much heavier in water than did the crown: not only so, but when the mass and crown were immersed separately in one vessel of water, the crown raised the water much higher than the mass of gold did; which proved that it was alloyed with some lighter metal which increased its bulk. By making, in this manner, trials of different metals, equally heavy as the crown, he found out the quantity of alloy which had been introduced into it. A body immersed in a fluid will sink to the bottom of it if it be heavier than its bulk of the fluid; and if it be suspended in it, it will lose as much of what it weighed in air as its bulk of the fluid weighs. Hence all bodies of equal bulks, which would sink in fluids, lose equal weights when suspended in them; and unequal bodies lose in proportion to their bulks. This is the foundation of the whole doctrine of specific gravities.—The specific gravities of all bodies that sink in water may be found first by weighing the body in air and then in water, and dividing the weight in air by the loss of weight in water. For example, a guinea weighs one hundred and twenty-nine grains in air, and when weighed in water it loses seven and one quarter grains, which shows that a quantity of water of equal bulk with the guinea weighs seven and one quarter grains. Divide one hundred and twenty-nine by seven and one quarter, the quotient will be 17.7:3, or a little more than seventeen and three quarters, which proves the guinea to be seventeen and three quarters times heavier than its bulk of water. The instrument used to find the specific gravities of bodies is called the *Hydrostatic Balance*, which differs but little from a common balance, only it has a hook at the bottom of one of the scales on which different substances that are to be examined may be hung by horse hairs, or silk threads, so as to be immersed in a vessel of water without wetting the scale.

¹ The art of finding the specific gravities of bodies is generally understood to have been invented by *Archimedes*, the celebrated mechanist and mathematician of Syracuse, who flourished

laris had his brazen bull, and made Perillus, the inventor, the first victim, by enclosing him in it when heated red hot. It was this lovely city that a population of 200,000 Sybaritic citizens quitted in one night rather than endure the shortness of a few days' provision when besieged by the Carthaginians. Our sketch shows on the right the ruins of the Temple of Concord, and, on the left, that of Juno Lucina. The former stands, grand and simple, on a lonely crag looking over the sea. The view, from a distance, of the high plateau, on which the town stands, is delicious. The population is 25,000, and it is an emporium for the sulphur which comes here from the neighbourhood of Siculiana. Zeuxis selected five women of Agrigentum, and painted, from their combined beauties, his celebrated picture of Juno—using them as

models of grace, expression, symmetry, elegance, and modesty. The town of Siculiana contains 5,616 inhabitants, who are engaged in working the mines of sulphur which, being mixed with lime, is easily burnt and run out, pure, into moulds and boxes. The occupation is very profitable, and numerous moderate fortunes and incomes are realised in this trade.

We now crossed over to Palermo, leaving Segestum with its Temple, and Mount Eryx—where was the celebrated Temple of Venus Erycina, the most voluptuous and vicious, in her rites, of all the Venuses—to our left. At Palermo we took the steam boat, and reached Naples in time to welcome the installation of the new dynasty.



VIEW OF SYRACUSE, IN SICILY.



CHINESE BOAT.

CHINA, COCHIN CHINA, AND JAPAN.

I.—HONG KONG.

THE sending an army and a fleet to the mouth of the Peiho River, with the intention of advancing by a short cut across the country direct to Pekin itself, entailed an amount of commissariat preparation which necessitated our reaching China for some months in advance of the Expedition, as well for the making ourselves acquainted not only with the means of obtaining ready supplies for the present, as for acquiring such a knowledge of the habits and manners and language of the people, as well as the resources of the several parts of the country as would render us masters of every means, and prepared for every contingency, in case of a longer continuation of the campaign.

As we near Hong Kong, it reminds us, as it has

done others, of the Western Highlands. The mountains rise apparently barren and uncultivated, but on passing Green Island an agreeable surprise awaits us. The town of Victoria spreads out in a semicircle at the water's edge, stretching three or four miles on each side of the Bay, and going back from the water's edge, one building above another, right to the mountain's side. The Bay is full of shipping, but as seen from the town appears land-locked; so that in going out and coming in, the city springs up before you directly behind the island which you pass. Hong Kong is 26 miles in circumference, 9 miles long, and 8 broad. These seas, on every side, are full of such islands; but we got this one as a bonus for 23,393 chests of opium destroyed by Lin, and paid for by the Chinese, and once getting a foothold, in spite of all obstacles of position

and climate, we have changed the Lilliputian fishing-town to another Singapore. The 1,500 poverty-stricken Chinese of 1840 have increased to nearly a quarter of a million. Hong Kong is to China what Gibraltar is to Spain—or rather it is the Liverpool of China. It is afflicted with a Governor, a Council of Five, a Chief Justice, and an Attorney-General, who quarrel with each other, stand upon dignity, and make distinction in rank between gentry and merchants, wholesale and retail dealers, and such kind of “genteel” nonsense. Of course there is a race-course, and there are two roads, and the watering-place once used to be called Chuckee, but it is now known as Stanley,—the place where the Chinese, who did not know what they were going to do, tried to steal Mr. Chisholm Anstey. There are barracks, where the soldiers cannot live; and a prison, which is so overrun with rats, that the poorer Chinese consider it a favour to be sent there. The club-house is most creditable to the place, and the stranger, not caring for the hotel, is very comfortably off if introduced by one of his friends who may be a member. A good library, and all the English periodicals are on the table and in the book-case; while good chow-chow,—which means food and all a man can want,—good attendance, and good beds, can be had for about fifteen shillings a-day; but, in China, most gentlemen are immediately taken possession of by those who may be known to them, and then their house is your home, according to the established usage of the land. The first thing that strikes the stranger is the busy, untiring industry of the Chinese in their little shops. Women and men, and sometimes even little children¹, are hard at work, making combs, trunks, or shoes, some chopping up meat, others arranging their vegetables for sale.² Here a party of masons erecting a bamboo stage, and there a chain gang of convicts, ascending the hill under a soldier's bayonet; coolies carrying water, an enormous load; sedan chairs borne by two or four; boys hawking about candies and sweetmeats; boatmen and house servants, coming and going, all dressed in that peculiar national blue, wide trousers and butcher jackets, and their long tails either wound about their head or trailing

¹ In China, the children begin to work very early—almost too young; they get serious and sedate, are wonderfully old-fashioned, and think for themselves very soon. Though there is great respect shown to old age, juveniles are not snubbed for being precocious, on the contrary, the little fellows may often be noticed giving their opinions freely before their elders.

The first thing a child longs for is a sapeek (a coin of about the 10th of a farthing); the first use it makes of its speech and intelligence is to learn to articulate the names of coins. When his little fingers are big enough to hold the pencil, it is with making figures that he amuses himself, and as soon as the tiny creature can see and walk, he is capable of buying and selling. In China you need never fear sending a child to make a purchase; you may rely upon it he will not allow himself to be cheated. Even the games, at which the little Chinese play, are always impregnated with this mercantile spirit; they amuse themselves with keeping shops, and opening little pawnbroker's establishments, and familiarise themselves thus with the jargon, the tricks, and the frauds of tradesmen.

² The Chinese grow a cabbage expressly for its oil and seed. The *Brassica sinensis* is its botanical name. It ought to be bred in the open air by English farmers. It produces flower stems, three or four feet high (just as our cabbage,) with yellow flowers and long pods. In April, when the fields are in bloom, the whole country seems tinged with gold, and after a shower of rain, the fragrance emitted is delicious. The seeds are ripe in May, when they are cleaned and pressed. There is a great demand for the oil, the refuse is used as oil-cake, or broken up as a manure, which is highly advantageous to the land.

down behind³. The streets of Hong Kong offer a thousand reflections to those who have never been brought in contact with the Celestial race.

There are drawbacks: the Chinese are not of the most respectable classes; the summers are hot; the town of Victoria is not the most healthy in the world; but there never was a colony established without some sacrifices. Perseverance is an especial British characteristic, and manifold precautions and sanitary measures are being taken to diminish the amount of sickness.

There are grievances of a more amusing character, and which take strangers aback on arrival. The first is the system of transport, which is by palanquin. Chinese porters, especially in Hong-Kong, are by no means so tractable as Hindoos; and it has happened that a gentleman invited to dine at Government House, has, through their pig-tail obstinacy, been too late for the repast. Again, it is customary in Hong-Kong that guests should take their “boy” with them, and certain members of the French embassy declare that, not being provided with a young Chinese fresh from the barbers, with his tail gracefully twisted and a long white robe, they ran great risk of perishing from hunger and thirst at a table spread with every imaginary delicacy.

The bazaars, the curiosity shops, and the studios of the native artists are among the lions of Hong-Kong; but the sing-songs, which might be mistaken for an Englishism, or theatrical representations, which are given by wealthy Chinese merchants, carry the day. The stage is a great platform of bamboos, and the crowd is incessantly on the move, going and coming, for the representation begins at eight in the morning and lasts till eight at night, without a place remaining in want of a spectator. Heroes of all descriptions, genii, demons, and gods, have their turn on the stage, and engage in fabulous combats. Nothing can surpass the pantomime of the Chinese actors, or the luxury of their costumes. They are glittering with silk and gold. Women never appear on the stage in the Middle Empire; their parts are taken by young Chinese. But the voices of the performers are so like shrieking, and the music is so noisy, that after a short time European spectators generally have quite enough of it, and get away as soon as manners will permit.

Then there is the Happy Valley, where the turf is rolled every day, equestrians take their exercise, and the races are held. The name of the place is said, comically enough by a traveller totally ignorant of the Chinese language, to have been given to it from its being situated amidst burial grounds, and a Parsee cemetery or charnel house, where bodies are burned. The Chinese cemetery⁴ is decorated with upright stones,

³ The tail of a Chinaman is not a little tuft on the crown of the head, but is formed by hair suffered to grow luxuriantly in a mass at least four inches in diameter. The hair is smoothed down, and the tail, plaited from it, begins at the nape of the neck, and hangs below the waist, often to the ankles, and labouring men while at work generally have it wrapped round the head.

⁴ The more wealthy individuals often convey their dead a considerable distance, and employ a kind of fortune-teller, whose duty it is to find out the most appropriate resting place. This man goes with the corpse to the place appointed, and, of course, pretends to be very wise in the selection of the spot, as well as in the choice of the soil with which the ashes of the dead are to mingle in after years; and, upon trial, should the earth appear unsuitable, he immediately orders the procession off to another place in the neighbourhood, where he expects to be more successful. “I believe,” says Mr. Fortune, “many of the Chinese have this point settled before they die; for one day when one of our principal merchants went to call on old Howqua, the late Hong

planted amid rocks and pines, with a bench for the ghost of the departed to rest upon occasionally, and silver and tissue paper scattered about to deceive malignant spirits. These, tempted by the glitter, and thinking they are money, stop to pick them up, and thus give time to the ghosts that are out for an airing, to get back into their graves. The Chinese, who are such adepts in cheating Europeans, fancy that they can even deceive the bad spirits.

The Chinese have, it is well known, a national idiosyncrasy for getting rid of a redundant population. The Sisters of St. Paul have, much to their credit, founded an establishment at Hong-Kong for succouring children unnaturally abandoned by their parents, and they bring them up to useful occupations.

If the future traveller wishes to dine, as we did, in Chinese style, there are no want of restaurants. He may there, by the aid of chop-sticks, make a very satisfactory repast of eggs a year old, preserved in clay, sharks' fins and radishes, pared and boiled into a thick soup, *bêche de mer*, or sea slugs, shrimps made up into a paste with sea-chesnuts, bamboo roots, and garlic, rendered piquant by the addition of soy and sundry other pickles and condiments, and washed down with warm samshu in minute cups. Dishes and plates are all on the smallest possible scale, and pieces of square brown paper (made of silk, an article not used for that purpose in England) serve the purpose of napkins.¹

A walk in Hong Kong soon shows you why China is called the Central Flowery Land. The red, white,

and purple flowers of the *Lagerstræmia* are as common in the low grounds as hawthorns are with us. The scarlet heads of bloom of the beautiful *Ixora coccinea* are flowering in profusion in the clefts of the rocks. The ravines are full of ferns, and the elegant lilac bell flowers of the *Chirota sinensis* peep out under the next rocks. Up in the mountains, high up in the hill, valleys—fifteen hundred feet above the sea—you all know the azalea and its gorgeous striking beauty, here they spring wild in masses of dazzling brightness, with myrtles, dahlias, wild roses, honeysuckles, and the *Glycine sinensis* hanging its flowering branches in graceful fashion along the mountain path.

Everything here comes from the mainland, and the Chinese Mandarins thereby hold a kind of power over their own people; but one of them in the late war having mis-used it they resisted and drove him off to the other shore. Now that they understand themselves to be subjects of Queen Victoria, they go on very differently; indeed, your Chinaman is never so great as when following an example.² Give him the best model and he will imitate it exactly; show him roguery and cunning and he will beat you at the game. Industrial arts and mechanical science are what are wanted in China. The men who have heretofore visited them have not been of a character to teach any people much that is good. They have bought, and sold, and smuggled, and they have cheated, and lied and bullied, mutually. It is time that both parties came to a better understanding.

II.—MACAO.

WE leave Hong-Kong as quickly as any man should do, who has no business to keep him there, and taking the steamer a pleasant voyage of thirty miles, the last four of which is through shallow water, arrive at the Praya Grande, the celebrated promenade and landing place (*see p. 97*), to the quaint old settlement of the early Portuguese kings, Macao. This voyage, short as it is, and through a narrow sea, as crowded as the Thames, was not until the present year secure from disorderly, roving bands of Chinese seamen and boatmen, who organise themselves into fleets as pirates, and way-lay vessels, not even excepting the passage steam-boats, one of which, "The Queen," it will be remembered that they captured, and murdered all the foreign passengers.³

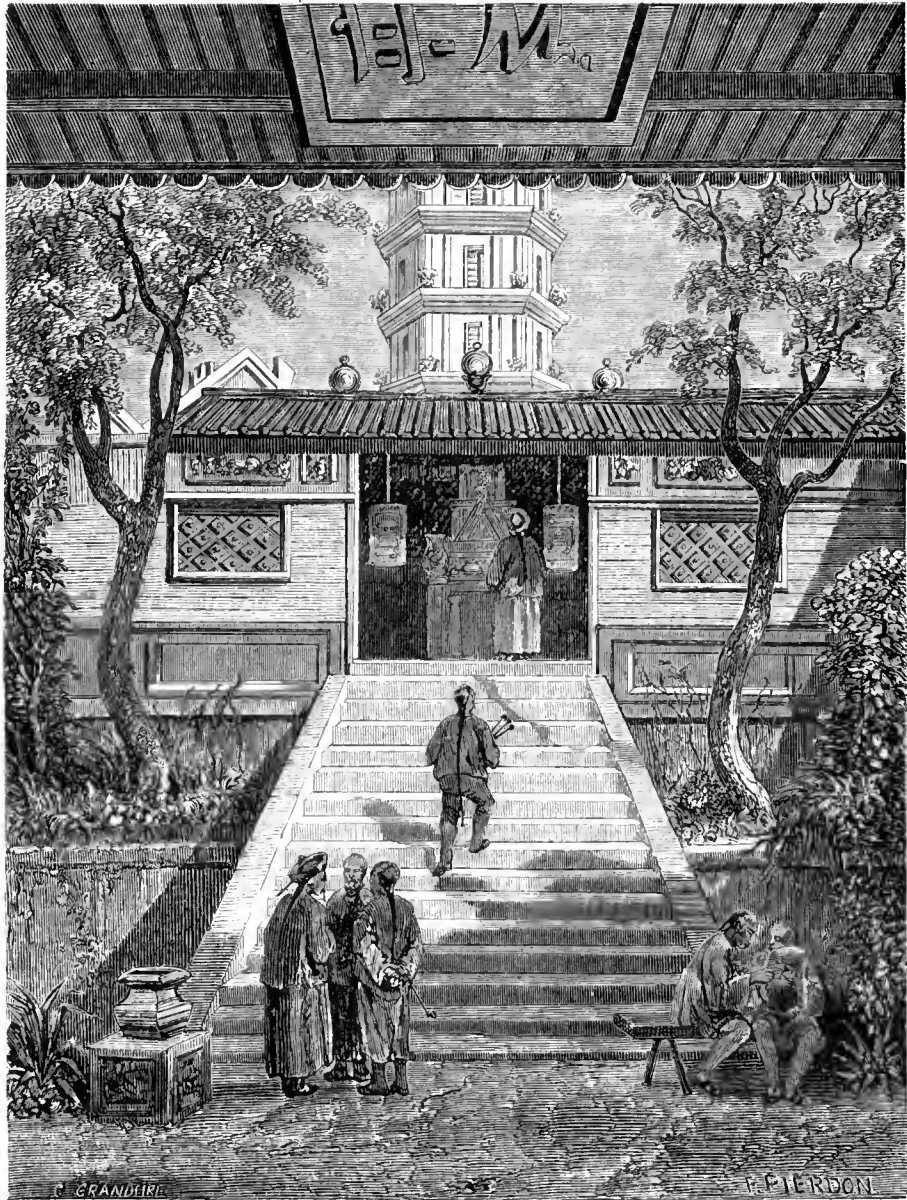
merchant at Canton, a tray was brought into the room with several kinds of earth upon it, which the old man examined with great care, and then fixed on the one in which he wished to be buried."

¹ It is certain, however, that a real Chinese dinner would be very odd in the eyes of a stranger, especially if he was one of those who think, as some people do, that there is only one way of living. To begin dinner with the dessert and end it with the soup; to drink the wine smoking hot out of the little china cups; and to have your food brought to you ready cut up into small pieces, and presented with a couple of sticks instead of a knife and fork to eat it with; to have, instead of napkins, a provision of little bits of coloured silk paper by the side of your plate, which, as you use, the attendants carry off; to leave your places between the courses to smoke or amuse yourself; and to raise your chop-sticks horizontally upon your cup to signify that you have finished your dinner. All these things would, doubtless, seem very odd, and create the curiosity of Europeans. The Chinese, on the other hand, can never get over their surprise at our way of dining. They ask how one can like to drink cold fluids, and what can have put it into our heads to use a trident to carry food to our mouths at the risk of pricking our lips or putting our eyes out. They think it very droll to see nuts put on the table in their shells, and ask why our servants cannot take the trouble to peel the fruit, and take the bones out of the meat. They are themselves certainly not very difficult in the nature of their food, and like such things as fried silk-worms and preserved larva, but they cannot understand the predilection of our epicures for high game, or for cheese that seems to belong to the class of animated beings.

One day at Macao, we had the honour to be seated at the dinner table of a representative of a European power, when a magnificent dish of snipes was brought in. But what a disappointment! The Chinese Vatel had taken out the entrails of this incomparable bird. He knew not what a perfume and savoury treasure the snipe holds in the stomach. The cook was forced to appear before the arbiters of taste, who received him with wrathful looks, and the delinquent was struck with consternation, on hearing that he had committed a culinary crime, too heavy to be a second time pardoned. Hoping to make amends, the unfortunate cook, a few days afterwards, took care to serve up, in all their integrity, some birds that were not snipes, and thereupon a new storm of wrath fell on the devoted head of the poor Chinese, and was followed by his dismissal, in a state of utter despair, that he should never be able to exercise his art in a manner conformable to the astoundingly capricious tastes of Europeans.

² There are few things your Chinaman cannot do as well as an Englishman or a Yankee. For several years many Chinese have been employed in steam boats as deputy engineers and stokers, their skill, sobriety and carefulness are exemplary. In men-of-war steamers the employment of them as firemen and supernumerary stokers, while coming within the Tropics, or on the east side of the Cape of Good Hope, would be desirable. They are good sailors always, and in the last war, "The Bamboo Rifle" or "Coolie Transport Service," deserved mention from Lord Elgin. As ship carpenters, it would be difficult to find better workmen, and lately some who have been employed in setting up iron steamers, speedily learnt to perfection the art of riveting, under the guidance of a clever engineer, sent out by Messrs. R. Stephenson & Co.

³ We were not lucky enough to have a brush with the pirates ourselves; but Mr. Fortune has given us a good account of what befel himself on his way in a Chinese junk from the Fow-choo-too, by the mouth of the Min river to Chusan. "About four o'clock in the afternoon, and when we were some fifty or sixty miles from the Min, the captain and pilot came hurriedly down to my cabin and informed me that they saw a number of *jan-dous* right ahead, lying in wait for us. I ridiculed the idea, and told them they



PAGODA AT WHAMPOA.

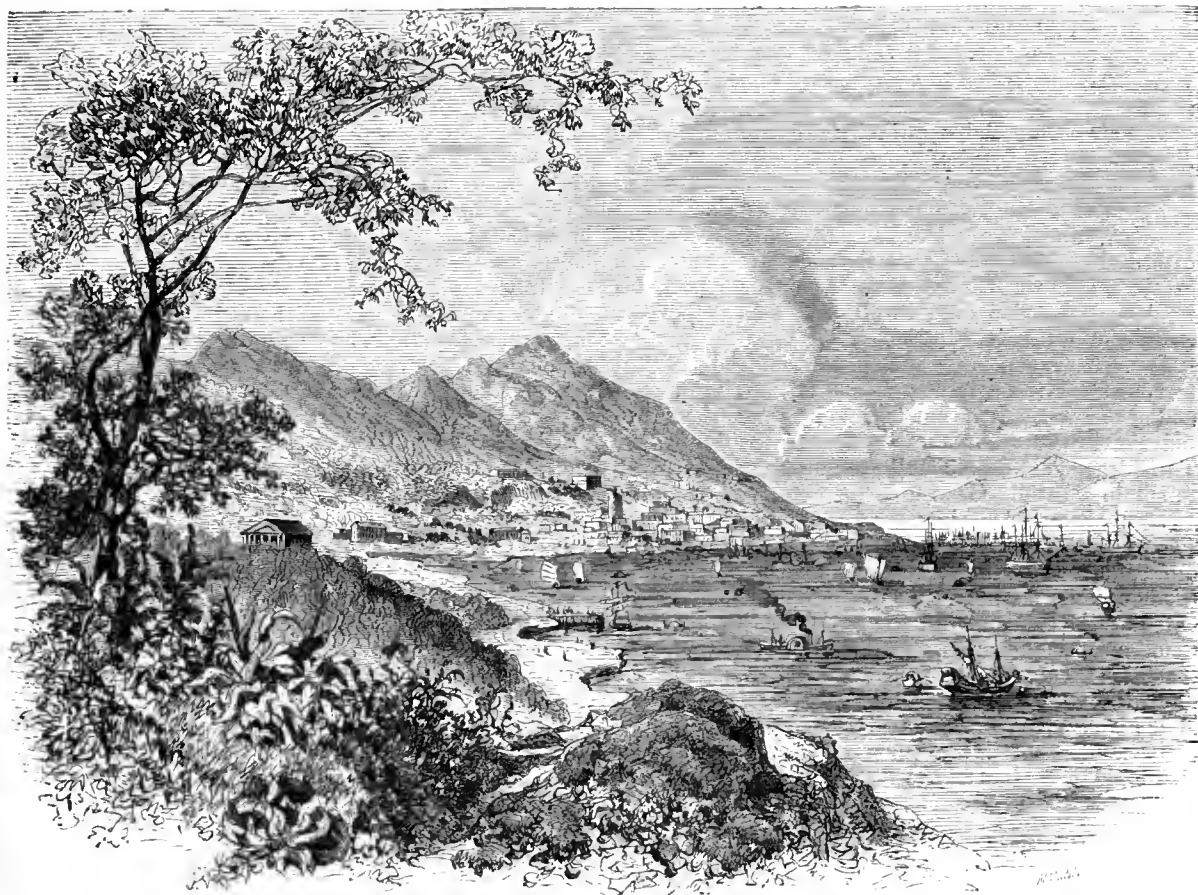
The first thing an European landing at Macao in olden times did, was to go and see the Chinese Pagoda at the Rocks. (See page 96.) He could wend his way

there and back in a tanka, or native boat, or he could stroll there by the sea-side. Now we can visit pagodas of far more imposing aspect and dimensions; nay, we

imagined every junk they saw to be a pirate; but they still maintained that they were so, and I therefore considered it prudent to be prepared for the worst. I got out of bed, ill and feverish as I was, and carefully examined my fire-arms, clearing the nipples of my gun and pistols, and putting on fresh caps. I also rammed down a ball upon the top of each charge of shot in my gun, and put a pistol in side pocket, and patiently waited for the result. By the aid of a small pocket telescope, I could see, as the nearest junk approached, that her deck was crowded with men. I then had no longer any doubts regarding their intentions. The pilot, an intelligent old man, now came up to me, and said that he thought resistance was of no use; I might manage to beat off one junk, or even two, but that I had no chance with five of them. Being at that time in no mood to take advice, or to be dictated to by any one, I ordered him off to look after his own duty. I knew perfectly well that if we were taken by the pirates I had not the slightest chance of escape, for the first thing they would

do would be to knock me on the head and throw me overboard, as they would deem it dangerous to themselves were I to get away. At the same time I must confess I had little hope of being able to beat off such a number, and devoutly wished myself anywhere rather than where I was.

"The scene around me was a strange one. The captain, pilot, and one or two native passengers were taking up the boards of the cabin-floor and putting their money and other valuables out of sight amongst the ballast. The common sailors, too, had their copper cash or *tsien* to hide; and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion. When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold, and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended to be used instead of fire-arms when the pirate came to close quarters. This is a common mode of defence in various parts of China, and is effectual enough when the



HONG KONG.

even meet one that far surpasses it on his way—the great Pagoda of Singapore. But if the temple of Macao is poor and badly kept, its position is highly

enemy has only similar weapons to bring against them; but on the coast of Fo-kien, where we were now, all the pirate junks carried guns, and, consequently, a whole deck-load of stones could be of very little use against them.

“During the general bustle I missed my own servant for a short time. When he returned to me, he had made such a change in his appearance that I did not recognise him. He was literally clothed in rags, which he had borrowed from the sailors, all of whom had also put on their worst clothes. When I asked him the reason of this change in the outward man, he told me the pirates only made those prisoners who had money, and were likely to pay handsomely for their ransom, and that they would not think it worth their while to lay hold of a man in rags.

“I was surrounded by several of the crew, who might well be called ‘Job’s comforters,’ some suggesting one thing and some another, and many proposed that we should bring the junk round and run back to the Min. The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of us, and, putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and consternation on board our junk, as every man ran below except two, who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post; and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates.

“My gun is nearer you than those of the *jan-dous*,” said I to the two men; “and if you move from the helm, depend upon it I will shoot you.” The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but I suppose thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post; large boards, heaps of old clothes, masts, and things of that sort which were at hand, were thrown up to protect us from the shot; and as we had every stitch of sail set, and a fair wind, we were going through the

picturesque. The inner harbour, with its legion of junks and tankas, lies at its feet; above it are huge blocks of granite, and secular trees, whose vigorous

water at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me.

“Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question; for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck, and which, perhaps, might have been of some little use when the pirates came nearer. The fair wind, and all the press of sail we had crowded on the junk, proved of no use; for our pursuers, who had much faster sailing vessels, were gaining rapidly upon us. Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot, this time, fell just under our stern. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect. The third shot which followed this came whizzing over our heads and through the sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the wheel, or myself.

“The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize, and came down upon us, hooting and yelling like demons, at the same time loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot. This was a moment of intense anxiety. The plan which I had formed from the first was now about to be put to the proof; and if the pirates were not the cowards which I believed them to be, nothing could save us from falling into their hands. Their fearful yells seem to be ringing in my ears even now, after this lapse of time, and when I am on the other side of the globe.

“The nearest junk was now within thirty yards of ours; their guns were now loaded and I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks. ‘Now,’ said I to our helmsman, ‘Keep your eye fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot.’ I knew

roots fasten in the crevices ; while close by are kiosks and little oratories in honour of inferior divinities. On the portico is a great junk painted in red, and there is an inscription in Chinese on the neighbouring rock.

The air of respectable antiquity presented by the old Portuguese settlement of Macao is refreshing after the *parvenu* character with which its ostentatious magnificence invests Hong-Kong. The narrow streets and grass-grown plazas, the handsome façade of the fine old cathedral crumbling to decay, the shady walks and cool grottoes, once the haunts of the Portuguese poet, his tomb, and the view from it, all combine to produce a soothing and tranquillising effect.

Hong-Kong represents the commercial and political movement of the present ; Macao is the city of calm and of the past. The time is gone by when the intrepid Portuguese navigators dominated in these seas. Their degenerate descendants are now reduced, in order to obtain a livelihood, to seek for employment in the great English or American houses. The bright day for Portugal is gone by, and fickle fortune rallies under other standards. If the colony passes by chance into the hands of a man of genius like Amaral, he is assassinated by the emissaries of the mandarins ; and if the Court of Lisbon, bent upon avenging the outrage, despatches its best frigate to the Chinese seas, it is blown up in the very harbour of Macao by a reprobate who gluts his vengeful fury for a slight punishment by the destruction of 300 of his countrymen !

Amaral, a captain in the Portuguese navy, had dis-

that the pirate, who was now on our stern, could not bring his guns to bear upon us without putting his helm down and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway. I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting the helm down I ordered our steersmen to fall flat upon their faces behind some wood, and at the same moment did so myself. We had scarcely done so when bang, bang, went their guns, and the shot came whizzing close over us, splintering the wood about us in all directions. Fortunately none of us were struck. 'Now, M—— now they are quite close enough,' cried out my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last. I being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk, and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks, fore and aft, with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them they could not have been much more surprised ; doubtless many were wounded, and probably some killed.

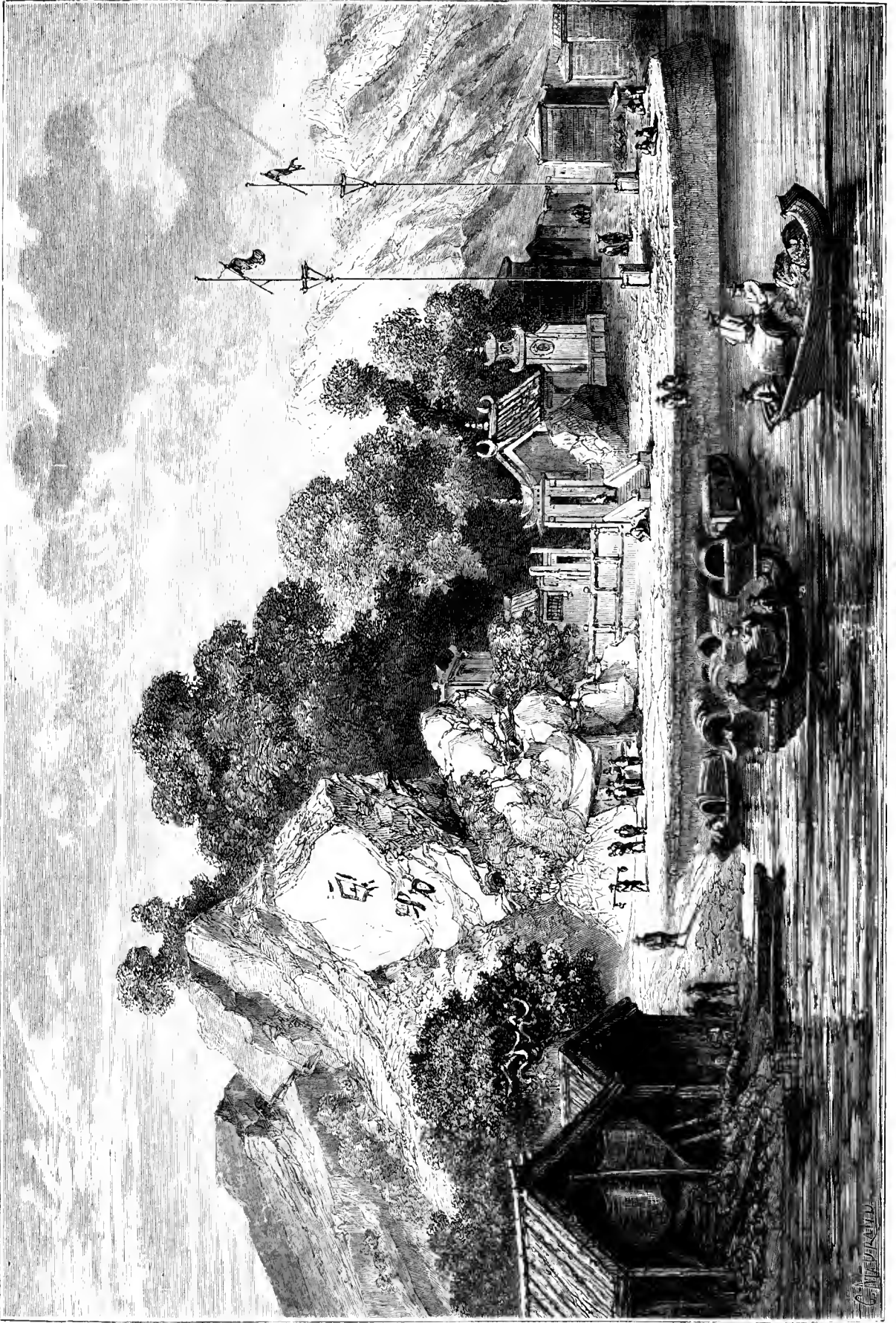
"At all events, the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who a moment before crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner. Another was now bearing down upon us as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner. Having been so successful with the first, I determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to his firing until he should come to close quarters. The plot now began to thicken ; for the first junk had gathered way again, and was following in our wake, although keeping at a respectful distance, and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could. In the meantime, the second was almost alongside, and continued raking our decks in a steady manner with their guns. Watching their helm as before, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could ; at the same time, my two fellows, who were steering, kept begging and praying that I would fire into our pursuers as soon as possible, or we should be all killed. As soon as they came within twenty or thirty yards of us, I gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before. This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two, I could see nothing but boards and shields which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves from my firing ; their junk went up into the wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind us."

played so much energy and ability as Governor of Macao as to have drawn upon himself the most malevolent feelings of a reprobate race of people and mandarins. He had defeated organized bands of robbers on several occasions, and visited piracy with condign punishment. A price had in consequence been set upon his head ; but the brave old captain, who had lost one arm in the service of his country, disdained to take any precautions. Every evening he used to ride out, accompanied only by his aide-de-camp, and with only a brace of pistols in his holsters. On the 22nd of August, 1849, he was returning from his usual ride at sunset, when a number of Chinese suddenly presented themselves to obstruct his progress. A child, who carried a bamboo, to the extremity of which it appeared as if a bouquet had been attached, moved out from the crowd towards the Governor. Amaral, thinking that he came to present a petition, was about to stoop, when he felt himself struck violently on the face. "*Manto*," rascal ! he exclaimed, and pushed his horse on as if to punish his assailant. But at the same moment six men rushed upon him, whilst two others attacked his aide-de-camp. The assassins drew from beneath their garments their long, straight, and not very sharp swords, generally used by the Chinese, and repeatedly struck the governor with these upon his only arm. Taking the bridle in his teeth, Amaral made vain efforts to get at his pistols. Attacked on all sides and covered with wounds, he was soon struck down from his horse, when his murderers, throwing themselves upon him, tore off his head rather than cut it off, and added to their horrid trophy the only hand that remained. This accomplished, they fled into the interior ; the Chinese soldiers, who were on duty at the town gates close by, witnessing the tragedy, without condescending to interfere. In the meantime the terrified horse had galloped into the town without a master ; the first who saw it felt that an accident had happened and hastened towards the gate, but on their way they were met by the aide-de-camp, who had only received some slight wounds, and whose torn habiliments and expression of horror told too plainly of the sad event, which was soon confirmed by the discovery of the unfortunate old Governor's mutilated remains.

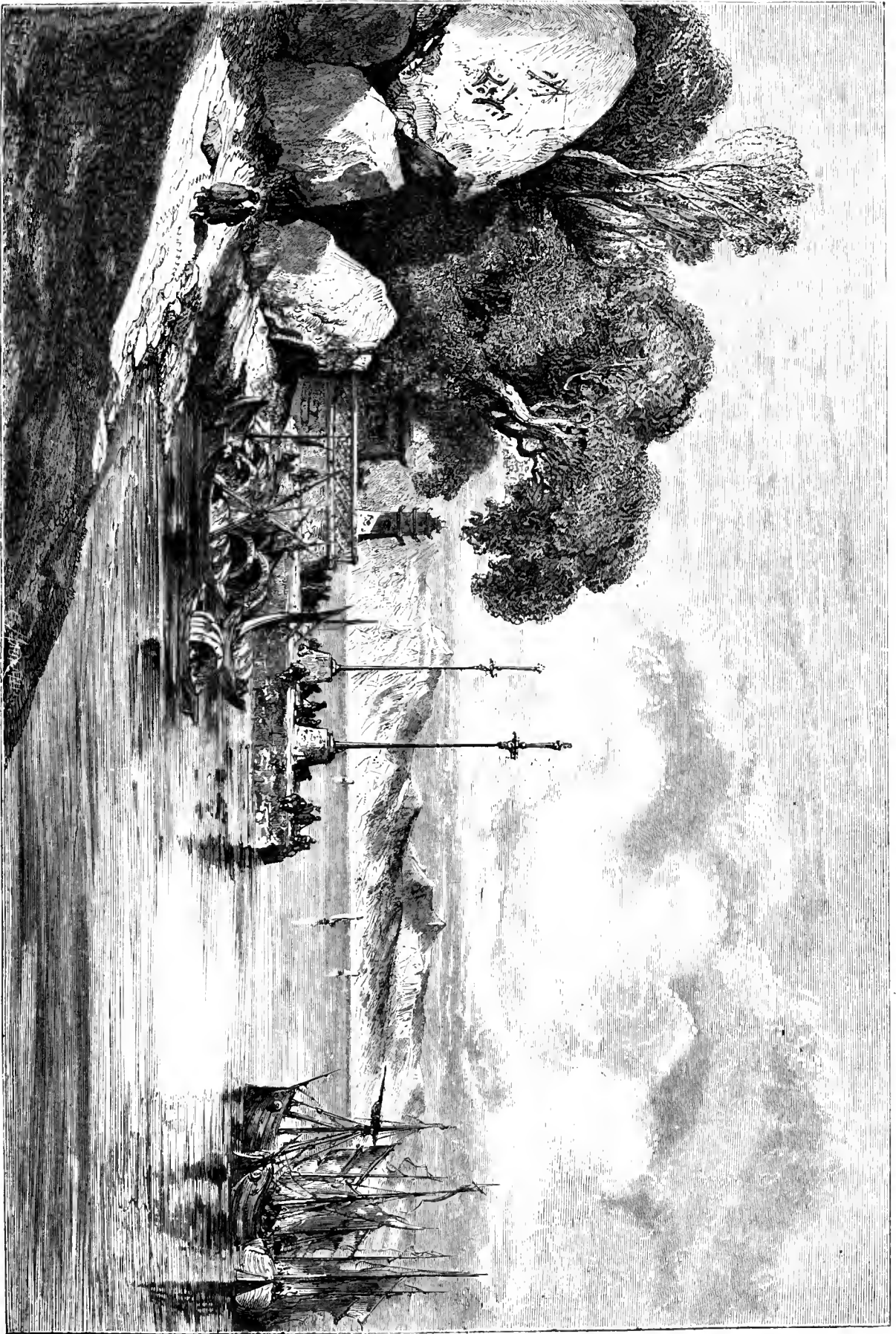
The neighbourhood of Hong-Kong takes from Macao almost all its advantages as a free port ; add to which, the sea is daily invading its harbour, as it does the whole of the right shore of the Canton river. Vessels of considerable tonnage are obliged to anchor a mile or two from the harbour, and only small gunboats can lay off the quay of Praya-Grande.

Nevertheless, Macao, notwithstanding its decline, is not wanting in claims to interest—the claims of memory more especially. This town was, for a long period of time, the sole centre of the relations of Europeans with the Chinese. Camoens, Saint François Xavier, and other great men, have lived there. Its churches, its convents, its public monuments, dark with age, attest of splendour long gone by.

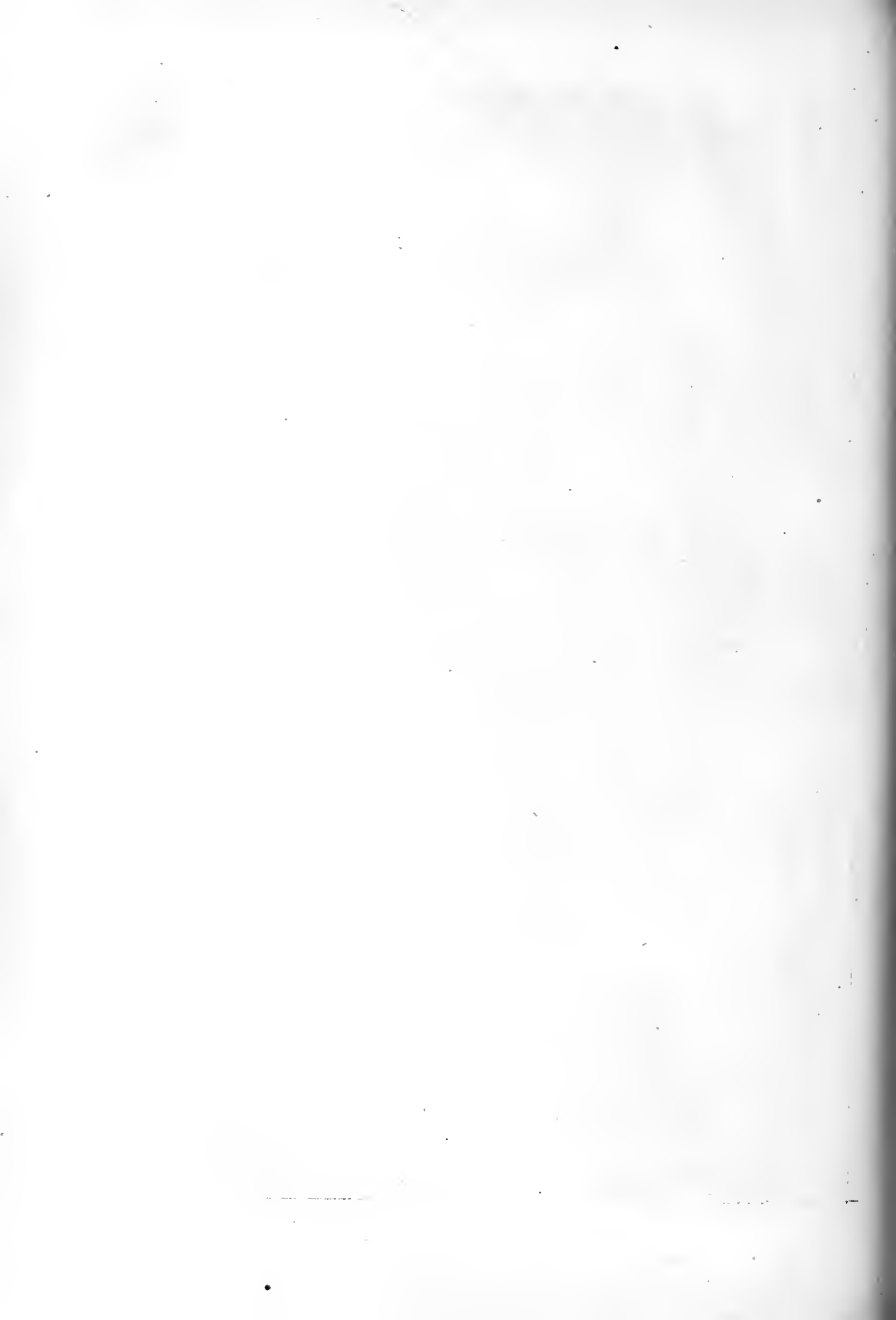
The garden of Camoens is in the present day private property ; it belongs to a Portuguese gentleman of the name of Marquès, who allows strangers to saunter beneath shady recesses so rare in China. Within this garden is the celebrated grotto where the poet is said to have in main part composed his "*Lusiad*." Quotations from that immortal epic are now cut into the marble, and what is more delightful to French visitors, some Gallic verses in honour of the poet and the locality. The inner port can be contemplated from a



THE PAGODA OF THE ROCKS AT MACAO.



THE LANDING PLACE AT MACAO.



terrace in this garden as from the Pagoda of Rocks, but with a less oppressive noise, the shouts of the tankaderes, or boatmen and boatwomen, and terrible gongs, heard so assiduously beaten to drive away the evil spirits from a junk about to proceed on its journey, come here softened by distance.

The Parsees have a cemetery that rises in successive steps or terraces above the sea; and this, with the little Portuguese forts, built like eagles' nests, the so-called Green Island, the narrow strip that encircles Macao to the main island, and the wide extent of the Celestial Empire beyond, fill up a picture that is not easily forgotten by those who have once seen it.

We wandered about this splendid relic of gaiety and wealth, now a disjointed collection of deserted palaces, haggard boat women, ugly dames of Portuguese descent, with handkerchiefs pinned over their faces, long narrow alleys, decaying churches, walks, parades, gardens, forts, all corroded by time. From the top of a great stone harbour, in the old palace garden, we had a fine view of the old town and both harbours, the inner and the outer. We came back through the Chinese town, where, with restless activity, mechanics were working at their respective trades. Shopmen were doing a thriving business, while barbers never were busier—and your barber is an important personage here, as elsewhere, as such a man needs must be where every man has his head shaved twice a week. No Chinaman uses anything but hot water; his razor is only two inches long, by an inch wide, which is sold for twopence, and the strop, a piece of stout calico, may be had for a penny. See here the sallow Chinaman, stretched at full length in an easy chair, is enjoying his shampooing and pommellings. Shaving the head costs half a farthing, yet there are seven thousand barbers in the city of Canton only. To which city we will now go, steaming on as fast as the crowd of boats will let us.

III.—UP THE CANTON RIVER.

The tankas (*see p. 89*), or wherries of the Canton river, constitute one of the essential features of its waters. It is well known what a variety, what a number, and what gorgeousness of display every great Chinese river, canal, or port, exhibits in its junks and boats of various descriptions. Yet do none of these strike the stranger more forcibly than do at first the humble tanka, and its still more humble and industrious yet lively occupants—the "*joyeuses batelières*," or "happy boatwomen," as a Frenchman calls them. The tanka is a small boat, almost as wide as long, and differing therein much from the sharp and narrow canoes of the Malays. The crew generally consists of an elderly woman, who sits or stands at the stern, rotating with a vigorous and experienced arm the long oar which is the great propeller of all boats in the Celestial Empire. There is also a younger woman, who, seated at the bows, sweeps the waters far more lightly, and with less effect, with the flat of her oar. Not unfrequently one or two urchins, as represented in our illustration (*see p. 89*), help to give animation to this boat-scene. But where, we might ask, are the father and grandfather, for the urchins are manifestly the children of the junior tankadere—probably engaged on board some larger junk, whilst the women ply the more humble wherry. Some, however, hint that the tankaderes are a kind of gypsies, and do not trouble

themselves with any permanent engagements with the other sex, but live solely in and with their boats, sheltered from the burning heats of the sun and the severities of winter alike by the circular roof of bamboo so graphically depicted here. A few moveable boards cover in the daytime the bed on which they repose; the fire destined to cook their frugal repast sparkles near the poop; gravely seated on the mat of rattan, and with the quiet aspect of a precocious manhood, the copper-coloured urchins wait in silence for the anticipated plate of rice, whilst the protecting genii, secreted in a more obscure corner, are not forgotten, but have their daily allowance, the incense of sticks, and perfume of sam-chu.

These tankas positively swarm in the waters of the much-frequented harbours of Hong Kong and Macao. And it is not an easy matter for a stranger to know how to select one; for if the touters and boatmen of Europe are sometimes noisy and importunate, the gipsy boatwomen of China are a thousand times more so. And if any hesitation is manifested, they will carry the happy party off bodily to the shelter of their bamboo and rattan canopy. But neither tankas nor tankaderes are met with in the north of China: they belong especially to the river of Canton.¹ The son of a tankadere cannot become a mandarin: if, disguising his origin, one such should succeed in passing his examinations, and obtain the blue globule, and then his origin should be discovered, he would be immediately degraded.

The shape of the boats tell of the different districts from which they come; thus, from Kiang-soo, where there is little but water-travelling, as in Holland of old, the boats, which pass through a net-work of large canals, are roomy and wide, affording every convenience, as if you were in a house. In Cheh-Kiang, where are the coal mines, the boats are narrow and flat-sided, as in Staffordshire, to push easily through the narrow sluices; in Fo-kien they have mat sails and an immense plank out at the stern, which acts as a rudder to assist the helmsman in working his boat quickly through the rapids; and the Kwansi boats have long and flat bows at an angle of 45 degrees from the floor, that the boats may not rush under the water in rapidly passing down the sluices.

A child overboard! Observe the hubbub. The little amphibious yellow thing has a gourd attached to it as a life-preserver; it is quite safe; see the mother has picked it up and hushes it on her bosom. Are these the people with whom infanticide is universal? There must be some mistake. Yet that horrible story of the Tower near Shanghai! Let us give the Chinese women, poor illused creatures, the benefit of the doubt. They do sell their children, we know; perhaps they may not destroy them. There goes a young girl, twelve years old, with full charge of the boat, sculling away with the large poised scull, and flying about through crowds of boats, and hark to her little sharp tongue! as saucy as a London cabman in a crowded thoroughfare during a stoppage.

¹ Here, too, we first see the Lorecha (the "al" is pronounced as "ur" in *lurcher*) a name made so familiar in Parliamentary debates. It is nothing more than a junk slightly improved. They are owned indifferently by Chinese or foreigners, and have sailing letters accordingly. There never would have been a dispute about the "Arrow," had there been an interpreter present; but how much these useful persons are wanting can be judged from the fact that at one time in Singapore there were 70,000 Chinese, and no one that could understand them.

One of the most striking sights on the Canton river is the immense number of boats which are moored all along the shore, near the foreign factory. There are *hundreds of thousands* of all kinds and size, from the splendid flower-boat, as it is called, down to the small barber's boat, forming a large floating city, peopled by an immense number of human beings. In sailing up the river you may observe a very small boat, perhaps the smallest you ever saw exposed on the water, being nothing more than a few planks fastened together. This is the barber's boat, who is going about, or rather swimming about, following his daily avocation of shaving the heads and tickling the ears and eyes of Chinamen. By the by, this same barber has much to answer for; for his practice has a most prejudicial effect upon the eyes and ears of his countrymen. He, however, works his little boat with great dexterity, and with his scull manages to propel himself with care and swiftness through the floating city of boats, larger and more powerful than his own. Then you see boats of various sizes, such as those at Macao and Hong Kong, covered over, divided into three compartments, and kept remarkably clean and neat. These are hired by either natives or foreigners for the purpose of going off to the large junks or other vessels moored out in the river, or for short excursions to the island of Honan, the Fa-Tee Gardens, or such places. The centre division of the boat forms a very neat little room, having windows in the sides, ornamented with pictures and flowers of various kinds. The compartment at the bow is occupied by the rowers, and that at the stern is used for preparing the food of the family for whom the boat belongs.

The boats of the Hong merchants and the large flower-boats are very splendid. They are arranged in compartments like the others, but are built in a more superb and costly manner. The reader must imagine a kind of wooden house raised upon the floor of the boat, having the entrance near the bows, space being left there for the boatmen to stand and row. This entrance being the front, is carved in a most superb style, forming a prelude to what may be seen within. Numerous lanterns hang from the roof of these splendid showy cabins; looking-glasses, pictures, and poetry adorn their sides; and all the peculiarities of this singular people are exposed to our view in these their floating palaces.

Then there are the chop boats, which are used by the merchants for conveying goods to the vessels at Whampoa,—the passage boats to Hong-kong, Macao, and various parts of the country; the Mandarin boats, with their numerous oars, which have a strange appearance as they pass up and down the river; and lastly, the large unwieldy sea-going junks. There are various modifications of all these kind of boats, each adapted for the particular purpose for which it is designed. At festival times, the river has a singularly gay and striking appearance, particularly at night, when the lanterns are lighted, and numberless boats, gaily decorated with them, move up and down in front of the factory. The effect produced upon a stranger at these times, by the wild and occasionally plaintive strains of Chinese music, the noisy gong, the close and sultry air, the strange people full of peculiarities and conceit, is such that he can never forget, and leaves upon his mind a mixed impression of pleasure, pity, admiration, and contempt. Throughout the whole of this immense floating city, the greatest regularity prevails. The large boats are

arranged in rows, forming streets, through which the smaller craft pass and repass, like coaches and other vehicles in a large town. The families who live in this manner seem to have a great partiality for flowers, which they keep in pots, either upon the high stern of their boats, or in their little parlours. The Chinese *Arbor vitæ*, Gardenias, *Cycas revoluta*, cockscombs, and oranges, seem to be the greatest favourites with them. A joss-house—small indeed in many cases, but yet a place of worship—is indispensable to all these floating houses. There the joss-stick and the oil are daily burned, and form the incense which these poor people offer to their imaginary deity.

Inside the Bogue, or Bocca Tigris, as it is called, the river widens very much, and presents the appearance of an inland sea. The view now becomes beautiful and highly picturesque, the flat cultivated land near the shores forming a striking contrast to the barren hills on the outside of the forts; the mountains in the distance appear to encircle the extensive plain; and although, like the others, they are barren, yet they make a fine back-ground to the picture. A few miles further up the river, the shipping in Blenheim and Whampoa reaches come into view, and the celebrated Whampoa Pagoda, with several more of less note, besides numerous other towers and joss-houses, all remind the traveller that he is approaching the far-famed city of Canton, one of the richest and most important in the Celestial Empire. The noble river, with its numerous ramifications, forms many islands, on one of which the small town or village of Whampoa is built.

Large quantities of rice are grown, both on the islands formed by the river, and on the flats on the main land. The tide is kept out by embankments, and the ground can be overflowed at will. These embankments are not allowed to lie idle, but are made to produce crops of plantains. When the land is too high to be flooded by the tide, the water-wheel is brought into play, and it is perfectly astonishing how much water can be raised by this simple contrivance in a very short space of time.

Sugar-cane is also grown rather extensively near Whampoa, and in its raw state is an article in great demand amongst the Chinese. It is manufactured into sugar-candy and brown sugar; many kinds of the latter being particularly fine, though not much used by the foreigners residing in the country, who generally prefer the candy reduced to powder, in which state it is very fine and white.

The Pagoda of Whampoa (*see p. 92*), exhibits some peculiarity of design. It stands upon a terrace, its porch is a flight of steps, its vestibule or anti-sanctuary is a covered building, and its inner sanctuary is one of those Taas or lofty towers which are so characteristic of Chinese ecclesiastical architecture, and which consist of several stones, diminishing in height and width as they ascend, each having a projecting roof of glazed tiles, and generally ornamented with bells. The imitation *taa* or pagoda in Kew Gardens, erected by Sir W. Chambers, is well known to our readers, and is a lofty and fair specimen of what it is intended to represent. The celebrated *taa* or tower at Nankin, composed of porcelain, is, like most others, an octagon upwards of 210 feet high, and divided into ten stories, each of which has a marble gallery, with gilt lattices, the stairs being formed within the thickness of the walls. The summit is surmounted by a cupola, from



CHINESE BOAT WOMAN.

which rises a lofty pole or mast with oriflamme, as we see erected in front of the Pagoda of the Rocks at Macao, about 30 feet high. There is a similar tower at Ting-tshang fu, the exterior of which is of porcelain, but the walls themselves are of marble. Others have a single staircase in the centre, carried up through all the different stories. Although so completely dissimilar in style, their towers bear a strong analogy to the Gopuras and Vinanas, or lofty pyramid tower-temples, of the Hindoos. Both seem to have originated in a common idea, differently modified, according to the taste and mode of building of the respective nations.

Whampoa island is the last but one, and, indeed the last island of any size or importance met with on ascending the Bocca Tigris to Canton. On the left bank are French Folly, Lin's Fort, and the Bames' Forts; on the other, Honan and the French Islands.

Hence it was, that, during the late war, Whampoa, which was formerly a place of importance, and has two pagodas, became a great rendezvous, and a conference was held there on the 21st of December, 1857, by the plenipotentiaries and naval and military commanders, shortly before the assault and capture of Canton. "Our principal amusement," says one present on the occasion, "was rambling over that picturesque spot: though not above five miles in circumference, the island was broken into hill and dale and fertile glens, where a rural population lived peaceably amid all the troubles, and seemed utterly indifferent as to the fate of their provincial city. Indeed, many of them who had suffered severely by the interruption of trade, rather hoped for our success than otherwise; and in one of the villages, a man was met who had formerly lived at Whampoa, and spoke a little

English, who assured us that he expressed a sentiment very common among his countrymen when he said, "You takee Canton chop-chop, my no getchie money."

IV.—CANTON.

From Macao to Canton, is from Gravesend to Black-wall—only more densely crowded; and, by all the powers of Cockneyism, there is a boat race.¹ Pull away, lads! on she goes, and our little steamer after her, stem on, and close up! on they go. No, by all that's unlucky, *over* they go! Surely these are wager boats, and Mr. Scarle is umpire. They are all righted again.

Now by rice-groves, lichen trees, and banyan forests, by docks, by the battle-ground of the Fatshan River (where the brave Keppel won his laurels), the whole looked down upon by a kind of Richmond Hill, where the fort used to be under which the "Coromandel" ran aground—by the old and picturesque shipping, with the many flags flying. There is nothing picturesque about the city itself, no more than there is in Wapping. The grey roofs stretch in long lines, out of which rise pert pigeon-houses on poles, with ladders

¹ It is customary in China, at certain seasons of the year, to have junk races, and for the towns near navigable rivers and the sea ports this is an occasion of great rejoicing; the magistrates and sometimes the rich merchants of the locality distribute the prizes to the victors; and those who wish to enter the lists organize themselves into a company, and appoint a chief. The junks that serve for these games are very long and narrow, so that there is only just room for two benches of rowers; they are most richly carved and ornamented with gilding and designs in bright colours. The prow and the poop represent the head and tail of the Imperial Dragon, they are therefore called *loung-tchouan*, that is to say dragon boats. They are hung with silks and tinsel, and along their whole length are displayed numerous streamers; bright red pennants float in the wind, and on each side of the little mast that supports the national flag are placed two men, who leave off striking the tum-tum and executing rolls on the drum, whilst the mariners, leaning over their oars, row on vigorously, and make the dragon junk skim rapidly along the surface of the water. Whilst these elegant boats are contending with one another the people throng the quays, the shore, and the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and the vessels that are lying in the port. They animate the rowers by their cries and plaudits; they let off fireworks; they perform at various points deafening music, in which the sonorous noise of the tum-tum, and the sharp sound of a sort of clarinet, giving perpetually the same note, predominate over all the rest. The Chinese relish this infernal harmony. It happens, sometimes, that a dragon boat is upset in a moment and emptied of its double line of rowers, but the crowd greets the incident with a shout of laughter; nobody is at all disturbed, for the men who row are always good swimmers. You soon see them emerge from beneath the water, swimming about in all directions to catch their oars again and their rattan helmets; the water springs up beneath their abrupt and rapid movements, you might take them for a troop of porpoises sporting in the middle of the waves. When every man has found his oar and his hat, again the dragon boat is placed once more on her keel, the streamers are put to rights as well as circumstances will permit, and then comes the grand difficulty of how to get into her again; but these people are so agile, adroit, and supple that they always manage it somehow. The public have often the satisfaction of witnessing these little incidents on fête days, for the boats are so frail and light that the slightest fault in the movements of the rowers may capsize them. These nautical games last for several days together, and are continued from morning till night, the spectators remaining faithfully at their posts all the time. The ambulatory kitchens and the dealers in provisions circulate through all parts of the crowd to feed this immense multitude, which, under pretext of having no regular meal at home that day, is eating and drinking continually, whilst rope dancers, jugglers, pickpockets, and thieves of every species profit by the opportunity to turn their talents to account, and vary the amusements of the day. The official fête is terminated by the distribution of prizes, and the rowers wind up with merry-making, and sometimes also with quarrelling and fighting.

to them, which they tell us are watch-boxes. (The Chinese do all things by contraries:² we used to place our watchboxes on the ground—they put theirs in the sky.) Then mandarin poles with flying streamers; then, the line is broken by high square warehouses, just such as you see about our docks, and these, we are told, are the pawnbrokers' shops; for pawning and money-lending are carried on in Canton and throughout China on an enormous scale.³

² We mourn in black—they mourn in white; we regard coronets and crowns as badges of dignity—they respect the boots; we build solid walls—they make them hollow; we pull a boat—they push it; we place the orchestra in front of the stage—they hide it behind; we feed the living—they get dinner ready for the dead. "In a country," says Mr. Wingrove Cooke, "where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the labourer has no sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads have no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honour is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture; we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar." We use a white flag for peace, they brandish it in war; and a want of knowledge of this fact led to the rebels firing upon Lord Elgin's party in the Yang-tse-kiang river—the return of which fire has brought on an awkward imbroglio between foreigners and the insurgents, who accuse us of favouring the Anti-Chinese party of the Tartar Mandarins.

³ A part of the pawnbroking establishments, so numerous in China, also belong to the government. The rate of interest is 2 per cent. per month, for jewels, and articles of the metallic kind. The legal interest of money has been fixed at 20 per cent. per annum, which makes 3 per cent. per month, as the sixth, the twelfth, and the intercalary moon (when there is one,) do not bear interest. One would like to know what object the Chinese government had in view, in fixing the interest of money at so enormous a rate, and to understand their mode of regarding questions of political and social economy. According to Telao-yang, a distinguished writer of the Celestial Empire, the purpose was to prevent the value of land from increasing, and that of money from diminishing, by the mediocrity of interest. In fixing it at a very high rate, it has endeavoured to render the distribution of land proportionate with the number of families, and the circulation of money more active and uniform. Tient-schuh, an economical writer, goes further into this subject, in a manner of which the late Mr. Wilson might not have been ashamed, as follows:—

"How is it that the high rate of interest fixed by the law affords advantage to commerce? Because it opens a career to those who have the talent, and favours its division among a greater number. The genius for commerce is a peculiar one, like that for letters, for government, for the arts; possibly, even one might say that, in some respects, it embraces them all. Now this genius for commerce is lost to the empire in all these who follow a different career; it remains, therefore, to develop it in those who have no other resource. Although commerce is indisputably necessary to the State, yet the administration which goes to so much expense to facilitate study, and to form by that means men capable of political business, does nothing for those who have a genius for commerce to assist them in its development. Now the high interest of money makes amends for this kind of neglect. However poor a young man may be, if he is well-conducted and clever he will be able to borrow enough to make an attempt, and as soon as this succeeds all purses will be open to him;—and this interest now will have given to the empire a useful citizen, who would have been lost if a helping hand had not been held out to him. Now when men can enter into business without having any money of their own, commerce must necessarily be divided among a great number, and that is what the present state of the population render desirable.

"A man, whatever he may be, has but a certain amount of time and strength to employ: if his business demands more he must call in help, that is to say, he must buy the services of others; they cost him little, for the most part, and he endeavours to obtain the utmost advantage from them. What he gains by these assistants, by degrees releases him from the necessity of working himself, and the public is charged with his idleness. It

Behind the city rise odd-shaped, jagged, green mountains and hills, with forts upon them—forts that resemble gigantic frames or hot-houses in a suburban garden; down to the water-side are shed-houses, built on piles, and just behind are the walls. All about are from 50,000 to 60,000 boatmen, who live on the river; and there is no end of yellings and jabberings, pulling and hauling, pushing, punting, rowing, and sculling, screeching and gesticulating; the tide running a perfect sluice. Some of the women are comely, and in their peculiar Bloomer style of costume and strikingly original style of head-dress, are attractive. The fare for a boat load to the shore is a shilling, and that is a trifle to give a pretty girl after a hard pull. Once landed, you have plenty to do; with excursions up to the Hills, and to the Pagoda, and the Parsee Gardens, and the Curiosity Shops. After you have been through the hongs and gardens, scanned the tea prepared for shipment, and talked with some of the Chinese merchants, whom you find flying kites¹ and who insist on your taking with them a cup of tea without milk or sugar, the grounds in the cup, each made expressly for each person; after you have chin-chinned several of these Hong merchants, and heard them expound commercial affairs; after you have been over the Dutch Folly, the pavilion of the Fire Genii, the large Pagoda at Whampoa (see p. 92), the wonderful Gardens—wonderful, because so singular and so novel,—after you have seen the duck-hatching (in the cupboard of an old fisherman) up the river, where the young ducks are nursed in all their stages; after you have had a ride on a Chinese pony up the Chinese hills, and looked down upon Canton and its 124 temples and halls and pavilions, all on the ground-floor, and gazed with never-ending pleasure on the flower-boats (see p. 129), and the fantastically-dressed women, whom you must not mistake for respectable ladies,—for they are scarcely ever visible,—you will have seen almost all that there is to see of the thousand-year-old Canton. On every side pigeon English,—that horrible jargon of mutilated baby-talk,—meets your ear. You hear nothing else. An American tells of a translation of Hamlet's soliloquy into pigeon English (which, by the by, means business English), in which "To be, or not to be," reads "Can, no can." Send for your hat, and this would be the style: "Go top-side, sabe, that hat, bring my." A noise is heard in the adjoining street, the cause, says the servant, is, "Chiney woman have catchee one piece cow chilo," in other words, "Mrs. Pigtail, of a girl." You call upon some ladies, boy returns, "No man can see," intina-

ting probably they were not at home. For "yes" read "can do." "How many to dinner this evening?" Your boy presently replies, "Some piece man—two piece missie."²

Sometimes the stranger in Canton for the first day finds it impossible to believe in anything he sees. You feel just as if you had got by mistake on to the stage of a theatre instead of the boxes, and find yourself, uncomfortably, one of the *dramatis personæ* in a Chinese ballet. Everything seems sham and unsubstantial; the houses look like so many painted sheds. The place is very intricate, and the alleys innumerable. There is the Tartar barrack, with its two colossal lions—anything but lions did the men show themselves when the fighting came.³ It has an exercise ground of sixteen acres, with a temple in the centre, and some fine trees scattered about in park-like fashion. The streets to the east and west—the streets of Love and Benevolence, as they are called—and the Curiosity street, are not for our pockets, which are reserved for Japan. Otherwise you may buy their lacquered ware and sandal-wood boxes, and carved ivory, enough to eat up a year's income, and leave you no better at the end than the experience of having found out how many things there are in the world that a man can do entirely without, and never feel the want of. Come with us, in the country, to the "Potter's Field," the execution ground where Yeh, the hideous pagan, cut

² Mr. Wingrove Cooke gives an amusing illustration of this:—"The basis of this Canton English, which is a tongue and a literature, consists," as he tells us, "of turning the *r* into the *l*, adding final vowels to every word, and a constant use of "savey" for "know," "talkee" for "speak," "piecey" for "piece," "number one" for "first class," but especially and above all the continued employment of the word "pigeon." "Pigeon" means "business" in the most extended sense of the word. "Heaven pigeons hab got" means that "church service has commenced;" "jos pigeon" means the "Buddhist ceremonial;" "any pigeon Canton?" means "have any operations taken place at Canton?" "That no boy pigeon, that coolie pigeon," is the form of your servant's remonstrance if asked to take a letter. It also means profit, advantage, observation. "Him wrong too much fool, him no savey, wely good pigeon have got," was the commentary of the Chinese pilot at the Fatsham Creek business.

³ A Chinese battle is as good as a farce. Mr. Scarth, a twelve years' resident in China, gives us a description. "Some of the little fights at Shanghai," he says, "were very amusing. One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire, I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second. Why they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of a creek about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers (the 'Braves,' see p. 120), then of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was almost amusing. One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of a grave hillock, drop his matchlock on the top, and without taking aim, blaze away. There is no ramrod required for the shot they use, the bullet or bar of iron being merely dropped in upon the powder. There was a fine scene on one occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie; one of the men was cut off by an Imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge his, so he ran round and round a grave which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Harc-hunting is nothing to it; Red Cap described parts of circles, and the Royalist was fast getting blown, when by some unlucky chance the rebel tripped and fell! The soldier was at him in a moment, and, to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of his matchlock to Red Cap's head, fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go! It is difficult to say who was most astonished when Mr. Red Cap did exactly the same. The bullet that dropped down readily upon the powder, fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good sioging of his long hair."

was asked of Se-ling why he had lent 20,000 ounces of silver from the public treasury to twelve small traders. "It was," he replied, "in order that the public might no longer have to pay for the lacquered work, the shows, the festivals, concubines, and slaves of him who has monopolised the silk-factories. Rivalry in trade obliges traders to emulate each other in labour and industry, that is to say, to be less extortionate towards the public."

¹ The Chinese, as everybody knows, are great in kites. It is strange to see sober and sedate merchants tugging away at a long string, guiding a kito very effectually in the air. Some are made in the shape of birds; and the hovering of the kestrel, or the quick dive of the sparrow-hawk, are beautifully imitated by expert guidance of the string. The Chinese beat us hollow in these things, especially in the "messenger" that they send spinning up the string. They send up pretty painted gigantic butterflies, with outspread wings, at the back of which, is a simple contrivance to make them collapse when the butterfly reaches the kite, and, as soon as they collapse, down comes the butterfly, sliding along the string, ready to be adjusted for another flight.



CHINESE MERCHANT.

off 70,000 men's heads, several English being amongst them.¹

¹ "These crosses"—Mr. Wingrove Cooke is speaking of the same place,—“are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death.” Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and, by Yeh's orders, her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh: this was how he treated *his* prisoners. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed, and the skin turned down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done, but at what period of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman none can tell. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or carried down in chains, and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the stroke. Then comes the warrant of death; it is a banter. As soon as it is waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop. No second blow is ever dealt, for the dexterous manslayers are educated to their work, until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off a hundred lives. It

There is a street up to the north a mile long, with shops of every kind. On the left are streets leading up to private houses, which have no windows to the streets. It is all very quiet now; to-morrow there is a holiday. Then the sam-shu houses (grog shops) are open, and the sing-song women come in all painted and brocaded; and the gravest and the oldest hang strings of crackers outside their houses, and paint lanterns, and make noises. Then there is a screeching of song and a twanging of the stringed lutes, and a burning of paper, and occasional tipsiness, and a riot where you see an English or American sailor. Dinner is being got up in all directions in a wonderfully extemporaneous manner;² and occasionally you may get

takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell, that they might embezzle the spare coffin. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure.

² A Chinaman will bake a dinner for a dozen with a mere handful of fuel. Their boiler is cone-shaped and large; say two feet in diameter by one foot deep; it covers the whole of the fire merely with a small portion of the lower part of the case, but the

a glimpse of a pretty woman—a real Chinese lady (*see* p. 108)—modestly and becomingly dressed, her hair built up with false “whisks,” (as the hairdressers call them) underneath, made up into something like a shoe-shape, and butterflies on pins stuck in it, with flowers, and jewels, and combs; nor is the use of baneline, or stiffening gum, foreign to the Chinese toilet; the loose fitting silk tunic, of bright colour, from the throat to the ankles, and silk trousers, embroidered in gold or silver, with minnte feet, complete the costume.

The ladies of distinction are seldom permitted to stir abroad, except to visit their nearest relations; and, on these occasions, they are always carried in close chairs, and attended by their servants. The women of all ranks stay pretty much at home. The smallness of their feet, which renders them unable to walk to any considerable distance, makes their confinement less disagreeable. As soon as a girl comes into the world, they bind her tender feet with tight bandages, which are renewed as occasion requires, to prevent their growing. This custom prevails universally, the Tartar ladies residing in China only excepted, who appear to have no inclination to conform to this fashion. This fashion was introduced into China by a great princess, who lived some ages ago. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty and virtue, and has obtained the reputation of a saint; but, it is reported, her feet resembled those of birds; on which account she kept them always carefully wrapped up, and concealed even from the Emperor her husband. The ladies of the Court followed her example, which, of course, soon became general. The Chinese women never pare their nails, but suffer them to grow to the full length. This proves no impediment in embroidery, and other needle-work, in which they are constantly employed. These they finish with extraordinary neatness, as fully appears from some specimens of them brought to Europe. It is needless to remark, that the tale told of a great lady having bird's feet has no origin in truth. The evasion, however, shows that the Chinese are ashamed of a custom which has its origin in a puerile and disreputable jealousy.

The dress of the women, among the lower orders, differs little from that of the men. A cotton frock, tawdry coloured trowsers, drawn tight by the calf of the leg, to show off an overgrown ankle, swathed round with party-coloured bandages, and a dwarfish foot ornamented with embroidery, are the principal articles in the female dress, which are decorated with artificial flowers, &c., according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer. Paints are used universally; the teeth are tinged green and yellow: and the nails, among the higher classes, kept unpared till they often reach a length of 12 inches. Bamboo sheaths are used to preserve them. Owing to the preposterous use of small shoes, instead of walking, the Chinese lady hobbles with an awkward and painful motion, so that a Chinese beauty is what in other countries would be called a cripple. The laws of China prohibit the dressing of children in silks and furs, the head cannot be covered till the individual be of a certain age. The assumption of the cap, like

that of the toga among the Romans, is accompanied with considerable ceremony. The person is informed that now he has assumed the dress of a man, that he ceases to be a boy, and that he ought, therefore, to distinguish himself by his actions, as well as by the manly habit. When the British and French Embassies were at Tient-sin, the fair sex, they declare, was almost invisible. It was by the rarest accident that a glimpse was caught of a woman, not belonging to the lowest class. Even these latter all cramped their feet—a practice not so general among the same class in the south. Some of the little girls they saw were pretty, and with their heads decorated with bright flowers, and their gaudy skirts fluttering in the wind, they looked piquant and graceful; but as a rule, the women generally seen were hideous. This use of flowers seems to be universal. Another traveller describes the ladies of Fu-chu-fu, as being particularly fond of flowers—artificial as well as natural—for the decoration of their hair. The rustic cottage beauty employs the more large and gaudy, such as the red hibiscus, while the refined damsels prefer the jasmine, tuberose, and others of that description; artificial flowers, however, are more in use than natural ones.

But it is time for us to attend to business. We have with us our comprador—that is a party to whom we may be said to belong, individually, during our stay. He does all for us; buys, sells, pays, hires servants, and arranges everything. He is our contractor; every one is responsible to him, and he to us. So, armed with an interpreter and our comprador, we proceed to business, and call upon a merchant respecting certain arrangements for future commissariat supplies.

In China, as in all other countries, there are not only very different classes of society, but there are also very different grades in the same position, from that of a mandarin to a merchant and a tradesman. Mr. Fortune, for example, who had to do with a truculent class of men to procure plants and seeds from the interior, declares that no dependence can be placed upon the veracity of the Chinese. It may seem uncharitable, he says, but such is the case. There is no doubt that, as a mass, the Chinese are eminently deceitful, distrustful, and non-verbose, and that even to one another; but experience has shown, since the opening of the ports, that as there are many really learned and wise men among their philosophers, so there are many most civil, upright, and honourable men among their merchants. They constitute, however, most decidedly the exception to the rule—not the rule itself.

In this land of ceremonies, the farther you are to the left of your host, the more highly honoured is your position. There, seated in the presence of some dignitary of the land, who is supposed to have taken a place to the right, the following elaborate interchange of compliments takes place—the visitor having resigned himself entirely to the good offices of the interpreter, who, in all probability, throws them into somewhat the following shape:—

English gentleman, who has never seen his Chinese host before, expresses his pleasure at meeting him.

Interpreter.—His Excellency has long looked forward to this day.

Chinese Dignitary.—I meet him now as an old friend, and request to know his honourable age.

Int.—His Excellency has profitlessly passed — years.

heat and flames enfold the rest. Water and rice are put at the bottom, with an open frame over them about half the depth of pan; on this are placed dishes of fish, fowl, or vegetables to boil. The whole is covered with a wooden cover, in the centre of which is a round hole about four inches in diameter, and in this another dish is often placed, the contents of which are cooked by the steam.

Chin. Dig.—The cars of his Excellency are long, and betoken great ability.

Int.—Ah! oh! he is unworthy of the compliment.

Chin. Dig.—You have had an arduous journey.

Int.—We deserved it.

Chin. Dig.—I trust your honourable health is good?

Int.—Relying on your happy auspices, his Excellency's health is still robust.

Int.—The great Emperor of your honourable nation, is he well?

Chin. Dig.—He is well. The great Sovereign of your honourable nation, is she well?

Int.—She is well. Do the troublesome pests (rebels) still infest the country?

Chin. Dig.—The insects are being speedily exterminated.

The information we wished for was obtained, and the bargain made. On this occasion our accomplished host overwhelmed us with civilities, constructed pyramids of delicacies on our plates, and insisted on our drinking a quantity of hot wine, obliging us to turn over our glasses each time, as a security against heel-taps. Cha-ei's yamun was a far handsomer residence than any similar official abode at Canton. The interior was invested with an air of comfort unusual in China, the walls nicely papered, and the floor carpeted. The whole establishment has been recently put into good order, and was altogether a fit residence for so elevated a functionary.

At last we "begged to take our leave," and began violently to "tsing-tsing," a ceremony which consists in claspng your hands before your breasts, and making a crouching baboon-like gesture. It is the equivalent of shaking hands, only one shakes one's own hands, instead of another person's, which may or not have its advantages; in China the custom of the country is the preferable one. This is followed by a scene very like that which occurs on similar occasions among ourselves. Our host insists upon following us to our chairs. We remonstrate, "Stop, stop, stop, we are unworthy," say we. "What language is this," he replies. "We really are unworthy," we reiterate. "You are in my house," he insists, and so we back to our chairs, perpetually imploring him not to trouble himself by accompanying us, which he vehemently resists, until at last, when we are in our chairs, he reluctantly consents to return, apologising to the last for being so rude as to leave us even then. It is just possible that, under the circumstances, his satisfaction at getting quit of us had as much to do with this "*empressement*," as his sense of politeness.

Let us now look at the soldiers belonging to the Emperor—some of whom are on guard even in Canton, which we have taken from them. Let us regard their "Braves," or volunteers, we had better call them.

The Chinese soldiers of the Imperial Guard have received the designation of "tigers," not, as might be imagined, from their courage and ferocity, but from their yellow tunics, upon which the head, eyes, and even part of the back of a tiger is represented, sometimes with mane erect, as if to inspire greater awe into the beholder. The idea, like that of the grotesque standards and shields with terror-inspiring monsters of the Chinese, seems to us absurd, from the mode of their application; but if we consider the matter more closely, we shall find that we have admitted the same kind of thing into our own civilisation, only modified into a form and system known to the initiated

as the science of heraldry, and, in some instances, we have almost as quaint an attire in our own civil and military departments.

The assimilation of the Chinese theology with that of Europe was not a dream on the part of the old missionary, Father Ricci. We have seen in modern times that M. Huc has found that, in Thibet, the Romanists have been anticipated both in doctrine and practice, and that many of the tenets of the Buddhists foreshadow the principles of Christianity. And so it is also of Chinese civilisation, which recent researches have shown to have far more analogy and closer relations to European civilisation than people were at one time prepared to admit, and that even in its most absurd and ridiculous aspects; for are not the dragon standards and tiger adorned shields found emblazoned in the heraldry of the West? and are not the analogies of the red and blue mantles, conical caps with diverse coloured stripes, and other grotesque military and official insignia, to be met with in European costumes, in great hirsute head-gear, feather-topped helmets, cocked hats, and other strange attire? It is not, after all, for us to laugh at the tigers of the Middle Empire, more especially when it is remembered that not many years back the command of "Rosto feroz al inimigo" was included in the Portuguese drill, and thereupon the soldiery showed their teeth, and looked ferocious at an imaginary enemy.

The costume of the patriot rebel or bravo (brave of the French) of China, partakes more of a civil character. It is that of the old Chinese or Ming dynasty, as distinguished from that of the Mantchu Tartar dynasty and soldiery. All those who joined the movement under Tian-tah, "Celestial virtue," also called Tai-ping-wai, the great pacificator, whence his followers have been called Tae-pings, were obliged to cut off their pig-tails, a practice borrowed from the Tartars, to allow their hair to grow long, and to replace the Tartar cloak by the old garment, opening in front, which was worn in the time of the Mings.

It would be of little interest to our readers to narrate here the rise and progress of the Chinese insurrection, and the varying successes and failures of the patriots; still, it is a movement of vast importance, and as that of a purely Chinese party who are now in possession of Naukin—the ancient capital of their dynasty—against an usurping Mantchu-Tartar dynasty, seated at Peking, it deserves much greater attention than it has hitherto received, and is pregnant with interest in connection with the proceedings of the Allies against the existing government, as well as to the future of China itself. Add to all this, albeit as yet much corrupted by imperfect knowledge and vain and empty traditions and ceremonies, still, it seems certain that there is in connection with the same movement the dawn of a more enlightened, moral, and religious condition for this vast and populous empire.

When Tai-ping had obtained possession of Nankin, he is described as having with him four kings, his colleagues; Tung-wang, king of the east, a little spare man, about thirty-five years of age, and pitted with small pox; Il-wang, king of the west, young, active, and brave, the Achilles of this pleiad of kings, but since dead; Nan-wang, king of the south, a man of letters; and Pay-wang, king of the north, young, and of great strength and intrepidity, the hero of the insurrection. Such were the five chiefs whose army now acted in concert, and they were aided and abetted by

a great number of inferior officers. Two ministers are also deserving of mention, as they may play an important part, should the Chinese party be successful, and carry the day against the Mantchu Tartars. One is a little sharp, clever personage, Fung-y-chang, by name; the other is thin, ugly, and bony, but a highly educated man, and the author, it is supposed, of most of the proclamations issued by the insurgents; this is the person who is believed to be a Chang si, or Protestant, and a member of the "Chinese Union," if not an actual disciple of Gutzlaff's. His name is Chi-ta-kai.

But soldiers, Tartars, ladies, mandarins, and merchants, and people making holiday in Canton—a bastard population between that of Wapping and the worst part of Liverpool—are not the Chinese people. We must teach you something about them before we go further along the coast, or else we shall always be on the outside of things. We will therefore tell you a story, which being true, will give you a complete insight into the habits and manners of that portion of the Chinese people who are not on the seaboard.

V.—THE FIRST OF THE MINGS

POSSIBLY our readers, by lending their attention to a short and interesting narrative, may be the better enabled to learn sufficient of the modern history of the Chinese dynasties, and some special peculiarities of Chinese religious and political systems, to give them a useful insight, in an agreeable manner, into a subject more than usually confused and unintelligible, such as Chinese history is in general. The story we are about to tell them of the elevation of Hung-woo, the first emperor of the Ming dynasty, is translated, and of course abridged, from the Hungwoo-Tsuen-Chnen, in ten small volumes, itself a partial abridgment of the history of the Ming emperors, in sixty-eight volumes; and this abridgment is regarded not as a romance, but as an historical text-book.¹

It happened in the 13th century of our era, that the Mongols, a tribe of wretched barbarians living on the frontiers of Siberia, thought it a very hard thing that they should pass all their days under snow and ice, while other beings, made of the same flesh and blood, revelled in all the luxuries of the South. They, therefore, held a council, in which it was resolved to follow in its winter flight the wild goose, a bird, in their opinion, more sagacious than stupid. Home may be sweet, but no one likes to starve in it: nor could any fatigues or perils of the way equal what they had to suffer in their native steppes,—a day's hard labour in the snow for the chance of half a day's food. Therefore, having once bidden farewell to the icy mountains, and found their way, through snows knee deep, to a more genial region, all traces of their former habitations were obliterated, and they buried the remembrance of their tents in oblivion, until nearly a century afterwards the Chinese reminded them of their lost comforts, and sent them back, attended by a military escort. How this happened we shall now relate.

Central Asia is an immense plateau, where little grows but stunted grass—where sand is plentiful, and shining pebbles which, (according to accounts of Rus-

sian embassies) all but lapidaries mistake for diamonds, abound. Through this country the Mongols² pushed their way, fighting with tribe after tribe, and aggregating them under their "standards." The further they advanced, the greater grew their numbers; and they increased by degrees like a rolling snowball, imperceptibly larger and larger, till men beheld them in the beginning of the thirteenth century a complete avalanche, which at last came plunging down upon the frontiers of the *Kin* empire—where these wanderers were not only requested not to move any further, but even ordered to pay tribute for being allowed to dwell where they were in safety. Having no alternative, they yielded to circumstances—and became, in the language of the *Kin* court, "humble vassals, most reverentially obedient, like the kings of the

² The Mongol tribes generally are a stout, squat, swarthy, ill-favoured race of men, having high and broad shoulders, short, broad noses, pointed and prominent chins, long teeth distant from each other,—eyes black, elliptical, and unsteady,—thick short necks, extremities bony and nervous, muscular thighs, but short legs, with a stature nearly or quite equal to the European. They are nomadic in their habits, and subsist on animal food, derived chiefly from their flocks and herds. They have a written language, but their literature is limited and mostly religious; the same language is spoken by all the tribes, with slight variations, and only a small admixture of foreign words. Most of the accounts Europeans possess of their origin, their wars, and their habits, were written by foreigners living or travelling among them; but they themselves, as M'Culloch remarks, know as little of these things as rats or marmots do of their descent. The fate of the vast swarms of this race which have descended from the table lands of Central Asia, and overrun the plains of India, China, Syria, Egypt, and Eastern Europe in different ages, and the rise and fall of the gigantic empire they themselves erected under the Genghis in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are among the most remarkable episodes in the world's history. They have always maintained the same character in their native wilds, and their conquests have been exterminations rather than subjugations. The number of petty tribes and families of this race within the limits of the Chinese empire is not known. In Inner Mongolia, there are twenty-four *aimaks*, or tribes, arranged under six *chalkans*. In Outer Mongolia, the Kalkas are governed by four khans. The Ortoos, Tsakhars, Elenhis, and Kortchin, are the largest tribes next to the Kalkas. The Tourgoths, Horsoits, Choros, and Khoits, are among the tribes dwelling in Koko-nor. In Ilk, the Mongols are mixed up with and subordinate to tribes of Turkish origin; the former are mostly Buddhists, while the latter are bigoted Mubammadians.

According to Abulgazi Bayadur Khan, who was himself a descendant of Zinghis Khan, commonly called Genghis, Alanza Khan, who was the sixth in descent from Japhet, had twin sons, one called Tatar, from whom descended the Tartars, and the other Mungé, "the sorrowful or morose," whence the Moguls or Mongols, both by corruption. (*Histoire Généalogique des Tatars traduite du manuscrit Tataré d'Abulgazi Bayadur Khan*. Fo. Leyden, 1726, p. 23 et seq.) In our own times the Mongolians of the East present some marked features of distinction from those of the West. The one live in towns and fixed dwellings, the others are nomades. They differ also in their language and religion, and in their habits, manners, dress, and appearance. The Mongols proper are divided into three great nations; the Tshakar, Khalkhas, and Sumit, the Western Mongols into Kalmuks, Bashkirs, Buriats, and other roving tribes. Besides the twenty-four, or, according to some, twenty-six, *Aimaks* in the former, with their hereditary princes and four Great Khans, there are numerous tribes of greater or less power and importance, as above noticed, but the relations of which have not been accurately determined. The best authorities, Abulgazi, Leyden in the *Memoirs of Baber*, Pallas, Klapproth, Ritter in the "*Erdrinde von Asien*," and Hüllman, "*Gesichte des Mongolen*," are all agreed, however—notwithstanding the confusion that has so long prevailed with regard to the Turkish and Tartar and the Mongolian races—as to these primary distinctions, more especially as regards the Mongolians, as distinguished from the other Turanian races, whether Tungusian, Hyperborean, Chinese or Thibetian.

¹ There is another text-book: "The Tai-tien," by an emperor of the Ming dynasty, in 22,897 chapters, and nearly that number of volumes.

West." As for these *Kin*, they had in times of yore been called *Nioutchi*, and lived on the banks of the Black Dragon rivers (*Nihlung Keang*), having from similar motives, and in a similar manner with the Mongols, removed from the South. There they first overthrew the *Ketous*, a Tartar horde, who had for many years dictated laws to China; but were surprised that their less civilised brethren wished to imitate their example. The Chinese at first rejoiced at their doughty deeds, and sent them presents and exhortations to persevere; but the *Kin*, without further dispute, took possession of all the territory to the north of Hwang-ho, and the river Hwoe, and then made arrangements with the *Ketous*, that, to prevent further fighting, each should keep as much of the Chinese territory as they could defend. Thus was one-third of China, comprising most of the northern provinces, Hoopih, Shan-tung, Shansi, Shen-si, Honan, all under the rule of barbarians. They had been in quiet possession of these fertile tracts for about a century, and had given up the idea of ceding them to anybody, for they lived upon their manors—as comfortably as did the Manchous, until within the last ten years—when lo! the Mongols put in a word, to claim an equal right to the booty. At that time the terrible Genghis was the Mongol chief, and as this hero thought proper to claim the whole globe as his rightful possession by the decrees of heaven, he naturally included also the *Kin* monarchy. The veterans of the desert appeared—and within a few years all northern China lay prostrate before them.

The Chinese lived at that time under a line of princes, who by their ill-success against the *Kin* had lost all courage and influence. Availing themselves of this fine opportunity for punishing their hated enemies, they concluded an alliance with the Mongols, expecting, when the common enemy was vanquished, to share the spoil. But Genghis had no such intention—his was the lion's share. The Chinese, by way of making sure, took possession of the most important fortresses to the south of the Yellow River. This, though patriotic on their part, did not suit the disposition of the Mongols, who regarded it as an act of treachery. The Tartars declared war, and the struggle lasted from 1234 to 1279; when it terminated in the submission of the Chinese to Kublai (or Koubilai) Khan as their emperor.¹

¹ It may not be uninteresting here to give Marco Polo's account of Kublai Khan and his style of warfare. "A certain chief, named Nayan, who, although only thirty years of age, was uncle to Kublai, had succeeded to the dominion of many cities and provinces, which enabled him to bring into the field an army of 400,000 horse. His predecessors, however, had been vassals of the great Khan. Actuated by youthful vanity, upon finding himself at the head of so great a force, he formed, in the year 1236, the design of throwing off his allegiance, and usurping the sovereignty. With this view, he privately dispatched messengers to Kaidu, another powerful chief whose territories lay towards the greater Tartary (Turkistan), and who, although a nephew of the Grand Khan, was in rebellion against him. As soon as Kublai had received notice of this, he collected 360,000 horse, and 100,000 foot, consisting of those individuals who were usually about his person, and principally his falconers and domestic servants (he must have had a great many). But this was not his whole army; many thousand Mongols, scattered throughout the provinces, were not only maintained from the pay they received from the imperial treasury, but also from the cattle and their milk. Kublai reached within twenty-five days the camp of his enemy; he called his astrologers to ascertain, by virtue of their art, and to declare in presence of their whole army, to which side victory would incline. They ascended the hill with alacrity which separated them from their enemy, who was negligently posted. In front of each battalion of horse were placed 500 infantry,

The Mongols had thus arrived at the goal of their wishes; and they now commenced sleeping on their laurels, as the Manchous have done, whilst they very rapaciously appropriated to themselves the hard-earned possessions of the Chinese. These at first, seeing no alternative, quietly submitted; but, in course of time, Chinese eyes, though small, being piercing, they saw that their masters, the Mongols, being quite out of their element, were getting stupid and weary, and, one generation after another, effeminate. They therefore began to part with their chattels not without grumbling; and imagining that the Mongols of their day, like the "men of the eight standards" at present, were not likely again to fight over the battles of their ancestors, watched for an opportunity to show how much they despised their insolent lords.



CHINESE LADY.

Eight Mongol emperors had sat upon the throne, and the last of the race, Toh-wan Temur, or Shun-te, a boy of thirteen, now ascended it. He was very timid, and devoid of talent; women reigned at court; ministers did as they pleased; and eunuchs arranged and deranged everything. But all would not go right—omens, earthquakes, a rain of bloody hail, and sundry other potents of no good succeeded each other. Then

armed with short lances and swords, who, whenever the cavalry made a show of flight, were practised to mount behind their riders, and accompany them, alighting again when they returned to the charge, and killing with their lances the horses of the enemy. As soon as the battle was arranged, an infinite number of wind instruments of various kinds were sounded, and those were succeeded by songs, according to the custom of the Tartars before they engage in fight. The order for fighting was given; a bloody conflict began; a cloud of arrows poured down on every side, and then the hostile parties engaged in close combat, with lances, swords, and maces shod with iron. Nayan's forces were devoted to their master, and rather chose to meet death than to turn their back upon the enemy. Nayan was made prisoner, and shaken between two carpets until the spirit had departed from him. The motive for this peculiar sentence being, that the sun and the air should not witness the shedding of the blood of one who belonged to the imperial family. The troops which survived swore allegiance to Kublai. After this signal victory he returned to Kambalu."

again some prince of the blood, thinking he had a greater right to the royal diadem, conspired and even stormed the palace. But these attempts failed. The empress daughter, an accomplice, forfeited her life; and the boy-emperor preferring, like all boys, play to business, left everything to his eunuchs.

Scarcely had he entered his 17th year, having taken one of his father's widows to wife, and forced the imperial princesses into his harem (says this voracious history,) when insurgents,¹ in four different places, without being connected with each other, simultaneously proclaimed their intention to subvert the reigning dynasty. Two of these arose in the province of Kwangtung; but, as this was at a very great distance from the capital, (as far, in fact, as from Edinburgh to Madrid,) the Emperor cared as little about it as the late Taou-kiang used. Matters were, however, discussed in council, and one amongst the ministers declared, that these revolts ought to be ascribed to the avarice of the Mongol officers, who burdened the unhappy people beyond endurance. This was a homely truth the young prince could not digest. At a public audience, he therefore addressed his ministers, saying, "I have been five years on the throne, and perceive that the government is in a state of confusion, so that I am restless day and night, and can never enjoy myself. I ask, my lords, whether you cannot prepare for me any satisfactory pastime?"

One of those present, called Sat-un, speedily answered, "Let us enjoy life, carouse and drink, and you may make sure of real mirth." But another statesman present, advised the emperor to put to death the insidious counsellor, and quoted several instances where love of pleasure had accelerated the ruin of princes. This being undeniable, the prince wished to bestow valuable presents on the speaker; but he refused them all, saying, that his only reward was to do his duty. Greatly content with the issue of his admonition, the faithful minister rejoiced in the unenviable fall of his enemy, when some unforeseen circumstances deranged the whole plan. A creature of Sat-un, the depraved courtier, had on the same day collected a company of most beautiful play-actresses, and was just wending his way towards the palace, when he met Sat-un, with clouded brow and a look bespeaking distress of mind. He immediately engaged himself to settle the subject of his master's uneasiness, went under the windows of the harem, and presented to the astonished queens his *cortège*. From this moment, the prince's mind was changed; and as soon as he had given audience, he immediately repaired to the inner apartment, and there spent day and night in witnessing plays.

¹ "Robbers," says Dr. Newman, in his "Translation of the History of the Chinese Pirates," "are unsuccessful conquerors. If the founder of the Ming dynasty had failed in his rebellion against the Mongols, history would have called him a robber; and if any one of the various robber chiefs who in the course of the two last centuries made war against the reigning Mantelu had overthrown the government of the foreigners, the official historiographers of the 'Middle Empire' would have called him the *far-famed illustrious elder* father of the new dynasty. The fruit of labour is too often taken out of their hands, justice sold for money, and nothing is safe from their rapacious and luxurious masters. People arise to oppose and act according to the philosophical principles of human society, without any clear idea about them. Robbers and Pirates are, in fact, the opposition party in the despotical empires of the East; and their history is far more interesting than that of the reigning despot."

On a certain night he fell weary on his couch, and then dreamt that wasps and ants filled the harem. Having ordered his attendants to sweep the hall, there started from the south a man dressed in purple, who bore on his left shoulder the sign of the sun, and on his right the moon; in his hand he held a besom, and soon swept the whole clear. The emperor hastily asked, "Who are you?" The stranger did not answer, but drew his sword, and made towards the emperor, who wishing to avoid him, endeavoured to run out of the palace, the door of which the man clad in purple immediately closed. The alarmed monarch called aloud for the assistance of his servants, and then awoke.

This dream, as afterwards appeared, had reference to his successor. His majesty was just relating the curious vision to his dear spouse, when on a sudden a tremendous crash, resembling a clap of thunder, was heard. The soothsayers were at the moment interpreting what the said dream might signify, and all as one man ran to ascertain the cause of this noise. They found that a wing of the palace had fallen in, and that, under it, was to be seen a deep cavern, from whence rose a black vapour. Anxious to ascertain what this might lead to, the emperor caused a criminal, under sentence of death, to be let down, who brought up a stone tablet, upon which, in the obscure language of a Sybil, a sudden revolution coming from the south-west, and the expulsion of the Mongols, were foretold. Nobody, however, would understand the meaning of it this way; but the courtiers suggested it might be necessary to change the name of the reign, as that would, at once, settle the matter. In the meanwhile the chasm had closed, and the infatuated monarch gave himself up to the superstitious rites of Buddhist priests, and the most infamous debaucheries. Inaccessible to all but the companions of his vices, the government of so vast an empire was entirely neglected by him, and whilst robbers traversed the land with impunity, the most dreadful scourges from on high afflicted the suffering nation. All was ripe for revolt; a leader only was wanting.

Let us leave the palace for a while, and descend to a temple. In Keang-su there is a place called Tun-yung-fu, and in its neighbourhood a small town named Chung-le-tung-Keang. Close to this is a romantic temple, where a number of fat Buddhist priests enjoyed their indolent life. One cold winter's day the abbot assembled all his brethren, and told them that he wished to spend the evening in contemplation, and therefore must not be disturbed. He suddenly found himself transported to the elysium of all the idols he worshipped, and there was open court held. The general conversation of the gods referred to the troubles which then disturbed the empire, and they were unanimously of opinion that a sage ought to be born in order to set matters to rights; but thought it best that some worthy of a former glorious age should again be born of a virtuous woman. But those good kings of old, having in the interval been metamorphosed into stars,² they did not relish the proposed change as far as

² "It is a common opinion among the Chinese," says a writer in the *Missionary Herald*, 1852, "that the regions of the dead are placed under the government of a single individual, who acts as criminal judge, and punishes the soul according to its sins in this life. For this purpose he is said to have eighteen places of punishment, each varying in intensity according to the degree of the guilt of those who are consigned to them. The Chinese divide the universe into three divisions, the first including the

they were concerned. Their silence availed to hinder all the other constellations from accepting the proffered honour, until two little prying stars (of which we do not know exactly the names in English, but they keep their court somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Great Bear), after much wriggling and coyness, took the Sun and Moon gently in their hands, and putting them together, agreed that the name of the new dynasty should be *Ming*—"Brightness" (formed by the two Chinese characters representing the Sun and Moon being united) and that one of the luminaries should become emperor and the other his consort, (that is, the male and female principles of the Dualism, *Yin* and *Yang*, should rule the world in righteousness).¹ This being

lower regions, the second the present world, and the third the upper regions, or the dwelling-place of the gods celestial. The inhabitants of the first are called *kwáy*, 'spirits' or 'ghosts,' and those of the third are called *shin*, 'gods.' In respect to the *kwáy*, it is supposed that some descend in the scale of animal existence, and are born brutes; some continue in a separate state, in the form of hungry and furnishing ghosts; some are again born in a human form; while few rise in the scale of being and become 'gods.' Hence the practice of presenting offerings of food to the dead, which prevails so universally among the Chinese. This is done for the benefit of the 'spirits' of the dead, and to prevent them from doing injury to the living.

"According to the Chinese, the three souls and seven spirits of each individual are uncreated; and though separated from the body at death, they may again be collected, and constitute another person, when they will lose all consciousness of a former life. Thus the Chinese acknowledge no Creator as the author of their existence; and, consequently, they recognise no obligation or duties to such a Being."

¹ This is the great metaphysical mystery of the Chinese religion. First, they imagine matter—the first material principle—this they call *tai-kih*, and by the operation of this upon itself (!) it evolves the dual powers, *Yin* and *Yang*. *Tai-kih* is described as "the first link in the chain of causes"—the extreme limit—the root and spring of all principle and existence, but without power, wisdom, justice, or goodness. The *motion* of *Tai-kih* generates (they say in *masculine* power, *Yang* ("light and perfection")); the *rest* of *Tai-kih* originates a *feminine* power, *Yin* ("darkness or imperfection"). From these two are derived 4 *Seang*, or images of things both physical and moral. These 4 *Seang* multiplied by 2 produce 8 *Kwa*, or lineal diagrams (!) of Fohi; and these, in their ever-varying existence, are the images, symbols, or emblems of all existences, states, characters, and circumstances. The just proportions of *Yin* and *Yang* produce harmony in the universe and virtue in the human system: excess in either produces discord.

The alternating circulation of motion and rest produce *Yih*, "change." This *motion* and *rest* must have a *Le*, "principle of order," by which they move and rest. Beyond *Tai-kih* there is nothing: one writer calls it "the utmost limit in the midst of illimitableness," by which he was believed to express "that in the midst of nonentity there existed an infinite *Le*" (!). The *Le* is called illimitable by its being impossible to represent it by any figure "because it was antecedent to nothingness" (!), and further, "subject to existences, as it always has being" (!).

Yang is explained to mean the *centre* or *middle*—benevolence and excitement—and by these the *Tai-kih* operates: *carelessness*, *righteousness*, and *stillness* constitute *Yin*, and by these the substance of the *Tai-kih* is established. These six are blended, and form one complete substance or body, but *rest* is always chief lord; and man is by these established; and heaven, earth, sun, moon, and the seasons: also demons and gods are thus regulated by a power which they cannot oppose.

The good man, by caution, and care, and fear, cultivates respect for these principles of nature: the bad man, by carelessness, depravity, and extravagance, opposes them, and is involved in calamity.

There is another principle opposite to *Le*, "cause," viz., *Ke*, the grosser substances of existence, — *matter* — as "form and substance." Two singular expressions of Chinese metaphysics may be quoted. "In the *Yang* principle, hardness and benevolence go together. In the *Yin* principle, softness and *righteousness* are conjoined," and "Heaven, earth, and man have each a *Tai-kih*; — but the three *Keih* are really only one *Tai-kih*." This is from the 3rd book of the *Yih-king*, containing the

notified, they agreed to take, in the ninth month of the next year, their departure to the earth. The grand question was now to find out a family worthy to bring this new sovereign into the world. This caused amazing trouble; since only to sterling virtue of several generations' endurance would the honour be awarded. In the meanwhile the entranced priest was sent about his business; and found, on awakening, that he was lying on a hard cold couch, in a room very different from the blissful regions which he had just left. Being, however, of a very inquisitive cast of mind, he regretted not having inquired the names of the people who were to produce the future august personages, and determined, in order to get at the secret at once, to transport himself by rigid abstraction (which is done by looking steadily at one's navel)² to the idols' court. There he was told that heaven's decrees must not be betrayed, and that he must wait with patience until they were executed.

Time sped on, and the old abbot had nearly forgotten the vision, when on a sudden he was informed that the true "heaven's son" had now come. Anxiously he looked out at the foot of the hill, near to which he was standing, to perceive this wonderful personage; when lo! to his disappointment, he saw a poor vagrant-looking man, with his pregnant wife, who told him, in a few words, that he had been driven from his house by Mongols, and was seeking a relative, hoping to earn with him a livelihood by spinning. "Can this be the 'heaven's son?'" said the abbot to himself, doubtingly. His heart sank, and he retained scarcely courage enough to ask the hopeless stranger, who could move no farther, to take up his abode in the neighbouring village. This man's name was Choo Shechin, and the father of the hero of our story—the founder of the Ming dynasty.

On the following day the old friar received from a stranger, who immediately afterwards disappeared, a pill to facilitate the delivery of the said lady. When her hour was come, the villagers heard the music of the spheres, the very birds fluttered about rejoicing, and a brilliant halo, proceeding from the sun, was reflected by the clouds. Under all these phenomena the child came into the world; and the bolus, when

Doctrine of Changes, and the Dual Powers of Nature. The author of *The Vestiges of Creation* must here acknowledge himself defeated. This is the philosophy that all the wise men of old travelled to the East to learn, and this is an undoubted fragmentary tradition of the most ancient metaphysical system in the world. Alas for human intellect, left to itself!

All that we learn from the Chinese metaphysicians is, that, from two *nothings*, put into a bag by nobody, and left to lie quiet, *something* is generated, which, by fermentation, produces *somebody*; and this *somebody*, by dividing itself, becomes two *contraries*, that act upon each other and develop *something*; out of which gradually emanates *everything*.

² The Gnostics, who in the second and third centuries blended with the sublime and pure faith of Christ many wondrous but obscure tenets, derived from oriental philosophy, and even from the religion of Zoroaster, concerning the eternity of matter, the existence of two principles, and the mysterious hierarchy of the invisible world, adopted this nonsensical notion among others. They believed that the divine spirit of the world, by long contemplation, would strike "upon them, on the stomach!" It would not be out of place to note here, that the T'nou (rationalist) and Buddha priests use mesmerism and animal magnetism largely and mischievously in their rites; and that the Chinese priests, who combine the idolatry of both sects with the cold, sentimental philosophy of Confucius, are also conversant not only with much of the "magic" of the ancient "fire-worshippers," but also those tricks and secrets by which the priesthood of the Pagans exercised such influence over the worshippers of their gods.

eaten by his mother, filled the room with the sweetest perfume. His father then went out bathing; and there floated down the river, as very seldom happens, a splendid piece of red satin, of which he immediately made a dress for the babe. He was yet a puling infant when his father presented him before the idols, where he received the name of Choo Yuen-hung. Poverty obliged the father to leave the place with his three elder children, and hire himself as a common labourer, whilst Choo Yuen-hung, who frequently played about in the temple, was appointed a cowboy. When rambling with the other boys over hill and dale, they proposed to play the emperor, and for this purpose raised a mound of earth to represent the throne. All theurchins surrounded it, but none of them dared to personify the monarch, until Hung-woo, the name by which we shall in future call him, ascended it, and with a gracious and grave air received the homage of his playfellows. This being frequently repeated, gave him a great name amongst those little fellows; and he had, moreover, the knack of making his cows march in a row, like soldiers, in token of his future generalship. In one of these frolics he killed a calf, took some brushwood, roasted the flesh, and feasted his companions. His master, discovering the trick, by the treason of one of his confederates, turned him out of doors; and the future emperor of China, like the great Napoleon in his youth at Paris, was hard put to it for a dinner.

After several miracles performed in his favour to no purpose, he was admitted a priest, and appointed scullery-boy to the temple, in which resided the old abbot who first saw the heavenly vision respecting him. Hung-woo finally obtained employ with his mother's brother, his father being dead. It was summer, and our hero having never troubled himself much about books, was now for the first time, in his eighteenth year, sent to school.¹ Here he had to suffer very much from hunger, and a compassionate damsel amicably supplied him with cakes. He was delightfully engaged in eating them, when his uncle summoned him to wheel a barrow, loaded with plums,² to the nearest

town. An unfortunate quarrel on the road led to blows, and their antagonist was laid lifeless on the ground. This was rather a ticklish affair;³ and, meet-

and bought a plum, which they gave the priest. He bowing, thanked them, and turning to the crowd said, 'I do not wish to be stingy, and request you, my friends, to partake with me of this delicious plum.' One of them replied, 'Now you have it, why do you not eat it yourself?' 'I want only the stone to plant,' said he, eating it up at a munch. When eaten, he held the stone in his hand, and taking a spade off his shoulder, dug a hole in the ground several inches deep, into which he put it, and covered it with earth. Then, turning to the market-people, he procured some broth, with which he watered and fertilized it: and others, wishing to see what would turn up, brought him boiling dregs from shops near by, which he poured upon the hole just dug. Every one's eyes being fixed upon the spot, they saw a crooked shoot issuing forth, which gradually increased till it became a tree, having branches and leaves; flowers and then fruit succeeded, large and very fragrant, which covered the tree. The priest then approached the tree, plucked the fruit, and gave the beholders; and when all were consumed he felled the tree with a cōlter—chopping for a good while, until at last, having cut it off, he shouldered the foliage in an easy manner, and leisurely walked away.

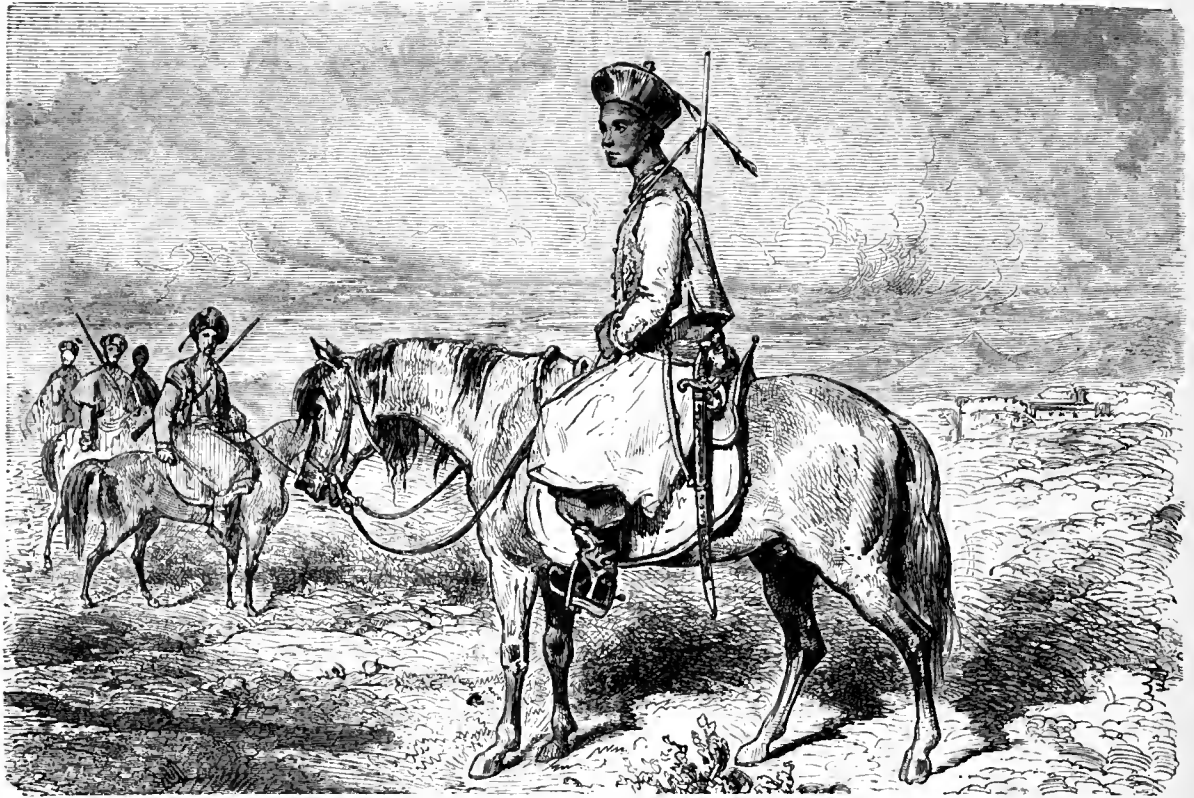
"When first the priest began to perform his magic arts, the villager was also among the crowd, with outstretched neck and gazing eyes, and completely forgot his own business. When the priest had gone, he began to look into his wagon, and lo! it was empty of plums; and for the first time he perceived that what had just been distributed were all his own goods. Moreover, looking narrowly about his wagon he saw that the dashboard was gone, having just been cut off with a chisel. Much excited and incensed, he ran after him, and as he turned the corner of the wall, he saw the board thrown down beneath the hedge, it being that with which the plum-tree was felled. Nobody knew where the priest had gone, and all the market folks laughed heartily."

³ Lynch Law is not unknown in China. Here are two instances: One large village, not far from the Great Wall, was celebrated for its professional gamblers. One day, the chief of a considerable family, who himself was in the habit of playing, made up his mind to inform the village. He therefore invited the principal inhabitants to a banquet, and, towards the end of the repast, he rose to address his guests, made some observations on the evil consequences of gambling, and proposed to them to join in association for the extirpation of this vice from their village. The proposal was at first received with astonishment; but finally, after a serious consultation, it was adopted. An act was drawn up and signed by all the associates, in which they bound themselves, not only to abstain from playing, but to watch the other inhabitants, and seize upon all gamblers taken in the fact, who should be immediately carried before the tribunal, to be punished according to the rigor of the laws. The existence of the society was made known in the village, with the warning that it was resolute and ready for action. Some days afterwards, three determined gamblers were arrested with the cards in their hands, taken before the tribunals, beaten, and fined. The measure was efficacious in putting down gambling. Not far from the place where the anti-gambling society had flourished, there arose a much more redoubtable association. This part of the country is inhabited by a population partially Chinese, partially Mongol, and is intersected by mountains, valleys and steppes. The villages scattered amongst them have not been considered of sufficient importance by the government to have mandarins placed in them. Deprived of this restraint of authority, this wild region had become the resort of many bands of robbers and miscreants, who exercised their trade with impunity throughout the neighbourhood both by day and night. They pillaged crops and flocks, laying wait for travellers in the defiles of the mountains, pitilessly stripping them of all their property, and afterwards put them to death; sometimes they went so far as to attack a village and lay it waste. The Mandarins, though asked for assistance, dared not attempt to engage in a conflict with an army of banditti. That which the Mandarins dared not attempt, a simple villager undertook and accomplished. "Since the Mandarins either cannot or will not aid us, let us," said he, "protect ourselves, and form a HONR." The *honis*, a society of the Chinese (like our own), are always inaugurated with a feast. Regardless of expense, the villagers killed an old bullock, and sent letters of invitation to the villagers all round. The society was entitled "The Old Bull." The regulations were brief and simple. The members were to enrol as

¹ In China, when a lad commences his studies, an impressive ceremony takes place, or did formerly, for it seems to have fallen into desuetude. The father leads his son to the teacher, who kneels down before the name or title of some one or other of the ancient sages, and supplicates their blessing upon his pupil; after which, seating himself, he receives the homage and petition of the lad to guide him in his lessons. A present is expected to accompany this introduction to literary pursuits. The furniture of the school merely consists of a desk and a stool for each pupil, and an elevated seat for the master. Upon each desk are implements for writing, and a few books. In one corner is placed a tablet or an inscription on the wall, dedicated to Confucius and the God of Letters; the sage is called the Teacher and Pattern for All Ages, and incense is constantly burned in honour of them both.

² The *Liai Chai*, a Chinese story-book, in sixteen volumes, furnishes a story illustrative of the selling of plums at market, and will serve to give an idea of Chinese tales in general:—

"A villager was once selling plums in the market, which were rather delicious and fragrant, and high in price; and there was a Tau priest, clad in ragged garments of coarse cotton, begging before his wagon. The villager scolded him, but he would not go off; whereupon, becoming angry, he reviled and hooted at him. The priest said, 'The wagon contains many hundred plums, and I have only begged one of them, which, for you, respected sir, would certainly be no great loss; why then are you so angry?' The spectators advised to give him a poor plum and send him away, but the villager would not consent. The workmen in the market, disliking the noise and clamour, furnished a few coppers



TARTAR CAVALRY (CHINESE TARTAR ARMY).

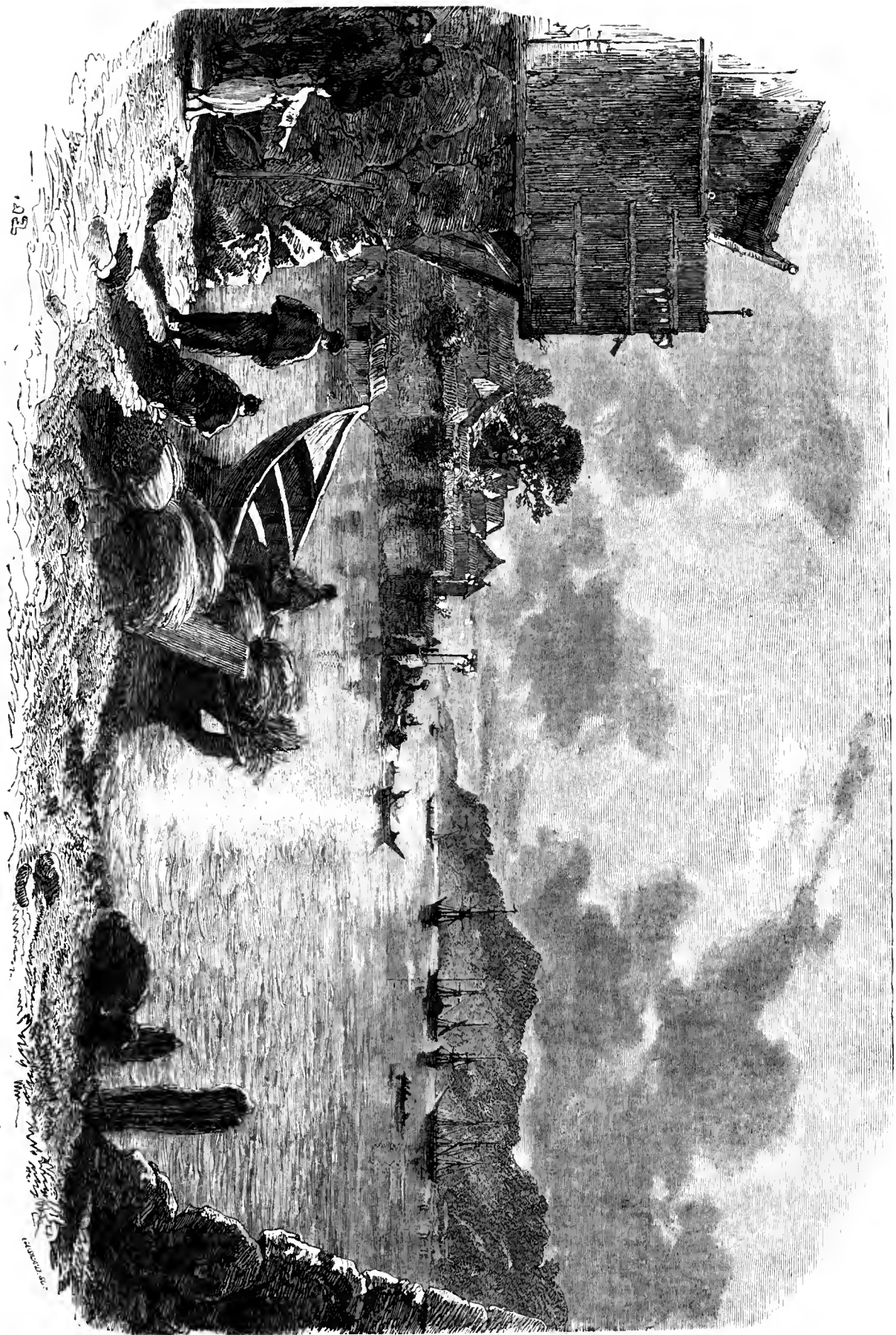
ing with a number of lusty fellows, who like himself had nothing to lose, and all to gain, they united to take their chance of the latter together. From this moment dates the greatness of Hung-woo.

Being obliged to enter into the house of one of the above idlers on account of the heavy rain, the clowns told him that the true Heaven's Son having been, by all accounts, born somewhere in the neighbourhood, they had gone out that morning in search of him, since a Taou priest had told them they would meet him on the road; but "we have waited," said they, "all the day, and have not met him." When Hung-woo had gone to bed, all these six boon companions said to each other, "This man really answers the description given to us." They

many people as possible in their ranks. Many bound themselves to be always ready to assist in the capture of any robber, great or small, and cut off his head at once, or arrest, without form of trial, or reference to the worth of the article stolen. If the tribunals interfered, the whole society was responsible for every member, and collectively for all heads they cut off. The energy and unity of purpose with which the society set to work soon told, and the heads of robbers fell with amazing and awful rapidity. One night they all assembled and captured the Robbers' Nest, a notorious village at the bottom of a mountain gorge. The Society of the Old Bull surrounded it on all sides, set fire to the houses, and massacred the inhabitants, old and young. The effect of this summary proceeding was the extermination of brigandage throughout the whole district, to such an extent that the people would pass any article lying in the road without venturing to touch it. The relatives of the victims complained to the tribunals, and the Society presented themselves, according to their custom, in a body, to meet the charge of assassination. The trial was carried to the court of Peking, which rewarded and applauded the society, but directed that for the future they should be enrolled in the public service as "Tai-ping-che," or the "Agency for Public Peace."

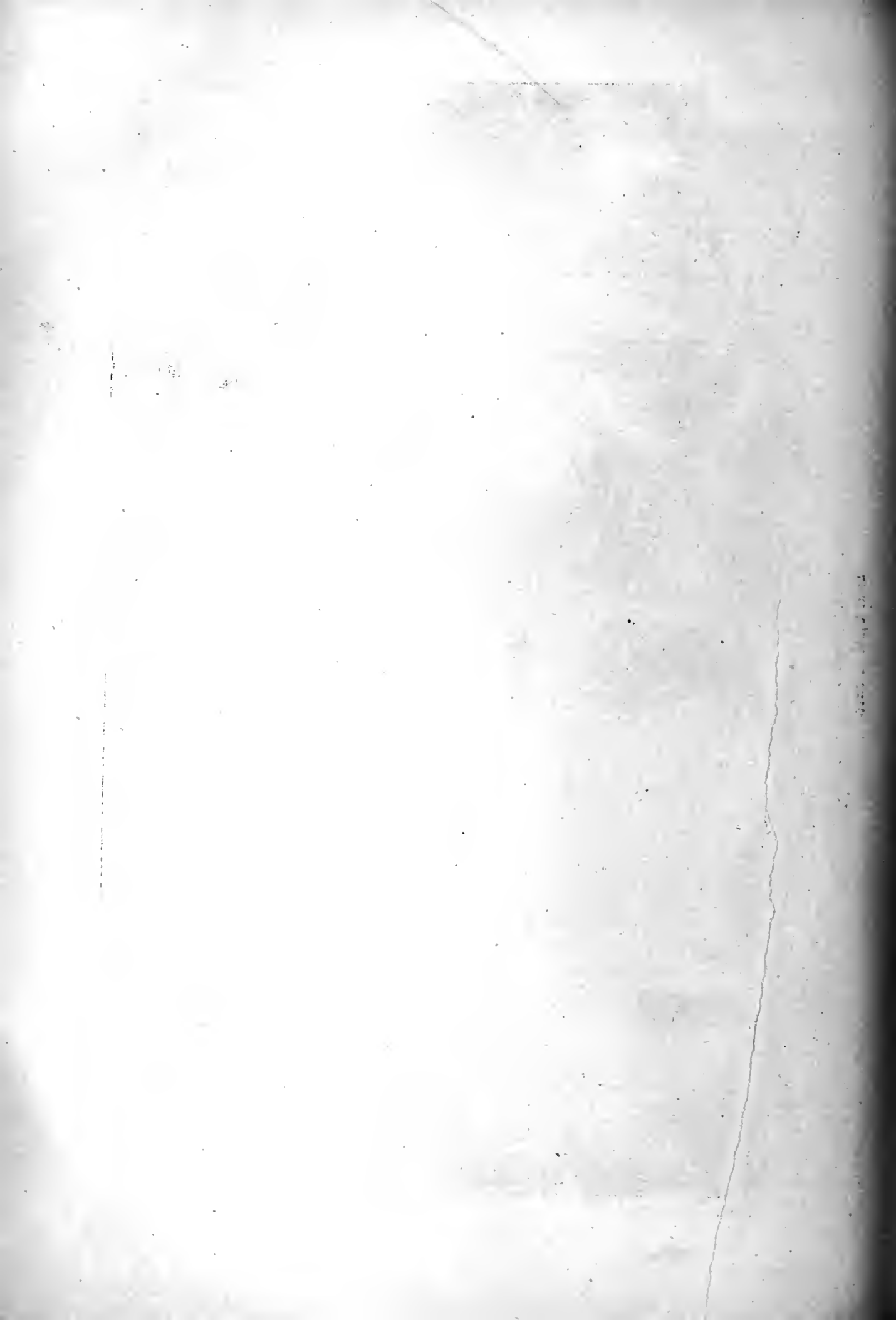
were about to acknowledge him their leader, when the villagers surrounded the house with cries of "Fire!" All hastened to a back room, where the flames had broken out,—but how great was their astonishment to perceive that a streak of red light encircled the adventurer; who was, however, fast asleep, and unconscious of the distinction. Hung-woo, in the morning, having sold his plums at the market, pocketed the money, and went in search of new adventures. The first thing he fell in with was a gymnastic hall, where some athletic prize-fighters challenged him to show his strength. Some soldiers happening to pass, and observing that the company had come to blows, attempted to seize the offenders. These, however, took to flight, and ran to a temple, which Hung-woo burnt to the ground. This temple he rebuilt magnificently when emperor.

On Hung-woo's return to his uncle's house, he met numbers of brave men on the road side, who, having heard of his feats, followed without hesitation. At that period large bands of robbers traversed the land, and whenever there was a resolute man, it was in his power soon to become a powerful chief. Kwang Heang, his uncle, who had been denounced to government for the murder of a policeman, considered it impossible to elude justice, and therefore declared himself, on the strength of his nephew's *cortège*, king—a most wonderful elevation. As a proof, moreover, of his gratitude, he appointed Hung-woo his generalissimo, and married him to his foster daughter, the same who had previously supplied the young adventurer with cakes when he was starving at school. As these freebooters had nothing to depend upon but what they took by violence, they soon became formidable in the neighbourhood. Many industrious peasants naturally thought that it was in vain to plough the fields whilst others ate the fruits



1855

NIGHT SCENE IN AMOY.



thereof, and therefore joined the robbers. As soon, however, as the forces amounted to several thousands, Hung-woo issued strict orders that no Chinese should be molested on any account, and that their war should be solely with the Mongols. This was, however, by no means a regulation similar to those which are put on record at the governor's office at Canton—no such thing,—whosoever offended against the law lost his head without mercy or reprieve. This order being rigorously executed, added respectability to Hung-woo's position. He appeared no longer as an adventurer, but under the honourable appellation of patriot. The men most famous for bravery flocked in crowds to his standard; and showing themselves in battle array before a fortress, of which the Commander was a Chinese, they suggested to him that to serve a vicious foreign prince was not consistent with the duty of a friend to his country, and that he ought therefore to come over to them. Persuasion availed in this instance more than arms; and the same officer, who held a commission from the Mongols, became afterwards one of the most ardent champions of the liberties of the Chinese.

The soldiers of his army are said to have been clad in a most brilliant armour, which enclosed their bodies like the scales of fishes; their swords and spears glittering in the sun, their bright helmets and coats of mail according with the strong bows that hung over their shoulders; they also had a cartridge-box, with six or seven iron bullets, which they hurled against the heads of their enemies.¹

The country was in such an unsettled state, and the finances so deranged, that at first no notice was taken of these proceedings by the Government. When, however, Hung-woo grew more and more bold, and defied whole battalions, the Mongol magistrates resolved upon crushing the rebel. For this purpose they collected all the troops of the neighbouring districts; but whilst yet preparing for battle they were attacked on all sides. Amongst the banners that were present, Hung-woo's was conspicuous,—and the victory in the first engagement was owing to his breaking the enemy's centre. The enemy assembled a second army. But the Chinese had been beforehand, and planted (would the reader believe it) batteries in flank and rear of the Mongol army. Where they got the cannon we cannot tell; but the Mongols were so much terrified at the tremendous noise, that they fled in consternation. Again the Mongol armies crowded on the Chinese army, but Hung-woo, having noticed their intended concentration,

attacked them in detail, and defeated them. Thus ended the first campaign.

Kang-Hweang, the greengrocer, who had raised himself to a king, did not long enjoy his dignity, but died in the arms of his affectionate nephew. The officers wished to make Hung-woo king; but too humble yet to assume the diadem, he willingly yielded the throne to his cousin, an inexperienced youth. For this generosity, as is often the case in this world, he was ill rewarded; some haughty general wished to take away his life, and during a splendid entertainment, at which Hung-woo was present, had already drawn his sword to pierce the rising hero, when another officer stabbed the miscreant on the spot. The future emperor escaped, but his mind was scared; and for the first time in his life he felt that in the midst of success and worldly greatness a man may still be miserable. These events bring us down to the year 1356.

We must now, for a short time, return to the palace, which was so unceremoniously left. It will be remembered that the emperor, while the country was in a state of insurrection, amused himself with dancing girls and Lama priests. But he had still a very faithful minister, who, notwithstanding the general corruption, directed the military operations of the Mongols, and, at any rate, kept the rebels at bay. Being, however, at variance with the emperor's minion, who was called Hama, the statesman was first exiled and then beheaded. The infamous Hama now played the tyrant over his sovereign, as prime minister, and even made him abdicate in favour of his son. But affairs prospered badly with the Mongols. The country was infested with robbers; a scion of the former Sung dynasty, a royal Chinese, took the field as a highwayman on a large scale. The seas were infested with pirates, who had 3,000 vessels at their command; and slaughter and carnage went on by sea, river, canal, and land. What shocked the nation, also, was a proposal to divert, or canalise the Hwang-ho, or Yellow River. It was always overflowing its bed; and because the Mongols had repeatedly lost the tribute by the impetuosity of the waters of the Grand Canal, they determined to cut new canals. To dig them, they drove the peasants together in crowds, and paid them only with blows and scanty fare. The peasantry revolted at this injustice, drove off their task-masters, and traversed the country in numerous troops, pillaging all in their way. From this centre all rebellions in China have radiated and received strength: and a similar case of a population driven to wander in beggary from their homes, materially aided the first organisation of the Insurgents in 1852, and their subsequent increase in power. These discontents furnished Hung-woo with new levies, and repaired his losses. His soldiers were in such high spirits, that on a certain occasion, when a dangerous enterprise was to be entered upon, two generals wished to fight a duel, to decide who should lead the van! Such incidents have not been frequent of late in the Chinese army.

The grand principles on which Hung-woo waged war were exactly those of the present "Prince of Peace." He was welcomed everywhere by the people, even when he appeared as an enemy. His heart and his proclamations overflowed with benevolence towards the commonalty and the real Chinese people; and the only cruelties he committed were against the Mongols. He, moreover, like Tae-ping now-a-days, contrived to

¹ It is singular that there are pictures extant representing the Chinese at this period as armed with tubes emitting fire and smoke with great noise. They got thus far towards the firelock; but the bullets, as will be seen, they carried in their pockets, and threw them at their enemies' heads, with their hands. The gunpowder was used to frighten their enemies.

Chinese artifices of war are always curious. When H.M.S. "Rattler," with part of the crew of the U.S. frigate "Powhattan," went to Kulan, to destroy the southern squadron of rebels whom they called pirates, and killed 600 of them, the chief portion of the junks were destroyed, and only six prisoners taken. The Chinese used a curious artifice for their defence; they threw overboard a lot of cocoa-nuts, and then jumped into the sea among them; it was difficult to tell which were heads and which were nuts. Of the six prisoners, three proved themselves to be innocent men, held for ransom. What of the other 600 killed; how many of those were innocent? At Canton a case was reported of a rebel despatch being found under a plaster on a pretended sore on a woman's leg.

have a military chest and magazines, a distinctive feature of the present contest: and, instead of allowing his soldiers to plunder, he paid them well, and thus kept the marauders in order. Conduct like this attracted notice; and a fierce pirate chief, who ravaged the coast (some one is always doing this in China), sent an envoy to Hung-woo, proposing an alliance. The case is exactly parallel with the tactics of the present insurrection. Hung-woo accepted the offer of the buccaneers, and having thus, by the assistance of the pirates' armament of 10,000 junks, the means of locomotion so indispensable for Chinese travelling, which is all by canals, he directed his steps towards Che-keong, in order to keep up his communication with the sea. But he had to cross the Yang-tse-keang (or "Son of the Ocean") River (the scene of the present contest with the rebels),¹ and fought a bloody battle to accomplish that object.

The Mongols, as soon as they had refitted their army, appeared again in great force in the field. This time the victory was not so easily bought by the Chinese; yet their irresistible valour stood proof against the despair of the enemy.

The Mongol commander-in-chief fled with unmanly haste, and being hotly pursued, surrendered to Hung-woo. As soon as he appeared in the presence of the prince, his counsellors, seeing something sinister in the general's countenance, without consulting Lavater, advised him to execute the prisoner on the spot. Though the Chinese hero had made the same remark, he did not consider it consistent with justice to execute a man who had surrendered of his own accord; and he entrusted, on trial, a small troop of horse to his command. Before accepting this command, the Mongol swore near a slaughtered horse (the object most sacred to a Tartar,) fidelity to his new master, and imprecated upon himself the most dreadful curses if he should not prove faithful. A few days afterwards, Hung-woo had undergone many hardships, and it was expected he would soon retire to his tent; the renegade had marked this propitious moment, and softly stole towards the entrance, hurriedly burying the dagger in the bedclothes. The alarm was immediately given by

the sentinel, but the assassin had time enough to save himself by flight, and he was not heard of for many months. In one of the engagements, however, a Chinese officer, on perceiving him, darted his javelin at him, which he most dexterously avoided. In the midst of the confusion he entangled his foot in the stirrup, lost his balance, and was dragged by a restive horse to a considerable distance. When nearly expiring from the bruises he had received, his antagonist rode up to him, and ran his sabre through his heart, in recompense for his treachery.

Whenever the combat in the south was hottest, Hung-woo kept his court at Kin-ling, directed from a distance the military operations, and endeavoured to extend his power towards the north. This is also the policy of Tae-ping, the emperor of the present insurrection. City after city yielded to the army of Hung-woo: the soldiers called upon him to proclaim himself emperor; but he refused, saying that he was, as yet, but a petty chief, holding only part of the empire. But while he himself so obstinately refused the title, dragons and serpents, that entwined themselves about him at a great military festival, proved to the Chinese, that having such imperial emblems, he ought to assume the titles. The dragon is, to the Chinese, a most propitious omen. They have not been seen lately.

The Mongol emperor at last took alarm at the progress of the rebels. In a council of state, at which all the ministers were present, the best measures proposed were rendered nugatory by indecision. Yet the army is said to have been 50,000 or 60,000 always in arms, and the rebels in less than a fortnight brought 200,000 into battle. The numbers said to have been killed on each side are prodigious, and the battles more numerous than those of Napoleon.

Hitherto Hung-woo had been only a subject; but one of the rebel chiefs having killed his master the king, and he having already received the title of duke, he now assumed the dignity of Prince of Woo, and adopted a systematic plan for conquering the whole of China, which resulted in the emperor's retiring for safety outside the Wall of China into Ying-chang-fu.²

¹ "This great river," says Viscount Jocelyn, in *Six Months in China*, "may be called the main artery to the body of the Chinese empire, and the source of its interior wealth. In extent and navigable facilities it is not surpassed by any in the world; whilst from its bosom, not only the central port of China draws its existence and riches, but the traffic of the northern provinces also. It is connected with the Peiho by means of a canal, called the Imperial (or Great Canal of China), which wonderful work thus leads the central trade, and even the southern commerce, to the very north of China, pouring it into the navigable waters of that river at a town called Tien-tsin, not more than 40 miles distant from Peking, while its southern mouth meets the Yang-tse-kiang 50 miles below Nankin." "Unless the Mississippi and Missouri," says another writer, "are to be considered as one river, then the Amazon being the first, the Yang-tse-keang is the second river in the world. If you consider, however, the countless canals which it supplies with water—to keep under constant irrigation the surrounding country—the commerce which it carries on its breast, the fruitfulness displayed on its banks, where the richness of the foliage and the greenness of the herbage are quite astonishing; if, lastly, you add the depth and volume of its waters, it has some claims, I conceive, to the very first place among the rivers of the globe. In going up the river, nautically speaking, the left, geographically the right, bank of the river is the most picturesque side. The ranges of hills were frequently quadruple, the nearest sweeping down gracefully and gradually towards the river. The other side for a long way is flat. The neat little villages are frequently, if not generally, placed in an angle formed by a canal and the great river."

² The Chinese have had their "Vespers," it appears, after the fashion of the Sicilians. "We arrived," says Father Huc, "at Chabote on the 15th day of the 8th moon, the anniversary of great rejoicings among the Chinese. This festival, known as the Yue-ping (Loaves of the Moon), dates from the remotest antiquity. Its original purpose was to honour the moon with superstitious rites. On this solemn day all labour is suspended; the workmen receive a present of money from their employers; every person puts on his best clothes; and there is merry-making in every family. Relations and friends interchange cakes of various sizes, on which is stamped the image of the moon; that is to say, a hare crouching amid a small group of trees. Since the fourteenth century this festival has borne a political character little understood apparently by the Mongols, but the tradition of which is carefully preserved by the Chinese. About the year 1368, the Chinese were desirous of shaking off the yoke of the Tartar dynasty, founded by Genghis Khan, and which had then ruled the empire for nearly a hundred years. A vast conspiracy was formed throughout all the provinces, which was simultaneously to develop itself on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, by the massacre of the Mongol soldiers, who were billeted upon each Chinese family for the double purpose of maintaining themselves and the conquest. The signal was given by a letter concealed in the cakes, which, as we have stated, are on that day mutually interchanged throughout the country. The massacre was effected, and the Tartar army, dispersed in the houses of the Chinese, utterly annihilated. This catastrophe put an end to the Mongol domination; and ever since, the Chinese, in celebrating the festival of Yeu-ping, have been less intent on the superstitious worship of the moon than on the tragic event to which they owed the recovery of their national independence."

In this Hung-woo was favoured by the intrigues of the emperor's court. One of the nobles, who had received orders to collect a very numerous army in Mongolia, and to overwhelm China with these hordes, had led them against the emperor himself. Had he persevered in his march, he might have taken the whole court and all the appurtenances prisoners; but entering upon a negotiation, and flattering himself with the highest dignities falling to his share, he was wheedled into an interview, and delivered himself to justice. The minister who brought this about was an enemy to the heir of the crown. The latter, had been sent to the army in order to fight his father's battles, and was highly indignant at his enemy's success, and his winning the affections of his parent. Recalled finally to his palace, and securing the murder of the minister, this youth went on embroiling himself with all the great men of the state. When the din of war grew nearer to the capital, the weak and debauched prince lost all courage, and stole away in the night to his native deserts; and thus ended the Mongol dynasty, A.D. 1368.

The Mongols themselves retired not with the emperor, but fell back, slowly and sternly, contending their way, and holding on fortress after fortress. Many kings and emperors, alias robber-chiefs, sprung up—with titles as good, they said, as that of Hung-woo. At last the Tartars confined themselves to a defensive war, and only occasionally rushed forth to rob on all sides. All they now hoped was to get back to Mongolia. But this was not easy. Like their predecessors, the Kin, they had lived with great profusion. They had pawned and sold their horses, and their arms and lands; and when the sudden alarm was sounded that the Chinese were on their heels, they looked in vain into their stables for a swift charger to carry them off. Strange as it may seem, he who could inspect now-a-days the shopkeeper's books of Canton would find a large catalogue of horses, barracks, houses, goods and chattels, all belonging to the "Eight Banners"¹ garrisoned in that city, in pawn to cunning Chinese shopkeepers.

¹ The "Banners" of China are equivalent to our "brigades." When the Mongol emperors conquered the empire, they gave to their soldiers certain lands under tenure of military service when called upon. The "Banners" are again subdivided into camps and wings,—the right, left, and centre. They are commanded by officers who undergo examinations in the military art, such as archery, throwing a javelin, &c. The greater part of the officers are raised from the ranks, but have regularly to take their degrees. An account of the Eight Banners of Tartary is given by Father Hue:—

"During our modest repast, we noticed that one of these Tartars was the object of especial attention on the part of his comrade. We asked him what military grade he occupied in the Blue Banner. 'When the banners of Tchakar marched two years ago against the Rebels of the South (the English, in 1842), I held the rank of Tchouanda.' 'What! were you in that famous war of the South? But how is it that you, shepherds of the plains, have also the courage of soldiers? Accustomed to a life of peace, one would imagine that you would never be reconciled to the terrible trade of a soldier, which consists in killing others or being killed yourselves.' 'Yes, yes, we are shepherds, it is true; but we never forget that we are soldiers also, and that the Eight Banners compose the army of reserve of the Grand Master (the Emperor). You know the rule of the Empire; when the enemy appears, they send against them, first, the Kitat soldiers; next, the banners of the Solon country are set in motion. If the war is not finished then, all they have to do is to give the signal to the banners of Tchakar, the mere sound of whose march always suffices to reduce the rebels to subjection.' 'Were all the banners of Tchakar called

The most determined antagonist of Hung-woo was doubtless a chief styling himself Prince of Han. He not only had a large land force, but also commanded

together for this southern war?' 'Yes, all; at first it was thought a small matter, and every one said it would never affect the Tchakar. The troops of Kittat went first, but they did nothing. The banners of Solon also marched; but they could not bear the heat of the South: then the Emperor sent us his sacred order. Each man selected his best horse, removed the dust from his bow and quiver, and scraped the rust from his lance. In every tent a sheep was killed for the feast of departure. Women and children wept, but we addressed to them the words of reason. 'Here,' said we, 'for six generations have we received the benefits of the Sacred Master, and he has asked from us nothing in return. Now that he has need of us, can we hold back? He has given to us the fine region of Tchakar to be a pasture-land for our cattle, and at the same time a barrier for him against the Khalkhas. But now, since it is from the South the rebels came, we must march to the South.' Was it not reason in our mouths, Sirs Lamas? Yes, we resolved to march. The sacred Ordinance reached us at sunrise, and already by noon the Boehouas, at the head of their men, stood by the Tchouanda; next to these were the Nourou-Tchayn, and the Ougouraa. The same day we marched to Pekin; from Pekin they led us to Tieu-Tsin-Vei, where we remained for three months.' 'Did you fight,' asked Sandad-chiamba; 'did you see the enemy?' 'No, they did not dare to appear. The Kitat told us everywhere that we were marching upon certain and unavailing death. 'What can you do,' asked they, 'against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish. When you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl their fire-bombs at you; while, the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs. Thus they essayed to frighten us; but we soldiers of the Eight Banners know not fear. Before our departure the great Lamas had opened the Book of Celestial Secrets, and had thence learned that the matter would end well for us. The Emperor had attached to each Tchouanda a Lama, learned in medicine and skilled in all the sacred auguries, who was to cure all the soldiers under him of the diseases of the climate; and to protect us from the magic of the sea-monsters. What then had we to fear? The rebels, hearing that the invincible troops of Tchakar were approaching, were seized with fear, and sought peace. The Sacred Master, of his immense mercy granted it, and we returned to the care of our flocks.'

Tchakar signifies, in the Mongol tongue, Border Land. This country is limited, on the east, by the kingdom of Gechekten, on the west by Western Toumet, on the north by the Soumiot, on the south by the Great Wall. Its extent is 150 leagues long, by 100 broad. The inhabitants of Tchakar are all paid soldiers of the Emperor. The foot soldiers receive twelve ounces of silver per annum, and the cavalry twenty-four.

The Tchakar is divided into eight banners—in Chinese Pa-Ki—distinguished by the names of eight colours: white, blue, red, yellow, French white, light blue, pink, and light yellow. Each banner has its separate territory, and a tribunal, named Nourou-Tchayn, having jurisdiction over all the matters that may occur in the Banner. Besides this tribunal, there is, in each of the Eight Banners, a chief called Ou-Gourdha. Of the eight Ou-Gourdhas one is selected to fill at the same time the post of governor-general of the Eight Banners. All these dignitaries are nominated and paid by the Emperor of China. In fact, the Tchaka is nothing more nor less than a vast camp, occupied by an army of reserve. In order, no doubt, that this army may be at all times ready to march at the first signal, the Tartars are severely prohibited to cultivate the land. They must live upon their pay, and upon the produce of their flocks and herds. The entire soil of the Eight Banners is inalienable. It sometimes happens that an individual sells his portion to some Chinese; but the sale is always declared null and void if it comes in any shape before the tribunals.

By means of usury and cunning, and persevering machinations, the Chinese have since rendered themselves masters of all the lands of their conquerors, leaving to them merely their empty titles, their onerous statutory labour, and the payment of oppressive rents. The quality of Mantchu has thus by degrees become a very costly affair, and many of consequence seek altogether to abnegate it. According to the law, there is every third year a census made of the population of each banner, and all persons who do not cause their names to be inscribed on the roll are deemed no longer to belong to the Mantchu nation; those, therefore, of

the water communications by a very large river navy. Hung-woo at first sought to satisfy his ambition by splendid promises, and to detach him from the alliance of some of the other leaders; but the Prince of Han so greatly succeeded that he could not hear or profess friendly intentions with the one who wished to share with him the throne. Hence arose a fierce struggle, which kept our hero for several years employed, and left the Mongols time to take breath. Whosoever had the command of the great rivers, was naturally in command of the most flourishing part of China, and by being enabled to obtain supplies whenever wanted, and attack his enemy upon every weak point, must have the fate of war in his hands. The subject of our history was too good a general not to see these advantages at once, and his whole strength was therefore concentrated to secure the navigation. Determined to fight to the last, the Prince of Han had his war-boats chained together, and did not retreat until he saw them all on fire; a second navy was created as by magic, and the resistance was equally strong. But Hung-woo had more powerful arms; persuasion and kindness won over many an influential officer; so that in the heart of a naval battle one squadron after another struck to their humane prince.

Hung-woo now regarded himself as the minister of heaven; so did Attila, so did Alarie, so did Napoleon, and so did the emperor Nicholas. On invading Keang-soo, Hung-woo issued a proclamation, in which he declared all who did not submit to his arms to be "traitors and rebels against the azure heavens." Kind treatment, and a general amnesty secured to him the attachment of the inhabitants; the submission of the roving bands he secured by bribes. Some of them, who thought it clever to take the money and sell themselves again to a better bidder, he chastised inexorably. But he did not confine his attention to mere exploits; whenever a district yielded to his victorious arms, he assumed the power of a judge. An open hall was instantly prepared, when all those who had any complaint to make obtained free access. Even old garrulous women were not excluded, and the

the Manchus whose indigence induces them to desire exemption from statute labour and military service do not present themselves to the census enumerators, and by that omission enter the ranks of the Chinese people. Thus, while on the one hand constant migration has carried beyond the Great Wall a great number of Chinese, on the other, a great number of Manchus have voluntarily abdicated their nationality.

The decline, or rather the extinction of the Mantchu nation is now progressing more rapidly than ever. Up to the reign of the late emperor, Tuou-Twan, the regions watered by the Songari were exclusively inhabited by Manchus; entrance into those vast districts was prohibited to the Chinese, and no man was permitted to cultivate the soil within their range. At the commencement of the last reign, these districts were put up for public sale, in order to supply the deficiency in the Imperial treasury. The Chinese rushed upon them like birds of prey, and a few years sufficed to remove everything that could in anyway recall the memory of their ancient possessors. It would be vain for any one now to seek in Mantchuria a single town, or a single village that is not composed entirely of Chinese.

Yet, amid the general transformation, there are still a few tribes, such as the Si-Po and the Solon, which faithfully retain the Mantchu type. Up to the present day their territories have been invaded neither by the Chinese nor by cultivation; they continue to dwell in tents, and to furnish soldiers to the Imperial armies. It has been remarked, however, that their frequent appearance at Peking, and their long periods of service in the provincial garrisons, are beginning to make terrible inroads upon their habits and tastes.

patience with which the victim bore their invectives procured him the highest popularity.

The rebels of the south being now chastised, it was high time to visit the territories to the west of the Hoang-ho, where one of the Mongol chiefs was still in possession of many fortresses. The army was approaching to cross the river, when one of the descendants of Confucius¹ presented himself to the conqueror. It was always Hung-woo's principle to gain popularity, and he therefore rejoiced to pay homage to this sage, upon whom the whole nation looked with veneration. Having given the descendant of the great sage valuable presents, with assurances of protection, he charmed the assembled multitude by the deference he thus paid to departed merit. In only a few minute instances the Mongols resisted the invading forces, and Shem-se, as well as Shan-si, received Chinese garrisons.

After numerous triumphs, and when Hung-woo had shown that he despised pride, by visiting in state the burying-place of his poor father, the fisherman, and built a large city over his remains, the conqueror consented, at the clamorous urgency of his army and people, to be named Emperor, expressed a desire to be appointed "pastor to continue the succession of Yaon and Shun," and raised his faithful Ma-she, his inseparable companion in joy and woe, to the dignity of Empress.

Hung-woo's generals followed the Mongols beyond the Great Wall, surprised their emperor's camp, and took the whole of the Imperial family prisoners. Ngai-yew-chilipata, the son of the deceased emperor (who died in 1370, two years after leaving China), contrived to escape; but his grandson Moitilipala was brought before Hung-woo. The victor's humanity was shocked by the proposal of his officers to murder the young prince in the hall of his ancestors. He severely reproached the cruel advisers, and was moved to tears at the fall of the Mongol dynasty, while he held it out as a warning to future sovereigns against degrading their station by vice. The exertions of Hung-woo to consolidate his empire and to secure peace have been seldom equalled. He continually declared his intention to imitate the happy days and innocent lives of Yaou and Shun (the golden age of Chinese history), reminded the people, who imputed his own origin as a fault, that Lew-pang, the glorious founder of the Han dynasty, the great emperor Kaoutsoo, had been, like himself, originally but a robber-chief. The Mongols fought on; until at last he directed his army against their stronghold in the province of Leaou-tung, and subdued them with much carnage. The Chinese generals showed no mercy to the Mongol chiefs and captains, whom they now regarded in the light of rebels, and resisting the decrees of Heaven. Many Mongols destroyed themselves by

¹ Confucius, according to Father Martin, admits three prime principles, — Heaven, man, and earth; three sorts of knowledge, Divine, human, and earthly; five degrees of relationship in society, — 1st, Of father and son; 2nd, Of man and woman; 3rd, Of prince and subjects; 4th, Of friends; 5th, and last, Of nations. Then these Chinese literati go on to treat of lesser orders, — belonging to guests, visits, and entertainments, and likewise for the accommodation of visitors, and of the deportment of the body, with many others, to the amount of 3,000, as Father Martin tells in his "History of China." The family of Confucius are the only hereditary nobility in China, most of the emperors excepted, the members of which have pensions granted to them in proportion to the propinquity or distance of their relationship.

suicide,—others were beheaded by the Chinese,—and “this once brave race, who conquered the greater part of the old world, were crouching before the effeminate Chinese, earnestly suing for life.” The hand of God was on them; and the fierce race, elevated for His good purposes, to a mighty conqueror and a desolating scourge, were now humiliated.

Much of the success of Hung-woo was owing to the wise counsels of his wife Ma-she, who influenced all his actions, and controlled his steps. Access to power was embittered by her loss and that of his eldest son. Feeling his end approaching, he sent all the princes of his blood to the domains he had assigned them, each a separate kingdom, keeping his heir (a lad of eleven) alone near him. He died, at seventy-one years of age, in 1398.

The parallel in the conduct of Hung-woo's insurrection, and that going on at the present period in China, is so close, that it can only be accounted for by the latter being an express imitation of the former. His appearance was as remarkable as his valour, and his statesmanship more than equal to his military skill. He was most anxious, in all cases, to avert the effusion of blood; and the instances of cruelty which occurred at the surrender of certain cities, and the punishment of rebels, must, as in the present instance, not be imputed to the orders of Hung-woo, but rather to the indiscreet revenge of his generals:—even the young Mongolian prince, grandson of the emperor, was maintained by him at court with princely splendour, and preferred, when full liberty was offered to him, rather to remain with his generous enemy than run the risk of returning to his native tents.

VI.—“THE LAST OF THE MINGS.”

ON the death of Hung-woo his sons at once beset his grandson, whom he had raised up to the empire, with a formidable coalition. He degraded some; but one of them, the Prince of Yen, defeated him, drove him into exile, and ascended the throne. What follows of the story is but a recapitulation of boy-emperors and eunuch ministers, with Tartar irruptions, until we arrive at Shin-tsung or Wan-li; in whose reign the celebrated Jesuit father Ricci first appears in China.

Wan-li sent officers, who destroyed all the houses of the Niuchi merchants near the border, and drove the Niuchis—now called the Manchus—to despair. Hitherto they had been a scattered nation, but they now united under Tien-ning, their first chief, who, in 1618, assumed the style and title of Emperor, having but a few naked savages under his banner. His father had been murdered by Wan-li's officers, and he swore that he would sacrifice 200,000 Chinese to his manes. He kept his fearful oath. The Emperor Shin-tsung, in order to weaken the power of his dangerous rival, Han-wung, the Manchu chief, besought him to send to him the flower of his warriors, under pretext of wishing to march them against the Mongols, who were threatening his states; but as soon as he saw them in his power, he caused them all to be put to death (another slaughter of the Mamelukes) with the exception of one only, whose good looks interested a mandarin in his favour, who took him into the number of his domestics, and he so gained his confidence that he became steward of his household. In some time afterwards another Chinese

officer, having cause to visit the mandarin, saw the young Tartar, and told his colleague that he ran the risk of drawing down on himself the indignation of the Emperor. The other answered that he would get rid of him, but that in the meantime they should give themselves up to the delights of a banquet. In the interim the young man, who had overheard this discourse, fearing for his life, ordered a groom to saddle the swiftest of his master's horses, saying that he had a commission of importance to execute. He mounted, and rode off at full speed to the White Mountain, where he announced to Han-wung the Emperor's treachery, and the fate of his unfortunate companions in arms. Han-wung sent his eldest son to capture Moukden, in the province of Leao-tang; but on his retreating, from alarm at the force opposed to him, he slew him with his own hands, and himself captured the city by storm.

His warriors seemed to be so resistless, that the Chinese generals despaired of opposing themselves, and called in the aid of their loyal vassals, the Portuguese. At that time Gonsalvez Teixeira was ambassador, or rather tribute-bearer,¹ at Pekin; and as the Emperor liberally furnished the means, a body of 200 Portuguese and 200 Western Asiatics were equipped, and sent to the capital. Each of them had a servant and plenty of money; so that the whole cavalcade appeared more like a gay equipage than a real army. When they reached Pekin, the officers of Canton, doubting the policy of permitting such access to the court, bribed those who had suggested this measure to dissuade the Emperor from employing the barbarians; and thus was this little band, under the valiant captains Cordier and Del Capo, led back to Macao.

Tien-wung, tired of war, proposed a peace; but the Imperial court answered by a rescript, ordering the extermination of all barbarians. Nothing was heard of but extermination—the fashionable word of the Chinese authorities in war. The Manchus gave up all hope of negotiating with such a people, and took possession of Leao-tung, from which they made inroads to the gates of Pekiou. The terrified generals, sent out to annihilate them, disappeared like gigantic shadows at the approach of night, and notwithstanding all edicts to the contrary, the barbarians grew more powerful every day, and would no longer hear of any treaty.

The old emperor, Wan-li, took these reverses so much to heart, that he fell sick and died. Kwang-tsung, the next emperor, died also, from taking “the liquor of immortality”—a trick, it is supposed, of the Taou priests, to rid themselves of a monarch who applies too carefully to business. His successor, He-tsang, reigned but seven years.

The story of the next emperor, the last of the Mings, is well told by Adam Schall and Father Martini, missionaries who witnessed it.

¹ All ambassadors are styled “tribute-bearers” by the Chinese historians, and the presents usually brought by them are considered tribute. Their letters are in the form of petitions, or “*piu*,”—hence the refusal to accept Captain Elliot's credentials as superintendent at Canton, which led to a war. If you begin ceremonies with the Chinese you must keep on with them and be perfect, as it is a matter of pride in them to get the better of one another, in ceremonies and politeness. But if you use no ceremony whatsoever with them, they let you have your own way, and as it were, “stand aside to let the rude, rough fellow go his road.”

Two great robber chiefs,¹ Le and Shang, infested the country, and drove to despair the Emperor Tsung-ching, who had more to do than he could manage in coping with the Tartars, and began to be quite out of

heart. "Till this time" (as Adam Schall avers) "the courtiers had kept the insurrection from the emperor's knowledge, partly by telling him they were only forgeries, though they were indeed certainly true, and



CHINESE SOLDIERS.—WAR TIGERS.

partly by extenuating the business, which was the ruin of the empire."

The emperor, now roused by the noise of arms, which daily increased in his ears, bestirring himself,

though too late, to quench the flame, and raising several armies, consulted to fortify Peking. But the eunuchs, who all this while had deluded the emperor with feigned stories, now also regarded not the danger

¹ The general commission of robbery, and the prevalence of bands of thieves, proves the weakness of the government in China,—not the insurrectionary disposition of the people. In one district of Hu-pch, the governor reported, in 1828, "that very few of the inhabitants have any regular occupation, and their dispositions are exceedingly ferocious; they fight and kill each other on every provocation. In their villages they harbour thieves, who flee from other districts, and sally forth again to plunder." In the northern parts of Kwang-tung, the people have erected high and strongly built houses, to which they flee for safety from the attacks of robbers. These bands sometimes fall upon each other, and the feudal animosities of clanship adding fuel and rage to the rivalry of partisan warfare, the destruction of life and property is great. Occasionally the people zealously assist their rulers to apprehend them, though their exertions depend altogether upon the energy of the incumbent; an officer in Fuh-kien was recommended for promotion because he had apprehended 173 persons, part of a band of robbers which had infested the department for years, and

tried and convicted 1,160 criminals, most or all of whom were probably executed. In 1821 there were four hundred robbers taken on the borders of Fuh-kien; in 1827, two hundred were seized in the south of the province, and forty-one more brought to Canton from the eastward. The governor offered 1,000 dollars reward, in 1828, for the capture of one leader, and 3,000 dollars for another. The judge of the province put forth a proclamation upon the subject in the same year, in which he says there were four hundred and thirty undecided cases of robbery by brigands then on the calendar; and in 1846 there were upwards of two thousand waiting his decision, for each of which there were perhaps five or six persons waiting in prison, or under constraint, until the case was settled. These bands prowl in the large cities, and commit great cruelties. In 1830, a party of five hundred openly plundered a rich man's house in the western suburbs of Canton; and in Shun-tch, south of the city, £150 was paid for the ransom of two persons carried off by them. The Governor of Canton, in 1831, was attacked by them near the Meiling (or

he was in, but contrived to save themselves in his ruin, by confederating with the enemy. During this time Licungz (Le-tze-shung, the robber-chief) sent several soldiers in disguise to the court, and furnished them with money to drive a trade, the better to cloak their designs, till he should come with his army to the city walls, and then break forth in mutinies. To this plot, designed at court, Licungz added another, viz., private correspondence with the prime councillor of state; who, it was said, observing the emperor's business to be ruined, had agreed with the rebel to deliver the city; but whether it was so or not, he marched with all speed to Peking, within whose walls were seventy thousand soldiers under three thousand commanders, and the store-houses provided with all manner of ammunition, and the walls round about planted with great guns, of which the rebels (as they afterwards confessed) were exceedingly afraid. But that fear soon vanished, for their associates within advised them to storm the city, promising to shoot only powder without bullets against them, by which means Licungz marched with all his men (anno 1644), in April, into the city, the gates being opened for him.¹ Neither did the emperor's party make any long resistance, for Licungz' soldiers, who till this time had kept themselves private, according to their agreement, made

an uproar in the city, which caused so great a confusion, that none knew with whom to side, and every place was filled with slaughter. Hereupon Licungz, as conqueror, marched through the city directly towards the emperor's palace, which he soon took. The enemy had got the first wall before the emperor knew of any danger, for the rebels' confederates (the eunuchs, who had all the command in their own power;) continually persuaded the emperor not to fly; but when they perceived no possibility of his escape, they acquainted him with the loss of the city and palace. The emperor, upon this notice being given, asked first, if any probability was left to escape; but being answered that all ways were beset, they say he wrote a letter with his own blood, in which he accused his eunuchs of treachery, and desired Licungz, since he had, by the help of heaven, gotten the empire, that he would revenge his fall. This done, he took his sword and killed his daughter, that she might not fall into the enemy's hands, and afterwards went into his garden, and there (as the most unfortunate emperor, and last of the Taimingian race), hanged himself with his girdle on a plum tree; and thus ended the house Taiming by a robber, which was first raised by the like. After the emperor's example, the koloa, or prime councillor, and likewise his queens, besides some of his loyalist eunuchs, hanged themselves, with several others in the city, thereby seeming, that after their country's manner, to die with the emperor, which is amongst the Chinese accounted a great honour, and sign of fidelity."

Plum Ridge Mountains) Pass, on his departure from Canton, and plundered of about 10,000 dollars. The magistrates of Kiang-shan district, south of Canton, were ordered by their superiors, the same year, to apprehend five hundred of the robbers. The lazy priests of Buddha and the Taon monks sometimes harbour gangs in their temples, and divide the spoils with them, occasionally even going out themselves on predatory excursions. No mercy is shown these miscreants, when taken; but the multiplication of executions has no effect in deterring them from crime.

¹ This is the way the Peace party are acting in China at present. It is a wonderful country of shans and shows. Witness the following occurrence at the Pelitang Forts, on the Peiho river, commanding the approach to Peking, in the recent expedition:—

A troop of Mongolian cavalry appeared drawn up on the bridge and causeway to the left of the town, who watched our proceedings for some time, and then rode off in the direction of the Taku forts, doubtless to report our arrival to Sangkolinsin. Flags also were flying from the forts, and numbers of men could be seen peeping out from behind the mantlets of the embrasures, so that we anticipated some resistance, and as it took all the evening to land the force which had been told off for the operations—viz., second brigade of the First Division, commanded by Brigadier Sutton, and 2,500 Frenchmen, it was determined, I believe, that a joint attack should be made next morning by the gunboats in front and the allied regiments in the rear. By sunset the troops had passed through the mud and seized the causeway, without any opposition; a halt was then made, and we bivouacked for the night. Meanwhile, shortly after sunset, Sir Hope Grant had pushed on with a few men, and entered on the outskirts of the town, where a Chinaman was seized, who said that the forts were empty and undefended, whereupon Messrs. Parkes and Gibson, of the consular service, and Captain Williams of the Royals, with a couple of men, made him lead them through the town, and, kicking open a gate at the rear of the south fort, they found that his statement was correct, that there were only a few old wooden guns in some of the embrasures, and that the flags and mantlets were all a sham. A number of infernal machines, however, had been very cunningly placed underground just inside the gate, and at the bottom of the ascents to each cavalier, and had any one of them exploded, it might have done considerable damage. The man who was reconnoitring found the bridge across the dry ditch which surrounds it trembling with his weight, and, upon a careful examination being made, it was shown to be so constructed with levers, &c., as to form a large hammer, which, in the rush of any body of men, would have exploded some detonating powder in communication with a large quantity of gunpowder, effectually destroying fort and all within it. Of the guns found

Adam Schall tells us, that "The emperor (betrayed twice in one moment,—once by his eunuchs, and then by the rebels' confederates,) mounted on horseback, followed with six hundred horse, and fell into that part of the city through which the enemy came marching; but there the unhappy prince found himself necessitated (the great guns which were planted to defend the gates, firing against him, and wanting more aid,) to return again to his palace, where being arrived, and driven into utter despair, he desired the empress his consort to hang herself, and advised his three sons to save themselves by flight. He then took up his sword, with intention to kill his own daughter, fit for marriage, that she might not live to be defiled; but she escaped the blow by flight, yet received it on her right hand, which she lost; which done, he went (bereaved of all hope) out of the palace again on foot, and ran directly to a mountain behind the palace, where, standing still, he wrote with a pencil, on the hem of his imperial coat, with his own blood (as it was said), drawn from his left hand, to this effect: 'Much joy to the succeeding emperor, Li! I entreat earnestly, hurt not my people, nor employ my councillors.' Which having written, he pulled off his boots,² and throwing away his hat, hanged himself with his girdle, on a piece of timber, in a gallery."

some were only wooden dummies, but a large supply of Chinese rockets was there, and the soldiers amused themselves by expending these harmlessly in the air.

² Boots are an important consideration in China. With us, among the vulgar, there is an old superstition of throwing an old shoe after a departing friend for luck. In China, reversing our custom, as they do almost invariably, they present new boots, and keep the old ones. Thus, we have it told that "The Fuyuen of Kwang-tung in 1833, Chu, was a very popular officer, and when he obtained leave to resign his station on account of age, the people vied with each other in showing their hearty regret at

"Thus" (says Father Martini) "ended a prince, perhaps the greatest in the world, one who had no superior in wisdom, understanding, and good-nature; who, without company, forsaken by all at the age of thirty-six years, through neglect and carelessness of his people, came to so miserable an end. Together with him, the name of the empire, viz., Tai-Ming, that is, "of great brightness," after it had continued two hundred and sixty years, and the whole Imperial Family, reckoned to the number of 80,000, were utterly extinguished.

The following day, being the third after the enemy's coming, Licungz marched with an army of 300,000 men into the city, and so directly to the palace, where he took possession of the throne, and settled himself in the same.

When the emperor did not appear, Licungz proclaimed 100,000 ducats as a reward for whoever brought him, or could give information of him; but at last the body having been found hanging, as before mentioned, the rebels, without reverence or compassion (says Martini), by command of Licungz, hewed it in pieces.

Yet Schall tells us that, after the expiration of a month, the Tartars having driven out the rebels, the emperor was honourably buried, and though not laid among the emperors, yet amongst the princes their sons, and that all the magistrates, willing or not willing, were forced to come and mourn over his grave.

The remaining party of the robbers plundered the Chinese houses; and whoever walked the streets in handsome apparel they immediately carried to prison, and there, by cruel torments, procured the money which they suspected they had by their clothes; insomuch that none appeared in the streets but the conquering rebels. Thirty days this rage continued, while the robbers possessed the palace, and pillaged that and the city. The Chinese already desired, upon an appointed day, to elect Licungz emperor, but he commanded them to desist, because, as some say, he feared it would be his ruin, for as often as he sat upon the throne, he was taken with a shivering cold and pain in his head, and thereby compelled to rise from it (unlawfully taken by him), and sit on the ground, as if he had deserved no better. Sitting on the earth, they report, that he seemed, in the eyes of the spectators, to be a despicable and ridiculous countenance, and rather showed like an ape than a man. It is believed that, before he would receive the imperial dignity, he intended first to settle and quiet the empire, and, by force of arms, subdue the neighbouring princes, allies of the deceased emperor, which else might afterwards disquiet him.

The same sad misfortune that befel the emperor Tsung-chin, happened also to the Imperial family and children. The queen, or lawful empress, obeyed the emperor's command at his departure, and hanged herself. His women fled wherever they thought to be safe from the rebels, and went to their parents' houses; though afterwards by force and policy fetched from thence by the Tartars. One of the queens being taken prisoner in disguise, having altered her majestic apparel, was made a slave to a Tartar; but not being able to

undergo such a yoke long, discovered herself, and was thereupon sent and kept among the other women of the former king, and eunuchs allowed to wait upon her.

The emperor's eldest son, in his eighteenth year, had thrown off his royal habits, that he might not be known, and hired himself as servant to a Tartar; but impatient of his master's cruel nature, he went, after some few months, privately from thence to a certain eunuch whom he supposed to be his trusty friend. This friend durst not long conceal him, but advised him to go to his sister, who had fled to his grandfather's house. The unfortunate prince was then obliged, for the sake of mere existence, to discover himself; and, although the Tartars spared his life, they condemned him to imprisonment. Some promised to let him have a prince's revenue, and honour him with the title of king; but he who was fallen from the highest pinnacle, and had a noble heart, would not stoop to mean things; nay, he despised all that was proffered him less than the empire, and delighted his fancy with music and singing, for the better dispersing of his sorrows.

Many had already discovered who he was, from his being formerly marked on his body, and declared him the emperor's son. Certain passages of the court were discovered by him likewise and described, which were unknown to all persons. His father's soldiers and officers pointing after their prince with their fingers, showed that he began to be publicly known. There being some apprehension that he would form a combination, from the hatred which he bore to the Tartars, the possessors of the realm, it was judged convenient to dispatch him; and forty magistrates and martial officers were also executed, *that he might not die without company*, or want attendance in the other world according to his birth and quality.

The eldest brother, who had got to Nankin, came almost to the same end, being killed by one of his near relations, who had there raised himself to be emperor. But if we credit Father Martini (the writer of "The History of the Wars of the Tartars"), the eldest of the emperor Tsun-chin's three sons was never heard of, though the robber Licungz made long and strict search after him. Whether he got away by flight, or, as some say, drowned himself, is unknown. Martini also says that the two youngest sons fell alive into the rebels' hands, who on the third day caused them to be dragged out of the city walls, and their heads to be severed from their bodies.

Wu Sankwei, a relative of the Imperial family, happened, at the time of the storming of Peking, to be stationed on the frontiers to defend them against the Manchus or Tartars. When he heard that a robber had seized the throne, his indignation exceeded all bounds, and taking 7,000 Tartars into his pay, he marched to meet the enemy. In a hard-fought battle, victory declared in his favour, and getting another reinforcement of 60,000 Manchus and Mongols, he pressed on to exterminate the monster Li. In this he succeeded; but when he wished to send home his Tartar auxiliaries they refused to leave, and in strong force marched on the capital. "So great was the abundance of choice and precious goods" (says a jesuit writer, present at this period), "that the whole country, to the borders of the province of Peking, a way of ten days' journey, lay covered with satins, and all manner of embroidered clothes—a thing incredible unless one had been an eye-witness." After the army had lain

losing him. The old custom was observed of retaining his boots, and presenting him with a new pair at every city he passed through, and many other testimonials of their regard were adopted." The Fuyuen is the lieutenant-governor of a province. The term means "soother," as having to please both parties,—the one that taxes, and the other that has to pay.

four days before the city, the Tartars were, by all the inhabitants and grandees that went into the army, received with much joy and fetched in; whereupon Amawang, the uncle to the Tartar emperor, who commanded the army in behalf of his nephew, asked if they would really entertain and let them in as guests; and if they would, from that time forward, be governed by the Tartars; at which they all cried with a loud voice, "Thousand and a thousand times,—a thousand and a thousand years, live the emperor;" a wish used at this day to the Chinese emperor; this ended, upon the Chinese request the young Tartar emperor followed them into the city and palace—burnt down to a heap of rubbish. The next day, the Tartars not having houses enough, turned the Chinese out of their dwellings.

The Chinese, as a nation, made a better fight than is generally supposed against their invaders,—indeed, a longer and a stronger one than that of the Saxons against the Normans. They stood by one emperor after another with the energy of despair; and when the Tartars insisted that all "loyal Chinese," that is, all obedient to themselves, should shave their heads, wear a pigtail,¹ and adopt the *chung*, or Mantchu coat, the nation indignantly flew to arms, and drove an army of the Tartars into the river Yang-tze-kiang. All would now have gone well, had a patriotic tailor of Canton, one Ching-che-lung, the father of the renowned Coxinga, at that time in command of 4,000 vessels, remained true to his countrymen, whose cause he had up to this time assisted. But Ching-che lung was an ambitious tailor, with a "soul above buttons;" he desired to be made emperor himself; which, when the Chinese, who have a great aversion to *parvenus*, refused, he went over, in the critical moment, to the Tartars, who had offered him the rank of generalissimo. Landing after this to visit the Tartar general Pei-le, he was received with all the honours due to his rank. But when he again desired to return to his fleet, the Tartar courteously requested that he would accompany him to court. On his arrival at Peking, he was strictly guarded at first, and shortly afterwards put to death; but when the pirates saw these treacherous dealings, they rallied their forces under Ching-chang-kung, and ravaged the coast.

The last pretender to the Ming throne, descended from the royal blood, was Yung-leih, a Christian prince, who assumed the name of Constantine. His court was

filled with converts, all his generals were Christians, and his wife and mother (in 1649), wrote a letter to the Pope announcing their conversion; a patriot hero, Keang-tsay, also appeared, and routed the Mantchu army in a pitched battle on two occasions. In a third he fell, pierced by an arrow in the heart,—and with him died, for two centuries, the hopes of China. The Emperor Constantine was driven from city to city, and finally found refuge in Pegu,—returning only to be treacherously strangled by Wu-san-kwei, the general who had received, as a reward for first admitting the Tartars, the principality of Yunnan and Kwei-chow. Coxinga alone remained to annoy the Tartar emperor. It is told of him, that when he received the news of Yung-leih's death, he was so incensed that he "attacked a Tartar fleet, sunk several of the vessels, and cut off the ears and noses of 4,000 Manchus." These men he sent on shore; but the Tartars put them to death, so that the shame put upon them might not spread. The brave Coxinga held out until 1662, having landed upon the island of Formosa and driven out the Dutch, —who, in spite of their presumed naval superiority, could never get it back, but suffered a defeat with their whole fleet, in an engagement in which, however, Coxinga fell.² The Chinese pirate admiral, who succeeded, was his son Ching-ke-san, who, at last, when tired of a roving life, and satiated with plunder, determined "to die decent," and accepted from the Tartar dynasty the office of high admiral of China.

With him was extinguished the last spark of open rebellion against the Tartar usurpers,—and with him perished, as was then thought, the last hope of the Ming family, whose greatness at sea was equal at one time to their splendour on the Chinese throne. We read in the "History of the Ming Dynasty," published, as we have said, in more than a hundred volumes by a Tartar emperor in 1792, that in the reign of Yung-lo, that great prince had, during twelve years, a fleet manned by 30,000 sailors,—which, at divers times, went to Manilla, the Moluccas, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Tonkin, Cochin China, Cambaya, Siam, Malacca, Bengal, and Ceylon. They speak of the Peak of Adam, and the impression of his foot (using their own term P'han-ku, the first demon god, whom they picture with a hammer and chisel, actually hewing out the heavens!) of Calicut, Surat, Ormus, Aden, and of the sea near Medina and Mecca. They brought back to China enormous riches, and all the princes of those countries sent embassies to Yung-lo.

The Empire of China has comprised one sole and undivided monarchy ever since the year of Christ 1279, but instead of being regarded from that, as a privileged country, governed from time immemorial by the

¹ "Many," says Sir John Davis, "are the changes which may be made in despotic countries, without the notice or even the knowledge of the larger portion of the community; but an entire alteration in the national costume affects every individual equally, from the highest to the lowest, and is perhaps of all others the most open and degrading mark of conquest." This order was resisted by many, who chose to lose their heads rather than part with their hair; but the mandate was gradually enforced, and has now for about two centuries been one of the distinguishing marks of a Chinese, though to this day the natives of Fuhkien wear a handkerchief around their head to conceal it. It should not escape notice that a similar change accompanied the conquest of England by the Normans. The smooth chin, short hair, and shaven lip of our own people were adopted to distinguish those obedient to the Norman rule, in contradistinction to those Saxons who manifested—by preserving the use of the long hair and beard of their ancestors, their aversion to the conquerors, and determination to free themselves whenever possible. The distinction in the tunic of the Saxon, and the Norman coat, the kirtle and the cloak, were of the same nature. Sir Walter Scott, in the opening scene of *Ivanhoe*, makes a special note on this point, in describing the dress of Cedric the Saxon.

² The Tartars gave an example, on this occasion, of what can be done by a great empire to defend its interior from the ravages of a piratical enemy. They destroyed all the towns, villages, and houses for a depth of two leagues along the whole extent of the coast, thus leaving a desert between the devastators and the interior of the Celestial Empire. "This memorable example," says M. Hue, "may enable us to judge what the Chinese are capable of, should they any day have to oppose themselves to the invasion of a powerful enemy. So long as they possess the conscience of the invincible force that lies in the immense extent of their territory and their vast population, they have nothing to fear from the assault of strangers. When a nation has on its side numbers and space, and it is resolved to take full advantage of these two resources, there are always means to paralyse the learned strategy and the fulminating machines of an unjust aggressor."



A CHINESE WOMAN.

same constitution, exempt from foreign conquest and intestine commotions, the only peculiarity which it possesses, in comparison with other empires which have disappeared from the earth, is, that—owing perhaps to its peninsular situation, at the extremity of the habitable world, and its consequent exemption from the sweep of those conquering nations who changed the people whom they overthrew,—it has preserved its manners and usages, in a great measure unaltered, amidst the various revolutions and subjugations which it has experienced.¹ There has resulted

¹ China, it ought to be more generally known, was, in the 11th century, the victim of a "Social" Experiment. The famous Wang-ngan-chie, a great philosophical politician (they have plenty of them in France), got into power, when the Emperor Chen-tsoung desired to surround himself with enlightened men, and in spite of the opposition of a conservative leader, Tse-ma-kouang (pronounced Zemawlang), he conducted the government on the following principles:—"The State should take the entire management of commerce, industry, and agriculture into its own hands, with the view of succouring the working-classes and preventing their being ground to the dust by the rich. Tribunals were established throughout the empire, which fixed the price of provisions and merchandise. For a certain number of years, taxes were

from this state of things, alike prejudicial to the progress of a nation, and to the welfare of humanity at large, a spirit of exclusiveness which

imposed, to be paid by the rich, and from which the poor were exempt. The tribunals were to decide who was rich and who was poor. The sum thus collected was to be reserved in the coffers of the State, to be distributed to aged paupers, to workmen out of employ, and to whoever should be judged to be in need of it. The State was to have the only protection of the soil; in each district the tribunals were to assign the land annually to the farmers, and distribute amongst them the seed necessary to sow it, on condition that the loan was repaid either in grain or other possessions after the harvest was gathered, and (hear it, ye Registrars-General!) the officers of the tribunals should fix what kind of crop was to be grown and supply the seed for it! Abundance and happiness were thus to be assured to the land, and the necessaries of life sold at a moderate price." The contrary took place. Everything was overturned—nothing built up—everyone ruined, every one lazy, as there was no reward for industry. At last the great philosopher statesman, finding that everyone was speaking against him, stopped all literature, and ordered that none but his own books should be read, as the people were blinded to their own good by the literary men on the other side. This was too much; the wise and the learned combined, and with one united clamour of the suffering people

has engendered an overweening self-conceit, and contempt of everything that is not Chinese,—feelings most prejudicial to intercommunication and commerce. The maxim of this government is to rule strangers or barbarians like beasts, and not like native subjects; and hence it is not surprising that local authorities, and the people themselves, should behave towards strangers as if they were a degraded order of beings. They do not even consider treaties or agreements with barbarians binding; insincerity and falsehood, which only lead to distrust and jealousy among themselves, become virtues when practised towards strangers; and hence it is, that however much a number of thoughtful and earnest persons may regret that the civilization of outer races should be intruded upon an exclusive people by force of arms, still, if they will look more deeply into the matter, they will find that such action must be ultimately for the benefit of the Chinese themselves. They are trampled upon by a foreign dynasty—the country is rent by insurrection—there is little or no opening to commerce, to civilization, or to the propagation of the Gospel; the people labour under a thousand inconveniences and absurdities handed down from generation to generation, which intercommunication with other nations would soften down, if not utterly efface. They have no confidence in one another, and it is essential to their welfare and progress, that such a state of things should be remedied, and that they should, as far as possible, be impressed with a sense of truth, justice and sincerity. The ways of Providence are often obscure to the limited scope of our mental conceptions; and the Chinese, whom some look to, as, with the Japanese, as the future dominant powers of the Far-East, will probably only be roused to a sense of their own capabilities and resources by collision with other people.

VII.—THE REBELS OF CHINA.

THE story of the "First and Last of the Mings" is the story of all China. That of Hung-Woo is being acted over again in the present rebellion under Tien-teh (pronounced Tien-tay). Shortly after the events in 1841, which led to the cession of Hong-Kong and the opening of the five ports, the Chinese Emperor Tao-kwang, who, by his haughty disdain of the barbarous nations from without, had hurried into a war with Great Britain, and by so doing had laid the basis of civil war, and unsapped the foundations of the Mantchu dynasty, died, and was succeeded by his son, who assumed the title of Hian-fung—"Complete Abundance." The new emperor shut himself up in the so-called Paradise¹—a city within a city—as large as a

the Socialists were driven out of China. They passed the Great Wall in large troops, and wandered into the desert of Tartary. Here they communicated their unquiet spirit to the Mongol tribes, and the whole of Tartary was in a ferment with the refuse of Chinese civilization. Nothing was wanted but a man to organize and command, and Genghis Khan appeared. He gathered together the wild and terrible hordes of these regions, and led them in immense battalions even into Europe, crushing and overwhelming all that came in his way.

¹ The emperor lives by rule: but, according to the usual fashion of this people, that rule must necessarily be quite at variance with our notions. About three o'clock in the afternoon, or four at the latest, the day closes, and all retire to bed in the palace, both in winter and summer. The hour for rising is one o'clock in the morning. After he gets up, the emperor goes to wait on his mother, who, in order to better maintain her dignity, sometimes

fortified town, surrounded by flatterers, eunuchs, and concubines. A new order of things was inaugurated. Mu-chang-ha and Ki-n were dismissed, and their successors were selected for their inveterate hostility to Europeans.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances a rumour became prevalent, and was universally received, that the end of the Tsing or Mantchu dynasty was at hand. The period of the downfall was even fixed by prophecy for the forty-eighth year of the existing cycle, which corresponded to A.D. 1851. It was proclaimed that the chief who first unfurled the standard of the ancient native Chinese dynasty of the Mings would ascend the throne. Such an individual was not long wanting. He was found in the person of a youth, apparently without intellect, enterprise, or even physical courage to recommend him, but who was declared to be a lineal descendant of the Mings, and who assumed the name of Tien-teh—"Celestial Virtue," but is also variously designated as Tye-ping, Tai-ping-wang, &c. Barely twenty-three years of age at the outbreak of the insurrection, this tool of the more secret and ambitious designs of others was always attended by an aged and mysterious counsellor, whose connection with him has never been perfectly explained.

The province of Kuang-si, where the insurrection first showed its hydra-head, is a mountainous region, as vast as the estate of many a sovereign in Central Europe, in the south-western portion of the empire. The less accessible portion of this district is tenanted by the Miao-tze—a warlike, freebooting, independent race. Backed by such hardy and intrepid mountaineers, Tien-teh, or rather his generals, for he never exposed himself to the rebuke of rashness by participating in active hostilities, had little difficulty in subjecting the city of Ho, and crossing the frontiers of Kuang-si to enter into the province of Kuan-tong (Canton). The emperor, faithful to his policy of retrogression, despatched that unscrupulous barbarian, Lin, to oppose the insurgents. But Lin died on the way, and was succeeded by Li-sing-wen. The new imperial commissioner

declines to receive him. He prostrates himself outside the door and returns. From thence he goes to light some scented sticks before an idol. Somewhat before three o'clock, the grandees of the empire, who seek audience, arrive. Business is transacted, and before sunrise all is already finished. In Europe, when a king shows himself in public he delights in seeing himself surrounded with his people, and receives with pleasure the tribute of their acclamations and homage. In Pekin, and wherever the emperor resides, whenever he goes abroad, every one closes his door, window, and shop; however, it is notorious that the Chinese never fail to peep at him through the chinks. Not a soul dare be found upon his passage; all have taken flight beforehand, and woe to whoever is not fleet enough. Notwithstanding these honours, the emperor of China is a recluse in his palace of Lay-Tien, where he chiefly resides, and he knows but very little of what is going on in his state. The absurd ceremony which surrounds him renders him inaccessible to truth. Every communication made to him reaches him manufactured by his *tai-chang*, or *tsay-siang*, the mandarins of his palace; and, besides, he is so infatuated with his pretended grandeur, so unpliant in the midst of human vicissitudes, so unmanageable in reverses, so terrible, so ridiculous, so implacable in his vengeance, that the great art of the court is to deceive him, and persuade him he has been always successful. The inspectors sent into the provinces are infallibly corrupted, and the report which they give will be moulded according to custom. Thus his armies, which he supposes to be innumerable and invincible, have little existence except on paper, and the mandarins, who understand their trade, keep for themselves, as an addition to their salaries, the enormous sums destined for the pay of these muster rolls of soldiers.

instead of conveying Tien-teh, chained, to the foot of the throne, as he had been ordered to do, contented himself with attributing all the evils to want of energy on the part of Sin, viceroy of Kuang-si.

The insurrection in the meantime kept making head. All who joined in the movement cut off their pig-tails, allowed their hair to grow long, and replaced the Tartar cloak by the old garment opening in front, which was worn in the time of the Mings. The imperial commissioner Lin established his head-quarters at Kuay-lin, and he appointed as his lieutenant the ferocious Chaw-tian-tsin, governor of Ku-nan. This was the savage who cut off the lower lips of the opium smokers of Hu-nan. These chieftains began their crusade against the insurrectionists by putting the suspected and the compromised to death, instead of boldly attacking the insurgents.

Such a mode of proceeding was naturally followed by no satisfactory results. Tien-teh, although kept in the background, was invested with the canary-coloured imperial robes, and his portrait was disseminated throughout the provinces, no doubt with a view of preparing the minds of the people to the revived costume of the ancestral kings. The emperor became exceedingly exasperated at the dimensions which the insurrection was assuming, and he despatched his prime minister, Sai-chang-ha, accompanied by two other Mantchu Tartars, Ta-hing and Fa-sung-ha—the latter stained with the slaughter of the shipwrecked of the *Verbu Idhu*—to Kuay-Lin.

It was at this time that the report became current that not only was Tien-teh a descendant of the kings, but that he was also a Christian, and that he overthrew idols and destroyed pagodas wherever he met them on his passage. Opinions are divided as to who contributed most towards disseminating this rumour—the insurgents, who wished to conciliate the Europeans, or the imperialists, who were desirous of injuring the insurgents in the opinions of the people. The progress of the insurrection, desultory as it was, was at the same time not without its fatal effects on the countries in which war was waged. The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, despatched from Canton to confront the rebels, was sorely worsted near Lo-w-i. Sin himself then entered upon a campaign, aided and abetted by Sam-kwa, the prefect of Shanghai, but could effect nothing either with gold or with arms, so he contented himself with sending bulletins of apocryphal victories to the Son of Heaven.

In July, 1851, an attempt was made upon the life of the emperor, and, in consequence, eighteen grand mandarins and every member of their families were put to death. On the 29th of September in the same year, the rebels obtained a great victory at Yung-gau, and many important cities fell in consequence into their hands. By the end of 1851, their triumphs were so numerous, that the Gazette of Peking ceased to register the victories obtained by the Tartars, in order to record the advantages obtained by the Chinese. All the fortified towns throughout the empire were put in a state of defence, and topographic plans were published of the progress of the insurrection, and of towns and districts that had been successively occupied. It is stated, that the Chinese, at the onset, spared the inhabitants, and allowed those who chose to depart with their goods, when they took possession of any new city, but that, when the peaceful merchants and tradespeople took advantage of this clemency, the

Tartar troops uniformly despoiled them, and, if they attempted to defend themselves, slew them without mercy. "You are," exclaimed the indignant citizens to the Imperialists, "as mice before the rebels, and tigers to us."

In the meantime Sin had offered eighty thousand taels for the head of Tien-teh, and that of his councillor, that is to say, individually, twenty thousand taels less than the rebels had offered for his own cranium. But, no heads coming, he invented, in order to get back to Canton, the abominable falsehood, and which was published in the Peking Gazette, that the Portuguese of Macao were about to invade the Celestial Empire!

The rebels—and it is an important point to notice as a lesson for the guidance of civilised nations—did not care to preserve the places which they captured. It appears that they disregarded the Focs, or first-class cities, and Nans and Choos, or cities of the second and third class, with some few exceptions, alike; their object was to possess themselves of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Ming dynasty, and after levying the means necessary for paying their troops, they evacuated each town in its turn. But in a country so peculiarly centralised as everything is in China, so long as Peking remains in the hands of the Mantchus, they will preserve the empire of the Central Land. So also is it there, and there only, that nations, baffled, traitorously assaulted, and subjected to all kinds and descriptions of debasing indignities at the hands of a set of miserable mandarins, must seek for satisfaction.

This victory was followed by the subjection of Hu-chu-fu, in the province of Canton. Europeans had thus a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the tactics of the Chinese, and they ascertained that they advanced to the assault in different bodies led on by independent chiefs, but all acting in one cause—that of the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. A new manifesto was also published by the Chinese at this epoch, which spoke, like all former ones, of a dismemberment of the empire. When once they got to Peking, it was said, the land would be divided amongst the different chieftains. This may or may not be a deception on the part of one or more leaders to procure adherents, but it is interesting to know that any debasement of the imperial power by civilised nations may possibly lead to the dismemberment of this vast agglomeration of people with different habits, manners, and feelings. At the least, a confederation of feudal sovereigns would result from the inauguration of a new state of things. The different societies, so powerful in China, already understand this perfectly, and are prepared to act in such a sense when the time propitious for such a change shall arrive. In the same manifesto the decrees of Heaven are spoken of. "They have prostrated themselves," they announce, "before the Supreme Being, after having learned to worship God."¹

The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, determined upon avenging the disasters of which the province of Ping-lo had been the theatre, marched against the rebels at

¹ Subsequent proclamations, more especially one issued by Yang, King of the East, and Sian, or Si-nang, King of the West, have not only alluded to the Supreme Lord, our Heavenly Father, who created the heaven and earth, and all that therein is in six days, and to the Old Testament, but also to the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of the world, who was incorporated in the country of Judea, and suffered for the redemption of mankind.

the head of an army of thirteen thousand men. The forces met on the banks of the Kway-kiang, and, as usual, the Imperialists were defeated, with the loss of half their number by desertion and wounds. Thereupon Sin pulled his grey moustaches with vexation, and hit upon a notable plan to repair the damage done. He sent off four thousand buffaloes with resinous torches attached to their horns, accompanied by four thousand soldiers, who were to turn them adrift, the torches having been previously lighted, into the insurgent camp. The rebels, warned of this clever stratagem, let the buffaloes go quietly by, and fell upon their guard, destroying one half of their number. The insurrection had spread by this time to Hai-nan, that great mountainous and yet fertile island, whose aborigines have never been subjected by the Chinese, and the possession of which by Great Britain would, to a certain extent, counterbalance the power lately obtained by France in Cambodia and Cochin China. It appears that, as in the province of Kwang-si, the native mountaineers abetted the insurgent Chinese in their rebellion, and they soon possessed themselves of Kiung-chu-fu, the capital, and of other chief towns.

To the north, the insurrection had also spread into the provinces of Hu-nan and Hu-pay, which, for brevity's sake, may be spoken under their older common name of Hu-kwang. They were hilly or rather mountainous districts, with a comparatively cold climate, and the inhabitants subsist mainly on corn and vegetables. The progress of the insurrection was not less rapid in these provinces than in the two Kwangs. Almost all the chief cities, as well as the second-class towns, fell into their hands without scarcely striking a blow. The people and their leaders alike went over to the national cause. True to their original system, the insurgents appropriated to themselves the public treasures and Imperial tribute, but they always respected private property. As to the unlucky mandarins, they had no other alternative but to hang themselves in despair. Tien-teh remained all this time in a strong position in the mountains of Tse-king, not far from Kway-lin. That wonderfully intelligent viceroy, Sin, thought that he would now further illustrate his career by entering into negotiations with this mysterious personage. Tien-teh contented himself upon this occasion with asserting his claim to the throne as a descendant of the Mings, and declared that the time had come when the usurping Tartar dynasty of the Tsings should withdraw to their own country. A further attempt was made shortly after this to carry Kway-lin by assault, but the insurgents recoiled before so strong a place well defended with cannon. The Tartar general, Hu-lan-tai, however, received a wound on the knee upon this occasion, which was rendered fatal by national prejudices. The assistance of a surgeon was sought for from Canton; but as no stranger was allowed to penetrate into the interior, Hu-lan-tai had to go to him, and he perished on the way!

A strange rumour also became current in this country of lies at this time. It was neither more nor less than that Tien-teh had been made a prisoner, and conveyed to Peking in chains. The Gazette of Pekin even announced the condemnation of the pretender to death. His last dying speech and confession were also published at length in the same official sheet. The chief object of this notable publication was to implicate the Chang-ti,

or Protestants, and more especially the secret society founded by Gutzlaff, and known as the "Chinese Union." This comedy was another offspring of the fertile and ingenious brain of Sin, the viceroy of the two Kwangs. He had got hold of a minor rebel chief, and had sent him to Peking, ticketed as the veritable Tien-teh.

In the meantime the insurgents experienced the first reverses in the north. Attacked at Chao-chu-fu, they were defeated with the loss of some four hundred men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. A few days after they experienced another defeat at Yang-chu-fu, and this was accompanied by a sad disaster to their fleet of junks, which was partly consumed in an attempt made to fire the Imperial fleet. They took their revenge at Kway-yang, which was carried by assault, and the war, like all civil wars, having become envenomed by prolonged struggling, assumed now a more grievous aspect—the public buildings were destroyed and burnt, the mandarins were put to death, and the inhabitants who had sided with the Imperialists had to purchase their lives and property by heavy pecuniary sacrifices. The family of the Sins, the most wealthy in the province, was mulcted in the sum of 200,000 taels. Wealthy patriarchal families of this description exist in each of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire. Three or four generations live together, on the same property, under one ancestor; but all have some pursuit, for in China, the opposite to us, the man who gains his bread by industry is more esteemed than he who lives upon his revenues.

In the month of September, 1852, Tien-teh established his headquarters at Hing-gan, a walled city, admirably situated, and not far from Kway-lin, the headquarters of the ingenious Sin. In the meantime, in consonance with the political theory advocated by the embodiment of "celestial virtue" of a federal empire, the rebels of Hu-nan proclaimed a new sovereign, without in any way infringing the rights of the descendant of the Mings. The whole disposable force of the insurgents, estimated at eighty thousand men, next concentrated itself at Khu-chu-fu, led on by chiefs equal in their rights, preparatory to the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, the most disastrous of all the campaigns during the insurrection. Several more towns had fallen into the hands of the Chinese. At one, Tao-chu, the Tartars hit upon the happy expedient of turning the river upon the enemy, but it only destroyed the rats—the first time probably that the race had been exterminated by Tartars.

The Emperor, humiliated by so many disasters, recalled his old and faithful councillors, Ki-chan and Ki-in, to the ministry; Hing-gan, another liberal, was named prime minister, in the place of Sai-chang-ha; our old friend Sin was appointed to the government of the two Hus, and Y replaced him at Canton and in the two Kwangs. But with these changes of councillors Hian-fung did not change his policy. The Son of Heaven never deviated in his hostility to European barbarians; not even the services which they proffered at the most trying moments were capable of softening down that intensity of hatred which he has sucked with his Tartar mother's milk.

The rebels failed in an attack upon Chang-cha, the capital of Hu-nan, a beautiful city situated on the borders of the Siang, which flows out of a great lake into the Yang-tse-kiang, and backed by wooded mountains. This city is celebrated for an annual regatta, in



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

which boats, representing all the fantastic animals created by the imagination of the children of the Celestial Empire, contest for prizes. They were more successful, led on by one of their most distinguished chiefs, Tai-peng-wang, at Yt-chu, where they obtained great booty, and two hundred junks, with which they were enabled to navigate the river as far as Yang-chu-fu. It is to be observed here that the viceroy of the westerly and mountainous province of Kway-chu had always excused himself from sending aid to the Imperial cause on the plea that the province was ravaged by rebels. The fact appears to be that these mountaineers, always vassals more than subjects, have rarely, if ever, been well affected towards the Mantchu dynasty. The hilly region of Chang-tong, inhabited by a peaceable, industrious, and well-affected class of people—the birthplace of Confucius—also declared in favour of the insurrection, and slew their governor. The descendants of the philosopher dwell in this district, and number more than a thousand. They have lived there respected and honoured by all parties for now twenty centuries. Where are the descendants of the great philosophers, moralists, and of the benefactors of humanity in Europe?

All these increasing evils were augmented by a deficiency in the funds, which began to assume an aspect as alarming as that of the insurrection. The governors of provinces could give no account of the monies entrusted to them. All they kept asking for was more money in order to be able to carry on the war. When

they were moderate in their demands, they contented themselves with declaring that they had forty thousand men on foot; when they were extravagant they boasted of one hundred thousand followers. The Son of Heaven is the most impudently robbed man in his empire. His ministers rob him, the governors rob the ministers, the prefects rob the governors, and so on down to the scullion. It is one universal, organised system of plunder. Under such a pressure, the Emperor issued an edict calculated to debase a nation more than any that, perhaps, was ever before issued by terrestrial monarch. It is impossible to give it at length, albeit of rare interest; suffice it, that it openly permits the sale of all places and dignities, even of judges, and authorises rebellion, vice, and even crime to be indemnified by money.

The rebels continued, in the meantime, the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, and obtained possession of Hu-chang-fu, the capital of the province of Hu-pay, and containing at that time some four hundred thousand inhabitants. They also succeeded in obtaining possession of one of the most remarkable districts in China, the oft described three cities, Hu-chang, Han-yang, and Han-chu, situated at the junction of the river Han with the Yang-tse-kiang; the first on the right bank of the Han; the second on the left, and the third on the opposite bank of the Yang-tse-kiang, and not less celebrated for their population, wealth, industrial movement, and myriads of junks, than for picturesque detail of the parts and the general

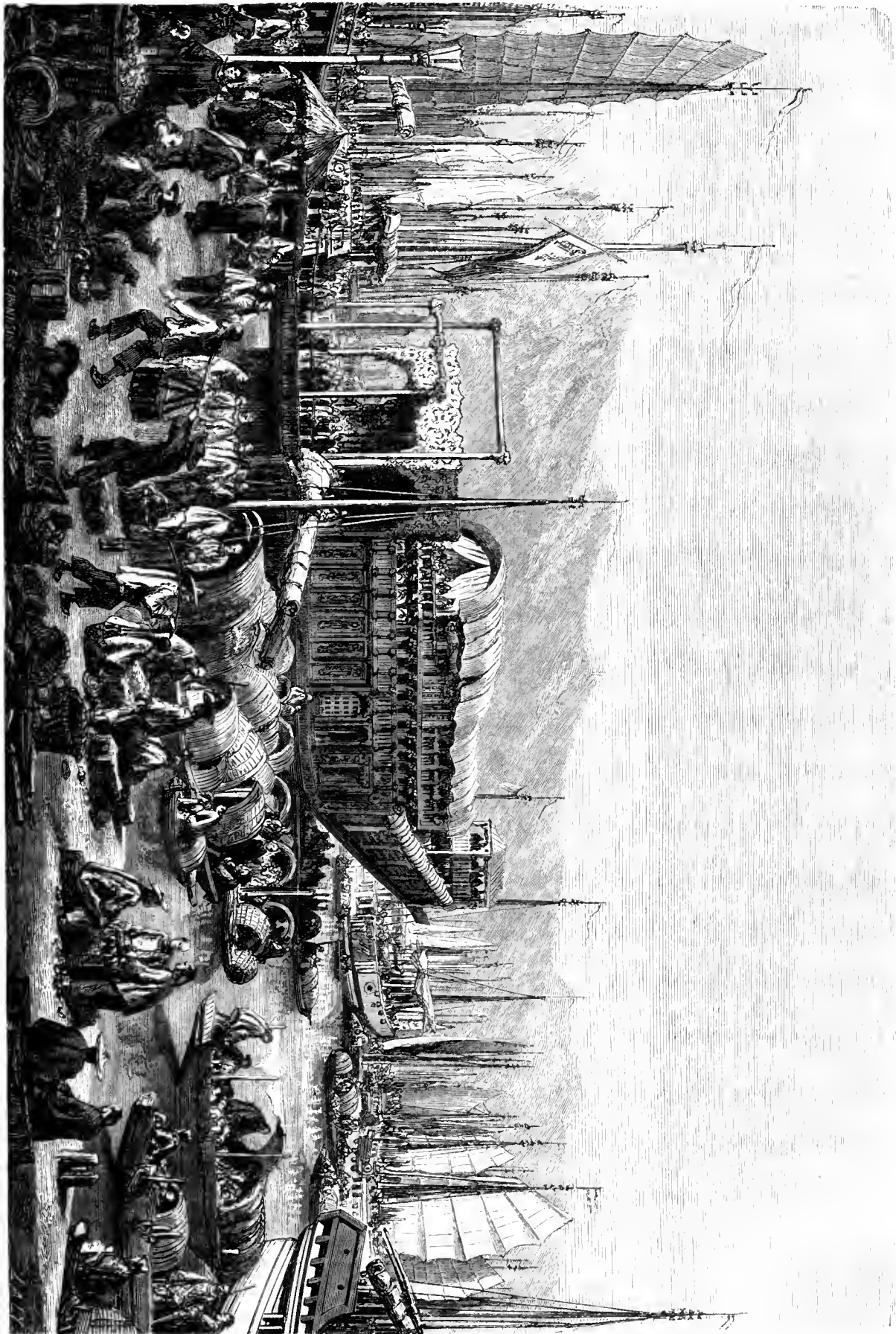
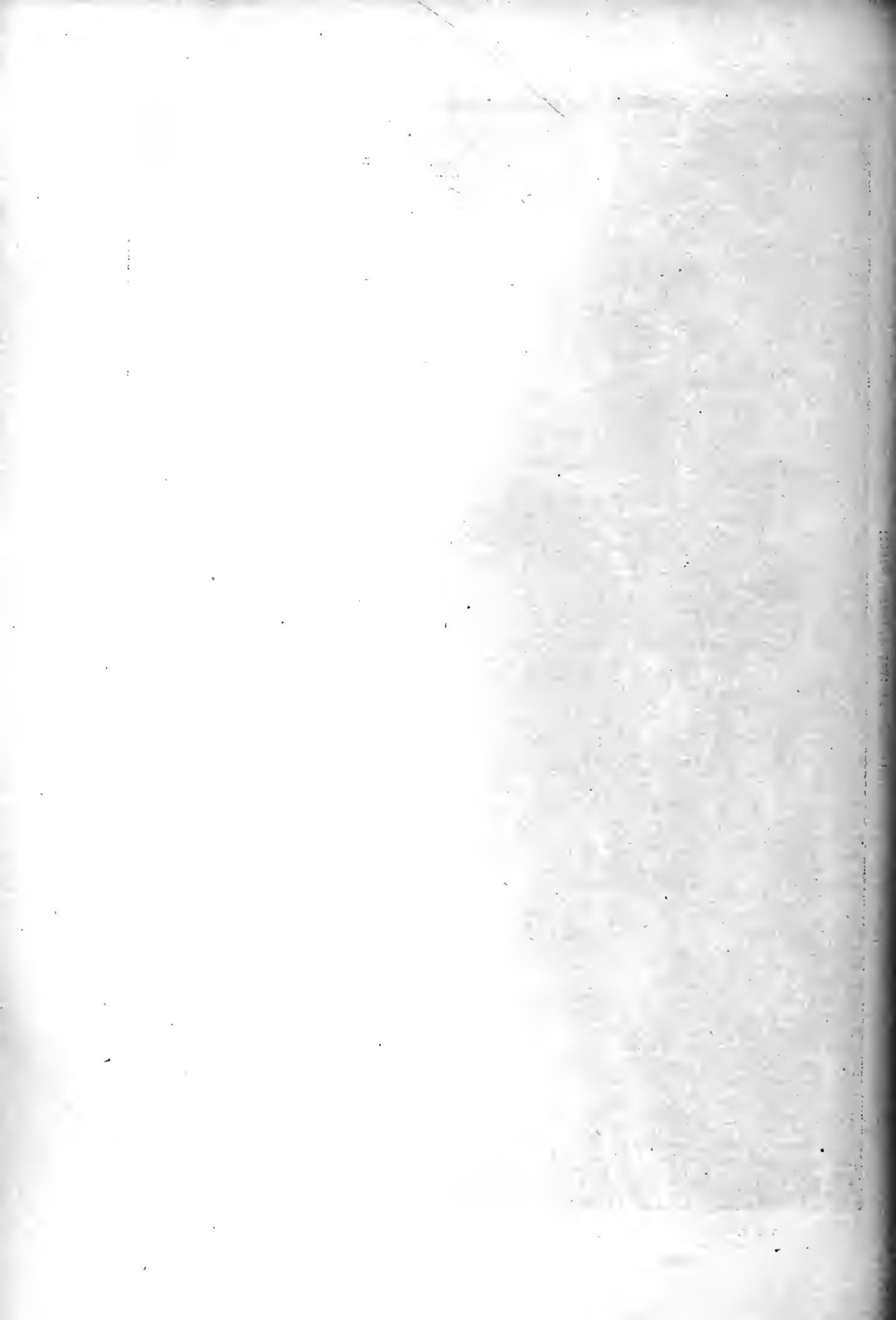


FIGURE DISPATCHED FROM AT GUANOUAI



magnificence of the whole. Since the period now in question, our enterprising war steamers have made their way up to this great commercial centre of China, and, alas! found it sadly fallen off in every respect from what had been depicted by different travellers previous to the ravages of this most frightful civil war.

The fact of the fall of the Three Cities of Hu-peh, certified by imperial proclamation, carried with it alarm throughout the whole empire. Not a town but made its levies, and prepared for war. The paucity of military resources possessed by China may be judged of, when it is known that Shanghai, with a large floating population (floating in the real, and not the received sense of the word), and a resident population of one hundred thousand inhabitants, could only furnish a contingent of a hundred regulars, and the same number of volunteers. The populace, especially the maritime portion, as experience has since shown, reserved themselves for action when there were greater chances of plunder.

When the Chinese party had thus obtained possession of the richest province of the empire, Kiang-nan and Kiang-si, their leaders, assumed a real importance, and more correct information was obtained as to their individuality. Tai-ping-wan, we use only his assumed name, "the great pacificator," was the commander-in-chief, and he had with him four kings, his colleagues: Tung-wang, king of the east, a little spare man, about thirty-five years of age, and pitted with small-pox; Il-wang, king of the west, young, active, and brave, the Achilles of this pleiad of kings, but since dead; Nan-wang, king of the south, a man of letters; and Pay-wang, king of the north, young, and of great strength and intrepidity—the hero of the insurrection. Such were the five chiefs whose army now acted in concert, and they were aided and abetted by a great number of inferior officers. Two ministers are also deserving of mention, as they may play an important part should the Chinese party be successful, and carry the day against the Mantchu Tartars. One is a little, sharp, clever personage, Fung-y-chang, by name; the other is a thin, ugly, and bony, but a highly educated man, and the author, it is supposed, of most of the proclamations issued by the insurgents; this is the person who is believed to be a Chang-si, or Protestant, and a member of the "Chinese Union," if not an actual disciple of Gutzlaff's. His name is Chi-ta-kai.

After they obtained possession of the triple city of Hu-peh, the rebels continued the descent of the Yang-tse-kiang, and occupied successively Kin-kiang, Gan-kin, and Hu-hu. Obtaining possession, at the same time, of all the junks and merchants vessels that were on the river, the five kings made their appearance before Nankin, with a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men. Nankin, with its five hundred thousand inhabitants, had been the capital of the empire under the Ming or Chinese dynasty. What remains in the present day of this once great city, occupies, like the existing fragments of Bagdad—the city of Khalifs—only a small extent of the circuit of the walls, which embraced an area three times the extent of Paris. The land is now cultivated where there were formerly streets, and the grass grows on the quays where the junks used to lie in a triple row. Yet nothing can exceed the fertility of the province of Kiang-nan. It surpasses alike Flanders, Belgium, and Lombardy. The fertile alluvium of the Yang-tse-

kiang is furrowed by a thousand canals full of fish, and lined with bamboos and willows. The plains between are covered with yellow cotton, rice, fruit, and vegetables that yield two crops in the year. Scarlet and mother-of-pearl pheasants enliven the scene. This province alone supports thirty-eight millions of inhabitants, ten times as many as Belgium, and more than all France put together.

Whilst the army of the five kings was gathered around the old monument of the Chings—the axis, as it were, of an extinct dynasty—the well-known nine-storied pagoda—the Emperor was raising his wife by proclamation in the *Kin-sin-pao*—the official gazette of Peking, and the *Moniteur* of the eighteen provinces, and of three hundred and sixty millions of people—to the rank of Empress associate. Sin was deposed, and the aid of ships purchased from the Anglo-Americans, and of rusty guns bought from the Portuguese of Macao, was sought for, but all in vain: the people of the old capital of the Chings naturally sided with those who proclaimed the revival of the dynasty, and the re-establishment of their city as the capital of the empire. Nankin soon capitulated to the insurgents, who have held it and the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang ever since. The Chinese party may be barbarians: in that they only imitate their rivals, the Mantchus. They may have destroyed cities and massacred the inhabitants, where they met with prolonged opposition; they may have since been beaten by the Mantchu Tartars, when they crossed the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, on their way to Peking; they may have manifested a hostile bearing to Europeans, owing partly to the misrepresentation of their countrymen, and partly to the attitude assumed by the Europeans themselves; they may have treated Sir George Bonham's mission scurvily, and their chief may, in Oriental extravagance, have gone so far as to designate himself "Brother of Our Saviour." It is an Eastern expression, as they say Son of God. But they have some redeeming points about them; they have overthrown idolatry, they receive the Word of God with the greatest deference and eagerness; they call us brothers, and they are engaged in printing the Bible to a very large extent. There cannot be a question, then, but that, with all their faults, they present the best material with which to work out the regeneration of China. If, after the lapse of so many years, they have been unable to expel the reigning dynasty, still they hold possession of the richest and most wealthy and central provinces of the Flowery Land. Of the four most important and central parts of China, Chu-sin, on the Yellow River, Fu-shan, Hanchu, and King-tse-chin, three are on the vast and populous plain of the Yang-tse-kiang, and in the hands of the Chinese party. In those of the broken-down Mantchus, there only remain a few strongholds, the ports maintained by European forces, and the northerly provinces of Pe-cheli, or Pay-chi-li, Chan-si, and Chen-si.

VIII.—THE GREAT RIVERS OF CHINA.

The vast empire of China is divided into three valleys, by three great rivers: the Pearl River, at the sea board of which lies Canton and Hong; the Yang-tze-kiang, or "Son of the Ocean," at the mouth of which lie Chusan and Shanghai; and the Yellow River, on the other side of which lies Peking. It is

geographically bounded on the south and east by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by the Yu chain of mountains, and the Great Desert of Gobi, or the "Sea of Sand;" to the west by the mountains of Thibet; and to the south-west by the less elevated ranges that extend along the limits of the Burmese empire and Tonquin.

The position of the Chinese empire at the present moment is truly deplorable. It is pressed upon, on the coast line, by France and England; on the side of its northern frontier, by the Russians; and, upon the south and in the centre, by its own people, who seem resolved to extirpate the Tartar government.

It will be seen that for the purposes of European trade, the river communication of China is one of the utmost importance, and to this point we must draw our readers' attention. Of the three great rivers—Canton has already made us acquainted with the Pearl—the Yellow River, from the shifting of its waters (which, of late, have destroyed the Grand Canal), is of minor importance as a means of communication from the sea board, but the Yang-tse-kiang stands unrivalled by any other river in the world, as regards its population, its wealth, and the enormous traffic that takes place on its waters. There is a greater trade carried on between the eighteen provinces of China than between all Europe and the rest of the world. If we wish to have a share in that trade, we must go up to Han-chu,¹ where we shall find a new market for our manufactures, and means of distributing them in the interior among millions who have never heard of them. No real progress will be made till we have gained these two points—free access to the tea and silk districts and the central marts there, and the right to navigate the Yang-tse-kiang, and to enter the great cities on its banks and those of its tributaries. The population of the great plain to the Yang-tse-kiang is somewhere about one hundred millions, or about three and a-half times the population of the United Kingdom, and the navigation of the Yang-tse-kiang will afford us the means of controlling the Chinese, and dictating to them terms of fairness and justness in our intercourse. It is of the first importance that access to this district should be secured to us: it appears to be the most important mart in Asia; half the Manchester and Leeds goods that are sent to China have already found their way there. If a line of European commerce were opened, sea-going ships would leave their cargoes at Shanghai, and steamers would be employed on the river. Compare the Yang-tse-kiang with the Mississippi, there are no two rivers so nearly alike. But there is this difference, that while one has a population of one hundred millions on its banks, the other has not more than ten or twelve millions. Now when we come to consider the immense number of steamers running on the Mississippi to supply the wants of those ten millions, we can form some idea of the enormous number of vessels there must be on the Yang-tse-kiang to supply the wants of that vast population of one hundred millions, or more. The Mississippi and its tributaries have in constant employment more than a thousand steamboats, and many of these of very large size; and were the same class of steamers introduced on the Yang-tse-kiang that

¹ *Tu* signifies, in Chinese, the first order of towns; *chu*, of the second; *tsin*, of the third; all these are towns having walls around them.

run on the American rivers—vessels drawing from thirteen inches to three feet of water—it would inevitably give an enormous impetus to the traffic of that great river.

As we ascend the Yang-tse-kiang, the cities are found to be sadly desolated by prolonged civil war. Han-kow, or Han-chu, is the most central spot in the empire, from whence foreign trade might radiate. The *Furicus*, Captain Sherard Osborn, drawing sixteen feet of water, reached this great and important central mart. The river is navigable much further up, and beyond are caravan routes to Nepal and India—the ancient commercial line between the extreme east and the central east—before ships went to India by the Cape of Good Hope. If the Yang-tse-kiang is not the longest river in the world, being three thousand miles, if it does not drain so large an area even as the Amur—136,800 to 145,000 square miles—it is universally admitted to be one of the most important, having so many populous cities containing one hundred millions of people on its banks, and traversing as it does the centre of one of the richest and most productive countries in the world. The trade of Shanghai in exports alone is now about £12,000,000 sterling per annum, paid for by Manchester and Leeds goods, bar silver, and opium. To what extent this trade might be extended in the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang it would be futile to speculate upon, but it opens prospects even far beyond that, and which extend to the very heart of Thibet.

As you proceed up the river, it will be found that the population is not so much collected into large villages as in the south, but scattered over the country in farms and hamlets, imparting to the otherwise uninteresting scenery that air of domestic comfort and civilization which is more particularly the characteristic of Belgium and the low countries. Everywhere the population are industriously engaged in agricultural pursuits; not an inch of ground seems uncultivated; not a resource neglected for increasing the fertility of the soil. The whole country is intersected with water communication, most of the channels being a combination of the natural and artificial, and the sails of junks are visible above the level of the country, through which they seem impelled by some mysterious and hidden influence. In spring (about February), a thick hoar frost covered the fields in early morning, and a good coal fire is enjoyed at night.

Half way up the Yang-tse-kiang, also known by the name of the Blue River, it enters the province of Seatchewean at a distance of about 900 miles to Thibet. Here, at the distance of nearly 500 miles from the sea, is a coal district, and here also are the famous Salt Wells of Onchar, where the Chinese are in the daily habit of boring artesian wells, which not rarely pass through coal. The gas from some of these wells is used to evaporate the water and make salt, which it contains in the proportion of one-fifth. On up the river you will see officers who collect the salt duties. It is the income-tax of China—every one eats salt, and when you tax salt you tax everybody.

The Yang-tse-kiang is regarded as the largest, the deepest, and the most abundant river in the world. It passes first, as we ascend from the sea, through the province of Kiangsen and runs past Chekiang and Nankin, the capital of Southern China, now in possession of the rebels. It then passes upwards

through the province of Anhui for two hundred miles, through large towns and first-class cities, until the provinces of Hu-peh and Ha-nan are reached, the one on the north and the other on its south bank. Here grow the finest teas, which have hitherto been carried to Canton on men's backs over the mountains, instead of being placed on board our ships, which can sail up here, if permitted. Here are lakes, narrow rivers, and canals intersecting the country on all sides; and just here the Yang-tse-kiang unites with the river Han, at a spot about which are concentrated the three great trading cities of China, Wu-chung, Han-nan, and Han-kow, or "the Mouth of Commerce," which three cities are said to contain eight millions of population. Through the great province of Hu-peh the river flows, passing the great cities of King-chan and Tchang, with water deep enough for 300 tons burthen; indeed, there are no rapids, though the bottom is rocky, until we reach up to Kwei, which is 900 miles from the sea. When the snow melts upon the Thibetian mountains, the river is full, and the falls can be floated over; but these portions may be canalised. Here begin the coal fields of the Yang-tse-kiang; but above Kwei the river is deep and broad as the Canton river, and joins the Kialing river, which runs through the province of Yunnan, and on to Thibet and Burmah, where already English enterprise has pushed a trade over the Burmese territory from our own possessions on the Irrawaddi, so that English enterprise is prepared to compete with the Chinese trade on both of her frontiers. Take the description of travelling on the Yang-tse-kiang on two points, we find it as follows: For two hours we followed narrow tortuous paths, now winding among hills of red earth, where cotton and indigo grow in abundance, now returning through valleys between verdant plantations of rice. Soon we caught sight of the lake of Ping-hoe, whose blue surface, slightly ruffled by a slight breeze, glittered in the sun as if covered with innumerable diamonds. Three boats lay ready for us at the bank, our party were soon embarked; long sails, made of bamboo, and folded like fans, were quickly hoisted, and we pushed off. The wind being insufficient, its place was supplied by numbers of rowers; towards noon, however, the wind strengthened, and carried us rapidly over a magnificent lake. We encountered boats, of every size and shape, carrying passengers and merchandise, as well as numerous fishing smacks, distinguished by the black nets hung on the mast. The various vessels passing and re-passing, with their yellow sails and striped flags, the vague indefinite murmur floating around, the aquatic birds hovering over the lake and diving suddenly after their prey, all this presented a most charming and animated picture to the eye. We passed several floating islands, those curious productions of Chinese industry, which no other people seem to have thought of. These floating islands are enormous rafts, generally constructed of bamboos, which resist the decomposing influence of the water for a long time. Upon the raft is laid a tolerable thick bed of vegetable soil, and thanks to the patient labour of a few families of aquatic agriculturists, the astonished traveller beholds a whole colony living on the surface of the water, in pretty houses, with their gardens, as well as fields and plantations of every sort. The inhabitants of these farms seem to enjoy peace and abundance. During the leisure time that is not occupied by the culture of their rice fields, they employ themselves in fishing,

which is at the same time a pastime and a source of profit; often after gathering a crop of grain from the lake, they cast their nets and bring up a harvest of fish from its depths, for these waters teem with creatures fit for the use of man. Many birds, particularly swallows and pigeons, build their nests in these floating isles, and enliven the peaceful and poetic solitudes. Towards the middle of the lake, we encountered one of these islands, on its way to take up a fresh position. It moved very slowly, although there was a good deal of wind, and large sails were attached to the houses, as well as to the corners of the island; the inhabitants, men, women and children, lent their strength to aid its progress by working at large oars, but their efforts did not seem to materially increase the speed at which they moved. However, these peculiar mariners do not probably trouble themselves much about delays, as they are sure of sleeping on land, at whatever place they may go. Their migrations are often without any apparent motive. Like the Mongols in their vast prairies, they wander at will; but more fortunate than these latter, they have constructed for themselves a little solitude in the midst of civilization, and united the charms of a nomadic life to the advantage of a sedentary abode. These floating islands are to be found on all the great lakes of China, and at first sight present an enchanting picture of happiness and gaiety, whilst it is impossible not to admire the ingenious industry of these Chinese, so singular in all their proceedings. But when you consider the cause of their construction, the labour and patience necessary for their creation, by people unable to find a corner on the solid earth on which to establish themselves, the smiling picture assumes a darker tint, and the mind endeavours vainly to penetrate the future of a race so numerous that the land will no longer hold it, and which has sought a resting-place on the surface of the waters.¹

¹ The traveller in the Celestial Empire, reflecting on the countless myriads of inhabitants whose numbers increase year by year with frightful rapidity, is almost tempted to wonder that China should not experience one of those exterminating scourges by which providence arrests from time to time the rapid increase of too fertile races. The population of China has been the subject of much debate among European authors, who had no means of coming to exact conclusions. The Chinese statistics are, nevertheless, kept with care, and in each province the heads of families are required to inscribe their number in registers kept for the purpose, and the total number are collected and published. The method of registration has varied much even in modern times; numerous classes of non-ratepaying individuals have been omitted from the census, and hence results the difference in the calculations of the Chinese population presented to us at different times. The following account appears to be equally authentic, though the largest number surpasses the smallest by 183,000,000: In 1743, according to Father Amiot, 150,265,475; in 1761, according to Father Hallerstein, 198,214,552; in 1794, according to Lord Macartney, 333,000,000. The most recent census, taken under the Mautchu dynasty, raises the total number up to 361,000,000. We have not the information necessary to examine this calculation and decide with certainty; but we do not doubt the correctness of the estimate, in spite of the enormous number registered. It is easy to form perfect opposite ideas of the population of China, according to the route by which you traverse it. If, for example, in the centre provinces, you travel along the roads, you would be led to believe the country much less populous than it really is. The villages are few and far between, the waste lands so considerable that you might at times fancy yourself in the plains of Tartary. But traverse the same province by the canal or rivers, and the aspect of the country is entirely changed. Often you pass high cities containing not less than two or three millions of inhabitants; whilst smaller towns and great villages follow each other in almost uninterrupted succession. It is difficult to conceive where these numberless multitudes, whose mere habitation seems to

Speaking of Wuchang, the same one of our emissaries informed us that "the river at this place resembles a great arm of the sea. Multitudes of enormous junks were moving rapidly down or slowly up this 'River Child of the Sea,' as the Chinese call it. The wind was blowing from the south, which was favourably enough for us, as we only wanted a side wind, but it was extremely violent, and as the passage boats we found stationed at the shore appeared much too slight for stormy weather in these impetuous waters, we hesitated a little before embarking in them. The example, however, of many other travellers who made no difficulty having reassured us, we entered a boat which soon carried us away with almost terrific rapidity. When we were near the middle of the river, we met with a squall that sent our boat so much on her side that her sails for a moment touched the water. At length, after a passage of three-quarters of an hour, we arrived, without accident, in the port of Wuchang, where we were detained more than two hours opening a passage for ourselves through the prodigious mass of junks in the anchorage."

Of the country on the river banks, he says—"Along the road we met groups of little Chinese children, with large straw hats, leading goats, asses, or enormous buffaloes, to feed on the grass that grows in the ditches by the road side. You can hear the prattling of the little creatures quite far off, and see them capering and jumping. Large trees are on the road side, and not seldom, it must be said, swarms of mosquitoes, whose stings render an evening, already too hot, by no means more supportable."

IX.—THE MARITIME CITIES OF CHINA.

HAVING now accomplished our object, in giving the reader some insight into the inside life of China—that is, the portion of the country not immediately on the sea-board—we will proceed on our voyage.

The six main busy provinces—which are almost nations—known out of the eighteen vast divisions of which China is constituted, are Kwan-twang, or "The East Plain," with 20,000,000 of population; Fuh-kien, "The Consummation of Happiness," with 15,000,000; Chch-kiang, "The Country of the Winding River" (Yang-tse-kiang), with 20,000,000; Kiang-fu, "The Country of the Happy River" (the Yellow River), with 38,000,000; Shaug-tang, "East of the Mountains," with 29,000,000; and Pecheli, "The Supreme Province," with 29,000,000. It is to open up a special trade with these provinces that we demand a right of trading with the ports of Canton. Amoy, Ningpo, Shanghai, and Chusan were opened by the treaty of Nankin, and those of New-chang, Tang-chou, Tai-wan (the island of Formosa), Chau-chou (Swatow), and Kiang-chou (or the isle of Hainan, at the extreme point of China), by the treaty of Tien-tsin. To inspect some of these ports, and to get an insight into Chinese life and habits is the object of our present run along the shore upwards from Hong-kong to the Gulf of Pe-che-li. Chinese nature, as you pass along the coast, presents a cheerless and inhospitable aspect; occasionally you see a fishing village just rise above the sterility and barrenness of the huge mountain of yellow sand and surf-beaten rocks; then a battery very like a sand-heap, then a pagoda, then a convoy of

cover the whole surface of the land, can find means of subsistence; and the estimate of 361,000,000 would seem rather under than over the truth.

trading junks at anchor in a rock-bound bay, hidden by three pyramidal hills; that is Swatow, where there is a great trade in sugar, brought over from Formosa to be refined, and afterwards exported to various ports of China. As the frequent piracy perilled these valuable cargoes, it became customary for the Chinese merchants to hire foreign vessels, and hence, in spite of the Chinese authorities, a very extensive trade has sprung up. Swatow is also the centre of a Coolie emigration or exportation to Havana and Callao, and there are tales told here that would make a slave captain shudder. The men of Swatow are fine sturdy fellows, most of them in turbans of dark blue nankeen, and the women wear picturesque dresses, all of the gayest colours. The head dresses of the young girls are very pretty—their hair plaited in a long tail, which is wound round and round the head, terminating in a tassel behind. A round black silk or velvet band encircles the upper part of the forehead, and has generally a gaudy jewel in front; a fine flower jauntily placed on one side of the head completes her head-dress. Others have the hair curiously worked up into shape. Handsome gold ornaments and flowers tastefully placed give the head of a pretty girl a fine appearance. We went to see a play here, and arrived just as the drums banged and the cymbals clashed for a fighting scene, as they always do, to give effect to the blows. The dresses were capital, and the wardrobe extensive. The heroines were played by men; one in particular acted remarkably well, and the studied attitudes, even to the position of the fingers, were admirable. In one furious scene, where the heroine had been going through a terrific piece of fierce declamation, in a high falsetto, she threw herself (or rather himself), in the height of injured innocence, into a chair, and hiding her face from the spectators, as in the deepest grief, quietly expelled her quid, invisibly to them, but bringing the sublime much too near the ridiculous for us who were at the side scenes. There is no use attempting to describe a Chinese play. Grand dresses, marches, processions, kowtowing, fighting and quarrelling, are jumbled in inexpressible confusion. The actors, in the absence of play-bills, coolly walk forward and proclaim who they are, sometimes even hold up a placard with the title on it; make no difficulty about distance, pretend to get on a horse, no horse being on the stage, and then say: "I have now arrived at such a place." Most of their plays relate to old Chinese times, their costumes being almost invariably such as were used previous to the Tartar invasion. Their travelling apparatus is well arranged, being packed in gaudily painted boxes, which form seats behind the stage, and are, we believe, also fitted up for cooking, another as a dressing stand, for washing and painting their faces; some of their faces are most curiously painted to represent demons, or more often terrible creatures. From here to Namoa, a literary island and a collegiate city; which is famous for little else than its den of opium smokers and opium dealers, who, at the base of the barren hills on the sea shore, have established a trading station. The island bay, near the city, swarms with small craft, whose industrious owners, a hardy class, working naked, make us wonder why China wants a navy, and by no means feel astonished that with such a government she has such a pirate-population on her shores. From here to Amoy barren rocks and sharp blowing sand and nothing worth looking at, but the Chapel Island, which the sea

has tunnelled through. The first thing that strikes you as you land at Amoy, passing up what looks like a deep bay, but is only made by another island, Kolungsu, is the spot where the English fleet "blew out of the water"—the only Chinese fleet that ever dared to face them. The town itself looks like a wooden Wapping, and has two long streets of open shops,—cranky concerns, full of ugly-looking meat (you think of cannibals and dog-eaters when you see such joints), and bread that looks like honey-soap. The streets are narrow, and the perpetual "Ah-ho" of the palankeen bearers causes fresh confusion every instant. Of course, the English live in good houses. The trade is mostly in teas and silks, but Amoy is not so well situated as its rival, Shanghai. Every one we met was smoking a pipe, not of opium, but of good honest tobacco.¹

We were not sorry to leave Amoy and forge along to the rocky mouth of the Min river on our way to Foo-chow, the sea-port of Fuh-kien, which sells us fifty millions of pounds weight of tea, and takes only 100,000% of our goods, besides some million and a half of bullion away from us; for, as for coin, the Chinese have nothing of it, so far as silver and gold are concerned.²

They say that Foo-chow or Fu-chu, is not a good place for teas, which are there, as 26 to 18 in price, compared with Fun-chun, a place at some short distance above; but it has always been the greatest trading-place of the two, and the Chinese must know best. We were compelled to get into a boat at the mouth of the river, for we had still 25 miles to go up to the city. This Chinese boating is very pleasant; imagine a gondola style of craft, thirty feet long by six broad, with the sails, if the wind blows fair, and ten oarsmen, if that fails; carrying out the contrary as usual, they push, instead of pull, the oar, to the accompaniment of that singularly inharmonious chant. It was a long and tedious pull, for the tide was against us, and the night had fallen, and we could only see the dark tops of the mountains, and an occasional village light, and hear the hoarse gurgling of the murky waters, as the tide rushed by our frail, gimeracky habitation. At

¹ The use of tobacco has become universal throughout the empire; men, women, children, everybody smokes almost without ceasing. They go about their daily business, cultivate the fields, ride on horseback, and write, constantly with the pipe in their mouths. During their meals, if they stop for a moment, it is to smoke a pipe; and if they wake in the night, they are sure to amuse themselves in the same way. It may be easily supposed, therefore, that in a country containing three hundred millions of smokers, without counting the tribes of Tartary and Thibet, who lay in their stocks in the Chinese markets, the culture of tobacco has become very important. Any one may grow it. There is no tax. The favourite tobacco is that of Leao-tong, in Mantchuria, and in the province of Tse-chouen. The leaves are variously prepared, according to the locality; in the south they cut them extremely fine; in the north they rub them up coarsely, and put them in their pipes. Snuff-takers are less numerous than smokers. The Mantchu Tartars are, however, great in using this "smoke for the nose," as the Chinese call it. The Chinese carry snuff, not in boxes, but in phials.

² The Chinese have no silver or gold coin of their own. Silver in "shoes" of various sizes, generally about fifty taels (16½ worth), and golden bars or leaf are used where foreign money is not current. The banker puts his stamp upon it, and the "touch" is thereby guaranteed. Any tampering with the quality is rare. In Canton foreign dollars are so marked by the guaranteeing stamps, that the original character of the coin is often obliterated; and in the north, where Carolus dollars, unstamped, are preferred, it used to be the custom to mark them with the banker's seal in ink.

last we reach the Pagoda anchorage, where the opium ships are lying, and row past the low-land paddy plantations, near the wheat-field shore, through the floating city of junks, under the beautiful bridge of 200 arches, until we reach our landing-place, near the Viceroy's palace, where reigns a sepulchral stillness.³

Up through lanes dismal in the lantern's shade—up dirty, ragged, stone-fenced streets—down in deeper arches than before, only to go up stone steps, one above the other, an immense height, and then into a house where English faces welcome us. Foo-chow is a wonderful place, and has a balance of trade to the extent of a million and a half in gold and silver against us. We ordered chairs next morning, and set out to see the city. The streets are narrow, and you go in Indian file, your bearers shouting all the while to make way. Over the bridge we went, which is twelve feet wide and about twelve thousand feet in length. The bridge path is narrowed by stalls to eight feet, and this is crowded. Twice we were lifted and held up outside the bridge, over the parapet, while a Mandarin, with a grand *cortège*, passed by. The bridge is old, but strong as petrified rock, and made of immense stones. Here were the people, everywhere as usual, as busy as bees in a hive.⁴

³ When they see Europeans spend hours in walking for the mere sake of the exercise, the Chinese ask if it is not more conformable to civilised ideas to sit down quietly, to smoke, and drink tea, when you have nothing else to do, or, still better, to go to bed at once. The idea of meeting to spend the greater part of the night in amusements and gaiety has not yet presented itself to them. They are like our worthy ancestors before they lit upon a way of prolonging the day till midnight, and the night till noon. All the Chinese, even of the higher class, go to bed in time to get up at sunrise—New Year's Day, and certain family festivals excepted. On these days they do not allow themselves a moment's repose. In general, they follow the course of the heavenly bodies in their arrangements of day and night. At these hours, which in the great cities of Europe are the most noisy and tumultuous, the cities of China enjoy the most profound tranquillity. Every one has returned unto his family; all the shops are closed; the boatmen, the mountebank, the public reader, have finished their sittings, and nothing like business is to be seen, except, perhaps, in a few theatres, which depend mostly on the working classes, who have only the night at their disposal, in which they enjoy the favourite amusement of seeing a play.

⁴ Nothing strikes the stranger's mind more forcibly than the energetic, never-tiring industry of the Chinese. All seem to be hard at work—even the beggars perspire with their continual calls for cash. Each profession by itself, and every man in his place, are busy at work; many of the operatives do not raise their heads to see the chair of the "Western Devil." Go through a thickly-settled street, among the mechanics at Paris, London, or New York, and everything you see done there you will find being executed in China, only with simpler utensils, and in a slower manner, but with greater perfection. The Chinese have little to learn from us; we cannot point to a practical discovery that experience has not already taught them. Their dress is the most comfortable and cheapest; their boats suit all their wants, and each is best adapted for its own waters; they have had water-tight partitions for ages; they make most beautiful silks with the simplest possible loom; their tools are less costly and more handy than ours; their saw requires far less iron than ours, their bellows gives a constant draft of air, and is merely an oblong or cylindrical box with a piston worked in it. In their water-mills for grinding flour, there is no trouble or expense in keeping the machinery in order while at work; to each pivot or axle a small bamboo pipe constantly supplies a dropping of water, which prevents all heating from friction. In propelling their boats the powerful scull admits of a child doing as much work as a man with us. If the Tyne keels or the Thames barges were fitted with a long, bent, well balanced Chinese scull, hung only on a small iron pivot, and with a rope on board to give extra pressure, one man would do the work of at least two with half the exertion. The Chinese system of agriculture combines all that we have only just reached by a long course of

The pawnbrokers are most systematic in their dealings, and squeeze their customers with the avaricious perseverance of Jews, while the private banking establishments are conducted on the European principle. Although coolies are passing to and from the banks with cash, the currency most in use for small amounts is paper, signed and countersigned with remarkable perfection and ingenuity.¹

The women of Foo-chow are by no means ashamed of being seen. They have fine sturdy figures, dress their hair prettily, and have a fine healthy bloom on their cheeks. They do most of the carrying work, and are remarkably neat and clean. They wear little white aprons, the folds of which are carefully puckered and plaited. They do not follow the small-foot fashion and the little toddling step of the Canton belles, but step out firm and free. A peasant woman of Foo-chow will carry two chests of tea, each weighing one hundred pounds, from the city to the river, and make light of it. The Tartar women (there is a Tartar quarter here) wear their hair all drawn back from the forehead, and fastened in a knot behind with a sort of skewer stuck through it, at the end of which is a flower; they wear unmentionables, appear to be stuck into wide loose stockings, generally very dirty, and shoes with amazingly thick felt soles often down at the heels.

You see about as much out of the city as in—the same shops, tradesmen, and active stir of everyday life.² The walls of the city are some thirty feet in height, and expensively ornamented over the several gateways, all of which are composed of granite foundations, finished off with bricks. These walls are some eight miles in circumference, and there are seven gates for entrance. The most prominent public buildings are the Treasury Department, and the houses, (or *yamuns*) of the various officials; the Confucian Temple, destroyed some time since by fire; the Temples of the "God of War," the "Goddess of Mercy," the residence of the Viceroy, and the college, jail, &c. The Viceroy's palace hardly deserves the name; but is like all their public residences, that seem built more for tinsel and show, than substantiality and comfort. The curiosity shops are full of ivory carving, wood work and tortoiseshell, bronze goods, and lacquered ware, for which the

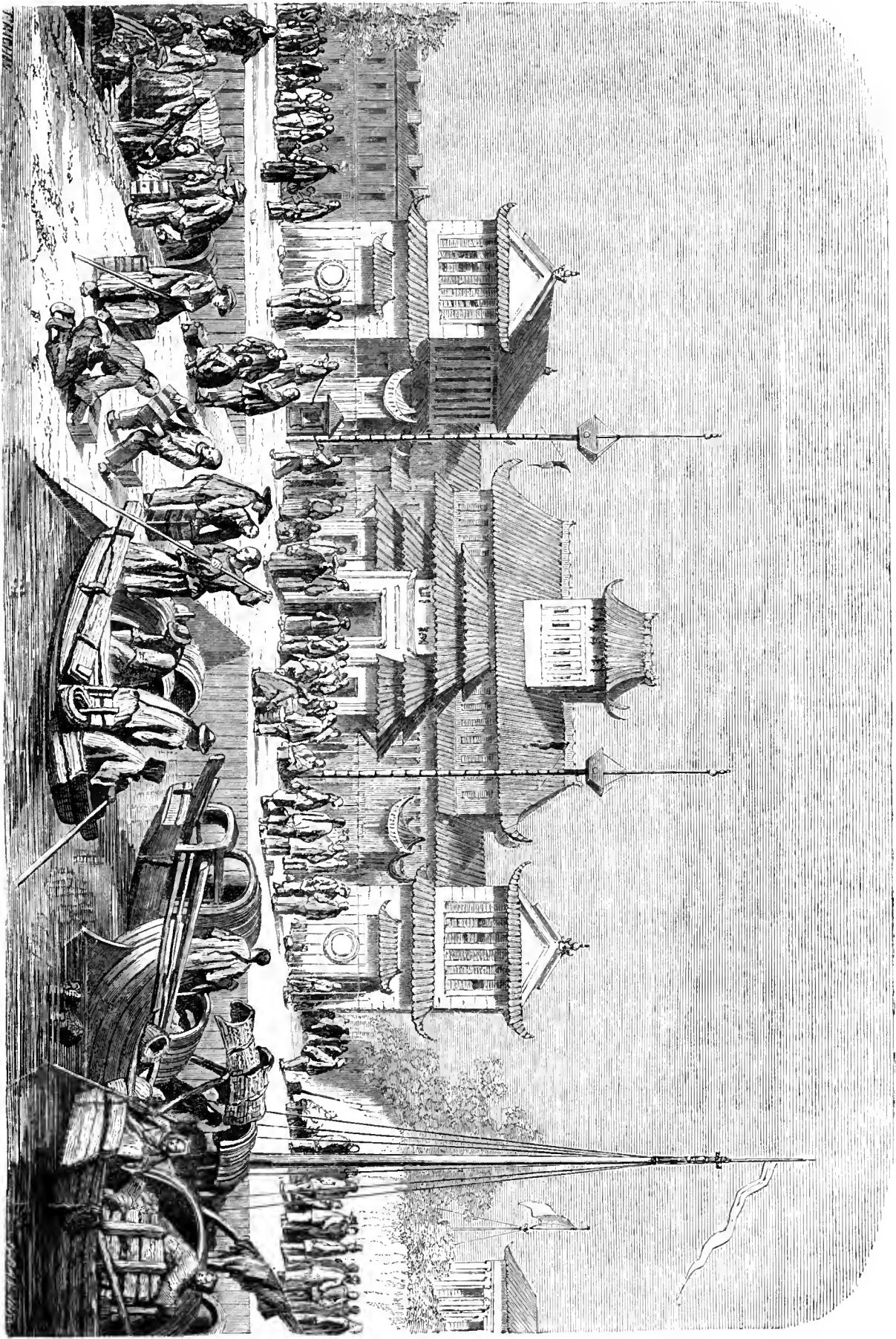
scientific inquiry. We have much to learn from this people. The mud of their rivers is collected—instead of being left to generate malaria—and is used for manure. They burn earth with their dung-heaps, and produce a rich mould. They collect their night soil and apply it fresh, instead of wasting the ammonia by fermentation; and, what is more, they absolutely grow acres of clover for no other purpose than manure.

¹ The Chinese method of settling a commercial panic is decided and effectual. We give an example. At Foo-chow bank-notes are current, and there, as elsewhere, it sometimes happens that the bankers are unable to meet their engagements. In 1855 several banks were in this position, and as the people were heavy losers, they clamoured vociferously at the offices, and even commenced pulling down the houses. The mob was too strong for the mandarins. On the first day the soldiers, who should have been ready, could not be mustered, but enough were assembled next day to clear the streets, which they did effectually, by beheading those who were the largest holders of notes, and taking others prisoners! The beheading was openly performed in the public streets, without trial, and caused great consternation; but it stopped the run on the banks. A useful lesson for Threadneedle-street.

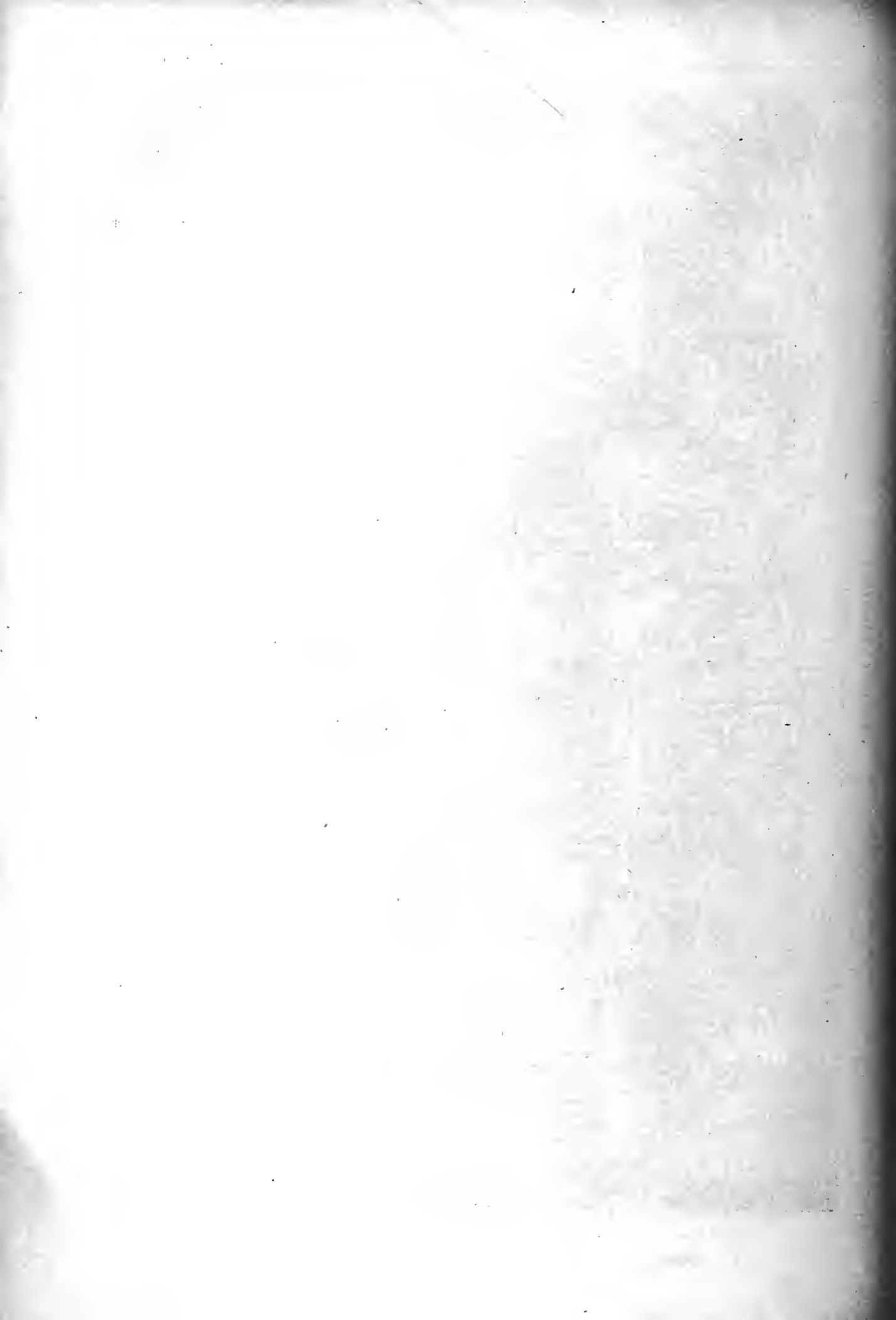
² What an eye the Chinese have to business may be imagined from the fact that while the English fleet were bombarding Canton, the sampans or shop-boats were all day long proceeding from ship to ship, and selling fruit and vegetables to the sailors who were firing their houses.

Foo-chow artists enjoy a special fame. The British Consulate was once an old monastery, and from it is a beautiful prospect of the town and surrounding country. There are also the Buddhist monastery of Cooshan, on a height 1,400 feet above the city. A whale's tooth—said to be Buddha's, and an old bonze, said to be 500 years old, with nails four inches long, and the Ningpo Temple, with two elaborately carved columns of granite, said to have cost £2,000—a prodigious sum, considering the cheapness of Chinese workmanship. Coming back from the Peak over the monastery, which is 2,500 feet above the town, we met with a gentleman travelling in a wheelbarrow! (see p. 144). We afterwards found this to be by no means unusual; indeed, wheelbarrows are among the ordinary modes of transport for human beings in the Celestial Empire. The missionaries prefer them, on account of their cheapness, to all other modes of conveyance, notwithstanding that they are very fatiguing. Travelling wheelbarrows are constantly to be seen in the streets of Shanghai and Tien-tsin. The wheel is in the centre, and the patient is seated on one side, and is counterpoised by his baggage on the other. What is still more curious and an ascertained fact, is that in some parts of China there are wheelbarrows propelled by sails. The well-known traveller and missionary Huc declares to having seen one. When there is a good side wind, or it is blowing a gale from behind, the labours of the wheeler are singularly facilitated by such a process.

Next day we came down the river through a richly cultivated country, and resumed our course along the coast of the most densely populated province of China, past Wan-chun, where a tolerable trade in sea-salt and alum was got up lately, until we sighted the little sacred island of Puto and the Chusan group; Chusan is a large and beautiful island, with noble mountains and fertile valleys sloping to the sea. You reach the harbour of Tinghai through narrow channels of rocky islets. It is a small place of 20,000 inhabitants. The port is impregnable in good hands, and is a fine harbour of refuge. The island grows cotton (but not much), and the *Urtica nivea*, which produces a strong fibre capable of being worked very fine. There is also a palm tree growing here, from the bracts of which a strong fibre is obtained, which the people use to make hats and coats of for rainy weather. The green tea shrub is everywhere cultivated, and the tallow tree is abundant, as well as the camphor tree. Here the Chinese shopkeepers have adopted English names, as "Stultz, tailor, from London;" "Buckmaster, tailor to the Army and Navy;" "Dobbs, grocer." There are a number of "tradesmen to her Majesty," and we heard of one, Ching-Kang, changed into "John King, tailor to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment." Below was a single word, *uniformsofalldescriptions*. Their language is a mixture of Portuguese, Malay, Bengalese, and Pigeon English. Most of the inhabitants earn a living by making salt on the shore. The possession of Chusan is a great protection to our trade with the north, and now that we have it once more, we shall not leave it. It stands central to Japan and Corea. The sickness of the English troops, while there, was attributable to their barracks being placed in a marsh, instead of on the hills above. In the spring, Chusan is one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and reminds us of England. In the mornings



CUSTOM HOUSE AT SHANGHAI



the grass sparkles with the dew, the air is cool and refreshing, the birds are singing in every bush, and flowers are hanging in graceful festoons from the trees and hedges.

We resumed our voyage, and when we rose next morning, found ourselves in the shallow waters that noted the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang—a river 1,500 miles in navigable length—coming down here from the very backbone of Central Asia, and running through 600,000 square miles of midland China. The first land we saw was the island of Woo-sing, which has been gradually formed from the debris of the "River Child of the Ocean." Shipping of every class were scudding in and out, and at Woo-sing were lying half-a-dozen opium ships—a visit to which was enough to give you a headache for a week. A floating lighthouse marks the entrance to the Wang-hoo river, seven miles up which lies Shanghai; and with the tide in our favour, and a light breeze, we merrily worked our way, assisted by a crew of Chinese boatmen—nine of whom were at the rudder—sailing in a puny-looking, bamboo-masted, latteen-sailed, square at both sides, and high in the middle, constructed craft (a house boat), past the damp, swampy, Essex-looking coast, past the mountains far away from the river's banks, till a missionary village, with its tiny church, a good, substantial residence, and a dozen more well-built houses, broke the monotony. Now we push past the large square mansions of the merchant residents at each corner, and land at the Custom House, in the English port.

X.—SHANGHAI.

SHANGHAI is the most northerly of the five ports at which foreigners are now permitted to trade with the Chinese. It is situated about a hundred miles in a north-west direction from the island of Chusan. The city stands on the bank of a fine river, about twelve miles from the point where it joins the celebrated Yang-tse-kiang, or "River Child of the Ocean." The Wan-su river, as it is generally called by foreigners, is as wide at Shanghai as the Thames at London Bridge. Its main channel is deep, and easily navigated, when known, but the river abounds in long mud-banks, dangerous to large foreign vessels, unless they happen to go up with a fair wind, and manage to get a good pilot on board at the entrance of the river.

The city of Shanghai is surrounded with high walls and ramparts, built upon the same plan as all other Chinese fortifications of this kind. The circumference of the walls is about three and a half miles, and the greater part of the inside is densely studded with houses; the suburbs, particularly all along the side of the river, are very extensive. Although the gates of the city are closed soon after dark, the people are allowed to pass through afterwards on the payment of a few "cash." When the gate is open to one a whole crowd are ready to rush through along with him, the first only paying the "cash." Such is the custom; so that if a poor man comes to the gate he has only to wait until one richer than himself arrives, when the fee being paid, they pass through together. Joss-houses are met with in all directions, both in the city and suburbs; at certain parts on the ramparts also these temples are built and crowded with idols, where the natives come to burn incense, bow the knee, and engage in the other ceremonies of heathen idol worship. Fortune-tellers and jugglers are also in great request,

and reap a rich harvest by working upon the credulity of their countrymen. You meet these characters in all the streets and public squares in Shanghai, and, what is very strange, the *sing-songs* or theatricals, of which the Chinese are particularly fond, are frequently exhibited in the temples.

The streets are generally very narrow, and in the day time are crowded with people actively engaged in business. The merchandise, which is the most striking to a stranger walking through the streets, is silk and embroidery, cotton and cotton goods, porcelain, ready-made clothes of all kinds beautifully lined with skins and fur, bamboo pipes, six feet long, and, nicely arranged in the shops, pictures, bronzes, and numerous curiosity shops for the sale of carved bamboo ornaments, old pieces of porcelain, and things of that kind, to which the Chinese attach great value. But articles of food form of course the most extensive trade of all; and it is sometimes a difficult matter to get through the streets for the immense quantities of fish, pork, fruit, and vegetables which crowd the stands in front of the shops. Besides the more common kinds of vegetables, the shepherd's pulse and a kind of trefoil clover are extensively used among the natives there, and really these things, when properly cooked, more particularly the latter, are not bad. Dining-rooms, tea-houses, and baker's shops are met with at every step, from the poor man who carries his kitchen or bakehouse upon his back, and beats upon a piece of bamboo to apprise the neighbourhood of his presence, and whose whole establishment is not worth a dollar, to the most extensive tavern or tea-garden crowded with hundreds of customers. For a few cash (1000 or 1200, one dollar), a Chinese can dine in a sumptuous manner upon his rice, fish, vegetables, and tea; and hence, some travellers believe that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China. The very beggars seem a kind of jolly crew, and are kindly treated by the inhabitants.

Shanghai is by far the most important station for foreign trade on the coast of China, and is, consequently, attracting a large share of public attention. No other town possesses greater advantages; it is the great gate—the principal entrance, in fact—to the Chinese empire. In going up the river towards the town, a forest of masts meets the eye, and shows at once that it is a place of vast native trade. Junks come here from all parts of the coast, not only from the southern provinces, but also from Shan-tung and Pe-che-li; there are, also, a considerable number, annually, from Singapore and the Malay Islands. The convenience of inland transit is also unrivalled in any part of the world. The country being, as it were, the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, is one vast plain, intersected by many beautiful rivers, and these again joined and crossed by canals, many of them nearly natural and others stupendous works of art. Owing to the level nature of the country the tide ebbs and flows a great distance inland, thus assisting the natives in the transmission of their exports to Shanghai, or their imports to the most distant parts of the country. The port of Shanghai swarms with boats of all sizes employed in this inland traffic; and the traveller continually meets them, and gets a glimpse of their sails over the land at every step of his progress in the interior. Since the port has been opened, these boats bring down large quantities of tea and silk, to supply the wants of our merchants who have established themselves here, and return loaded

with the manufactures of Europe and America, which they have taken in exchange. Our plain cotton goods are most in demand amongst the Chinese because they can dye them in their own peculiar style, and fit them for the tastes of the people. From what we know of the geographical nature of the country, there can be no doubt that all the green teas, and perhaps the greatest portion of the black, can be brought to Shanghai at less expense than they can be taken to Canton, or any of the southern towns, except, perhaps, Ning-po; and, as the tea-men incur less risk in taking their money home from the north, owing to the peaceable nature of the inhabitants, this will be another very great inducement to bring their teas to Shanghai. People generally suppose the black-tea districts to be nearer the port of Fu-chu-pu than either Ning-po or Shanghai; but it must be recollected that very few of the black teas now imported to England are from the Bohea hills, as these teas are considered coarser, and much inferior in quality to other kinds, which are from a very different country much farther to the north, and on the northern side of the Great Mountain. The large silk districts of Northern China are close at hand: there can be no doubt that a large proportion of that commodity, in a raw state, will be disposed of at Shanghai. Taking, therefore, all these facts into consideration, the proximity of Shanghai and other large towns, Hang-chu, Su-chu, and the ancient capital of Nankin: the large native trade, the convenience of inland transit by means of rivers and canals; the fact that teas and silks can be brought here more readily than to Canton; and, lastly, viewing this place as an immense mart for our cotton manufactures, which we already know it to be—it is easily understood how it not only rivals Canton, but has become a place of far greater importance. And, when it is added that the climate is healthy, the natives peaceable, and foreign residents respected, and allowed to walk and ride all over the country to any distance not exceeding a day's journey, it will be acknowledged that as a place to live at, it has many advantages over its southern rival.

As an agricultural country, the plain of Shanghai is by far the richest which is to be seen in China, and is, perhaps, unequalled by any district of like extent in the world. It is one vast beautiful garden. The hills nearest to Shanghai are distant about thirty miles. These have an isolated appearance in the extensive plain, and are not more than 200 or 300 feet high. All the rest of the country is a vast level plain, without a mountain or a hill to break the monotony of the view. The soil is a rich deep loam, and produces heavy crops of wheat, barley, rice, and cotton, besides an immense quantity of green vegetable crops, such as cabbages, turnips, yams, carrots, egg-plants, cucumbers, and other articles of that kind, which are grown in the vicinity of the city. The land, although level, is generally higher than the valleys amongst the hills or the plains round Ning-po, and, consequently, it is well adapted for the cultivation of cotton, which is, in fact, the staple production of the district. Indeed, this is the great Nankin cotton country, from which large quantities of that article are generally sent in junks to the north and south of China, as well as to the neighbouring islands. Both the white kind, and that called the "yellow cotton," from which the yellow nankeen cloth is made, are produced in the district.

The soil of this district is not only remarkably fertile, but agriculture seems more advanced, and bears a greater

resemblance to what it is at home. Farm-yards are here to be met with, containing stacks regularly built up and thatched in the same form and manner as we find them in England; the land too is ridged and furrowed the same way; and were it not for plantations of bamboo, and the long tails and general costume of the natives, a man might almost imagine himself on the banks of the Thames. A very considerable portion of the land in the vicinity of the town is occupied by the tombs of the dead. In all directions large conical shaped mounds meet the eye, overgrown with long grass, and in some instances planted with shrubs and flowers. The traveller here, as well as at Ning-po and Chusan, constantly meets with coffins placed on the surface of the ground out in the fields, carefully thatched over with straw or mats to preserve them from the weather. Sometimes, though rarely, when the relatives are less careful than they generally are, coffins are met with broken or crumbling to pieces with age, exposing the remains of the dead. Coffins of children are met with everywhere, are raised from the ground on a few wooden posts, and carefully thatched over to protect them from the weather, reminding the stranger that some parent, with feelings as tender and acute as his own, has been bereaved of a loved one, whom he, perhaps, expected should cheer and support him in his declining years, and whose remains he now carefully watches. Those in the higher ranks of life have, generally, a family burial place at a little distance from the town, planted with cypresses and pine trees, with a temple and altar built to hold the josses or idols, and where the various religious ceremonies are performed. A man with his family is stationed there to protect the place, and to burn candles and incense on certain high days. Others, again, are interred in what may be called public cemeteries, several of which are to be met with in the vicinity of Shanghai. These are large buildings, each containing a certain number of spacious halls or rooms, and having the coffins placed in rows around the sides.

Since Europeans have established themselves along the coast of China, Shanghai is uniformly considered, of all spots, the pleasantest as a residence. With a society almost as numerous as Hong-Kong, there is much agreeable social intercourse, owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to the fact that it is the *ultima thule* of civilisation, and has not yet been forced into exclusiveness by miscellaneous hordes making it a house of call; while, as a foreign community in a distant land, it is not subject to those political dissensions which so often distract our own colonies. There is, moreover, an air of substantial prosperity about Shanghai, which occasionally expands into magnificence, and displays itself in palatial residences, and an expensive style of living; but there is also, unhappily, a gloomy side to the picture; and there are years when an unfortunately heavy venture in silk, on the part of the community, results in a corresponding reduction of crinoline.

Situated on the flat bank of the river, Shanghai owes none of its charms to the picturesque, but the handsome houses which line the shore, for a distance of two miles, give it an imposing appearance as approached from the sea. The English section of the town, though not confined exclusively to British subjects, is the largest. It lies between the French and American; each of these different quarters is inhabited by subjects of other countries. The boundary of the French concession is the city wall. The city is about three miles

in circumference, and contains a population of about 300,000. Shanghai is chiefly celebrated for old china, inlaid copper, and other objects of "vertu," which it imports from Su-chu, to meet the European demand. It has suffered a good deal from the occupation of the rebels, and its nice famous tea-gardens are now a mass of grotesque rock-work and debris, but little frequented, and which in their best days must have been rather quaint than pretty.

We will now take a chair, and proceed to inspect the town. We find the foreign settlement situated on the river-bank. The buildings (or *hongs*) are very large, and two storeys high, with upper and lower verandas, and each surrounded with its garden. Behind them are the tea and silk warehouses, or "go-downs," as they call them, some a hundred and thirty feet in length by forty. The English merchants in China take pride in their elegant furniture, and choice pictures and engravings. How wonderful is China! we kept on exclaiming, as we jostled in company with a learned doctor through the city. It took three miles to bring us to a gate, and all the way through a thickly-peopled district, passing countless men, women, and children, all hurrying on with loads of vegetables, baskets of fowls, and various bundles of teas, silk, &c. In one street, we went into a coffin-maker's manufactory—coffins are matters of compliment in China, they make presents of them and keep them for years; and a joss paper-maker's, where we saw the paper shaken out on a sieve (they have no machines), and the pulp made. The Chinese method of making paper is the same as Koop's famous patent. Koop had been in China and Japan, and seen it made, and Koop really made paper out of deal boards: In the canals here you may see large quantities of bamboo partially covered with mud so as to be pressed under water. These were intended to be made into paper, after they had been soaked for some time. The process of making paper is carried out as follows:—After being soaked for some time, the bamboos are split up and saturated with lime and water until they have become quite soft. They are then beaten into a pulp in mortars, or, where water-power is at hand, as in the hilly districts, the beating or stamping process is done by means of stampers, which rise and fall as the cogs, which are placed on the axis of the water-wheel, revolve. When the mass has been reduced to a fine pulpy substance, it is then taken to a furnace and well boiled until it has become quite white, and is then made into paper. The fine stuff is used for writing and drawing papers, the common for brown, and for cutting up in pieces to be used by builders in their mortar.

Here we come to rice and corn mills, and there you would fall in with a whole row of blacksmiths, carpenters, umbrella-makers, rope manufactories, boots, shoes, tailors, bookbinders, now and then a barber, shaving with his two-inch chisel of a razor over a pastry-cook's—cakes frizzling in the pan. Further on we came to a beautiful street, wider than the rest—say ten or twelve feet—gaily caparisoned with gaudy swinging signs of boards or pasteboard, coloured cotton or metallic signs, the several characters noting the name and style of the firm standing out conspicuously, completely lined on both sides with wholesale and retail tradesmen, cloth goods or ready-made clothing, beans, peas, and rice in one shop, and caps and silks and cloths in the next; pictures and prints, cook-shops and eating-houses, curiosity-mongers, pawnbrokers,

banks, books, and barbers; some polishing stone ornaments, some grinding corn and rice, some kneading dough with the pot swinging ready to receive it, while others were engaged in counting cash at some exchange-house, smoking opium in an hotel, or drinking samshu in a pot-house, and an occasional beggar got up in the best possible style with rags and vermin, sores and filth, person exposed, and mud-balls stuck on his forehead, yelling at the top of his voice round some aristocratic tradesman's place for money, and the poor shopman dare not drive him away, for the professional beggar is like a fellowship porter, licensed to beg by government, and you can only get rid of him by giving him 'cash.' They then go on to the next, and before night, collect enough to buy some rice, drink a cup of samshu, and then get drunk over their opium pipe. Passing along this thickly-shopped street, we dived down a small lane and into a bathing house, where the poor come at all hours and take a bath for less than a farthing. Each bather has a little box for his clothes, and an obsequious servant to help him to dress, and, if he chooses, a cup of tea is near at hand. Some, only half dressed, were being operated upon by a corn doctor—and they are at home in such science—others were arguing and talking wisdom, and some singing wild and passionate songs. We chiu-chined out of the steam as fast as possible, and next visited one of the opium dens (*see p. 128*), which are in every street. There were about a dozen poor besotted creatures in different stages of intoxication, and some lifelessly stretched upon the floor. About the room were benches, and one or two couches, where, lying down, resting upon their elbows, with a little rush-light before them, they insert, with a long needle, one of the little balls into the end of their pipes and smoke away, letting the smoke disappear, usually, through the nostrils. The opium is handed to them in a little cup, about the size of a thimble, and they are allowed to make themselves intoxicated for a farthing.

Further on we came to the English Missionaries' Church, built of stone. From here to the Chinaman's joss house, where we found a large hall, entered by a spacious court, in the middle of which was a large bronze cup, with the names of those who had subscribed to it engraved on its side—a penny subscription monument—a curious relic of two hundred years ago. The outside of the temple is adorned with quaint designs of birds and animals; in the inside were great gilt wooden statues of Buddha, in his three forms, the past, the present, and the future. Besides these were other forms, larger than life; youth and age, happiness and misery, peace and war, the pregnant woman and the new born babe, laughter and sorrow, and numerous other emblems, capitably and vividly executed in wood. Opposite the No. 1 god were little sticks to burn homage, and joss paper to set on fire;—and that is their idea of worship.

Again, we are off to the Court of Justice—a clean, dignified room, with a Mandarin, whose whole mien bore unmistakable marks of authority, sitting in the seat of the judge, with policemen and assistants, officials and clerks on every side; but the prisoners with chains about their legs, and arms tied behind them, were waiting their trial and decision of the judge. One man was up in the criminal box, but the system of examination was so cruel that we could not bear to witness it. First, the guard struck him fiercely over the

mouth with a bamboo official staff, the poor wretch shrieking with pain; the other prisoners all the while stolid and indifferent spectators, not knowing who came next. Afterwards, another kind of torture was resorted to, the guard making the criminal kneel down with his hands above his head, in a position which extorted yells of agony, the judge and the officials all wearing a look of the utmost indifference. A little further on there were two criminals with large bolts about their necks, and the kang (a large square piece of plank) hung round their necks. The whole seemed a farce—a mixture of brutal cruelty with refined barbarism. Below are prisoners in bastinado—a jail—growling and howling in their crowded cells like beasts, and clanking their chains. We will change the scene to a better phase of Chinese life—their benevolent institutions. Here you see the lame, the blind, attendants, nurses, doctors,¹ all arranged in the style of our own hospitals, everything furnished by the Imperial magnate; the patients are numerous and kindly treated. We also visited the city charity-house, and a private charity-house for the distressed poor; also a foundling hospital, where a little drawer in the side of the house—directly facing the street,—opened on the ringing of a bell and took the baby, therein deposited, into a room where a nurse was always waiting with a blanket. As we entered, the nurses, each with a child in her arms, ran away frightened. We did not take the children in our arms, for certain small, living reasons of great activity. The rooms are large, some of them filled with older children, and we saw they had baby-jumpers even in China. Then we left the foundlings, and walked through more streets, over flag-stones and bricks, made slippery with the constant tread of husy feet, and saw some temples, and part of the city which was burnt down when the Imperial troops drove the rebels out of Shanghai and murdered and plundered the citizens they came to rescue. The rebels were not Tai-ping's men, but members of the Triad Society,—one of the secret conspiracies of China. They came in junks from Fo-kien and Canton, and fought well, frequently making sorties, and keeping up a good fight, 200 or 300 against thousands of the Imperialists. Their fights being in skirmishing order, their retreats were curiously managed—one young fellow in red keeping on the right, and another in blue on the left. These men kept moving on each flank, the rest kept up a fire from the centre. The Imperialists wasted their shot on the two flank men, who appeared daringly at intervals waving their flags. The rebel uniform was like that of the Garibaldi volunteers—red, yellow, or blue blouses—fine gaudy colours, red turbans, or red sashes. All wore their hair in a tuft on the crown—no pig-tails. Chin-ah-Lin, one of the leading chiefs, wore shoes, stockings, gloves, and boots of English fashion; and his men armed with muskets, Miniés, horse-pistols, and revolvers. Regarding rifle balls, they wore dresses wadded with floss-silk, for they said that while the ball had a twist in it, it caught up the silk and fastened itself in the garment. But this they said only happened while the ball was revolving; at a long

¹ The Chinese have long administered arsenic as a cure for fever and ague. They have always opposed bleeding in fever. They regard the itch as an insect disease, (which it is), and cure it by an ointment that kills the insect. In skin diseases they are very skilled. They extract teeth without drawing them; but they have innumerable quackeries in their practice, and compound heterogeneous medicines that neutralize each other.

range it was of no avail. The laws in the city during their stay were those of the Triad Society—a strong mixture of common sense and Lynch justice. The churches were respected, and the emperor's property untouched. They renounced idolatry and proclaimed the worship of the True God. The chief who ultimately took command was a Canton sugar broker, who had started the Triad Lodge at Shanghai; another leader was a green-tea broker. The best fighting chief was a young groom, who had served in the British Consulate stables at Amoy and Foo-chow. They did as they pleased, and the people did not oppose them. The French picked a quarrel with him and attacked him, but were repulsed. At last the rebels surrendered to the French, who gave them up to Yeh, and the Imperialists broke into the town, which they rifled, beheading and mutilating 1500 men. Chin-ah-Lin cut his way through and made his way to Siam; where he was last heard of as a favourite of the king. He was said to be leagued with a great pirate party of naval rebels, and was once the cause of saving a great many English lives, by betraying the plan of the Chinese admiral to have sailors engaged to work lorchaes to Macao, and then seizing them near Namoa and cutting off their heads for the reward! Fancy an English admiral smuggling the heads of our enemies in this fashion! The ruins of the burnt district covered many acres, and the wonder is, as the fire was started in so many points, that the whole city was not destroyed. We saw the walls where the French wasted their cannon balls; it was like firing through a piece of mortar; the temple was pierced through and through, completely riddled. The Chinese rebels, stationed in buildings, even where the walls were weakest, pasted paper over the holes made by the French cannon, and fired through them. A Company of French Marines were mowed down by shot they could not trace.

We are now upon the Bund, a broad embankment; on one side the wide river, and on the other the Hong, go-downs, or warehouses of the Foreign merchants, with the great Chinese Custom House in front of all (see p. 137). It is here that the English, French, and Americans pay or elect their own officers to collect customs for the Emperor of China, and hence Shanghai is the only port where the duty is really collected, every where else the Chinese officials being bribed, and the Government cheated out of half. Every house employs a tea-taster and a silk-buyer, who makes the purchases on his individual judgment; each is a regular profession of itself, and requires years of study. Some of their assistants make their fortunes. The salaries of clerks vary from £150 to £500 per annum—the latter price for book-keepers of long experience. These sums are entirely exclusive of household expenses, which are paid by the firm, about £12 a month being allowed, which gives the clerk good lodgings, a good table, a coolie, chair, and boy servant. All seem well satisfied indeed.

It is by no means disagreeable work to range over the gardens, by which all the warehouses are surrounded, and watch the Chinamen for hours preparing the silk for inspection, and rattan, mark, and arrange the tea for shipment,—a most interesting sight,—done so rapidly and ingeniously, at a trifling expense, never making a mistake in delivering, for the delivering is a succession of checks,—first at the door—then at the gate,—again at the

large boat—and now then at the ship, a small stick left for every package.¹

“Fire!” Out we rush, for a fire is everywhere a matter of pleasurable excitement, when not in your own house or your neighbour's. How will the Chinese manage it? Here comes a fire-engine, (a regular Braidwood, the “Water Dragon,”) and the old mob with it, just as you would see in Fleet Street. The Tum-tum, a drum, beaten by the night-watchers, is heard loud all over the neighbourhood, and everyone rushes up with a bucket, and there are tubs and cisterns of water provided for the purpose. Next come the guard—for without them the thieves would gut the house, and pull it down, and carry away even the materials. However, there goes the roof, and all is over, burnt up as quickly as a bamboo chair, and to-morrow it will be half built up again, and in a week, painted afresh, and John Chinaman selling his wares, and turning over his cash as brisk as ever. The Chinese have a regular Fire Brigade, with engines and uniform, paid for by the public, and looked after by the Mayor and Town Council, who are regularly elected in Chinese wardmotes, and are answerable to the State for the taxes in their district, as are also all the Mayors of the villages. This proves that the division into hundreds and tithings was by no means a Saxon or German invention, as our historians teach us.

Let us enter the Kaopar, or theatre of literary examinations,² in short, the “Institution” of the city.

¹ Manufacturing industry, like everything else in China, is in a state of decay, and visibly declining from day to day. Many important secrets connected with it are lost, and the most skillful workmen would now be incapable of producing the perfection and finish so much admired in the works of past ages. This was not always the case, but it is referable to the disorganisation of all things under the Mantehu government. In former times an impulse was given to genius and industry. An Arab traveller in the ninth century tells us they had, even then, nine industrial exhibitions. “The Chinese,” he says, “are of all the creatures of God those who have most skill in the land in all that concerns the acts of design and fabrication, and for every kind of work; they are not in this respect surpassed by any nation. In China, when a man has made anything which no one else would be able to make, he carries it to the governor, demanding a recompense for the progress he has made in the art. The governor immediately orders the article to be placed at the door of his palace, and keeps it there for a year; if in the course of that time no one finds a fault in it, he rewards the artist, and takes him into his service; but if any real defect can be pointed out in the work, it is sent back, and no reward given to the maker. One day a young man brought a piece of silk stuff, on which was represented an ear of corn, with a sparrow perching on it. No one, on seeing it, could doubt that it was a real ear of corn, and that a sparrow was really sitting on it. The stuff remained for some time in the place of exhibition; at last a humpbacked man came and began to criticise the performance. He was immediately admitted to the governor of the town, and the artist at the same time was sent for. There they asked the humpbacked caviller what he had to object to; and he said, ‘Everybody knows very well that a sparrow could not perch upon an ear of corn without making it bend; now the artist has represented it quite straight, and yet he has shown a sparrow perched upon it.’ The observation was considered just, and the artist received no reward. The purpose of the Chinese in all this is to exercise the talents of the artist, and to force them to reflect maturely upon what they undertake, and to devote the utmost possible care to the works that issue from their hands.”

² The literary examinations are, like everything else, degenerating and sinking to decay. They have no longer the grave, correct, impartial character that was doubtless impressed on them at the time of their institution. The corruption that spreads everywhere in China has found its way among both examiners and examined. The rules that ought to be observed in the examinations are extremely stringent, with a view to prevent any kind of fraud, and discover the true merit of the candidate; but by

There they are, all the students arranged at long tables, and all with their papers, and the best man is to have the highest honours, and to serve the State. Is it so, does the best man win always? and is the best bookman the best to serve the State. Sir John Bowring says no; but the present story of China does not give great encouragement to the competitive system. What is this disturbance? ‘A crupper bachelor’ detected! Some poor scholar has taken the name of a rich young man who wishes to pass, and a rival has denounced him; we do the same sometimes at our own Horse Guards. But what are they reading and writing and talking about? What do they learn? Chemistry?—No. Mathematics?—No. Logic?—No. Languages?—No:—The four Classic Books and the five Sacred Books.³

certain financial methods they are neutralised. A rich man can always find out beforehand the subjects proposed for the various impositions; and what is worse, even the suffrages of the judge are sold to the highest bidder. By the by, in China, as in England, any man, however ignorant, is perfectly at liberty to set himself up as a schoolmaster.

³ The *Sechou*, or four Books, contains 1st, the “Grand Study;” a kind of treatise on politics and morals, composed from the concise text of Confucius by one of his disciples, and the grand principle inculcated in it is self-improvement. There are seven precepts and ten chapters of commentary. 2ndly, the “Invincible Centre;” a treatise on the conduct of wise men in life, edited by a disciple of Confucius, according to instructions received from one who was of the number himself. The system of morals contained in this book is based on the principle that virtue is about at an equal distance from two extremes—an harmonious centre,—Ching-po being the source of the true, the beautiful, and the good! 3rdly, “Philosophical Conversations;” a collection of maxims, and recollections of discourses of Confucius with his pupils,—among many very wise things we learn that the great Confucius was as odd in his ways as wise men usually are in general. The *Lun-yn* as it is called, informing us that the master, in introducing his guests, kept his arms stretched out like the wings of a bird; that he would never eat meat that was not cut in a straight line; that if the seat on which he used to sit down was not regularly placed he would not take it; and that he would point to nothing with his fingers. 4th and last, “The Book of Mencius,” or Meng-tszé, the Socrates of the Plato of Confucius. He treats, says a Chinese writer, on the virtues of domestic life and the order of affairs; the duties of superiors, from the sovereign to the lowest magistrate; the cares of students, labourers, traders, and workmen; the cares of the physical world; of the heavens and the earth; birds, fish, beasts, insects, and flowers; also his discourses with great men; his instruction to his pupils; and his explanations of books contained therein.

After these come “The Five Sacred Books,” or “Kings.” “The Book of Changes”—an unintelligible treatise on Divinations, founded on combinations of 64 lines, found in a tortoise's back, by Fou-li, the founder of Chinese civilization. Confucius edited the book, but made it no easier to comprehend, and 1450 treatises in explanation of it that are in the Imperial library have only made the matter worse. 2ndly, “The Book of History;” the speeches of the Emperors of the different dynasties, as far as the eighth century before our era—precious documents to Chinese historical writers. 3rdly, The “Book of Songs;” a collection, also of the wise Confucius, of natural and “official” songs from the eighteenth to the third century before our era—of some use as regards ancient manners. 4thly, The “Book of Rites;” fragments of lessons in etiquette and politeness. 5thly, The “Book of Spring and Autumn;” so entitled as having been commenced in the former season, by Confucius, and finished in the latter—a kind of country history of the little kingdom in which that great man was born—a record and a picture of ancient customs.

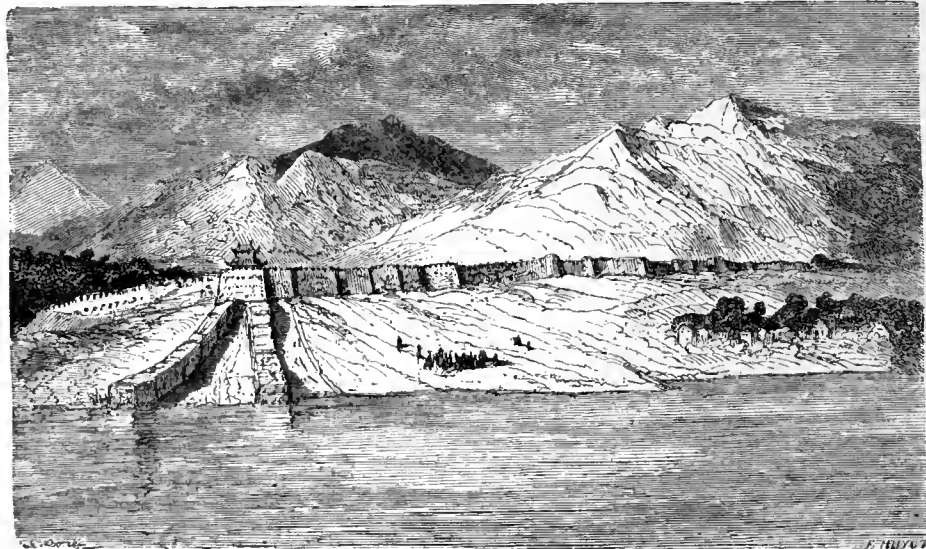
The Emperor can only choose his civil agents from the lettered class. Every Chinese may present himself to be examined for the third literary degree, and having attained this may become candidate for the second, which opens to him official employment. There are no nobility except the emperor's relations, who wear yellow girdles, but the military mandarins give themselves great airs. The corporation of lettered men constitute a privileged class. The number of bachelors (the third degree of literature) is very considerable; but, for want of resources, penniary as well as intellectual, there are very few who attain to the higher degrees

Forty miles from Shanghai, on the main land, twelve miles from the sea-shore, and up the river Yung, is Ningpo, a city of 350,000 inhabitants. Its greater staple being timber, it has a large conveying and carrying trade. So infested is the coast with piracy, that the 6,000 junks between here and Foo-chow pay



A CHINESE TRAVELLING WHEELBARROW.

£70,000 annually for convoy money, and, in many instances, the pirates themselves safely convoy, or bargain for safe conduct. The boat-bridge at Ningpo, where two fine rivers join, is a remarkable structure. The piles are simply boats moored at equal distances, and on these the upper wooden work of the bridge is



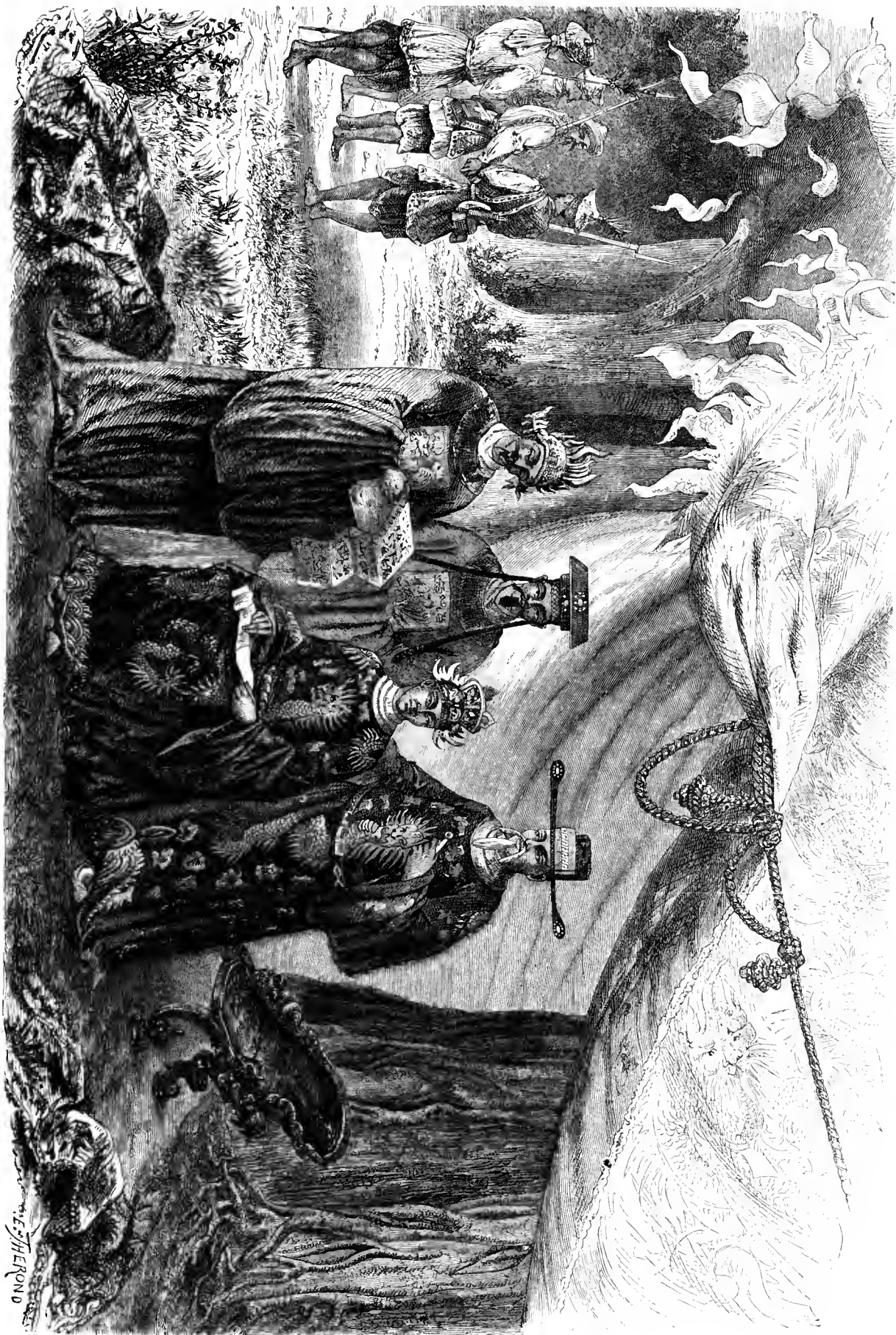
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

built, so that the whole rises and falls with the tide; by this means there is sufficient room under the bridge to allow fishing and passage-boats to pass. The

city is surrounded with high walls, and contains three fine streets. There is a fine pagoda, the "Temple of the Heavenly Winds." The winter here is severe,

which fit them for public offices. Those who are in easy circumstances, however, may at least enjoy the incomparable happiness of seeing a gilt ball in their caps. They are fond of public ceremonials, parades, and assemblies in which they may display their pretensions. Poor literary graduates, who have no public office, form in the empire a class apart. To occupy themselves with industry, commerce, or agriculture would be much beneath their dignity. Sometimes they become schoolmasters, one of whom

may be seen in every village—for nowhere is primary education so much encouraged as in China—a salary, for a schoolmaster, being supplied by foundation of land. Others become subaltern officers in the tribunals; others mere adventurers, living in various ways on the public. Lawsuits are a grand resource for them. They foment disputes, and assist for small remuneration in settling them. They are the agents of secret societies, and the agitators in time of revolution, by proclamations, placards, and pamphlets.



THE EMPEROR OF COCHIN CHINA AND HIS MINISTERS.

W. J. HEROND



so that the clothes in the shops are seen lined with skins. They have no fires, but put on more clothes as the cold increases; so that the unpeeling of a Ningpo-man on a warm day is something like that of the grave-digger in Hamlet; the ladies, however, carry little brass baskets of charcoal. There are excellent silk shops and warehouses, and beautiful embroidered goods—aprons, shawls, work-bags, &c., made up in the English style, cotton-printing in the most simple block form, rope-making, from the palm and Chinese hemp; curiosity-shops and shops for furniture, all of Chinese form, with presses of inlaid work, illustrating the manners and customs of the people, abound.¹ The banks here are great establishments and largely connected throughout the country; in fact it is to this place that the wealthiest Chinese merchants seem to retire. The gardens of the Mandarins are very pretty and unique, and are celebrated for their dwarf trees. Some of these are only a few inches high, yet preserve all the characteristic of the large trees. This is done by grafting, by confining the roots, withholding water, bending the branches, and other ways. They twist the main stem in a zigzag form, which checks the flow of the sap and encourages the growth of branches; they next starve the tree with a little soil only, and barely water enough to keep it alive. The strong growing shoots are also nipped off, until nature at last becomes exhausted and makes no further effort. From Ningpo, we sailed down the Yung and over to Chusan, whence we again started for the uppermost northern district of the Gulf of Pecheli.²

¹ It ought not to be omitted that Ningpo is celebrated for having produced some of the ablest scholars in China; and numerous triumphal arches, in honour of those of her sons who have carried off the highest honours at competitive examinations, span the principal streets. The book-shops of Ningpo are worthy of its high literary reputation; and indeed the shops of every description are superior to those at any other of the ports. At that popularly known as Fortnum and Masons', exquisite tea can be sipped, while various delicate preserves are handed round, and pipes of mild tobacco are smoked at intervals.

² We ought not to quit Ningpo without one memorial—one thing to make it remembered, with all its beauty, its trade, and its greatness. "At Ningpo," says Mr. Wingrove Cooke, "I saw in the household of Mrs. McGowan, the lady of Mr. McGowan, the American Medical Missionary, a young girl with large feet and a cheerful aspect, doing duty as a nursery maid. This girl had been rescued from death by starvation. Mrs. McGowan told me that it was by no means an uncommon circumstance to find, under the walls, bodies of infants half-devoured by dogs. A very shocking incident of this kind had occurred a few weeks before. One night the little girl, whom I have already mentioned, came up to Mrs. McGowan, and told her that she heard the grunting of dogs and the faint cry of a child just outside the garden gate. The benevolent lady immediately arose, and, going forth with a lantern and some of the house coolies, was quickly guided to the spot. It was a dreadful spectacle. An infant, wrapped in a coarse cloth, was surrounded by a pack of pariah dogs, who were tearing at the cloth and already gnawing the flesh. The baby was still alive. While the men beat off the dogs, Mrs. McGowan took the little creature in her arms and ran with it to the house. It was too late. The squalid tiny thing opened its eyes and seemed to try to cling to her, and, as she imagined, smiled upon her, and died." We will also let Mr. Wingrove Cooke tell the story of the Baby Tower of Shanghai. We confess we had hoped to have thought otherwise of it than we did until we saw it, and then—"Tell me, Vice-Consul Harvey, what means that more than usual pestilential steam which seems to radiate from that decaying pepper-box-shaped tower." "That is the Baby Tower." "The —?" I said inquiringly. "The Baby Tower. Look through that rent in the stone-work—not too close, or the stream of effluvia may kill you. You see a mound of wisps of bamboo-straw. It seems to move, but it is only the crawling of the worms. Sometimes a tiny leg or arm, or a little fleshless

XI.—TIEN-TSIN, "THE CITY OF FELICITY."

From the Amherst Rocks that lie at the entrance of the Yang-tse-kiang river, we made a run of 360 miles, over waters rendered shallow by the deposits of the Yellow River—soon to be land won from the sea by Chinese industry,—until we rounded Shan-tung point, the nearest extremity of the Gulf of Pe-che-li, and entered the Yellow Sea, after a run of 600 miles. The coldness of the atmosphere told us now that we were advancing into higher latitudes. After rounding the Cape we passed the harbour of Chu-foo and the large walled town of Tang-chun, one of the ports to be opened by the new treaty, thus giving us the trade of the Gulf. Entering into the Gulf through a barrier, as it were, of small islands, the Miatao—within which, and all up the bay to the entrance of the Peiho river, are to be seen junks in myriads, bearing corn as tribute to feed the capital—on our left lies the delicious province of Shan-tung, the native country of Confucius, with lofty mountains and wooded valleys, in a long picturesque panorama. This province alone, not larger than England, Scotland, and Wales, contains thirty millions of inhabitants. It was the sixth day from our departure before we entered the mouth of the Peiho river, at the top of the Gulf, past the Taku Forts, that have caused so much commotion in the world, and are so utterly unformidable, except for the mud all about them. Thence we screwed up forty miles of twisting river, through mud villages, fleets of junks in mud docks, between mud banks, to Tien-tsin, or the "City of Felicity," which we were very happy to see.

The first aspect of Tien-tsin, as approached from the east, is most remarkable. Enormous stacks of salt, numbering from two to three hundred, line the banks of the river for some hundreds of yards below the town. These stacks vary in length from two hundred to six hundred feet, and average about a hundred in breadth; they are twenty or thirty feet in height, shaped like the rounded top of a carrier's waggon, and covered with matting or thatched with millet straw—the salt being stacked in bags. Passing these, a bridge of boats is attained, which connects one of the suburbs with the city.

The river flows between banks ten or twelve feet high, and densely populated; the mud houses are packed closely on either side, and their occupants still more compactly. A long straight reach extends from below the bridge of boats to the point of the junction of the river and the grand canal, which enters the Peiho at right angles from the southward, and here terminates its extended course of about 600 miles.

Not far from this point is a picturesque line of buildings, abreast of which the allied Admirals were moored (see p. 153). Their fragile and somewhat fantastical construction suggested the notion of a summer palace. The allied embassies were informed that as such it had, in fact, served the emperor, Kien-lung, in honour of

hono protrudes from the straw. The Tower is not so full now as I have seen it; they must have cleared it out recently." "Is this a cemetery, or a slaughter-house?" "The Chinese say it is only a tomb. Coffins are dear, and the peasantry are poor. When a child dies the parents wrap it round with bamboo, throw it in at that window and all is done. When the tower is full the proper authorities burn the heap, and spread the ashes over the land." There is no inquiry—no check. The parent has power to kill or save. This Baby-tower is a terrible institution. It stands there, close to the walls of a crowded city—an intrusive invitation to infanticide.

which happy event it had been invested by Imperial patent with the title of "The Temple of Supreme Felicity," under which auspicious designation it was now about to serve as their abode. They found, when they stood within the walls which enclosed their future residence, that it was not belied by its external aspect. As is generally the case in China, it served the double purpose of a temple and a palace, though it had not been honoured with the Imperial presence since the emperor Kien-lung had made it his temporary abode.

Upon the top of the wall, which was only separated from the edge of the river bank by a narrow pathway, were two large apartments of light and graceful construction, surrounded by verandahs, elaborately carved, in which depended monster horn lanterns, gaudily painted, as transparent as ground glass, and decorated with innumerable tassels and silken hangings. The Chinese have carried the art of fabricating these lanterns to great perfection. They first soften the horn by the application of a high degree of moist heat, and then extend it into thin laminae of any shape, either flat or globular. The walls of these rooms were composed of paper pasted upon the wooden trellis work: the sliding panels into which it was divided were made to answer the purpose of windows. When they were shut, however, the paper was so transparent that there was plenty of light, and on a sunny day the glare was unpleasant. These two buildings were thirty or forty yards apart, and connected by a verandah which ran along the top of the wall, and terminated in two quaint little kiosks, their upturned roofs supported by carved posts. These apartments were appropriated by Baron Gros and Lord Elgin; that occupied by the latter being perched upon an artificial mound laid out in true Chinese taste, and ascended by steps of ornamental rock-work. Overhanging the river, they command an extensive and ever interesting view; below them, a dozen English and French gun-boats, some of them moored within pleasant conversational distance, imparted a satisfactory sense of security to the position. (See p. 153.) Not a single native craft, except an occasional ferry boat, rippled the surface of the stream or reposed upon its waters.

The *personnel* of the two missions were accommodated in the temple and other buildings, all enclosed within one outer wall; a partition-wall, however, divided the English from their allies. The latter occupied a number of detached summer-houses, dotted about a garden. As to the members of the English embassy, they established themselves in the inmost recesses of the temple, their bedrooms furnished with sacred jugs and bronzes, in which smouldered eternal fire (until they came and allowed it to go out), their slumbers presided over by grim deities with enormous stomachs, or many-armed goddesses, with heads encircled in a blaze of golden, or rather brass, flame. The perfume of incense still clung to these sacred purlieus. Much and devoutly did they wish it had been the only odour to which their nostrils were subjected!

Servants with a white badge, emblem of an armistice, attached to their coats, waited assiduously upon them, perpetually presenting them with little cups of tea; indeed, for the first few days, a man was always walking about with a tea-pot ready at the shortest notice to refresh the thirsty soul. The tables with which they were supplied were solidly constructed and well carved, square in shape, as Chinese tables always are; a red cloth, elaborately embroidered, served as a table-

cloth, and falling to the ground in front, concealed the legs of the table. The high-backed, uncomfortable chairs were similarly decorated, gorgeous enough to look upon, but very disagreeable to use. Some erected their mosquito curtains over square wooden ottomans, others slept upon a brick platform, generally used in China, and which, in cold weather, is heated by fires from beneath, after the manner of an oven, an unhealthy style of bed place at all times, for in summer the damp is apt to strike through the bricks, and in winter they are not dry, but heated, a semi-baking process which must be more or less prejudicial.

In front of the temple was a square courtyard, partially shaded by the spreading arms of an old tree; the English, however, thought nature required a little assistance, so the whole court was matted in, which greatly added to the picturesque effect, and was of practical utility in reducing the temperature. A raised flag passage intersected this court, and on each side of it was a quaint little kiosk, the roof separated by four carved pillars, also elaborately carved, brilliantly coloured, and surmounted with dragons' heads, rampant fish, and other devices. In one of these a marble slab was erected vertically upon an elevated platform, and was covered with Chinese characters, alleged to have been traced by the hand of the Emperor Kien-lung, and to embody a high moral sentiment.

The building on the opposite side of the courtyard was formed into the guard-house, the guard being usually composed of engineers and marines, and maintaining upwards of a hundred men. Attached to this building were the servants' offices, and behind them stables. The establishment was thus very complete; and it was not without a feeling of regret that they saw it dismantled, preparatory to its restoration for the rites of Paganism, when, after having occupied it for upwards of a month, they looked upon it for the last time.

As to the Russian and American Embassies, they had some difficulty in erecting a house on shore; the proprietor (doubtless a good deal puzzled as to the relations of might and right in his view of the state of matters generally,) made a novel proposition, in the shape of an offer of 6,000 dollars if they would not rent it. This, however, was declined, the difficulty somehow or other overcome, and a handsome rent for the short space of one month was ultimately pressed upon the reluctant owner. To judge from the appearance of the mansion, he was a rich man. Mr. Reed lived in a charming retreat, with a Levantine air about it; a courtyard with flowers and fountains, and ponds full of gold fish, was surrounded by cool airy apartments with paper walls, and verandahs and balconies overhanging the river. Count Pontiatine lived next door—a strip of intervening building which was impregnable from without, and consecrated to the use of the female portion of the Chinese owner's establishment, alone separating him from his colleague. This residence was on the right bank of the river, and within view of the *yamun* of the Allies, though distant from it about half a mile. Ere long the flags of the four respective nations, waving proudly in the breeze, signified to the Chinese world of Tien-tsin the distinctive abodes of the chiefs of the four barbarian hordes who had thus boldly located themselves in their city.

In a country which abounded with horses and roads, it was not to be supposed that persons of an exploratory

tendency were to be satisfied with pedestrian excursions; the members of the embassy, therefore, sent in a requisition for a certain number of steeds, and, after some delay, were furnished with what appeared the scum of the stables of Tien-tsin. These were indignantly rejected, and they ultimately obtained six very respectable ponies, and six very uncomfortable Chinese saddles, very hard and angular, and garnished with extensive drapery, and an awkward bolster-shaped protuberance in front. To these uncouth contrivances, however, they ultimately became accustomed, and they had minutely explored the country round Tien-tsin within a radius of about six miles before they left it. One day the members of the embassy were making trial of their ponies and of the road to Peking for the first time, when a *cortège*, preceded by a cloud of dust, indicated the approach of some grand personages. Presently appeared runners with rods of office, corresponding with javelin men; these cleared the way and forced the people to the right and left; then followed two stately chairs, each borne by eight stalwart bearers, containing two of the most elevated dignitaries in the realm. The common people at once brought themselves up to the attitude "attention," the hands being pressed on the outside of the thigh, and the body maintained erect and motionless. They could scarcely make out the features of the inmates through the small window of the chair, across which was stretched fine gauze, but though in all probability they were the first barbarians the Chinese officials had ever set eyes upon, they gazed with all the imperturbability of Chinese dignity impassively in front of them, their countenances manifested neither curiosity, alarm, surprise, or any emotion whatever.

Immediately behind was a dense and dusty crowd of footmen and horsemen, evidently coming off a journey, and though many of them were handsomely apparelled, and were doubtless officials of some rank, they looked worn and travel-stained. A number of excellent, well-built, covered baggage waggons, drawn by four or six large fat mules, completed the procession, which was evidently one not of display but of serious earnest.

In contemplating the population of Tien-tsin with a practically commercial eye, the problem is not whether they want clothes, but whether they have money enough to buy them. Appearances certainly fully bore out every Chinese merchant's assertion as to the poverty of the town. In no part of the world can be witnessed a more squalid, diseased population than that which seems rather to infest than inhabit the suburbs of the city. Filth, nakedness, and disease are their prevailing characteristics. When the embassies were there, the banks of the river swarmed with men who lived entirely on the garbage and offal that was flung from the ships, or swept up by the tide from the city. There was an eddy just in front of the *yamun*, in which dead cats, &c., used to gyrate, and into which stark naked figures were constantly plunging, in search of some delicate morsel. Their clothing generally consists of a piece of mat or tattered sacking, which they wear, not round their waist, but thrown negligently over their shoulders: it is difficult to divine for what purpose, as decency is ignored, and, in the month of June, warmth is not a desideratum. Cutaneous diseases of the most loathsome character meet the eye in the course of the shortest walk; and objects so frightful that their vitality seems a mockery of existence, shocks the coarsest sensibilities.

Upon several occasions you might see some wretched sufferer dying at his post of mendicancy. One old woman, noticed by those connected with the embassy, in particular, used to lie motionless on a mat, in the centre of the road, a diseased skeleton. She had just strength enough to clutch at cash that was flung to her. One day this strength seemed to have failed: on looking closer, she was found to be dead. A few hours after, her place knew her no more: she had been carried away, and cast upon a dung heap! Riding in the outskirts of the city one day, a man was seen carrying another on his back. At first it was thought that the burden was a corpse; but on approaching nearer, a certain flexibility of the legs, as they trailed in the dust behind, showed that this was one of the city scavengers who prowl the streets for dying beggars, and when they find one in whom life is almost extinct, they bear him off to some suburban *Aceldama*, and fling him from their shoulders, a premature feast for crows and vultures. Certainly, if the imagination of the Chinaman who named this city Tien-tsin ("heavenly felicity") could form no higher idea of an abode of bliss, it is difficult to conceive what must have been his notion of the opposite extreme.

As if in ironical allusion to the misery which the living seem to endure, almost the only pretty spots near Tien-tsin are the burial places.¹ They are nearly the only localities honoured with trees, and consist generally of a square, with an area of about a quarter of an acre, inclosed by a mud-bank and ditch, so as to present exactly the appearance of a small earthwork or *tabia*. Each member of a family who reposes within this inclosure is placed beneath a conical mound of earth, about the size and shape of a bell-tent. A thick grove of trees, generally willow and cypress, surrounds the cemetery, and gives a cool and refreshing aspect to the place. One of these burial-places is of so great an extent, and contained so many graves, that the members of the embassy when here actually avoided it for some days, feeling certain that it was an intrenched camp, as they had heard of the existence of one in the neighbourhood. The real camp they discovered a few days after, from the summit of a species of martello tower, to the top of which they climbed for purpose of inspection.

The *yamun* of the English was situated on a peninsula, formed by a deep bend of the river, which doubled back so as almost to convert it into an island. Upon one side of it, the mud houses of the suburb were built against the *yamun* wall, but to the left and rear were gardens, scattered houses, and waste land. The engineers occupied a temple within musket-shot, and next door to them, "Caserne Française," painted in large white letters, indicated the quarters of the "Marine Française." Just previous to their departure, there was an allied force of nearly six hundred men quartered in different buildings upon this little penin-

¹ The country is covered with graves, and in many places about Shanghai the coffins are openly exposed in the fields. They are even kept in the houses (the coffins being of a great thickness and filled with quick-lime) till a propitious day arrives for the burial. Money is saved and put by to procure coffins. A traveller tells us, "I saw, in a little cottage near Shanghai, an old cobwebbed coffin in the corner; I asked a young lad why it was there? he quietly pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to his grandmother, standing close by, and said it was for her! She was very old, and was nearly wearing out the coffin before she was put into it."

sula, which was capable of being rendered defensible, if necessary, by an earthwork thrown across the narrow isthmus, so that they were fortunate both in respect to the accommodation and *locale* of their position.

Passing the isthmus, and riding parallel to the Grand Canal, a bridge of boats is soon reached, which the Pekin road crosses to the city; turning sharp to the right, this road soon emerges from the suburb, and crossing two canals, tributary to the Peiho, by substantial bridges, one of which is ornamented with a handsome balustrade of carved marble, reaches the Wenho, or salt river, a little above its junction with the Peiho. It is conveyed across this important stream by a bridge of boats, and traversing the peninsula formed by the two, follows the right bank of the Peiho for as many miles as our explorations at that time extended.

The farthest point we reached was the large village of Petsang,¹ about seven miles from Tien-tsin by the road, and interesting as the point at which Mr. Ward, the American Envoy, and his suite, struck the Peiho on their way to Pekin, from which, according to report, it is not above forty-five miles distant in a straight line. The country through which we passed presented all the appearance of being subject to annual inundations; deep ditches intersected it in various directions, for the purpose of carrying off the water; and the Pekin road was raised fifteen or twenty feet above its level, the small country roads which crossed it being all bridged over. The high road was paved in places, and about twenty feet in breadth. The villages which dotted the landscape in every direction were also built upon raised mounds, which completed their resemblance to the mud towns of Egypt.

During the first portion of our stay at Tien-tsin, the flat country extending between the Grand Canal and the Peiho was one vast field of ripening wheat, far as eye could reach; and, uninterrupted by fence or enclosure, the yellow corn rose and fell to the breeze in gently rolling waves. Dotted over its surface, the masts and sails of numerous junks are visible, looking as though they traversed a golden sea. These are navigating the minor canals. On an unusually clear day, we distinguished the irregular outline of some far-off hills in the dim distance. Winding through this fertile plain, the courses of the Grand Canal and the Peiho are marked by the groves of trees which adorn their banks, and surround ancestral graves. Some of the villages also rejoice in clumps of trees, but generally they look like brown patches, stuck upon a green ground.

Ere we left Tien-tsin, the aspect of the country was entirely changed, for the harvest was over. Most of the corn was cut with the sickle, but grain of certain descriptions was plucked out by the roots; then it was collected into the thrashing-grounds, to be trampled out by oxen, and winnowed upon breezy days, when carts, concealed by mountains of straw, and drawn by mixed teams of horses, mules, and oxen, creaked heavily over the soft land, and gleaners scattered themselves far and wide through the fields, and the whole population was out in the bright sunshine, looking cheerful and happy as they gathered in the blessed fruits of their labour and toil. In the mellow hour of evening, when the whole western sky was a blaze of red, and the sun was

bathed in the glowing reflection of its fiery tints, it was pleasant to ride among the reapers of Tien-tsin, and forget, in the picture of content and plenty before them, the objects we had just witnessed of misery and starvation.

Although the country round Tien-tsin is a dead level, it is not destitute of variety. If the Pekin road leads through nothing but a corn-field, that which follows the banks of the Grand Canal, in a southerly direction, conducts you for miles between kitchen-gardens so exquisitely tended that, in this respect at all events, the environs of Tien-tsin are a pattern to those of London. Fences of the neatest and most tasteful construction enclose little areas of ground, irrigated by a network of minute canals, divided into beds, devoid of weed or pebble. Greens of every description, gourds, egg-plants, leeks and onions, sweet potatoes, beans and peas, are planted out and manured, or trained, as the case may be, with the utmost care. Interspersed with the kitchen-gardens are vineyards, orchards, and fruit-gardens, containing apricots, apples and pears, of a coarse description, and vines trained in trellises as in the north of Italy. This is one of the pleasantest rides, as it is for the most part shaded by trees, and the windings of the canal, with the river-life upon it, add to its picturesque interest. It is an immense relief, in all our rural rambles, not to be stifled at every turn with the filthy manure-contrivances of the south. In this respect the horticulture and agriculture of the north are carried on under much pleasanter conditions. Explorations in a westerly direction were uninteresting; the country is an immense graveyard—not a collection of private cemeteries, such as are seen upon the banks of the Peiho and Grand Canal, but a plain, crowded with conical tumuli, destitute of grass or trees, and extensive enough to have contained the whole defunct population of Tien-tsin, since the original founding of that "heavenly spot."

A very considerable suburb, connected with the city by a bridge of boats, is situated upon the opposite side of the Peiho. Passing through it is a singular piece of landscape. Here are salt-pans, with the salt stacked in large tumuli, like gigantic graves. Interspersed with them are small tumuli and deep pits; and ponds of water, with narrow ridges between them; and more salt stacked in bags, and roofed in with millet straw; and huge stacks of wheat straw collected for purposes of fuel; and mud huts, like Irish cabins of the meanest description, enclosed by fences of millet straw, which is thick and strong enough for the purpose; and there are brick-kilns, which look like circular forts, and a circular fort which looks like a brick-kiln. Altogether it is the oddest collection of big mounds and little mounds, and heaps, and stacks, and pits, and stagnant ponds, and hovels, and forts, and brick-kilns, and fences, and waste land, that can be easily imagined. A high road leads through it, and into a close, populous village beyond, and out of that into the illimitable steppe. There was no waving corn here; a weakly vetch and unhealthy-looking young plants of Indian corn were struggling to maintain a miserable existence, in a soil so thin and friable, that the united efforts of two men and a donkey or two donkeys were sufficient to drag a plough through it. It seems to be of quite another character from that on the right bank of the river. Beyond the vetch-fields, the steppe produces nothing but a short dry grass, across which we could scamper in every direction, with the chance of putting up a hare, and riding after him across the country.

¹ The scene of the first victory in the late invasion of China by the English and French forces.

It reminds us of some parts of the steppes of Southern Russia. Sometimes the monotony of this scene is unbroken by a living object; sometimes a cloud of dust would betoken the approach of country carts, and a succession of huge creaking vehicles would roll past, loaded with fuel, and drawn by a mixed train; sometimes a horse, a pony, a mule, a donkey, and two oxen, in one cart. An ox and the horse served as wheelers, in front of them were the other ox, the mule, and the pony, while the donkey leads the way in solitary dignity.

Tien-tsin itself, at the time, presented nothing remarkable, but our lively allies ferreted out some caricatures there. One represented an English officer on horseback, with a white umbrella and a cigar in his mouth. His hat and dress were irresistibly ludicrous. Another depicted a grotesquely accoutred merchant exchanging a bag of money for a hedgehog. In a commercial point of view we may remark that Tien-tsin will, if opened to the commerce of the West, present a marvellous market for British manufactures wherewith to clothe all the hordes of Tartary, but it can afford little in exchange save furs, which are abundant, good, and cheap.

We were here enabled to corroborate a highly important fact; that is, the destruction of the Imperial Canal by the floods of the Yellow River, which, driving the great annual supplies of rice and other necessities to navigate from the Yang-tse-kiang by the Gulf of Pe-che-li, places the capital at the mercy of any European power. We have thus discovered the weak point of the Colossus, and England will not forget it. In fact, the point is already hit, and the supply of grain by the sea-board being cut off from Peking, that city has no alternative between peace with Great Britain, or starvation: for even should the Emperor at any time carry out his threat and retire to Mookden, his further capital in Mantchuria, it would only be to depose himself—as the millions of Peking would, none the less, be starved into surrender, and in his absence China would then learn to be able to go on without its Tartar Emperor.

XII.—THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

HE who should ask the use of certain high square towers erected on the Imperial road, through the great wall from Peking towards Ping-ton-luen, will be told that they served as signals of war, by means of fireworks combined in a particular manner; and that so long ago as 780 B. C., the Emperor Yecou-Wang, the thirteenth of the Teheou dynasty, yielding to the absurd solicitations of his wife one night, ordered these signals of alarm to be made. The empress wanted, at once, to amuse herself at the expense of the soldiers, and to ascertain, at the same time, whether these fireworks would really bring up the troops to the succour of the capital. As the signals passed on to the provinces, the governors despatched the military mandarins and their forces to Peking. When the soldiers learned, on their arrival, that they had been called together for the capricious amusement of a woman, they retired home full of indignation. Shortly afterwards the Tartars made an irruption into the empire, and advanced with rapidity to the very walls of the capital. This time the emperor gave the alarm in grave earnest; but, throughout the province, not a man stirred, thinking the empress was again amusing herself. The consequence was, as we

have seen, that the Tartars entered Peking, and the Imperial family was massacred.

On leaving Tien-tsin, we resolved, before quitting the gulf of Pe-che-li, to make an excursion to this Great Wall of China, which was said to have its origin on the coast at the entrance of the Gulf of Lea-tung. We accordingly embarked at seven in the morning on board the steamer. The object of our search was said to be only some thirty or forty leagues distant; but evening came, and land was only visible in the horizon, so we were obliged to come to anchor in the open sea. The next morning, however, we neared the coast, and were soon enabled to make out the Great Wall, which presented the appearance, as seen from the sea, of a succession of towers and curtains rising up from a pagoda, which constitutes the starting-point on the shore. The scene was the most picturesque that can be possibly imagined; along the coast, a vast plain extends, covered with pasture and a luxuriant vegetation, with numerous villages embosomed in trees, while beyond, lofty mountains rose one above another, some rocky and precipitous, others clad with trees to their very summits, and amidst all, the Great Wall issuing forth from the sea, with alternating pagodas and bastions, clomb up the steepest acclivities, and stretched across wooded and precipitous crests alike. At the foot of the Wall, on the Chinese side, are the white tents of two camps of Tartar horsemen, whose steeds are quietly pasturing in the fields around.

On the side of China, the Great Wall looks like a mere earthwork crowned with battlements of brick, but in a very dilapidated condition, and broken down in places. On the side of Mantchuria, on the contrary, the Great Wall is faced with bricks reposing on a foundation of stone. The Wall is protected by square towers at the distance of two arrow-shots from one another, so that the enemy should always be within bearing. It descends into the sea in two parallel jetties, and the water is so deep that large ships can anchor at a distance of a couple of miles.

Our party landed, and had an interview with a mandarin, who was mounted on a white horse, and accompanied by two mounted officers. Having explained to him the pacific objects of our visit, he gave us permission to land. This, however, was not so easily accomplished when permission was granted, for the sea ran very high, and the boats could not approach the shore, so we had to be borne upon the shoulders of three naked sailors. Some of the bearers, unable to withstand the violence of the waves, were thrown down and cast their burthens into the water. Finally, after many misadventures, our party gathered together on the shore, and found that we mustered only a couple of guns which had not been in the water; but, nothing daunted, we made our way directly towards the Great Wall. We had to cross several streams of water on the road, and to take a circuitous and inland direction to avoid marshy spots. As we neared the wall we saw the Tartars becoming very fidgetty, getting on their horses, and galloping to and fro. Gradually they formed themselves into three bodies, one of which posted itself in front of the camp, intercepting the way to the Great Wall; a second took a direction to the left; while a third, composed of cavalry with white and gilded globules, rode forth to meet us. When we got up, they inquired whence we came, and where we were going, adding, that they could not let us go along further, that the Commander-

in-chief was absent, and they could not take upon themselves the responsibility of allowing us to proceed. A prolonged negotiation had at last a successful termination, and for a moment we thought that we would have reached the Great Wall; but we had scarcely gone a few hundred yards, when we were intercepted by another party of horsemen, who declared that we should proceed no further.

With two rifles and our revolvers, and three hundred Tartar horsemen, we felt it to be our duty to avoid a quarrel, and still more so any actual fighting for the mere purpose of gratifying an innocent curiosity. So, after having taken a few sketches, we purchased sundry fans from the Tartar cavaliers, and astonished the crowd of Chinese who surrounded them by the distribution of brandy and the loan of our binocular glasses.

These Tartar horsemen had neither bows nor arrows, but all of them carried matchlocks suspended behind them. Their powder was very coarse, but besides balls they had also bits of lead in their cartouche boxes. Their horses were small, generally white or piebald, and of an essentially primitive race. These cavaliers carried their pipes and fans in their great boots, and all had a ring of jade for stringing bows.¹

Before leaving this neighbourhood we made an excursion to the other side of the Great Wall, opposite to the plains of Mantchuria, which presented that brilliant verdure which is only met with in countries a long time covered with snow and suddenly vivified by a brilliant sun. The Great Wall here detached itself like a long dark line from this admirable vegetation, and could be seen from this point issuing forth from the sea and ascending the mountain sides, to cross their very summits in all its grandeur, and thence to stretch away, for some six hundred leagues, across the wild regions which extend to the confines of Mongolia (see p. 144).

After having contemplated this magnificent spectacle to our fill, we took our departure, and made the best of our way back to our old quarters, with the memory of a pleasant trip to the most picturesque spot in all China. The soundings obtained showed that there was everywhere plenty of water to enable the largest ships to navigate the Gulf of Pe-che-li in perfect safety as far as to the Lea-tung.²

¹ "Probyn's Horse," a detachment of Sikh cavalry, commanded by English officers of the Indian army, rode down these Tartar cavalry, and scattered them like sheep in the recent short campaign.

² This Great Wall, which separates China from Tartary, is the most remarkable architectural monument of China, which, with its windings, is supposed to extend over 1,500 miles. It is passed through valleys and over mountains alike, and is carried over streams by means of arches. The building of it is said to have been commenced B.C. 215, to prevent the invasion of the Tartars, and it was probably the work of several generations. Since the conquest of China by the Mantchus, and the foundation of a Tartar dynasty and army, its purposes have been obsolete. Many exaggerations as to the solidity of this wall have become current, and it has even been calculated that the materials of which it is composed would be sufficient to erect all the dwelling houses in England and Scotland. It appears, however, from the detached notes of late travellers, that it is for the most part a mere earth wall faced in parts with brick and stone, and having quadrangular towers, at short distances, at the more important points. As to its breadth being such as to permit six horsemen to ride abreast of it, that, it would appear, must also be understood only of particular points, most open to access, and not to apply to the whole of the mountainous and diversified country over which the wall is carried.

Our judgment, after personal inspection, is, that its height

XIII.—ACROSS CHINA TO PEKIN.

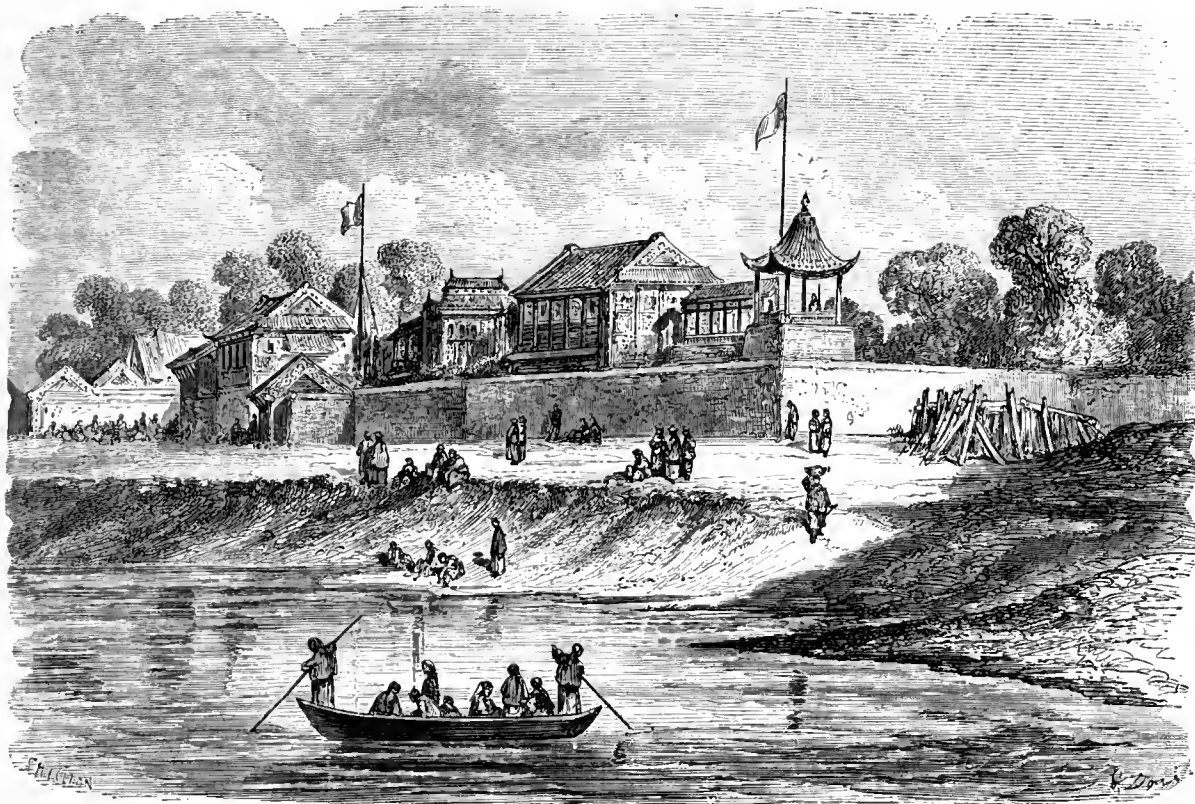
ONE of our objects in visiting this side of the wall, was to take in an emissary, who had been entrusted to cross the country, and pass into Peking by land. This we safely effected, and received from him the following account of his progress. "Disguised from head to foot, in full costume, with red trinkets, satin boots, and spectacles of large size,³ we crossed the bazaar, at Shanghai, and descended into our boat. After fifteen days' sail from boat to boat, from river to river, from canal to canal, from lake to lake, we passed the Kiang, and arrived at the banks of the Yellow River, at Hoai-ngan-fu. On the borders of the Yellow River carriage transit commences. We journeyed for four days along its banks from Hoai-ngan to Pesu-tchu. This river rolled along enormous blocks of ice, and the passage was dangerous. It is as wide as the Rhone at Avignon. Its waters are muddy and yellowish. Hence its name of Hoang-ho, Yellow River. In Europe you have bridges over your rivers, the Rhone, the Thames, the Rhine, &c., and where you have not bridges, you have ferries. The Chinese have not availed themselves of these conveniences. Here there are certainly many bridges of wood and stone, with arches well struck, and extremely well constructed; but in all these cases they are thrown across watercourses, or small streams which are often fordable, and the channels of which are dry except in the season of heavy rains. If the bridge is built on a rock it may be, in some degree, permanent; if not, however, cracks will soon begin to appear, the arches, placed on a bad foundation, will totter, and on the occasion of a heavy flood the bridge will be entirely swept away. As to ferries, the Chinese have not even an idea of them; they take off the horses, and place two planks from a boat to the water's edge, one for each wheel. The sailors then put themselves in harness, and by degrees draw the carriage on board; but the greatest difficulty is to get the cattle into the boat.

and breadth are not equal in every place; nor, indeed, is it necessary they should. When carried over steep rocks, where no horse can pass, it is about fifteen or twenty feet high, and broad in proportion; but while running through a valley or crossing a river, there you see a strong wall about thirty feet high, with square towers, at the distance of a bow-shot from one another, and embrasures at equal distances. The top of the wall is flat, and paved with broad free stone; and where it rises over a rock or any eminence, you ascend by a fine easy stone stair.

The bridges over rivers and torrents are exceedingly neat, being both well contrived and executed. They have two stories of arches, one above the other, to afford sufficient passage for the waters on sudden rains or floods. "This surprising piece of work," says a traveller, "if not the greatest, may be justly reckoned among the wonders of the world. And the emperor, who planned and completed it, deserves fame as much superior to him who built the famous Egyptian pyramids, as a performance of real use exceeds a work of vanity."

Besides the main wall, there are at places semi-circular walls. These are more particularly met with at the places least fortified by nature, and at the open passes of the mountains, as more particularly at the pass of Ku-pe-ku, or Cou-pe-koo. These are strongly built of the same materials and architecture as the long wall in the same neighbourhood, that is to say, of brick on a foundation of large blocks of square stones laid in mortar, and are often of considerable extent, sometimes on one side of the main wall, and sometimes on the other. In these walls are strong gates, constantly defended by a numerous guard.

³ Most Europeans, when they wish to disguise themselves in China, are compelled to wear spectacles to hide the length, height, and prominence of their noses. The Chinese, as a nation, have small turn-up noses. Hence they believed that Mr. Gutzlaff, who had a small nose, and spoke Chinese, must have been the son of a Chinese father who had emigrated to Germany.



RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH AMBASSADORS AT TIEN-TSIN.

They are made to jump in from the bank. This is effected by pulling them before, pushing them from behind, and striking them on the launches. The boats, as they have no keel, resemble oblong tubes, with the bottom flat and a little rounded off.

In the province of Kiang-nan¹ the bed of the Yellow River is much higher than the surface of the country through which it runs; its waters are confined by the embankments for roads which are made on each side of it; but, unfortunately, when the heavy floods come on, it frequently breaks through these banks, which are often badly constructed through the selfish cupidity of the contractors; then the towns of entire districts are inundated by most awful floods. Towards the north of

¹ Kiang-nan is divided into two departments, Kiang-su and Kiang-si; Nankin is the chief town of the former, Nan-chang of the latter.

² The mode of cultivating the rice plant varies considerably, according to the climate and local circumstances. The following is the method employed among the Chinese, who cultivate it to a very great extent in the midland and southern parts of their dominions, the low grounds of which are annually flooded by the Kiang and the Yellow rivers. These extensive inundations are occasioned by the heavy rains that fall near the sources of these rivers, which have their origin in the Himalayan chain of mountains. When the waters have receded, the earth is covered with a thick coating of slime and mud, which fertilizes the ground as perfectly as the richest manure. The ground is then carefully harrowed, and this operation is several times repeated until it is well worked. In the meantime the rice intended for seed has been soaked in water, in which a quantity of manure has been stirred; this has forwarded its growth so much, that the young plants appear above the ground in two

this river the country assumes a new appearance altogether. The palm-tree, the bamboo, and the rice-fields, are exchanged for immense tracts of corn and millot. We are now in the midst of the plains of Shan-tung, and feel no more the damp atmosphere of Kiang-nan, nor do we breathe beneath its cloudy sky. Here we have a dry and rather piercing cold, and a pure and cloudless heaven, and throughout the whole journey clouds of dust that nearly choke us; when the wind is high and stormy, immense whirlwinds rise into the air, and again pour down a deluge of sand at an incredible distance, as far off as Su-tchuen, and even further. During the passage of these sand-clouds in Mongolia, it is sometimes necessary to light the lamps in the middle of the day; so much is the light of the sun obscured, and the air darkened.

We crossed, at a Chinese pace (that is to say, with slow and heavy steps), the plains of Shan-tung. Every-

days after they have been deposited in the earth. As soon as the young plants have reached the height of six or seven inches, they are pulled up, the tops are cut off, the roots carefully washed, and the whole planted out in rows, about a foot asunder. The first crop, for they obtain two in the course of the year, is harvested about May or June, and the second in October or November. The sickle employed for the purpose of reaping the rice is, like the European instrument, bent into the form of a hook; but the edge, instead of being smooth, is notched like that of a saw. The chief food of the Chinese consists of this useful grain, prepared in various ways. They use no spoons at their meals, and it is curious to notice the dexterity with which two small skewers called *chop-sticks* are employed to jerk the rice into their mouths; a kind of wine is also prepared from the grain by fermentation.

where there were populous villages, composed of wretched hovels, built of straw,¹ and plastered over with mud, in the midst of which grow plantations of willow and poplar trees.

Formerly some of these small hamlets were surmounted with a rampart of mud, and enclosed with gates, formed, no doubt, during the civil war; at present the ruins of these fortifications alone remain. Numerous pagodas relieve somewhat the uniformity of the landscape; but as they all resemble one another so much, the eye soon becomes fatigued by a new species of monotony. You are already acquainted with these pagodas; they tower some feet above the ordinary houses; their summits are decorated with dragons, baboons, and wreaths, all modelled in plaster. In the far end of the sanctuary there is a huge enormous gilt idol, installed on a throne upon a raised platform. Its form is monstrous—a stiff black beard, thin like that of the Chinese, and very long, flows down from its ears and its chin; a broad flat nose, small eyes sunken in the forehead, covered with thick eyelids, and stuffed with some transparent gum: a large paunch, which is in China a distinguished mark of gentility, and finally, enormous ears, which hang down to its very shoulders. Such are the characteristics of the idol. Here large ears denote a great mind, and the Chinese all believe that their emperor has long and very large ears. At the feet of the principal god are arranged, in a semicircle, a crowd of minor divinities, with red, black, blue, and green faces, who rival one another in ugliness, grotesque appearance, and horrible aspect.

On our left we had the Imperial Canal, Yan-Leang-ho. This canal is large, and very beautiful in some places. We ascended it in Kiang-nan, and Yangtcheou as far as the Hoai-ngan, on the Yellow River, for forty leagues. All throughout it seemed magnificent. South of Kiang we also ascended it; it is sometimes very narrow and shallow.² We have been stranded there on a shoal. This was near Teu-kiang; there were in all two hundred junks stranded there. We often crossed this canal in Shan-tung. It appeared to us scarcely navigable, and, in fact, whenever there is a drought it becomes impracticable; open the sluices as you may, the boats make little more than half a league per day. Hence, this year, the sea-junks alone have conveyed rice to provision the country from Peking to Tien-tsin. It is erroneous to say (as a celebrated geographer has advanced, on the authority of a learned Russian, who was himself deceived by some vaunting Chinese), that stone quays line its banks, and that on each side there is a long row of houses from one end to the other of its course.

On the 4th of February we reached Shan-tung. This was the first day of the Chinese year. In China, on New-year's day, all travelling and some works are suspended. Each one thinks of making the best cheer possible, playing at dice and cards, and thus ruining

¹ The Chinese cottages generally are wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what Scotch cottages were a few years ago; bad fitting, loose, creaking doors, paper windows, dirty and torn; ducks, geese, fowls, dogs, and pigs in the house and at the doors, apparently claiming and obtaining equal rights with the inmates. Children, grandchildren, and several degrees beyond, lie huddled together, with their shaved heads, long tails, and strange costume, in comic groups within.

² Its southerly termination is at Hwang-Chow, in the Che-kiang.

himself. Others, or the majority, spend their time in firing off a succession of crackers; all wear their best attire. The women ornament their heads with an additional profusion of flowers. The houses, for once in the year, are dusted and swept somewhat carefully; the furniture rubbed; the papers forming the windows, which for so many months have fallen into tatters, are at length renewed. Strips of red paper, pasted together, are stuck everywhere on the posts, the pillars, the jambs of the doors, the walls, the chimney-pieces, the counters, the sideboards, the shafts of the carriages, and even on the stable doors. On each of these strips are written in large characters a great number of sentences; some of these are moral sentences, many are epicurean, and the majority superstitious. The household gods are greeted; the dragon conjured to piss by the house, and entreated to discover some great vein of wealth; and, in short, that the house may be completely filled, from top to bottom, with very yellow gold, Hoang-Kin, and precious stones, Kin-yu-man-tang.³

On the 10th we entered the province of Pe-che-li, after ten days' journey: we felt scorched, as it were, in a plain of sand, which whirled about with the wind. This notified our approach to Peking. We made our way into this city at noon: our guide, whom we had hired at an adjacent Christian community, took to flight; such are the Chinese in point of courage. On the approach of the custom-house officers we got out of our carriage. "Are you mandarins?" said they to us. "Whence do you come? where are you going?" "We are going east and west." "But what is your occupation? What business are you engaged in?" "Do you suppose, then, we have no business? At all events why do you wait? examine our carriage." We slipped them 200 sapees (16 to 20 half-pennies), then got in again and entered the town.

We expected to meet some remarkable building, some road well laid out, that air of comfort which is noticeable on approaching our large towns. But, on the contrary, we know nothing throughout the whole of China poorer or meaner than the outlets of the capital. We looked on all sides; we could not perceive either palace or country house, nor even a single grove. The inhabitants of the hamlets and villages do not seem to us more comfortable or more refined in their tastes than the rest of the empire. We advanced at a slow pace, the sand half-way up the horses' legs. There, as everywhere else in these countries, the roads are completely in ruts, and no one thinks of repairing them: every individual extricates himself as best he can. The mandarins have scarcely any other occupation than to extort from the people.

³ When there is a want of rain, the Mandarin orders a fast for the Dragon of Water, and as a last resource, they carry about his image in procession, and burn paper to his honour. When the dragon is obstinate, and the weather continues dry, he is beaten and torn to pieces. It is related that under Kia-King, the fifth Emperor of the Manchu Tartar dynasty, a long drought had desolated several provinces of the north, but us, notwithstanding numerous processions, the dragon persisted in not sending rain, the indignant Emperor launched against him a thundering edict, and condemned him to perpetual exile on the borders of the river Tsi, in the province of Togot. The sentence was about to be executed, and the criminal (paper image) was proceeding with desolated resignation to cross the deserts of Tartary, and undergo his punishment on the borders of Turkistan, when the supreme council of Peking went in a body to implore his pardon, and his Imperial Majesty revoked the sentence and reinstated the dragon in his position on conditions of better conduct for the future.

We entered by the southern gate, and traversed the Chinese town, Oay-lo-tcheng, from south to north. First comes a spacious quarter, almost deserted; some cabins are scattered here and there amongst a great number of small fields and kitchen-gardens, where not a walk, not a tree, combines ornament with tillage. After a transit of ten minutes we reached the inhabited quarters, next at the Tartar town, Man-tcheng. Its ramparts are higher and better built than those of the Chinese town: they are of brick. The gates are three stories high, and the walls forty feet high. We traversed, one after another, the streets of this immense city, often blocked up by long rows of carriages, which cross one another in all directions, by camels, mules, and porters. What an uproar! Peking is, however, much superior to all the Chinese towns we have ever met with. Two great streets are principally remarkable; one is in the Chinese part of the town, and the other at the Tartar end of it. Both of these are sixty feet wide; they run from one end of the town to the other. It is here, especially, that the Chinese lavishly display decorations on the fronts of their shops, in the shape of large gilded external ornaments, embellished with a thousand pieces of sculpture. At each side of the shop is its sign, which consists of a strong broad board covered with varnish, on which gilded characters are painted or cut. It is set up on its end, and is kept in its position by two blocks of sculptured granite, and stands about forty or fifty feet high; near it are poles painted red, and surmounted with a gilded heart turned upside down. This confusion of sign-boards and poles presents a singular and truly novel appearance. Besides these two streets, we have observed a few others laid out in straight lines, but not quite so wide, although rather handsome. As to the others, they are not worth mention. Certain parts of the town are paved with flag-stones; but they are uneven and worn into holes, for want of being properly attended to, and therefore afford an extremely unsafe way for carriages. Almost everywhere there is a black mire, which, during the dry season, blinds the passers-by, and fills the shops with dust; and during the rainy weather, what mud! and, consequently, what ruts! Here the population are continually perambulating the streets, and paddling about under the gilded fronts which ornament the shops, and doors, and windows, that admit the light through oiled paper. In all Peking we did not see one single pane of glass. After sunset complete darkness prevails, and the streets are entirely deserted.

In the Tartar town (Man-tcheng), the cross is still standing that was raised on the pinnacle of an edifice now in ruins, formerly the cathedral, or the Portuguese church. Some years ago, when this church was closed, and its adjoining buildings, the bishop's house and the seminary, were destroyed, the Emperor wished this cross to be pulled down along with them; but it is said that he hesitated to give the order, fearing chastisement and vengeance from the God of the Christians. It therefore remains still standing.

There is a Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Peking, of tolerable size, capable of containing from twelve to fifteen hundred persons. It is built in the form of a Latin cross. It does not belong to any order of architecture, and has nothing of the lance-shaped gothic style about it. Its entrance is very elegantly adorned with festoons and mouldings, cut in relief, in the midst of which the holy name of Jesus stands conspicuous. It is built in the style of the Portuguese

churches. All these decorations are well executed, and wrought in plaster. The cross, which surmounts the principal front, is sixty feet from the ground.

Some authors have estimated the population of Peking at three millions; others at two; others again at fifteen hundred thousand, and some even at a million. Peking is in point of fact about fifty-two lys in circumference, or about six leagues, of five thousand metres, or twenty-four kilometres (about eighteen miles English). It is of an irregular quadrilateral shape, approaching to that of a trapezium, and is composed of four large districts: namely, that of the Chinese town, Oay-lo-tcheng, which forms, as it were, the base of the trapezium; that of the Tartar town, or Men-tcheng; that of the imperial town, or Hoang-tcheng; and that of the palace, or Tse-kin-tcheng. This palace, which is nothing more than a long string of houses and courtyards, together with a few gardens, is surrounded by a wide ditch filled with water, which is sunk on the outside and at the foot of the boundary wall. It is about half a league (or a mile and a half English) in circumference. The Tien-thau, where the Emperor repairs to sacrifice to the heavens, is alone greater than the palace. The great court-houses of the empire, and several large pagodas besides, occupy a very considerable space. The shops are in general uninhabited. Every evening the shopkeepers, with the exception of the watchmen, return to their families, who inhabit some more retired neighbourhood, where, properly speaking, they are domiciled. It is true, that in these Chinese houses the families are crowded all together; father, mother, children, daughters-in-law, and the grand-daughters. Notwithstanding this the houses are only one story high. From all these considerations it may easily be concluded that those who reckon the population of Peking at about a million come nearest to the truth; while, with respect to the suburbs, it is quite a mistake to suppose that their population is so great as has been stated. We have gone through many of them, among others that of the south, which contains the largest number of inhabitants, and we found it consisted of a single street, hardly a quarter of a league (or two-thirds of an English mile) in length.

The commerce of Peking is far from being in proportion to the capital of so large an empire. It receives its silks from the midland towns, especially those of Kiang-nan, Sou-tcheou, Hang-tcheou, and even Su-tchuen. Shan-si supplies it with its felts and its iron manufactures; Shang-tung and the southern provinces their linens; Canton, Shan-tung and Ning-po their printed books, &c.; in a word, Peking imports most of the articles of consumption in their manufactured and finished state. Little is made there except objects of luxury, and articles which are of little importance in the ordinary use of life. However this may be, still the trade of Peking is considerable; but consists of a provision and storage trade. It is an immense magazine, into which the rich productions of eighteen provinces flow, in order to be thence carried beyond the Great Wall, and hawked to the principal stations and hordes of Mantchu-Tartary and Mongolia, such as Moukden, Ghirin, Tsi-tsi-kar, Ha-ta, San-tso-ta, Lama-miao, &c.

On the 25th of February we passed the Great Wall. We arrived at Chang-hai-kouan, the custom-house of which is stated to be the most rigorous of any in the empire. But happily for us it is always easy to manage matters with the Chinese police. With the expenditure of some coins worth about two shillings, we secured

our little carriage by means of the innkeeper, who himself got it through the custom-house. Towards evening, when it was dark, we passed this famous rampart, a league further to the west, by one of those numerous breaches which afford such an easy passage. This wall is crumbling, just like the Chinese empire, and is decaying with age. On a former occasion, when we arrived from Su-tchun, we cleared the Chinese frontier without noticing any vestige of this stupendous work. In point of fact, the wall does not exist in many places; undoubtedly not in the most deserted localities. Here it seems to be thirty feet high. Its bastions are distant from one another; and irregular battlements crown its summit, which is from eight to ten feet broad. It is built of brick, or rather it consists of a mass, or long embankment constructed of mud, and faced at each side with a continuous range of bricks forming a frontage for it. This wall, which is unavailable in reference to utility, engineering, and architecture, is, if viewed in itself, a gigantic work; hence its erection exhausted the resources of the empire, and ruined the senseless Che-hoang, who reigned, if we may believe the Kang-kien, or Chinese Annals, about the time of the Maccabees. He caused all the books he could find, throughout the extent of his empire, to be burned; and in order, as it were, to eternise his name, raised this inglorious wall. The work was finished in five years, from Lan-tcheou, the capital of Kan-sou, as far as Chang-hai-koen, where it terminates, a line of four hundred leagues. The workmen employed, but never paid, were innumerable; a great many perished, some of starvation, others of fatigue and cold. At length, at a later period, the stupid and ferocious Che-hoang was assassinated in a most awful manner.

We went round the Gulf of Lea-tong, or Phou-hay. This sea of Lea-tong, about forty leagues in breadth, is not navigable during the winter. The inner bend of the gulf to the north is entirely frozen, and the margin almost always congealed for many leagues from the shore. We wandered over the icy solitudes. They consist of huge icebergs piled up like accumulated cliffs, and presenting at a distance the appearance of an immense plain, scattered over with ruins. This sea, however, lies in the same latitude as Naples. The coasts east and west are thickly inhabited. At the end of the gulf there are meadows allotted for the pasturage of the imperial cavalry. They extend very far northward, along the banks of the Leao, nearly to Moukden, the capital of Shin-King, in Mantchuria. The Emperor of China fancies he has in his broad meadows of Mantchuria and Mongolia more than a hundred thousand horses; but very far from it. The mandarins here cultivate the best lands for their own profit, and leave the marshes unreclaimed. On the 4th of March, we at last reached the village of Yang-koan (Sun Hotel), situated three leagues from the sea, not far from the town of Kay-tcheou. From Kay-tcheou, to the other side of the Amoor, where is the Russian frontier, there lies a distance of five hundred leagues (about 1552 miles English), of which two hundred and fifty (about 776 miles) are frequented by fierce and savage tribes.

Here our duties terminated, and we awaited the intelligence of the arrival of certain appointed vessels, either for our own return or in advance of the expedition, in furtherance of which our inquiries had been directed.

Near Shanghai is the Jesuit college of Ze-ka-Wei. It has about one hundred pupils, who work thirteen

hours in the day. They are described as being exceedingly apt, diligent, and persevering. The Romanist mission of Kiang-nan numbers 40 missionaries, and, it is said, about 80,000 converts. The seminary of Tong-ka-Ton contains 28 Chinese students in theology, and there are also 364 schools, where 5000 children are educated by Christian masters. There is also the "Sainte-Enfance," at which 4767 children, abandoned by their parents, were sheltered in the year 1857 alone. These are afterwards put out to school, or in families, or they are taught a trade. Service is performed at the cathedral at Tong-ka-Ton, by a choir with tails and turned-up shoes; the organ is of bamboo, and the preaching in Chinese. These Chinese choristers also wore hats borrowed from the fashion of the ancient dynasties, for nothing is so disrespectful as to remain uncovered in China. The Lazarists have removed from Macao to Shanghai. This order has also a college and convent at Ningpo. That China may now be pronounced unequivocally an open country, we believe to be certain. The principal trading towns on her coast, the largest islands at the mouth of her rivers, are now pronounced accessible to the trade of the world, from the extreme east along her three thousand miles of coast, up to the north, and even to Peking itself.

Of what importance is this trade, and of how much greater importance it was to the trade of England that some change should have been effected in the method of carrying on commerce with China, can be estimated from the fact that the legitimate exports of Shanghai alone, during 1859, were £11,950,000, against an import of only £6,713,627 sterling, a balance against us of five and a quarter millions, and Shanghai represents only one-third of the European trade with China. The customs dues paid by Europeans into this port alone, amounted, in 1859, to £1,310,792 sterling.

XIV.—COCHIN-CHINA.

THE great central Empire of China is composed of numerous countries lying beyond itself, which pay tribute to it in acknowledgment of a sovereignty but seldom and very lightly exercised. These are Mongolia,¹ Mantchuria, Thibet, and the Corea,² (to each of

¹ The quantity of cattle that pours down into China from the vast prairies of Mongolian Tartary, is described as being very great. The number of sheep passing the gate in the great wall, that is nearest to Peking, alone, is estimated at twenty five millions annually. The total number annually entering China may thus be estimated at from sixty to sixty-five millions. Hence sheep are almost fabulously cheap in the northern provinces, but they are rarely met with south of the Yang-tse-kiang; the provinces beyond, being covered with rice, have no pasturages wherewith to feed them. We may now obtain, by this means, an equal supply of wool from China on this side of Asia, that we are seeking from the plains of the Indus on the other.

² The Corean Peninsula is a tributary kingdom of China, and sends, every year, an embassy to Peking. But the authority of the Celestial Empire over this people is purely nominal; no Chinese is permitted to reside in Corea, nor a Corean in the Chinese territory. So slight is the feeling of connection between the countries that the Russian Admiral Pontiatin was at one time obliged to interfere on behalf of the shipwrecked crew of a Chinese junk, whom the Coreans were about to massacre. The rivers in this country roll over beds of gold. The existence of three gold mines is well known, two of which are not worked, because the workmen, as the natives tell us, are driven away by evil geni; in reality, however, by the Mandarins, whose particular ideas of political economy lead them to infer that those who hunt for gold are not likely to sew the earth they dig up. The

which we have been closely approximating from the Gulf of Leao-tung) the Loo-Choo Isles, Tonking, Cambogia, and Cochin-China, to the latter of which we now particularly address ourselves.

The joint expedition of a French and Spanish force to Cochin-China, despatched, in 1858, to avenge the cruel murder of two Catholic missionaries, twelve native priests, and thirteen native Christians, besides the destruction of the convents and churches of the Christian community, resulted in the capture of the trading town and port at the mouth of the river Saigon, the destruction of its forts, and the taking possession of the adjacent district of Tourane, the expedition terminating its campaign by a gallant victory over 8000 Cochin-Chinese, who were driven out of a strong line of fortifications at the point of the bayonet by less than 1,000 European troops.

At the southern extremity of Asia, and parallel with India, properly so called, lies a vast peninsula, extending from the 19th to the 109th degree of east longitude, and from the tropic of Cancer to the Equator. Bounded on the north by China, Tibet, Bootan, and Bengal, and on the other three sides by the sea, it is almost encircled by the Andaman Islands, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines. Whilst its indented shores are rounded towards the east, it forms almost a straight line in the west, terminating in the peninsula of Malacca to the south. A chain of mountains, connected with the Himalaya range, reaches from the frontiers of China to the Straits of Singapore, dividing the country into two parts, and giving rise to rivers, which flow from their sides to the right and left. The Song-ka, Me-kon, or May-kong, and Me-nam, or May-nam, discharge themselves into the sea of China; whilst the Salouen, the Irawaddi, and Brahma-pootra, flow into the Bay of Bengal.

The population of this vast country amounts to only twenty-five millions, a consequence of the insalubrity of the country. Numerous tribes, having their origin in Upper India, overspread the northern provinces, but have been as yet inaccessible to the curiosity of travellers. The southern shores are covered with colonies of Malays, a warlike people, who have also overrun the neighbouring islands. Two distant nations, however, divide between them the empire of the peninsula. The Assam and the Burman empire betoken, by preservation of castes and name, their Indian nationality and proximity; whilst the Annamite empire, which is on the frontiers of China, is tributary to that country, and borrows from it its military and civil constitution, its worship of Confucius, its language of monosyllables, and its writing the expression of words, not ideas. It is, therefore, denominated justly an Indo-Chinese Peninsula. Buddhism, the reformed religion of Brahminism, reigns, however, alike over both empires, from the banks of the Irawaddi to those of the Song-ka; a religion which has for ages subjected *one-third of the human race* to the same moral and intellectual servitude, and now first confronted with the law of Christ, in its purity and simplicity.

In 1557, when Francis Xavier first led forth Christianity in all its majesty, to proselytise and humanise those regions which the sword had conquered, a bishopric

was established at Molucca, to follow up such spiritual instructions as had crept in since 1521, when the Portuguese navigators first reached these shores. Into the history of the Church here our limits forbid us to enter. We may, however, briefly notice that the territory was divided into five vicarates-apostolic of Ava and Pegu, Siam, Cochin-China, western and eastern Tong-king. This will show the state of Christianity in Indo-China under the Roman Catholic Church.

In the kingdom of Annam, bordering on China, the Word of God, first heard in 1627, was responded to by 200,000 conversions. MM. de la Mothe Lambert and Palla, sent to gather in this harvest, founded, to supply a succession of fellow-labourers, the Society of Foreign Missions in Paris, so many of whose brethren have since nobly won the bloody palm of martyrdom in distant lands. Calm and persecution succeeded each other in their usual course, until the bishop of Adran was called to the councils of the King of Annam, and entrusted with the education of the heir to the throne. All seemed fraught with the brightest Christian hope, until the ascent of the tyrant Minh-Meng to the throne brought with it cruel persecution; for, like Diocletian, he declared his purpose of rooting out the very name of Christian.

A worthy missionary of olden times—one of the first in the kingdom—Borri, a Milanese, of the Society of Jesus, describes Cochin-China as “a land as to its climate and seasons of the year habitable, on account of the fruitfulness of its soil, abounding in provisions, fruit, birds and beasts, and the sea in choice and delicious fish; and most healthy, because of the excellent temperature of the air, inasmuch that these people do not yet know what the plague is. It is rich in gold, silver, silk, columba, and other things of great value, fit for trade on account of the ports and resort of all nations; peaceable because of their loving, generous, and sweet disposition; and lastly secure, not only by the valour and bravery of the Cochin-Chinese, accounted such by other countries, and their store of arms and skill in managing them; but even by nature, which has inclosed it on the one side by the sea, and on the other by the rocky alps and uncouth mountains of the Kemois. This is that part of the earth called Cochin-China, which wants nothing to make it a part of heaven, but that God should send thither a great many of his angels—so St. John Chrysostom calls apostolical men, and preachers of the gospel.”

Cochin-China is, like China, divided into a number of provinces, but these may be grouped into three great divisions; the north or high Cochin-China, whose capital, Huah, is the royal city; the central, in which is situated the fine port of Tourane, or Touranne of the French, and now occupied by that power, but by the natives known simply as Han or Tur-han; and the city of Fai-fu, which was for a long time the commercial centre of the country. The wars which desolated Cochin-China at the latter part of the last century destroyed the city in great part, although it still contains a considerable Chinese population in addition to the natives, and who carry on a tolerably active commercial intercourse with the mother country. This district is alike picturesque and fertile, and at the same time less unwholesome than some others, from its being hilly.

Further to the south is the port of Kua-gia, in a region of crumbling brick towers—relics of a once

Russian claim of the great southern bend of the Amoor, and her possession of the river Sungari, or Soongari, as well as other affluents of the Amoor, bring her in terrible proximity to the Koreans, whose independence is seriously menaced.

powerful dynasty, known as that of Siampa. This, again, is followed by the port of Nhatrang or Binhoa, disposed in a kind of amphitheatre, with plantations of areca, betel nut, groves of mulberry, and fields of rice. A French officer constructed a stronghold at this point, which sustained two sieges: one in 1792, and another in 1793. The older capital of the Siampese or Loys was situated in the southern part of Central Cochin-China, a region which produces ebony, and the still more valuable Ki-nam or scented eagle-wood. These Siampese had once commercial relations with the nations of the extreme East, and we are told of one of the Javanese emperors wedding a daughter of the King of Siampa, in the fifteenth century; but the few that remain in the present day dwell away in the mountain recesses.

Lastly, we have the southern portion of Cochin-China, which comprises a part of Cambogia, formerly known as Dug-nai, the field of deer, but now designated Saïgon. This district is in reality constituted by the delta of the great river May-Kong, and it and its capital have passed away into the hands of the French. That branch of the May-Kong upon which the port and town of Saïgon is built, can be navigated by the largest merchantmen for a distance of sixty miles from its mouth.

The memory of a great poet attaches itself to this river. Camoëns was returning from his exile at Macao, in 1561; he was on his way to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, a fortune which he had conquered by his industry, when a frightful tempest arose, and the ship that bore him was stranded and broken up. He nevertheless saved himself, and with him the manuscript of the "Lusiad." "Look at the river Mecom," he says, "proclaimed sovereign of rivers, as it flows through the plains of Cambogia. One day, in the midst of its repose, it received on its hospitable banks verses moistened with the ocean's waves, and preserved from a grievous and miserable wreck, when struck by an unjust decree, he to whose sonorous lyre more glory and renown are accorded than happiness, found himself cast away amidst privations and dangers innumerable." (*Lusiad*, x. 127.)

In 1643 a Dutch embassy went up this river, under the unfortunate Regemertes, who was assassinated with all his followers, at the moment when he was about to be introduced to an audience with the king. The two ships that brought them were then seized and the crews massacred.

Two years before that the enterprising Van Diemen, who had founded the Dutch factory at Tonquin, and under whose auspices it was that the unfortunate attempt was made to win over the murderous King of Cambogia to commercial intercommunication, had organised an exploratory expedition up the May-kong to the kingdom of Laos. The party succeeded in ascending in boats as far as to Wink-yan, which was at that time the Royal City. They found the river to be wide in places, but in others, on the contrary, to be narrow, and obstructed by rocks. They had often, indeed, to effect portages, and renew the navigation at a higher point. Villages and towns were met with on the banks of the river, pretty well built, after the fashion of the country; and they were, altogether, seven weeks on their journey. The embassy was not unfavourably received, albeit all the extravagantly exclusive and vain observances of an oriental despotism were as usual adhered to; but all the advantages

that could have been derived from the expedition were frustrated by a native revolution.

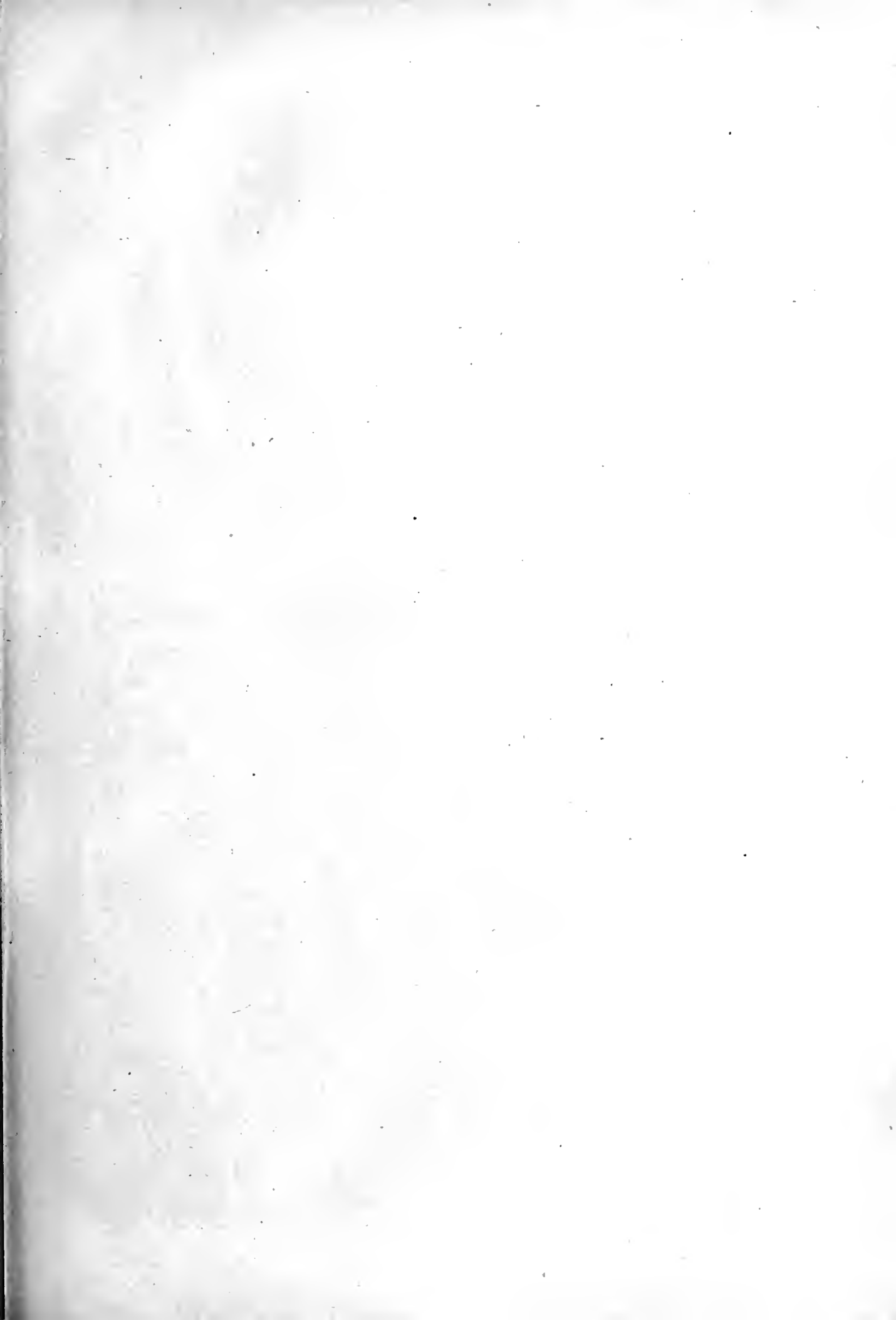
Although so little visited by Europeans, and it appears to be very doubtful (although Spanish missionaries from the Philippines wrote in 1596 of Laos as a rich and powerful country, and as if they knew it personally) if the missionaries really did visit it, Laos is known in actual times to be a dependent, prostrated, miserable country, to which Cochin-China professes to be a mother and Siam a father! The father, indeed, inflicts sometimes a little parental chastisement, as in 1828, when the king of Laos, having omitted to send the tree of gold—emblem of vassal tenure—to Bangkok, an army of twenty thousand men was sent to put Laos to the fire and sword—a savage mission which is said to have been carried out to the letter, the king himself having been made prisoner, and conducted to Bangkok in an iron cage, where he was subjected to the most atrocious tortures that oriental ingenuity could devise.

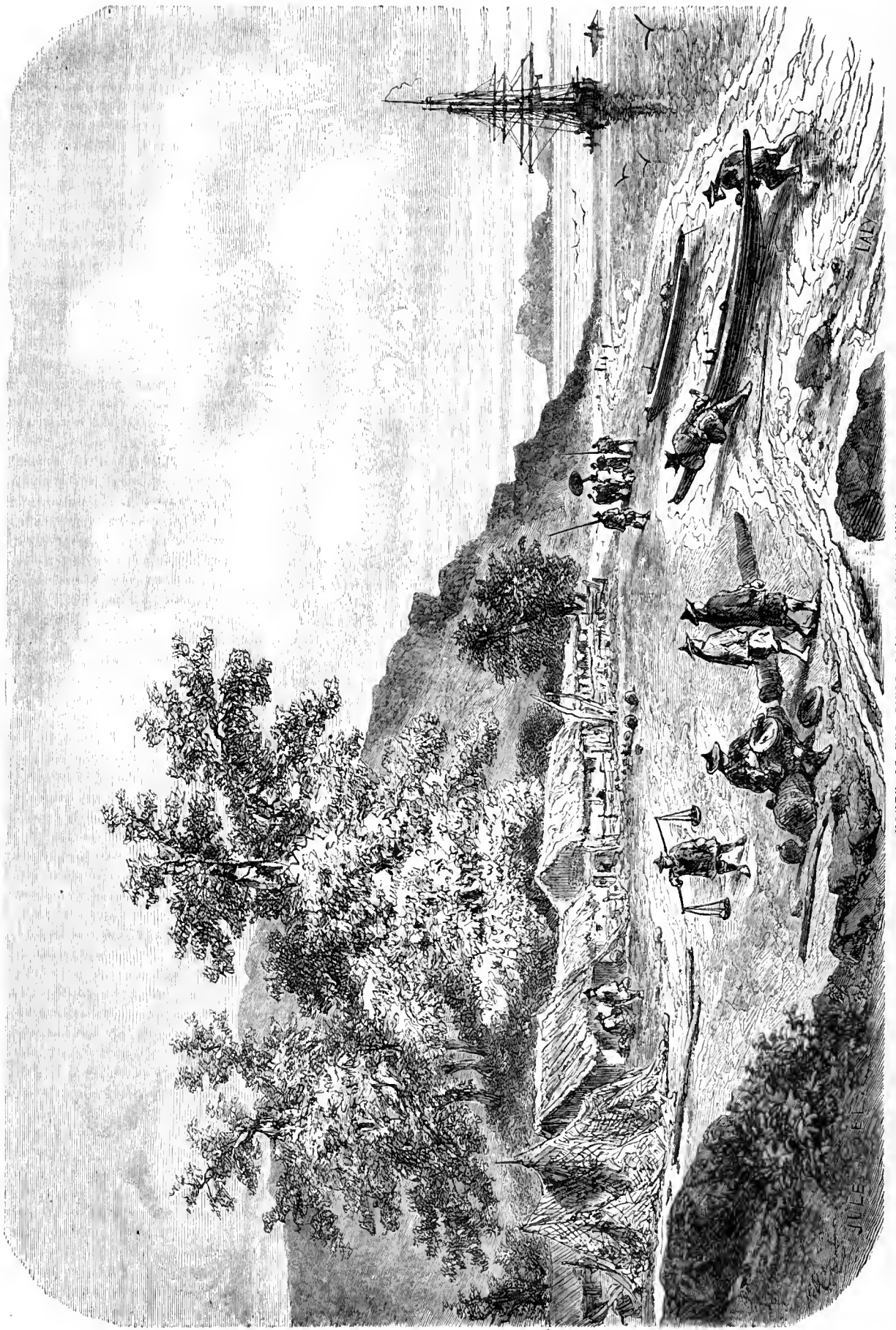
Elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, monkeys, boars, and deer, the latter of very large size, are met with in these countries. The elephant is a very fine animal, similar to the one of Bengal. The best come from Cambogia, and our Chinese authority, before quoted, says that there are 5,000 kept for the purpose of war. Certain it is, that amongst the Cochin-Chinese the elephant is a most useful and indefatigable servant. The horses are small but agile; asses and mules are also common. The number of tame cattle, such as buffaloes and cows, is said to be very great. The buffalo is a large animal in Cambogia, but it dwindles down in Cochin-China to a small reddish-brown beast without a hump. Strange to say, the natives, like many other people of the extreme east, do not partake of the flesh of buffaloes or cows, and actually abhor milk!

Cochin-China is the indigenous country of the domestic fowl. It would hardly be thought that the tall, long-legged species—the furor of a moment in this country—was the progenitor of our own diminutive race. The rearing of high-bred varieties of fowls is a passion also with the Cochin-Chinese, and the cruel spectacle of a cock-fight constitutes one of their national pastimes. Wild ducks cover the lakes and marshes, and even the rice inundations, at certain seasons of the year, and tame ducks are reared in incredible numbers. A large white goose, of a different breed from that seen in China, is reared at Saïgon.

Fish abound in the lakes and rivers, as also on the coast. The fisheries on the latter, especially, are very productive, and the fish are of the rarest and most delicious kinds. A great number of hands are employed carrying fish from the sea-coast to all parts of the kingdom, as well as what are engaged in the fisheries themselves. The Cochin-Chinese use a kind of sauce which they call *balachiam*, made of salt fish macerated and steeped in water. This is a sharp liquor, not unlike mustard, and serves more especially to render the ordinary boiled rice palatable. The islands also abound in the edible nests of the salangan swallow.

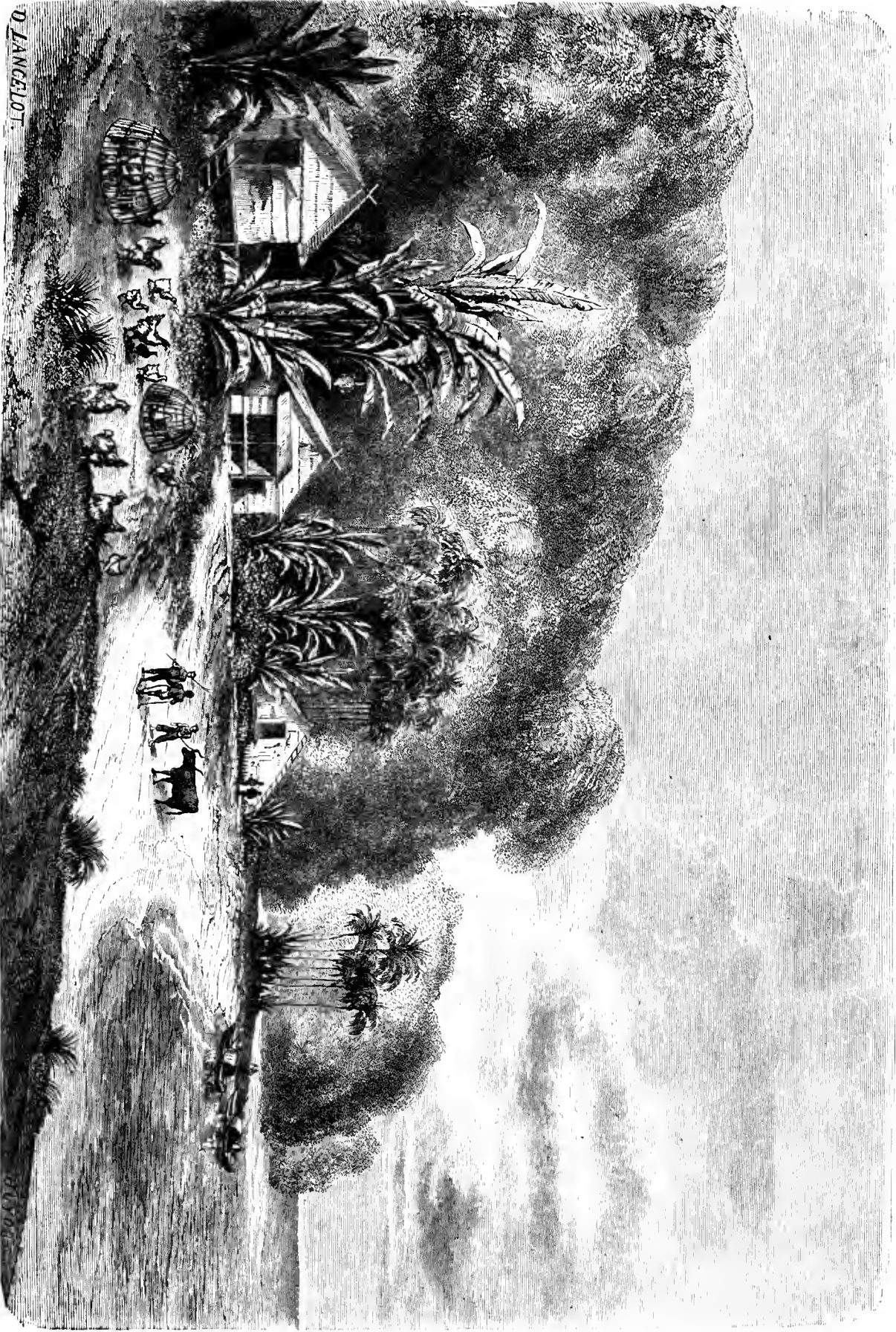
The population of Cochin-China is composed of four distinct races: the Annamite, the Cambejian, or Cambogians, the Shampese, or Champese, or Loys, and the Moys. The Annamite race constitutes the chief population of Tonquin and Cochin-China. The inhabitants of these two countries, although frequently at war, speak the same language, are governed by the same laws, and are controlled by the same habits and manners.



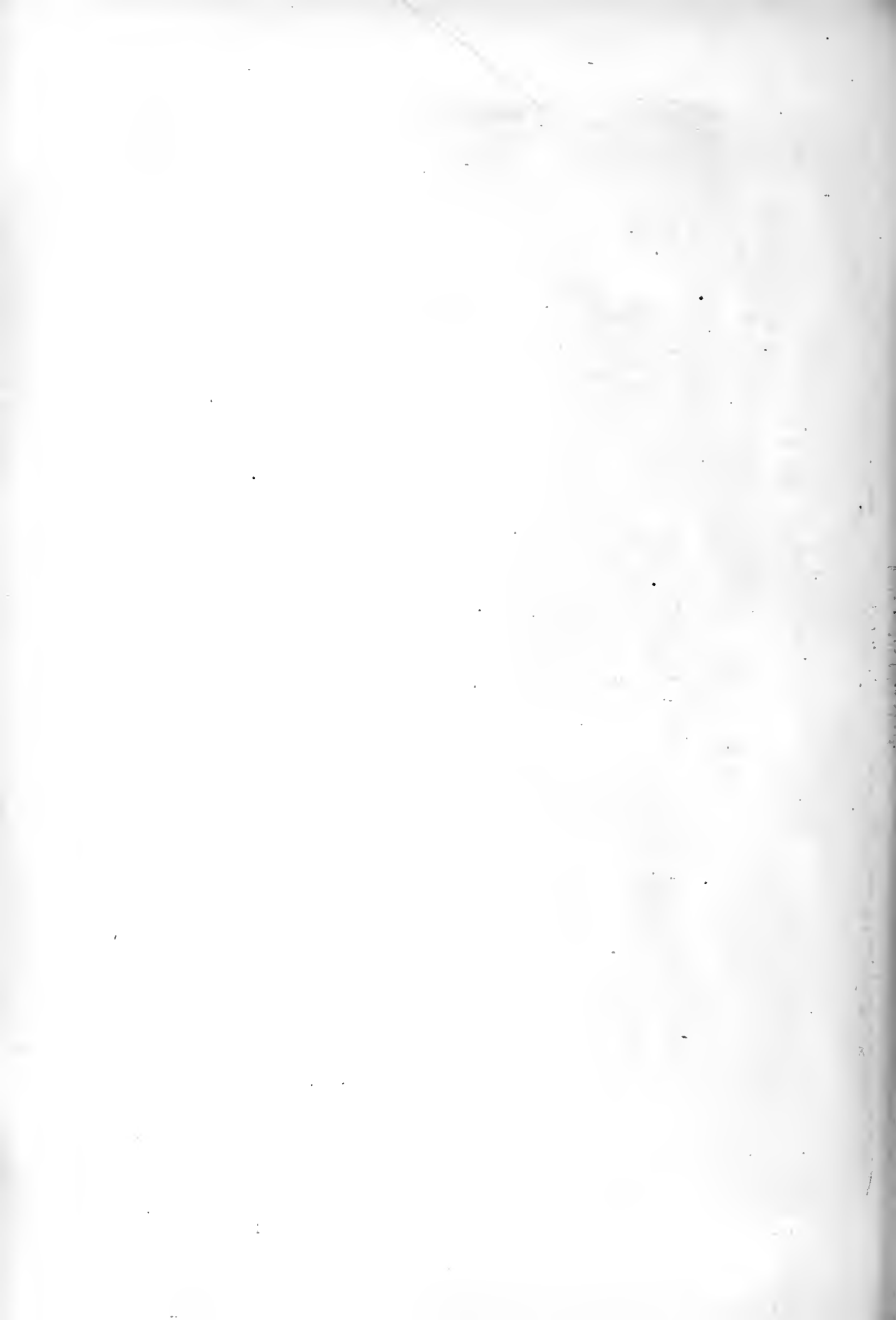


MOUTH OF THE RIVER SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA.

JULE EL



BANKS OF THE RIVER SAIGON.



The Cambogians call themselves Kammer, or Koomien; they speak a different language from that of neighbouring nations, but they resemble the Siamese more than any other people in their appearance, their laws and religion, and their state of civilisation. The latter is of ancient date: they used to send ambassadors to China in the year 616. Constantly at war with Siam on the one side, and Cochin-China on the other, they appear to have attained the zenith of their power in the tenth century. In the twelfth, they subjected the latter country. Kublai Khan invaded them in 1268, but the great Tartar conqueror appeared to have contented himself with an acknowledgment of submission. In 1717, the Siamese invaded the country, and the sovereign, obliged to seek the assistance of the Cochin-Chinese, fell into the power of his auxiliaries. From that time to the present, this fertile and populous, but unfortunate country, has been the constant seat of troubles.

We may now revert to the good Bishop of Adran and his royal charge, with whom he took refuge in Bankok, when, the king of Siam falling in love with the sister of Gia-Song, quarrels ensued, which led to the exiles once more regaining the protection of their island. The Bishop of Adran conceived in this extremity that France might derive advantages by coming to the succour of the banished monarch. Filled with this idea, he sailed for Europe, in company with the king's eldest son, a boy of six or seven years of age. The bishop was well received at the court of Louis XVI., his projects were countenanced, and it was resolved to send ships and men to re-establish the king on his throne, on the condition of a large cession of territory to the French, and the furnishing of a contingent of 60,000 men, to enable France to hold possession of her new acquisitions.

Luckily for Gia-Song, this projected assistance, which would have made Cochin-China a French province, was never carried out. The bishop arrived at Pondicherry with instructions to the Count de Conway, governor-general of the French establishment in India, to supply the necessary forces. But Madame de Vienne, mistress of the court, taking offence at the bishop's manners towards her, prevailed upon him not to act in conformity with his instructions, and the bishop was obliged to join the king at Saïgon, where he had by that time succeeded in establishing himself with some fourteen or fifteen adventurers, among whom were several English and Irish officers. These men organised an army, created a fleet, and were in great part the means of restoring this monarch to the throne of his ancestors, and of adding to it the richer and more populous country of Tonquin. The king also began with the same assistance many improvements. He established a manufactory of saltpetre, opened roads of communication, and encouraged cultivation. He distributed his land forces into regular regiments, and established military schools, in which officers were instructed by Europeans. He also formed a fleet, consisting of three hundred large gun-boats or row galleys, five luggers, and a frigate, on the model of a European vessel. He also undertook, with the assistance of the bishop, to reform the system of jurisprudence; but although he openly declared his great veneration for the Christian religion, he adhered to the ancient religion of his own country. In 1809, taking advantage of dissensions which prevailed in Cambogia, Gia-Song, partly by force of arms and

partly by intrigue, acquired the most valuable part of that country, and thus established one of the most extensive and best organised powers in the extreme east. The fortifications and arsenals at Huah and Saïgon excite the admiration of strangers to the present day.

Gia-Song, who has been compared to Peter the Great and to our Alfred, died in 1819, at sixty-three years of age. He was the first who bore the title of emperor. He was succeeded by his son, Minh-Mengh, who possessed some of the military qualities of his father, but, instead of tolerating the Roman Catholic missionaries, as the former had done, he was all the time of his reign their bitterest foe and direst enemy. So they dubbed him the Nero of Cochin-China. This system of persecution was persevered in by the successor of Minh-Mengh, Thien-Iri, and Tu-Duk, the present sovereign; but it seems, as in most other instances, to have only served to augment the zeal of the missionaries, and to increase the number of converts.

The political system of the Cochin-China government is like that of all countries beyond the Ganges, one of extreme caution and aversion to any intimate connection with neighbouring powers. The sovereignty is despotic, and yet it assumes to be patriarchal and paternal. The whole empire is administered as one family, and the bamboo is the chief instrument employed to keep all parties in order!¹ There is no nobility, save that conferred by functions. The civil and military officers are, like the mandarins in China, divided into ten classes. The first two assist in the king's council. There are thus only two social classes, the people and the mandarins. Each province is ruled by one military and two civil mandarins, who are expected to act in concert. Each province is divided into three kuyens or departments, each kuyen into four fœes or districts, and each fœe into a certain number of villages, whose magistrates, elected by the peasants, have to collect the taxes. The system is, at all events, simple, and ought to be efficient. But it is damaged by mischievous laws, as, for example, the servitude of every male after he is of age. Every adult must be a soldier, or a sailor, a workman in the arsenals, public roads, or a mandarin's servant.

The military power is said to be upheld by a royal guard of forty regiments of 600 men, with their officers, elephants, and waggon train. Of the 800 elephants that belong to the army, 130 are always stationed in the capital. There are, in addition to these royal troops, five legions, each of five regiments, and provincial militia, the number of which varies greatly. The viceroyalty of Saïgon, for example, has sixteen regiments. There is no cavalry. The men are short of stature, but robust, active, accustomed to fatigue, easy to instruct, and obedient.

The Cochin-Chinese are low in stature (averaging about five feet three inches), with a round head and face, low forehead, little brown round eyes, not so much

¹ The extent to which the bastinado system is carried on in Cochin-China is positively ridiculous. Parents bastinado their children, husbands their wives, officers their soldiers, generals their officers. The Prime Minister having granted a farewell audience to Mr. Crawford's mission, he had the whole troop of royal comedians bastinadoed in his presence, because he was not satisfied with their performance! Everywhere, and at all times, the bamboo is in requisition, and is appealed to to settle every difference.

curved as the Chinese, small nose, large mouth, prominent lips, and considerable expanse of the lower part of the face. All the manifestations of low intelligence, good nature, and frankness, which pre-eminently distinguishes them from the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Malays. The prevalent tint is yellowish, and of the hair, which is long and coarse, black; the beard is spare, yet it is cultivated with extreme care. The Cochin-Chinese are a naturally quiet, inoffensive people, given to talking, joking, and laughing. But on the other hand, whether as the results of despotism, or of climate, or of the two united, they are servile, deceitful, ignorant, dirty, and totally indifferent in matters of religion. In the pursuits of industry and commerce, however, they stand next after the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Japanese. Their inferiority is particularly manifest in their agriculture, which, better in Saigon and Tonquin, is at its lowest ebb in Cochin-China: witness the poor harvests of rice. They are more successful with their sugar and cotton plantations. They manufacture excellent cotton cloths, but neither dye nor print them. Their silks, we have before seen, are inferior to those of the Chinese. Tonquin was once as celebrated for its lacquer and other varnished works, as Japan is in our day. These works exhibit much taste, and are adorned with gold and mother-of-pearl, of which they obtain a very fine description from a species of mya. The art of melting and founding has been long known to them; but although the gun and cannon foundries have much improved of late, they still depend upon foreign countries for fire-arms and side arms, as well as for other first-class works in metal. It is the same with other branches of industry: the Annamite race appear never to get beyond the rudiments, although, like the Chinese, they are proficient in the arts of imitation.

The Cochin-Chinese, not being allowed to quit their own country on any plea whatsoever, the consequence of so absurd, so restrictive, and so inhuman a law, is that external commerce is entirely in the hands of strangers. Naturally hardy, vigorous, active, and docile, were it not for this, the Cochin-Chinese would probably become first rate navigators. The trade of the interior is mainly carried on by the rivers and the sea coast. From Huah, the capital, to Tonquin, there is a water communication by canals and lagunes, which are not marked in our maps. External commerce is mainly directed towards China, Siam, and the British ports in the Straits of Malacca and Singapore. Kekho, or Cachao, is the chief for commerce with China, which is estimated as represented by 116 junks, or some 20,000 tons. Some fifty junks, navigated by Chinese, suffice to keep up the commercial relations with Siam. Far greater commercial activity exists, however, in respect to Singapore—a commerce which has had its origin in the force of circumstances. The olden commerce of the Dutch, Portuguese, and English, with Tonquin and Cochin-China, has been long closed, when the latter made attempts in 1778 to re-open commercial relations. In 1804, new measures were taken under the Marquis Wellesley, but they failed, in consequence of the supremacy of French interests. These interests, however, declined so rapidly in their turn, that the French themselves were obliged to have recourse to extraordinary measures in 1815 and 1817. At that epoch Captain A. de Kergariou reclaimed the cession of a small territory, in virtue of the treaty of 1787, in order to enable France to establish a settle-

ment. The proposal, however, gave umbrage to the Cochin-Chinese monarch. He would not even enter upon a discussion of the subject; and he and his successor gave so little encouragement to the French, that they gave up for a long time making any further attempts at establishing commercial relations, or insisting upon the fulfilment of a one-sided treaty. Crawford's mission took place in 1822, and he obtained freedom of commerce in the rivers, and at the ports of Saigon, Hou, or Tuan, and also in the bays of Fay-foo and Huah, besides other advantages, all of which were, however, lost to us by French interference. The consequence was, that Singapore was declared a free port, and it soon attracted the main portion of the commerce of all the surrounding countries. Above forty Cochin-Chinese junks now visit yearly the port of Singapore and the British possessions within the Straits of Malacca. There are also some slight commercial relations with Macao and Batavia. It is also supposed that the inland trade between the Cochin-Chinese dominions and China is considerable. In this intercourse Cochin-China receives manufactured silks, English broadcloths, and Bengal opium, with the copper, spelter, and lead of Yunan, and return cotton, areca nuts, varnish, dye-stuffs, and a variety of native products.

The Cochin-Chinese have not been so long separated from China but that they still preserve many of the customs of the latter country. This is more particularly observable in their marriages, and funeral and other processions, and ceremonies. They have also the same superstitions, consulting oracles, and making offerings to idols. They eat the same food and practise the same modes of preparing it. They have the same games and public amusements, the same fireworks, the same musical instruments, the same cock and quail fights. Although the language differs, the writing is the same. But then again, there are great differences in dress, in the manner of wearing the hair, in their liveliness and garrulity, and still more so in their treatment of the fair sex. Women in Cochin-China are not only housekeepers, but also merchants and agriculturists; nay, they even navigate their boats and junks. In fact, owing to all the men being recruited as soldiers, as is, to a certain extent, the case in France, the women have everything to do. Strange that the French should have met with their counterparts in the remote East! Barrow long ago remarked that the Cochin-Chinese were as fond of talking as the French; they are also as fond of dancing; their religion and morality are pretty nearly upon a par; the men are all soldiers, and the women have to perform the more serious duties of life. Nowhere are women less scrupulous, and men more indifferent to the honour of their wives and daughters, it is said, than at Turan. If the females are of easy virtue they are not always captivating. They are of lively disposition, but the features are coarse and the skin yellow. The teeth are discoloured by betel-chewing. The poorer classes only wear a chemise of coarse cloth, brown or blue, that comes down to the thighs, with wide drawers of black nankeen. They wear neither shoes nor stockings, and their feet are just the reverse of the ostrich feet of the Chinese: "*femini plantas adeo parvas, ut struthopodes appellentur,*" as old Eudocius has it, they are large and flat. The better classes of females wear two or three shifts of different colours. They gather together their long black hair in a knot at the top of the head, or

sometimes they let it float in long tresses behind until it reaches the ground. The men are as badly dressed as the women, contenting themselves with a jacket and wide trowsers, a kerchief doing duty as a turban, or a broad brimmed Malay or other hat covering the head, while the wretched hovels of bamboo keep the general poverty of the inhabitants in countenance.

Turan is, in the present day, a mere assemblage of villages, and these are composed of huts of bamboo, or mud coarsely thatched. The ruins of edifices of a better class attest that it has not always been in so fallen a condition. Now-a-days the best houses are of wood or sun-dried bricks. The walls are crumbling to ruin. Plantations of sugar and of tobacco are to be seen between the huts. The celebrated French navigator, Admiral Laplace, gives a graphic description of the bay of Turan: "The right side on entering," he says, "is flanked by an amphitheatre of mountains which, heaped the one over the other, appear in their gloomy majesty to rise from the shore to the heavens, and their sharp-pointed summits, whitened by the snow and rain, are lost in the clouds during a great part of the year. The flanks of these enormous masses are clad with dense forests, as ancient as the world, and the possession of which is disputed by elephants, tigers, and boars. Wild beasts often await the traveller on the rocky and sinuous pathway, which, crossing the crest of the mountain range, which constitutes the natural barrier between the two provinces, leads from Turan to Huah-fu. This road, the only one that exists between Fai-foo and the capital, is protected at the top of the pass by a wall and gateway, which is carefully guarded. Not even a native can cross this barrier without a passport, which indicates to the mandarin, or officer in command, his name, condition, and object of his journey, certified by the authorities of the town or village to which he belongs.

The road, as it descends to the foot of the mountains on the Turan side, passes at first through several miserable villages, situated on the barren and rocky side of that portion of the bay; it then traverses treeless plains, the seat, however, of extensive rice-fields and



other cultivation, and, finally, it reaches Turan, a mass of poor huts constructed of mud and straw, congregated on the marshy and boggy soil which lies at the bottom of the bay, and the mouth of a small river, more efficiently defended by mud-banks, that leave only a

narrow and shallow passage between them, than by two forts, upon which floats the yellow standard of the sovereign of Cochin-China, and which is torn into tatters at each rainy season. The right bank of the river is less liable to inundations than the left, and it is only separated from the sea by a very narrow isthmus, on which vegetation is supplanted by moving downs of sand. This isthmus unites the peninsula that forms the eastern side of the bay to the continent, protecting the former from the winds, and giving origin to an excellent harbour. Although of irregular form, this peninsula is more or less like a star, the rays of which diverge from a group of rugged mountains, clothed with dense forests from the shore up to the summits.

It is in vain that the traveller's eye seeks, in this wild country, for the delightful scenes upon which it loves to dwell—those villages whose white cottages seem to hide themselves behind the woods, those imposing mansions which, rising on the slope of hills, dominate over the sea, and announce to the weary sailor that he is about soon to find friends and good cheer, in the indulgence of which he may be enabled to drown for a moment the memory of home. "To whatever side we direct our looks we could perceive nothing but gloomy forests or miserable villages, inhabited by a race of men whose language and manners were alike strange to us."

We must, however, pass on to the events which have led to the interference of France, and have been the cause of hostilities on the part of that power with the Emperor of Cochin-China. In the month of November, 1841, the agent of the French government, employed on an extraordinary mission to the Chinese seas—M. Dubois de Jaicigny—being at Manilla, thought proper, in concert with the consul-general of France, to send M. de Chouski, one of the gentlemen attached to the mission, to Macao. A passage was accordingly obtained for the French diplomatist on board of the British steamer, *Medusa*, which had touched at Manilla for coals, and intended to complete its freight at Mariveles in the Philippines.

The *Medusa*, however, encountered such violent contrary winds, and was so baffled by the currents, as to be nigh perishing on the coast of Hainan on the 15th of November, and was glad, having exhausted all her coal, and having nothing but dangers to struggle against all along the coast of Cochin-China, to seek shelter, on the night of the 18th, in the bay of Camrauh, or, as the French write it, Camraigue.

The population, hearing a gun fired, hastened down to the beach, and great was their surprise when they saw the Europeans disembark; but they received them with the utmost courtesy, and the delight and admiration they felt for the new comers was still further increased the next morning, when, the steam having been got up by means of wood obtained from the natives, the vessel was put in motion. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before, and it seemed to them as if a miracle had been enacted. There were only two villages in this bay, and these were inhabited by fishermen.

This accidental contact of a French diplomatist on board an English steamer with Cochin-China, was the primary cause of the attention of the French government having been once more directed in our own times to these interesting regions. It was ascertained during the stay of the *Medusa* that there was an opening for a most lucrative commerce. Provisions of the value of

twenty Spanish piastres were obtained for a coloured shift and a few metal buttons. But it was also felt that this was an accidental circumstance; and, in the case of a regular commercial intercourse being entered into, the Cochin-Chinese government, faithful to its ancient system of exclusiveness, would levy such exorbitant custom duties, as virtually to exclude all profit. "It is evident, therefore," argued the French, "that it is only by the fear which would be inspired by some military demonstration, that the concessions which would be indispensable to the establishment of an advantageous commerce could be wrung from the Cochin-Chinese. The smallest expedition, conducted with wisdom and firmness, would fulfil this object; the aid promised by the treaty of 1787 was to be composed of five European regiments, two Indian regiments, and twenty ships of war and transports,—all that was thought requisite to conquer the whole empire of Annam. The government is weak, it is poor, and pompous; the occupation of certain points on the coast would suffice to assure to us the greatest influence in all these determinations." As a further stimulus to this somewhat obscure proposal of ensuring certain "determinations," and in which we are left in doubt whether an advantageous commerce by the foundation of permanent settlements, or the subjection of the whole empire is meant, the treaty of 1787, it was observed, remained in force, although France had so grievously failed in fulfilling her portion of the treaty. By this treaty, signed at Versailles, on the 28th of November, 1787, the following territorial cessions were acceded to—viz., the ports and territory of Han-san (Turan), and the islands of Fai-foo and Fai-wan, in return for the proposed assistance to re-establish the deposed monarch on his throne; but as the assistance was never given, and the king regained his throne without it, it is no longer wanted, and it could only be by some strange perversion of international logic that it could be urged in the present day that the Cochin-Chinese should be made by force of arms to fulfil their portion of the treaty. By so acting, France would place herself in the position of a man who had volunteered to ship a cargo for half the produce, and who, unable to fulfil his engagement, still claimed his half when the cargo had been brought to port in another bottom, or of a man who had proposed to exchange a house for a bit of land, and the house being in the meantime burnt down, he still laid claim to the land.

We have seen that Admiral Laplace visited the Bay of Turan in 1831. He was at that time captain in command of *La Favorite*, and he is reproached with having gone almost to an extreme in the prudence observed in his relations with the Cochin-Chinese. The corvette *L'Alcmène* visited the same post in 1844 in a quite different mood. According to the version given by the French themselves, the corvette had no sooner approached off the mouth of the river Fai-foo, than there was a manifest agitation among the red-coated soldiers who constituted the garrison of Turan. Each seized his halbert or rusty musket, to oppose a further advance; and when the boats put off, regardless of the menacing aspect of the military, and, pushing beyond the customary landing-place, made for the river itself, great was the consternation at such an overt act of disregard to the rules of the empire, which carefully excluded all outside barbarians. Three boats loaded with soldiers put off after the expedition,

whilst the red coats and halberts of the soldiers were seen making their way through the rice-fields on both banks of the river. The native boats, manned with skilful rowers, soon overtook the French, but it was in vain that the police officer on board intimated that his head would pay for their temerity in infringing the emperor's commands; they contented themselves with offering him a consolatory cigar, and continued their progress upwards to what they designated as the land of marvels. This was, however, but the forerunner of more deplorable incidents.

After the departure of Admiral Cecille, the command of the French division in the Chinese Seas devolved upon Commodore Lapiere, commanding the frigate *La Gloire*. News having been received at Macao in April, 1847, which led to apprehensions for the personal safety of Monseigneur Lefèvre, vicar-apostolic in Cochin-China, who was said to have been placed in arrest by the authorities, but who had, in reality, escaped in a native junk, and had arrived safe in Java, the corvette *La Victorieuse* was expedited to Turan with a letter from Commodore Lapiere for the Cochin-Chinese government, asking, or rather exacting, in the name of the King of the French, not only that the bishop should be set at liberty, but that freedom of worship for all classes should be established throughout the empire.

It was not long before the frigate *La Gloire* joined *La Victorieuse*, which it found lying off Turan, watched by five Cochin-Chinese war-junks. The commodore was much annoyed upon hearing that the commander of *La Victorieuse* had not succeeded in getting the mandarins to forward the letter of which he was the bearer to their sovereign, and on finding, further, that both he and his officers were the objects of an insulting surveillance, which had been carried so far, that one of the officers who had gone on shore had been obliged to use violence before he could make his way through the soldiers. This state of things so irritated the commodore, that he gave orders that the mandarins who came on board should be received with great coolness, and he made known that he himself would only confer with a high dignitary of the Court of Huah. At the same time, in order to impart activity to the negotiations, the French took possession of the sails of the Cochin-Chinese war-junks, promising to restore them when the difficulties that had arisen should be smoothed over! Two days having elapsed, the commander of *La Victorieuse* was received on shore by the chief mandarin of the province. He was accompanied by ten officers and fifty men. The object of the demonstration, and the precise nature of the demands made in the letter, were explained at this meeting. The mandarin, after some difficulties, accepted the letter, and promised to forward it to Huah, but he did not disguise how much he was displeased at the embargo placed upon the imperial war-junks.

During the time that this interview was being held, a great movement was observed to be taking place among the Annamite troops from the frigate. They seemed to be arriving from all sides, and the commodore became apprehensive, or, according to another version, ascertained that there was an intention to massacre all the French at the interview. It is even said that the plan of attack was formed on board the war-junk on which they had placed the sails of the other junks. The Cochin-Chinese were also observed to be arming six gun-boats.

Whereupon Commodore Lapierre immediately despatched an aid-de-camp on shore to warn the authorities that, on the event of one single gun-boat leaving the river, the French ships would at once open fire.

The aid-de-camp found the Cochin-Chinese busy knocking down the houses that masked their land-batteries, and, notwithstanding the warning given, two armed boats got out of the river under cover of night. On the 13th of April, at eleven o'clock A.M., the signal to engage was given from the Commodore's ship, and the frigate *La Gloire* and the corvette *La Victorieuse* opened fire upon the poor Cochin-Chinese war-junks, to the shouts of "*Vive le roi!*" Half an hour afterwards one of the war-junks was fired by a shell, and blew up with its whole crew. A few minutes more, and another went to the bottom; finally, at the expiration of about an hour, the three others, one of which was on the point of foundering, were fired by the boats of the French ships. The Cochin-Chinese fleet was that day annihilated. "Un millier de Cochin-Chinois avaient perdu la vie dans cette lutte inégale," says our French authority.

The forts of Turan were carried by assault on the 1st of September, 1858, by a force of less than two thousand men, of whom half were French and the other half Spaniards and Tagal soldiers, from Luçon. A Frenchman thus describes the scene: On entering the fort of the observatory, we were much surprised at finding the Annamite artillerymen, quietly seated at their guns, their arms crossed. If they had fled, their heads would just simply have been cut off; if they had prolonged the defence, they would have fatigued themselves uselessly; so, being in doubt, they abstained, and allowed themselves to be cut to pieces, with the most incredible apathy. (We hope, for the sake of humanity, that this has been hastily and thoughtlessly penned, and only represents some sad and exceptional case.) That is their duty and it is understood by the soldiers of Tu Duk, and in this respect they have none to compare with them, save their friends, the Chinese. Many of these brave fellows had no uniform, they were in rags, like all the inhabitants of the country. Most were armed with muskets, with flints, manufactured at St. Etienne, which astonished us greatly. I found several little pear-shaped grenades, full of powder, on the ground, but I cannot affirm if this is a regular weapon of war in the Cochin-Chinese army. In the meantime, the east fort was blown up, and the next day it was the turn of the west fort. If these works were poorly defended, they were, on the other hand, marvellously armed. I saw magnificent bronze guns, and the west fort, contained besides, a park of field artillery; pretty pieces of 6 and of 9, like our own, only mounted on immense wheels, like the American buggies.

We were definitely established on shore the same day, waiting for the Annamite army, if it took it into its head to appear. But it did not come. It was tremendously hot; hotter, I think, than I ever felt it. It was a furnace. Two or three of my men perished from fatigue and the heat of the sun. Nothing however could have been more beautiful, than this bay of Turan, cut out in the shape of a crescent, with its two mountain capes prolonged into the ocean; whilst our two squadrons at anchor, the coming to and fro of the embarkations, the varied uniform of our infantry, of our marines, and of the colonial troopers of the Philippines, and the flags of the two nations floating above the

ruined forts, reminded one of the activity of Europe coming at last to shake the secular lethargy of the old orient.

I will spare you the narrative of our daily petty combats, of our prodigies of settling, our pleasures and our miseries, generally a pouring rain, for the dry season does not set in till December, to relate to you our expedition to Saigon some two hundred leagues (five hundred miles) to the south.

If you cast your eyes on the map and follow the course of the river of Cambogia, which is called the Mé-khom (May-kiang, or May-kong), you will remark at its mouth a multitude of branches, making their way across an infinite number of alluvial plains of various sizes, something that I can only compare to the delta of the Ganges or to Dutch Zealand. Of these alluvia some are supplied by this immense river, one of the largest in Asia, others by another very important stream which flows into the sea at some distance, somewhat as the Scheldt does to the Meuse. To continue my comparison, Saigon would be nearly in the same position as Antwerp. Figure to yourself a country perfectly level, intersected by magnificent moors, well wooded, with fig-trees, with teak, with palm-trees, and banyans interlacing their branches and their foliage in all possible ways; place here and there beneath these verdant shades huts of bamboos and clay, around which circulate, crawl, or grunt, first more or less dirty and ugly men, women and children, then black and mild-looking buffaloes, then pigs whose bellies sweep the ground, and, lastly, fowls of that variety now so very popular in Europe, and you will be as well acquainted as I am with this portion of Low Cochin-China.

The views we have given, one of which is taken at the mouth of the river of Saigon (*see p. 160*), and the other (*see p. 161*) on its banks, will convey a better idea of the general aspect of the country than any detailed description.

We were, on the 9th of February, at the mouth of the river of Saigon, with the *Phlégeton* carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, the *Primanguet*, three gun-boats, as many transports, and a Spanish steamer, *El Cano*. We advanced boldly up this network of rivers, interlaced in the strangest manner possible, the bowsprit in the trees, yet with five to six fathoms of water. The chief stream was certainly not less than a hundred yards in width. The approaches were defended by a dozen wooden forts, well armed, and by three stockades. All these were carried rapidly, the two last which were nearest to the town alone holding out for some time. Before an hour had elapsed we were in Saigon.

Endeavour now to represent to yourself, we do not say a town, as we understand the word in Europe, but a tropical forest, out of which surge up, from distance to distance, almost comfortable habitations, all green, fresh, intersected by rivulets, which come and go, cross one another, and are lost to the sight, and then again, amidst this vegetation, masked by trees, a great square bastioned fort, in good hewn stone, and you have before you Saigon and its citadel. The first surrendered, and the second followed soon, although it was not visible from the river, and had to be carried by the land party without aid from the ships. After having silenced its fire, we escalated with long bamboo ladders, expecting to find the gunners astride on their pieces, as at Turan; but this time they had disappeared.

We found instead, a prodigious booty, a complete arsenal, about 180,000 pounds of powder in barrels or cases, saltpetre, sulphur, lead, military accoutrements, rice, sufficient for 8,000 men, and 130,000 francs in the money of the country, that is to say, in sapeks. It requires 3,000 to make half-a-crown, so that the number of little bits that composed the military chest amounted to 78,000,000.

I installed myself in a pagoda in order to pass the night, and seldom have I passed a better one. Pagodas are the hostelrys of China and Indo-China; one can eat there, drink there, sleep there when it is possible, and even sign treaties there as at Tien-tsin without profanation; Buddhism is tolerant. It is something like the Greek Churches at Cairo, where the priest lives as in his house, the wife cooks in the chapel, and the children play around the altar.

I awoke next morning with that marvellous nature which surrounded us like an ocean of verdure. About seven o'clock two of my men brought to me a poor wretch most strangely attired. He had taken refuge the previous evening in a fig-tree during the action; he had remained there all night, and it was only at day-break that my men had discovered him. There was no end of trouble in inducing him to come down. You may imagine my surprise, when I heard him exclaim in the most piteous accents, yet with an eloquence that would not have belied Cicero; *Parce, Domine! Non hostis sum, Christianus Cambogianus!* (Spare me, my lord; I am not an enemy; I am a Cambogian Christian.) I must acknowledge to my shame that my prisoner was better up in his Latin than I was; but the good Doctor D— came to my help, and we gradually came to an understanding.

His name was Li-kouan. He was about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, short, with a little crushed nose, prominent cheek-bones, flat face, dark hair, of dirty white complexion passing into yellow, and prematurely obese. As he had already intimated, he was a Christian, and established in Cambogia, although of Chinese origin. Two days previously he had made vain attempts to reach the squadron in company with Monseigneur Lefèvre, Bishop of Saigon, and the morning after, he had seen a missionary put to death.

Li-Kouan and myself soon became the best friends in the world. He told me that there were about 500,000 Christians in Cochin-China, and he gave me some curious information regarding the little kingdom of Cambogia. He said, that only the maritime provinces had been conquered by the Annamites. Their frontier does not extend over fifty miles above Saigon. Beyond that commences the jurisdiction of the illustrious King Duong, *illustris rex Duong*, as my neophyte called him, a sovereign who has known adversity. Sometime prisoner of the Siamese, he was obliged to become a watchmaker to obtain a living. He is said to be short and fat, much marked by small-pox, and very partial to Europeans. He is proud of his latinity, if Li-Kouan is to be believed, and he has decorated his dining-room with inscriptions of which *domus manducare bibereque* (a house for eating and drinking) is an example. His first eunuch (yunuk) is also his first cook; and I believe that the grand-master of the Cambogian artillery, of whom my prisoner only spoke in terms of deepest respect, also fulfils some domestic functions of the same order. Duong has nothing of royalty, save the yellow petticoat attached by a golden waistband; as for the rest, he is a good citizen of

Paris or of London, lost in the plains of Asia, ready to give you a warm-hearted shake, and to offer you eau de Cologne at the end of a repast, in the absence of champagne.

What revolutions are in perspective, now that steam has suppressed distances, like a moveable bridge destined to unite the extremities of the globe! Saigon presents immense commercial advantages in that respect: it is the most important point in Cochin-China. The river is navigable for the largest vessels, and nowhere have I seen the bed of a stream so safe and unencumbered. One tide, for they are here of twelve hours' duration, suffices to ascend to the town, with a favourable breeze. The country is flat, rice abounds, and is much finer than that of Siam. I have seen very good sugar, almost white, as also a kind of sugar-candy. Woods for dyeing are abundant, the wax is magnificent, and as to cinnamon, it appeared to me to be of a much superior quality to that of China and of other parts of Cochin-China. I do not doubt in the least, that with a little perseverance and spirit, we shall make of this privileged port one of the finest establishments in the world. The population is Hindhu-Chinese, and although hostile, it is much less so than at Canton. Add to this, that only a few leagues separate Saigon from Cambogia proper, and we have there a totally different race, easy to assimilate. You can judge of that by what I have related of King Duong. However singular they may appear, all these details are very exact. They have since been confirmed by a missionary who has resided three years in the country. Considered in a military point of view, the position may be considered as absolutely impregnable. By establishing a few batteries along this winding river, I do not know a fleet that could venture to attempt the ascent so long as it was opposed by Europeans.¹

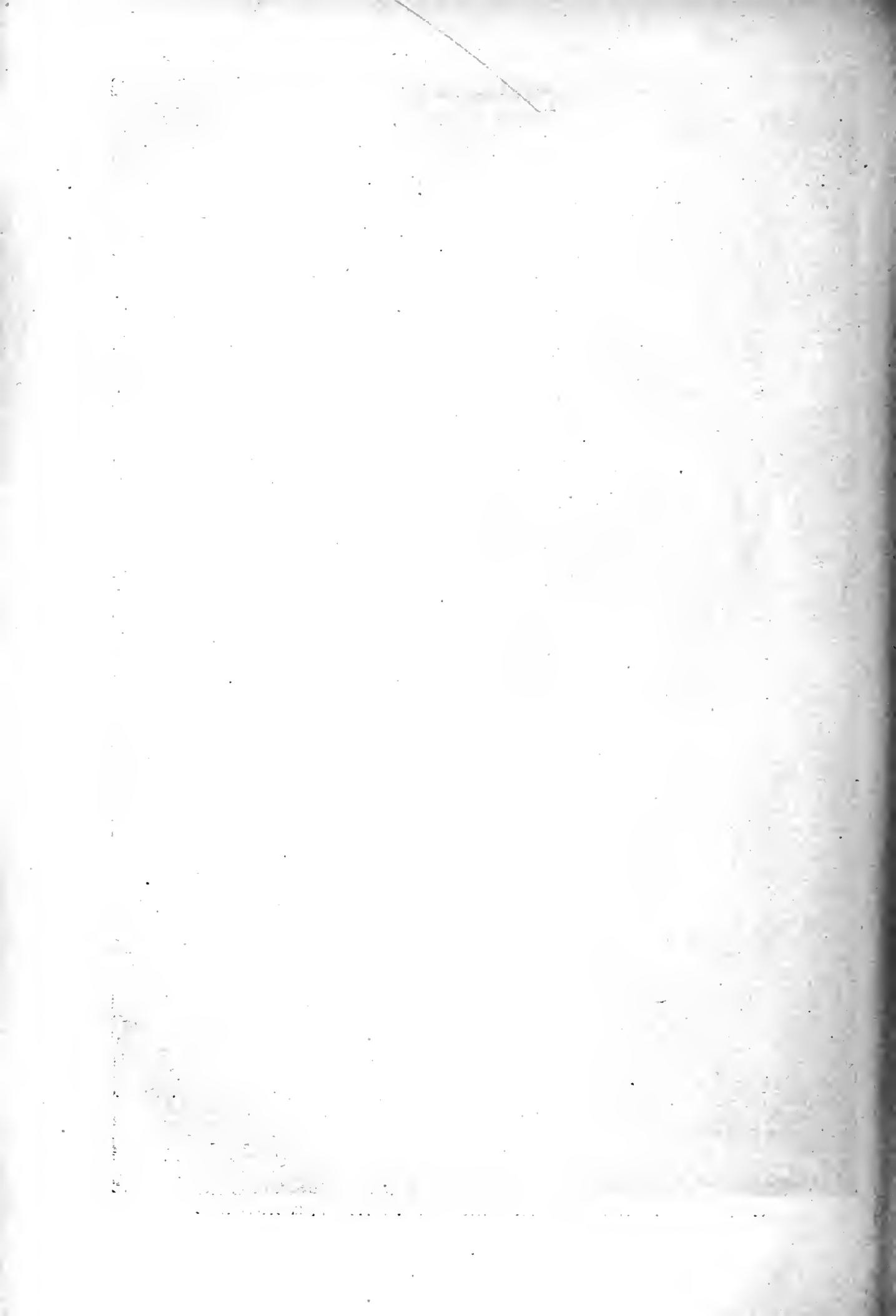
Li-Konan started for Phnompenk or Namwang in Cochin-Chinese, his usual residence, a few leagues from Udong, the capital of Cambogia. He intended ascending the river May-kiang, secreted in a boat of a Christian friend of his. The citadel of Saigon, built by a colonel of French engineers for Gia-long, no longer exists; it has been blown up. We only preserved the forts that neighboured the river, and which remain entrusted to the keeping of Commandant Jaurreguiberry. They are in good hands. Be assured that the "Jewel of Annam," as Saigon and its province is called here, endowed as it is in respect to soil, climate, and water, has a great future in store for it under French domination. Already the catholics, very numerous in this neighbourhood, are accumulating from all sides. M. Lefèvre, bishop of Isaropolis, and first vicar-apostolic in these regions, has laid the foundations of a school, a hospital, and of a church, which latter will be, no doubt, for a long time yet, the handsomest in Hindhu-China.

I forgot to say that, when our ships were signalled as off the coast of Cambogia, a division of the Annamite navy which was on the look out, as once the Roman galleys were off Cape Misenum, took refuge in one of the thousand canals that intersect the double delta of

¹ We may interrupt our French friend's narrative at this point to inform our readers that the French force did erect batteries, to strengthen the fort at Saigon; and that from that moment up to the last advices they have been besieged within that fort by the natives, with whom they have rendered themselves exceedingly unpopular.



SUBTERRANEAN BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THE MARBLE ROCKS NEAR TOURAINE, IN COCHIN CHINA.



the rivers May-kiang and Saïgon. We were unable to follow it for want of depth of water; but the canal was blockaded and the Cochin-Chinese ships were reduced, after a blockade of three months, to such an extremity, that the Mandarin, Kiemsio, who commanded them, ordered them to be burnt and turned the sailors adrift. These unfortunates, after having wandered about for ten days, arrived at Saïgon in a state of utmost destitution, and to their great joy and infinite surprise, they were kindly received by us.

The fleet thus destroyed was composed of eight war-junks of first rank, and of five of second class. The Cochin-Chinese admiral sought refuge at first at Campot, in the Gulf of Siam. But dreading the anger of the emperor, he opened his belly in the presence of the officers of his staff, as the Roman admiral at Cape Misenum would not have failed to do under similar circumstances to the greater glory of Nero or Domitian.

But do not imagine that all the Annamite functionaries are similarly prepared to sacrifice themselves so classically on the altar of heroism or rather of fear. A few weeks afterwards I had the pleasure of seeing, with my own eyes, a land mandarin arrive at Saïgon, who was possessed of more practical philosophy than his maritime colleague. This was no less a personage than the indigenous prefect of the province. The period for sowing coming on, this worthy man, like a true disciple of Triptolemus, seized the pretext of agricultural interests to enter into negotiations with us, and to assure himself as to the state of things, and the physiognomy of those who had usurped his residence of old.

Conducted into the presence of our commandant, he prostrated himself neither more nor less than he would have done before an idol, and he then addressed him in a speech which our interpreter translated in the following characteristic terms:—

“You are not like those pirates who come but too frequently into our rivers to rob cities and insult the women; you are wise—since you came from that great nation in the west, who sent a virtuous man to the King Nguyen-anh, who was his friend, and you are strong, since you belong to the same country as those who restored to him the throne of his father, which had been usurped by Tayson. None can resist you when you fight, but you are disarmed before the weak. Allow us then to sow our crops, and give us assurance you will not withdraw your protection when the time comes round that we shall have to gather them in.”

Whether he was sincere or not in the request, it was granted to him, and he was reconducted to the outposts, with military honours, which filled him with surprise and gratitude.

Clad in a long robe of damask worked with gold and silk, and in nether garments of red silk, which did not cover his black feet, very imperfectly protected by his slippers, this august dignitary had a black hat on his head, decorated in front like the hat of a roadman, with a large metal plate, upon which were inscribed the name and arms of his Majesty Tu Duk, and which was further supplied at its sides with two appendages in black gauze, which looked like the wings of a night-moth, and were nine inches in length. This curious head-gear is the distinctive decoration of a civil mandarin, and it would of itself have deserved the honours of the sketch-book, even if it had not surmounted one of the most typical heads and bodies that chance ever

presented to my pencil: square face, yellow complexion, red eyes winking beneath lids manifestly too large for the organ which they covered, wide mouth, hanging lips, teeth black and corroded by betel nut, a body at once thin and squat, and lastly, spare limbs,—such was the appearance of the ex-mandarin of Saïgon, and with slight variations it would apply to all his countrymen. Only when we apply it to the people we must supplant the expression of cunning and deceit, which predominates among those in power, by one of sorrow and dejection.

It will be seen from this that the Cochin-Chinese are not handsome. If they are younger brothers to the Chinese, they are much degenerated from their elders, who, without being Apollos, still possess generally such force as is derived from a more fully developed body and limbs. They possess besides a quality which is completely unknown to their neighbours of the south—cleanliness.

What we call with us the fair sex does not make an exception to the general rule. In spite of a mild and kindly aspect, of a bust tolerably well modelled in youth, of feet and hands that would be envied by a Parisian, and of long black hair, always combed and raised up with little care on the back of the head, the Cochin-Chinese lady does not impart a more agreeable impression than her lord and master. With the one as with the other, there are the same facial features, the same form of dress, the same deteriorated teeth, and lastly the same want of cleanliness of body and dress. It is even said that the latter, the parts of which must always fall off before they are replaced, enter into the gastronomic calculations of their proprietors, great or little, rich or poor, in as far as the myriads of insects to which they afford an asylum are concerned, and of which the women are not a bit less greedy than the men.

Apart from this extraordinary taste, common to all classes of society, even that of the highest classes, the people of Annam appear to me to be more sober even than that of the Celestial Empire. They are utterly ignorant of all culinary delicacies. They eat little, feeding on fish, rice, fruits, and a kind of pea peculiar to the country, and it is only at the festival of the new year, a festival which is at once religious and civil in Cochin-China, that their ordinary temperance is laid aside, and that, according to a local expression, each family “kills its pig,” strangles its ducks, devours its fermented eggs, (fresh eggs are never eaten in Cochin-China), and consumes in one or two repasts what it has saved up during a whole year. But even in this annual debauch, in the midst of the evanescent fumes of wine (samchu) and rice-spirit (rak or raki), the Cochin-Chinese cannot shake off the dejection of spirits that is habitual with them. Their greatest efforts at gaiety do not extend to dancing, and I do not think that I ever heard one of them sing. Never noisy, quiet in their conversation, which they maintain on all occasions in a measured, nasal tone, if such a people possess national songs, they must be among those which we occidentals should select for a funeral. To sum up, the general impression made upon us by Cochin-Chinese of all ages and sexes is, that they constitute a congregation of melancholy beings; perhaps it is so because they have grown old from age to age without knowing what liberty is.

In a subsequent advance into the interior of the country, made from Turan, not Saïgon, the troops were pushed forward until they reached the cele-

brated Mountains of Marble, a rocky country, held sacred by local superstition, any entrance to which had, for many years past, been interdicted by the government even to the natives of the country. The Mountains of Marble rise in the middle of a sandy desert about six miles from the village of Turan. They are bounded on the north by the river Turan, and on the south by the ocean. On approaching them, small huts are observed resting upon the rocks, and little pagodas constructed in beautiful grottoes, the entrances to which are laved by the current of the river. Five huge rocks of marble, looking like the summits of mountains swallowed up in the sands, or buried cathedrals, are separated from each other by passages covered with low trees and creeping plants, or obstructed by blocks of stone, blackened by the rain and sea-breezes. One of these paths, darkened by the thick foliage of myrtles, terminates in a long covered way hewn in the rock. This is rendered easy of descent by some broad steps at long intervals. After passing through a few seconds of complete darkness, this passage opens upon a subterranean temple in a cavern, the aspect of which impresses the beholder with its solemn magnificence (*see* p. 169).

This enormous excavation, in which the hand of man appears to have wrought out many changes, is fifty feet long by forty feet wide, and about forty-five feet high. From the gate,—on either side of which are two colossal statues of stone, representing a human being in a strange costume, and some fabulous animal,—there is a descent by a deep and rapid stair to the bottom of the grotto, which receives the light of day through a natural opening in the centre of the vaulted roof. This is hung with festoons of creeping plants, covered with leaves and flowers, the brightness of which admirably contrasts with the varied and brilliant tints of the rocks. Opposite to the entrance, and upon a slightly raised platform, to which leads a narrow pathway of bricks, terminating in some steps, is placed a high altar adorned with chandeliers painted red, and wax candles of the same colour. A few other ornaments, equally simple, surround a statue of wood three feet in height, representing a man in a sitting posture. His features, his garments, which have nothing of the Chinese style, his feet joined and placed flat, and his extended hands, designate him with sufficient clearness as an idol of the Buddhist worship, a religion to which is due a great part of the superstitions of the Cochin-Chinese, and of which monuments of a remote antiquity are to be met with everywhere throughout this country.

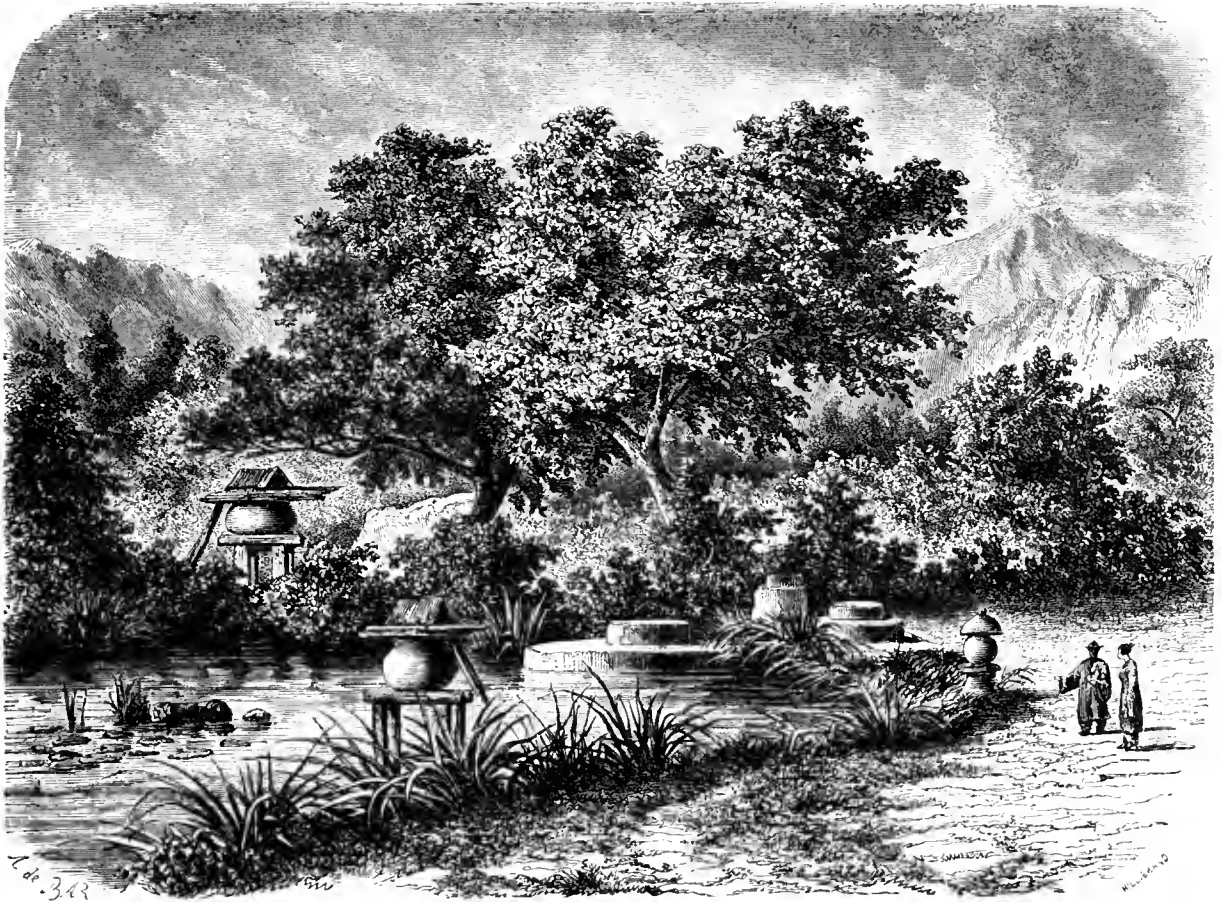
It is impossible to say whether this religion was brought over to this country from China, or was the work of Indian and Chinese missionaries at the time of the great Buddhist revival. Be that as it may, the moral and sceptical doctrines of Buddha are no longer known in Cochin-China, except in a minority, so small as to be imperceptible. Most of the grandees of the state, equally ignorant with the mass of the people, believe in sorcerers, devils, and good and bad geni, and allegorical personations of the four elements.

The religion of Buddha,—if religion that can be called whose primary element is total abnegation of belief and the destruction of all faith,—had its origin in the north of India, six or seven centuries before our era, and rapidly took root there, where it could live without persecution. Hence it reached the south of the penin-

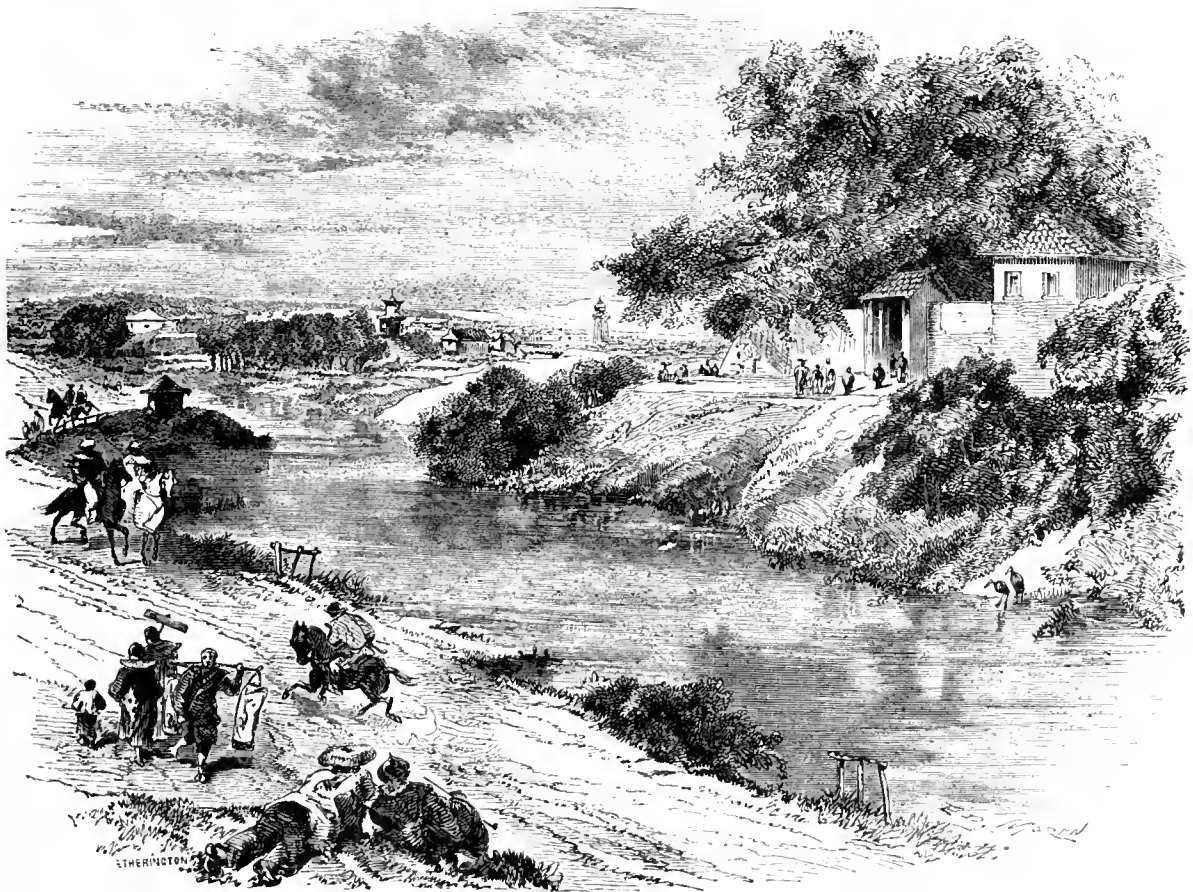
sula, in Ceylon; but returned thence to the states on the left bank of the Ganges river, and to the feet of the Himalayan range. Thence, crossing the mountains, it extended itself with prodigious rapidity among the semi-barbarous population that filled the vast steppes or mountain plains of Thibet and Mongolia. Going on, it traversed the East, and crossing the mouths of the Ganges, as it had already crossed the Himalayas and the Nor Kutch, it invaded Burmah, Assam, and the immense provinces that separate the Indus and China. At last it reached China itself; and, in the sixth year of our era, made such progress as to be officially adopted by the Emperors. Henceforth China became the great seat of Buddhism; and from China emanated the mission of Hionen-Thsung, from which the resuscitation of Buddhism in India dates its era.

But what is Buddhism? Briefly,—Buddha was himself a wise man and a great reformer. Educated a priest of Brahma, he applied himself to the study of the Vedas or sacred books, and soon penetrated to the truth. Everywhere he saw in that religion only representatives of attributes of the Deity, but nowhere God himself. He found, moreover, nothing certain but the inculcation of morality. Hence the first starting point of Buddhism is a doubt—universal scepticism. In avoiding idolatry in the personality of the Deity, he fell into the equally serious error of materialism, by declaring God to be the universe itself—pervading and animating all—not a spirit, however, but actually the universe itself. Man, therefore, Buddha pronounced to be a portion of the Deity, and the higher his moral condition the nearer is he to the godly spirit. We need not point out where Plato obtained his philosophy while studying in the East. The institutions of Buddhism, in their pure state, call upon man to observe five commandments and avoid ten sins. First to kill no animal of the meanest kind (as partaking of the living essence of the Deity); not to steal; not to commit adultery; not to lie; not to drink intoxicating drinks. Those who obey these commandments will never be hungry, or unlucky, or unfortunate. Amongst the ten sins are discord, idle talking, envy, and the following of false gods. Those who avoid these will become worthy to see and hear God, and be exempt from weight (oppression), old age, disease, and death.

The High Brahmins, who found this teaching to be dangerous to the permanence of their worship, adopted it by making their own two incarnations of the Deity. Vishnu and Shiva became again incarnate in the person of Buddha, whose scepticism they made sacred, by saying he was sent into the world to inspire doubts against the opponents of Brahmin and Vishnu. A separate priesthood of Bonzes, kept up by adoption, was gradually instituted for the worship of Buddha, and the doctrine of the efficacy of fasts, and prayers by proxy through the priest to release souls from purgatory, was introduced and forcibly inculcated. Thus gradually the simple clear idea of Buddha himself degenerated again into a worship of attributes, allegorical personifications of the elements, and reptiles—even the meanest of which are sedulously protected by his creed. Thus do we find how prone is the human mind in its weakness to regard the thing created rather than the Creator, and to avoid the one, simple idea, known and revealed to the wise, in all ages, that "God is a Spirit, and these who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."



JAPANESE TEA GARDENS.



GARDENS OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN AT YEDDO.

JAPAN.

FAR away in the North Pacific Ocean, abutting on China, with which they are connected by Saghalien, but physically united by Kamschatka, of which they and the Kurile Isles form but a spur, is a group of islands which very closely resemble Great Britain with Ireland to the north of Scotland, and two great islands in the Channel, this group being again prolonged by the Loo-choo and other islets to Formosa and the Philippine Islands, and by these again and New Guinea to the continent of Australia, thus constituting one great band of rock, and land, and sea, which girt by their semicircular disposition the Arch-Archipelago of the world—one expanse of ocean, everywhere studded with coral reefs, islets, islands, and groups of islands.¹

The lands in question, rich with all the gifts of nature, fertile beyond measure, and with a glorious climate, have long constituted a populous empire remote from the rest of the world, and which, if accidentally or purposely thrown in contact with it, has repelled with churlish selfishness. This empire is called by the natives, Nip-pon, "the Empire of the Sun," or "Sun-source Country," and by the Chinese, Yang-hu. Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, having first announced its existence to Europeans, called the country Zipangu,—a name which has become abbreviated and corrupted into Japan. From the best admeasurement, it would appear that this vast insular empire of Eastern Asia possesses a superficies of 270,211 square miles. Its population is immense. The number of people one encounters on the roads and highways is incredible. It has been estimated as high as 50,000,000, and as low as 10,000,000, but there cannot be less than 30,000,000, and they are of Mongolo-Chinese or Tartar-Chinese origin; their language being also a dialect of the Chinese.

The first settlement in Japan took its origin in the wreck of the Portuguese adventurer Fernando Mendez Pinto, in 1542 or 1543, who carried such glowing accounts to his countrymen as to induce them to send a commercial expedition, which, establishing itself at Nagasaki, conducted for several years a considerable trade with the natives. In 1583, a missionary deputation was sent from Rome to Japan, and the Jesuits having set about converting the natives, such an outcry was raised, and so many lives sacrificed, that the Portuguese were obliged to leave the country.

The Portuguese were succeeded in the Japan trade

by the Dutch, in whose favour an exception was made on account of their being Protestants.

The trade of the latter people was, at one time, of enormous value, but has dwindled down to its present comparatively insignificant amount through their own mismanagement and indiscretion. There was a period in the history of their commercial intercourse with the Japanese, when they drained the island of the precious metals to an incredible amount. This excited the apprehensions of the Court much in the same way as the exchange of silver, and nothing but silver, for opium, lately brought matters to a crisis in China. The value of the currency was constantly tampered with in all transactions between the Dutch and Japanese; and to such an extent, writes Mr. Inkoff, "that our commerce was carried on by the people groping in the dark, neither knowing the actual price of purchase or sale. Since 1710, all articles of trade not disposed of at a profit of 63 per cent. rendered a loss." The same writer tells us that his countrymen have, over and over again, declined to receive many valuable articles of commerce which were from time to time tendered by the Japanese. The conduct of the Company's servants at Japan appears to have been most injudicious. Instead of a dignified but firm resistance to all the encroachments and insults of the Japanese, they gave way in every instance; and this base conduct on the part of Europeans tended infinitely to increase the pride and arrogance of an already vain, ignorant, and exclusive people.

In 1654, Hagenaar was sent by the Governor-general of Batavia to Formosa and Japan. The Dutch, at that time had what they call a lodge—a large wooden building—in the bay of Firando, as also a factory at Kurki. The intolerance and jealousy of the Japanese was manifest on this as on all other occasions. Thirty-seven persons lost their lives at Firando, on account of their being either professed Christians or born of Christian parents. Some were hung up by the feet; others were beheaded, and cut to pieces; and, again, others were tied to stakes and burnt.

In 1635, Hagenaar having visited Firando a second time, disputes had arisen which necessitated a mission to Yeddo. Accordingly, a public entry was made into the capital, on which occasion the concourse of people was so great, that they could scarcely move forward. But, as usual, after a month had nearly elapsed in various procrastinated ceremonies and negotiations, a message was sent, intimating that no opportunity had yet occurred of laying their petition before the emperor, that it was not likely their business could be done for some time, and that the Dutch mission had better return to whence it came.

Hagenaar accordingly returned, but some of the Dutch merchants remained behind, among whom was Frans Caron, who left us one of the earliest accounts of the capital of the country, which he describes as being very large, the palace or castle alone being four or five miles in circumference, and the streets in extent are, he adds, very broad, and some are bordered on both sides by sumptuous palaces. The gates are fortified on each side with iron bands or gratings, and over each grating is a large building, capable of containing, in case of necessity, two or three hundred men.

¹ The island empire of Japan occupies an insular position off the east coast of Continental Asia, and opposite to the Sea of Japan, and the Gulf of Tartary, and Corea, from which it is separated by Mantchuria, and is consequently the most easterly part of our hemisphere; the sun rises over Yeddo eight hours earlier than over London. The empire comprises five large and two hundred small islands, with numerous islets and dependencies; including the Loo-choo group, and the Kurile Archipelago. It extends from the 24th to the 50th degree of north latitude, and from the 123rd to the 157th degree of east longitude. To the north it is bounded by the Sea of Okotsk, and the independent portion of the island peninsula of Saghalien; to the east by the north Pacific Ocean; to the south by the eastern Sea of China; and to the west by the Sea of Japan, which communicates with the ocean by the Straits of La Perouse or Sangan, and others running between the various islands. Of these islands, Nipon is the largest, being sixteen hundred miles in length, and from one to three hundred miles in breadth at different parts.



JAPANESE LADY.

It is, Caron says, the interior part of the castle in which the imperial palace is situated, consisting of many large apartments, surrounded by groves, which, although planted by art, appear to be the production of nature. There are likewise fish-ponds, rivulets, open spaces, race grounds, rides, gardens, and a number of separate apartments for the women.

In the second enclosure stand the palaces of the princes of the blood, and of the principal ministers. In the third and outer enclosures are the palaces of the kings and nobles of Japan, all gilt and richly adorned.

Without are the dwellings and houses of the inferior nobles, more or less sumptuous according to their rank. Taken altogether, this astonishingly large palace appears within and without like a golden mountain; for all the nobles, from the highest to the lowest, spare no expense to ornament their residences.

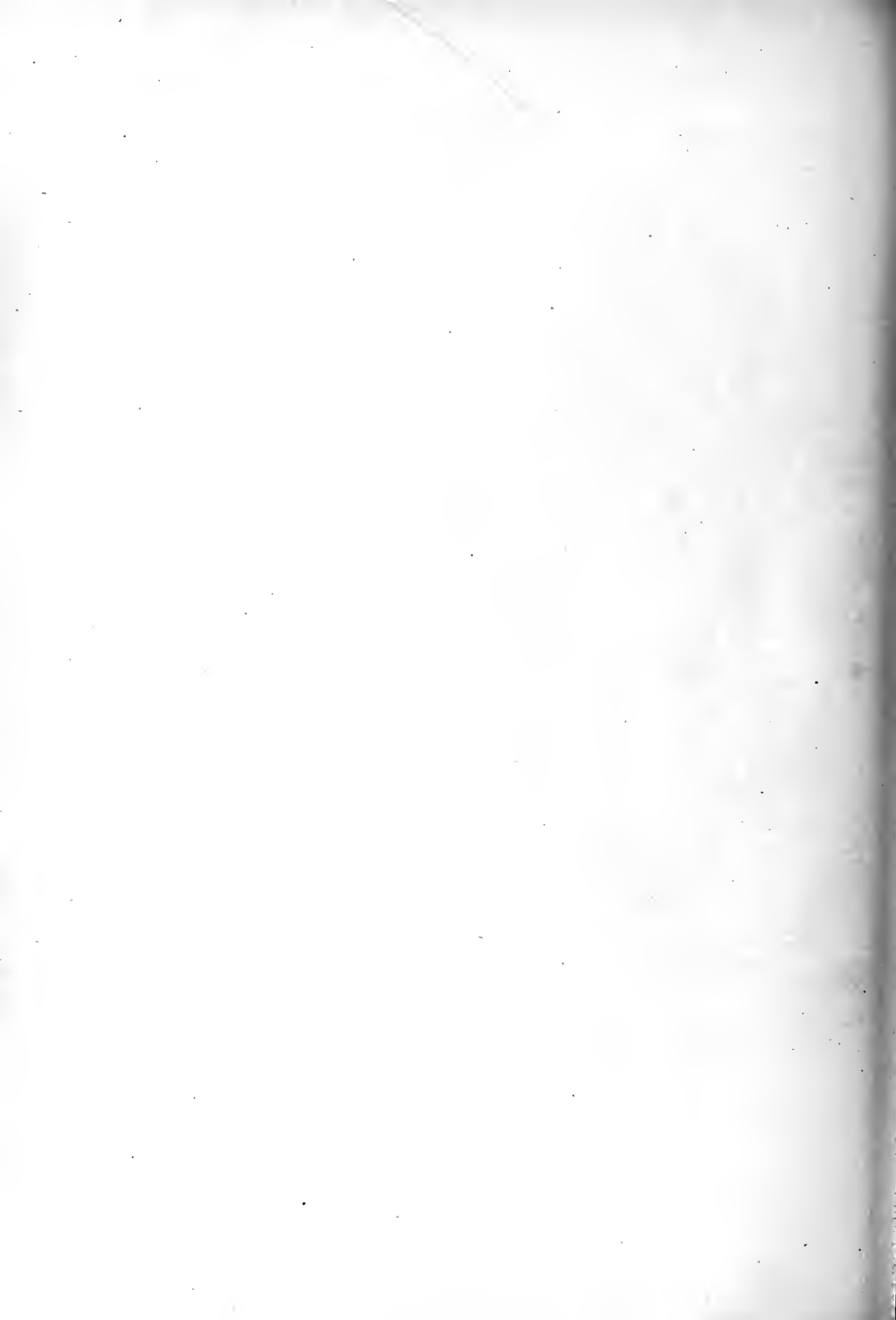
Here reside the married wives and children of the nobles, in order that, being always under the eye of the Court, they may serve as hostages for their fidelity. This exceedingly spacious palace, which has an extent equal to a populous city, is thus at all times filled with great men, who never appear in public without a numerous retinue of inferior nobles, pages, horses, and palankins. The streets, however broad, are yet too narrow for their pompous processions.

Caron, describing afterwards the pomp and magnificence of the Imperial retinue, adds, "How uncommonly large soever the number be of the soldiers kept by this monarch, none are found amongst them but chosen men, well made, of a courageous appearance, expert in the use of arms, and even not ignorant of

literature. The muster of the troops which the kings and nobles must furnish, upon the first summons of the Court, amounted at that time to 368,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry. Most of the nobles, however, generally kept in actual service twice as many troops as they are required to furnish at the first summons. The emperor also entertained, out of his private purse, 10,000 foot soldiers and 20,000 horsemen, who lie in garrison in the cities or fortresses, or serve him as body-guards. All the cavalry wear armour, but the foot-soldiers only wear a helmet. Some of the horsemen are described at that time as being armed with pistols, some with short lances, and others with bows and arrows; all, however, were provided with scimitars. The infantry were armed with two sabres, and, according to the size and strength of the men, with heavy or lighter firelocks. Some carried long pikes or manganets, "which are a sort of bayonet." But this has undergone great changes, fire-arms having been more generally introduced.

Such was the wealth of Japan at this period, that the incomes of the chief ministers amounted to £182,000, those of the inferior placemen to £91,000, and the salaries of those who fill the lowest situations may, at least, be reckoned at from £18,200 to £27,300. But, although the nobles also possessed very enormous revenues, yet the expenses which they are obliged to incur swallow all up. At Yeddo, especially, everything was very dear, and housekeeping, especially on the Japanese scale, was very expensive. Whatever can be imagined as contributing to pleasure and the support of luxury was to be met with. The enter-





tainments given by kings and nobles to the emperor were often ruinous to them.

The women of Japan, according to the same old traveller, were rigidly secluded, even more so than among the Muhammadans; but they had many pleasures—gardens, fishponds, harbours, summer-houses, half a-shore and half over the water, and all sorts of landbirds and waterfowl, musical instruments, and such like. Plays were represented, and feasts and banquets constantly occur. Their dress was of different coloured silk; each, according to the rank they hold, or the post assigned them, wearing an appointed colour.

The revenues of the nobles arise out of the various products which their territories afford. Some lands yield corn; some, gold and silver; others, copper, iron, tin, or lead; others again, timber, hemp, cotton, or silk. The emperor disposes of the fisheries, more particularly of the whale fisheries, once a source of large revenue, but now almost in the hands of Americans and others. The Japanese are neither very superstitious, nor are they over-religious; they do not pray either in the morning or the evening, and the most religious scarcely go to the pagoda more than once a month. At the same time the number of pagodas in Japan is incredibly large. The priests reside in them, from two to twenty in a community, according to the size of the buildings.

The priests naturally side with the nobles in keeping the people and the middle classes in ignorance and slavery; the military and the priests are more or less despotic; and in this system, all the evils of feudalism being superadded to a pure and irresponsible despotism, are to be traced the long seclusion of the nation. Only let the merchants and the industrious classes once feel their importance in the social state, and such a seclusion would soon become impossible.

All the necessaries and luxuries of life are produced in the empire. It yields gold, silver, copper, and lead in abundance, and furnishes also cotton cloth, goatskins, an annual quantity of one hundred thousand peculs of silk, and between three and four hundred thousand peculs of silk-cotton (the produce of the *Bombax pentandrum*), a great many deerskins, timber, and all kinds of provisions in much greater abundance than is requisite for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Japanese ware and Japan work has been celebrated from a remote antiquity. It is alluded to in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The climate of Japan is said to be happy and healthful, but subject to extremes of cold in winter and of heat in summer; this, however, must vary much in different islands. It rains frequently, with much thunder and lightning. The sea, which encompasses the islands, is very rough and stormy, which, with many rocks, cliffs, and shoals, above and under water, makes its navigation very dangerous. There are also two remarkable and dangerous whirlpools. Water-spouts are also frequently observed to rise in the Japanese seas. The natives fancy that they are a kind of water-dragon. Earthquakes are so common that the natives think no more of them than we do of an ordinary storm. Yet, sometimes, whole cities are destroyed, and thousands of inhabitants buried under the ruins. Such a dreadful accident happened, as Father Lewis de Froes relates ("De Rebus Japonicis collecta a Joh. Havo"), in the year 1586. Kœmpfer relates that, in 1703, by an earthquake, and fire that followed thereon, almost the whole city of Yeddo, and

the imperial palace itself, were destroyed and laid in ashes, and upwards of 200,000 inhabitants buried under the ruins.¹

There are burning mountains in several of the islands, some of which seem to be of volcanic origin, but others to be chemical phenomena. Coal is also said to abound. In some parts the natives use naphtha instead of oil. Amber is abundant, and the pearl fishery is prosecuted with success.

Amongst the chief trees are the mulberry, varnish-tree, various laurels and bays, camphor-laurel, the tea-shrub, sansio (used instead of pepper or ginger), fig-trees, chesnuts, walnuts, oranges, lemons, grapes, &c., &c. The superiority of the Japan varnish is owing to the virtues of the neusi, or varnish-tree, described by Kœmpfer in his "Amœnitates Exoticæ."

Such is about the state of information which we possessed of this remarkable country, previous to the late expeditions of the Anglo-Americans and of the English, and the researches of the naturalist Siebold.

¹ The islands of Japan are essentially mountainous and rocky, being chiefly of volcanic origin. Nip-pon is traversed throughout its whole length by a chain of mountains, some of whose peaks are clad with perpetual snow. The waters flow on the one side to the Sea of Japan, on the other to the Pacific. According to the Japanese annals, Mount Fusi or Fusi-yama, the loftiest mountain of all Japan (3793 metres), rose out of the earth 285 years B.C., and an enormous depression gave rise, at the same time, to the great lake Mizen, or Oits (Biwake, in Siebold's map). Fusi was for a long time an active volcano: some of its eruptions have been frightful and were accompanied by the most terrible devastation from lava and earthquakes. It has, however, been now quiescent for upwards of a century. So late, however, as the 23rd of December, 1854, an earthquake nearly destroyed the port and town of Simoda, and with them the Russian frigate *Diana*, which, having been hunted over the Pacific Ocean by the English fleet, had finally taken refuge in the Japanese waters. The story is told as follows in Commodore Perry's "Voyage:"—"On the arrival of Commander Adams at Simoda, he found a great and sad change in the physical aspects of the place. In the interval of his absence from Japan (on the 23rd of December, 1854) an earthquake had occurred, which was felt on the whole coast of Japan, doing some injury to the capital, Yeddo, completely destroying the fine city of Osaca, on the south-eastern side of Nipon, and leaving abundant evidences of its ruinous effects at Simoda. Every house and public building on the low grounds has been destroyed; a few temples and private edifices, that stood on elevated spots, were all that escaped; and sixteen structures were all that was left of what was once Simoda. The inhabitants told Commander Adams, that the destruction was not caused by the immediate agitation of the earth, but by the sea which it occasioned, and which regularly followed the shocks. According to the statements of the Japanese, the waters in the bay and near the shore were first observed to be violently agitated; they soon began rapidly to retreat, leaving the bottom of the harbour, where usually there were nine feet of water, nearly bare. The water then rushed in upon the land, in a wave five fathoms above its usual height, and overflowing the town up to the tops of the houses, swept everything away. The frightened inhabitants fled to the hills for safety; but, before they could reach their summits, they were overtaken by the climbing waters, and hundreds were drowned. The waters retreated and returned in this manner five several times, tearing down everything, and strewing the adjacent shores with the wrecks, and ruins of houses prostrated, and vessels torn from their anchorage. The Russian frigate *Diana*, bearing the flag of Admiral Pontiatine, was lying in the harbour at the time. The Russian officers told Commander Adams, that, when the waters retreated, the mud baled up from the bottom in a thousand springs. When they came in, they boiled like a maelstrom, and such was their velocity and force, that the frigate actually made forty-three complete revolutions in the space of thirty minutes. Their anchor had been let go in six fathoms; when the waters retreated, they could see it, and had but four feet of water alongside. Her rudder, stern part, and a great part of her keel were knocked off and lost, and her bottom much injured. In the endeavour to carry her across the bay for repair, she sank. The Japanese speedily set to work to rebuild and refit the town, which is now again a flourishing one.

The progress made by the Anglo-Americans, in breaking down the exclusive barriers of this old country, is sufficiently attested by the fact that they have induced this secluded nation, which neither travelled nor permitted travel, to send a mission to the United States.

The Americans have, indeed, a just right to impel a stubborn nation to acts of common humanity. Japan had not only refused to hold commercial intercourse with the rest of the world—a very questionable right—but she went further; and occupying, as she does, an enormous extent of seacoast, she not only refused to open her ports to foreign vessels in distress, but actually opened her batteries (such as they are) upon them when they approached within gun-shot of her shores, and when driven upon them by stress of weather, she seized upon, imprisoned, exhibited in cages, and actually murdered the crews of such ill-fated vessels.

"This," argued the Americans, "has been submitted to too long already; and the constant increase of our whale fleet, and the consequent increase of disasters in this barbarous and inhospitable region, have compelled our government, unprompted except by wise foresight, to insist upon a reform in the policy and bearing of the Japanese towards the rest of the world. The single fact, that at one time within the last year there were 121 American whalers lying in the harbour of the Sandwich Islands, far away from their cruising grounds, because they could not enter any harbour on the coast of Japan for repairs, shows not only the extent of our commerce in that region, but the claims of humanity itself for protection against the barbarians who thus cut off, as it were, the commerce of the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Ochotsk." (The Sea of Japan might have been added.)

To carry out this notion, Commodore Perry, of the U.S. Navy, cast anchor in the Bay of Yeddo, the commercial capital of Japan, on the 8th of July, 1853, and speedily, on the 23rd of August, to his great surprise, found his party strengthened by the appearance of a Russian fleet;¹ the frigate *Pallas*, and the steamer *Vostock*, the *Aurora*, 48, and the corvette, *Navarino*, 22, being sent up to Kamschatka, to be close in readiness, if required, and a powerful squadron having been told off to cruise in the Pacific.

Commodore Perry succeeded in carrying a treaty by which three ports, Nagasaki, Hakodaki, and Simoda were thrown open to trade, and every port on the Japanese coast was opened to vessels in distress. The results of this treaty, and a similar one effected by Admiral Stirling, on the part of England, not being entirely satisfactory, Lord Elgin proceeded from China

¹ "There is no power in the other hemisphere," says the narrator of Commodore Perry's voyage, "to which the possession of Japan, or the conduct of its affairs, is so important as it is to Russia. She is on one side of the islands (by the Amoor), the United States on the other. The Pacific Ocean is destined to be the theatre of immense commercial undertakings. Russia is, in a great degree, shut out from easy access to the Atlantic by her local position; but with such harbours as the Pacific or Japan would give her, she might hope to become the controlling maritime power of the world." We are in possession of very recent information from Japan, tending to show that the Japanese government distrust the purposes of Russia. The movements of that nation on the Amoor River have been viewed with much apprehension. The Japanese, on the report of a special agent sent for the purpose, have resolved to raise an efficient army and equip a navy of vessels on the European model, and to open Japan to the trade of the world.

in 1858, and going right up to Yeddo itself, in a manner at once original and unexpected, concluded a treaty which granted all the European powers the right of free trade, under very slight limitations, with Japan. Of what happened in his voyage, and what was seen in Japan, we intend to give a vivid outline, as likely to convey to our readers the best idea of Japan as it is.

II.—BAY AND HARBOUR OF NAGASAKI.

"HARD a-starboard, sir!" exclaimed the gallant Sherard Osborn's *Palinurus*, and as the spokes of the wheel flew round, the ship turned sharply into the fine channel of water, leading up to Nagasaki. That city faced us, says the captain, spread round the base of a hill at the farther end of the harbour, and having immediately in front of it a rude collection of hybrid European houses, with a flag-staff on the artificial island of Decima, where the Japanese had held the Dutchmen voluntary prisoners ever since the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1613. The poor Dutchmen endured insults, restraints and contumely, rather than forego certain advantages in carrying out Japanese copper and retailing it to Europeans at an enormous profit. Long suffering and enduring vendors of strong Dutch cheese, Zealand butter and pleasant schnapps, relief came at last! The Japanese Emperor was astonished to find the belligerent powers of Russia and England, playing a game of hide-and-seek, in his many bays and harbours, and wisely concluded that the orthodox old Lady of Moscow, whose dominions approached suspiciously close to Japan, might one day think it as Christian-like to rob a Buddhist as a Muhammadan neighbour. He has very wisely departed from the ancient laws of his realm, and has sought for aid and protection where, strangely enough, he can find them, in the friendship of four or five nations who cordially dislike and are jealous of each other. A long ford of blue water stretches two miles inland between sloping hills, which spring from the sea with a bold, rocky escarpment, and then roll gently back, rising to an altitude of a thousand feet or so; and these are overlooked by still more lofty giants—every mountain-side covered with all that can gladden a landscape, and down every ravine gladsome streams rushing on to the sea. Here a village, there a quaint bark anchored in a sandy cove; now an official abode, with a square-cut terrace and upright fence, so properly stiff-starched and queer, you felt sure you had only to knock, and that one of the Barnacles of society would appear; then, resting in the midst of green trees and flowery gardens, were the prettiest chalets seen out of Switzerland: children, with no clothes at all, rolling on the grass, or tumbling in and out of the water, whilst their respected parents, with but few habiliments to incommode them, gravely moved their fans, or sat gazing upon the newly arrived vessels. Oh! it was a goodly sight; but they were all in the mood to be pleased: and had the sky been less clear, the air less bracing and the climate as bad as that of China, they would assuredly still have admired it.

In former days, a chain of guard-boats used to extend across the gate of this Japanese paradise. One of our men-of-war, during the Russian war, nearly paddled over them; and we too, it had been determined, were not to be stopped by them. The Japanese officers of the present day are far wiser in their generation than those who, when the frigate of Sir Israel Pellew forced

her way into the harbour during the French war, disembowelled themselves rather than survive the disgrace. They found all the boats removed and made fast in by the shore. One officer, more anxious than the rest to do his duty, or, Asiatic-like, desirous of ascertaining to what lengths he might go, stood up in his boat as we came abreast of him and mildly gesticulated with his fan (the everlasting emblem of office in Japan) for them to go back again! They would fain not have seen it, but of course the officious signalman immediately reported that there was a Japanese officer waving. A spy-glass was brought steadily to bear on him; the wretch was about fifty yards off; the action of the fan became at once less violent, then irregular, as if the waver of the fan was in a decline, then a spasmodic jerk: the glass was kept steadily on the wretch (we feared lest the Ambassador should see him and then cry halt!)—there was a pause, another flutter—hurrah! He put up his fan, and retired under his awning, beaten. He had only to perform harikari or disembowelment, and they might proceed, giving the officious signalman orders not to make nonsensical reports of every Japanese who chose to fan himself!

As the silver dawn spreads over the land and water, that lovely mountain, Fusi-yama, the type of the beautiful to the whole Japanese nation, is seen stepping like a coy maiden from her veil and her robes of cloud to gaze upon all the loveliness spread at her feet. The scene lasts but a few minutes,—would it could have been for ever; but the bold sun leaps upon the crests of the eastern hills, and Fusi-yama retires blushing from his fierce gaze. The bay and beach are quickly alive with moving beings, hundreds of fishing-boats skim the water, pressing in with the last of the night-breeze to secure an early market. The number of full-grown men in each boat attests the redundancy of the population. Stout athletic fellows they are, smooth-skinned, bronze-coloured, and beardless; but their large muscles and deep chests attest the perfection of their *physique*. They look at the English without fear or distrust, and as they bend on their oars shout out some joke or salutation. The morning breeze is cold and damp, the sun has not dispelled the low thin mist creeping along the surface of the bay from the lowlands to the north, and they are wearing blue clothing with comfort, yet all the boatmen are naked, with the exception of a small blue waist-cloth, and another strip of material tied tight over their nose! Why do the Japanese, asks Captain Sherard Osborn, tie up their noses? We have often asked, for one cannot but believe that there is some good reason why a naked man should voluntarily lash up his nose. Can a Japanese nose be a fractious feature? or is it that noses require to be much taken care of in Japan? or may it not be that there is some security in this precaution against inhaling malaria? We leave the question to be decided by future visitors, and content ourselves with the entry in our journal: *Mem.*—In Yeddo, it is the custom afloat to tie up the nose, and wear but few garments. They having breakfasted, proceeded to the landing-place. It is low water,—shoals of boats and great numbers of men are at work in the shallows. Many are lading their boats with cockle-shells, scraped up from the land, to burn into excellent lime; others are dredging for shell-fish. Some are hauling the seine. Here their observations are interrupted by a spy-boat pulling alongside, and

the officer coolly requesting, by signs, a seat in our boat. They are frank with him, and recommend him to go to the —. He smiles, shoves off, and makes a note of the brief interchange of civility. Parties of respectable citizens, oily sleek men, of a well-to-do appearance, are embarked for a day's pleasure on the water; their children are with them, and every urchin has a fishing-line overboard. They thought of Mr. Briggs,—*Punch's* Mr. Briggs,—at Ramsgate. In another boat, a lady is seated with her children; her dress betokens that she is of better order, her family are laughing and trying to cook at a brazier which stands in the centre of the boat, while she sits abaft, in the most matronly manner, and points out to one of her daughters what she deems most worthy of notice in the English, their boat, and boat's crew. The young lady, they were glad to observe, without being unlady-like, showed none of that suspicious fear of the genus man so general in the excessively modest East, and which betokened even a better state of social civilization than they had been led to expect by what they witnessed at Nagasaki; so they let the boat drift to enjoy all this, and, as a natural consequence, drift on shore close to the town. The police or spy-boat immediately works itself into a fever, and the officer is most anxious they should know where the deep water leading to their landing-place could be found. To add to the fun, all the little boys and girls of the adjoining houses turn out and come scampering down. The police-officer is in an awful state; he urges them back, waves his fan, expostulates with them; but it is all equally useless. So long as our boat remains on the sand, so long does young Japan remain staring into her. The crowd did not, as an English mob of boys would have done, pelt and chaff the officer, and they therefore had reason to praise their civility. After a while, they float the boat and proceed. The entrances to several canals are passed,—they serve, at high tide, to facilitate the communication between remote parts of the city and the sea. Now they are nothing but huge sewers.

The landing-place reached, they see the officer who is charged with their convoy to the embassy; he looks like a man who has much responsibility, and gives a great number of orders of barges, so that they may land with facility. The horses are wonderfully got-up creatures; there is something truly mediæval in their trappings, barring the straw-shoes wrapped round the hoofs, which spoiled the poetry of their steeds; otherwise the head-stalls, bits, saddle-cloths, martingales, cruppers, and stirrups might have been used by the Disinherited Knight in the tilt-yard of Front-de-Bœuf's castle. For the horses, they cannot say as much; but they are good-tempered, steady little steeds. And so to horse! The street leading from the landing-place is as wide as Regent-street, and terminates about three-quarters of a mile off, at the entrance of a handsome temple, whose green terraces, dotted with seats and cool alcoves, look most refreshing. They turn, however, abruptly up a street parallel to the water. It is broad and clean; on either hand are continuous rows of shops, and at short intervals of three hundred yards a wooden barrier runs athwart the street, apparently constructed for purposes of police. Shops of a trade seem to run together; here we have eatables in any quantity, then basket and wicker-work of all Japan, now, earthenware,—then, ironware. And then, what a crowd! They have only run together as they pass,

yet you might walk on their heads. They used to think the Chinese stowed closely in their houses, but these Japanese assuredly beat them in that, and, what is far better, they do it with cleanliness, which the former certainly do not. Everybody looks well-washed, contented, and merry; you do not meet a single cross sullen look. In the doorways of the houses women abound. They have succeeded, God forgive them! in making themselves as ugly as sin; yet they have good eyes, glossy hair, and a merry look. Generous creatures; we find they are mostly married women, who have sacrificed their teeth and eyebrows to insure their poor husbands against the pangs of jealousy. The women have evidently abundant liberty here, and it is strange how indelicate the mass of people are. The police-officer is looking out most keenly for any pictures that might be exposed in the shops offensive to their visitor's sense of propriety, and they disappear like magic at his approach; still he sees not all, and they are startled by figures and models of the vilest description, swinging about unnoticed amongst men, women, and children, who seemed unconscious of, or indifferent to, the shameless exhibition.

They do not see a beggar, and the street is admirably clean. Some respectably-dressed Buddhist priests are chanting a hymn, in not unmusical cadence, at the closed door of a house,—they still continue to do so until the heart of the proprietor is softened, or his patience gone, then the door will open, and he will see them civilly. Their conductor now turns sharp down a street, at the end of which is a sturdy-looking gate; they are at the portal of the enclosure within which the British Embassy dwells. It opens, and, as they proceed, a grand procession is approaching them from the temple at the end of the road, and they find his Excellency and suite are just starting for their first visit to the Prince, who is said to direct the foreign affairs of Japan. His lordship having brought with him a very gorgeous chair, which those learned in Chinese etiquette had declared to be of the proper dimensions and colour for a statesman of his rank, was able to go and visit the Prince in comparative comfort; but all the rest of the party, naval and diplomatic, were packed in small wicker-work palanquins used in the country. To people accustomed to sit on their hams, instead of chairs, travelling in such conveyances might be simple enough; but with our big-boned, big-jointed countrymen, done up in cocked-hats, gilded coats, and long swords, the feat was a wonderful one, and a sight not easily to be forgotten.

Mr. Oliphant thus depicts his impressions on first visiting the Japanese town of Nagasaki or Nangasaki: A flight of steps ascends the embankment, at the top of which is in fact a sort of raised *parterre*, is of considerable width, and a broad street runs along its whole length. Crossing this, is reached the head of the flight of steps that descend into the town. The view is peculiarly striking, especially to the stranger who has just arrived from China. Instead of an indefinite congeries of houses built apparently on no settled plan, and so close together that the streets which divide them are completely concealed, they saw before them a wide spacious street, about a mile in length, flanked by neat houses, generally of two stories, with tiled or wooden roofs, and broad eaves projecting over the lower story. A *paré* ran down the centre of the street, on each side of which it was carefully gravelled to the gutters. No wheeled vehicle or beast

of burden was, however, visible; but in default, a plentiful sprinkling of foot passengers gave it an air of life and animation. It terminated in the distance in a flight of steps, which soon disappeared amid the foliage of the hill-side, crowned with a temple or tea-house, or gleaming with the white-washed walls of some fire-proof store-house.

As they traversed its entire length, no foul odours assailed their nostrils, or hideous cutaneous objects offended their eyesight, as at Tien-tsin; nor did inconvenient walls or envious shutters debar them from inspecting, as they passed along, the internal economy of the shops and dwellings on each side. Light wooden screens, neatly papered, and running on slides, were, for the most part, pushed back in the daytime, and the passer looks through the house to where the waving shrubs of a cool-looking back-garden invite him to extend his investigations. Between the observer and this retreat there are probably one or two rooms, raised about two feet from the ground, and upon the scrupulously clean and well-wadded matting, which is stretched upon the wooden floor, semi-nude men and women roll and lounge, and their altogether nude progeny crawl and feast themselves luxuriously at ever-present fountains. The women seldom wear anything above their waists, the men only a scanty loin-cloth. In the mid-day, during the summer, a general air of languor pervades the community; about sunset, the world begins to wash, and the Japanese youth, like copper-coloured Cupids, riot simultaneously.

The shops do not generally contain those articles in lacker and china-ware for which Japan is so justly celebrated. To obtain them a visit must be made to the Dutch or Russian bazaars; but interest is kept alive by the varied productions of native manufacture exhibited in the shops, which are as open to the street as stalls at a fancy fair, and which contain all those articles which are in common request among the people. Umbrella, fan, and shoe-shops abounded; bazaars for toys and glass ornaments arrested them for a moment; but time was precious, and they could not do more than glance cursorily at the novelties displayed, and vainly endeavour to comprehend the object of various processes and manufactures which were being industriously carried on, but the result of which, in default of an interpreter, remained a mystery. Indeed, except from the Dutch gentlemen at Decima, they found it difficult, during their short stay at Nagasaki, to obtain any information, as only one Japanese had picked up a very few words of English. All the interpreters spoke Dutch,—a language of which their knowledge was extremely limited, nor was it spoken by any of their party. Their rambles through Nagasaki, therefore, though in the highest degree amusing and attractive, possessed the one drawback of leaving the curiosity and interest they had excited at every turn unsatisfied. Nor could they gratify themselves by making purchases of curiosities. As yet they had not been introduced to the government money-changers, who sat in solemn conclave at the Russian bazaar, and no consideration could induce the shopkeeper to accept the smallest or even the largest foreign coin. Well did he know that the eye of his neighbour was upon him, and that an official visit the next morning would remind him of his oblivion of that great national institution of universal espionage, which would with us be considered an intolerable tyranny, but which the Japanese regard as a necessary ingredient to the welfare and protection of society.

They pursued their peregrinations through the streets of Nagasaki unmolested and almost unnoticed by the people, who did not crowd the thoroughfares with busy, moving clamour, as in China, but strolled carelessly along, apparently little troubled with occupation, with an air of amiable contentment on their features, and an expression of kindly good nature towards the curious wondering strangers. Although Kœmpfer speaks of numerous beggars, Mr. Oliphant says he did not observe any, with the exception of one or two religious mendicants. A stream about the size of an ordinary canal intersects the town in a lateral direction, and is spanned by thirty or forty bridges, of which about fifteen are solidly constructed of stone, with handsome balustrades. Balconies, filled with women engaged in domestic avocations, overhang the water; small boats ply upon its surface, and here and there the quaint old buttresses of the bridges are partly concealed with creeping plants, and across them numerous passengers pass and repass. It is interesting to stand on one of these and watch the humours of the place, while we enjoy the picturesque view which it affords.

Nagasaki contains upwards of eighty streets crossing each other at right angles, and from three-quarters of a mile to a mile in length. Its population is estimated at about 60,000; but it presents a far more imposing appearance, and covers a much greater area of ground than a Chinese city of the same dimensions. Its outskirts run up into the secluded valleys formed by the surrounding hills, the spurs of which descend into the town, so that almost every street terminates in a flight of stone steps, and, indeed, some of them which they visited afterwards, climb the hill-sides, the houses being built one above the other, as at Malta.

A Japanese house consists of a ground-floor and top story. The front and back of the basement can be removed at pleasure, leaving it quite open, through the premises, for air and light, except where the posts supporting the first floor intervene. Usually the front panels only are removed during the daytime, and the back panels, formed of a light, graceful, wood framework, covered with translucent paper, are left to screen the cooking departments and back premises. The floor of the basement is raised about three feet above the level of the ground, and is neatly boarded, and then laid over with a series of stuffed grass mats, on which the inmates walk, sit, feed, and sleep. If it is a shop, the arrangements are still the same, except that the boxes or drawers containing the goods are arranged on shelves on either sides, and the merchant and purchasers in their *socks*—for all shoes and boots are carefully put off on these mats—sit on the floor to discuss prices and qualities. The story overhead serves as a place of abode for their wives and families, and those we visited are in height, and ventilation, and cleanliness, vastly superior to the majority of up-stairs rooms in the East.

There was hardly a house in Nagasaki that had not some sort of garden attached to it, and all were well and tastefully kept; but the most striking thing in this city (and it was generally observed by all of us in Japan) was that every man, woman, and child looked happy and contented! There was an exception to the rule—a number of unfortunate solemnities who were in charge of the gateway leading from Decima to Nagasaki; and they were evidently bored to death. Poor scribes! they had to keep notes of everything,

animate and inanimate, that went in or out of that solitary outlet to Japan! Every one else met us with a friendly smile, or a good-natured look of amazement, at either our brilliant buttons, our shining boots, or some other phenomenon exhibited in the gorgeous attire of a British naval officer. The labouring portion of the male population decidedly took little anxious care of their raiment—a piece of cotton cloth, a yard long and six inches wide, constituted their general attire; and many of the children might have just escaped from Eden, so innocent were they of any clothing. Laughing and coaxing, they came unhesitatingly up to us, begging, in their naturally pretty way, for buttons, “Cassi button?” “Cassi button?” It was irresistible, and we gave all we could spare; but what those little urchins were going to do with buttons, seeing they had neither rag nor ornament upon them, was a puzzle to us. The grown-up women were modestly attired in dark-coloured garments, their beautiful hair neatly dressed, and, but that their nails were dyed, there was a general appearance of beauty about them, combined with much grace in the figures of the younger ones.

The Japanese officials and gentry are very well dressed, and in their attire displayed considerable dandyism, according to their own fashion. But in their dress, as well as in their houses, in Japan, we noticed the prevalence of sombre colours, and the absence of that vulgar colouring and tinsel-work so common in China. Here the out-door dress of the ladies, and that of the poor girls at the tea-gardens, and the wives of the tradespeople, are quiet in colour, however fine the texture might be; and amongst the official dresses of the officers, black, dark blue, and black and white patterns, were most general. Their houses and temples are likewise painted less gaudily than elsewhere in the East, and there is far less gilding about them. This peculiarity in Japanese taste was one of the first impressions received on our visiting Japan, and, like many first impressions, proved to be correct.

Woman holds in Japan a high social position. She is not cooped up in pestiferous apartments to delight some fattened-up Chinese mandarin, or greasy Brahmin, but contributes not a little to the charms of man's life; she has succeeded in asserting her right to be treated like a rational being, quite as well able to take care of herself as the sterner sex. Their freedom granted, it is true, the fair damsels—nay, and the matrons—have in some respects “jumped over the traces.” Then, with a highly commendable liking to scrupulous cleanliness, they somewhat depart from Western notions of propriety as to the time and place for their ablutions. Yet, after all, that is a mere matter of taste. A tub of water in the open air, in a balmy climate, is, all will allow, very delicious, and the ladies of Nagasaki saw no good reason to forego their pleasurable bath because there happened to be an unsolicited influx of hairy-faced strangers, at a season of the year when bathing was more than ever necessary. Their own countrymen did not stop and stare, but went and did likewise. Let future European residents resist the temptation to adopt the *al fresco* habits of the people; meantime let us bear in mind our good old motto, “Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

The arrangement and width of its streets is similar to those of Simoda and Hakodadi, the architecture on the whole superior: verandahs invariably sheltered

the houses, and each stood in its own garden, which was, without exception, laid out with artistic judgment and tasteful neatness. They were all arranged and cultivated on the landscape principle; rocks and rivers, hills and valleys, miniature meadows and dwarfed forest-trees everywhere characterised their aspect. The Japanese are great adepts at both the dwarfing and forcing of vegetable products of all kinds.

Here and there appeared at the doors of the houses a gaily dressed lady, with a dragon, or a peacock, or a phoenix wove into or embroidered on her dress of beautiful silk or exquisite crape, her hair set off with pins of gold or polished tortoise-shell, and her small feet resting on light high sandals, just revealed beneath her flowing robe, and her lips rosy, but often rouged, her placid countenance pale enough to show an enchanting shadow of pink, her eyes black and winning, her form graceful and well shaped, and her whole look so kind, so gentle, so passive, and so amiable, that fascination was irresistible. The Japanese women paint their lips with a cosmetic prepared from the *carthamus tinctorius* in cups of porcelain. When a slight coat is applied it imparts a bright-red colour, but when it is put on thickly a deep violet hue is obtained, which latter is much prized.

At one corner of the street alluded to our traveller was attracted by a Buddhist temple, which was approached by a short avenue of cypress trees; so, leaving his companions, he sauntered up the shady walk, and ascended the steps and entered the sacred edifice alone and unmolested. Strange to say, this was during the time of public worship, and when nearly a hundred kneeling devotees were present. A large shrine, with a gilt image in its recess; two large globular lamps, and two burning candles, immensely long and thick, as also numerous gold and porcelain vases, holding lighted tapers, and surrounded by a forest of artificial flowers, were the objects that most riveted his attention.

On both sides of this magnificent and richly-gilded shrine were two smaller ones, each illuminated with lighted candles and perfumed tapers burning with coloured flame, the effect of which was very beautiful. In front of the principal altar, within an enclosure, knelt six shaven-headed priests,—the latter and physicians shave the whole of the hair of their heads,—robed in crimson silk and white crape, the centre and chief of whom engaged himself in striking a small saucer-shaped bell, while four more of the number performed a similar duty with padded drum-sticks on hollow vessels of lacquered wood, which awoke a dull, monotonous sound. They kept good time, playing in unison, and toning their prayers to their music in chanting. At the conclusion of this singing and drumming they bent their foreheads to the floor, after which they rose, and repaired to the smaller shrines, where a ceremony made up of gesticulation and a solemn reading of prayers took place. In the meantime the audience knelt with their eyes directed to the ground, and repeating the prayers in silence. A quarter of an hour or more had elapsed from the moment of the intruder's entrance before his right of presence was in any way questioned. Then, however, one of the acolytes approached him from a side-door, and with a most imploring look desired his departure.

They terminated their first day's exploration of Nagasaki, by a second visit to Decima, for the purpose

of seeing the Dutch bazaar. Crossing the moat which separates the factory from the town and makes an island of it, they passed through the gateway, under which, in a sanctum of their own, sat three or four officials, called by the Dutch "Banjos," whose business it is to inspect narrowly every person seeking ingress and egress, and every article or package which is carried in or out. In former times, these janitors were in a most responsible position, and their functions were regarded by the Japanese government as of the utmost importance; now, however, the recent relaxations with reference to foreigners have diminished the cares of office, and these dreaded *custodii*, so long the bugbears of the Dutch *employés* at Decima, will soon cease to exist, or dwindle into respectable sinecurists.

III.—ENVIRONS OF NAGASAKI.

THE environs of Nagasaki are beautiful. The city itself nestles at the base of wooded hills of exquisite form, as though it did not venture to profane with its coarse touch those lovely slopes which are dedicated to the worship of Buddha and the Cytherian Goddess, for the hill-sides are dotted with the most enchanting sites, and every one of them is occupied with a temple or a tea-house.

In Japan, religion is not used as in some countries to conceal immorality, but rather to give it countenance and support, so that practically there is very little difference here between a temple and a tea-house. Both are situated in grounds beautifully laid out. In landscape-gardening the Japanese excel every other nation in the world. Both are resorted to as agreeable retreats from the turmoil and bustle of the city. The most delightful arbours, the choicest dishes, and the softest music, are provided equally at one and the other.

It is estimated that there are sixty-two temples (large and small) and seven hundred and fifty tea-houses on the hills round Nagasaki, all offering to the Japanese in search of repose delicious tea and extensive panoramic views. It is worth while climbing up to some of them, if only to enjoy the latter. Old moss-grown steps ascend the deep hill-side, and you pass through venerable gateways and up more massive flights to a fairy-like wooden structure perched on a projecting point, and backed by terraced gardens and cool shady groves that lead to grottoes, where sparkling water gushes from the hill-side. The building seems constructed with a view to the prospect it commands. The bare, lofty, matted rooms are surrounded with deep verandahs, and from every angle a fresh scene of beauty meets the eye. Behind are wooded dells, and more temples and tea-houses. At the foot of the hills the city is mapped out, and the back premises of the houses can be inspected, the families engaged in domestic ablutions. It is delightful to see papa, mamma, and all the children splashing so harmoniously in the back garden. Beyond the town are more terraced hills, and the beautiful winding harbour losing itself in deep creeks and bays, to all appearance a placid lake; for the ocean is nowhere visible.

Meantime the dinner, which has been ordered, has arrived, spread out upon the floor in lacquered bowls; it occupies the greater portion of the room. It has been quickly and diligently arranged by a train of neatly dressed maidens, who now seat themselves round it and invite us to partake. The party had long since

taken off their shoes, and now squatted in a circle on the floor and gazed with curiosity, not unmixed with alarm, at the display before them. There was raw fish thinly sliced, and salted ginger; there were prawns piled up with a substance, which in taste and appearance very much resembled toffy; there were pickled eggs and rock leeches, and pieces of gristle belonging to animals unknown, to be eaten with soy; and yams and pears, and various sorts of fruits and vegetables prepared, some of them, palatable enough; but still the experiment was hazardous, and they were relieved at the sight of a bowl of rice as a safe *pièce de résistance*.

The ministering spirits seemed to delight in pressing upon them the nastiest things, apparently for the amusement which their very faces afforded them. Presently another troop of damsels with lutes and tom-toms came tripping in; but they elicited from their musical instruments the most discordant sounds to their non-Japanese ears, so they were glad to take refuge in the balcony; and having once more feasted their eyes upon the fading prospect, they descended from their airy position to the streets, now rapidly subsiding into that early evening stillness which gives evidence that the good folks of Nagasaki don't allow either business or pleasure to steal from them the best hours of the night.

Contrary to that which obtains throughout the East, women enjoy in Japan a real social importance. This is sufficiently attested by their hereditary succession to the throne of the Mikados. The Japanese have only one legitimate wife, and they do not keep her shut up as the Chinese and most orientals do. Nay, she is even, strange to say, responsible for her husband's debts. Nowhere are women treated with greater respect, or are more attentions lavished upon the sex. The marriages of the great are attended with a profuse outlay, and their ladies have their own household. The butterfly—emblem of inconstancy in Europe—plays an important part in the marriage ceremony in Japan. They are apparently closer entomological observers than Europeans generally, and they have consecrated the butterfly because it terminates its existence "*dans une union amoureuse*." Two girls enact the part, the one of the male butterfly, the other of the female butterfly, at all marriage ceremonies, the most important part of which consists in the bride and bridegroom drinking to one another and changing cups. This establishes a permanent engagement in Japan, and our merchants and skippers must beware of exchanging glasses with the pretty maids who flutter in the tea-gardens. Their education is carefully attended to, their manners are at once engaging and noble. Married ladies visit their relatives once a year with extraordinary pomp and solemnity. They are accompanied by numerous maids of honour, who wear red dresses with green ribands, or green dresses with red ribands, according to their rank.

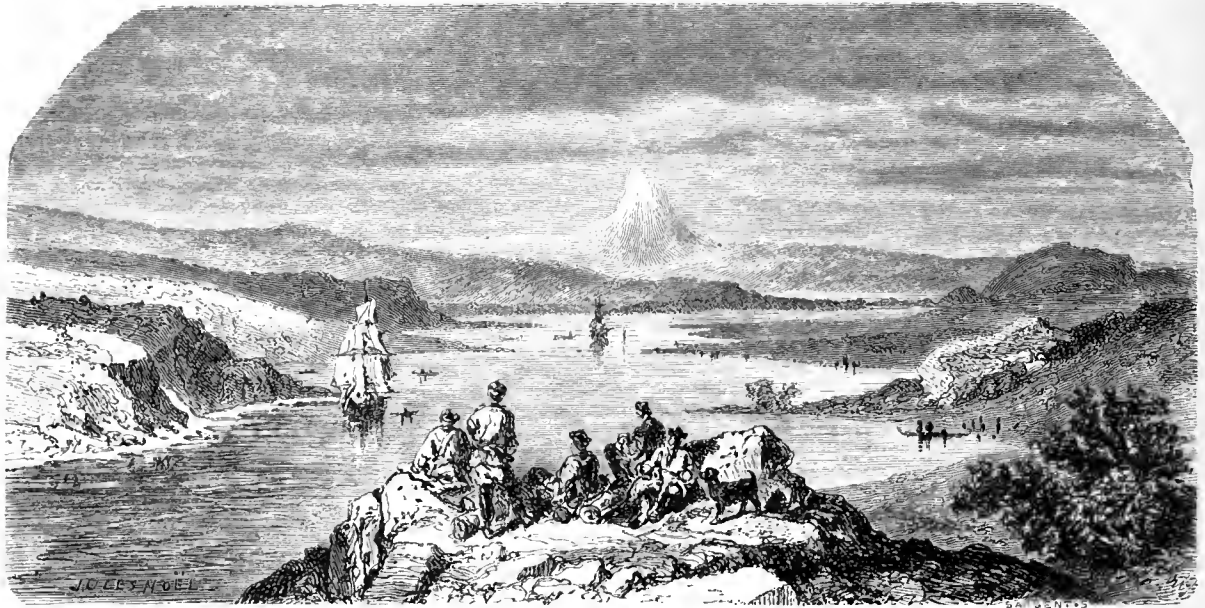
Japanese ladies read a great deal. They have many story-books and romances. Among the latter—of a somewhat historical character—the Misfortunes of Nisiono Kasaki, the wife of a Mikado in the olden times, occupy a prominent place. They also dress well and expensively, with indeed a truly oriental luxury. If the men clothe themselves, as in China, India, and Persia, in stuffs of silk and gold, the ladies are not behind them in the costliness of their crapes, their muslins, their silks and satin, and the richness of

their embroidery. Taste and wealth are alike marked by the number, variety, and costliness of a lady's dresses. No tissues wove in Europe approach in delicacy of material the light gossamer materials worn by Japanese ladies in summer. Their dresses are supported by a simple waistband, which is tied behind by the unmarried, and before by the wedded ladies. The sleeves are of great dimensions, and, in some instances, fall to the ground. They also wear many dresses at the same time, but the toilette is not, on that account, a tedious affair, as with us. They can get into them, however numerous, all at once. They dress and undress with equal ease and rapidity. The waistband is loosened, their sleeves are allowed to fall, the dress or dresses follow, and all is done. These waistbands are richly worked with gold and silver, or decorated with precious stones. The length of the robe behind determines the rank of the wearer. Rich or poor, every woman had her fan, and all classes go with their head uncovered except in winter, when they wear a kind of white lined silk bonnet. Men and women alike use parasols, generally borne by pages.

IV.—JAPANESE DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE following purely domestic scene, detailing fragments of daily intercourse between an English traveller and a respectable Japanese family, will do more to convey an idea of their manners and customs than whole pages of descriptive generalities.

Our traveller, it is to be observed, picked up the acquaintance of a Japanese gentleman in the streets of Nagasaki. They had not proceeded more than a hundred yards from their halting place, when his scarlet friend, as he then called him, stopped in front of a small archway leading through a small avenue of orange-trees, flanked by gardens, and thence up half-a-dozen marble steps to the hall-door of a well verandahed comfortable-looking habitation, with a conical roof, which, by sundry words and signs which would lose their effect if it were attempted to reduce them to pen on paper, he was led to understand was his house. Would he walk in and take tea? Of course he would, and so he did; and to the evident delight of his new host, whose bowing politeness was so intense, that he says he had never met with its like before, and never expected to meet with again out of Japan. Crossing the neat but elaborately constructed porch, they entered by the open doorway a spacious hall, matted according to the government regulations, which prescribes that every mat manufactured throughout the empire must be of the one uniform size. Similar regulations are in force with respect to the building of houses and all sailing craft, which must in no case be diverged from without special authority. At the opposite end of the hall, which consisted of a wall painted very much after the style of a drop at a theatre: a passage crossed it, so that the house could be entered either to the right or the left. A man-servant, clad in yellow gossamer, was sitting, *à la Turque*, in the one to the right by which they entered; he bowed his forehead toward the ground as his master approached, and passed him, immediately after which he followed them into the saloon, or common sitting-room of the house, where a beautiful sight at once presented itself to the visitor. He should rather have said a beautiful woman, for it was no other than his host the scarlet gentleman's wife.



ENTRANCE TO THE BAY OF YEDDO.

The hair of this lady was dressed in a manner which was new to his experience, being worn at full length down her back, and tied at equal distances with velvet crape. It was suggestive of a bell-rope; but what of that? it was a surpassing ornament. Her lips were of a delicate purple tint, the effect of cosmetic, which as she slightly moved them with an expression of timid wonder at the moment of his entrance, disclosed a set of well-formed but blackened teeth, the invariable sign of marriage. Her complexion was pale, inclining to tawny, and a delicate hue of russet pink adorned her cheeks. Her brows were black, alike with her hair, and arched. Her head was rather large, and displayed a high well-formed forehead; her eyes were narrow and somewhat sunk in the head, the eyelids forming in the great angle of the eye a deep furrow, but the expression was one of extreme quickness and amiability. So soft, so confiding was her manner, that our traveller says she inspired him with the virtuous passion of admiration. Her hands and feet, the latter resting on a feathery mat, were small and exquisitely formed, and her whole figure, attitude, and movements were full of grace. She was arrayed in a dress of beautiful silk, into the skirt of which behind was wove a representation of the peacock. The colours were as bright as those worn by her sire, but then they harmonised well, as is invariably the case with the Japanese, so that the most brilliant collection of tints never wears an aspect otherwise than pleasing.

His host introduced him as *America*; he bowed low to the lady, who had risen from a small ottoman-like stool on which she was seated, book and fan in hand, at the moment of his entrance, and who bowed likewise, closing her hands and raising them to her bosom as she did so. After this, she resumed her seat, and without uttering a word. A metallic brazier stood in the centre of the room, and round it were arranged three velvet-topped cushions or stools, intended to be used as seats. On one of these he was invited to be seated; so he made the descent with an elegance for

which he says he was indebted to his "shiny leather" boots, and congratulated himself very much on reaching the cushion without a "flop."

His host having handed his sword to the attendant, followed him to the floor, where he arrived as safely and as naturally as our traveller had done himself; immediately after which the yellow gossamer-clad attendant laid a tray containing the usual pipe and tobacco-pouch before each of them. As he had no fan, one was handed to him. It was unnecessary to order tea; it was brought in on a tray by another male domestic, arrayed in white cambric, a minute or so afterwards.

The windows of the room were open, and disclosed, across the verandah, which surrounded the house, a well-cultivated garden of diversified aspect. The walls of the room itself were entirely covered with beautiful Japanese drawings of large size on paper,¹ and very

¹ It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people; our papier-maché manufacturers, as well as the continental ones, should go to Yeddo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and morocco leather, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacquer, varnish, and skilful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar-cases, saddles, telescope-cases, the frames of microscopes; and we even saw and used excellent waterproof coats made of simple paper, which *did* keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, or dusters; paper, in their hands, serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow colour, and very plentiful and cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material. It enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shopkeeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead lock, and, indeed, lest in

much resembling stage scenery. The floor was of course covered with the finest of matting; the ceiling was richly gilded, and bedizened with many exquisite colours, while the entire aspect of the place was one of seductive repose.

His host now became voluble on the subject of himself and the meeting to his wife, who made her comments and inquiries in a soft subdued voice.

"Picture, Monsieur," said he, bowing, and extending his hand, first towards his visitor and then towards the lady.

The said visitor saw that he wanted him to produce a sketch he had made of a funeral procession; so he readily complied, giving them to understand, however, that it was by no means in a finished state. They appeared to be much pleased with it, his host handing it back to him with the inquiry, whether he would sketch him?

"Oui—yes—ya—zoo—ramavoo—tsegum—tilaboo." He would do so with pleasure; and as man and wife were biblically asserted to be one flesh, he presumed that he wished him to include the lady. He did; he should be glad to see her as a poppy in the field. So drawing forth his pencil and paper-case, which he always carried about him when on shore, he began to eye the features of his entertainers, and, much to their amusement, to depict the same upon the white surface before him. When he had finished the pencilling, he showed it to them with the remark, that he would colour and complete the drawing when he went on board the ship, and bring it to them on the morrow. But no—they did not like that. They did not want to be seen on board the ship. However, on his assuring them that it should not be shown, his host consented to the arrangement.

"You would like to see my children?" said he.

"Their presence will delight me exceedingly," was the reply; upon which he tapped the metal brazier standing before him with his fan, which produced a mellow bell-like tingling sound, which was answered by the lobby servant in yellow gossamer, who entered and knelt before us. A few words of instruction were softly, scarce audibly, uttered by the lady; the man bowed his head low, rose, and left the room, moving backwards, with his hands resting upon his thighs till he passed the doorway.

Having now drank each a cup of tea, and smoked a pipe, during which time the lady had been engaged in fanning herself and holding occasional conversation with her husband, the latter suggested their rising and taking seats under the verandah, or out in the garden, where they could see and admire the fruits and flowers of the earth. So, accordingly, they rose, and passing through the open windows, and level with the floor, the garden in all its loveliness was spread out before them.

Our traveller admits that he is rather a lover of Dutch and Chinese taste and detail in the arrangement of gardens, although an admirer of the grand, the rough-hewn, the wild, and the massive in nature. He was, therefore, pleased and refreshed by the sight of the miniature landscape before him, with its arched bridges spanning a river or a waterfall, its terrace hills, and its

fertile plains, its jungle, and its groves of laurel, citron, and peach, and although here it all was artificial, it was highly picturesque and suggestive of the more impressively real.

Here, in imagination, he was taking a bird's eye view of an extensive sweep of country instead of an acre or so of cultivated ground. They had not been more than five minutes under the verandah, when two nurses noiselessly presented themselves before them, the one leading a fine little boy about three years of age, who, with the front hair shaven off his head, looked as wildly intelligent as did the urchins he had seen at Simoda on the first day of his landing in the empire. The feet and legs of this young gentleman were bare, and his sole clothing was a sleeved frock of straw-coloured crape, drawn in at the waist by a red silk sash. The second nurse bore her charge on her back, with her hands behind holding on, after the manner adopted by the lubras of Australia, and occasionally by the women of most other countries. It was entirely covered, the head and face excepted, by a thin loose-fitting robe of similar colour and material to that worn by the elder boy; for this also was of the gender masculine, as was readily perceived by the shaven head, a ceremony begun very early in life, for the infant in question he ascertained to be under twelve months old.

The nurses were both pretty girls, with bosoms considerably exposed, displaying a skin even paler than their faces. Their hair was tastefully drawn from off the forehead and sides, and fastened in the usual way with gold pins in a graceful knot on the crown. Their ears were small and delicately formed; their hands and feet, both of which were uncovered, answered the same description. Their gauzy dresses of light blue cotton extended from the shoulders to the ancles, but left the outline of their form and limbs distinctly traceable. A yellow crape sash circled the waist, and tightened their dresses round them—which garments wore anything but an inflated aspect—so much so that now, if he says he had to name the antipodes of the hooped and crinolined dress of his sister (he speaks in the Quaker sense of the term), Lady Florence Rotunda, of Grosvenor-square, he should select that of one of the nurses of his Nagasaki friend.

He very much admired, and expressed his admiration of the little things, upon which (like other mothers in other lands) his hostess seemed quite as much pleased with him as he was with the children. She smiled, and petted them with caresses—pater-familias smiled, and tickled one of them under the chin—the nurses smiled, and he smiled himself, meanwhile lavishing his eulogistic remarks and gestures, and shaking them by the hand—a mode of handling to which they appeared to be quite accustomed—so that, on the whole, judging by appearances, they were a happy family, the yellow gossamer-clad individual, who knelt at some distance with a pleasant grin playing across his features, included.

As it was now sunset he took his leave—the lady bowing low, the nurses and children still being by her side, and his host accompanying him to the porch, and insisting upon his accepting as a gift the fan which had been handed to him at the time of his entrance, and expressing a renewed hope that he would allow him the felicity of entertaining him on the day following.

The next day our traveller took his way with the coloured portrait in his pocket, "the observed of all

the arbitrary exercise of authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage mother-in-law invariably stipulates in the marriage settlement that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

observers," over the well-swept, well-paved ground, to the house of Noskotoska, his host of the previous day. While making mention of his name, it may be observed that the Japanese usage with respect to such, differs from that of all other nations. The family name of the individual is never made use of by him, except in the signing of solemn contracts; and the particular names by which men are designated in ordinary life and conversation, varies according to age and position. Thus, in official ranks, it is a common thing for the one man to have been known and addressed by half-a-dozen different names.

Our traveller passed under the same elegantly carved archway, along the same avenue of orange and citron trees, under the same porch, and over the soft matting to the lobby, where was squatted the herald in yellow gossamer. He inclined his forehead to the ground as he approached him, then rose, and receded before him backwards, with his hands resting on his thighs, to the door of the saloon in which he had sat on the previous day. It was unoccupied; but the windows were open, as before, revealing to the eye the pleasant garden prospect without. The attendant placed one of the velvet stool-cushions for him, if he choose, to be seated upon, and with hands to thighs, he again moved backwards out of the room.

In a few moments—during which he had amused himself by examining a gaily painted fan, which had Fusiyama on one side, and a wrestling match on the other—his host made his appearance; but this time clad in robes of different and more magnificent colours to those worn on the occasion of his first seeing him. He bowed low, clasped his hands, elevated them to his forehead, and again to his breast, and bade him welcome. He presented the picture to him; he again bowed and thanked him, in the name of Nipon and his wife, for the honour that he had done them. Our traveller bowed his acknowledgments, and responded with many assurances of the pride and pleasure he felt in the honour of his acquaintance in particular, and of Japan in general. He again bowed low, and said that Nipon was exalted, and Noskotoska was flattered. He would take a cup of the delicious and life-restoring tea grown on the terrace hills of the island, and he would burn a pipe of the fragrant leaf of the tobacco plant, which flourished in the valleys; and very soon the partner of his career on the *unsteady* earth—he must have been disturbed by earthquakes—would be down to reward him with her love and smiles. He bowed again. His host drew forth the tobacco pouch from his sash, while simultaneously the tenant of the yellow gossamer entered with a tray containing another for his visitor. He followed the example of his friend, and sat down before the metal brasier, in which a small fire of prepared charcoal was burning at the time of his entrance. He hoped the children were well; yes, they were in the happy enjoyment of the most perfect health. He was glad to hear it.

Presently the lady of the house made her appearance. The salutation was as on the previous day, but free from all embarrassment. She greeted the visitor in a few words of her native language, which he did not distinctly hear nor understand, but which, no doubt, were words of compliment or welcome. She saw the coloured portrait on one of the cushions, and anticipating the act of her sire, leant down and picked it up, expressing her satisfaction with it at the first

moment of its examination. Her dress and appearance, including the mode of wearing the hair, was nearly the same as on the previous day, and her manner was just as winning, amiable, and full of gentleness.

V.—A JAPANESE LADY.

A STILL more curious and characteristic scene presented itself on another occasion, and after intercourse between the two parties had ripened to intimacy. The visitor and his host had been conversing about half an hour when the beautiful Sondorec, in other words, Mrs. Noskotoska, made her appearance.

She had just entered the house in company with a lady friend, who was then in another apartment. Involuntarily the visitor rose, bowed, and extended his hand, the latter so suggestively that Mrs. Noskotoska actually took hold of it, or rather, in the uncertain endeavour to do so, approached it so closely that he tenderly took hold of hers. He was delighted to see her. He hoped, with all the fervour of his nature, that the noble boys, her children, were doing well, and she herself was doing likewise. He wished her the highest felicity ever awarded to mortals on earth, a highly orthodox Japanese compliment, and begged her acceptance of the few trinkets which he had provided himself with before leaving the ship, and which he then handed to her, encased in a small box which had been bought at Tunbridge Wells for sixpence. They consisted of a ring, a pencil case, and a few charms, which he had bought from an Englishman at Hong-Kong for the purpose of giving away to the Japanese ladies. She was much pleased with them, and thanked him warmly, but with respect to the ring she thought it emblematic of bondage, fetters, and that like. He placed it upon her second finger, and assured her that the ladies of England and America had no such scruple against wearing them, and that such was a sign of rank and wealth rather than otherwise; although, when the display of those or any other kind of jewellery was large and conspicuous, the taste was justly esteemed vulgar. Her hair to day was no longer of such a length as to remind him of a bell-rope; it was wound into a compact coil at the back of the head near the crown, after the common style of wearing it; there it was fastened by two pins chastely carved, the one of tortoise-shell, the other of gold. Her appearance was so fair and becoming, that she would have awoke the admiration of many an unsmitten exquisite satiated with gazing on the beauty of a London season. Ladies, she was "a dear sweet creature," as guileless, as innocent, and as virtuous as she was lovely. She withdrew.

The host expressed his inclination for a bath. Would he like to enjoy a similar luxury? if so, his company in the water would afford him pleasure. Tapping the brazier before him with his fan, he summoned the attendant from the passage, to whom he communicated his desire. The yellow gossamer retired, bending as usual. The host followed immediately afterwards, and he with him, across the apartment, through the open window and garden to the bath-house, at one side of the entrance to which knelt the gentleman of the bath, a third male servant. He inclined his forehead to the ground as they passed him, and then still kneeling, awaited the commands of his master.

There were two tanks or baths in the chamber, made

of white marble, and both supplied with warm water. In a recess the buckets for holding cold water were suspended from a copper rail running across it. His host was quickly divested of his garments, he followed his example, and very soon they were dashing and plunging about in five feet of water. He was in the act of emerging again from the bath when the fair Sondoree—yes reader, Mrs. Noskotoska—made her appearance! and, oh, clouds and sunshine, with her lady friend by her side! There was no mistake about it, they had seen them go into the bath-house. They did not blush or turn back—no, that was not to be expected from Japanese ladies. What was the best thing to be done? The lovely creatures were asking him how he liked the bath. He was almost disposed to be vulgar and say, "None the better for seeing you," but its rudeness shocked his delicacy, as much as did the presence of his host's wife and her virgin friend, for the teeth of the latter were white as polished ivory. So much the worse for him, he thought. Nevertheless, he mustered that quiet courage so necessary in positions of the kind and composed himself. Why should he trouble himself about it, thought he, if they did not? They were the intruders, not him. What delightful consolation! Just then Noskotoska stepped out of his bath, and standing on a grating in the middle of the floor, ordered a couple of buckets of cold water to be thrown over him by the attendant. The water, through which a constant current had been maintained, was now allowed to run off, it was but the work of a moment. Just then the thought struck him that the ladies, who were conversing together in one corner of the room, had come to immerse themselves, and that the longer he remained where he was the longer one of them would have to wait. They would rather see him out of the bath than in it, he began to think, so out he stepped, in a manner as sprightly as ever that of Noskotoska. He narrowly escaped having two buckets of cold water dashed over him as he passed the attendant and proceeded to the drying ground, a small but open division at the upper extremity of the room. By this time the water from both tanks had been emptied, and they were being filled again with a fresh supply from the pipes leading into them, and, to his additional dismay, the ladies commenced undressing. They were divested of their apparel almost as quickly as was Noskotoska, their entire habiliments descending at a drop, on the sash, etcetera, being unbound. After that they tripped lightly into the respective baths. He was dressed nearly as soon as his host, and they both left the apartment together, the ladies chatting to him as he went, and appearing to be in the enjoyment of the most perfect happiness.

But this was not all. After the bath was over and they were standing together, one of the male attendants presented himself at the open doorway, and kneeling, uttered a few words in a low tone, and then retired. It was an intimation that the mid-day repast was prepared and in readiness. Noskotoska led the way, the ladies followed him, and our traveller followed the ladies. Such was the order of procession. They ascended a flight of steps, beautifully lacquered, into a third room richly gilded and bedizened with ornaments, overlooking the avenue leading to the porch, and affording a glimpse of the street, and of the mountains beyond. There were four small lacquered tables, on each of which lay the accustomed ivory chopsticks, the small porcelain cup for tea, and the larger one of

lacquer-work for saki, the small glass cruet of soy, the porcelain spoon, and the silver fork.

Tables were arranged round the room, and two servants in gossamer showed the virgin lady and the Englishman, as guests, to their appointed seats and tables. The former were without backs, but provided with three legs of ebony wood, and topped with figured velvet. Both tables and stools were lower than he says he could have desired, and they had the effect of inducing him to extend his legs a more than usual distance across the room, nature having elevated him, he estimates, "pretty considerable" in the world, that is to say, some six feet or more above the standing level.

The first course was a cup of saki; the second a small saucer-like plate of soup, and, of course, fish and rice soup; the third was the same, but made from a different variety of fish, and thicker than the first; the fourth was a fragment of lobster each; the fifth, a well-flavoured potage of fine herbs and rice; the sixth, a second supply of saki and pieces of wheaten cake; the seventh, one small mucilaginous shell-fish each, which was as suggestive of a snail as Mrs. Noskotoska's original mode of dressing her hair had been suggestive of a bell-rope, but which proved itself very delicious; the eighth, and final course, consisted of tea and confectionary, the last mentioned being the choicest he had ever caten in any part of the world. The meal, on the whole, light, as the reader may easily suppose. However, there was one cause for satisfaction; it was remarkably easy of digestion, so much so, that he felt disposed for a bisent an hour after the last course was served; and he declares that he is by no means a cormorant.

After the collation was over they descended into the saloon of audience, and soon to the verandah upon which its windows opened, and where they took their seats on the flimsiest looking of lacquered benches, and surveyed the beauties of the garden prospect before them. They had not been there ten minutes, when he saw the two nurses, before spoken of, bearing the two children of Noskotoska, threading their way down a sidewalk from the house towards the bathing saloon. The movement was similarly observed by the others. In about ten minutes more, during which time they had been served with tea and pipes, and the ladies with tea only, the host arose, saying, "Come and look at my wife's offspring, the sons upon whom I rely for the perpetuation of my memory and the fame of my good deeds." He politely assented, but had some fears that they should find them, as well as their nurses, in a condition not the most presentable, according to European ideas. "*In puris naturalibus*," said he with an air and look rather joecular than anything else.

Noskotoska's response was that such was no obstacle, of no consequence whatever; they were all virtuous in Nipon.

So they set off, men and women, in the same order of procession as that adopted in moving from the library to the drawing-room, wending their way through groves and flowers, and across hills and valleys, till they reached the bathing saloon. It was built with a conical roof, and spreading leaves of figured lilies covering a compact matting of bamboo. On the conical summit of the roof the figure of a crane, cast in silver, was gracefully perched. They entered, as he had anticipated, just in time to find the women and children occupying the honourable receptacles before mentioned.

Each had one of the boys in her arms, whose head only was kept above water; however, they all appeared to be enjoying the immersion very much, judging by the giggling of the children and the smiling laughter of their *life preservers*, for such they might reasonably be called, when the depth of the water is taken into consideration. The Japanese stood watching and admiring the pranks of the children, the ladies not omitting to talk to them. The nurses, he found, were no more bashful than their mistress, or were the rest of the ladies of the empire. But no harm was thought of it, no harm ever came of it; and he thought with Noskotoska that in Japan it was a matter of no consequence, perfectly orthodox, &c., &c., as well as a sign of that innocence, that virtue, which is an universal characteristic of the women of that eastern realm.

VI.—THE INTERIOR OF JAPAN.

JAPAN is a country of exceeding beauty. The sea is blue, the sky mostly clear, and the coast picturesquely indented, varied by hill and dale, and clothed with a brilliant vegetation of a sparkling green. Towns and villages abound; the Japanese houses, light and graceful like those of China, are constructed with thin walls of wood or porcelain. Everywhere in the towns and up the hill-sides these great temples tower over the more modest houses of the people, or pretty pleasure-houses peep forth from the flower and verdure of the tea-gardens. The Japanese are especially devoted to landscape-gardening. With a redundant population, travelling is more common in Japan than in any other country of the East; the accounts given by travellers of the number of persons met with on the highways, and of the numerous retinues of the nobles who are perpetually carrying on ceremonial visits, almost exceeds belief. Remarkably industrious fields, and streets of towns and villages, are alike the scene of a refreshing activity and a constant public movement, to which variety is given by religious and other ceremonies and amusements of different kinds. It is with the water as with the land, although hitherto the Japanese have been debarred from foreign travel and commerce, nothing can surpass the activity and extent of their coasting trade. Of the interior of these islands little is yet known.

It was the custom, for upwards of a century, for the chief governor of the Dutch factory to go every year to Yeddo to convey presents to the emperor. We are mainly indebted to these periodical missions for what has been learnt up to the time of the recent embassies of the manners, laws, uses, and resources of the Japanese empire. The Dutch never had the means of making these missions impressive to the Japanese. They could not, in their most palmy days, muster over some two hundred officials and followers, and that in a country where a prince of secondary rank goes attended by ten thousand followers, and one of first rank by twenty thousand.

The journey was effected in vehicles something between a palanquin and a sedan chair, but of which there are numerous varieties. The whole was in charge of a police-officer, who took his orders with Japanese politeness, as to the halts, although all was arranged beforehand. Men, women, and children, who met the procession on the way, turned their backs to it, the

Dutch were told, out of respect!¹ It generally took seven days to cross the Island of Kin-Tin, whence they went by water to Sisonoseki, and thence, by an archipelago of little islands, to Ohasaka; thence it took twenty-two to twenty-three days, by Miako, to Yeddo. Altogether some fifty days from Nagasaki to their destination. The mission was hospitably entertained by the native chiefs on its way, and a detachment of troops took charge of it through each principality. The roads being wide and well kept, although sometimes crowded, no inconvenience was ever experienced. The roads are, indeed, for the most part lined with trees, and are swept clean with brooms, it is supposed for the sake of the sweepings. Innumerable little shops are also met with, where they sell straw shoes for travellers, as also for horses and buffaloes. Little books are also sold containing all the most minute information as to inns and expenses on the way.

Among the more remarkable objects met with on

¹ A similar "getting-out-of-the-way" treatment was subsequently accorded to a Russian embassy. A Japanese crew having been wrecked on one of the Aleutian Islands, belonging to Russia, was rescued and conveyed to Okotsk, the port of Siberia. They were not sent home at once, but detained ten years, the object being that the Japanese and Russians might learn each other's language. The Empress Catherine directed the governor of Siberia to convey them home, and a Russian lieutenant, Laxman, sailed from Okotsk, in the transport *Catherine*, for that purpose. He wintered on the northern coast of Jesso, and, in the summer, sailed round to Hakodadi, on the southern coast. The Japanese politely refused to receive the crew (as they afterwards did certain Japanese saved by the Americans), and warned the Russians off. In 1804, the Emperor Alexander sent to Nagasaki an ambassador named Rosanoff, who, after some delay, was allowed to anchor his ship near Decima, and was shut up in a fish-warehouse until an answer came from the emperor. At last he was summoned to Nagasaki to receive it, but curtains were drawn before the houses on each side of the streets through which he passed, and the people were ordered to keep out of his sight. He was overwhelmed with politeness, and, at last, in 1805, was dismissed with the following message: "Order from the Emperor of Japan to the Russian ambassador. Formerly our empire had communication with several nations, but experience caused us to adopt as safe the opposite principle. It is not permitted to the Japanese to trade abroad, nor to foreigners to enter our country. * * * As to Russia we have never had any relations with her. Ten years ago you sent certain shipwrecked Japanese to Matsmai, and you then made us propositions of alliance and commerce. At this time you have come back to renew these propositions. This proves that Russia has a strong inclination for Japan. It is long since we discontinued all relations with foreigners generally, although we desire to live in peace with all neighbouring states, the difference between them and us, in manners and character, forbids entirely treaties of alliance. Your voyages and your labours are, therefore, useless." Rosanoff (all whose expenses the polite Japanese insisted on defraying) departed in anger, and despatched from Kamshatka two armed trading ships, commanded by Chowstoff and Davidoff, who landed and took possession of two northern Kurile islands, and plundered one of the southern islands, killing and conveying off some of the people. In May, 1811, Captain Golownin, in the sloop *Diana*, of the Russian navy, landed at Geetepor, one of the southernmost Kurile isles, expecting to see Kuriles only; but he was met by a Japanese officer and soldiers, who asked him if he meant to treat them as Chowstoff and Davidoff had treated another island some years before. Golownin made the best of his way off, but on nearing another island the *Diana* was fired upon. Golownin himself, with a midshipman and four sailors, was entrapped and taken prisoner, nor released for some years, until the Japanese were convinced that the outrages of Chowstoff and Davidoff had not been authorised by the Russian emperor. When he left, they served on him an official warning against further Russian attempts at trade or intercourse with Japan,—which was not again attempted. The Russians, however, have, within the last four years, possessed themselves, under pretence of a Chinese treaty, of the island of Sunghalien, the uppermost of the Japanese group, lying opposite to the debouchure of the great river Amoor.

these interesting journeys were the temples, some of which belong to peculiar sects. One of these, the Ikko-Syu, has the image of only one god, Amida, a name not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and its priests marry and eat meat. Near Sonogi¹ is a camphor tree seventeen yards in circumference, and which was old in the time of Kœmpfer, one hundred and thirty-five years before it was measured by Siebold. At Tenka-Saki are thermal springs, and at Kayanosi, coal, or apparently lignite deposits. In the archipelago is a temple to Kômpira, the Japanese Neptune, to whom offerings are made of small coin, as also of saki, the rice beer of the country. Old trees grow in the vicinity of the temples; a pine, at Fimezi, is described by Fischeher as being in his time (1822) nine hundred and eighty-three years old. The harbour of Hiogo is protected by a great breakwater; beyond it is the renowned Ohasaka. This is, indeed, the handsomest and richest city of the empire, and where theatres and amusements of all kinds do most abound. Hence do all travellers agree in calling it the Paris of Japan.²

It is a day and a-half hence to Miako, or Miyako, the residence of the Mikado, or sovereign pontiff. The city is described as being situated in a beautiful valley, where water, vegetation, climate and scenery unite to render life delicious. The city is especially termed Fei-on-sio, "the City of Tranquillity." Here is the Daira, or residence of the sovereign pontiff, Mikado. Here also are the five great academies, each of which is said to boast of its three thousand five hundred pupils. Here also are those wondrous temples with their giant idols, which excited at once the surprise and the ire of the old travellers. "The devil could not have suggested to the emperor a readier means of spending his immense treasures," exclaimed the bigoted Spaniard, Don Rodrigo de Viveroy Velasco, in 1609. Visiting the tomb of Taicasma, the same uncompromising Romanist grieves over splendid edifices raised to the memory of a man "whose soul is in hell to all eternity." And he concludes his contemplation of Japanese folly and idolatry by saying, "I was wearied with seeing so many temples, and moaned for the power of the devil over these people."

The mission, while at Miako, was placed under the most rigid surveillance, and people were only allowed to visit it "naibon"—a common Japanese expression to signify non-officially—or when the authorities chose to close their eyes upon what is being done against rule.

From Miako to Yeddo the mission followed the Tokaida, the most frequented of all the great highways in Japan. Kœmpfer, who travelled four times along this road, asserts that it is daily traversed by more people than the public streets of the great cities of Europe. We cannot but imagine that there is in this, as in many statements relating to Japan, much exaggeration. The chief travellers seem to be the princes and their suites. When two parties meet, as with us, each keeps his right hand. Half way on this road is the little town of Array, where the baggage is care-

fully examined, passports are perused, above all, women are prevented passing disguised in men's clothes.

Beyond this there are two rivers to cross, with such an unpracticable name that all travellers spell it differently (Oygawa of Siebold), and which has to be crossed on men's shoulders. This torrent is so liable to sudden rises that no bridge can be built over it. The giant Fusi-yama, of the same height as Etna, comes now in sight, its peak clad with perpetual snows. The Japanese make pilgrimages to its very summit, where they go to worship the genius of tempests. This mountain imparts a character of magnificence to the whole scene. An order of monks, called Yamabosis or Mountain Bonzes, dwells on its flanks. Beyond Mount Fusi, there is the rocky chain of Fakoni to cross, with a military and police station of the same name. The lakes and rivers of this district abound in salmon and trout. Titsingh tells a strange story, if true, of this police station: A Japanese managed to get through with his two children, a boy and a girl—the latter disguised as a boy. A man who knew the delinquent, threatened to denounce him unless he paid him a large sum of money. The father had it not, so the man returned to the gate and told what had happened. The excitement was great, for it concerned the heads of all. The officer on duty managed to avoid exposure. He sent off another boy, telling the father to leave the girl and return with the two boys. When he had thus proved himself in the right, he could, in a fit of legitimate anger, kill the denouncer. The father accordingly returned to the post with the two boys, and took the hint as to the summary mode of disposing of the man who had brought him and the guard into trouble.

The description given of the capital of the empire by old travellers, fully corroborates the recent details transmitted to this country. The streets are described as being wide, regular, paved at the sides, and lined with houses of one story, and of a uniform style of building. Among them are many larger buildings and magazines. In front of these magazines, as well as of the other houses, are the shops, marked by their particular signs and peopled by boys, who invite purchasers with noisy exclamations. Although no carts or carriages are allowed to circulate in the streets, still the movement and bustle of this immense capital, is compared with what is met with in the most busy streets of London. Yeddo stands at the extremity of a gulf, or estuary, which is fed by several streams, the largest of which flows through the centre of the city. The water is shallow near Yeddo itself, hence coasting vessels anchor at a place called Sinagawa. Above, the river is crossed by numerous bridges, the chief of which is called Nippon Bars, or the bridge of Japan, and all the geographical distances of the empire are fixed from that point. The town itself, which stretches along the bay in a crescent-like shape, is from fifty to sixty miles in circumference, and the population is estimated by different people as from one million eight hundred thousand to two millions and-a-half of souls. Yeddo is not, however, either so regularly built or so handsome as Miako or Ohasaka. It owes its immense size in great part to the presence of the Singuns, and partly to the houses being only of one story. The imperial palace is after the fashion of the palaces of Babylon and Nineveh, and those of the Yellow City of Pekin—a town within a town—with gardens watered by derivations from the river. It takes three hours to walk round the imperial inclosure. Other palaces are grouped around the home

¹ Kœmpfer writes Sinongi; Thunberg, Sinonqui; and Fischeher, Sonogi.

² Nosaka is said to have been destroyed by the earthquake of December 23, 1854. It is described as having within it 100 bridges, and a population of 80,000. It is the centre of the chief commerce of the empire. The goods landed at Nagasaki find their market there. It is famous for its foundries of copper.

of the sovereign, among which are the residences of the empress, of the princes of blood, of the concubines, and of the chief officers of state. The imperial inclosure is at once a palace and a prison—a Versailles and a Bastille—for the laws of etiquette are so severe in the higher ranks, that with many of the officers—as with the Lord Chamberlain and others—life is one continuous and wearisome imprisonment.

VII.—ARTS AND INDUSTRY OF THE JAPANESE.

NANGASAKI is an imperial town, one of the four great cities, with Yeddo, Sakai, and Okosaka; and therefore what is found in its shops and bazaar stalls may be taken as a good specimen of what is generally to be found throughout the empire. At one stall our naval missionaries found microscopes in neat morocco cases, telescopes bound in stiff paper cases, sun-dials, rules, scales, clocks, knives, spoons, glass-beads, trinkets, and mirrors—all of native make upon European models—at ridiculously small prices; small telescopes, one shilling; large ones—equal to Dolland's—five shillings! Beautiful table-clocks, with open works,¹ and waterproof paper overcoats at eighteenpence each! This brings us to a consideration of Japanese industry.

The Japanese are an exceedingly industrious and ingenious people, and in certain manufactures are surpassed by no nation.

Metals.—They work in iron, copper, gold, and silver, and, indeed, in all the metals they have. Of iron, it is supposed the supply afforded by their country is not large; still they have extracted the metal from such ores as they possess, and wrought it into shape. Copper is very abundant, and they understand perfectly well the mode of treating the ores, and preparing the metal for market or for manufactures. Gold also exists, and probably to an extent as yet undeveloped; the deposits are likely, we think, to prove large on further and scientific exploration. At any rate, there does not seem now to be any scarcity of it for the purposes to which they apply it. They have silver mines which they work. They know, too, how to make some combinations of metals which produce a beautiful effect. Thunberg tells us that they work with great skill in what they call *sones*. This is a mixture of gold and copper, which they colour with *tausch*, or ink, making it a fine blue or black, by an art unknown to Europeans. They make steel, and temper their sword-blades admirably. Clocks and watches are also made by them, but in these they are not entitled to the merit of invention; they have copied from European models. The same may be said of their astronomical instruments; they make very well the metallic portions of telescopes, &c., and buy mirror-glasses from the Dutch, which they grind into suitable lenses. They also manufacture excellent metallic mirrors; and we saw carpenters'

¹ The Japanese day is divided into twelve hours of unequal duration, depending on the amount of daylight or darkness in each day. The dial of their clocks differs, therefore, from ours; in some the dial is changed every month; in others, the motion of the hands is regulated by an ingenious adaptation of weights, and increased or decreased length and pendulum. A good clock of this description, which, says Captain Sherard Osborn, from its elegance, and the beautiful workmanship and chasing of the exterior, would have been an ornament anywhere, was only priced at about £8.

and cabinet makers' tools, particularly saws, made in Japan, quite equal to any English tools of a similar kind. They are exceedingly quick in observing any improvement brought in among them by foreigners, soon make themselves masters of it, and copy it with great skill and exactness. They are very expert in carving metal, and can cast metal statues. Their copper coinage is well stamped, for they are good die-sinkers; and several of their operations in metal are carried on in very large and well-ordered manufactories.

Wood.—No people work better than they can in wood and bamboo, and they possess one art in which they excel the world: this is in lacquering wood-work. Other nations have attempted without success to equal them in this department. For this operation they select the finest wood of fir or cedar to be covered with varnish. They get the gum from which they prepare the varnish from the *rhus vernix*—a tree which is abundant in many part of their country. On puncturing the tree the gum oozes out, of a light colour, and of the consistence of cream, but on exposure to the air grows thicker and blacker; it is so transparent, that when laid on wood, the grain and every mark on the wood may be seen through it. They obviate this, however, where it is desirable, by placing beneath the varnish a dark ground, one element in the composition of which is the fine sludge caught in a trough under a grindstone. They also use for the purpose minutely pulverised charcoal, and sometimes gold leaf ground very fine. They then ornament the varnish with figures and flowers of gold and silver. They make, and thus varnish screens, desks, caskets, cabinets, and other articles, exceedingly beautiful, of which specimens may be seen from time to time in Europe, and this country. It is said, however, that the best specimens are never sent out of the kingdom.

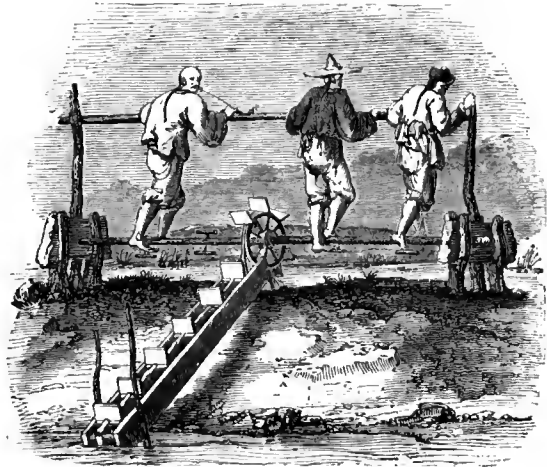
Glass.—They know how to make this article, and can manufacture it now for any purpose, both coloured and non-coloured. Formerly they did not know how to make the flat pane for window-glass; and probably what they make is an inferior article, as they still purchase thick mirror glass from the Dutch to grind into lenses.

Porcelain.—This they make, and some say in greater perfection than the Chinese can. At any rate, specimens we have seen of Japanese porcelain are very delicate and beautiful; though some writers tell us, that, owing to the exhaustion of the best clay, they cannot manufacture such as they once could.

Paper.—Of this they make an abundance, as well for writing and printing, as for tapestry, handkerchiefs, packing-cloths for goods, &c. It is of different qualities, and some of it as soft and flexible as our cotton cloth. Indeed that used for handkerchiefs might be mistaken for cloth, so far as toughness and flexibility are concerned. The material of which it is made is the bark of the mulberry (*morus papyrifera*), and the process is described as follows:—In December, after the tree has shed its leaves, they cut off the branches about three feet in length, and tie them up in bundles; they are then boiled in a ley of ashes in a covered kettle till the bark is so shrunk that half-an-inch of the wood may be seen projecting at either end of the branch. When they have become cool, the bark is stripped off and soaked in water three or four hours until it becomes soft, when the fine black skin is scraped off with a knife. The coarse bark is then separated from the fine; the



WHITE MULBERRY TREE.



RAISING WATER.

new branches make the finest paper. The bark is then boiled again in fresh ley, continually stirred with a stick, and fresh water from time to time added. It is then put into a sieve and taken to a brook, and here the bark is incessantly stirred until it becomes a fine pulp. It is then thrown into water and separates in the form of meal. This is put into a small vessel with a decoction of rice and a species of *Hibiscus*, and stirred until it has attained a tolerable consistence. It is then poured into a larger vessel, from whence it is taken out and put in the form of sheets on mats or layers of grass straw; these sheets are laid out one upon another with straw between, and pressed to force the water out. After this they are spread upon boards in the sun, dried, cut, and gathered into bundles for sale. This paper will better endure folding and last longer than ours.

Woven Fabrics.—They make silk, the best of which is superior to that of China. The best silks are woven by criminals of high rank, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, deprived of their property, and made to support themselves by their labour. The exportation of these silks, it is said, is prohibited.

They have but small skill in producing cotton fabrics, though such are made. For many purposes to which we apply cloth of cotton, they use the coarse spongy paper to which we have alluded. They require woollen cloths, for the winters are cold; but we believe they make none. Indeed they have no sheep or goats, and therefore lack the materials from which to make woollen cloths.

Leather.—They convert the skins of certain animals into this article; but all those who have anything to do with the making or vending of leather are outcasts from the rest of the population, and universally prescribed. They never apply the article, as we do, to make shoes or other coverings for the feet. They hardly ever wear shoes or slippers that are not made of plaited straw. The shoes are always the shabbiest and most awkward part of the dress of the Japanese. As they are of straw, they consequently last but a little time.

But they are made in immense numbers, cost but a trifle, and may be bought in every town and village in the empire. The pedestrian, therefore, throws away the old pair by the road-side, and buys new ones as he goes along; while the more provident man takes two or three pairs with him on starting. Immense numbers of these discarded shoes may be found on the sides of all the roads. In wet weather they wear under the shoe a wooden clog, which is attached to the foot by ties of plaited straw. Dignitaries sometimes wear slippers made of fine rattan slips neatly plaited.

Agriculture.—Japan is very mountainous, as we have already stated, but with the exception of that portion of the ground covered by the roads, and by the woods left to supply timber and charcoal, nearly every foot of ground, to the very tops of the mountains, is cultivated. Of animals to assist in culture, they have the horse, ox, and a large species of buffalo, which they train to draw carts, and carry heavy goods on the back. They plough with both the ox and cow. Of milk and butter they make no use. When they cannot use cattle to plough, as on the steep sides of hills, men are substituted; and sometimes the plough is laid aside, and all the labour in preparing the earth is done by hand. Generally their soil is rather poor, but by means of the immense labour they bestow upon it by irrigation, and especially by the use of manures, which they understand well, they raise very large crops. Their chief grain is rice, of which they are said to produce the best in all Asia. They also make barley and wheat. The first is used for feeding the cattle, the other is not much valued, and is chiefly used for cakes and soy. This last is made by fermenting, under ground, wheat with a peculiar kind of bean and salt.

Next to rice in importance, is the tea plant. This was not cultivated in Japan before the beginning of the ninth century, when it was introduced from China. Immense quantities of it are now produced, for its use is universal. Besides the plantations devoted to it, the hedges on the farms are all of the tea plant.

Siebold says, the finer kinds require great care and skill in the cultivation. The plantations are situated as far as they conveniently can be from all other crops, and from all human habitations, lest the delicacy of the tea should be impaired by smoke or any other impurity. They manure the plants with dried anchovies, and with the juice pressed out of mustard seed. The harvesting is a process of great nicety. Dr. Siebold thinks that the green and black tea are from the same plant, and differ only in the mode of preparation; though others have said the plants themselves differ. Neither, however, are ever dried on copper; they are both dried in an iron pan. Beans of various kinds are produced, and some other vegetables. Several edible roots are carefully cultivated. They grow the mulberry tree in great abundance, for the sake of the silk-worm, and also for making paper. In Foo-choo they make a coarse sugar from the cane; in Nipon they manufacture it from the sap of a tree. Our farmers deem it a part of their business to rear such animals as we use for food; but the Japanese farmer is mostly a Buddhist, and cares nothing for animal food. The Dutch, a great while ago, introduced some sheep and goats, and some few may possibly be found in the kingdom. If attended to, they would thrive very well, but the religion of the natives forbids them to eat flesh, and they do not know how to manufacture the wool and hair; hence the animals are little valued. They have, also, a few hogs, which were originally brought from China. They sell them to the Chinese junks, which are allowed to come over to trade. The Chinese sailor has a passion for pork. The hog thrives well, and becomes very fat in Japan.

Horticulture.—In this department, the Japanese are very skilful. They possess the art in a wonderful degree either of dwarfing or of unnaturally enlarging all natural productions. As an evidence of the first, may be seen, in the miniature gardens of the towns, perfectly mature trees, of various kinds, not more than three feet high, and with heads three feet in diameter. These dwarf trees are often placed in pots. Fischer says he saw in a box four inches long, one-and-a-half wide, and six in height, a bamboo, a fir, and a plum tree, all thriving, and the latter in full blossom. As proofs of the last, Mayhew tells us that he saw plum-trees covered with blossoms, each of which was four times the size of the cabbage-rose; it produced no fruits however. He also saw radishes weighing from fifty to sixty pounds; and those of fifteen pounds were not at all uncommon. The fir trees are represented as being forced to an enormous size; we are told that the branches at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground are led out sometimes over ponds, and supported by props, so that they give a shade around the tree three hundred feet in diameter. The cedar tree is a tree which reaches a great size.

Navigation.—Formerly the Japanese made voyages in vessels of their own construction to Corea, China, Java, Formosa, and other places at some distance from their own islands; but when the Portuguese were expelled, a decree was made that the natives should not leave the country; hence navigation declined. Still, short coasting voyages are made within the boundaries of the kingdom; and fishing-smacks go to sea, but not very far from the coast. This coasting-trade, however, is large; and the Japanese use fish for food so extensively, that the number is immense of these trading-boats and fishing-smacks. The Japanese have

the compass; not divided, however, into as many parts as ours. The construction of their vessels, as to model, is very clumsy; and, as they have seen and examined many European ships, it may seem strange that a people so skilful and ingenious should not, ere this, have improved in naval architecture. The fault is not theirs; the fact is, that they have, in more than one instance, built very good vessels after European models; but the law has interfered, for a special reason, and retarded improvement among a people whose insular position would have made them sailors, and whose quick perception would have made them good ones if left to themselves. Their craft are, by law, made with the stern open, so that they cannot weather an open and heavy sea. The smaller ones never, if they can help it, go out of sight of land; and upon any threatening appearance of rough weather, they instantly run in to make a harbour. The object of this law of construction is to keep the natives at home.

Internal Trade by Land and Water.—This is large, resulting from the variety of produce afforded by the variety of climate, and from the immense population. In many places town joins on to town, and village on to village for miles, so that the road looks like a continued street. Kœmpfer thus speaks of the population: "The country is indeed populous beyond expression; and one would scarcely think it possible that, being no greater than it is, it should, nevertheless, maintain and support such a vast number of inhabitants. The highways are almost one continued line of villages and boroughs. You scarce come out of one but you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages, save by the differing names that were formerly given them, and which they after retained though joined to one another. It has many towns, the chief whereof may, of a certainty, vie with the most considerable in the world for largeness, magnificence and number of inhabitants." Kœmpfer says of Jeddo, that he was one whole day riding at a moderate pace, "from Sinagawa, where the suburb begins, along the main street, which goes across, a little irregular indeed, to the end of the city." As to the variety of climate, the southern part of the kingdom reaches down as far as the twenty-fourth degree of north latitude, produces the sugarcane and the tropical fruits; while the northern, extending as high as fifty degrees, yields the products of the temperate zones. The mineral wealth of the country is very great, the manufactures numerous; and, under such circumstances, the internal trade among so many people is necessarily active. Of the facilities for carrying it on, we remark that goods are conveyed by land by pack-horses and pack-oxen, and that the roads are excellent, and kept in admirable order. In the rugged and mountainous parts of the country, where the road must pass, they make it zigzag on the side of the mountain, and, where necessary, cut steps in the rocks. Indeed, the roads must be kept in order, otherwise they could not accomplish what they do by their postal arrangements. As among the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, the post is pedestrian, and very expeditious. Every carrier is accompanied by a partner, to take his place in case of accident. The men run at the top of their speed, and, as they approach the end of their stage, find the relay waiting, to whom, as soon as they are near enough, they toss the bag of letters, when the new runners set off before the coming ones have

stopped. Nothing must be interposed to delay them a moment on the road. The highest prince of the empire, with all his train, must make way for the postmen, if he meet them on the road. Where necessary and practicable, on the road, the Japanese make good bridges, often of stone; but they do not seem to have arrived at the art of tunnel-making. Some principles of civil engineering they understand and apply, but of military engineering they know nothing. But, besides their roads, they use their rivers and inland lakes for internal trade, wherever it is possible; and in those parts of the kingdom nearest the sea, probably the greatest part of the inland trade is carried on by the rivers, which, though short, are navigable for some miles into the interior. On the road, in all parts of the empire, stables, tea-shops, and other resting-places occur at intervals, and the distances are regularly marked.

Scientific Knowledge and its Applications.—We have just said that the Japanese possess some knowledge of the principles of civil engineering. They know something of mathematics, mechanics, and trigonometry. Thus they have constructed very good maps of their own country; they have measured the height of some of their mountains by the barometer; they have made some very good canals; they have constructed water-mills, and lathes moved by water-power. They make clocks; and, herein, by the way, they have shown remarkable ingenuity and skill. Meylan gives the following account of a clock which they made, and exhibited to the Dutch, while he was an inmate of Decima. "The clock," says he, "is contained in a frame three feet high by five feet long, and presents a fair landscape at noontide. Plum and cherry trees in full blossom, with other trees, adorn the foreground. The background consists of a hill, from which falls a cascade, skilfully imitated in glass, that forms a softly-flowing river, first winding round rocks placed here and there, then running across the middle of the landscape till lost in a wood of fir trees. A golden sun hangs aloft in the sky, and, turning upon a pivot, indicates the striking of the hours. On the frame below, the twelve hours of the day and night are marked, where a slowly-creeping tortoise serves as a hand. A bird, perched upon a plum-tree, by its song and the clapping of its wings, announces the moment when the hour expires, and, as the song ceases, a bell is heard to strike the hour, during which operation, a mouse comes out of the grotto and runs over the hill. * * * Every separate part was nicely executed; but the bird was too large for the tree, the sun for the sky, whilst the mouse scaled the mountain in a moment of time. Whatever may have been the defects of it, the ingenuity and taste in this piece of mechanism are very apparent."

A far more creditable instance of the ingenuity and talent of a Japanese fisherman is related in the Dutch annals of Decima. It occurred during the presidency of Mr. Doeff. The Dutch at Batavia, during the war, feared the English cruisers too much to send one of their own ships on the annual voyage to Japan; they therefore more than once hired American vessels. One of these having taken in at Decima the usual cargo of copper and camphor, as she set sail at night, struck upon a rock in the harbour, filled, and sunk. The crew reached the shore in boats, and the authorities of Nagasaki, the Dutch factory, and the American captain, were all alike concerned to devise means of raising the

vessel. Japanese divers were sent down to fetch up the copper, but the camphor had dissolved, and the effluvia thus disengaged cost two of the divers their lives. The idea of unloading her was then abandoned. Efforts were then made to raise her as she was, but without success. A simple fisherman, named Kisjemon, who now, perhaps, for the first time in his life, saw a European-built ship, for he did not live in Nagasaki, promised to raise the ship, providing his expenses in doing it were paid; if he did not succeed, he asked nothing. He was laughed at by the people for his presumption; but, as the case was hopeless, the people interested permitted him to make the attempt. At low tide, he fastened on the side of the vessel fifteen or seventeen boats together firmly by props and stays. He then waited for a spring-tide, when he came in a Japanese coasting-vessel, which he attached firmly to the stern of the sunken ship, and at the moment the tide was highest he set every sail of every boat. The sunken vessel was lifted, disengaged from the rock, and was towed by the fisherman to the strand where she could be unloaded and repaired. Frassines says he was handsomely rewarded for this. The readers will be amused to learn that his reward consisted in being allowed to wear two sabres (which is the badge of elevated rank), and to bear on his coat of arms *a Dutch hat and two Dutch tobacco-pipes*. We have never read in any narrative of the circumstance that he received any *money* to support his rank. The Dutchman and the American captain should have found that. If the circumstances had been changed, and either Hollander or Yankee had raised the vessel for the Japanese, it would very soon have been intimated to the natives that two swords, with the picture of a Dutch hat and two tobacco-pipes, afforded very inadequate compensation for such a valuable service.

Medicine.—All the writers on Japan agree in the statement, that on the visit of the Dutch president to Yeddo, his European physician, who accompanied him, was always visited by the native physicians, and closely questioned on points purely professional. Their object was to gain information. But they already know something. They have not, however, availed themselves of *post-mortem* examinations either to investigate disease or to study anatomy. We cannot suppose that they are without opportunities of thus acquiring knowledge, for we read that, after a criminal is executed, it is not uncommon for his body to be hacked into pieces by the young nobility that they may try the edge and temper of their sword-blades. But superstition is in the way; to come in contact with the dead is deemed pollution. Without such examinations, it is obvious that the knowledge of the physician and surgeon must be imperfect at best.

There are, however, in Japan, original medical works constantly appearing, and translations are also made of all such as they can obtain in the Dutch language, which they best understand. The European medical gentlemen, who have come in contact with their professional brethren of Japan, report favourably of them; and Dr. Siebold speaks with high praise of the zeal with which the native physicians thronged around him from all parts of the empire, seeking to enlarge the store of their knowledge. He bears testimony also to their intelligence, as evinced by the questions they asked. Acupuncture and moxa-burning are both used in Japan, and are native inventions. They have an original treatise on the first and the proper cases for

its use. Their drugs are mostly animal and vegetable; they are too little acquainted with chemistry to venture upon mineral remedies. They study medical botany, however, with great attention, and their remedies are said to be generally efficacious. Some of their medicinal preparations are very remarkable, producing most singular effects. Of these, there is one spoken of by Titsingh, who saw its application and its consequences; and from some of the officers of our own expedition we have heard of this preparation, of which, we believe, they have brought home specimens. Titsingh thus writes:—"Instead of inclosing the bodies of the dead in coffins of a length and breadth proportionate to the stature and bulk of the deceased, they place the body in a tube three feet high, two feet and a-half in diameter at the top, and two feet at the bottom. It is difficult to conceive how the body of a grown person can be compressed into so small a space, when the limbs, rendered rigid by death, cannot be bent in any way. The Japanese to whom I made this observation, told me that they produced the result by means of a particular powder, called *dosia*, which they introduce into the ears, nostrils, and mouth of the deceased, after which the limbs all at once acquired astonishing flexibility. As they promised to perform the experiment in my presence, I would not do otherwise than suspend my judgment, lest I should condemn as an absurd fiction a fact which, indeed, surpasses our conception, but may yet be susceptible of a plausible explanation, especially by galvanism, the recently discovered effects of which also appeared to exceed the bounds of credulity. The experiment accordingly took place in the month of October, 1783, when the cold was pretty severe. A young Dutchman having died in our factory, at Decima, I directed the physician to cause the body to be washed and left all night exposed to the air, on a table near the open window, in order that it might become completely stiff. Next morning several Japanese, some of the officers of our factory and myself, went to examine the corpse, which was as hard as a piece of wood. One of the interpreters, named Zenhy, drew from his bosom a *santock* or pocket-book, and took out of it an oblong paper, filled with a coarse powder, resembling sand. This was the famous *dosia* powder. He put a pinch into the ears, another into the nostrils and a third into the mouth; and presently, whether from the effects of this drug, or some trick which I could not detect, the arms which had before been crossed over the breast, dropped of themselves, and in less than twenty minutes by the watch, the body recovered all its flexibility.

"I attributed this phenomenon to the action of some subtle poison, but was assured that the *dosia* powder, so far from being poisonous, was a most excellent medicine in child-bearing, for diseases of the eyes, and for other maladies. An infusion of this powder, taken even in perfect health, is said to have virtues which cause it to be in great request among the Japanese of all classes; it cheers the spirits and refreshes the body. It is carefully tied up in a white cloth, and dried after being used, as it will serve a great number of times without losing its virtues. The same infusion is given to people of quality when at the point of death; if it does not prolong life it prevents rigidity of the limbs, and the body is not exposed to the rude handling of professional persons, a circumstance of some consequence in a country where respect for the dead is carried even to excess. I had the curiosity to procure some of this

powder, for which I was obliged to send to Bidge, or the Nine Provinces, to the temples of the Simtoos, which enjoy the exclusive sale of it, because they practise the doctrine of Kshow Dagsi, its inventor. The quantity obtained, in consequence of my first application, was very small, and even this was a special favour of the priests, who, otherwise, never part with more than a single pinch at a time." Titsingh, however, obtained a considerable quantity afterwards, which he carried home with him in 1784. It has the appearance of sand, and when it is perfected for use is as white as snow. It is obtained on the mountain of Kensogen or Kin-hensen, in the province of Yamotto, where there are many mines of gold and silver. The process by which it is prepared is the secret of these priests. Their knowledge is doubtless the result of accidental experience, for their acquaintance with chemistry is so slight that we may safely conclude they do not understand the rationale of its preparation.

Astronomy.—In this science they have made very considerable proficiency. They understand the use of European instruments, and have caused many of them to be very successfully imitated by native workmen. Meylan says he saw good telescopes, chronometers, thermometers, and barometers, made by Japanese mechanics. They calculate eclipses accurately, and yearly almanacs are prepared in the Yeddo and Daure colleges. Lalande's treatises and other astronomical works have been translated from Dutch into Japanese, and are studied with great ardour. They have, in their division of time, a cycle of sixty years, calculated out of their zodiac, which, like ours, has twelve signs, differing from ours by their names only. But this is not the place to consider minutely their astronomical system. We cannot leave it, however, without the remark that on a comparison of it with that of the Mursias, an ancient, semi-civilised, and now extinct race that once inhabited the plains of Bogota, in New Granada, the resemblances were so striking, that they produced on our mind a conviction that the astronomical systems of the two people were substantially the same.

VIII.—JAPANESE LITERATURE AND ART.

THE character of art exhibited in the Japanese illustrated books and their pictures, reminds us of the designs (in one colour) upon the Etruscan vases. The same simplicity of expression and soberness of colouring, the same unextravagant expression of nature. One of these specimens is a work in two volumes, written by the Prince Hayashi, a negotiator of the American Treaty. The subject treated of is "The Points of a Horse," and the work is illustrated by a large number of pictures. These illustrations are from woodcuts of bold outline, and apparently printed with a tint to distinguish each in the various groups of the animals by sober grays, reds, and blacks. The style might be classed as that of the mediæval, and the horses might pass for those sketched in the time of Albert Durer, though with a more rigid adherence to nature. They exhibit, what may be noticed in the Elgin marbles, a breed of small stature and finely-formed limbs, such as are found in southern countries. The animals are represented in various attitudes, curvetting, gambolling, and rolling upon the ground, positions requiring and exhibiting an ability in foreshortening, which is found, with no small surprise, in Asiatic art.

A Japanese artist, employed to draw a set of screens, will make no sketch, but draw at once the various portions of the landscape, putting in houses, ships, horses, trees, birds, and at times painting in foliage with two brushes in one hand. The result will be, not a production of high art, but a much better specimen of ornamental screen than the most pretentious of our manufacturing establishments turn out. In linear drawing the Japanese excel. The engines of the steam-boats, American and English, were reproduced at once, by drawings in true proportion, of the whole engine, with its several parts properly placed.

A humble little illustrated primer, purchased at a broker's stall for a few Chinese copper "cash," suggests many points of interest. Its illustrations show a knowledge of perspective. There is a balcony presented in angular perspective, with its rafters placed in strict accordance with the principle of terminating the perspective lines in a vanishing point abruptly in the horizon. In another page is a humorous Tartar Hercules, a Japanese St. Patrick, valiantly brandishing his sword, and clearing the land of snakes and reptiles. Again, here is a quaint old shopman, peering through a pair of spectacles stuck upon his nose, and made exactly like the double eye-glasses now so fashionable, without any side-wires to keep them on the head, a glass-globe of fish watched by a cat, a couple of chairmen smoking their pipes, a professor of phrenology measuring the bumps on bald-headed disciples with a pair of compasses, and other pictures, exhibiting both taste and humour, abound in this child's book. We have none such at home, at such a price.

Books are to be seen in all the shops—cheap elementary works, and popular story-books or novels. The people are universally taught to read and are eager for information. Education is diffused throughout the empire, and the women share in the intellectual advancement of the men. The higher classes of the Japanese are not ignorant of the geography and contemporary history of the rest of the world, and could speak with knowledge of railroads, telegraphs, photographs, Paixhan guns, and steam-ships.¹

¹ On the departure of the Embassy from the Bay of Yeddo, a steam-yacht, brought over as a present for the Emperor from the Queen of England, was handed over to the Japanese, and "got slowly under weigh, commanded by a Japanese captain," manned by Japanese sailors, and her machinery worked by Japanese engineers. Notwithstanding the horizontal cylinders, and other latest improvements with which her engines were fitted, the men had learnt their lesson well, and were confident in their powers. We steamed gallantly through the fleets, the admiration of all beholders, whether British or Japanese. "Not the least remarkable part of this day's doings," says Captain Sherard Osborn, "was the moving and working of the *Emperor*, directly she became Japanese, under the management of a native captain, engineer, and crew. Her machinery was of the most recent construction—horizontal cylinders, trunk engines, and other peculiarities. Yet they mastered all these, under the English officers, after a week's instruction, having, of course, previously understood an ordinary old-fashioned engine. After passing round the squadron, she disembarked all her English visitors, and we had the pleasure of seeing the yacht proceed towards the city to land the imperial commissioners. At first the Japanese suggested that they should call the yacht the *London*, out of compliment to our capital, which alone, they believed, could compare with their own; but for some reason or other, they eventually named her the *Dragon*; and as such, H.I.M.Y. *Dragon* will, doubtless, be of great use as a pleasure-boat to all but the imprisoned monarch for whom it was intended. A few weeks after our visit, when the ambassador of France, Baron Gros, made his appearance in the Bay of Yeddo, he found the *Dragon* steaming about, and we heard that his Excellency made more than one trip in her, under the safe charge of a Japanese captain and engineer."

IX.—SIMODA.

A DANGEROUS navigation along an iron-bound coast, and across a sea where sulphurous emissions, and occasionally a spurt of smoke and a rising of the waters, to say nothing of the beacon of the smoking crater of the "Vries Volcano," warn the sailor of novel dangers, leads us at last from the delightful bay, sheltered and safe, of Nagasaki,² to the dangerous though beautifully situated anchorage of Simoda,—a harbour so dangerous, that it has already been changed for the nearer and safer port of Kanagawa. Bold green headlands and abrupt rocky islets conceal the entrance, and increase the danger and difficulty to sailing vessels in approaching it. The town of Simoda is on the island of Nipon, near the mouth of the lower bay or gulf of Yeddo, latitude 34° 39' 49" north longitude, 138° 57' 50" east.

² Captain Sherard Osborn tells a story which shows that Nagasaki Bay has other traditions than those of mere beauty or commercial utility. "The bay by day is beautiful, but give me Nagasaki by moonlight, when the heat is passing away, and the cool breezes of night invigorate the frame and ripple the polished surface of the water, which reflects the starry beauty of the blue vault over head, except where the dark shadows of native and foreign craft are thrown athwart it. The delicate play of the moonlight upon town, village and upland; the phosphorescent marks of the numerous boats passing and repassing, the twinkling lights and the drowsy hum of a large city during the early hours of night—all formed a picture which might tempt the mind to stop here content. We hear of a goodly Spanish ship that sailed in long ago, through that seaward portal, now shrouded by the dark gloom of the overhanging cliff. She is a tall ship of three decks, a yearly trader, from the Philippines—a royal vessel, combining the war ship and merchantman. Her swelling canvass furling, she swings to her anchors, and flaunts from many a mast quaint colours and pennons. Culverins and brass pieces peer out of her ports, and the golden ensign, with its broad bloody stripes, waves proudly over her stern. On shore there is much excitement. Twelve months previously the Japanese had learnt that a vessel of their country had been basely set upon off the Philippines, by Spaniards, and the vessel and crew sunk in the depths of the sea, and the imperial government had forbidden Spaniards under pain of death to visit Japan. This galleon had come in contempt of the mandate, and, though warned of the horrors that would ensue, the Spaniards would not or could not sail. The court issues a mandate, and the Spaniard must suffer at any cost the penalty of his insolence. We may fancy the muster of row-boats, the Prince of Arima arranging his devoted relatives, promising high reward to the valiant, short shrift to the craven. We can fancy the scornful feeling of the high-couraged Don in his lofty bark for the yelling wolves around him—naked, half-armed infidels, who come against the steel-clad frame of the conquerors of half the world! Then the shout of defiance, and the wild music of the war-shell as each rushed on. Wolves never went better at a sure quarry than the Japanese at the huge ship. In spite of resistance they cling to her tall sides—scale them—reach the upper deck, and throw themselves, regardless of life, upon the astonished Spaniards. When too late, the Don sees he has underrated his foe. He determines to resort to a desperate expedient of those times (in olden times, blowing up the deck with small quantities of powder was resorted to in cases of a desperate resistance to a boarding party). The retreat sounds—all the Spaniards rush below to the lower deck, and the upper deck is blown up—and, with a yell of victory, the Japanese are hurled into the water, scorched and burned. Alas for the Spaniard! the wind is right adverse to his escape, and every minute adds hundreds to the host pouring down to the attack. There is nothing for it but a death worthy of his race. Again the assault; again numbers carry the day, and the resolute Spaniards retire to the third deck, and again blow up the victors above them. Thrice, says the Japanese chronicle, quoted by the worthy master, Kœmpfer, was this desperate mode of resistance resorted to, until defenders, assailants, and galleon sunk in the bloody waters. Although the unfortunate infringers of the imperial edict had perished to a man, the native historian acknowledges the triumph of Japanese justice had been won only by the sacrifice of three thousand of her sons! Such was one episode in the history of Nagasaki."

It is within the prefecture of Kamo, one of the eight into which Idzu is divided, and occupies the southern termination of that principality. The town lies at the western end of the harbour, on a plain at the opening of a fertile valley. Its name is probably derived from this—Simoda meaning low field. Through the valley runs a small river, which is navigable for barges transporting straw, timber, grain, and other produce.

The country surrounding the town is extremely picturesque and varied. Undulating hills, covered with trees, rise from the water's edge, and extend back into the lofty mountainous rocks, ribbed and bare.

Valleys divide the mountainous ranges, with their richly cultivated fields and gardens, stretching up to the very summit of the hill-sides, streams of water shaded with groves wind through the level bottoms, and beautify and enrich the land. The snow-capped Fusi is visible at the distance, pointing, cone-like, high into the clouds, and far above the elevation of the blue mountains that surround it. Entering the harbour, the town with its groups of low houses does not present a very imposing appearance; but, with its background of hills wooded with spreading pines and yew trees, and the verdant valley that opens between them, it has an air of sheltered repose and an appearance of secluded rusticity which is quite attractive.

Simoda is said to be the largest town in the principality of Idzu, and was at one time a mart of considerable importance. It was founded centuries ago, and some two hundred years since was the port of entry for vessels bound for the capital; but Uraga, further up the bay, having succeeded to the important function, Simoda has declined, and become comparatively a poverty-stricken place. There is not much appearance of activity in the port, but there still is some considerable business carried on through it, between the interior of the country and various places on the Japanese coast. In front of the town there is a depôt for small junks and boats, artificially constructed by means of dykes and a breakwater. This is connected with the river, which flows through the valley that extends into the interior; and the boats are thus enabled, when the tide, which rises about five feet, is at its height, to float in and sail up the stream. Rude docks exist for building and launching vessels, and these show some evidence of activity in the number of junks, about which there are always numerous labourers, more or less busy at work, constructing or repairing. Near the docks, picturesquely bordered by a row of pine-trees, in the shade of which stands a small shrine, there is a landing-place, which, however, is not easily reached by ships' boats, when the tide is low.

The town of Simoda is compactly built, and regularly laid out, the streets intersect at right angles, and most of them are guarded by light modern gates, with the names of the street marked upon their hollow posts, within which are the stations of the watchmen. Through the town a small street passes, the sides of which are walled with stone, and across it are thrown four small modern bridges, which connect the opposite banks. The streets are about twenty feet in width, and are partly macadamised and partly paved. Simoda shows an advanced state of civilisation much beyond our own boasted progress, in the attention of its constructors to the cleanness and healthfulness of the place. There are not only gutters but sewers, which draw the refuse matter and filth directly into the sea or the small stream that divides the town.

The shops and dwelling-houses are but slightly built, many of them being merely thatched huts. A few of the houses of the better class are of stone, but most are constructed of a framework of bamboo or laths, and then covered with a tenacious mud, this latter, when dry, is again covered with a coat of plaster, which is either painted or becomes black by exposure. Mouldings are afterwards arranged in diagonal lines over the surface of the building, and these being painted white, contrasting with the dark ground behind, gives the house a curious pie-bald appearance. The roofs are often of tiles, coloured alternately black and white, and their eaves extend low down in front of the walls, and protect the inmates from the sun, and the oil-papered windows from the effects of the rain. On the tops of some of the houses, wires are stretched in various directions to keep off the crows, it is said; but whether on account of their being birds of ill-omen, or only in consequence of their bad habits, was not very apparent. These houses have no chimneys, and there being occasional fires for cooking and other purposes, the smoke is left to force its way through the various crannies and cracks which may chance to exist, unless, as is sometimes the case, there are certain holes in the upper part of the walls prudently left for the purpose. The buildings are generally but a single story in height, though many of the houses and shops have attics for the storage of goods and refuse articles.

Some of the residences stand back from the front of the streets, with yards before them, although generally the latter are in the rear, and are variously appropriated, some for kitchen-gardens and others for pleasure-grounds, with flowering shrubs, ponds of gold fish, and other ornamental appliances. There are a few buildings fronted with stone, whilst the main structure is of mud or adobe, which are used for the storage of valuable goods, as they are supposed to be better protected from fire. The fronts of the shops and houses have moveable shutters, which at night are fastened to the posts which support the projecting roof. Behind these are sliding panels of oiled paper, which are closed when privacy is sought, and opened for the purpose of seeing in the houses what may be passing, or displaying the goods in the inside of the shops. In lieu of the paper windows there are occasionally lattices of bamboo. The title of the shop is displayed over the door or windows, generally in some fanciful device, significant of the kind of business carried on. There are but few signs distinctly recording the trade or occupation, although there was one shop which bore on its front, in the Dutch language, the name in full of a Dutch nostrum, which seemed to be a popular remedy in Japan, for the same was observed in Kanagawa. The finer goods are generally kept secluded from view in boxes and drawers, and seem to be of a kind that indicates no great affluence on the part of the community.

The internal arrangements of the houses and shops at Simoda are simple and uniform, though somewhat modified according to the position and business of the inmates. The door is on the right or left side, and protected by the overhanging roof, under which the coarser goods are sheltered, and the customer, when driving a bargain. From the front door a pathway leads directly to the rear, where there are various dwellings and out-houses, among which is frequently the shrine for private worship. In the shops this passage-way is crowded with baskets, stands, and trays

laden with various merchandise, and the walls on either side are provided with shelves, upon which goods are also heaped. In the best establishments, articles for sale are seldom displayed beyond turning the open ends of the boxes which contain them towards the street.

In the interior of the house there is a large framework raised two feet above the ground. It is spread with stuffed mats, and is divided into several compartments by means of sliding panels. This house within a house may be applied to the various purposes of trading, eating, sleeping and receiving company, according to the pleasure or necessity of the proprietor. This stage or platform is used as the workshop by the various handicraftsmen, as, for example, the carpenters and lacquer-varnishers; the blacksmith and stonecutter, however, perform their heavier work upon the ground.

The houses intended for lodgers are generally clean, and neatly spread with the usual soft and thick mats, which serve the double purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The names of the guests are recorded as with us, but somewhat more publicly, as they are affixed on the doorway on the street. The aristocratic gentry have their coats of arms emblazoned in full and displayed in wide banners stretched in front of their sloping palaces. The interior of these hotels are by no means very magnificent in appearance, or complete in appointment. The entire absence of tables, chairs, sofas, lamps, and other essentials to comfort, interfere very seriously with a guest taking his ease at a Japanese inn. Moreover, the want of looking-glasses, pictures, and other pleasing appeals to the eye, give to the establishment a very naked, cold look to the traveller who has a vivid recollection of the warm snugness of an English inn or the luxurious completeness of an American hotel.

The whole number of houses at Simoda is estimated at about a thousand, and the inhabitants are supposed to amount to nearly seven thousand, one fifth of whom are shopkeepers and artisans. There are in the town, as elsewhere in Japan, a disproportionate amount of officials, soldiers, and retainers of the various princes and dignitaries, who add nothing to the productive resources of the country, but are great consumers of the results of the labours of the lower classes, who are forced to do much work, and are allowed to enjoy but little of the profit. The people have, notwithstanding, a tolerably thriving appearance, and it is seldom that a beggar is seen. The streets, with the exception of a few shops which do but little business, show no signs of trading activity. There is no public market-place, and all the daily transactions of buying and selling are conducted so privately and quietly that, to a passing stranger, Simoda would appear as a place singularly devoid of any regard to the concerns of this world. The people have all the characteristic courtesy and reserved but pleasant manners of the Japanese. A scene at one of the public baths where the sexes mingled indiscriminately, unconscious of their nudity, was not calculated to impress us with a very favourable opinion of the morals of the inhabitants. This may not be a universal practice throughout Japan, and indeed, is said by the Japanese near us, not to be; but the Japanese people of the lower ranks are, undoubtedly, notwithstanding their moral superiority to most oriental nations, a lewd people. Apart from the bathing scene, there was enough in the popular literature, with its obscene pictorial

illustrations, to form a licentiousness of taste and practice among a certain class of inhabitants, that was not only disgustingly obtrusive, but disgracefully indicative of foul corruption. The chief diet of the inhabitants of Simoda consists of fish and vegetable food. There are poultry—chickens, geese, and ducks—and some few cattle; but the latter are used only for beasts of burden, and their flesh is never eaten. Rice, wheat, barley, and sweet potatoes are the chief articles raised in and about Simoda, although Irish potatoes, buckwheat, Indian corn, tares, beans, cabbages, cresses, and egg-plants are produced to some extent. The wheat and barley are reaped in May, and the rice, which is first sown and then transplanted, as in Loo-choo, is ready for the latter operation in the middle of June, and these crops succeed each other year after year. During the winter, part of the rice fields, that which lies low, is left fallow, while the terraces are turned into wheat fields. In preparing the fields for the reception of the young shoots of rice, they are overflowed with water, and then reduced, by ploughing and harrowing, into a soft well-mixed mud. Subsequently a substratum of grass and small bushes is trodden down below the surface by the feet. The labourer putting on a couple of broad pieces of wood, like a pair of snowshoes, goes tramping over the grass and bushes, labouring until they disappear below the surface of the mud. This operation over, the small plants are transferred from the plot where they have been sown, to the fields, where they are allowed to remain until maturity. The rice crop is ready for harvesting in the latter part of September or early in the ensuing month. Oxen and horses are occasionally used in agricultural operations, but the labour is mostly performed by hand.

There are nine Buddhist and one great Sinto temple in Simoda, to say nothing of the smaller shrines and the portable wooden chapels that may be seen by the roadside. Each Buddhist temple has twenty-five priests; the buildings are of wood, and unpainted, with tiled, projecting, peaked roofs; the floors are matted, and the pillars of lacquered work. Behind the door and the shrine are several reading desks, in each of which is a small wooden fish, which is used to mark time in praying. Boxes placed about, remind the pious, not of charity, but of "feeding hungry demons." These monasteries are surrounded by graveyards, where slabs, raised tombs, obelisks, and all the other vanities of death are abundant, intermixed with uncouth visages of Buddha, issuing from an opening shell, or holding a lotus-flower, or a fly-trap, or some other symbol. Flowers in profusion light up and render gay the otherwise gloomy precincts.

"How many religions have we in Japan?" inquired a Tyeoon, when the Jesuit-Portuguese remonstrated against Dutch Protestantism. "Thirty-four, your highness," was the reply. "Then we can easily bear with another," answered the imperial philosopher. Of the thirty-five remaining, Christianity being now considered extinct,¹ that of the Sintoos is the most important,

¹ Simbarra was the last stronghold of native Christianity in Japan, and which saw, as Roman Catholic writers assert, the destruction of thirty thousand converts to their faith. It was at Simbarra, too, over the common grave of its inhabitants, that the famous inscription was erected, warning the natives, that to prefer to their native faith that of the Christians would be to draw down upon themselves the punishment due to traitors, to their emperor, and their country. One sentence ran thus: "So long

next to or concurrent with Buddhism, and the principal feature of the town of Simoda, terminating its widest street with an imposing edifice at the end of a long avenue of stately cedar and larch trees, is the great Sintoo Temple.¹

As the visitor approaches this temple, he comes to a bridge which is thrown over a fish-pond, which breaks the continuity of the street, and entering the shaded avenue, he passes over another miniature bridge, beautifully constructed of finely carved greenstone. Two grim stone statues of armed men, overrun with moss and lichen, guard the entrance. Along the avenue within are high stone candelabras, to the right of which rises an open belfry of square form, resting on a foundation of masonry. From the roof swings a beam used to strike the bell, which forms a portion of the furniture of all the temples. To the left is a low tiled shed covering some small native statues, also of stone, and in a pavilion built over the gateway are pictures and models of junks and boats—for this is a marine temple, highly esteemed amongst sailors and fishermen. The temple itself is constructed of wood, covered with thatch, and supported by posts grotesquely ornamented. Hu-chai-on, the deified hero, or kami, to whom this

as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know, the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

¹ The national religion of Japan, which dates from the earliest period, is the religion of Sinsyon, or "Faith of the Gods." The votaries are called Sintoos, and the Mikado, or spiritual emperor, is its temporal head. The divinity is the goddess Ten-sio-dai-rin. She was the daughter of the first god who ever married, and who created the world, which then consisted of Japan: to her succeeded four gods, the last of whom married a mortal wife, and left a mortal son, the immediate predecessor of the original Mikado. This Mikado, in functions resembles a pope, and has the power of canonisation, an honour much coveted by the Kamis or great men of the empire. When thus canonised, they retain their ranks of Kami in the next world, and become the future saints of their families. Thus, there is a saint in every house. The Kamis are divided into superior and inferior, 492 being born gods, and 2,460 being deified or canonised men. The Sintoos believe in "in happy fields and villages," as the abode of disembodied spirits, but some say they have no idea of a devil or hell, purgatory, or future punishment. This, however, is a disputed point. The Sintoo notion of creation is given in the following text: "In the beginning of the opening of all things, a chaos floated, as fishes swim in the water for pleasure; out of this chaos arose a thing like a prickle, moveable and transferable. This thing became a soul or spirit, and this spirit is called Kunitoko Dateno Mikotto." This is just about as far as the scientific materialists of the present day have brought their disciples. The reader will observe how inferior in grandeur, simplicity, and sublime distinctness it is to the words of Genesis: "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Purity of heart and life is the great feature of Sintoosism, which also enforces purity of body by ceremonial ordinances almost Levitical. Marriage is permitted to Sintoo priests; unlike those of Buddha, the "Mikado" leading a jolly life (poor fellow!) with seven wives, he being the only man in Japan to whom such questionable enjoyment is permitted. The Sintoos allow their hair to grow, and wear a remarkable head-dress, resembling an inverted boat, lacquered, and often of a most brilliant colour. There is another religious belief, or rather unbelief, prevalent in Japan, called "Sutoo," which is open to all superstitions, but in itself recognises no gods, temples, or places of worship; acknowledges a universal pervading spirit; denies any future state of rewards and punishments, and declares that happiness consists in a righteous life, and the perfection of man in the practice of five cardinal virtues—to live virtuously, to do right, to be courteous, to govern wisely, and to obey the conscience. The result of this highly moral state is a legalised prostitution, supported at the expense of the state, a whole quarter of the city devoted to courtesans, and the regular sale and training up of children for such filthy purposes.

temple is dedicated, stands in the shrine, having on each side a figure dressed in the ancient Japanese official costume. From the wall hangs a subscription-list (as usual in our parish churches, but this is thirty feet long) of those who provide the expenses of the service in honour of the naval hero. In addition to the one great Sintoo Temple, there are various smaller shrines of the same faith, the sites of which have been picturesquely selected, on the acclivities and on the summits of the wooded hills which bound the town of Simoda landwards.

X.—AN EXCURSION ROUND SIMODA.

THE country about Simoda is beautifully varied with hill and dale. There are the usual signs of elaborate Japanese culture, although from the more sparse population of the neighbourhood, there is more land left in comparatively barren condition than further up the bay towards the capital. The bottom and sides of the valley are covered with gardens and fields, which are well watered by the streamlets which flow through every valley, and which, by artificial arrangements, are diverted from their course, and pour their fertilising waters over the land from terrace to terrace. There are four principal villages, near Simoda. Baki, Gaki, or Persimman point, lies at the end of the harbour, and contains barely two hundred houses. One of its monasteries, known by the name of Goku-zhen-zhi, was set apart like the Khia-zhen-zhi, in Simoda, as a place of resort of the foreigners; and within the ground attached is the burial place appropriated to the Americans. There is a good anchorage at Kaki-zahi, for junks, and many of them take in their cargoes rather than at Simoda. Passing over the hills in a south-easterly direction, we come to the village of Lusaki, which, with its two hundred houses or so, hangs upon the declivity of a wooded hill-side, with its front extending down to the beach, and facing the waters of the inlet. Its inhabitants are generally fishermen, and their boats, and even larger vessels, approach the shore at any state of the tide. From Lusaki, a good road leads in a northerly direction, to the village of Sotowra, a small hamlet also situated at the sea-side, but with a pleasing landscape inward, varied by cultivated fields and an undergrowth of dwarf oaks. A larger place, the town of Shira-hama, or White-beach, extends its houses along a sandy beach, some three miles distant from Sotowra, and is comparatively a flourishing settlement. Several quarries of trachyte, or greenstone, are marked in the neighbourhood, and large quantities of charcoal are prepared on the forest-crowned hills in the rear. Turning westwardly, and ascending the hills towards Shira-hama, the highest summit within five miles of Simoda is reached, from which the whole southern area and breadth of the peninsula of Idzu can be seen at one glance. Barren peaks rise to the view, of thickly wooded hills, whose sides open into valleys, down which the wild vegetation throngs until checked by the culture of the fields that surround the busy hamlets at the bottom. Where the beholder stands, on the summit of the hill, there is a small wooden shrine, almost hidden in a grove of pines. The numerous pictures, flowers, copper cash, rags, and decapitated queues, found within, attest the popularity of the Zhi-zo-hosats, the deity of the place. Descending the hill by its north-western slope, the largest valley of the country round is entered.



A POLICEMAN OF YEDOO.

The river Inadzei-gama, which flows into the harbour of Simoda, passes through this, irrigating the cultivated banks, and sustaining the commerce of the various villages and towns in the interior. The hamlet of Hongo, containing about one hundred and fifty houses, is situated on the river, which has been dammed at that spot, and turns five under-shot mills for cleaning rice. This operation is performed by a very simple machine, which consists of a projecting piece of wood or stone, attached at right angles to the end of a long lever, which plays upon a horizontal axis, and is moved up and down, like a pestle working in a mortar. This rude machinery is occasionally worked by water, as at Hongo, but more frequently by a man, who steps alternately off and on the long end of the beam. The river at Hongo is navigable for flat-bottomed boats, which frequent the place for charcoal, grain, stone, and other products. The country about is beautifully diversified, and the culture of the land is carried on to

an extent that would hardly be believed by one who was not familiar with the populous countries of the East. Every hill is but a succession of terraces, rising one above the other, from the base to the summit, and green with the growth of rice, barley, wheat, and other grain. At the opening of a smaller valley, which branches off from the main one near Hongo, is a small one called Kendai-zhe, from the lotus-terrace monastery near by. From Hongo the valley widens more and more until it reaches Simoda, where it forms an open expanse, like an alluvial plain. Along the base of the range of hills, and up their slopes in the direction of the harbour, the numerous farm-houses and abounding granaries, many of them of stone and with substantial walls of the same material, exhibit a cheerful prospect of thrift and comfort. Nor are there wanting evidence of luxuriant enjoyment in the handsome structure of the dwelling-houses, with their pleasure grounds adorned with pastures of variegated flowers, artificial ponds of gold fish, and fancy dwarf shade and fruit

trees. West of Simoda, the villages are smaller, and the hills which flank them of less height. In that direction there are no villages of a shorter distance than five miles from the town of Simoda. Near this sea-side settlement toward the south-west, the inhabitants have excavated large chambers in the cliffs some hundred feet from the shore, in which they store the sea-weed, which is a favourite article for chewing, as tobacco is used with us, and whither the fishermen occasionally resort for shelter. The lower hills in every direction are covered with wood, from which large supplies of charcoal are made, which is extensively used for domestic and manufacturing purposes.

XI.—APPROACH TO YEDDO.

SOME account of the peculiar and decisive step taken by the British Embassy under Lord Elgin to obtain a personal interview with the governing powers of Japan at Yeddo or Yedo—the chief port, if not the real capital of the empire—will furnish at the same time the best description of the bay or gulf by which Yeddo is approached, and which constitutes the subject of our illustration. (*See p. 186.*)

The English ships got under weigh from Simoda at daylight on the morning of the 12th of August, and, with a fair wind, proceeded rapidly up the bay, passing, on their left, a mountain range about 6,000 feet in height. The shores now began to close in, and, at the Straits of Uruga, which they reached in about five hours from Simoda, they are not above ten miles apart. At this point the scenery was pretty; wooded hills rose from the water's edge, sloping gently back, here and there deeply furrowed with a charming glen, in which cottages with steep thatched roofs and overhanging eaves were snugly ensconced. The western shore resembled some parts of the coast of the Isle of Wight. The town of Uruga itself is the most important looking place on the coast. It is considered a sort of barrier to Yeddo, and even country craft must stop here to give an account of themselves. Two boat-loads of two-sworded officials pushed off in haste as they steamed up, and by gesticulations and gestures of entreaty, invited them to stop; but they passed on utterly indifferent to their signals; and as they left them far behind they could still discern them tugging hopelessly after them in the vain attempt to overtake a steamer of 400 horse-power going at full speed.

They could scarcely believe their eyes, when at anchor, the same night, they observed these identical boats pull alongside, they having never relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile they steamed steadily on through the waters traversed for the first time by Commodore Perry's squadron a few years ago, and consequently but little surveyed. Passing the Perry and Webster islands, prettily wooded and of a picturesque form, they came within sight of the Russian squadron anchored at Kanagawa, at about mid-day. This place is situated at a distance of eighteen miles from Yeddo. It affords good anchorage about half-a-mile from the shore; it is a town of considerable importance, and has been selected as one of the new ports. Count Pontiatine, who had proceeded to Japan direct from the Gulf of Pe-che-li, had arrived here about a fortnight previously, and been engaged during that period in making arrangements for his proper reception at the capital. Lord Elgin, however, instead of stopping at Kanagawa,

determined to adopt the unprecedented course of sailing straight up to the capital, believing that, if the achievement were feasible, it would not only save valuable time, but that the presence of our ships there would produce a most salutary effect upon the Government, and in all probability tend to facilitate negotiations. It was eminently fortunate that, on occasions of this sort, he had, in Captain Sherard Osborn, a commander upon whose zeal and professional skill he could always place the most perfect reliance.

The unexpected appearance of the English Embassy must have somewhat astonished their Muscovite friends, more especially as they passed on at full speed up the bay, where no western ship had ever before ventured. Up to this point the western shore, under which they had been coasting, was uniformly high and broken, with projecting promontories; now, however, it sank to a level with the waters of the bay. The soundings in Perry's chart cease just before reaching Kanasaki Point, a very long sandy spit which runs far out into the bay, and off which the Japanese have placed a beacon.

The water now became shallow and the channel somewhat intricate. They were just doubting whether the undertaking was practicable, when they saw in the distance some large square-rigged ships of a tonnage which satisfied them that their anchorage would do for them; but for a moment they felt bitterly disappointed at the discovery of European-built ships, betokening, as they supposed, the presence of some foreign flag more enterprising than their own. It was only when they approached nearer that they perceived that these western-looking craft were in reality Japanese, and observed the white flag with the red ball floating from the peak of a dapper little steamer, and marking it "Imperial."

Gradually, behind these vessels, the island forts, and then the houses of the city of Yeddo, rose into view. Gently, with two leads going, they crept up to the long-desired haven, closely followed by the *Retribution* and yacht; and, by two o'clock the same afternoon, after a most prosperous passage from Simoda, they anchored not far from the Japanese fleet, at a distance of about three miles from the shore and five from the capital of the empire.

Captain Sherard Osborn, the naval hero of this exploit, gives a short graphic description of the proceeding, as well as of the Gulf of Yeddo itself.

The Japanese authorities, we are told, were evidently determined, if official obstructiveness could stop the embassy, to leave no efforts untried to do so. Even in the open sea, between Vries Volcano and the entrance of Yeddo Gulf, two guard-boats succeeded in throwing themselves in their track. At first the officer of the watch innocently believed them to be fishermen, and, dreaming of turbot and mackerel, edged towards the boats, favouring the Japanese manoeuvre. When almost upon the ship's bows, up went the little square flags, and out popped upon the deck of each boat a two-sworded official, who, steadying himself against the excessive motion by placing his legs wide apart, waved frantically for the *Furious* to stop. The officer of the watch had directions to be perfectly deaf and blind for the next five minutes. The ship gave a sheer, and went clear off the boats by a few yards; they might as well have requested the volcano behind them to cease smoking as to yell for them to stop. Stop, indeed! Why, the old ship knew as well as they did

that the wind was fair and Yeddo right a-head, and this accounts for her incivility to Japanese guard boats, and her playful kick-up of the heels as she went through the water at a nine-knot speed. The last they saw of the two officers was that one poor man performed a somersault, as his boat dived into a sea; and a somersault with two swords by his side, a queer-cut hat tied on *literally* to his nose, a shirt as stiff as if cut out of paper, and very baggy trousers, must be a feat not voluntarily gone through; while the other officer, who wisely had himself supported by two boatmen, continued to wave his arms like an insane semaphore so long as they looked at him.

Poor fellows! they too knew what it was to suffer in performance of orders, and giving them their hearty sympathy, the English ships left the worthies to find their way back to their shores. By nine o'clock they were fairly entering the limits of the Gulf of Yeddo, and the refreshing gale rendered their speed little short of ten miles an hour. It was a glorious panorama past which they were rapidly sailing, and the exhilarating effects of its influence upon all, combined with a delicious climate and invigorating breeze, was visible in the glistening eyes and cheerful looks of the officers and men, who crowded to gaze upon the picture that unrolled itself before them. The scenery was neither Indian nor Chinese, and presented more of the features of a land within the temperate than of one touching the torrid zone. The lower and nearer portions of the shores of the Gulf resembled strongly some of the most picturesque spots in our own dear islands, yet we have no gulf in Britain upon such a scale as that of Yeddo. Take the fairest portions of the coast of Devonshire, and all the shores of the Isle of Wight, form with their combined beauty a gulf of forty-five miles long, and varying in width from ten to thirty. In every nook and valley, as well as along every sandy way, place pretty towns and villages, cut out, all brick and plaster, villas with Corinthian porticoes, and introduce the neatest *chaléts* Switzerland ever produced—strew the bright sea with quaint vessels and picturesque boats, and you will have the foreground of the picture. For background scatter to the eastward the finest scenery our Highlands of Scotland can afford—leave the blue and purple tints untouched, as well as the pine-tree and mountain ash. Far back, fifty miles off, on the western side of the Gulf, amidst masses of snowy clouds and streams of golden mist, let a lofty mountain range be seen, and at its centre rear a magnificent cone, the beautiful Fusi-yama, the "Matchless Mountain" of Japan, and then, perhaps, the reader can in some way picture to his mind's eye the beauties of the Gulf of Yeddo, in the loveliness of that bright day when it first gladdened the sight of the members of the British Embassy.

The refreshing gales drove the ships, like sea-gulls, past the noble bluffs between Capes Sagami and Kamisaki. The shore, to which they approached within a thousand yards, was bristling with batteries and swarming with guard-boats, of which several, with officers and linguists on board, pushed off, and tried their best, by signals, to induce them to stop. They only gave themselves time to note that the promising little port of Iragua was full of native vessels, and that there shelter might be very likely found, if the anchorage in the Gulf proved insecure. Guided by the excellent map and chart of Commodore Perry, they hauled in for the western shores to avoid a dangerous

shoal, called by the Americans Saratoga Spit, and then bore away north. They sighted rapidly, one after the other, the various points and headlands mentioned by Perry, and recognised Treaty Point, near which the American treaty of March 31, 1854, was negotiated. In the bay of Kanagawa, an extremely pretty indentation upon the west coast, just beyond Treaty Bluff, they saw at anchor the Russian frigate *Esbold* and a despatch gunboat. The former they knew had on board his Excellency Count Pontiatine, the Russian Plenipotentiary, and he was doubtless busily labouring on behalf of his imperial master, amongst the treaty-bewildered Japanese. The *Furious* was in ten fathoms of water, and it seemed quite unreasonable to haul out of the high road to the capital and anchor, because other people had done so, at Kanagawa. With the sanction of Lord Elgin, the *Furious* and *Retribution* bore away for Yeddo. Mr. Hewskin, the interpreter, had, whilst accompanying Mr. Harris in his last visit to Yeddo, been carried on one occasion in a small Japanese steamer from Kanagawa to the capital; but from his observations upon that occasion, he was led to believe that extensive mud-banks barred the approach to the city. Yet he suggested, what they found to have been the case, that the Japanese officers had taken the vessels by a very shallow route expressly to mislead the new-comers.

Rattling along amongst fleets of native boats of all sizes round the shallows of Beacon Point, they went off the American chart on to really unknown ground, beyond the maps of Siebold and Kämpfer, which gave them the coast-line and guided them to the north-west corner of the gulf, as the site of Yeddo. On a very clear day, from Beacon Point, the southern suburb of Yeddo, named Sinagawa, may doubtless be visible, as well as the hills situated within the limits of the city itself, but the strong gale before which they were blown had caused a haze that hid all from them, except the outline of some low hills to the north-west.

Directly they were clear of the shoals, and that the land appeared to recede from them, they hauled in for it, and presently they saw four square-rigged vessels riding at anchor under the land. When they bore N.W. by compass, they steered for them. The soundings commenced to diminish steadily, but it mattered not, for were there water for those vessels there must be nearly enough for us; and, at any rate, the bottom was a nice soft unctuous mud, if they did happen to stick their keel in it. Their hopes were not destined to be disappointed, for up out of the sea, and out of the mist, rose one startling novelty after another. Huge batteries, big enough to delight the Czar Nicholas—temples—the imperial palace—Yeddo itself coming round the bay, all for the first time looked upon from the decks of a foreign man-of-war. The four square-rigged vessels proved to be Japanese men-of-war; and when we had brought them, as well as the batteries, well under command of our guns, the *Furious* and the *Retribution* anchored in twenty-four feet water, as well as the little yacht *Emperor*, that, under a press of sail and steam had been fruitlessly trying to overtake the larger vessels since they entered the gulf.

"Shade of Will Adams!" exclaimed Captain Sherard Osborn. At last the prayer of the earnest old sailor, that his countrymen might reap wealth and advantage from commercial relations with Japan, was

about to be fulfilled. Two hundred and fifty-eight years had elapsed since he and his half-wrecked ship had been nigh the very spot in which they were, and now his countrymen had come in earnest. They held the empire of the East, and had won the wealth of all the Indies; and the arms of England, and the skill of the ambassadors, had thrown down all the barriers set up by China against foreign trade or intercourse. Great Britain, in those two hundred and twenty-five years which had intervened since the cessation of commerce with Japan, had carefully paved the way to the point at which it was no longer possible to tolerate the exclusiveness of an important and wealthy empire; and an English squadron and an English Ambassador were now off the capital of Japan, the bearers, it is true, of a message of good-will, but yet to show, in a way not to be mistaken, that the hour had arrived for Japan to yield to reason, or to be prepared to suffer, as the Court of Pekin had done, for its obstinacy.

XII.—LANDING AT YEDDO.

TUESDAY, the 17th of August, came in a glorious day to pay honour to the entry of the first British Ambassador to Japan since the year 1613, when the envoy of James I. was favourably received by the then reigning emperor. Captain Barker had arranged that without letting the Japanese into the secret of their proceedings, the landing should be effected in the most solemn and imposing manner, befitting the representatives of our beloved sovereign, and so thoroughly to foil the plan, accidentally discovered on the previous day, of making Lord Elgin's entry into Yeddo a hole-and-corner affair, unaccompanied by pomp and ceremony. The boats of the squadron were prepared, manned, and armed; the *Retribution* contributed her band, the ships were dressed with flags, and when all was ready, the Ambassador on board the *Lee*, accompanied by a perfect flotilla of boats, proceeded towards the batteries. The Japanese officer and Yeoske, who had been sent off to escort his Excellency to the shore, were much struck by all these preparations: they even ceased to take notes, which was a serious sign. The *Lee* threaded her way carefully towards an anchorage used by the native craft. Yeoske pointed out to Commander Graham a different route, between two of the outer batteries, where the *Lee* would certainly have run aground, but his friendly suggestion was not adopted. Within the line of batteries the *Lee* was obliged to anchor; the procession of boats now formed, the galleys of the squadron with their cutters, with the officers of their respective ships dressed in full uniform. Astern of these, followed one of the launches carrying the band; then came the barge in which was embarked the Ambassador. Another large launch followed in the rear of the barge, and the launches of the *Furious* kept at a convenient distance, upon either side, to prevent his Excellency being crowded upon by native boats. There was real "Queen's weather" to set off to the best advantage the show where the ships dressed with bright coloured flags, the boats with their gay pendants and ensigns, and laden with men and guns, had attracted a vast throng of human beings, who clustered in every open space whence a view of the procession was to be obtained. The boats crossed the shallow bank, and approached the official landing place, where the Earl of Elgin disembarked, while the

band played "God save the Queen." As for the Japanese officials, they looked as if lost in wonder and astonishment that such things should be in the capital of Tai-Nipon. The officers of the squadron remained on shore to escort the Ambassador to his palanquin, and that done, all returned to the ships. A procession was formed, and was by no means unpicturesque. In front marched a pompous official, accompanied by a man carrying a spear, the badge of authority; he was closely followed by a knot of officials in a neat costume of a coarse looking black gauze, like thick mosquito curtains. On their backs or shoulders was stamped the imperial trefoil, or the private arms of the owner. Some were dressed exactly alike, others wore blue and white dresses; but every individual was evidently in a uniform befitting his rank and position. All these men, however, were probably servants, or quite subordinate officials; some carried aloft umbrellas covered with large waterproof bags, and others lacquered portmanteaus on poles over their shoulders. This was superstitious baggage.

On each side of the procession walked policemen in a sort of harlequin costume, composed of as many colours as if their dress was made from a patchwork counterpane: each of these men carried iron rods six or seven feet long, from the top of which depended a quantity of iron rings. (*See illustration*, p. 201.) Every time that this rod was brought to the ground with the jerk of authority, it emitted a loud jingle, which was heard far and wide through the crowd, and was respected by them accordingly. Behind this vanguard came the members of the Embassy, some on horseback and some in norimons; and more men in black gauze, and umbrella carriers, and variegated policemen, brought up the rear.

Upon the subject of the harlequin police at Yeddo, it is necessary to remark that the whole system of municipal government in the cities in Japan seems very perfect. There is a mayor or governor, some of whom are emissaries, and there are a certain number of deputies to assist him, and a class of officials who seem to be the intermediates between the people and those in authority, and whose business it is to receive and present petitions and to forward complaints to the governors, and plead the cause of the aggrieved memorialists. Then every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle all disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies; and to keep an accurate record of births, deaths and marriages. Then he is responsible for all broils and disturbances, and for the good conduct of the street generally. This functionary is also provided with deputies, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street. To render the task easier, the male householders are divided into small companies of four or five each, the head of which is responsible to the magistrate for all the proceedings of the members. This complete organisation is furnished with a secretary, a treasurer, a certain number of messengers, &c. Besides the regular constables, it is patrolled at night by the inhabitants themselves in parties of two or three. From all which it will show that "our street," in a Japanese city, must be a source of considerable interest and occupation to its inhabitants.

As for the crowd, it was wild with excitement, the inhabitants of every cross street and lane poured out to see them pass. The excitement of maid-servants

in our own country, when the strains of martial music fall upon their ears, was nothing to it. There were mothers with small babies hanging on their shoulders, reckless of their progeny, hastening to swell the crowd; children dodging under old people's legs, and old people tottering after children, and bathers of both sexes, regardless of the fact that they had nothing on but soap, or the Japanese substitute for it, crowding the doorways. The clatter of pattens was quite remarkable, as all the women wear high wooden pattens, which are very inconvenient to run in, and as women in Japan, as in England, formed the largest proportion of the mob, the seuffling they made added to the tumult. Not that the people were the least disorderly, they laughed and stared, and ran parallel with them, till stopped by a barrier, for the Japanese are perfect in the management of crowds. In the principal street there are wooden gates about every six hundred yards, with a gatekeeper seated in a little house like a turnpike. The moment the Embassy passed, this gate was shut, and the old crowd was left behind to crawl through the bars, and watch with curious eyes the new crowd forming. All the cross streets entering the main street were shut off from it by ropes stretched across them, under or over them the people never attempted to pass.

The crowd was, to all appearance, entirely composed of the shopkeepers and lower classes. The men were decently clothed, and the women wore a sort of jacket above their skirt, which was, however, constructed upon a rather *negligé* principle. The first impression of the fair sex which the traveller receives in a Japanese crowd, is in the highest degree unfavourable: the ghastly appearance of the faces and bosoms, thickly coated with powder, the absence of eyebrows, and the blackened teeth, produce a most painful and disagreeable effect. Were it not for this abominable custom, Japanese women would probably rank high among Eastern beauties, certainly far before Chinese.

The city of Yeddo, and its two southern suburbs, Singawa and Omagawa, curve round the bay for nearly ten miles; and subsequent comparison of the remarks made upon its extent landward, confirmed the belief that the area of Yeddo might be considered as a square, every side of which was seven miles long. Of course, the whole of this area is not closely built over; indeed, in no capital has such care been taken to preserve fine open spaces, especially round the palaces of their emperor and princes, and the neighbourhood of their temples and tea-houses, both of which are the constant resorts of all classes in Yeddo. Within the limits of the city are several hills of moderate elevation, as well as gentle slopes; in all cases they were but thinly built upon, and extensive gardens, with many magnificent trees, principally adorned their sides. On a hill which rises from the heart of the city, and from a mass of densely-crowded buildings, the imperial palace is built with a crenelated wall, half hidden by green banks and shady trees, within whose limits the ruler of this kingdom is immersed for life as the sad penalty of his high position. The houses look very neat and comfortable, and are principally of wood, stone and brick being avoided as much as possible, in consequence of the frequency of earthquakes. No walls inclose the city, whose site is admirably adapted to admit of almost unlimited increase in extent, without interfering with drainage, supplies, intercommunication, or ready access to the waters of the bay, which insures to those living

upon its shores, cleanliness, sea air, and an easy highway.

A river in the Toda-gawa flows through the heart of Yeddo; they could see one fine bridge spanning it near its mouth, and there are two others farther up. Besides the Toda-gawa, some smaller streams intersect the town and suburbs.

The absence of all imposing edifices, and the general want of elevation in the ground upon which the city stands, render the view from the sea by no means imposing; but its extensive sea-front, the throb of life evident in the fleets of boats and vessels passing and repassing the batteries and guns which frowned upon them, the hum as of a multitude at hand that was borne to their ears when the breeze came off the land, all impressed them with the fact that they were at anchor off one of the largest capitals in the world.

XIII.—INTERIOR OF YEDDO.

THE residence assigned to Lord Elgin, in the town of Yeddo, was a portion of a temple situated upon the outskirts of the Imperial residence, or the "Princes' Quarter." In front of it was a street which, according to Mr. Oliphant, continued for ten miles (!) as closely packed with houses, and as densely crowded with people, as it is from Hyde Park-corner to Mile-end. At the back of it stretched a wide and somewhat dreary aristocratic quarter, which contained the residences of three hundred and sixty hereditary princes, each a petty sovereign in his own right, many of them with half-a-dozen town houses, and some of them able to accommodate in these ten thousand retainers. A magnificent moat, seventy to eighty yards broad, faced with a smooth green escarpment as many feet in height, above which ran a massive wall, comprised of stones Cyclopean in their dimensions, the whole crowned by a lofty palisade, surrounded the Imperial residence, which is again buried amidst groves of giant cedars. From the highest point of the fortifications in rear of the castle, a panoramic view was obtained of the vast city, with its two millions and a half of inhabitants, and an area equal to, if not greater than, that of London. The castle alone was computed to be capable of containing forty thousand inhabitants. Yeddo, says the same writer, is, without exception, one of the finest cities of the world.¹

¹ The name Yeddo, or Jeddo, signifies "The mouth or entrance of the river." It is called Tò-to, "the Eastern Capital," to distinguish it from Miako, *i.e.* "the Capital." The legitimate title of the chief is said to be Konbo (Kung Fang) *i.e.* the Duke, or Dai Singun, the great General or Commander-in-chief. The word Tycum, by which he has been introduced to us lately, signifies simply the "great officer." It is, after all, a question of names, for by whatever name the chief of Yeddo is distinguished, he is at the head of the feudal nobility, in command of the military, and secular ruler, or autocrat of the empire. The Mikado or Tew-zi, *i.e.* "the Son of Heaven," who resides at Miako, retains at present little except the name of Emperor. He arrogates descent from Tew Zio Dai Zin, "the Sun God," the founder of the empire, and, as such, claims the reverence of the people. He traces his descent in an unbroken line from Zin Moso, the Divine Mirror, who established his authority 667 B.C. He is supposed to be the fountain of all honour, and from him all the great officers of state, including the Singun, nominally receive their investiture. The relationship of the Mikado and the Singun in present times may be compared to that of the old Merovingian Kynings, who, as descendants of the Scandinavian divinities, were regarded as sacred persons, while their power was wrested from them and exercised by the mayors of the palace.

It must be borne in mind, however, in connection with the vast space covered by the town, that, owing to the frequency of earthquakes, the houses are only of one story, and hence a smaller amount of population covers a greater extent of space than in Europe.

But the party on shore did not confine itself to exploring the city alone; excursions of ten miles into the country were made in two different directions, and but one opinion prevailed with respect to the extraordinary evidences of civilisation which met the eye in every direction. Every cottage, temple, or tea-house was surrounded by gardens laid out with exquisite taste, and the most elaborate neatness was skilfully blended with grandeur of design. The natural features of the country were admirably taken advantage of, and a long ride was certain to be rewarded by a romantic scene, where a tea-house was picturesquely perched over a waterfall, or a temple reared its carved gables amid groves of ancient cedars. The tea-house is described as a national characteristic of Japan. The traveller, wearied with the noon-day heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants.

The modesty of our party, however, was somewhat taken aback by seeing no small portion of the population washing themselves in tubs at the corners of streets towards evening. In Yeddo they frequent large bathing establishments, the door of which is open to the passer-by, and presents a curious spectacle, more especially as the inmates, of both sexes, ingenuously rush out to gaze at the European as he rides blushing past. We often saw two or three ladies quietly sitting in tubs in front of their doors at Yeddo itself, washing themselves with the utmost unconcern, traffic and business through the street going on past them as usual. This was a general custom, and no one thought of or would imagine any harm in it.¹

XIV.—TEA GARDENS.

A PARTY of eight or ten made a trip from Yeddo to a summer resort called Hojee, where are botanical gardens and well-appointed tea-houses amid pretty scenery. For the first four or five miles their way led them through the town along the castle moat, past the point at which they again obtained a panoramic view of the city, and on through more winding streets, which they had not before explored, and which seemed interminable. At last they got clear of the more crowded thoroughfares and found themselves tra-

¹ Such an apparent want of modesty is difficult to comprehend, and it is not reconcilable with the advanced state of civilisation of the Japanese, that is to be deduced from other facts. Modesty cannot be ranked among mere conventional things; its absence is not the extinction of a prejudice: its presence is one of the distinctive characters between the human race and that of brutes. It is not on this point alone, however, that the Japanese differ from Europeans. In many of their habits and manners they present a striking antagonism to that which is accepted in Europe. To show respect, for example, we take off our hats; the Japanese remove their shoes. We get up, they sit down; for with them it is the height of impoliteness to receive a visitor standing. When going out we put on a great coat, the Japanese put on capacious trousers, as a symbol of dignity and state.

versing pleasant suburban lanes, passing the spacious palace of the most powerful prince in the empire—Kagano-kami. The outer walls of this establishment enclose an immense area of ground, and contain buildings which are said to afford accommodation to ten thousand men. The groves of lofty trees which towered above the walls gave token of the beauty of the gardens within them. Many of the streets and roads which they traversed were lined with peach and plum trees: at the period of the year when these are in full bloom, they must form a most charming and fragrant avenue.

They were filled with astonishment and delight at the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages upon the road-side. No model estate in England can produce "cottages ornées" comparable to those which adorn the suburbs of Yeddo. There is a want of that minuteness which the Chinaman glories in until he becomes grotesque. The Japanese have hit the happy medium. With an elaborate delicacy of detail, they combine the art of generalisation in design, so that the relation of the parts with the whole is maintained throughout, and the general effect is not sacrificed to minor beauties. These charming little cottages, raising their thatched roofs amid the fruit trees and creepers which threatened to smother them in their embraces, were surrounded by flower-beds tastefully laid out, resplendent with brilliant hues, and approached by walks between carefully clipped hedges. Yew-trees, cut into fantastic shapes, and dwarfed trees, extending their deformed arms as if for assistance and support, are favourite garden ornaments. Here and there, at the end of a long avenue, they could discern a temple embowered amid trees; and ancient priests, in gauzy and transparent costume, with broad embroidered belts and sashes, and enormous lacquered hats, would hurry to the entrance to watch the stranger pass. The beauty of the cemeteries was in keeping with the taste displayed in everything else; here walks wound amid flowering shrubs and drooping eypresses.

The respectability of the quarter through which they were passing could always be judged by the size and character of the crowd which accompanied them. In some parts of the suburbs they were followed by a noisy mob, who pressed upon them, cheering and laughing—not, however, showing any signs of ill-will. Some of the party on the previous day, not attended by a sufficiently large body of policemen to inspire awe, passing through some of the less reputable parts of the town, had been hooted, and even pelted, the crowd calling out, "Chinamen, Chinamen, have you anything to sell?"—a circumstance for which the Commissioners never ceased apologising; while they took occasion to impress upon them the necessity, which they were always anxious to forget, of never moving about unless accompanied by a proper staff of police. Upon this occasion they were attended by twenty officials, in a black gauze uniform, who marched in front of them. As they were desirous not to lose time and the steeds were willing, some of the elder members of this party were knocked up before they got to the half-way tea-house, where they changed our escort.

As they got farther from town the cottages became more scattered, but the country did not lose its air of civilisation. Groves of tall trees overshadowed the road, apparently bordering some ornamental grounds,

for they were enclosed by palings exactly resembling those of our own parks.

The tea-house at which they stopped to rest was situated in a garden, where sparkling water gushed out of mossy grottoes and quilted mats invited to repose. Here pipes and tea were served by fair damsels, who also pressed upon their acceptance unripe pears. Beyond this tea-house they found themselves fairly in the country: they had exchanged the suburbs of London for the lanes of Devonshire.

Although the country was undulating, the road was neither too steep nor too narrow for wheeled vehicles. Sometimes it passed between high banks crowned with hedge-rows and shrubs, among which were observed the holly. With the exception of groves of trees, left doubtless for a special purpose, and which served to diversify the prospect, every acre of ground seemed cultivated. This is probably partly in consequence of a law compelling every man to cultivate his land within the year upon pain of forfeiting it. Fields of yams and egg-plant, or brinjall, of beans and Indian corn, millet and onions, alternated with each other in rapid succession. At every clump of trees through which the road passed were resting-places for all classes of travellers; simple benches under the gnarled branches of some venerable oak or plane tree for humble wayfarers, and little tables with fruit and tea set out in the cool shade; or summer-houses, composed of a single hut, with the same invariable beverage, hot and ready to refresh the thirst of the weary pedestrian; or an establishment of greater pretensions, where men of rank might stay and rest.

At last they suddenly descended into a dell, where a charming village lay embosomed in a wood. It consisted of a few cottages, and a tea-house on a grand scale. At the entrance to this establishment they dismounted, much to the edification of the whole population of the village, who assembled to stare and wonder at them. They found the tea-house situated on the edge of a brawling stream, the balconies of the upper rooms overhanging the water. Hanging woods and gardens, tastefully laid out with rock-work, and yew-trees cut into quaint shapes, fringed the bank of the river to the point at which it entered the grounds in a picturesque cascade. Taking possession of a summer-house perched on a projecting point, and which commanded a charming view of the surrounding objects, they signified to a group of young ladies—who came to look at them under the pretext of waiting for orders—their desire to be furnished with some luncheon.

They were not kept long in waiting for their meal, which consisted of some excellent vegetable soup, and some rice and fish. By way of dessert they had marsh-melons, apricots, and pears; so that they had no difficulty in satisfying the cravings of hunger. They found that these gardens were a favourite resort of pleasure-parties from Yeddo of the highest rank. When any grandee wishes to enjoy a domestic treat of this sort, accompanied by his wife and family, he gives a previous notice of his intention to the keeper of the tea-house, so that a dignified privacy may be secured to him. There, screened from the vulgar gaze, he and his companions give themselves up to the enjoyment which this species of recreation affords. Their wives play, dance, or sing for their benefit; in fact, so far as could be gathered, they behave very much as we do when we are working off the fag-end of the

season in pic-nics to the Star and Garter, or Hampton Court.

If any aristocratic pic-nic was going on during their visit to Hojec, they were not fortunate enough to get a glimpse of it. They did, nevertheless, explore the internal economy of the establishment. Unfortunately, it not being the custom for the guests to go into the kitchen, one of the visitors was ignominiously expelled from that department, just as he was commencing his investigations by which so large a number of guests were kept constantly supplied with every description of Japanese delicacy, and tea in rivers. He had only time to find himself encompassed by a bevy of active, bustling waitresses, and to catch sight of huge steaming cauldrons, when a strong-minded woman showed him the door with a soup-ladle. The complexions of many of these girls were quite as fair as those of our countrywomen. In waiting their manners are graceful and respectful. Almost everything is served in lacquer, and is presented in a reverential attitude. The guests sit dotted about on the mat till they have done dinner, when they lie down to smoke, sip tea, and digest.

The tea-gardens here described are among the most curious characteristics of Japan. The proprietors of these establishments bring up young girls to dance, dress, converse, and in fact, like the Hetaira of Greece, to unite all the charms of mind and graces of person to beauty of form and elegance of manners. We have seen that the Japanese do not hesitate to invite their wives to accompany them to these places consecrated to pleasure, in order to enjoy the dancing, music, and conversation of these women, degraded by their profession, but distinguished by the superiority of their education. This state of things is the more to be wondered at, as the Japanese are reputed to be as jealous as any nation on the earth's surface of the honour and reputation of their women. It is, indeed, the only country in the East where women occupy the position due to them in the social scale; and what is more, many of these courtesans marry well, others return to their families, and others again go to swell the ranks of an order which has been designated as that of the begging nuns. Such women are in after-life judged solely by their acts; nobody permits himself to remind them of their past life.

These Japanese Aspasia's also figure, according to Kœmpfer, in the great annual religious processions and ceremonies called Matsuri, in which portable chapels, dedicated to local deities, splendidly gilt and varnished, and carried in processions, in which are the authorities, courtesans and ladies in palanquins, amidst a host of banners. The courtesans represent in these processions the historical expeditions of their mikados, or national heroes and demi-gods. The richness and fidelity of their costumes is said to be admirable. These processions are numerous; they have all to go to the chief square to appear before the authorities, and they extemporise little theatrical entertainments, which do not last more than a-quarter of an hour. It is the same in regard to the other public rejoicings in Japan, in which the courtesans all take their part, and these are exceedingly numerous; for the Japanese hold that one of the best means to propitiate the divinities, is not to annoy them with incessant prayers, supplications, or useless lamentations, but to divert themselves in their presence, confiding themselves to their infinite goodness, and persuaded that they take pleasure in seeing people give themselves up to innocent recreations. Some

deem all prayers useless, as God knows the bottom of their hearts. Others even deem it indecent to present themselves before their deities when afflicted.

The Japanese have also burlesque processions in honour of Satan. A quarrel having once arisen whether the Archangel was black, white, red or green, the Mikado decided that there were evil spirits of all four colours; and ever since, once a year, a troop of persons marked with horns, and painted black, white, red, and green, dance through the towns to the sound of drums and other musical instruments. Among other peculiar festivals is one dedicated to the souls of the deceased, on which occasion an infinite number of little boats are delivered up to the winds and waves, bearing lambs and lanterns emblematic of the souls of the deceased, as in the Chinese Feast of Lanterns. At another festival, the high authorities and gravest persons of the empire may be seen flying kites! The meaning of this has not been clearly established. On another day, again, the whole population is to be seen busy driving the evil spirits from their habitations and those of their neighbours with parched peas and even pebbles. The Japanese have also the most magnificent commemorative hunting feasts on record. Fisscher witnessed one at Nagasaki in which seven hundred performers took part. On these occasions the streets are carefully swept, and the houses are lined with flags, tapestry, or clothes. The heroic hunting processions have a very solemn character, and no noise or acclamations of any kind are permitted. From the description given by Fisscher, they must be of extraordinary magnificence. Kœmpfer relates, in connection with the same traditions of heroic hunting times, that a horn of extraordinary dimensions was kept at the Temple of Janus. It had served in the ancient hunts round the Mountain of Fusi-yama, but some robbers having stolen it, they let it fall into a river, and it was converted into a guardian spirit of the waters.

XV.—ROUND KANAGAWA.

THIS snug little bay, now exchanged for the unsafe harbour of Simoda, affords a depth of thirteen fathoms of water, a mile and a half from the shore. Within the bay are two beautiful islands, covered with a green growth of herbage and scattered groves. The coast is composed of a succession of steep cliffs of white rock, covered with a fertile soil, which produces a rich vegetation that hangs over from above, in heavy festoons of green shrubbery and trailing vines and plants, while the sea has washed the base of the cliffs here and there into caverns, where the water flows in and out. The surrounding country is beautifully watered, and on the banks of a gentle stream cluster picturesque villages, beyond which stretch out fertile fields and highly cultivated gardens; nothing can be more picturesque than the landscape upon the surrounding shores; the deep rich green of the vegetation, the innumerable thriving villages embosomed in groves of trees, at the heads of the inlets which break the uniformity of the bay, and the rivulets flowing down the green slopes of the hills and winding calmly through the meadows, combine to form a scene of beauty, abundance, and happiness, that everyone rejoices to contemplate.

A circuit embracing some five miles was the extent of the field of observation, but this gave an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the country, several of the villages, and large numbers of the people. The

early spring in that temperate latitude was now much advanced, and was warm and genial. The fields and terraced gardens were now carpeted with a fresh and tender verdure, and the trees with the full growth of renewed vegetation spread their shades of abounding foliage in the valleys, and on the hill-sides of the surrounding country. The camellias, with the immense growth of forty feet in height, which abound everywhere on the shores of the bay of Yeddo, were in full bloom, with their magnificent red-and-white blossoms, which displayed a richness and purity of colour, and a perfection of development unrivalled elsewhere.

With a party of officers we were conducted to the home of the mayor, or chief magistrate of the town. This dignitary, with great cordiality, met and welcomed us to the hospitalities of his establishment. The interior was quite unpretending, consisting of a large room, spread with soft mats, lighted with oiled paper windows, hung with rudely-executed cartoons, and furnished with the usual red-coloured benches. The wife and sister of the town-official soon entered with refreshments, and smiled a timid welcome to the guests. These women were barefooted and bare-legged, and were dressed very nearly alike, in dark-coloured robes, with much of the undress look of night-gowns, secured by a broad band passing round the waist. Their figures were fat and dumpy, or at any rate appeared so, in their ungraceful drapery; but their faces were not wanting in expression, for which they were very much indebted to their glistening eyes, which were black as well as their hair. This latter was dressed at the top of the head, like that of the men, though not shaved in front. As their "ruby" lips parted in smiling graciously, they displayed a row of black teeth, set in horribly corroded gums. The worthy mayor had some refreshments prepared for his guests, consisting of tea, cakes, confectionary, and the never absent saki. With the latter was served a kind of hot waffle, made apparently of rice-flour. The civic dignitary himself was very active in dispensing those offerings, and was ably seconded by his wife and sister, who always remained on their knees in presence of the strangers. This awkward position of the ladies did not seem to interfere with their activity, for they kept running about very briskly with the silver saki kettle, the services of which, in consequence of the smallness of the cups, were in constant requisition. The two ladies were unceasingly courteous, and kept bowing their heads like a bobbing toy mandarin. The smiles with which they perseveringly greeted the guests, might have been better dispensed with, as every movement of their lips exposed the horrid black teeth. The mayoress was uncommonly polite, and was good-natured enough to bring in her baby, which her guests felt bound to make the most of, though its dirty face and general untidy appearance made it quite a painful effort to bestow the necessary caresses. A bit of confectionary was presented to the infant, when it was directed to bow its shaven head, which it did, with a degree of precocious politeness that called forth the greatest apparent pride and admiration on the part of its mother and all the ladies present. On preparing to depart, the chief of our party proposed the health, in a cup of saki, of the whole household, which brought into the room, from a neighbouring apartment, the mayor's mother. She was an ancient dame, and as soon as she came in, she squatted herself in one corner, and bowed her thanks for the compliments paid to the

family, of which she was the oldest member. As the Japanese officials no longer interfered with the curiosity of the people, there was a good opportunity of observing them, though hurriedly, as our party were obliged to return early to the ships. The people, in the small towns appeared to be divided into three principal classes—the officials, the traders, and labourers. The inferior people, almost without exception, seemed thriving and contented, and not overworked. There were signs of poverty, but no evidence of public beggary. The women, in common with many in various parts of over-populated Europe, were frequently seen engaged in the field labours, showing the general industry, and the necessity of keeping every hand busy in the populous empire. The lowest classes even were comfortably clad, being dressed in coarse cotton garments, of the same form, though shorter, than those of their superiors, being a loose robe just covering the hips. They were, for the most part, bare-headed, and bare-footed. The women were dressed very much like the men, although their heads were not shaved like those of the males, and their long hair was drawn up and fastened upon the top in a knot or under a pad. The costume of the upper classes and the dignitaries has been already described. In rainy weather, the Japanese wear a covering made of straw, which, being fastened together at the top, is suspended from the neck, and falls over the shoulders and person like a thatched roof.

Some of the higher classes cover their robes with an oiled paper cloak, which is impermeable to the wet. The umbrella, like that of the Chinese, is almost a constant companion, and serves both to shade from the rays of the sun, and to keep off the effects of a shower. The men of all classes were exceedingly courteous, and, although inquisitive about the strangers, never became offensively intrusive. The lower people were evidently in great dread of their superiors, and were more reserved in their presence than if they had been left to their natural instincts. The rigid exclusiveness in regard to foreigners is a law merely enacted by the government from motives of policy, and not a sentiment of the Japanese people. Their habits are social among themselves, and they frequently intermingle in friendly intercourse. There is one feature in the society of Japan by which the superiority of the people to all other oriental nations is clearly manifest. Woman is recognised as a companion, and not merely treated as a slave. Her position is certainly not as elevated as in those countries under the influence of the Christian dispensation; but the mother, wife, and daughter of Japan are neither the chattels and household drudges of China, nor the purchased objects of the capricious lust of the harems of Turkey. The fact of the non-existence of polygamy is a distinctive feature, which pre-eminently characterises the Japanese as the moral and refined of all eastern nations. The absence of this degrading practice shows itself, not only in the superior character of the women, but in the natural consequence of the greater prevalence of the domestic virtues.

The Japanese women, always excepting the disgusting black teeth of those who are married, are not ill-looking. The young girls are well formed and rather pretty, and have much of that vivacity and self-reliance in manners, which come from a consciousness of dignity derived from the comparatively high regard in which they are held. In the ordinary mutual inter-

course of friends and families, the women have their share, and rounds of visiting and tea-parties are kept up as briskly in Japan as in the United States. The attitude assumed by the women, who prostrated themselves in the presence of our party, must be considered rather as a mark of their reverence for the strangers, than as an evidence of their subordination. That in the large towns and cities of Japan there is great licentiousness, it is reasonable to suppose, for such seems, unhappily, a universal law in all great communities; but it must be said to the credit of the Japanese women, that during all the time of the presence of the squadron in the Bay of Yeddo, they saw none of the usual indications of wantonness and license on the part of the female sex, in the occasional relations with the miscellaneous ships' people. While staying at Kanagawa, the Japanese officials gave the officers an opportunity of witnessing one of the celebrities of Japan, a wrestling match.¹

¹ While contemplating the substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, the attention of all was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were some twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume, which was merely a coloured cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearing of the prince to whom each belonged, revealed their gigantic proportions in all the bloated fulness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before our astonished countrymen. Some two or three of these monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Sayers and Heenans of the land. Rojagani, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of them, and paraded himself with the conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was especially brought to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commissioner insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his immense arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the monstrous neck, which fell in folds of massive flesh, like the dewlap of a prize ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wonderful exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt expressive of his flattered vanity. They were also so immense in flesh that they appeared to have lost distinctive features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat; their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were set almost directly on their bodies, with folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the deposition of fat, for although they were evidently well-fed, they were not less well-exercised, and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the powers of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of these sacks weighed not less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds each, and there were only a couple of the wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They here the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground and adjusting it without help, but obtaining aid for the raising of the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated summersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather. After this preliminary display, the commissioner proposed that the commodore and his party should retire to the treaty-house, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves are most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and

XVI.—HARIKARI—THE HAPPY DESPATCH.

WHEN a Japanese of distinction has incurred sentence of death, for example, his sovereign or prince sends him a little sword, or, according to others, a missile on a fan. On the reception of this unwelcome present, the Japanese assumes a peculiar dress, which it is said every one has in readiness for such an event; and he then goes through the ceremony of the Harikari, or disembowelling himself, in the presence of the envoy. At the same moment a soldier, or a servant, or a friend, cuts off his head with a sword. These terrible scenes are sometimes enacted with greater ceremony in the temples. A Japanese gentleman has never been known to hesitate, whether he was guilty or not. If, after cutting himself in the lower part of the body, he has still strength sufficient to give an additional cut at his throat, he obtains thereby great celebrity.

The punishment of death is inflicted for the slightest crimes, particularly for theft. Whoever has stolen for the value of one penny has no pardon to expect. Whosoever hazards any money in gambling loses his life. Cowardice, extortion, and even sometimes the utterance of a falsehood, especially if with a view to pervert the course of justice, is punished with death.

Living under such a system of legislation, it is no wonder that the women, as well as the men, accustom themselves to contemplate death with less feeling of dread than is customary in Europe. They are said even to suffer the cruelest tortures with great coolness. It is, however, only the nobles and the military who enjoy this peculiarly Japanese privilege of ripping open their bellies. Merchants, citizens, and persons of in-

undressing. While at rest, they are ordinarily clothed in richly adorned clothes of the usual Japanese fashion; but when exercising, they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. After their performance with the sacks of rice, their servitors spread upon the huge frames of the wrestlers their rich garments, and led them up to the treaty-house. A circular space of some twelve feet in diameter, had been inclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building, while in the portico, divans covered with red cloth were arranged for the Japanese commissioners, the commodore, his officers, and his various attendants. The bands from the ships were also in attendance, and enlivened the intervals during the performance with occasional lively strains. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number being divided into two parties, tramped heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at one another, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting books. They soon retired behind some screens placed for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress, and took their position on seats in front of the spectators. The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds who were seated on opposite sides, presented themselves. They came in, one after the other, with slow and deliberate steps, as became such huge animals, into the centre of the ring, then they ranged themselves one against the other, at the distance of a few yards. They crouched for awhile, eyeing each other with a wary look, as if each were watching for a chance to catch his antagonist off his guard. As the spectators looked on these overfed monsters, whose animal nature had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a brutal nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human beings, and to persuade himself that he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood. They were, in fact, like a couple of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their looks and movements. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing,

ferior rank, receive their punishment from the hands of an executioner.

There are no fewer than fifty different modes of performing this most horrible practice of Harikari, which are customary among these oriental stoics. Can it, in the face of such facts as these, be said that it is not desirable to make known to them by all possible means a more benign and a more humane system of religion and morality?

Oliphant describes the horrible practice of the Harikari as becoming gradually extinct; but Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis relates an incident which occurred in his presence, which shows how strong a hold a custom, however abhorrent and unnatural, which has been long in force, may have over people otherwise so intelligent. He was walking on shore at Simoda, in company with the sailing-master of an American ship, when, he says, the first object of note that they came to, was a spy-house of bamboo, which had been erected since their arrival, for the purpose of enabling the Japanese officials who occupied it to note everyone that left the ship, and cause him to be followed or watched by one or more of their number.

They had not passed this place of espionage more than a hundred yards, when a couple of two-sworded officials emerged from its precincts and followed them, very soon coming within speaking distance. They stopped to allow of them to come up, but they also halted. These fellows were very unpopular with the sailing-master, who had an insuperable objection to being watched; the consequence was, that they turned back, and closely confronted the two, to whom they made unmistakable signs that they were not wanted, and that they would oblige by going home again, in

as it were, with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of dirt, and tessed it with angry jerk over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their giant palms, or under their stout shoulders. They now crouched low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon each other, and watching every movement, until in an instant they both simultaneously heaved their massive forms in opposing force, body to body, with a force that might have stunned an ox; the equilibrium of their monstrous frames was hardly disturbed by the concussion, the effects of which were but barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together they had thrown their brawny arms around each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, each striving with all his enormous strength to throw his adversary. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated countenances swelled up with gushes of blood which seemed ready to burst through the skin of their reddened faces, and their huge bodies palpitated with emotion as the struggle continued. At last one of the antagonists fell, with his immense weight, heavily upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, was assisted to his feet, and conducted from the ring. The scene was now somewhat varied by a change in the kind of conquest between two succeeding wrestlers. The heralds, as before, summoned the antagonists, and one, having taken his place in the ring, assumed an attitude of defence with one leg in advance, as if to steady himself, and his bent body, with his head lowered, placed in position as if ready to receive an attack. Immediately after, in rushed the other, bellowing loudly like a bull, and making at once for the man in the ring, dashed, with his head lowered, and thrust forward, against the head of his opponent, who bore the shock with the steadiness of a rock, although the blood streamed down his face from his bruised forehead, which had been struck in the encounter. This manoeuvre was repeated again and again, the same one acting always as the opposing and the other as the resisting force; and they kept up their brutal contest until their foreheads were besmeared with blood, and the flesh on their chests rose in great tumours from the repeated blows. This disgusting spectacle did not terminate until the whole twenty-five had, successively, in pairs, displayed their immense powers and savage qualities.

token of which the sailing-master took hold of one of them by the shoulders, turned his face towards the bamboo edifice, and gave him a slight push in that direction.

This mode of proceeding was not, however, relished by the heroes of the two swords, who refused to return; upon which the Yankee—an outrageous brute it must be admitted—retook his man by the shoulders, gave him another turn in the direction of the bamboo, and performed with his heavy expedition boot a violent ceremony, which is usually considered anything but flattering or agreeable throughout the rest of the world, but in Japan was an insult that might safely be averred had never been committed before, and which could alone be avenged by death. Without, therefore, making the slightest attempt at retaliation on the body of his adversary, he unsheathed his chief sword, which, beautifully burnished, flashed for an instant in the sunlight; the Yankee meanwhile extricated his revolver from its hiding-place; it was needless, for at two easy strokes—two gentle slashes of that keen-edged weapon, performed in an instant, one across the other, the letter X—he had disembowelled himself, and fell, a swiftly dying man. As he reached the ground, he cast up his eyes at his adversary, and seeing him standing near, apparently with no intention of following his example, he expressed the most fearful agony, Mr. Kinahan says, he had ever beheld.

All were filled with dismay at this strange event, while the brother official surveyed them threateningly with looks of the most intense horror.

“He expects you to kill yourself in like manner, and with the same sword,” said the Sandwich islander.

The Yankee muttered out something to the effect that *he was no such fool*.

Meanwhile the distortions of the dying man were painful to look upon; the other officer motioned them away, and went down on his knees beside the wounded body, and before he rose, a few seconds afterwards, the man was dead. They were much alarmed at this tragical episode in their morning's proceedings, and visions of something worse than being indicted for manslaughter were conjured up by them with great rapidity.

These Yankees appear to have been very unceremonious with the Japanese—the most ceremonious people in the world; and an amusing instance is related by the same traveller of the tables cleverly turned upon one of these presuming gentlemen. They were, as usual, taking a stroll in Simoda, when they arrived in front of one of those comfortable-looking two-storied establishments towards the end of their ramble, from which there came sounds of pleasant music.

“Hillo!” exclaimed his companion, as if in astonishment, “music! eh?—listen! Do you hear?”

And then, as if suddenly seized with an uncontrollable attack of Yankee curiosity and inquisitiveness, and without pausing to consider of the politeness and propriety of the procedure, he at once commenced climbing up to the roof of the porch, to see, as he said, what was going on. For a moment he appeared to be looking with eager satisfaction upon the sight before him, but as quickly a cloud seemed to cross his face, and he came down with a sober, non-plussed smile, and an aspect considerably chafallen.

“Serves me right!” said he. “I was looking in at the second floor window. Three musicians were seated on the inner side of the matted floor, in the centre of which was a large lacquer tray full of viands, of which

a middle aged Japanese and a young, highly dressed, and very pretty girl were partaking with unmistakable relish, when”—

He paused. “Yes,” said the Englishman, “go on.”
“The man got up with a quiet dignity which put me to the blush, and”—

“Yes,” said he again, “go on.”
“Shut the window in my face.”

Mr. Oliphant says, the Harikari method of suicide, the only Japanese custom with which the western world has long been familiar, has of late years assumed a somewhat modified form, and no longer consists in that unpleasant process of abdomen ripping, which must have been almost as disagreeable an operation to witness as to perform. His friend, Higo-hokami, presented him with a knife proper to be used under the old system—an exceedingly business-like weapon about ten inches long, sharp as a razor, and made of steel of the highest temper. Now, this knife is only used to maké a slight incision, significant of the intention of the victim to put an end to himself. He has collected his wife and family to see how a hero can die; his dearest friend—he who, in our country, would have been the best man at his wedding—stands over him with a drawn sword, and, when he commences to make the aforesaid incision, the sword descends, and the head rolls at the feet of his disconsolate family.

Whether this mode of suicide is really common at the present day he could not ascertain; no instance of it came to their knowledge during their stay, and it is too serious a step to be taken, except on very weighty grounds. These may arise either from failure or neglect in a public trust, or in consequence of the commission of some private injury. In some instances it seemed to answer the purposes of a duel—it is the reduction of that practice to a logical conclusion, and terminates in the death of both parties by the hands of their friends. But more commonly it is resorted to as a means of preserving from disgrace a whole family, one member of which has in some way dishonoured his name; it is a certificate which whitewashes all the survivors. A man who fears to face his destiny in this form, when the claims of honour demand it, places his entire family without the social pale. Mr. Oliphant says, he is not aware wherein the Japanese points of honour consist, but we may assume that, where the preservation of it in the individual requires so great a sacrifice, the standard is proportionably high—far more so, probably, than would suit our views in England, where it would be an exceedingly unpopular way of solving a constitutional difficulty. A ministry would always prefer a dissolution of parliament to a dissolution of this nature. It is pleasanter to go to the country, than out of it. A mere change of government, even in Japan, however, does not involve these consequences, unless the Tycoon is implicated; witness the still living Bitsu-no-kami.

Perhaps it is because the “happy despatch” is found to be an inconvenient way of settling personal or political difficulties, that another mode exists of removing a dangerous person, much more refined in its character. When a man becomes an object of distrust or suspicion to the government, either from his great influence or wealth, he is promoted to some office, generally at Miako, which he is compelled to accept, and which entails such a vast expenditure that he is inevitably ruined. Even if his means stand the first shock, one visit from the Tycoon, when he goes

to pay his respects to the Mikado, completes the work.

The slave of ceremony and traditional etiquette during life, a Japanese is not even allowed to die in peace. When death appears inevitable, the patient's clothes are removed, and their place supplied by others. These are put on topsy-turvy, the sleeves at the feet, and the lower part upwards. When dead, the body is laid out with the head to the north and the face to the west. The water with which the body is washed is warmed on a fireplace kept for that especial purpose. Another grand toilet of the dead is then gone through; the body is laid out with its head to the south, and food is proffered. A very brief time, however, is allowed to elapse before the funeral takes place, which is attended by all the relatives, male and female, in white garments.¹

XVII.—HAKODAKI.

THE spacious and beautiful Bay of Hakodaki, the safest and most accessible in the world, now an important harbour for the trade of Japan with Europe and America, lies on the northern side of the Strait of Sangan, which separates Nipon from Japo, and the town lies on the western bank of a small peninsula which forms one side of the harbour. The town stretches picturesquely for three miles along the base of a lofty promontory, with three peaks rising from 600 to 1,000 feet. These are bare at the summit, and often covered with snow; their upper slopes are scarcely clothed with underwood; but below, where the mountains begin to rise from the low land, there are groves of wide-spreading cypresses, tall forest maples, and fruit-bearing trees, the plum and the peach. A low sandy isthmus connects the peninsula with the main land. The town contains over a thousand houses, mostly on one main thoroughfare near the sea-side, open

¹ According to some, till the year A.D. 63, but according to others, A.D. 285, the Japanese knew no other than their Kamis, or Pantheon of Sintoos—ancestral heroes deified by tradition. According to Siebold, the doctrine of Confucius, as well as that of Buddha, was introduced about A.D. 285 from the Corea; but according to others, the introduction of the doctrine of Buddha preceded that of Confucius by more than a century. The word "Kami," like our English word "lord," may be used in a human sense or in a religious one. The Japanese also apply the term to a Supreme God as well as to their deified heroes. The priests of the Sintoos may marry; those of Buddha may not do so, and are, in consequence, if we may believe Caron, addicted to many mal-practices. Siebold has treated at length upon the intricate subject of Japanese worship, under the head of "Nippon Pantheon." That portion of his work contains figures and short descriptions of the principal deities, deified governors, &c., temples, priests, ranks and names of different sects, sacred monuments, implements, and dresses belonging to the Sintoos and Buddhist religion in Japan. "Diavolo ecclesium Christi imitante?" exclaimed the courageous missionary François Xavier, on seeing how the practices of the Japanese resembled those of the Romanists in Europe; and as Hue and other missionaries have remarked of Buddhism in China and Thibet, the celibacy of the priests, the use of sacraments and confession, fasting, pilgrimages, vows, the worship of relics and saints, purgatory, the worship of images, indeed all the practices of Buddhism, are so tinged with the colour of Romanism, that if the Asiatic religion did not date 600 years B.C., one would take it as a mere oriental rendering of the western form of superstition.

The daughters, real and adopted, of the priests of the mountains, a peculiar sect swelled by the ranks of the Japanese Hetaira, compose an order of begging nuns, who appear to be alike a disgrace to the country and to any form of religion. Recent writers do not say so much upon these subjects; but old writers, like Caron and Kempter, who were not so particular, describe the temples of some sects as the source of many abominations.

in parallel streets, hanging on the mountain-side, and greatly reminds the spectator of Gibraltar. Hakodaki belongs to the imperial fief of Matsmai, and is the largest town in Yesso, with the exception of Matsmai, from which it is thirty miles distant. An excellent road not far from the sea-coast connects the two places, and a large trade is carried on with the towns and villages on either side of the Strait.

The town of Hakodaki is regularly built, with streets running at right angles, thirty or forty feet wide, carefully macadamised, with open gutters on each side to receive the drippings of the houses and the washings of the streets. The side-walks are paved and curbed, but as no wheeled carriages are found, the middle of the street is used indiscriminately in dry weather. The streets are crossed by wooden gates; and at one side there is a sentry-box for a watchman. The streets are remarkably quiet, save when droves of laden pack-horses slowly pace through the streets.

The buildings are merely of one story, with attics of varying heights. The roofs are seldom more than twenty-five feet from the ground, and slope down from the top, projecting with their eaves beyond the wall. They are supported by joists and tie-beams, and mostly covered with wooden shingles, the size of the hand. These are fastened by bamboo-pegs, or kept in their places by long slips of board, on which stones are laid, as in Switzerland. The gable-ends face towards the street, as in Holland, and the roof, projecting over, shelters and shades the door. The curious structure like a steam chimney, that you see on the top, is a bucket of water surrounded with straw, ready to be sprinkled on the roof in case of fire, against which numerous careful precautions may be observed—wooden cisterns arranged along the streets, and engines exactly like our own, except in the want of an air-chamber, so that the water is thrown out in jets, instead of in a stream. Some of the houses are roofed with brown earthen tiles laid gutterwise; the poorer houses are thatched; the walls of the houses are of pine boards, laid on a framework admirably jointed; the workmanship of the Japanese carpenters being remarkable for its neatness and completeness. The boards in front and rear slide horizontally in grooves; the woodwork is never painted, but occasionally oiled, so that the buildings bear a mean, shed-like look, and as the weather is severe in Hakodaki, the boards mould, rot, and crack in a deplorable fashion. The floor, which is always covered with soft mats, is raised two feet above the ground, which is beaten smooth. A space is always left clear in front, and on the side. A charm of some kind, the picture of a god, a printed prayer or a paper with an important sentence, is invariably placed over the lintel. The mats are all neatly woven, and bound with cloth and stuffed with straw, to make them soft and thick. They are all of one size, three feet by six, and look as if one piece. They serve as seats and beds, with the addition of a quilt and a hard box. There is no other furniture, so that the inside of the houses, when the sun is not shining upon the gaily painted screens, has a very bare and forlorn appearance. The stork or crane is a favourite design in all decorations, as well as the winged tortoise and the dolphin. There are chairs occasionally, but they are very gimcracky, and like camp-stools. Tables are rare, lacquered stands, of about a foot in height, serving the purpose. Some lacquered cups, bowls, and porcelain-vessels, the invariable chopsticks, and an occasional

earthenware spoon, comprise the ordinary utensils used in eating. They drink their soups directly out of the bowl, as a hungry child might, after seizing with their chopsticks the pieces of fish which are generally floating on the liquid. A square hole in the centre of the room is the fire-place, and over this is constantly simmering a metal tea-kettle, over a fire of charcoal bedded in sand. Tea is handed to every visitor, in a porcelain cup with a wooden cover. It is made as with us, and in Hakodaki they add occasionally sugar. The people here suffer much from winter cold: meagre charcoal fires, and gloomy light through oiled paper, are cold and gloomy. The houses of the rich are larger, but in the same style; but the superior wealth and taste of their proprietors is shown in the handsome gardens and pleasure-grounds by which they are environed. These are tastefully planted with fruit and shade trees, with flower-beds and lawns, and flowering shrubs interspersed. There are large public fire-proof warehouses, built with great care, having walls of dried mud and cobbles, and windows sheathed with iron. The shops of Hakodaki contain a miscellaneous assortment of goods, generally such as are suited to the restricted wants of a poor population,—coarse, thick cottons, inferior silks, earthen and China ware, lacquered bowls, cups, stands and chopsticks, cheap cutlery, and ready-made clothing. Furs, leather, felted cloths, glass-ware, or copper articles are rarely seen; nor are books and stationery common. The provision shops contain rice, wheat, barley, pulse, dried fish, sea-weed, salt, sugar, saki, soy, charcoal, sweet potatoes, flour, and other less necessary articles. There is no public market in the town, as neither beef, pork, nor mutton are eaten, and very little poultry. Vegetables and a preparation of beans and rice-flour, of the consistency of cheese, are hawked about the streets. Temples abound and burial-places, in one of which we saw a tall square post, with a wheel inserted at a convenient height to be reached by the hand. On each side of the post prayers were written, addressed to Buddha, and the twisting this wheel was equivalent to saying a prayer!

The people of Hakodaki carry on a large trade with Matsmai and with the interior of Yesso. The junks engaged in its shipping trade take cargoes of dried and salted fish, prepared sea-weed (which is stored in large caves in the neighbourhood of the port), charcoal, deers'-horn, timber, and other produce of Yesso; and bring back rice, sugar, tea, various grains, sweet potatoes, tobacco, cloths, silks, porcelain, lacquered ware, cutlery, and other goods. These junks are of about a hundred tons measurement, and more than a thousand of them may be seen at a time lying in the harbour of Hakodaki.

The fish obtained here consists of salmon, salmon-trout, groupers, white-fish, porgies, perch, flounders, herrings, whittings, mullets. The salmon are small but of fine flavour, crabs (capital eating), clams of the genus *Venus*, with beautifully marked shells, and the large blue mussel, are found in great abundance. Wild geese, ducks, and other game are plentiful in their season, but the pheasant is rarely seen; the curlew, plover, and snipe are met with. The fox (regarded as an evil spirit by the Japanese), wild boar, deer, and bear are commonly hunted. Cattle are only used for the plough and as beasts of burden. Horses are used for carrying and riding; they are of excellent breed, and, though small, clear-winded, spirited, and of good

bottom. The roads are wide and paved occasionally, but generally mere bridle-paths, kept in good order for horsemen, pack-animals, and sedans, which are small wooden boxes carried on men's shoulders.

There are still some of the indigenous race of Airos existing upon the island of Yesso, but they are rarely seen in the neighbourhood of Hakodaki; they are of diminutive stature, a little over five feet in height, but well proportioned and with intelligent features. Their colour is quite dark, and their hair black and coarse; it is clipped behind, but allowed to straggle in thick matted locks down in front, in a confused cluster with their long beards, which are never cut or shaven. Their legs are bare of artificial covering, but are grown over with a plentiful crop of coarse hair, which, together with the abundant growth on their heads and faces, has given them the name by which they are better known of "Hairy Kuriles." Their dress is a coarse and ragged under-garment reaching below the knees, over which is thrown, carelessly, a brown sack with wide sleeves, made of grass or skins. They have a wild look, and dirty, poverty-stricken aspect, and are chiefly occupied in fishing for their Japanese taskmasters. We saw and admired the coopers at work in Hakodaki, making barrels, of firkin shape, for packing the dried and salted fish. These they rapidly and skilfully hoop with plaited bamboo. Their cutlery here is not good, though their blacksmiths and metal-workers are numerous and busy throughout the town. Their bellows are peculiar, being a wooden box, with air-chambers, containing valves and a piston, which is worked horizontally at one end, like a hand-pump; while the compressed air issues from the pipes at the sides.

Speaking of the Japanese ladies of the more northerly island of Yesso, Captain Whittingham says, that, just arrived from the tropics, their ruddy cheeks, red lips, and eyes bright with health, struck him most; the face and features were rather too Mongolian, their forms were full and tall, the skin fair, while small uncompressed stockingless feet, and luxuriant hair, and white and even teeth, completed the number of the charms of the unmarried. The married, as is well known, blacken their teeth, and destroy other charms most ruthlessly, which the gallant Captain imagined at first, like everybody else, proceeded from the jealousy of their lords; but subsequently hearing that a man's momentary dislike permits him to send away his wife, and that Japanese dames may vie in renown with the buried matrons of republican Rome, he was at a loss to guess a cause, until he incidentally heard that any official seeing a pretty woman married to an inferior, and wishing it, may take her to his home as an additional wife. The Captain naturally expresses his hope that neither of these cases of divorce are common, and indeed his walks in the country led him eventually to think that they are not usual, as he saw rosy blooming children rushing out of almost every cottage door.

The too ruddy cheeks of the unmarried ladies, are, it is said, generally the result of an excessive use of colouring matter, and considering the known jealousy of Japanese husbands, to whom the Draconian laws of the country gives power of life for any action which is calculated to compromise a woman's reputation, such as even holding converse with a gentleman in private, or with closed doors; it is not likely that the cause of blackening the teeth is as Captain Whittingham



VILLAGE IN JAVA.

imagines it, but it more likely had its origin in a provision against temptation by disfiguring the person, just as the small feet of the Chinese were, no doubt, originally intended as a provision against inconstancy by impeding locomotion. Such practices become, with the progress of time, so deeply confirmed by custom that the people themselves uphold them, without even thinking, or sometimes being aware of their original meaning.

The people in the summer season live more in the open air than at the chillier period of spring, and some religious fêtes were coming to a conclusion at the time of Captain Whittingham's visit to Hakodaki, so that both causes may have combined to render them more gay, and he expresses himself sorry to add, more addicted to intoxication, which was not confined to the male sex: the tea gardens being, he suspected, the resort of the young and gay of both sexes, and, from all he heard, are quite as important a feature in the domestic manners of the Japanese as the Dutch writers represent them to be. Captain Whittingham says he never saw a black-toothed woman returning from them, which may be an accidental circumstance, although he thinks that well-known and difficultly hidden emblem of matronhood sufficient to deter the most eager votary of pleasure; this disfigurement is a sad thing for the wives and widows of Japan, perhaps worse than the black and matrimonial visages of Lhassa, which the enterprising Père Hue describes, for the latter could be made fair occasionally, and

widowhood would naturally resume its maiden complexion.

Another extraordinary summer amusement at Hakodaki was the promiscuous public bathing, of all sexes of all ages. They enter a small room, barely fifteen feet square, and only partially screened from the remainder of the rooms, with uncurtained windows opening on the streets, and close to the other inmates of the house pursuing their mechanical avocations, and in perfect nakedness, perform all the operations of the bath—wrinkled age and budding girlhood alike unabashed, surrounded and pressed on by senility, early manhood, and frolicsome childhood.

Self-possession, quietness, and order reigned as paramount as in the *salons* of the most civilised people; curiosity fled quickly before the sensations such a scene naturally creates, though it led him to stand outside and watch the persons issuing and entering the small bathing house; and, without being able to pique himself on one and the least of the *fortes* of the Great Condé, that of detecting the condition of each passer-by, Captain Whittingham says he saw enough to convince him that the bathers were not confined to the lowest or dissolute classes.

Upon an excursion made into the interior of the island of Yesso from Hakodaki, Captain Whittingham described the farms as looking as if originally they had been of large extent, and had been divided as sons grew up and married, so that the houses, though each in its little property, are contiguous.

The women were seen working in the fields, which, coupled with the everywhere swarming children, may account for the sex seeming to be of two ages alone;—young, rosy, straight, and agile, with brilliant white teeth; or old, wrinkled, bent, and with teeth so blackened as to appear toothless. A very few young married women, emerging from the one class, and with blackened teeth, pausing in the quickly passed middle state, looked strangely,—more so than “cheeks all bloom” surmounted by grey locks in Europe.

Occasionally a house of more pretensions, with better papered windows, with a garden, rich in curiously dwarfed trees and shrubs, with larger stocks of firewood, and more tailless cats playing about it, denoted the residence of some inferior official; and less frequently, a small Buddhist temple, embosomed in trees, would appear at a short distance from the main road.

Their first notions of the content, comparative ease, and comfort of the peasantry, were confirmed by the experience gained in several walks into the country round the bay. The round, rosy, laughing faces of the white-teethed girls, were never withdrawn from the windows as they passed, nor would they move their buxom persons far aside as they passed them in the narrow paths or wide roads; and the mothers, often of a Sarah-like age, would not refrain from the performance of their maternal duties on seeing them approach, but, followed by their young brood, would smile in ghastly guise, showing their teeth and gums, so blackened as to have the appearance of toothlessness. Boys in a state of nudity, and men robed only in long dressing-gowns, thronged the doors of the villages, saluting them with jokes, which, from the expression of their honest and merry faces, could not be uncivil.

XVIII.—GOVERNMENT AND MANNERS.

JAPAN has two emperors, the one ecclesiastical, the other secular. The first is the *Mikado*, the second, the *Tycoon*, who used to be the *Mikado*'s deputy, until one of them, *Tako-sama*, like *Hugh Capet*, from mayor of the palace became lieutenant-general of the armies; and the monarch *de jure* gave way to the emperor *de facto*. The *Mikado* resides at *Miako*, perpetually inclosed in his palace; the *Tycoon*, as he is called, at *Yeddo*, where he nominally commands, but virtually is controlled by a powerful body of princes. There are eight classes in Japan, four of which are privileged to wear two swords, and wear loose petticoat trowsers; the other classes are medical men and government clerks, merchants and shopkeepers, retail-dealers, and artisans, sailors, fishers, peasants, and day-labourers.

A grand council of state, thirteen in number, govern in the emperor's name. They have the power of dethroning the emperor, and any resolutions of importance are submitted to his approval, which is usually granted at once. Should he disapprove, however, the matter is referred to three princes of the blood, nearest in relationship to the *Tycoon*, whose decision is final. If they do not agree with the monarch, he must immediately resign in favour of his son, or some other heir. If, however, the three princes agree with the *Tycoon*, then the member of the council who proposed the obnoxious measure must die, and those who voted with

him are sometimes requested to die also. Sometimes the whole thirteen, with their president, make use of the “Happy Despatch” to settle a political crisis. The proposal of a reform or innovation under such circumstances is very rare.

A general system of espionage¹ pervades the nation; every general officer of every degree has a spy, appointed to watch him, in the shape of a partner in his office; and every nobleman is compelled to reside one year in seven at the capital, his wife and children remaining there in the interval as a security for his good behaviour. To remedy the probable danger of these visits, every prince or nobleman holding a large fief, when he comes to court, takes care to come accompanied with “a following” of some two or three thousand attendants.

In the social life of the Japanese we see the perfection of an antique civilisation, polished by the experience of ages; as in matters of private cleanliness, so in general sanitary arrangements, the Japanese are reputed in advance of us, and as if to add the acme of perfection of town life, no wheeled carriages are tolerated, only foot-passengers, porters, sedan-chairs, and at the most an occasional horse.

The beauty and delights of the house of a Japanese noble are equally vaunted—nothing that pleases the eye or can gratify the senses is neglected; the gardens abound in flowers, the orchards are thick with fruit, the

¹ Captain Sherard Osborn has an amusing observation on this system, which he humorously compares to our own. “At *Simoda*, as at *Nagasaki*, every one seemed eternally to be taking notes of what everybody else was doing. Each Japanese had his breast-pockets full of note-paper, and a convenient writing apparatus stuck in his belt, and everything that was said, done, and even thought, was no doubt faithfully recorded. In Japan, men do not seem to converse with one another except in formal speeches; there is no interchange of thought by means of the tongue, but the pen is ever at work noting down their observations of one another. Sometimes we see men comparing their notes, and granting assent or dissent from opinions or facts recorded. At first we rather felt this as a system of espionage, but we soon became accustomed to it; and provided every man wrote down what he really saw and heard, it may be more satisfactory in the long run to have to do with a nation of *Captain Cuttles*, who have ‘made a note’ of everything, and so have more than their memories to trust to. The Japanese plan of putting one man in a post of trust, and placing another as a check on, is, after all, only our red-tape system in a less disguised form. The governor of *Simoda* has a duplicate in *Yeddo*, who has to take turn-about with him in office, so that the acts of each, whilst in authority, seem as a check on the other. Then he is accompanied, wherever he goes, by one private and two public reporters, and the latter forward direct to *Yeddo* particulars of all his acts. Their reports are in their turn checked by the counter-statements of the governor and his private secretary. Now, compare this with the case of the captain of *H.M.S.*, who requires a ton of coal or a coil of rope, of the value of perhaps twenty shillings. The captain gives a written order for the purchase to be made, and two merchants must certify that the price asked is a just one, and what is the rate of exchange—to this the governor or consul must bear witness. The captain next attests that the goods have been received and carried to public account, and this is countersigned by a lieutenant, the master, and another officer, who declare their to be fit for her Majesty's service. The vendor appends his signature as a receipt, and this has to be witnessed. Then a statement of what quantity of the same remained in the ship when the purchase was made, and why more was required, has to be signed by the captain and officer in charge of them. Lastly, these documents are forwarded to the *Commander-in-chief*, who signs and forwards them to the *Accountant-general* of the *Navy*. So, to guarantee the honest expenditure on behalf of the public of twenty shillings, the names of twelve witnesses are requisite, and the papers being in triplicate, six-and-thirty signatures require to be attached and lodged in office!”

ponds swarm with fish, and avaries with bright plumaged birds. A theatre is attached to every palace.¹

The Japanese are very unlike the Chinese in one respect: they are essentially warlike and brave.² They are accustomed to the use of arms from twelve years of age. Their chief pride consists in the excellence of their arms, which are, however, about a century in arrear of those of Europe, except the temper of their swords, and the dexterity with which they can use them. Courage and justice are the two great virtues which education in Japan seeks to develop in children. They are never either threatened or struck. Hence also, naturally of a kind disposition, they are inveterate when their sense of right is injured.

Sobriety is another of the chief characteristics of the Japanese. They neither eat nor drink much. Their strongest drink is saki, or beer made of rice and honey. Soy, or Soya, which is imported to this country, is made of barley, the seed of the dolichos, and salt fermented. They do not drink either coffee or milk. Tobacco was first introduced by the Portuguese. Sin-seng, which is the chief luxury sought for, and for which fabulous prices are said to be given, as ensuring immortality, is the root of the wild sugar-cane of Corea.

All employments, as indeed all other matters in Japan, are hereditary. Forms of government, religious institutions, manners, customs, costume, architecture, all the habits of life, are traditional, and have been the same for now nigh thirty centuries. The introduction of Buddhism, the institution of Singuns as emperors in the thirteenth century, and their subsequent usurpation of power, are but superpositions on an older form of society. Every city has its national guard, to which each street contributes a certain number of men. In a country where almost every crime is visited by capital punishment, it is death to insult a national guard. They have, however, not only their ordinary police, but also their mitsuke, or spies. The princes of Salsuma, who preserve a kind

¹ The houses of the nobles are built in regular order, forming wide streets, some fifty yards broad. An extensive court-yard, with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each inclosure, while around the inclosure is the house of the chief, as also those of his followers, retainers, domestic servants, and slaves.

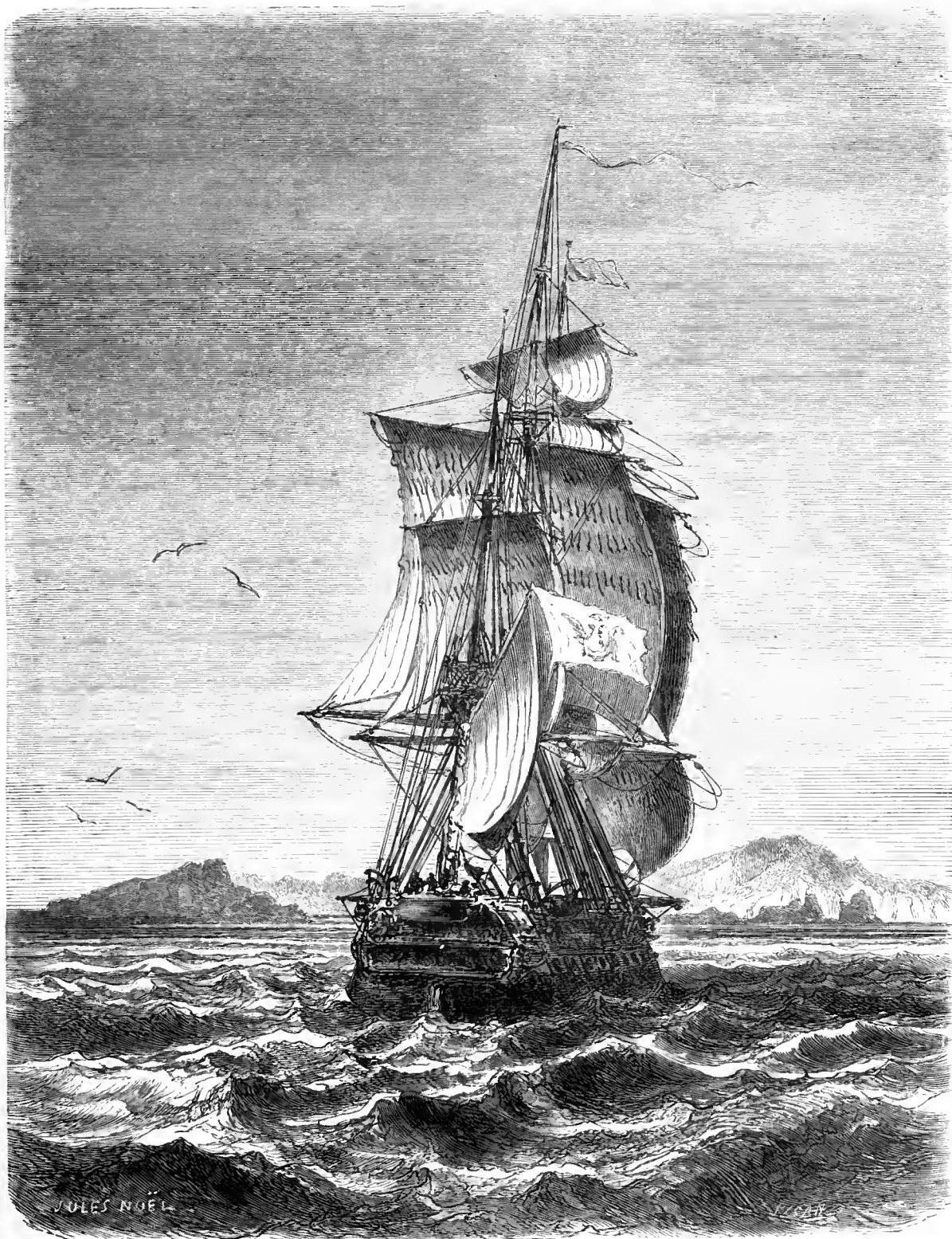
² The military disposition of the Japanese has recently received a fresh awakening like our own. The latest improvement adopted was to teach the young men to ride in European fashion for military purposes, and whilst we were in Nagasaki, a Dutch non-commissioned officer was busy teaching a number of Japanese gentlemen to ride in a riding-school constructed for the purpose. When they were perfect, they would be sent into provinces to instruct their countrymen; for although there are abundance of horses in Japan, and rather good ones too, still, what with straw shoes for their hoofs, and stirrups weighing fifty pounds a-piece, and lackered saddles, it must be acknowledged that their cavalry is as yet far from formidable. In infantry movements, I was told that they had for some time received instructions, and that, as a militia, their force was very respectable; indeed, a Russian officer who was staying at Nagasaki, and who had seen much of Japan, spoke of the perfect military organisation of the empire in warm terms. From his description, the entire population formed one complete army, of which every town, village, and hamlet might be said to be companies or sections. The power, however, of directing these forces upon any point either for offence or defence, is vastly curbed by the independent tenne of the three hundred and sixty princes. Each of these is the chief authority in his own state, and, like the barons of old, claims a power of life and death over his subjects, though, at the same time, acknowledging as their sovereign and chief the Tai-koon, and the council resident in Yeddo.

of independence owing to their reputed descent from Jycyas, are said to kill every spy that is found on their territory. So perfect, however, is the police system in Japan, that it is said no criminal escapes; indeed, it would appear that they do not attempt to escape.

That the Japanese are the most intelligent and cultivated of all the Asiatic nations is generally admitted. Many of the officials and merchants can speak English and Dutch. They read European papers and periodicals. One of the nobles questioned Commodore Perry, to his great surprise, about Eriksen's ealoric ship. They have their own system of astronomy and ebronology,³ as also their almanacks. They appear indeed to have astonished some of the members of Lord Elgin's mission not a little. "It is curious," writes one of these gentlemen, "that while some of their customs are what we would deem rather barbarous, and while they are ignorant of many common things—while they still rip themselves up, and shoe their horses with straw because ignorant of any other method—they have jumped to a knowledge of certain branches of science which it has taken nations in Europe hundreds of years to attain. At Nagasaki they can turn out of their yard an engine for a railway or steamer. Japanese captains and engineers command their men-of-war, of which three are steamers; they understand the electric telegraph; they make thermometers and barometers, theodolites, and, I believe, aneroids. Their spy-glasses and microscopes are good and very cheap. They have a large glass manufactory, which turns out glass little inferior to our own. They have a short line of railway somewhere in the interior, given by the Americans."

So it will be in respect to defensive and offensive means. Hitherto, in pursuance of the system of seclusion, it has been forbidden to construct large ships, so that the natives should not leave their coasts; but under a new system, a new order of things will undoubtedly arise. So with their hundreds of thousands of armed men: as yet only in the military perfection of the sixteenth century, they could not stand before an adequate European force; but if once their country, or their laws, or religion, were attacked, they would soon learn to place their military system upon a par with that of those who would venture to outrage their nationality. The moral superiority would be on their side. They are brave even to contempt of life, most sensitive on the point of honour, and cruel and vindictive in their enmity. It would be a grievous error, then, in a political point of view—not to mention the immorality of such a course—for any nation, be they Russian, English, French, or American (and the latter have entertained the notion of a forcible occupation of one of the Japanese islands) to attempt to coerce so brave, so intelligent, and so patriotic a people.

³ The names of the months have, like those of the French revolutionary calendar, a particular and interesting local significance. Thus, the first month is called the friendly month, being that of the new year. The second is the month of change, winter clothing being then exchanged for summer garments. The third is the budding month; the fourth, the flowering month; the fifth the transplanting month (in allusion to rice); the sixth is the dig month; the seventh the month of letters; the eighth is the month of falling leaves; the ninth is the long month, or the month of long night; the tenth is the goddess month; the eleventh the month of frosts; and the twelfth, the final or terminal month. The tenth month is so called because, according to some, the gods wait upon the Mikado that month; according to others, all the divinities leave their respective temples on a pilgrimage to Idzumo, in the north of Japan.



THE AUSTRIAN FRIGATE, "NOVARA," OFF THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL.



The treaty signed at Yeddo on the 26th of August, 1858, stipulated, among other things, the reciprocal right of appointing diplomatic agents at Yeddo and London; that the ports of Hakodaki (previously with Simoda opened by Commodore Perry to the Americans), Kanagawa, and Nagasaki, be opened to British subjects from July 1st, 1859; Nec-e-gaha, or if that is unsuitable as a harbour, some other port on the west coast of Nip-pon, as also Kiogo, on January 1st,

1860. In all these places British subjects may reside, may lease ground, and purchase and erect buildings, and are not to be confined within walls and gates, but are to be allowed free ingress and egress. Their excursions are to be limited within ten *ri*, or some twenty-five miles English. After January 1st, 1862, British subjects may reside at Yeddo; and from January 1st, 1863, at Okasaka (Osaca), for purposes of trade only.

THE ISLANDS OF THE INDIAN AND EASTERN SEAS.

I.—AN AUSTRIAN VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

THE voyage of the Austrian frigate, the *Novara*, the last ship that has made a scientific voyage of circumnavigation, affords us the means of conveying our readers to the more important of those numerous islands which skirt the great peninsula of Asia, from Japan on the one side to the Bay of Bengal on the other. It was a relief, amid the sad scenes enacted during the late war, to hear that its task of civilisation exempted it from the ordeal of international hostilities. Starting from Trieste on the 30th of April, 1857, it returned to the same port in the month of August, 1859. Constructed in the docks of Venice about ten years ago, the *Novara* is one of the finest of the ten ships of the same class that Austria possesses. She is rated for forty-four guns, but only carried thirty-two during her journey round the world; thus leaving a greater space for the necessaries of a long voyage, and for the collections that might be made.

The expedition, however, organized by Archduke Maximilian, Grand Admiral of the Austrian navy, had mainly in view the object of familiarising young naval officers with the navigation of different seas, of making the Austrian flag known in countries hitherto unacquainted with it, and of giving to the professors of science and natural history the means of acquiring more extended and varied knowledge.

The conduct of the expedition was entrusted to Captain Wallerstorf Urtair, who has the reputation of being a learned and skilful seaman. He presided over the researches of the scientific commission, and the astronomical, meteorological, magnetic and geodesic labours of the naval officers. The frigate itself was under the command of Captain Baron de Poek, who had under his orders a staff of thirty officers, including three surgeons and a chaplain; the crew numbered 310 men. Among the members of the scientific commission were a geologist, two zoologists, a botanist, a preparator, an ethnologist, an economist, and a draughtsman.

The whole time the expedition was out was two years three months and twenty-eight days. Of this time, 298 days were employed in land explorations, and 551 days were passed under sail. The frigate came to anchor in twenty-five different harbours, and tra-

versed in its whole journey 51,686 geographic miles of sixty to a degree.

The first visits made were to Rio Janeiro and to the Cape of Good Hope, and on the 19th of November, 1857, they arrived at the volcanic Island of St. Paul, which, with its neighbour, Amsterdam, stand out almost isolated, midway between the Indian and Southern Oceans, and the exploration of both of which had been strongly recommended by the veteran De Humboldt. (See page 217.)

"We had scarcely anchored," M. Scherzer relates, in his report made to the Geographical Society of Paris, "at about a mile and a half from the shore, than the whole population of the island, composed of two negroes and an old Frenchman with a long beard, came out to welcome us. The Frenchman, M. Viot, made an offer of his services with exquisite politeness, and placed the whole of the island at our disposal. He related to us how, in virtue of the rights of a primary occupation, the island had been in the first place the property of a French merchant, from the Island of Bourbon, or de la Réunion, M. Canin, who had ceded it to a Pole, M. Adam, his partner or colleague. The latter had purchased some unfortunate negroes of the too infamous coast of Mozambique, had obliged them to construct habitations for them and for themselves, to blow up whole masses of rock, in order to give a greater security to the landing, and to cultivate a few roods of potatoes and cabbages. About ten years ago, the possession of the island was made over to one M. Otovan, employed in the Commissariat of the Isle de la Réunion. Twice a year this new sovereign of the island despatches a sloop of about forty tons, to fish in the productive waters of St. Paul the cheilodactylus, erroneously designated as the sea-cod; at fifty centimes (five pence) per fish, each of these expeditions gives him a return of 25,000 francs. The three inhabitants of the island watch over these fisheries, take care of the storehouse, and rear a few roods of potatoes, which they exchange with the whalers for rice, tobacco, biscuits, and salt meat."

The Island of St. Paul is, in reality, the summit of a crater, which rises from the depths of the ocean to some 200 yards above the level of the waters. It is only approachable on the south-west side, where the walls of the crater being broken down, a magnificent oval-shaped opening presents itself, upwards of a hun-

dred yards in width, and on both sides of which are ten long bars, that attach themselves to the flanks of the mountain. The internal sides of the crater are clothed with verdure, and present a ravishing spectacle to the eye.

The magnetic, astronomical, and meteorological observations were installed at this interesting station, and those who were not addicted to the pursuit of mathematical sciences, occupied themselves with mineralogical, botanical, and zoological researches. Some zealous philanthropists sowed seeds brought from Europe, in the hopes of seeing them germinate during the stay of the expedition. But strong gales of wind and persistent rain came on, and cooled the ardour of all parties extremely. Luckily that they found in the hut of the only civilised resident in the island, a collection of books, made, we are told, with considerable taste. A number of penguins also came to pay them a visit. Stumbling along like invalids, with their legs of wood, they intruded into the huts, heavy, awkward, and stupid, they shook their small, undeveloped wings, and opened their eyes and bills as far as it was in their power, to express their surprise at meeting with strangers in such a place. Those poor palmipeds live by myriads upon the island of St. Paul. They have established for themselves there an immense city, to which in the evening, on returning from fishing, they ascend in long files by a zig-zag pathway. The noise they make in the depth of night is deafening.

Two thermal springs were found issuing from the sides of the crater nearly at the level of the sea. Their temperature was 96 centigrade. Some of the party amused themselves with boiling fish in these fountains, still attached to the hook by which they had been caught only a few yards off. St. Paul, the reporter says, might be made an excellent station for ships which, on their way to and from the Cape, China, India, or Australia, might be in want of repairs. It is now a dependence of the Isle of France.

On the 6th of December, 1857, the *Novara* sailed from St. Paul, leaving a present of a box of tools to M. Viot. On the 7th it was with difficulty that the long boat effected a landing on the Island of Amsterdam. "We saw," says the reporter, with amusing simplicity, "some turf, some reeds, and some arborescent plants, but the wind obliged us to quit the place by midnight, and to make the best of our way to Ceylon."

II.—CEYLON.

THE Austrian expeditionists described themselves as casting anchor at Point de Galle, to which so unenviable a notoriety has lately attached itself from the loss of the *Malabar*; and they speak of it as "a point of little importance, consisting of a pettah or village of dark aborigines, a fort, and an European quarter, the white houses in which, the clean streets, and the shady avenues, present an agreeable aspect."

Buddhism, which we are told seems to recoil before Muhammadanism in the far east, is still in full prosperity in Ceylon. This island is, so to say, the Rome of the worshippers of Sakya Muni. The temples and chapels devoted to that divinity are, as a natural consequence, to be counted by thousands. The Singhalese priests enjoy considerable political and religious authority. They persist in ignoring every word of English origin: it is their method of protesting against the conquering heretics of the Holy Island. In other

respects they are very polite to Europeans, and appear to be solely occupied with their religious duties.

Scarcely had the learned travellers disembarked, than they directed their steps to the great temple of Dadella Panzela, where resides the Great Priest of Ceylon, surrounded by his hamadums. They had the honour of being presented to the Singhalese Pontiff. He is described as then an old man, some seventy years of age, and as rejoicing in the name of Nanalangara Sirisumana Mahadama Radgiurong Ganatchari Nainkunangi. He informed the Austrians that he had long resided in the country of Siam, and that the emperor of that country had only recently sent him a parasol of honour. He then condescended to inquire their names, their country, and the object of their journey; the replies to which he had duly reported by a secretary who wrote with a goose-quill on paper, probably reserved for profane purposes, for in another part of the temple they observed a student transcribing some of the sacred writings upon a leaf of talipot.

The next excursion made was from Galle to Colombo. The expeditionists had no reason to complain of the first portion of their journey to Bentotte, the so-called caravanserai, and which place is described as resembling the stations on "our railways," and as having been constructed at the expense of government. Every accommodation, and excellent food, were to be obtained at prices marked on a tariff. But matters did not proceed so cheerily afterwards. The driver got so drunk at Bentotte, as to be no longer capable of preserving his equilibrium. A policeman was accordingly applied to to supply a new one, but he either could not or would not accede to their demands; they were obliged, therefore, to put up with their truly Anglican conveyer, who soon fell under the wheels, but, luckily, without receiving any serious injuries. The horse took advantage of the mishap to refuse to go any further. It is the custom, we are told, in that spirit of generalisation which is too often affected by travellers, when they have any one case upon which to ground their conclusions, to attach to the carriages of travellers, whatever may be their weight, a single, meagre, thin, piteous-looking horse; further, they only change every ten or fifteen kilometres (seven to ten miles), so, to make the animal move, they are obliged to have recourse to an executioner's expedients. His ears are twisted with cords, and a stick is pushed under his tail, and as soon as the poor beast, exasperated, breaks into a trot, the drivers begin to swear, scream, and whip, to keep up the excitement. It really did not require to go to Ceylon to see this; but, in a land so devotedly given up to the belief of transmigration, better things might have been expected.

It was not without trouble that our travellers reached a Roman Catholic mission, where they obtained a new horse and a new coachman, who drove them to a second mission. Father Miliani insisted upon their acceptance of a cup of coffee, and promised them a breakfast on their return from Colombo. It was dark ere the journey was resumed, and happily the road was lit up here and there by the natives who wended their way home with torches of palm wood, which threw out vivid sparks and spread a delightful fragrance around. It was midnight when they reached Colombo.

Colombo, like all other Indian cities, is composed of two quarters. The white town, with its forts, where the European population, which also has the

right to keep open shop therein, concentrates itself; and the black town, into which the English go very rarely, but which is incontestably the most active and the most industrious of the two.

Colombo, a city of 36,000 inhabitants, capital of Ceylon, and seat of the political government, is charged with not having left agreeable reminiscences. The so-called white town is described as being very gray and very dirty, and as being in a manifest state of decline, which may be attributed to the fact that its harbour is only accessible during the north-west monsoon. Hence trade is leaving it, while it increases at Point de Galle, whose port, said to be accessible at all times, is already the rendezvous of several lines of steamers. But, upon this point, opinion differs widely.

One agreeable surprise presented itself; it was a board intimating that an "ice shop" existed in Colombo. The ice came from the United States. Blocks transmitted across the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean are much cheaper in Ceylon than such as are brought from the mountains of India. North America, and especially Boston, supplies Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta abundantly with this delicious refreshment, by regular convoys arriving every fortnight. The trade, which is of recent origin, appears to return good profits.

The inspector of the pearl fisheries informed the expeditionists, that the fourteen fisheries which formerly brought in from 1,000,000 to 1,800,000 francs had been ruined by a greedy and ignorant system of working, and finally abandoned in 1838. This branch of industry was however, reopened in 1855, and it produces as much as 250,000 francs to the revenue in certain months of the year.¹

¹ The more important Pearl Fishery is now carried on at Aripo, and is thus described by an eye-witness:—The plain was dotted with tents, curious in shape and colour, and "cajan" huts of every possible size, for the accommodation of the temporary visitors. In the roadstead lay vessels of all kinds, from the small schooner used by the superintendent as his flagship, to the various strangely-shaped native boats, with their clumsy outriggers and broad brown sails, fragile-looking little canoes and catamarans, making rapid voyages between them and the shore. All the details of the fishery are carried on at Silawatorre, two miles down the coast, the seaboard for a considerable distance being raised several feet in height by the accumulations of oyster-shells for ages past. The boats used by the divers, 178 in number, were drawn up in two squadrons, opposite the Government buildings. One squadron is told off for each day's fishing, and gets under weigh at midnight, when a signal gun is fired, a breeze generally springing up at that time enabling them to reach the pearl banks, twelve miles from the shore, by daylight. The boats are all numbered, and anchor in a line, when diving commences immediately. Each boat has five "sinking stones," and two divers are told off at each stone, which weighs about forty pounds. They do not dive alternately, as too much time would be lost by changing, but when one man is tired the other takes his place. They discard all necessaries for closing the ears and nostrils, and the diver descends by placing his feet upon the "sinking stone," to which a rope is attached. His movements are watched by his comrade, who draws up the stone the moment the diver reaches the bottom, with the net or basket in which the oysters are deposited, the diver himself facilitating his own ascent by the same means. After holding on to an oar, or floating for a minute or so, to recover his wind, he is ready for another plunge. Most of the divers are Tamils, and far from being of miserable appearance, are mostly stout, healthy men. Accidents from sharks are of very rare occurrence, contrary to our preconceived notions on the subject, only one authenticated fatal case having occurred since Ceylon came into our possession. Ridiculous tales have been told and believed respecting the length of time divers remain under water, some giving the average as two minutes, others asserting that as much as seven minutes' submersion has been achieved. The

The Austrian consul, Mr. Wilson, conducted the members of the expedition to what were justly designated "magnificent plantations" of cinnamon laurels. Every year cargoes of this precious vegetable are exported to the value of twenty millions of francs; it is a real monopoly, which nature has made a present

utmost ever accomplished by the present less amphibious race is eighty-five seconds, fifty seconds being the ordinary duration of a dive. So large a number of divers are at work at once, that they must trust to chance for filling their nets in the muddy water; all kinds of curious marine animals—sea slugs, black, greasy, and hideous, strange polypi, and beautiful shells—all coming up in company with the legitimate pearl oyster. As many as sixty-five of these have been brought up at one haul, but the average number seldom exceeds fifteen or twenty. Properly speaking it is not an oyster at all, but a member of the mussel family, its correct designation being the *Meleagrina margaritifera*. The shells are of a reddish brown colour, and have deeper and more clearly defined hinges than the common oyster, which to unscientific eyes it greatly resembles. It possesses a curious kind of sucker, or leg, by means of which it can accomplish a slow progress over the bottom of the sea, a blueish green tassel (*byssus*) enabling it to attach itself to any object that takes its fancy. The "byssus" is broken off and left behind when the oyster moves on, it having the power of reproducing it when again desirous of remaining stationary. They are, however, generally found loose by the divers, in which case they are easily transferred to the nets. According to the natives, its most formidable enemy is a fish whom nature has provided with a sort of gimlet on its nose, with which it bores through the shell, sucking out its juicy contents through the hole. They are also said to fall victims to a kind of roach, five or six inches in length, which devours the oyster, shell and all. They may do some damage among the very young ones, but a full-grown, hard-shelled pearl oyster, probably proves as lasting a meal to a roach, as a buck with fine antlers to a boa constrictor. The divers work steadily for about six hours, but at midnight they have nearly had enough of it. A gun is fired as a signal for the fishing to cease. A final and simultaneous plunge is made by the divers, and the little flotilla gets under weigh for the beach, each boat, as it arrives, delivering its precious freight at the government "Rottoo," or receiving yard, a large, open, palisaded inclosure, with a sentry at each gate. A government official superintends the division of the whole into four equal lots, one of which is the remuneration to which the divers are entitled, and for this they provide boats and boatmen. This share is usually at once sold by them at retail prices, outside the gates, higher prices being obtained for them than those fetched at the government sales, where only thousands are talked about. These sales take place on the day following the fishery, in a large "cajan" building, with open sides, round which crowd the speculators of all classes, castes, and hues. Singhalese but seldom venture in these undertakings, preferring to invest such savings as they make in land. By far the greatest proportion are natives of the south continent of India, where the spirit of speculation seems equally well developed in the wealthy Chetty merchant, the possessor of thousands, and in the common cooly, who will expend his hardly-earned hire in three or four of the much-coveted bivalves. It is difficult to distinguish rich from poor among these swartly gentry, the richest seldom wearing any clothes beyond a linen cloth round the head and another round the loins, though a large amount of wealth is often concealed in the dirty folds of the latter. A pair of wooden sandals, and a gingham umbrella complete the costume, which, if not elegant, is certainly not expensive. The eager, restless countenances of all are alike stamped with avarice, the *auri sacra fames* appearing to blunt all other feelings. The oysters are sold by auction, in lots of not less than one thousand, a purchaser to that extent having the option of taking as many as thirty thousand, if he likes the price. At the previous fisheries of 1857-58, the prices were low, £1 14s. per thousand being the average; but the profits then made were enormous, and the fact so well-known, that on this occasion £4 8s. per 1000 was the price freely offered at the first day's sale. The best criterion of the success of the speculators was the steady rise in prices; at one time several hundred thousands were sold at £8 6s., and up to the end of the fishery, £5 6s. and £7 were readily given. At a sale at which we were present, over 400,000 oysters were disposed of, and paid for in ready money. The oysters are immediately removed by their purchasers to their own private yards, where, if time can be given,

of to the island of Ceylon. Thence they visited a manufactory of cocoa-nut oil. They also saw in the store-house "real hills" of cowries, shells collected at the Maldive Islands, and deposited at Ceylon on their way to London, whence they are transmitted into the interior of Africa as current coin in exchange for gold dust, palm oil, and, still more especially, alas! for negroes and negresses. A ton of these shells is worth, at Ceylon, about 1,800 francs, and the living flesh of negroes is exchanged against an equal weight of shells!

Here our travellers were also introduced to the luxury of the punka, which in the night-time they tell us refresh the slumbers of somnolent bankers, and even gild their golden dreams.

On their way back from Colombo to Point de Galle, Father Miliani, true to his promise, awaited the appearance of the expeditionists at Caltura, in an elegant carriage, to convey them to the presbytery of St. Sebastian. On their way thither, the natives whom they met are described as throwing themselves down full length, and waiting, their faces veiled, for the blessing of their pastor. The reverend father, who with one hand held the reins of his "break," distributed his benedictions half with his hand and the other half with his whip! Just as they were reaching the church, two Singhalese obstructed their way, one of them begged the father to accompany him to his dying wife, the other already held the sacred vessels used in such sad circumstances, and which he had brought with him from the presbytery. M. Miliani surprised, handed over the reins to Commodore Wullerstorff, and excusing himself with the most perfect politeness, disappeared in the forest that bordered the road. He was not long, however, in coming back, when his smiling countenance showed that the case was not so bad as had been imagined. The fact is that, at the least indications of

they are left till all the animal matter has decomposed and disappeared. Some considerable time must necessarily elapse before all this is accomplished, even in a tropical country; and in most cases, therefore, the pearls are obtained from the oysters by washing, a process which takes place when they are in an advanced stage of decomposition. It is conducted upon the same principle as that employed in gold found in the sand or alluvial deposits. They are removed into large tubs, or canoes hewn from a solid log, the shells are picked out, care being taken to preserve those to which pearls are found adhering. Water is then freely applied, the loathsome mass being well stirred up by hand till the pearls are freed from all adhesive matter, and precipitated to the bottom, where, after the liquid has been poured off, they are disclosed to the excited, anxious gaze of their proprietor. A more disgusting spectacle can hardly be conceived, than that of a crowd of women and children employed upon this loathsome work; nor can human nature be viewed in a much more repulsive aspect than that of an old coloured woman, almost destitute of clothing, her hair tangled and dishevelled, her eyes gleaming with cupidity, and her skinny arms half buried in a hideous mass of corruption that would appal an analytical chemist. Peculation is rife among the people thus employed, swallowing the pearls being the most approved method of appropriating them, notwithstanding the horrible odour and appearance of the mass from which they are extracted. Punishment, however, follows swiftly upon detection, the suspected party being at once dosed with a powerful emetic, no regard being paid to either sex, age, or constitution, a trust-worthy friend of the proprietor watching the result. The owners of large stocks of oysters generally erect their temporary domiciles close by, or in the yards in which they are stored, apparently unconscious of the poisonous stench generated by the decaying heaps; sufficiently poisonous, one would imagine, to produce a plague every fishery. Trading in pearls seems to be a distinct business with these people, and is not combined with dealing in any other description of goods. The merchant usually carries most of his stock about with him, secreted in the folds of his garment, together with his "appanage," consisting of a square

sickness, the natives have the sacraments administered to them at once, from religious prudence and from too ready confidence in the virtues of the holy oil in curing their physical ailments.

A sharp canter, in which they were followed by a tall native, who kept up with them at full speed to obtain a "supplement of benediction," brought them to the village, when the whole congregation of the faithful were in attendance to conduct them across a grove of palms to the presbytery, the columns of which were decorated with garlands, with green boughs, tropical flowers, and admirable baskets of fruits, above which charmingly variegated birds, artistically cut by the Singhalese out of cocoa-nut leaves, seemed to fly. Over the doorway was an anchor emblem of faith, and words taken from the Epistle of St. Paul: "My hope has not deceived me," were to be read in green letters. This was a delicate allusion to the promise made by the commodore to accept the entertainment proffered by the reverend father on his return from Colombo. A long table had been laid in the interior, and it actually groaned beneath the weight of viands. Arm-chairs were disposed at distances, and the floor was covered with the bright yet delicate leaves of the ficus religiosa. As soon as M. Wullerstorff had taken his place, some hundred parishioners arranged themselves in groups, and executed national dances to the sound of drums and fifes. The repast would have met with the approbation of guests most difficult to please even in Europe.

The parish of Saint Sebastian boasts, we are told, of about 9,000 convents; it is one of the most important of the fifty stations of the diocese of Colombo, whose bishop is Monseigneur Biava. The Commodore left a goodly present for the Church of Father Miliani, and

dark blue cloth, marked out into divisions, a pair of scales and weights, and a series of small brass saucers, perforated with holes of different sizes; number one being large enough to admit the passage of a pearl the size of a pea, while the smallest is only calculated to allow the dust to escape. Through these the pearls are sifted, those remaining in each saucer being placed upon its appropriate division on the cloth, a rough measurement being thus speedily arrived at. It is not easy to value them correctly, the distinctions made being so many, and so nice. There are altogether twelve classes, in none of which is the actual weight taken into consideration. No. 1 is called Ani, comprising those to which Pliny first applied the term "unio," in which all the highest perfections of lustre and sphericity are centred; No. 2, Anathari, are such as fail a little in one point, either in lustre or sphericity; No. 3, Sanadayam; No. 4, Kayeral, such as fail in both; No. 5, Massagu, or confusion; No. 6, Vadivu, beauty; No. 7, Medangu, bent or "folded" pearls; No. 8, Kurwal, double pearls; No. 9, Kalippu, signifying "abundance;" No. 10, Pasal; No. 11, Kunal, "mis-shapen;" these find a ready sale in India, all kinds and shapes being indiscriminately used to adorn the roughly-made breast-plates of gold worn by women of high caste; No. 12, Thool, literally "powder;" these are all easily disposed of in India, where they are made into "Chunam," a refined kind of lime for great ladies to chew with their betel. Mysterious whispers of lucky ventures pervade the camp. You are told of a common cooly having made his fortune for life by the fortunate expenditure of a rupee, and we were shown one fine pearl worth seven or eight pounds, the result of a sixpenny speculation by a small brown girl. The pearls are not often very large. In 1860 the oysters sold at the unprecedented price of £16 per 1,000, for an extraordinary reason—the mutinies in India. An enormous amount of jewellery was "looted" by the British soldiery, nearly the whole of which fell into the hands of the well-affected nobility. Now that matters have settled down, the ladies of Oude, who were the principal losers, are anxious for a fresh assortment, the demand greatly exceeds the supply, and the prices of pearls are exactly double what they were last year.

for the servants, after which they got into their carriage, accompanied as far as the next station by their host, by a band of musicians, drumming, blowing, and whistling, as also by a band of parishioners, black and almost naked figures, with long flat hair falling below the elbows, shouting, gesticulating, and dancing; it was evidently an extraordinary festival with them. These poor Singhalese, astonished at so magnificent a reception, designated the Commodore as "King of the Sea."

Ceylon has been celebrated throughout all ages for its pearls and its elephants. We have already given an account of the Pearl Fishery, and we will now proceed to the latter.

The elephant, the lord paramount of the Ceylon forests, is to be met with in almost every district of that great island, in the confines of the woods, in whose depths he finds concealment and shade during the hours when the sun is high, and from which he emerges only at twilight to wend his way towards the rivers and tanks, where he luxuriates till dawn, when he again seeks the retirement of the deep forests. With the exception indeed of the narrow but densely inhabited belt of cultivated land, which extends along the sea-shore of the island from Chilaw on the western coast, to Tangalle on the east, there is no part of Ceylon in which elephants may not be said to abound; even close to the environs of the most populous localities of the interior. They frequent both the open plains and the deep forests, and their footsteps are to be seen wherever food and shade, vegetation and water allure them, alike on the summits of the loftiest mountains and on the borders of the tanks and lowland streams. (*See page 225.*)

From time immemorial the natives have been taught to capture and tame them, and the export of elephants from Ceylon to India has been going on without interruption from the period of the first Punie war (*Ælian, de Nat. Animal, lib. xvi. c. 18; Cosmos Indico, pl. p. 128.*) In later times all elephants were the property of the Kandyan Crown, and their capture or slaughter, without the royal permission, was classed amongst the gravest offences in the Kandyan code.

In recent years there is reason to believe that their numbers have become considerably reduced. They have entirely disappeared from districts in which they were formerly numerous; smaller herds have been taken in the periodical captures for the public service, and hunters returning from the chase report them to be more scarce. In consequence of this diminution the peasantry in some parts of the island have even suspended the ancient practice of keeping watchers and fires by night to drive away the elephants from their growing crops. The opening of roads and the clearing the mountain forests of Kandy for the cultivation of coffee have forced the animals to retire to the low country, where again they have been followed by large parties of European sportsmen; and the Singhalese themselves, being more freely provided with arms than in former times, have assisted in swelling the annual slaughter.

Had the motive which incites to the destruction of the elephant in Africa and India prevailed in Ceylon, and had the elephants there been provided with tusks, they would long since have been annihilated for the sake of their ivory. But it is a curious fact that, whilst in Africa both sexes have tusks, with some slight disproportion in the size of those of the females,

and whilst in India the females are provided with them, though of much less dimensions than the males, not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males.

Sir James Emerson Tennant had, during his stay at Kandy, twice the opportunity of witnessing the operation, on a grand scale, of capturing wild elephants, intended to be trained for the public service; and the same able administrator and distinguished author succeeded in the course of his frequent journeys through the interior of the island, in collecting so many particulars relative to the habits of these interesting animals in a state of nature, as has enabled him not only to add to the information previously possessed, but to correct many fallacies popularly received regarding their instincts and disposition.¹

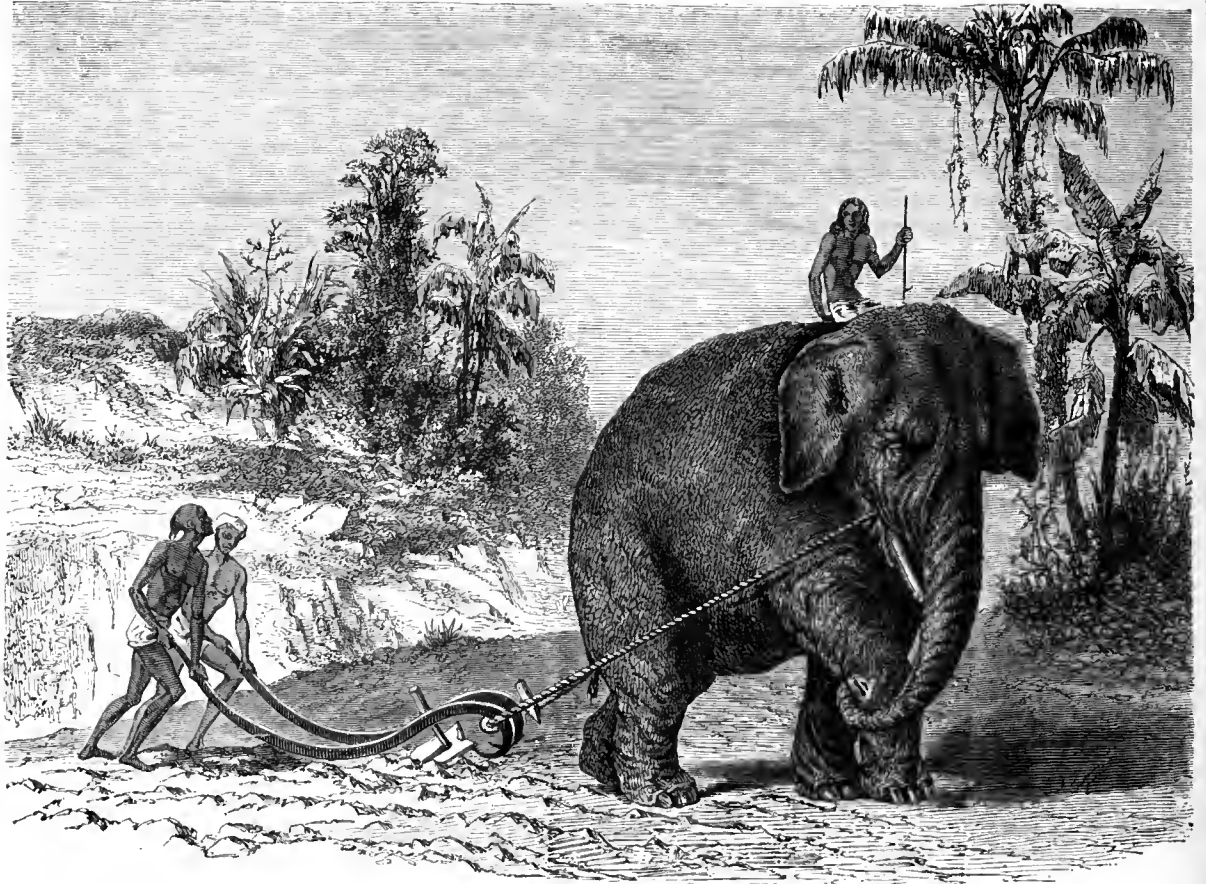
The very etymology of the name elephant is unknown, and therefore, as may be imagined, the matter of much learned and ingenious disputation; one party believing it derived from the Sanserit *Airavanta*, Son of the Ocean, another from the Arabic *Al fil Hindi*, *Bos Indicus*; and a third again from the Hebrew *Eleph Hindi*, also *Indian Ox*. A very erroneous fallacy handed by *Ælian*, *Pliny*, *Shaw*, *Sir W. Jardine*, and other naturalists, is corrected at the outset by *Sir J. E. Tennant*. Elephants, he says, do not shed their tusks after losing their first pair, or, as they are called, the "milk tusks;" the second pair acquire their full size and become the "permanent tusks," which are never shed. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that the tusks are defensive organs. So harmless and peaceful is the life of the elephant, that nature appears to have left them unprovided with any weapon of offence; their tusk being too delicate an organ to be rudely employed in a conflict with other animals.²

Towards man elephants evince shyness, arising from their love of solitude and dislike of intrusion; any alarm they exhibit at his appearance may be reasonably traced to the slaughter which has reduced their numbers; and as some evidence of this, it has always been observed that an elephant exhibits greater impatience of a white man than of a native. Were his instincts to carry him further, or were he influenced by any feeling of animosity or hostility, it must be apparent that, as against the prodigious numbers that inhabit the forests of Ceylon, man would wage an unequal contest, and that of the two one or other must long since have been reduced to a helpless minority.

The alleged antipathies of the elephant to all quadrupeds, especially swine and dogs, and the absurd statement that he is alarmed if a hare start from its form, are in a great degree, if not entirely, imaginary. "The habits of the elephant," observes *Sir James*, "are essentially harmless; his wants lead to no rivalry with other animals, and the food to which he is most attached is found in such abundance that he obtains it without

¹ *Ceylon: An Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical, with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions, by Sir James Emerson Tennant, K.G.S., LL.D., &c.*

² The annual importation of ivory into Great Britain alone for the last few years has been about one million pounds, which, taking the average weight of a tusk at sixty pounds, would require the slaughter of 8,333 male elephants. But *Mr. McLeod* tells us (*in Travels in East Africa, vol. ii. p. 275*) that almost the whole of the ivory-trade of East Africa, the most productive of all, is now in the hands of the Americans. The number of elephants annually destroyed cannot, therefore, be under 20,000.



WORKING ELEPHANT IN CEYLON.

an effort. In the quiet solitudes of Ceylon, elephants may constantly be seen browsing peacefully in the immediate vicinity of, and in close contact with, other animals. I have seen groups of deer and wild buffaloes reclining in the sandy bed of a river in the dry season, and elephants plucking the branches close beside them. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, the bear, and the wild hog; and on the other hand I have never discovered an instance in which these animals have evinced any apprehension of them."

The elephant's natural timidity, however, is such, that he becomes alarmed on the appearance in the jungle of any animal—such as a horse, and especially if mounted. When enraged an elephant will not hesitate to charge a rider on horseback; but it is against the man, not against the horse, that his fury is directed; and no instance has been ever known of his wantonly assailing a horse. A horse which belonged to the celebrated elephant-slayer, Major Rogers, had run away from his groom, and was found some considerable time afterwards grazing quietly with a herd of elephants. On the whole, it may be said that the elephant lives on terms of amity with every quadruped in the forest, that he neither regards them as his foes nor provokes their hostility by his acts; and that, with the exception of man, his greatest enemy is a fly—the tremendous tsetse, or elephant fly.

The elephant does not use his tusks in fighting—at least generally—but its foot is its chief weapon, the

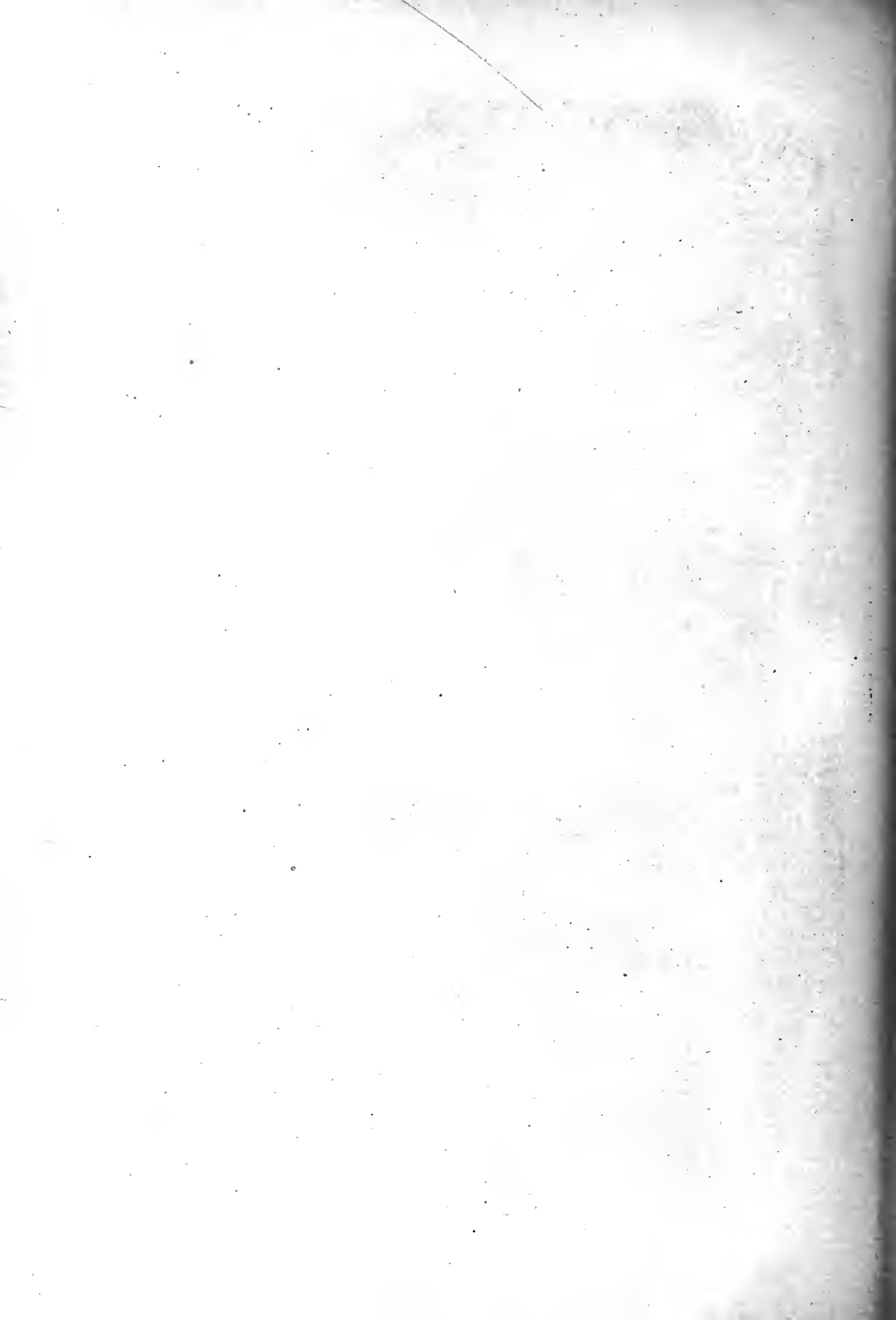
pressure of the foot being sufficient to crush any minor assailant, after being prostrated by means of his trunk. A peculiar formation in the knee-joint in the hind leg, enabling him to swing his hind feet close to the ground, also assists him in tossing the body alternately from foot to foot, till he deprives it of life. A sportsman who had undergone this operation, having been seized by a wounded elephant, but rescued from his fury, was thus flung back and forward between the hind and fore feet of the animal, which ineffectually attempted to trample him at each concussion, but abandoned him without inflicting serious injury.

In captivity, however, after a due course of training, the elephant discovers a new use for his tusks, when employed in moving stones and piling timber—so much so that a powerful one will raise and carry on them a log of half a ton weight, or more. Sir J. E. Tennant relates the following anecdote, as at once illustrative of this faculty, as also of the sagacity of the animal:

"One evening, whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation 'Urmph! urmph!' in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant; he was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but the pathway being narrow he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass edgewise; and the exertion



A FOREST IN CEYLON.



and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber and forced himself backwards among the brushwood, so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated; the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of 'Urmph;' but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled, and, anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forbore any interference: again the elephant wedged himself further in among the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him, and after the horse had done so, timidly and tremblingly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burthen, trim and balance it on his tusks, and resume his route, hoarsely snorting, as before, his discontented remonstrance."

So conversant are the natives with the structure and "points" of the elephant, that they divide them readily into castes, and describe with particularity their distinctive excellencies and defects. Elephants in Ceylon are occasionally spotted, but rarely of that morbid flesh colour which has been honoured by the name of "white." A white elephant is mentioned in the *Mahavanso* as forming part of the retinue attached to the temple of the Tooth at Anarajapoor, in the fifth century before Christ; but it commanded no religious veneration, and like those of the kings of Siam, it was tended merely as an emblem of royalty; the sovereign of Ceylon being not inappropriately addressed as the "Lord of Elephants."

The favourite resort of the Ceylon elephant is the mountain top, and not the sultry valleys. In Uvah, where the elevated plains are often crisp with the morning frost, and on Pedro-talla-galla, at the height of upwards of 8,000 feet, they are found in herds; whilst the hunter may search for them without success in the jungles of the low country. Their sight is limited, but the sense of smell is acute. The sense of hearing is also very delicate, and they have a variety of noises or calls, by means of which they communicate with one another upon all emergencies. They do not, in Ceylon, attain a height of above nine feet, and the ordinary herds do not average more than eight. A herd is a family, not a group of elephants, whom accident or attachment may have induced to associate together. The numbers of these herds fluctuate very slightly, and hunters in pursuit of them, who may chance to have shot one or more, always reckon with certainty the precise number of those remaining. One member of a herd, generally the largest and most powerful, is by common consent implicitly followed as a leader.

As the shooting of an elephant, whatever endurance and adroitness the sport may display in other respects, requires the smallest possible skill as a marksman, the numbers which are annually slain in this way may be regarded as evidence of the multitudes abounding in those parts of Ceylon to which they resort. One officer, Major Rogers, who was himself ultimately killed by lightning, killed upwards of 1200, and he bought his successive steps in the army, from a subaltern to a major, with the value of the ivory obtained from these encounters; another, Captain Gallway, has the credit of slaying more than half that number; Major Skinner,

now the commissioner of roads, almost as many, and less persevering aspirants follow at humbler distances.

But notwithstanding this prodigious destruction, a reward of a few shillings per head offered by the Government for taking elephants was claimed for 3,500 destroyed in part of the northern province alone, in less than three years prior to 1848; and between 1851 and 1856, a similar reward was paid for 2,000 in the southern province.

Although there is little opportunity for the display of marksmanship in an elephant battue, there is one feature in the sport, as conducted in Ceylon, which contrasts favourably with the slaughter-house details chronicled with almost too great minuteness in some recent accounts of elephant shooting in South Africa. The practice in Ceylon is to aim invariably at the head, and the sportsman finds his safety to consist in boldly facing the animal, advancing to within fifteen paces, and lodging a bullet either in the temple, or in the hollow over the eye, or in a well-known spot immediately above the trunk, where the weaker structure of the skull affords an easy access to the brain. The region of the ear is also a fatal spot, and often resorted to; the places mentioned in the front of the head being only accessible when the animal is "charging." Generally speaking, a single ball, planted in the forehead, ends the existence of the noble creature instantaneously, and expert sportsmen have been known to kill, right and left, one with each barrel; but occasionally an elephant will not fall before several shots have been lodged in his head.

When free in his native woods, it is to be remarked the elephant evinces rather simplicity than sagacity, and its intelligence seldom exhibits itself in cunning. The rich profusion in which nature has supplied his food, and anticipated his every want, has made him independent of those devices by which carnivorous animals provide for their subsistence; and, from the absence of all rivalry between himself and the other denizens of the plains, he is never required to resort to artifice for self-protection. For these reasons, in his tranquil harmless life, he may appear to casual observers to exhibit even less than ordinary ability; but when danger and apprehension call for the exertion of his powers, those who have witnessed their display are seldom inclined to undervalue his sagacity.

An instance is related in which a recently captured elephant was either rendered senseless from fear, or, as the native attendants asserted, *feigned death*, in order to regain his freedom. It was led from the corral, as usual, between two tame ones, and had already proceeded far on its way towards its destination, when night closing in, and the torches being lighted, it hesitated to go on, and finally sunk to the ground apparently lifeless. The fastenings were ordered to be removed from the legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced were all that it was dead, that the ropes were collected and the carcass abandoned. They had scarcely, however, taken their departure and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of its voice, its cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest.

Most sportsmen have, with the intent of exalting their own prowess, misrepresented this most harmless animal—except when a "rogue," or a female deprived

of her young, or terrified and irritated, and which Mr. Gordon Cumming has described—as weeping large tears from the torture inflicted by showers of bullets, tearing up its flesh and penetrating to its vitals, as “savage, wary, and revengeful.” Sir J. E. Tennant has eloquently indicated the true character of these maligned quadrupeds. Their demeanour, he says, when undisturbed, is indicative of gentleness and timidity. A few are generally browsing listlessly on the trees and plants in their reach, others fanning themselves with leafy branches, and a few are asleep; whilst the young are playing among the herd, the emblems of innocence, as the older ones are of peacefulness and gravity.¹

The Working Elephant of Ceylon, which forms the subject of our illustration at page 224 was sketched from the life in the mountain district of Nuerra-Elia, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, by Count Emanuel Andiasy, a Hungarian nobleman, who saw it at work, ploughing, and thus describes it. “The sun was going down and we could perceive in the plains the natives urging on their oxen, fatigued with the labour of the day. I dismounted, the better to examine the scene, and sketched it off in my album. Clumps of earth, covered with grass, were turned over, and the animal went so fast that the woolly-headed Malabar who guided him could scarcely hold him in. Two men were holding the plough, and they had quite enough to do to keep it from leaping out of the furrow.” The Count adds a remark worthy of more particular attention. “I am astonished,” he says, “that emigrants from Germany and Ireland should go to America and the Cape of Good Hope, whilst Nuerra-Elia, with its pure atmosphere and its favoured soil, a country that would hold the half of Ireland, presents a place for colonisation, and so extremely fertile and so much more agreeable.”

The reader will now be better able to appreciate the following sparkling account of elephant shooting in Ceylon, which we borrow from a continental source. The narrator is a certain Count Horace, to whose birthplace and parentage we would as willingly bear testimony as to his veracity.

“I had been three months in Ceylon,” says the

¹ One of these elephant-shooting stories, told by a writer in “Fraser’s Magazine,” for December, 1860, is of a character to induce reflection in the humane. “After having tracked up the herd of elephants for some miles through the forest, we heard the welcome sound of a deep roar, apparently about a quarter of a mile distant, and hurrying up, we found a small herd of five, all standing close together. The largest speedily answered to an appeal from the big rifle by sinking on its knees in the placid sleep of death. A second was soon placed in a similar position after a sharp chase, but the remainder dashed into so impracticable a clump of thick ‘wait a bit’ thorns, that it was impossible to follow them further, and we therefore retraced our steps to secure the tails of those we had killed. By the side of both we found a very little elephant; one had only been born a few hours. Poor little beasts! It was painful to listen to their prolonged roaring. They were hideous little creatures, with bloodshot eyes, and rather a malignant expression of countenance. Their trunks were quite out of proportion to their bodies, being not more than a foot and a half in length, and tapering almost to a point. We tied them up with ‘jungle grass’ (*Banksia scandens*), a tough, strong creeper, and tried to bring them both into camp, but the youngest soon gave in, and, as it would have died of starvation had we left it to itself, we thought it more merciful to put an end to its existence. The other gave us no trouble at all, beyond occasionally charging the gun bearers. It trotted briskly along, and, provided the tip of its trunk was above water, did not mind crossing some rather deep streams which lay between us and camp, twelve miles distant. Its arrival there created considerable excitement among the servants and coolies, under whose care it soon became reconciled to its change of life.”

Count, “lodged in the Mansion House. I was reclining one morning in my bed, contemplating that splendid sea into which the Ganges pours its waters, when a friend of mine—a nephew or pupil, I am not quite sure which, of Sir Robert Peel—came into my room.

“What good wind brings you here this morning, Sir William?” I asked.

“You are a sportsman! Will you join us to-morrow in an elephant hunt?”

“An elephant hunt! How long would it last?”

“Seven or eight days. Have you any arms?”

“Oh yes; I have my rifle.”

“That won’t do. You must have three double-barrelled rifles, or I won’t answer for your life.”

“But, my dear friend, what shall I do with such an arsenal?”

“Oh, don’t trouble yourself about that; the attendants will see to your arms. I will provide what is necessary for you.”

The sun, I must tell you, is awfully punctual in Ceylon. It always gets up at six, and goes to bed at six the whole year round. It comes and goes out like a flash of lightning. I was ready and mounted whilst it was still dark. At Sir William’s I found four or five of the party already assembled; others were to join us on the way. Our route lay along the banks of a splendid river, wide as the Seine at Ronen. The road was shaded with the most varied and magnificent vegetation. Crossing a bridge, we were joined by four more sportsmen. We were thus eleven in all, and as each had three or four attendants, the whole party amounted to some fifty persons.

One attendant walked at the head of each horse, another in the rear. The first was to hold the horse, the latter to keep off the flies. They did not use the fan for themselves—the natives are never hot.

Our first station was a temple of Buddha—a very holy spot, as it contained one of the tusks of the sacred elephant. This relic is so much more precious, as the Ceylonese elephants have no tusks. The tooth of the same animal was buried ten leagues deep in the ground beneath a neighbouring cupola, which exactly resembled half an egg.

The further off we left the town, the less populated was the country; at the same time, living things became more numerous. Every now and then gigantic lizards were seen by the roadside, lifting up their flat heads or fore feet, and pushing forth a tongue six inches in length. Snakes were also seen gliding in the grass.

On the same afternoon we arrived at Potsaye, where we dined and slept, starting early next morning on the road to Nuerra-Elia. The road had now become so narrow through plantations, that only one horseman could proceed at a time, and beyond the plantations we came to jungle interspersed with rocks. There we first met with monkeys. I shot one, and never did I regret a thing more. I have killed two or three adversaries in duels, but I never felt what I did in contemplating the agony of that caricature of a man called a monkey.

Shortly afterwards we arrived at a coffee plantation, in the centre of which was a habitation. Sir William clapped his hands, and an attendant made his appearance.

“Whose house is this?” inquired Sir William.

“Sir Andrew’s,” was the reply.

“Is he at home?”

In answer to the announcement that the host was absent, Sir William contented himself with ordering a repast for fifty, and we took up our quarters there till the Wednesday. In this way hospitality is practised in Ceylon.

The next day we breakfasted at Nuerra-Elia, and ascending amidst rock and jungle, reached Elephant's Plain the same evening. Unluckily a storm came on, and we had to take refuge in a wayside hut, with nothing but a few biscuits for supper.

This time Count Horace regretted he had not kept the monkey. It was young, and might have been tender. Jupiter Tonans kept walking about all night at about twenty feet distance over their heads, and no one got even a wink of sleep.

Next morning it was resolved to commence sport in earnest. It was no longer a matter of amusement: it was a question of absolute necessity. The dogs were let loose, the attendants dispersed over the jungle, and the gunners followed close upon their tracks.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed ere the dogs gave tongue, but without stirring from the spot. Whatever it was it did not leave its lair.

I hastened to the spot where the dogs were congregated, making a fearful noise.

"Take care," shouted Sir William, "It is a tiger!"

I must acknowledge that the information nailed me to the spot. I had often heard tigers talked about, and always in the most unfavourable manner. But I heard at the same time my companions advancing on all sides, and cutting their way through the jungle with their hunting knives. I knew that I was nearest to the animal, and I did not like being superseded. A heavy perspiration bedewed my forehead, so I repeated the words of Henry IV.

"Ah, carcase, you tremble! Well, I will give you something to tremble for."

So saying, I rushed forward, and in a step or two stood face to face with the wild beast. The tiger made a movement, as if to receive me after his own fashion. Luckily two great dogs held it back, one by the throat, the other by the ear; three or four more dogs had hold of it behind. Others kept barking at the distance of a few paces.

The head of the animal, drawn on one side by the dogs, still sought to turn towards me, as if instinct told its owner that the greatest danger lay in that quarter. The tiger's yellow eyes shone with the lustre of carbuncles, and a furious foam bathed its open mouth, exposing in the rear two rows of formidable looking white and sharp teeth. I began by fixing the animal. I knew that so long as a man has the courage to meet the eyes, be it of a lion, tiger or panther, he influences it. But let the look waver, and he is lost.

The voices of my companions were getting nearer and nearer. There was no time for hesitation, unless I chose to be lost. So taking my hunting-knife in hand, I went straight up to the tiger, without ever quitting its eye, and then with the tranquillity which characterises me when I have once made up my mind, I plunged my knife up to the hilt immediately behind the shoulder-blade.

The animal made such a violent plunge that it drew the weapon out of my hand.

I leaped aside.

Once more the tiger made an effort to bound, but the dogs still held it fast. It then rolled over, and

in a moment was covered with the dogs, who, at this signal of its agony simultaneously rushed in on all sides.

At this crisis Sir William came up. Lashing away at what appeared to be a pyramid of dog's tails, he soon cleared a way to the tiger.

"Whose is the knife?" he exclaimed, dragging it forth from the wound.

"Mine," I answered.

"Bravo, for a beginning."

"Excuse the faults of the author," I ventured to remark, as I wiped my knife with my pocket-handkerchief and replaced it in its scabbard.

All this was done with a simplicity which earned for me the unanimous praises of all present. Hungry as we were, we could not eat a tiger, so barely five minutes had elapsed after its death when we were once more in the jungle. Another five minutes and the dogs gave tongue again; but this time the noise moved away rapidly.

"A stag, gentlemen," exclaimed Sir William, "our dogs have found us a breakfast. Get ready the jacks and the gridirons; there will be enough for everybody."

Suddenly the noise ceased.

"Good," continued Sir William; "the animal is run down. Ah! they are splendid dogs, my dear Horace; I believe they would fetch up a hippopotamus from the bottom of the Ganges. Let us to the beast, gentlemen—to the game."

This time Sir William arrived first, and when we got up he was wiping his hunting knife. A gigantic stag lay at his feet, breathing its last. Sportsmen and attendants alike shouted with joy. There was, truly, as he said, enough for everybody. The attendants set to work at once, digging holes, lighting fires, and extemporising spits of iron wood. These were placed on poles, stuck crosswise in the ground, and two attendants turned them round, one at each end. Notwithstanding their indifference to heat, they had to be changed every five minutes. As to the offal, it was put into another hole and covered with live embers, and these again with dry wood.

In less than an hour we were at work, and wine, rice, and biscuits, made the complement of one of the most delicious meals I ever partook of.

Our repast finished, we mounted our horses and took the direction of Binteund. It is between Binteund and Badula that most elephants are met with. At less than a mile distance from where we had lunched the road makes a bend. At this turning our horses began to exhibit symptoms of anxiety. As to the one I rode, it got obstinate, and neither spur nor whip could get it to take a step farther.

"It scents an elephant," said my horsekeeper, taking it by the bridle, while I jumped down, and rifle in hand, turned the corner. My keeper was in the right, for not a hundred paces off I saw an elephant. It was attached to a great iron roller, which it was dragging after it in order to level the road. At a little distance there was another, with its keeper, employed in piling stones for a parapet. It is needless to say that although such mistakes have occurred, roadster elephants and mason elephants were not considered to be legitimate game, so we continued our way to Binteund.

Arrived at Binteund we had to leave our horses and to cut our way through the jungle. This was in pursuit of elephants whose traces had been discovered

by the natives some days previously. Progress was very laborious; there were nearly two leagues of jungle to cut one's way through. At length we arrived, almost breathless, at a small, round space, about twice as large as the Corn Hall in Paris, which had only been recently left by the elephants. Everything was trodden down by the bulky weight of the animals, who had made litter of the trunks of trees.

There were two side-pathways in the jungle; the herd, separated into two bands, had gone off in different directions.

We stopped short; we had arrived.

Sir William, who was more familiar with elephant hunting than any of us, imparted his final instructions. These directions were more particularly addressed to some as novices in the art. I listened to him with a pulsation in my ears, which told me very plainly that my blood was not in its ordinary condition.

I must acknowledge that I had been terrified on contemplating the evidences of destruction around me, and I could not help asking myself why a man—a mere pigmy, whose footsteps only bend the grass, which raises itself up again when he has passed—should come and attack monsters that crush forests under their feet and tread down trees never to rise again.

Sir William had slain six or seven hundred elephants. He had kept a record up to five hundred; beyond that he had given up enumerating his victims. He had never met with but one accident, when, having fired at a young one, the mother had rushed at him before he could get another rifle from a runaway attendant, and had taken him up in its trunk, only throwing him away to resist the accumulated aid that had come up. He had been a month laid up, and was upwards of two before he could take a full breath.

Well, Sir William's instructions were, that we were not to shoot at elephants with tusks,¹ they are kings; not at white elephants—they are holy. Nor was it safe to shoot young elephants, as the mother would charge the party. As to shooting the remainder, there was only one vulnerable point, and that was in the centre of the forehead, where there is a depression in the skull about the diameter of a man's hat. If fairly hit, the animal would be killed at once; if not, it would single out its assailant from a hundred, and charge him. The point was, then to await the animal till it was within a few paces, then step hastily on one side, and give it another ball in the ear. According to Sir William, this was the most common-place proceeding imaginable. I inwardly resolved to surprise my companions by doing some feat that went beyond the instructions.

It was time to make up my mind, for the attendants were shouting out that the elephants were coming back to us. Soon we heard what appeared to be the sound of a hurricane, and we felt the earth quake under our feet.

About twenty elephants were coming along one of the tunnels; three, a male, a female, and a young one, separated a little from the rest. I shouted out to Sir William in English, "I leave the troop to you and your friends. All I ask is, that I shall have these three."

¹ Sir James Emerson Tennant says, "Not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males. Nearly all, however, have those stunted processes, which are called *tushes*, about ten or twelve inches in length, and one or two in diameter.

Then calling to my attendants to come along with the spare rifles, I rushed before the elephants: I could have sought shelter behind a tree, but I disdained to avail myself of such aid, and took up my place in the middle of the path. As to my attendants, they changed colour like cameleons. From black they gradually became gray; only one seemed resolute.

"Let those who are frightened go away," I said; and I told the more courageous one to take a rifle in each hand and to stand by me. The others disappeared in the jungle.

I had my eye fixed upon the colossuses; they appeared to me to be real mastodons. When they were not more than thirty paces from us, I took aim at the young one; it was trotting along between its mammy and its dad.

I pulled the trigger, and she just staggered as if drunk, and then fell like a heavy inert mass. The mother uttered a fearful cry—a parent's cry—at once grievous and threatening, and then stopped to lift up her offspring.

The father rushed at me at once.

When he was within six paces, I planted a ball in his forehead.

Carried away by his impetuosity, he went on beyond me—I had stepped on one side, and while doing so had got another rifle. The colossus attempted to return upon his steps, but in doing so he stumbled. Soon his hind legs followed the example of his fore-limbs; then uttering a deep moan that faded off into a sigh, he fell dead!

At this cry of agony, the female, abandoning her young one, turned towards me.

It occurred to me not to take advantage of her having her head in front, as she came down upon me. I waited till the animal was only two paces off, then jumping a little on one side, I placed my rifle close to her ear, and fired off both barrels at once.

Half of the beast's head went in by the same hole as the discharge. Powder, balls, and paper showed the way.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "let every one do as much: three elephants in four shots. *C'est joli!*"

And taking my seat on the young one, which was about the size of a horse, I took out my *tinder box* and lighted a cigar."

III.—NIKOBAR ISLANDS.

LEAVING Ceylon for Madras, the expedition stayed at the latter place from the 30th day of January, 1858, till the 10th of February, visiting among other things the seven monolith temples at Vallora; on the 10th the frigate sailed for the Nikobar islands.

There are few islands less known than those which compose the so called Archipelago of Nikobar, or Nicobar, south of the Andaman islands, in the Bay of Bengal. Hamilton, in his account of the East Indies, described the north-most cluster called the Carnicobars (Kar Nikobar), as low, and by their vicinity to the Andamans, who are their great enemies, as but thinly inhabited. The middle cluster are fine champaign ground, and all but one well inhabited. They are called, he says, the Somerera Islands, because on the south end of the largest island is a hill that resembles the top of an umbrella or somerera, (sombbrero, a hat, or sombrero, a hat-case.) About six leagues to the southward of Somerera Island lies Tallang-jang (Tillanj-hong), the uninhabited island, where one Captain Owen

lost his ship, in A.D. 1708, but the men were all saved, and finding no inhabitants, they made fires in the night, and the next day there came five or six canoes from Ning and Goury (Guri), two fine islands that lie about four leagues to the westward of the desert island, and very courteously carried the shipwrecked men to their islands, with what little things they had saved of their apparel and other necessaries.

The captain had saved a broken knife about four inches long in the blade, and he having laid it carelessly by, one of the natives made bold to take it, but did not offer to hide it. The captain, seeing his knife in the poor native's hand, took it from him, and bestowed some kicks and blows on him for his ill manners, which was very ill taken, for all in general showed they were dissatisfied with this action; and the shipwrecked men could observe contentions arising between them who had befriended them in bringing them to their island, and others who were not concerned in it. However, next day, as the captain was sitting under a tree at dinner, there came about a dozen of natives towards him, and saluted him on every side with a shower of darts made of heavy hard wood, with their points hardened in the fire, and so he expired in a moment. How far they had a mind to pursue their resentment is not known, as their benefactors saved the rest, and kept guard over them till next day, when they presented them with two canoes, and putting in them some water in pots, cocoa-nuts, and dry fish, they intimated to them that they were to go, which order they were not loth in obeying. Being sixteen in company, they divided equally, and steered their course for Jonecyloan, (Sambilong), but on the way one of the boats swamped, and her crew were drowned, the other boat's crew ultimately reached Matchulipatam.

Ning and Goury are described by the same authority as being two fine smooth islands, well inhabited, and plentifully furnished with several sorts of good fish, hogs, and poultry, but there are no horses, cows, sheep, or goats, nor wild beasts of any sort but monkeys. The natives have neither rice nor pulse, but the kernel of cocoanuts, yams, and potatoes, constitute their chief food. The people of Somerera were described as being courteous and commercial, while those of the southern cluster, in which the country is more mountainous, were said to be more uncivil and surly, and less communicative than those to the northward.

The Nikobar Islands have been described in geographical works of much later date as consisting of about eleven islands of moderate size, amongst which the largest is Sambilong; but the two most visited by Europeans are called Kar Nikobar and Nankauri, besides a multitude of very small ones as yet without any distinct appellation, that is to say, whose names were not known. The occupation of the men was said to consist chiefly in building and repairing their huts (probably because some had been seen so occupied), and fishing and trading to the neighbouring islands. The women were described as cooking and cultivating the ground. The same uncertainty existed with regard to the religion of the natives as with regard to their occupations, some asserting that the inhabitants do not follow any of the systems of religion prevalent in the neighbouring continent; others, that they are simply Malays, with a residue of an aboriginal Australasian population dwelling in the interior of Great Nikobar.

Amidst all these conflicting statements, certain phy-

sical facts had been proximatively eliminated, and among these were, that Nankauri and Kanorta are separated by a strait called St. George's, which forms one of the safest harbours in India, and in which ships of all sizes may ride with the greatest security, sheltered from all winds. The islands were also known to be hilly, and some of the hills to attain a considerable elevation. The valleys and sides of the hills were also known to be covered with cocoa and areca palms, and that so densely, that it was said the sunbeams could not penetrate through their foliage; add to which, these are also in places so thickly interwoven with rattans and bush rope, that they appear spun together, and render these woods dark, impervious, and unhealthy. The fruit and leaves, falling down, rot below, and contribute to render these woods absolutely pestilential to an European constitution.

Only a few tracts along the coast are cultivated, yet the soil is said to be very fertile and capable of producing all the fruits and vegetables of intertropical countries. The islands already abound in papaya, bananas, limes, tamarinds, betel nuts, and the melliore, a species of bread-fruit. The mangosteen and pineapple grow, like the cocoa, wild in the woods, and their fruits are described by Colebrooke as delicious. The woods are also said to contain much timber, admirably suited for building and repairing ships.¹

¹ M. De la Geromère thus describes one of these tropical forests: A virgin forest in the tropics, and especially in the Philippines, is very different from our European forests. The noise of a torrent roused me from my meditations, and I beheld before me nature's most gigantic productions. There was the immense *habélé*, an extraordinary fig-tree, found in the sombre and mysterious forest of the Philippines. I stood still to admire this enormous tree, which springs from a seed resembling that of the ordinary fig; its wood is white and spongy: in a few years it attains a prodigious size. Nature, who has foreseen everything, who suffers the young lamb to leave its wool upon its bushes by the wayside, that the timid bird may gather it and form its nest, has displayed her utmost genius in rearing the fig-tree of the Philippines. The branches of this tree generally spring out horizontally from its trunk, and then, forming a right angle, rise perpendicularly. But, as already mentioned, the tree is spongy and snaps easily, and when the branch is weak there, where it forms an angle, it would inevitably break if a fibre, which the Indians call *drop of water*, did not issue from the tree, take root in the earth, and increasing simultaneously with the branches, afford the latter a living prop. Around the tree there also extend, at a great height from the ground, natural supports, which converge to the middle of the trunk. Everything has been foreseen by the Great Architect of the universe. The aspect of the *habélé* is indescribably picturesque. Within the space, some hundred paces in diameter, which these gigantic fig-trees occupy, one finds grottoes, vestibules, apartments, often furnished with natural seats formed by the roots. No species of vegetation is more varied and extraordinary. The tree frequently grows upon where there is not an inch of earth, its long roots straggle over the rock, wind round its angles, and plunge into the adjacent stream. This masterpiece of nature is very common in the Philippine forests.

The bamboo, of the graminaceous tribe, grows in thick tufts in the woods, on the banks of the river, and wherever it finds a damp soil. In the Philippines they reckon twenty-five or thirty kinds, very distinct in form and size. There are some of the diameter of a man's body; the hollow of which is very large. This kind is used particularly for the construction of cabins, and for vessels wherein to fetch and keep water. The fibres are made into baskets, hats, and all manner of things for which wicker-work is used in Europe; from which are also made ropes and cables of great strength. Another bamboo, of smaller dimensions, also hollow, and covered with a natural varnish, almost as hard as steel, serves, like the larger one, for the building of huts; cut to a point or an edge, it is used by the Indians for lances, arrows, and flames. A third kind, much more solid, and of the thickness of a man's arm, is more particularly used for those parts of the cabins which require great solidity, such as the roof. The fourth sort, smaller, and

(See p. 240.) In such a country snakes and alligators, as might naturally be expected, are numerous. The sea also abounds with exquisite fish, shell-fish, and turtle. The number and variety of shell-fish is said to be so great, that the most beautiful conchological collections might be made with very little trouble. Ambergris and the edible bird's-nest are common, and the Chinese and Malays visit the islands to procure them.

The inhabitants are of a copper colour, with small eyes, flat noses, large mouths, thick lips, and teeth

without any hollow, is used for railings and palisades round cultivated lands. The other kinds are made less use of; but, nevertheless, they are turned to account. To preserve the plant and render it annually productive, the shoots are cut off at a height of above ten feet from the ground. In that state, they look like a group of organ pipes, and are surrounded with branches and thorns. At the beginning of the rainy season, there rise out of each of these clusters, like gigantic asparagus, and as if by enchantment, a quantity of big bamboos. In a month they are from fifty to sixty feet high; and in a certain time afterwards they have acquired sufficient solidity to be used for the various purposes for which they are applicable. The cocca-tree, of the palm family, grows for seven years before it yields fruit. Those seven years elapsed, it yields, for upwards of a century, the same unvarying crop—namely, a score of big nuts every month. Never does this crop fail; and one constantly sees, upon the same tree, blossoms and fruit of every size. The cocca-nut is, as well known, excellent nourishment: a great quantity of oil is also abstracted from it. The shell is made into cups; the fibrous envelope into cords and cables for ships, and even into a coarse material for clothing. The leaves are used to thatch cabins, and for baskets and brooms. From the cocca there is also extracted the drink called cocca wine. It is a most intoxicating liquid, and is used by the Indians at their feasts. To obtain this wine whole forests of cocca trees are doomed to yield sap instead of fruit. By means of long bamboos, a communication is established between the summits of the trees. These bamboos serve as paths to the Indians, who every morning, bearing large jars, go to gather in the liquor. This is a difficult and dangerous occupation—an aerial promenade at sixty or eighty feet from the ground. The juice from which the spirit is manufactured is obtained from the bud, which, if left to itself, would become a blossom. As soon as one of these buds is about to burst, an Indian ties a string tightly round it at a short distance from its extremity; then he cuts off all that part of the bud that projects from the ligature; from this cutting, or from the pores which it discloses, there continually flows a sweet liquid, pleasant to the taste so long as it has not fermented. When it passes into a fermentation, it is taken to the distillery to be converted into a spirituous liquor, known in that country as cocca wine. Finally, the shell of the nut, burnt, yields a fine black colouring matter, which the Indians use to die straw hats. The banana is a herbaceous plant, without any ligneous quality. The stem of each plant is formed of leaves placed one over the other. This stem rises usually to a height of twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, and then spreads out into broad leaves, not less than five or six feet long. It is from the midst of these leaves that the flower springs, and is followed by what is called a *régime*, by which word is to be understood a hundred large bananas growing on one stalk, forming a long cluster, which bends towards the earth. Before the fruit has reached maturity the *régime* is cut, and the bananas are used for food accordingly as they ripen. The part of the plant which is in the ground is a sort of great stump, whence rise, in succession, about thirty shoots. Each shoot must furnish but one cluster; then it is cut near the ground; and as the shoots which grow from the same root have different ages, they are found in all stages of fructification, so that every month or fortnight, and in all seasons, a cluster or two may be gathered from the same plant. It is also from a kind of banana, but whose fruit is not edible, that is obtained the vegetable silk, or *abaca*, used for the manufacture of clothing material, and cordage. This filament is found in the trunk of the plant, which, as I have already mentioned, is formed of leaves growing one over the other. These are divided into long stripes, and placed for a few hours in the sun, then they are pulled sharply over a dull iron blade; the parenchyma, or fleshy part of the leaf, is retained by the blade, and the fibre separates from it; then comes another brief exposure to the sun, and the goods are ready for the market.

black from chewing betel. They are well-proportioned, rather short than tall, with large ears. They have strong black hair, the men have little or no beard, and shave their eyebrows, but never cut their nails. The hinder part of the head is compressed at birth. The men's clothing is a bit of string round their middle, and about a foot and a half of cloth six inches broad tucked before and behind within that girth. The women have a petticoat from the navel to the knee, and their hair close shaved, but the men have the hair left on the upper part of the head, and below the crown, but cut so short that it hardly comes to the ears. They erect their houses along the shore upon piles, to the height of six or eight feet above the ground, and sometimes so near to the margin of the water as to admit the tide to flow under them.

The Danes twice founded establishments on these islands in 1678 and in 1756, but were said to have abandoned them, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate. So also the Moravians, a body of Christians exemplary for zeal and perseverance, and the Lutherans, established missions there; but according to some, as they did not succeed in the conversion of the natives, they returned to Tranquebar; according to others, missionary after missionary falling a victim to the climate, they, after enduring many privations, relinquished the undertaking.

The Austrian expedition in the *Novara* made a careful exploration of these interesting islands, which lasted upwards of a month. The frigate anchored off the most northerly island of Kar-Nikobar on the 23rd of February, 1858. A party landed and advanced into the interior. They were soon hailed by a battalion, as they describe it, of about fifty natives, who came forth to meet them, armed with long cutlasses without handles, javelins, and stout stieks. "Good friends? good friends?" they exclaimed, upon encountering their visitors.

Being assured as to the pacific intentions of the latter, the chiefs, who called themselves captains, and decorated themselves with European names, as Captain Nelson, Captain Byron, Captain Wellington, Doctor Crisp, and others, handed over their arms to their followers, and held forth their oily and dirty hands, the grasp of which it was not deemed politic to refuse. Each of them then produced a certificate delivered to him by different captains of merchant ships, testifying to his loyalty in the matter of dealing in cocca-nuts. Several of these certificates contained also useful advice to new comers, such as "If you wish to remain friends with the savages, neither steal their pigs nor their wives."

The generality of these certificates bore the price current of cocca-nuts in European manufactures. Thus, one sword-blade obtained 300 nuts, as much as a sack of rice; a soup-spoon, 150, and a kerchief, 100. Every rag had its price. Bread, tools, pepper, and various drugs—among others, castor-oil, camphor and salts—are in great demand, but not so much so as clothes and felt hats. Not an old coat in rags that is not bought up with enthusiasm, and the most worn-out old wide-awake will obtain 2,500 nuts, as much as a double-barrelled gun, a barrel of rum, or a piece of calico twenty yards in length, and which they use to bury their dead. Assuredly any speculator who would send a cargo of felt hats to Nikobar would realise large profits. It is supposed that, seeing most of the captains of merchantmen provided with hats of this



INTERIOR OF A HUT IN THE ISLAND OF KAR-NIKOBAR,

description, the islanders imagined that such were the marks of their rank, as a crown is that of royalty, and that the wide-awake made the captain.

A certain Captain Dixon presented a certificate, of which he was not a little proud. It recorded that, notwithstanding his dirty appearance, Captain Dixon was a man to be trusted. He was, however, a very fine man, as naked as the hand; his complexion bronzed, his hair shining, long, and floating, and held by a diadem of bark. Amongst his companions, one wore a simple shirt, the other a blouse, another a pair of well worn boots, and here and there a pair of trousers were to be seen. All put together, however, they could barely have supplied one complete dress. Many of these insulars only wore the narrow waist-band which fell down in a queue. Their general appearance would not have been displeasing, had it not been for their great open mouths, and their black and carious teeth. Sometimes teeth and gums had alike disappeared, to give place to a diseased shapeless mass between a pair of swollen and inflamed lips. They have, besides, the bad habit of lengthening their ears by boring holes in them, into which they insert their pipes, cigars, and other objects, or even bits of wood decorated with pieces of copper or silver; one, to whom a small bottle had been presented, at once affixed it to his ear as an ornament.

Captain Dixon and his friends were invited on board the *Novara*, and assured that no harm would

be done to them, and that they were good friends. "Not only friends," exclaimed the captain, "not only good friends, but good brothers—father, mother—all brethren!" an explosion of fraternity which the narrator says absolutely stunned him, coming from this poor oily and naked savage. It is true that the captain did not forget to inquire if, being on board, he should be treated to food, drink, and tobacco. Everything on board excited their admiration, but nothing more so than the big guns from Marienzell, "our holy place of grace and pilgrimage." When these simple savages were questioned as to what punishments they inflicted upon evil-doers, they at once answered, "We are not wicked, we are all good. But they are very wicked people in your country, or why should you want those great guns?" Admirable philosophy in a so-called savage.

Apart from the ravages which the abuse of betel causes in their mouths, the inhabitants of Nikobar are well-made and healthy. There were only two pathological cases met with among them; one of a man with a paralysed arm, the other of a little man, fat and short, with imperfectly developed fingers, which had earned to him the nick-name Kinta-Kunti. When the natives were asked who took care of poor Kinta-Kunti, "I do! we do! all of us do!" exclaimed Captain Charley, with an expression of surprise at such a question being asked. Captain Charley was a little thin man, whose whole dress consisted of a cap.

It appears that these Nikobarians have preserved an ill-feeling towards the Danes. "The Danes are bad people!" they exclaimed, their eyes lighting up, "They wished to take our island! If we wished to take your island, we should be wicked people!" Another bit of philosophy unknown in the old world.

The Austrians were invited by Captain John to visit his domicile, raised upon a dozen piles and covered with palm leaves. The ascent was by a ladder of bamboos. The hut was nearly empty; two or three boxes were to be seen in a corner which contained all the captain's riches. There were also a few javelins hanging on the walls and ceiling, and a broken-down chair to offer to his visitors. As to the captain himself, he took his seat on a plank attached by ropes to the roof, and whence he gravely swung himself to and fro, deeply imbued with a sense of his own political importance.

A roast pig had been purchased for the sum of two florins from the fat Doctor Crisp, but none of the women or the children appeared to grace the repast. "They are fled to the forest," they said, in reply to inquiries made as to their absence, "We do not know where, and as long as you remain they will continue hidden there, even if they have to die of hunger." These poor people, taught by sad experience, were using precautions against the expeditionists. "In the relations of Europeans with savages," says the narrator, "it is seldom that the latter are in the wrong."

It may be affirmed that the Nikobarians have a natural sentiment of morality and justice, which is highly developed in their character; they are hospitable, kind, and appear to be neither envious nor jealous. If their social ideal is less elevated than ours, it is still not without value. At all events, their practice is not, as too frequently happens among ourselves, in an inverse ratio to their theory. Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the Austrians tell us, have not as yet met with the slightest success among these insulars, who have received them kindly, have looked upon them with curiosity, have listened to them without understanding them, and do not to the present day know what they came to do. But Captain John brought forth a little English bible, and said to them with a certain pride, "Here is Jesus Christ. When I am ill, I put it under my head, and I am healed!"

Thirteen villages were described by name as existing in the island of Kar Nikobar, altogether comprising some hundred huts, with a population of from eight to nine hundred inhabitants.

The cocoa-nut is the chief mercantile produce of the island, but sugar-cane, tobacco, cotton and rice could be successfully cultivated. The quantity of nuts exported annually, of which the greater portion go to Pulo Penang, is estimated at four to five millions of francs. The cocoa-nut tree, which attains a height of from 60 to 100 feet, and a diameter of two feet, is crowned by a roof of leaves always green and playing gracefully over the head. Who does not know the thousand useful purposes to which this precious tree is put to? its leaves, its roots, its trunk, its sap, its water, its oil, its wine, its milk, and its very fibres, all conduce to the comforts and happiness of millions of the human family.

The greatest festival celebrated by the Nikobarians lasts fifteen days, and is held on the occasion of the opening of the rainy season, when the south-west monsoon begins to blow. They also celebrate another

festival in the dry season, by a grotesque race. Wild boars are let loose in an enclosed space, the young men armed with sticks and javelins rush to the assault, with loud shouts and in the presence of their fair ones, their rivals, and the assembled people; they pierce and hit the hogs, which defend themselves often very vigorously, inflicting more than one wound, but which, after an inevitable struggle, are killed, roasted, and eaten.

Upon the occasion of the festival of the dead, the Nikobarians exhume the bodies of their relatives and friends, which have been a year under ground, carry them into a hut, and gather round them groaning and weeping. A lighted cigar is placed in the mouth of each skeleton, picturing no doubt the human breath. The skulls are afterwards buried in the cemetery, or *Kuakerpa*, but the bones are cast away in the forest, or into the sea. A few cocoa-nut trees are cut down at the same time, which are thrown away with the bodies, and cocoa-nuts are put in places where they are likely to give birth to new trees.

The natives of Nikobar dance, but with little animation, and their songs are so many lamentations. Their figures, the Austrian ethnologist said, are so elegiac, that the idea was involuntarily forced upon him that they were the remnants of a primitive autochthonic race, perhaps anterior to ours, which feels that it has no longer a place in the actual series of human beings, and that nothing remains for it but to die out!

On the 28th of February the frigate left Kar Nikobar, for Battelmave, an inhabited island twenty-one miles distant, where the geographers wished to make some observations. On the 6th of March it anchored in the commodious but unhealthy port of Mankauri, well known to the religious world for the number of German and Danish, Moravian and Lutheran missionaries who came there to perish.

The village of Itoe was first visited. All the inhabitants had fled away, and only left a few famished dogs behind them. Piles were seen raised above the water in front of the huts and to which branches were attached, to drive away evil spirits. In the village were also found a great number of small figures of wood, coarsely and grotesquely carved and attached to the walls and roofs of the houses. These were intended to represent Iwis, that is to say, bad spirits, tied up by the leg, just as in olden times scaffolds and gibbets were erected at gateways, to deter malefactors. Nevertheless, as if to propitiate these Iwis at the same time, certain eatables, including tobacco, leaves and betel-nuts, were attached for their use to different parts of the hut, and especially to the bamboo ladder.

The cemetery of Itoe, as well as that of Kamurta, is stuck all over with piles or poles, to which the hatchet, file, knife and other property of the defunct are attached. Coarsely carved figures, daubed in red and black, with white, red, and blue ribbons, or simply long palm leaves floating in the breeze, are likewise attached to the top of these poles, to drive away the evil spirits.

The hills of Mughata and the villages of Ennuang, Calaba, and Kumat, where the missionaries founded establishments, were also visited. Scarcely a trace of the passage of the latter is now to be found. The valley in which eleven *Herrnhuters* perished one after another, is once more transformed into a gloomy and majestic forest.

Notwithstanding the proximity of their islands, the inhabitants of Kar Nikobar, of Ennuang, and of Malacca, do not speak the same language. They give

even to the most common objects different names. The imperfection of their language is a good deal to be attributed to the deformity of their mouths; it is rather stammered than spoken.

The frigate set sail on the 11th for Katchal, Nankauri, and Kamurta; but having no steam-power the expeditionists were unable to effect a landing. On the 17th they fetched the Meroe Islands, and then Treis and Track, and the long mountainous chain of Little Nikobar and of Pulo Milu, which latter small island they were enabled to explore. They describe it as of exceeding beauty, and clothed with an admirable vegetation. The pandanus, which imparts to the forests of southern Asia so different an aspect to those of South America, is seen here in all its perfection. A Swedish naturalist, of the name of Kink, had preceded the Austrians here, and had employed forty Chinese workmen to open pathways in various directions. The funeral poles, bearing the floating images to drive away the wicked Iwis, were also seen at this island. The persons who raise these trophies are called Maluenas, or devil extirpators. At the same time that they thus abuse a superstitious dread of evil spirits, they completely subject the minds of the people, just as their colleagues, the achites of Guatemala, the medicine men of the North American Indians, and the rain-makers of the Kaffirs do.

The ethnologist of the expedition succeeded, after many presents of tobacco, glass-beads, and admittedly-bad knives, in getting three natives to sell him a skeleton. Trembling all the way, they led him to a secluded part of the forest, where lay the body of a young man; but the moment they saw the savant at work with a knife, they fled away as fast as their legs could carry them. Possibly the ethnologist says that they thought the cranium would avenge itself for their treachery.

The 19th of March the frigate traversed the canal of Saint George's, coasted the island of Musial, and touched the next day at the charming little island of Kondua, where they admired the splendid vegetation and imposing forests. They met here with some natives, who were sufficiently affable to allow themselves to be weighed and to have their hair clipped—an operation which, as it lasted not less than twenty minutes, was not a little fatiguing, both to the operator and to the patient.

The ethnologist, in order to study the remedial means in use in the country, pretended that he had severe rheumatic pains in his left shoulder, and engaged a native doctor to undertake the cure. The Nikobarian Esculapius accordingly took hold of the afflicted arm, pinched it, pressed it, rubbed it up and down, blew upon it, all the time dancing and shouting, to drive away the evil spirit that haunted the member; and at last he arrived, with expressive gestures, at his grand climax, which was to make it exude from the extremity of the fingers. So little satisfied, however, was the doctor with his performance, that when he had received his five sous (2½*d.*) as a gratuity, he took himself off as fast as his limbs would carry him.

IV.—THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

THE terror which struck the mutinous Sepoy regiments of our Indian army, when they learnt their sentence was one of transportation to the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, can only be understood

by those who are aware that the natives of these islands are a totally distinct race from either the Hindhus of the continent, or the Malays of the coast; in fact, that they are negroes of a type similar to those inhabiting the Feejee, or Fiji Islands, transported thither over the Indian Ocean by some accident of the sea, such, perhaps, as wafted civilisation to Mexico from Japan, and to Peru from Mexico; that they live in forests, uncivilised, barbarous, vindictive, and as ignorant as wild beasts, and that for centuries, according to all reports of eastern and Muhammadan travellers, they have enjoyed the reputation—unfairly, as there is now reason to presume—of being anthropophagi, or eaters of human flesh. This singular race of people are almost analogous, in the scale of humanity, with the Bosjesman, or Bushmen of South Africa—men, who in their habits of living, are but a few removes from the monkeys, or rather may be said, almost without exaggeration, to have rather the disadvantage of these animals in appearance, with a quality of intellect scarcely expanded above idiocy and a language of gutturals scarcely exceeding in range the grunt of hogs, the harsh scream of the jackal, or the whistling of birds. They are degenerated from the Papuan type, seldom exceed five feet in height, have heads of a large size, short necks and high shoulders, woolly hair, protuberant stomachs, and weak, bandy legs. They go entirely naked, only rubbing their bodies with yellow clay, and reddening their heads and faces with red ochre. Their only weapons or implements are bows and arrows (of elegant shape), a kind of harpoon-headed rod of hard wood for spearing fish, an adze-head of sharp stone fastened to a handle by a cord made of strong vegetable fibre. They subsist on fish, which abound generally on the coast, but in time of scarcity they devour rats, lizards, and vermin of every description.

Some writers would refer the well-known and too sadly authenticated ferocity and blood-thirstiness of the Andamans simply to a courageous love of independence. They do not in any case, says the traveller quoted, appreciate being appointed jailors to an invading people. But alas! it is not only the English they slay. Not many years ago, a mild inoffensive Austrian naturalist (Dr. Helfer) fell a victim to their treachery while quietly botanising in these inhospitable islands.

The largest of these Andaman Islands, known as the Grand Andaman, is somewhat incorrectly designated as a single island, 140 miles long by 20 broad: it is in reality divided by as many channels into three separate islands. A picturesque mountain, known to the English as Saddle-Peak, and which attains an elevation of 2,400 feet, is the main feature of this island, and is seen at a great distance. It seems to be of volcanic origin, and it is even said that there are volcanoes in activity in the islands.

The southern island, which is known as Little Andaman, is only about 28 miles long by 17 in width. Having no running streams of fresh water, it has never attracted so much attention as the northerly island.

Like all other islands in the Indian Ocean, the Andaman Islands are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. Among other kinds of vegetable wood are ebony, red saunders wood, or sanguis draconis of druggists (*Pterocarpus Dahlbergoides*), bamboo, rattan canes, and other congeners, which impart a peculiarly graceful appearance to the forests that line the coasts.

These forests are tenanted by but few birds of bril-

liant plumage. The native pigeon, is, however, remarkable for its exquisite beauty; and with the exception of the stag and the wild boar, there is, as in the Nikobar Islands, a complete absence of quadrupeds. That which renders the Andamans precious in the eyes of the student of Cuvier, are the numbers of pretty Salangane swallows (*Hirundo esculenta*), ever flitting about the rocky coasts, and which construct in the caves the much-coveted nests so essential to Chinese epicureanism.

A little more than two years ago, a half-military and half-scientific mission was despatched from Bengal to explore the Andaman Islands, with the view to forming a convict settlement there. The mission was presided over by Dr. Mouat, and was accompanied, among others by M. Mallitte, a French photographic artist, to whom we are indebted for the account of the proceedings of the expedition, as also for the sketches which illustrate it.

The mission embarked from Calcutta on the 23rd of November, 1857, in the steamer, *Pluto*, a vessel of 400 tons, commanded by Captain Baker; and, after some delay off the coast of Burniah, reached Port Cornwallis, in the north of Grand Andaman, on the 11th of December.

A preliminary reconnaissance of the country was effected without any opposition on the part of the inhabitants. In every direction the same exuberance of vegetation was met with—virgin forests covered the land. On the 12th, the steamer left Port Cornwallis for another station, where traces of the natives appeared, and they themselves were soon made out; but, notwithstanding the signs of friendship made, and the placing of presents within their reach, they could not be induced to communicate with the visitors, and they hailed their re-embarkation with tumultuous shouts of defiance. On the 14th, another point was recognised, for there was no water, when the natives would not communicate. This system was persevered in for five or six days, during which various landing places were explored, various descents were made, a little shooting was carried on, and some sharp collisions with the Andamans took place.

It was not till the 21st that a place was found adapted for the establishment of a convict colony. The festivities of Christmas Day had been gaily celebrated, and the next day the exploration of the coast was continued, when, on attempting to double the extremity of the tripartite Grand Andaman, the *Pluto*, being in a channel between the mainland and an island not wider than the Seine at Paris, the Andamans made their appearance armed, and in their war canoes, and at once made for the steamer. (See p. 256).

Doctor Mouat, accompanied by Dr. Playfair, Lient. Heathcote, and M. Mallitte, with twelve men well armed, took to one boat. Mr. Topgrave and the surgeon of the *Pluto*, with eight men, manned another. The movement of the whites was carefully scanned by the natives. Crowding seven long canoes, they took the direction from South Reef Island towards Interview Island. The English did not hesitate, they secreted their arms and followed up the savages closely. No end of trifles had been got together as presents to conciliate, and handkerchiefs were waved in sign of friendship, but notwithstanding these demonstrations, the Andamans assumed a more and more hostile attitude, and a shower of arrows began to rain upon the boats occupied by the whites. The latter were

thus obliged to have recourse to their arms, and several savages were killed or wounded in this deplorable conflict, and one of the aggressive warriors fell into the hands of the English.

The combat did not pass over without disagreeable consequences to the whites: one of the English officers was struck by an arrow, a sailor was wounded, and M. Mallitte was somehow or other hit by a stray ball. The contest was, however, of brief duration, the Andamans soon gave way, and the channel was left open to the English. The latter, however, did not, after this untoward occurrence, persevere with their researches; but they took their way back, with their prisoner, to Calcutta.

The result of their explorations, as communicated to us by M. Mallitte is, that the Andamans are among the most savage and uncivilised races of the Indian ocean. Their habitations are of the most rudimentary character. Four stakes, covered with a roof of palm-leaves, is all that is necessary to constitute a mansion for an Andaman family, and in such a mild climate so primitive a construction is really all that is wanted. The number appears, however, from the photograph, to increase probably with the number of the family. Their huts are open to every breeze, and they are internally decorated with bones of wild boars, shells, or turtle, and great fish, tied together in festoons. No indication of the pretended cannibalism of the inhabitants was met with; all the researches made upon this point were in vain, and no human bone came to testify to a horrible custom, too often a reproach against the dark races of Oceania. As far as the Andamans are concerned, it is quite sufficient to be without the fraternity of men, and murderers of all who are not of themselves, whether thrown by the tempest on their coasts, peacefully exploring the resources of the land, or desirous of opening it to intercourse and commerce, without adding to such savage barbarity the loathsome crime of anthropophagy. Such a practice is not, indeed, consistent with the climate.

The origin of this race of people, so different in their appearance and state of civilisation from any of the races on the continent, or the neighbouring islands, whose determined hostility to Europeans, and disinclination to intercourse with strangers, amounts to a passion, has been a subject for much speculation. It has been generally admitted that the people to whom they bear the greatest resemblance in their persons and dispositions are the mop-headed Papuans of New Guinea; but how they should have found their way to so great a distance in their frail canoes, it is difficult to imagine. M. Mallitte adds his testimony to this fact, that the Andamans belong to the dark race which is variously known under the names of Papuans, Alfurus, Endamenes, or Andamans, Aetas, or Negritos; they are indeed of a palpable black. In height they seldom exceed five feet, their heads are large and sunk in the shoulders, their hair is woolly as with their African congeners, and the abdomen is protuberant at the expense of the lower limbs, which are spare, among the generality of individuals. They live in a state of perfect nudity, unless we may consider as a kind of clothing the plastering their bodies with yellow ochre and clay, a practice rendered positively necessary as a protection against the attacks of insects, which swarm in the air and would otherwise be a constant torment to them. This plastering themselves with yellow, and the custom of painting their faces and woolly heads

with red ochre, does not tend to improve their naturally hideous appearance. The population of the Great Andaman, it is conjectured, does not exceed 2,500 persons, and they unite in small societies, that move about from one part of the coast to another in search of food.

All the formulæ of the most contemptuous disdain, says M. Mallitte, have been exhausted with regard to these savages. We find them ourselves to be much less hideous than many Anstralian. Is it quite true also that the Andamans are "among the lowest in the scale of humanity?" Have not the Burmese, who go to cut wood in their island, and to obtain edible nests, exaggerated the cruelty of these insulars? The prisoner who was taken to Calcutta, where he died of consumption, did not exhibit any ferocity; but he was always grieving and pining for his native country. Thanks to this poor savage, the certainty was acquired that the language of the Andamans had no affinity with that spoken at Tenasserim, no more than it had with the idiom in use at the Nikobar Islands.

In order to better comprehend the first origin of these people, who seem as it were east away upon the Indian Ocean, it would perhaps require to study better than has hitherto been done the barbarous idioms of the Island of Waigiyu in the centre of New Guinea, or even (corrupted as they are) more of the black Papuans who wander on the shore of Dorey, and of whose language the naturalist Lesson obtained a vocabulary, undoubtedly very limited, but still most precious to ethnographers. It is not a little remarkable that these negroes of the ocean, who from their persistent hostility to Europeans have been looked upon by so many travellers as next to brutes in point of intelligence, and as disinherited of almost all the prerogatives of the human race, have a system of enunciation more complete than that of some savages of America and of Polynesia, and who form considerable tribes, to whom it is customary to grant a reputation for a certain amount of civilisation.

An examination, which was effected by force of arms, of some of the habitations of the Andamans, spread along the shores of the great island, afforded a few ethnological facts regarding these people which we were not previously in possession of. It was ascertained, for example, that their weapons of war and for hunting and fishing, were manufactured with rare skill. The bows of the Andamans are made of a kind of iron wood, which presents a great resistance, and, at the same time, assumes a most graceful form; their arrows, which they direct with no small effect, are four feet in length, and are of three kinds, made out of very hard wood; they are all armed with very fine points, some are simple, others barbed, and the third description has a moveable harpoon—no doubt used for fishing. The oars, or pagays, which the Andamans ply with dexterity, are short and coloured red, but the hatchets with which they construct their canoes are coarse instruments, consisting of a more or less rounded and sharp stone, fastened to a handle by cords of vegetable fibres.

The Andamans are not an agricultural people, they are true ichthyophagists. The sea that bathes their islands abounds in excellent fish; soles, mullet, and oysters constitute their chief alimentary resources. But sometimes, in bad weather, fish fails them, and they then devour the lizards, rats, and mice that abound in their woods; some also say, snakes. A little more

industry would enable them to find an abundant vegetable food in their woods. Hamilton, in his *East Indian Gazetteer*, says, on the authority of Syme, that the bread-fruit tree exists there, and the same authority declares that there are quicksilver mines in the interior. Others declare that the fruit of the mango grove is almost the only vegetable substance in the islands that is fit for food. Cocoa-nut trees, which are so plentiful and so prolific both on the continent and in the neighbouring Nikobar Islands, are said never to have been planted in the Andaman Islands. The palm figured in M. Mallitte's beautiful photograph, and ascended by means of a remarkably ingenious bamboo or rattan ladder, is the *Latania*, or Bourbon palm, called *latanier* by the French. (See p. 241.)

It is not a little remarkable, that notwithstanding the ill-feeling engendered by the natives of the Andaman Islands with the English, by their overt hostility and their murderous propensities, and which have, no doubt, given origin to some degree of acerbity in speaking of them, which has been commented upon by more dispassionate foreigners, that the original charge of cannibalism did not come from the English, but actually dates far back before the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Vasco de Gama, and any European had navigated the Indian Ocean. When the Muhammadan travellers of the time of the Khalifat, and of whose travels Renaudot has given an account, describe the Indian Ocean, they make particular mention of the Rammi Islands, inhabited by cannibals, and which separate the Sea of Herkend from that of Chelaet; they also mention others which they call Najabalus, and then they come to the Andamans, and we must judge by the exaggeration which they permit to themselves in their physical description of these unfortunate races, of the little faith that can be put in their statements. The people who inhabit the coast, they say, eat raw human flesh. They are black, have woolly air, eyes and face frightful, feet very large, and a cubit in length, and are quite naked. "They have no boats, and, if they had any, they would not eat all the peasants whom they could catch." We suppose the last paragraph is an oversight of Renaudot's, and that he meant, they would eat all they could catch.¹

¹ The original, as given in the English translation from the Abbé Renaudot by Harris, and inserted in Pinkerton's collection, is as follows:—

These islands (Islands of Rammi), separate the sea of Herkend from the sea of Shelahet, and beyond them are others called Najabalus, which are pretty well peopled; but the men and women there go naked. When shipping is amongst their islands, the inhabitants come off to embarkations and bring with them ambergris and cocoa-nuts, which they truck for iron; for they want no clothing, being free from the inconveniences either of heat or cold. Beyond these two islands lies the Andaman Sea. The people on this coast eat human flesh quite raw: their complexion is black, their hair frizzed, their countenances and eyes frightful, their feet are very large and almost a cubit in length, and they go quite naked. They have no sort of barks, or other vessels; if they had, they would seize and devour all the passengers they could lay hands on. When ships have been kept back by contrary winds, they are often in these seas obliged to drop anchor on this barbarous coast for the sake of water, when they have expended their stock; and upon these occasions they commonly lose some of their men. Beyond this there is a mountainous and yet inhabited island, where, it is said, there are mines of silver; but, as it does not lie in the usual track of shipping, many have sought for it in vain, though remarkable for a very lofty mountain, which is called Katherai. It once so happened, that a ship sailing in these latitudes had sight of the mountain, and shaped her course for it, and

It is to be clearly seen from this curious passage, that, in the time of Harun-al-Raschid, the sultan of the marvellous legends, the ferocious Andamans, with feet a cubit in length, must have infested the coast of Malacca, whence they have since been expelled to the islands which now bear their name. Unfortunately for those who might entertain ideas of instituting a limited liability company for working the Andaman quicksilver mines, it would appear that the same Arabian narratives of travel, of which Sinbad is only an episode, speak also of an island in the bosom of which is the mountain of Kathenai—possibly the same as Saddle-peak—and from which the firing of the woods causes streams of pure silver to flow! It would seem as if this Saracenic traveller's tale had been the basis for the legend of mines of quicksilver, but, as Sir James Emerson Tennant has justly remarked in his work on Ceylon, we ought not to be too hasty in casting ridicule upon these narratives of travel that anticipated those of Europeans. In a geographical point of view, they possess great value, and if sometimes they contain statements which appear marvellous, the mystery is often explained away by a more minute and careful inquiry.

A settlement was attempted by the English in 1791, on the south part of the largest island, which settlement was, two years afterwards, removed to Port Cornwallis, near the northern end. One object for making this establishment was, the possession of a commodious harbour on the east side of the Bay of Bengal, which might be a place of shelter during the prevalence of the north-east monsoon. The place was abandoned in 1796, in consequence of its proving extremely prejudicial to the health of the settlers. It is probable that this disadvantage might have been remedied by clearing the adjacent district, which consists of lofty hills covered with trees and jungle.

In 1814, when Port Cornwallis was visited by an English ship, very few vestiges remained of this British settlement. Subsequently, in April, 1824, the British force, under Sir Archibald Campbell, despatched against the Burmese, assembled in the harbour, where some of the ships remained about a month; but it was not found possible on that occasion, more than on any other, to establish any intercourse with the natives, who omitted no opportunity of discharging their arrows at all the Europeans who came within their reach.

The Little Andaman was visited in November, 1825, by the *Earl Kellie* transport, for the purpose of procuring water for the troops which she was conveying to Rangoon, when the inhabitants showed an equally fierce disposition, and endeavoured, as nearly as possible, to obstruct our people while filling their water-casks. This small island does not possess any harbour, but has tolerable anchorage near the shore.

The Andamans had a yearly custom of visiting the Nikobar islands with a great number of small prahus, and killing or taking prisoners as many of the poor Nikobarians as they could overcome. The Nikobarians at last joined their forces, and gave the cannibals battle,

falling in with the land, sent a boat on shore with hands to cut wood; the men kindled a fire and saw silver run from it, which plainly indicated there was a mine of this metal in the place; they shipped therefore as much of the earth or ore, as they thought fit, but, as they were proceeding on their voyage, they met with such a storm, that to lighten their ship, they were under the necessity of throwing all their ore overboard. Since that time the mountain has been carefully sought, but it has never since been found

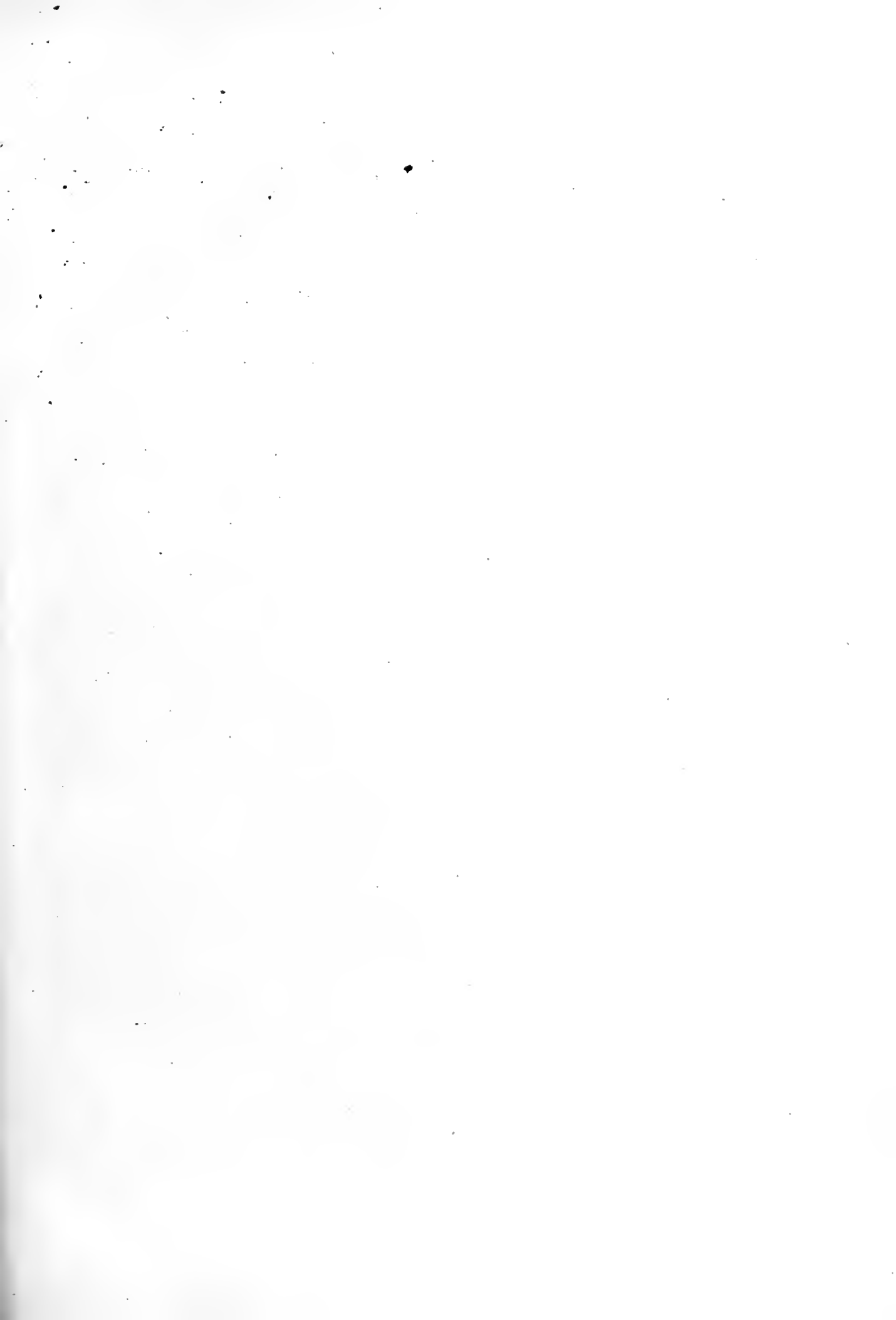
when they met with them, and one time defeated them, and gave no quarter to the Andamans.

Captain Hamilton saw a native of the Andaman Islands at Atchin in 1694. This man was about forty years of age. When a boy ten or twelve years of age, he accompanied his father in the wars, and was taken prisoner; and his youth recommending him to mercy, they saved his life, and made him a slave. After he had continued so three or four years, he was carried to Atchin, to be sold for cloth, knives, and tobacco, which are the commodities most wanting among the Nikobars. The Atchiners being Muhammadans, this boy's patron bred him up in that religion, and some years after, his master dying, gave him his freedom. He, having a great desire to see his native country, took a prahu; and the months of December, January, and February being fair weather, and the sea smooth, he ventured to the sea, in order to go to his own country, from the islands of Gornu and Gullobey, which lie near Atchin. Here the southernmost of the Nikobars may be seen, and so one island may be seen from another, from the southernmost of these to Little Andaman, which is the southernmost of the Andamans, that are distant from Atchin about one hundred leagues. Arriving among his relations, he was made welcome, with great demonstrations of joy to see him alive whom they expected to have long been dead.

Having retained his native language, he gave them an account of his adventures; and as the Andamans have no notions of a deity, he acquainted them with the knowledge he had of a God, and would have persuaded his countrymen to learn of him the way to adore God, and so obey his laws; but he could make no converts. When he had stayed a month or two, he took leave to be gone again, which they permitted, on condition that he would return. He brought along with him four or five hundred (Muhammadan) weight of quicksilver, and he said that some of the Andaman islands abound in that commodity. He had made several trips thither, and always brought some quicksilver along with him. Some fakirs would fain have accompanied him in his voyages, but he would not suffer them, because, he said, he could not engage for their safety among his countrymen.¹

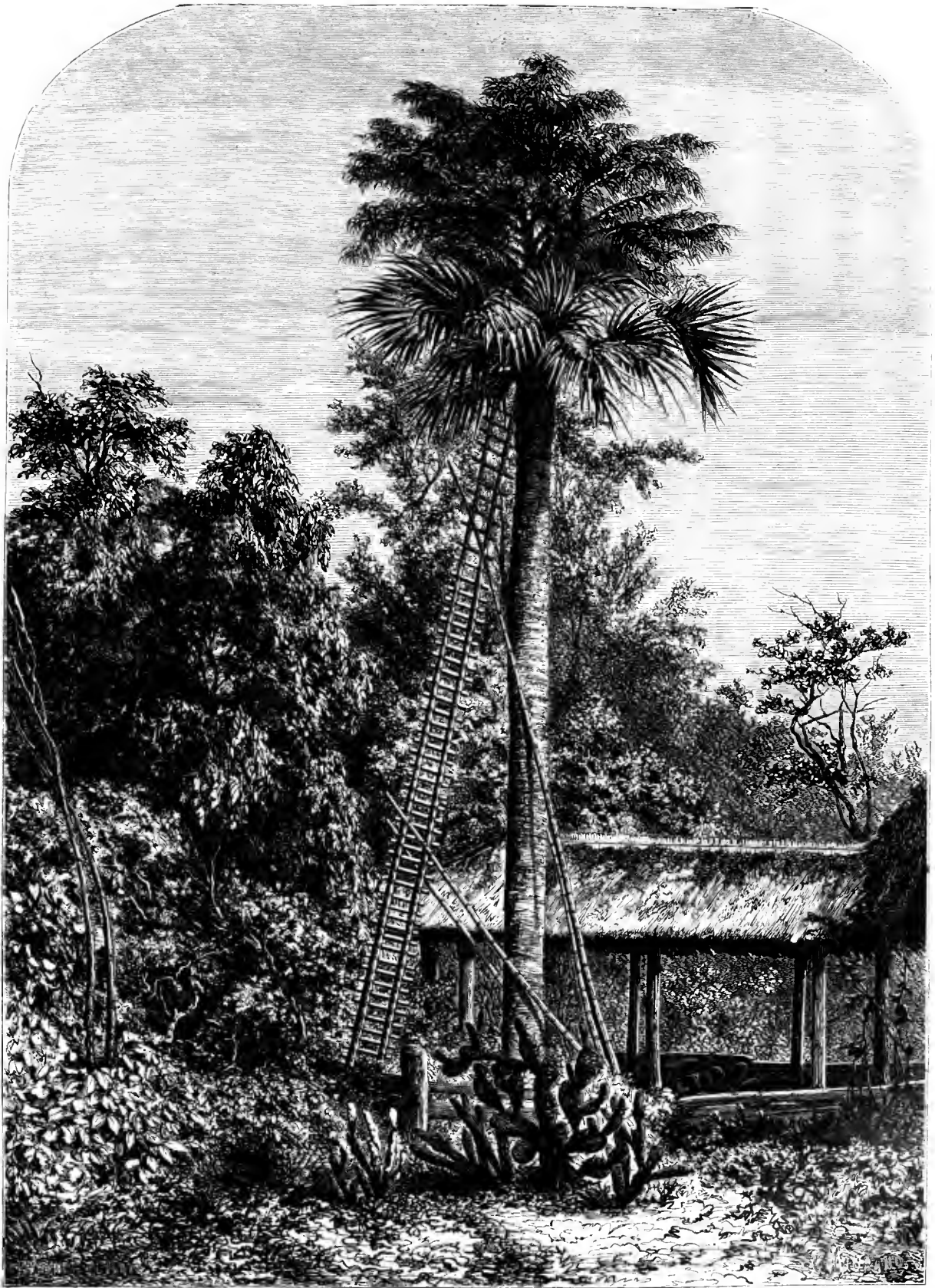
The native, whose photograph appears at p. 256, was captured by an English expedition, carried off to Calcutta, and died there of consumption. He was always sad and melancholy—like a wild beast in a den—not fierce, but gloomy and silent—and finally moped himself to death. The British penal settlement which now exists in the Andaman Islands, can hardly be said to flourish; indeed, the object of striking terror in the minds of the mutinous soldiery having been accomplished, it will most probably soon be given up as

¹ It does not appear from the notice given by Captain Alexander Hamilton, in his account of the East Indies, that the Arabian story of a mountain from whence molten silver flowed, is what really gave origin to the story of quicksilver mines existing in the interior of the Andaman island, but rather Captain Hamilton's own statement, when he says he knew one Ferguson, who commanded a ship from Fort St. George, bound from Malacca to Bengal, in company with another ship, going too near one of the Andaman islands, was driven, by the force of a strong current, on some rocks, and the ship was lost. The other ship was driven through a channel between two of the same islands, and was not able to assist the shipwrecked crew, but neither Ferguson nor any of his people were ever more heard of, which gave ground to conjecture that they were all devoured by those savage cannibals.





VIRGIN FOREST IN KAR-NIKOBAR (INDIAN OCEAN).





an experiment at once cruel and useless. To expect to reclaim savages by associating them with those whom civilised society has thrown out from itself, is like an attempt to bring up an infant child by feeding it with poison.

V.—SINGAPORE.

FROM the Nikobar Islands the Austrian expedition made the best of its way to Singapore, where they were entertained at the "magnificent hotel," "Esperanza," at a cost of 3½ Spanish dollars, or 19 francs per diem.

"Singapore," said our Austrians, "is a free port in the full acceptance of the word, open to the flags of all nations, without any distinction, and its houses of commerce belong to merchants who profess the most various religions. This unlimited liberty has impressed a prodigious activity upon the city, and gives to it the character rather of an American colony than of a town in Asia."

Liberty of the press is also as extended as can be possibly desired, and intellectual development is consequently very rapid. The two principal journals would be creditable in Europe; one is an hebdomadal journal, the *Singapore Free News*; the other is an excellent monthly review, the *Journal of the Indian Archipelago*.

In his character of ethnologist, M. Scherzer was permitted to visit the penitentiary colonies, in which are some 2,000 convicts, men and women, transported from all parts of British India. Captain McNair, the governor, made a great number of these convicts, arranged according to their nationality, defile before the Austrian *savant*, and it was, he says, with the liveliest interest, that he passed in review the muscular bodies and energetic figures of Chinese, Malabarians, Hindhus, Lascars, and half-castes, people of all colours and description of hair. In the interior of the prison, they are separated according to the category of their crimes; and thus one traverses the division of thieves, of murderers, of pirates, &c.; a system of distribution which is particularly interesting to a phrenologist. The governor and the gaoler are Europeans appointed by the Government, but almost all the assistants are convicts promoted for good behaviour. "In such a visit, necessarily superficial," says M. Scherzer, "the prison of Singapore appeared to me like a city, the hygienic or sanitary conditions of which are excellent, where dwells an active, industrious, energetic population, subjected to habits of order and regularity, administered by a strong and deeply respected authority, and offering all those guarantees, which are, as yet, only sought for elsewhere."

The port of Singapore is a great resort for ships of all nations. Vessels from China, Siam, Malaga, Sumatra, and the various commercial countries of Europe and America, are to be seen anchored together at the same time, and to Singapore the products of all parts of the earth are brought for reciprocal exchange. Commerce being actively conducted flourishes there beyond the most sanguine anticipations of those enlightened and enterprising men who but a few years ago established Singapore as a free port. The resources of Singapore itself are scant, but its trade embraces China, India, and the Archipelago of the Eastern Seas, Australia, Europe and America. The junks come down from the China Seas with the north-

east monsoon, and remain in port retailing their cargoes of silks, teas, and other products, until the south-west monsoon is fairly set in, when they return to prepare for another voyage, and thus keep up a succession of periodical trading visits. They bring large numbers of enterprising Chinese emigrants, together with abundant supplies of dollars, teas, silks, chinaware, citrons, cassia, nankeens, gold thread, and the thousand nicknackeries for which Chinese ingenuity is famous. The town of Singapore is built upon an island, separated from the Malay Peninsula by a narrow and scarcely navigable strait. It was, in ancient days, the capital of the kingdom of Mollucca. The old city was built in the twelfth century, and conquered by a chief from Java, who transferred the royal residence to Mollucca. The place became a haunt for pirates, whose spirit still haunts the place in the native models of the fine sailing Malay prows. The English finally put down the nuisance by taking possession of the town, by arrangement with the nominal Rajah, in 1819. The imports and exports about balance each other, and are each about four millions annually; as against a million and a quarter in 1825-26. Huge warehouses and storerooms border the harbour and the quays, the principal merchants occupying commodious and tasteful residences fronting the bay, in striking contrast with the frail tenements of the Malays and the filthy domiciles of the Chinese, who number nearly 60,000 as against about 500 Europeans. The other inhabitants, to the extent of 20,000, are made up of Jews, Arabs, Malays, and natives of the neighbouring countries; these constitute the shopkeeping and middle classes; the Chinese, who are everywhere, the wandering and hardworking Irish of the Eastern Seas, acting as the artisans, fishermen, labourers, and small dealers of the place. All religions are represented and have their place of worship. The Chinese lets grow his tail, and smokes his opium, and burns incense to Joss; the Arab sports his turban, invokes the name of the prophet, and prostrates himself within the mosque, while the European shaves his beard, drinks London porter, and takes his seat in the church pew. There are Chinese temples, Muhammadan mosques, and Christian churches.

The rides about the city are most delightful, and the bamboo and the rattan fence fill the eye with beauty. As a stopping-place, and supply for coal, Singapore is of great importance to the English mail-steamers. The wealthy and enterprising Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company have erected at New Harbour, about two and a half miles from the town, a magnificent depot, comprising piers, wharves, coalsheds, (containing a supply of 20,000 tons), store-houses and other buildings, such as would do credit to any colonial establishment. Singapore is in the course of the regular mail route between India, China, Australia, and Europe, and is the centre of a constant postal communication, by means of the English and one or more Dutch steamers, with Hong Kong, Penang, Batavia, Shanghai, Calcutta, Madras, Bengal, Bombay, Ceylon, the Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, and by the Red Sea with Europe or America. Free trade has done all this within forty years; for in 1818 Singapore was but a point for pirates, and contained less than 200 half-savage and half-starved Malay inhabitants within ruined walls.

In a military and geographical point of view, Singapore is of great importance to England. By means of

it, and with an effective naval force, the entrance to the Chinese Seas may at any time be commanded. Its position is vastly advantageous in a commercial point of view, it being now regarded as the *entrepôt* for the neighbouring kingdoms of Sumatra, Borneo, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China.

After a residence of a week at Singapore—where the members of the expedition were hospitably entertained by the wealthy Chinese merchant, Whampa, whose son studied at Edinburgh, his tail tucked up under his hat—the *Novara* sailed for Java, the paradise of the Malays.

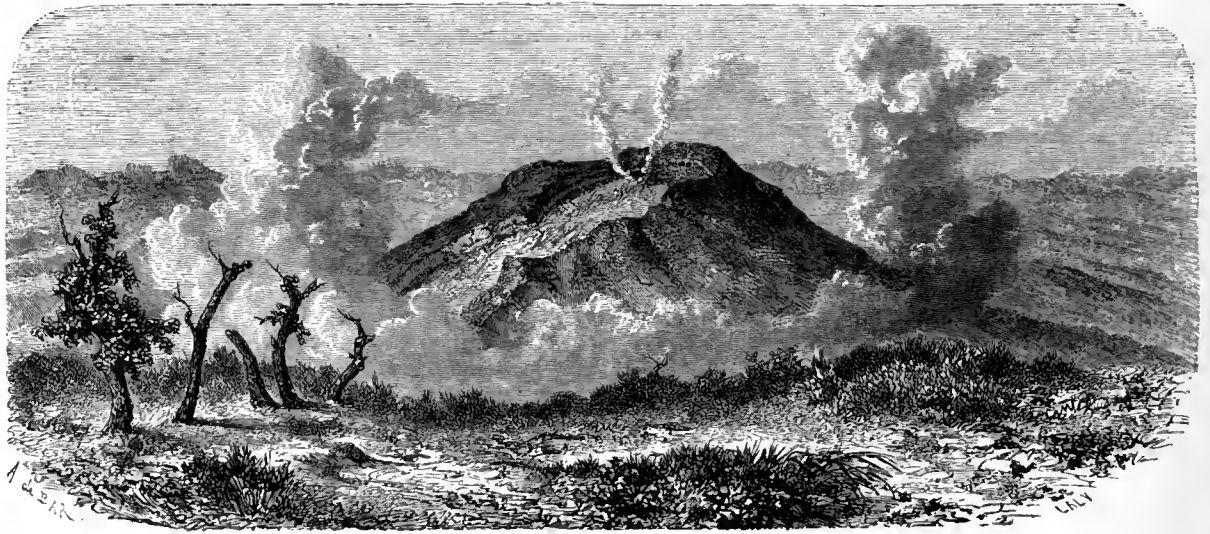
VI.—AN EXCURSION IN JAVA.

THEIR week's stay at Singapore, had rendered the Austrian exploratory expedition—from the report of one of whose members we derive the following account of the most recently published visit to Java—fully prepared to enjoy the Paradise of the Malays, as that glorious island is designated, in the Eastern Ocean.

On the 5th of May they cast anchor in the harbour of Batavia.

From the port to the town is a tedious hour and a-half transport by canal; it really seems as if the Dutch had built their city so far from the sea expressly for the purpose of having a canal transit to remind them of their own country.

Batavia is very far from presenting scenes of commercial activity such as are witnessed at the recently opened port of Singapore, and that notwithstanding its long establishment, its importance, and its exceptional position, which ought to have assured its pre-eminence. I only saw there, says our expeditionist, sixty-five European vessels, and one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty luggers, manned by Chinese and Malays. The cause of this inferiority is owing, in the first place, to the exorbitant protection that Batavia enjoys. In the second, to the means of transport being too costly. The little boat that took us from the ship to the port charged about eight shillings English money, and the carriage to Molenvliet or Weltvreden three



VOLCANO IN JAVA.

and a half florins, or about six shillings. Further, it is absolutely necessary to transport all incumbrances, boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus to the town; there is no one to take charge of them at the port; neither workmen or merchants or merchandize.

With its 86,500 inhabitants (8,370 Europeans, 800 Hindhus and Arabs, 18,400 Chinese, and the rest Javanese) Batavia covers a superficies equal to that of Paris of 1852; its houses are far apart from one another, and, often surrounded by gardens, fields, meadows, and even parks. The old town, built upon a marshy and unhealthy spot, which obtained for it the epithet of the Great Cemetery, is no longer inhabited by Europeans. Its handsome buildings and its vast hotels are transformed into offices, magazines, and counting-houses, which are abandoned before evening sets in, when business men hurry away to Weltvreden, which has sprung up within the last ten years to be a charming town.

Mr. Pahud, governor of this island, instructed one of his aid-de-camps to accompany us to the different

regencies; Dr. Bleeker, one of the most distinguished naturalists of Java, also proffered his services. An itinerary was arranged, so that we should see the most in the smallest possible space of time, and messengers were dispatched to announce our approach, and prepare our repast and lodgings.

On the 13th of May, three carriages transported the whole company from the metropolis to Buitenzorg (Sans-Souci), the residence of the Governor-General. We had travelled 67 kilometres in three hours and a half, every half-hour we changed horses, which never broke from a gallop. Never did horses travel so fast, even in Hungary. Human labour, that is to say the labour of slaves, costs so little in Java, that instead of providing the wheels with drags, a dozen poor wretches are employed at the steep descents to catch hold of the wheels with ropes and hold them back.

Buitenzorg boasts of one of the most beautiful botanic gardens in the world; its arrangement should serve as a model to our gardens of plants; each family being cultivated with all its species in a special square.

At Sans Souci I was introduced to a young negro, Akuasi Boachi, son of a prince of Kumasi, capital of the Ashantis, on the golden coast. A Dutchman, wishing to prove to his countrymen that negroes are capable of a development equal to that of the white race, induced the parents of Akuasi, who was at that time nine years of age, to entrust this child and his brother to him, in order that he might give them an European education.

The experiment succeeded admirably. Akuasi learned successfully Dutch, English, French, and German; he studied mineralogy at Freyberg, in Saxony, under the direction of the celebrated Bernhard Cotta. He also became a Christian. His brother returned to the Gold Coast, where he hoped to introduce some elements of civilisation; but he was assassinated as guilty of revolutionary tendencies; the books that he had brought from Europe were looked upon as evil spells, and he brought about a final crisis in the passions of the retrograde party by the introduction of a machine for weaving.

The Dutch government appointed Akuasi mining engineer in Java.

We were also introduced to a native artist, Raden Saleh, whose turn for painting had developed itself at a very early age. Government sent him to study in Europe, where he remained twenty-three years. Since his return to Batavia, he received an annual pension of 12,000 francs, with the only obligation of painting from time to time a picture for the King of Holland. He is a landscape painter, and has much merit; but he has not overcome all the difficulties of his art, and he much regrets his absence from Dresden and Paris.

We visited Pondok Jedeh, Gadok, Tijpanat, Megandoeng (or the mountains in the clouds), which attain an elevation of nigh 5,000 feet above the sea. The authorities had us conducted from village to village, and ten to twenty horsemen rode behind our carriage, dressed in their best uniforms, with paper shakos; upwards of forty slaves or servants preceded us at each station. The natives, and even the native functionaries, either knelt or prostrated themselves as we went by. At Tjian Javar, a native chief followed our carriage on horseback, in a pouring rain; he wore a rich uniform, and rejoiced in the name or title of Coahen-Rangga-Patma-Nagara.

In the hopes of deriving enormous profit from this speculation, government has had a large number of cinchona-trees planted at Tijpoda, and they have prospered well. Several of these trees have already given perfectly ripe seeds. But it has not been determined yet if the chemical elements of the bark possess all the virtues of those of the Peruvian tree. This is a question of the utmost importance to the island, and to all these unwholesome tropical countries.

Beyond Tijpoda, we passed several Pasangrahams, or places of refuge for travellers when overtaken by a storm. A narrow pathway, slightly railed off, conducted us to a ravine, out of which burning vapours issued forth. They came from a boiling fountain and rose up some hundred feet.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we attained the summit of Pondok-Pangerango. The thermometer marked only $8\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. We had left the great mass of vegetation for some time previously behind us—the great trees, with their huge branches, the dense dome of leaves, the dark cover of gigantic ferns, crassulated plants, arborescent herbs, trunks and

branches decomposing, long climbing plants (*lianes*) twisting like serpents round the trees, or suspended in the air like hammocks of foliage, full of birds' nests. Gradually the copses and underwood, with branches covered with long dependent mosses of a silvery green, gave way in their turn to mere isolated clumps of low cover, and then again to a few stunted shrubs, whose trunks and branches crawled along the rocky surfaces, or writhed themselves into the crevices in order the better to shelter themselves from the wind and cold, and enjoy the heat derived from the soil. Beyond the line of these stunted shrubs were a coarse, short grass on the southern slope, and then nothing but sterile and naked rock, bathed in a moist fog, which gradually became so dense as to prevent us seeing one another at a distance of a hundred paces. We were approaching the summit.

It was with no small pleasure that we were enabled to obtain shelter at this elevation in two wooden huts, where a goodly fire had been lighted for us, and a repast made ready.

The next morning at five o'clock we were a-foot anxiously examining the state of the weather. At seven the clouds broke a little, and we could perceive the crater of Gedeh in front of us. (See p. 244.) It was upwards of a mile long, with its flanks broken into precipices from six to seven hundred feet high, and seemed to be so near that we fancied that we could throw a stone from the Pangerango into its burning crater. Unluckily, the weather remained unfavourable, and we could only guess at the magnificent scene which the dense veil of fog hid from us below.

I separated here from the rest of the expedition, and went with a companion to Bandung, where I arrived at midnight. I was conducted to the house of the regent, Radhen-Delhipati-wira-natu-Kusuma, who gave us a splendid reception, combined with the most perfect European comfort; one would have hesitated in believing one's self the host of a Javanese lord, had it not been for the oriental costumes and the number of slaves who crept on their bellies to offer us pipes and betel.

The next day the geologist, Junghuhn, inspector of the plantations of cinchona, and who had a salary of 13,200 florins a year, was civil enough to shew us the great mart where the planters of the Regency had to deliver up their coffee, as also their other produce, to government, which sells it back again at whatever price it chooses to name.

The Regency of Bandung produces annually 100,000 quintals of coffee, that of Preang 200,000, and the whole island about one million of quintals.

Government pays to the producers of Bandung 2fl. 80c. the quintal deposited at the mart; but at Batavia it pays rather more than 7 florins. The same coffee is sold at 23 to 24 florins to the Dutch company Matschapie, which, in its turn, has the monopoly of exportation, and in consequence, of purchasing this commodity for the great market of Europe. Monopoly upon monopoly! Sacrifice of numbers for the benefit of a few! The advantage of one or two individuals obtained at the penalty of millions! Unjust policy and inextricable confusion!

From Lembang to Tjangoer, where we rejoined the expedition, we traversed 128 kilometres in six hours, always galloping, whether in ascents or descents. At such a rate it was an easy matter to arrive before night set in at the New Year's festival, given by the regent

of the province. An immense concourse of people filled the approaches and the court-yard of the palace. The nearest relatives of the dignitary had been installed beneath the covered verandah, or gallery, in front of the mansion. To see the demonstrations of servile humility which they were so prodigal of to his Excellency, we should never have guessed that they belonged to the same family. The Europeans, specially invited, alone entered the saloons; the only Japanese present was Madame the Regent,—a short, black, and fat body. Black masses huddled around us; they were slaves presenting snuff-boxes, betel, and refreshments to those present, dragging their way on all fours: these humiliations inflicted upon humanity affected us in a very disagreeable manner. (Slavery, it is to be observed, was abolished in Java since the 1st of October last, after a frightful sacrifice of Europeans had taken place.) Conversation was carried on with difficulty, for an incessant and stupefying noise was kept up with the gameleng, or orchestra of bells. Bayadères very scantily clothed, and excessively ugly, executed sentimental and religious dances of a most tedious description. Stiff, slow, and thin, these damsels jumped like forks, with motions as graceful as those of the old semaphores or telegraphs. The governor was kind enough to explain to us that the dance was meant to represent the touching history of four sisters, who, lost in a forest, implored from the Divinity the return of their mother. This was followed by another choreographic entertainment—a dance of eight warriors, accompanied by the perpetual gameleng.

The same delectable music delighted the ears of those who were without in the court-yard. Hideous masks, on foot and on horseback, circulated there, amidst the crowd. A mussulman priest was also howling fearfully as he danced on hot ashes, near to a mass of burning wood; others jumped in, their feet closed, and danced away frantically. At last the priest himself joined them, and the shouts and gesticulations became furious. This representation had probably some signification of religious expiation, at least it would have been deemed as such in ancient mysteries. We afterwards witnessed conjuring tricks, only calculated to make the hair of one's head stand on an end. Young men carrying tufts, armed with exceedingly sharp lances, pretended to stab themselves in the forehead, eyes, cheeks, breast, and lower part of the body. They turned in a circle, and the body inclined forwards, uttering frightful yells, with movements that grew more and more savage and convulsive, and there was no respite till they fell in a corner exhausted and bloody. And then the infernal gameleng began again.

An infinity of squibs and rockets were let off, besides numbers of St. Catherine wheels; but the chief fire-work was a frightful serpent of fire, upwards of twenty feet in length, which was moved about by invisible hands, the undulations and even the hissing of the reptile being imitated with terrible precision. At last the gameleng ceased its stunning noise.

Next day we returned to the governor's house at Buitenzorg. M. Pabud lives a very retired life, conversing with few persons, save his aide-de-camp and his daughter, whose husband had a short time previously been assassinated by some Malays, before his eyes. This sincere mourning contrasted painfully with an official etiquette, the stiffness and minutiae of which can only be compared with those of the court of Spain in the last ages. What good purpose does it serve?

We employed several days in taking the measurements of a great number of individuals in the barracks, prisons, and hospitals. A present was also made to us of fifty-four crania belonging to the most diverse races.

Our illustrations represent a native village in the interior of Java (*See* p. 214), and one of the numerous volcanoes of the island. (*See* p. 244.) These number forty-five, of which twenty to twenty-three are in activity, and are described in Humboldt's "Cosmos."

Thus far in Java we have travelled with the grave dull Austrians: but let us take Java in another view, that of the Young Merchant Abroad, who opens his eyes as we make Java Head, and ship after ship heaves in sight homeward bound, particularly from China. The higher land can be seen at a great distance, when on the point of Prince Edward's Island, and at Crosketon. The foliage, the heat of the sun's perpendicular rays, and the very air breathes the spicy fragrance of the tropics. We have passed Anjer, the corner and grand toll-gate of the Straits of Sunda, early in the morning, and here the light-house, the little township, the port, and the monster banyan tree, could be plainly seen with the glass, as, with the wind freshening up, we passed proudly along the Straits of Sunda at too rapid a pace for the Javanese boatmen, who shoot out from the land all along the shore to supply you with fruit and provisions. The coast scenery makes a beautiful picture—the towering foliage and patches of cultivation, clear to the mountain top, and the half-manned *prahus* or fishing smacks, with their bamboo masts and leather sails, dotting the water in the distance, as we passed island after island, and buoy after buoy, keep the fancy alive. The anchor dropped, and the guard ship answered, we quickly pull ashore, and jump into a hooded phaeton, drawn by little wretched horses, and pass along the canal side, by which are stored warehouses, all white and covered with tiles, with trees all planted along, which shaded us beautifully. The merchants' offices and counting-houses are as large as the reception room of an American hotel, and the warehouses are so connected that the merchants can walk from one to the other along the verandah, on the second story, without the trouble of going below; the floors are covered with matting, and the windows and doors are thrown open for the current of air to circulate on all sides, and at midday the desks of the principals are fanned with a machine, the motive power of which is a little Malay urchin behind the door. At the several desks you see Europeans; but all the natives of the East are represented: a long-tailed Chinaman with a very white moustache officiating as cashier; a Malay book-keeper, an Arab salesman, a half-caste writer, and a dozen and a half subs. of all nations, cooped about in every direction, with as little clothing as possible about their bronze-looking limbs. The warehouses run from street to street, the floors of which are brick, and for such a climate the building is quite cool. Tobacco in large casks, arrack (not the poisoned liquor of British India) in pipes, sugar in bags, and matted casks of coffee and rice, spices, indigo, rattan and dye-woods, and imports consisting of every article that can be sold or bartered. Most business is done through agents or brokers, many of them natives; and the stranger would think the merchant led a most indolent life, surrounded as he is with such a *troupe* of retainers to bring him his hat, brush off a fly, fan him in mid-day, and in short do

almost everything but talk and write. Every transaction is done by sending notes from one office to the other; and as you notice what is going on, you cannot but be amused to see "chit" after "chit" brought in and sent off, touching charters, sales, purchases, &c. Every merchant must learn the Malay language, for it is the *lingua franca* of the Indian seas; and he must also be well up in the English, French and Dutch. No Dutchman can command a ship unless he can speak English and French. You go through one warehouse—you see the whole—and so it is with the private residences. The merchants all dress in white, and sometimes two or three times a day. Our hotel is in the country, where all the Europeans live, about four or five miles out of town. Every European rides, merchant and clerk, sea captain and sailor; all are provided with a phaeton and two ponies, a driver (a swarthy fellow, with a handkerchief round his loins as his only livery), and a boy behind equally well accoutred. Beautiful trees line the roadside, along which are the spacious two-storied, red-tiled and white-walled residences of the merchant. Our hotel is like a caravanserai, with its two-row long wings of stabling for a hundred horses and out-buildings for servants, of whom from seventy to one hundred throng each hotel; large shade trees, a species of banyan and cocoa-nut, under which are wooden seats, spread their shadow over the ground in front, while the rear enclosure is filled with flowers and different kinds of fruit. All day long we seem to be eating and drinking; a cup of tea, toast, coffee, and tiffin, always coming up, just as you feel to want them. Fruits of delicious flavour, but of unknown kinds, load the table, and a servant is always near to help you. Your coffee is brought to your bedside, your tea to the verandah; your dress at night and morning is of the easiest—a loose gown, like a pair of trousers, and a robe like a ladies' night-dress (as you may sometimes see them hanging over a clothes line). The women are equally easy in their attire, and the Malay girls seem to be always in a bathing dress. The "Java Hotel Regulations" read as follows:—
 "From 4½ till 8 o'clock in the morning, tea and coffee. At 8 o'clock in the morning, breakfast. At 12, noon, rice, curry, &c. At 3 p.m., tea. At 6½ p.m., dinner. At 8 p.m., tea. At 9 p.m., grog. Hotel closes at 11½." All this with lodging, for 4s. 6d. per diem. Champagne, Burgundy, Hock, Madeira, Port, and Sherry, being 4s. 6d. per bottle, and Allsopp's Pale Ale a shilling the bottle. You hire a post carriage, a square, hearse-looking box, with four ponies and a Malay coachman, with a hat like a punch-bowl, with rope traces and harness, and two postboys to ride behind, and away you go to view the country, at a wild gallop, with mighty noise, the driver cracking his whip, the postboys now yelling, now jumping off and running alongside the horses, over a level country, and a noble road that extends right across Java, through rice plantations in every stage of cultivation, covering square miles; past vast numbers of natives staggering under heavy loads, and carts drawn by ponies without a bridle, and buffaloes with a bamboo yoke, bringing in the produce; the distance being ornamented with native villages (See p. 214), towering mountains seen at the distance of a hundred miles, covered almost to the summit with teak-wood forests; long plains, the water passing from field to field with the utmost regularity, and rivers and cocoa-nut groves, deep ravines, and irregular fields. At one place we see a Javanese

marriage; the grown people are sitting on one side, and about a hundred little brown cupids, bare-backed and painted, on the other. Round an old box sits the band, with their instruments of different metals and skins—a hideous discord—while a child of six years, dressed as an old woman, with long hair and horrid mask, was walking with a tragical air, and gesticulating in a very grave manner up and down the platform, to the great delight of the children. The sublimity of nature in the interior of Java defies description. You see massive ruins of past ages, and burial places of native chiefs or Hindhu princes, and immense native temples, and pass through monster estates of rice, of sugar, and of coffee; you smell the odour of the spices, and admire the beauty of the nutmeg and the pepper; the singing of Java birds, and chirping of insects and lizards, as you ride through the forest; the cocoa groves, the cotton and bread-fruit trees; the banyan with its branches taking root again to support the parent tree; the mangustine groves; the rattan winding itself about the teak-wood trees; the bamboo feathering up above the rest; the simplicity of the native girls as they bathe as innocently before you as you stand upon the river's brink, noting the plunging, singing, laughing, and swimming about—now below the water and now above; the frightful looks of some of the older men and women, whose shocking custom of chewing the betel nut, mixed with pepper plant and tobacco, gives their lips an unnatural red, and blackens their teeth till they resemble charcoal; the monkey-like appearance of the babes and children, and the monkeys themselves; the immense herd of native deer; the wild hog; the tiger and the rhinoceros; the cassowary, a huge black bird, not unlike, except in colour, the emu of Australia—when you have seen all these wonders of this wonderful country in a three hours' ride, you will come to a conclusion that personal observation will teach you more in one day than you can learn from books in an age. The whole population of Java is eleven millions, that of the Europeans eight thousand. The army, mostly native troops, is 12,000. There is a governor-general, who stays five years in office, a vice-president, three councillors, a finance minister, a secretary of foreign affairs, director of the interior, a manager of public works, a director-general of the towns, and a rear-admiral, who commands a fleet of steam-ships carrying from ten to two guns each, with several steamers, one frigate of 60 guns, three frigates of 44 guns each, two of 28 guns each, one of 22 guns, two of 18 guns, and two of 12, under canvas, all manned by 3,800 sailors.

The restoration of Java to the Dutch by the English government in 1806, has always been considered a great mistake, especially since the effects of recent drainage and improvements have shown that the much dreaded unhealthiness of the climate depended solely on care and industry for its sure removal.

VII.—THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

To return to the *Novara*, her scientific crew proceeded from Java to Luzon (pronounced Luthon), the principal of the Philippine islands. Of this island, Manila is the capital, and also the name of the neighbouring district. Luzon is the largest and most northerly of all the Philippine group, approaching, at its north-western extremity, to within 400 miles of the south-east coast of China. It has an area of 50,405 square

miles. In shape and size it somewhat resembles a bent arm, which, measured along the bend, is more than 550 miles in length. The shores of Luzon are for the most part rocky, but indented by several good harbours, besides the magnificent "Bahia de Manilla," which is one of the largest and finest basins in the world. The general character of the country is mountainous, but the reverse in the immediate vicinity of Manilla. The country is not so hot as might be expected, being well watered by lakes and rivers, and the periodical rains which water the plains. The climate is strictly tropical; the wet season commences about June, is at its height between August and September, and over by the latter end of November, after which, there are generally two or three months of very delightful weather, with the thermometer as low as 60°, but the greatest heats are during April and May, when it not unfrequently rises to 94° and upwards. These islands are subject to earthquakes and hurricanes—the principal of the group being within the range of typhoons, and there are several volcanoes in action on them. In 1617, a mountain was levelled, and, in 1645, a large part of the city of Manilla was destroyed by an earthquake, on which occasion, 50,000 persons are said to have perished. The climate, however, for a tropical one, is considered, on the whole, very healthy, if not temperate, and Europeans may and do reside there many years without suffering in constitution.¹

Luzon lies so happily between the main regions of the East and West, that it is considered to be the best situation in the world for a foreign traffic, and when the Spaniards had the trade in silver from New Spain, Peru, and Mexico—it was just off here that Commodore Anson caught the "Acapulco" galleon, with two millions on board—their interchange with Cavité, Golconda, and the Spice Islands, must have been exceedingly profitable. Manilla is the seat of government, the Viceroy enjoying the local rank of Captain-General. The forces under his command, including native regular infantry, Spanish artillery, and a few cavalry, number about 10,000 men, besides a large body of irregulars.

Twelve miles from the port of Cavité, up the river Pasig, is the city of Manilla, for conveyance to which extraordinary carriages are ready, with wonderfully "got up" caricature postillions, in shining black

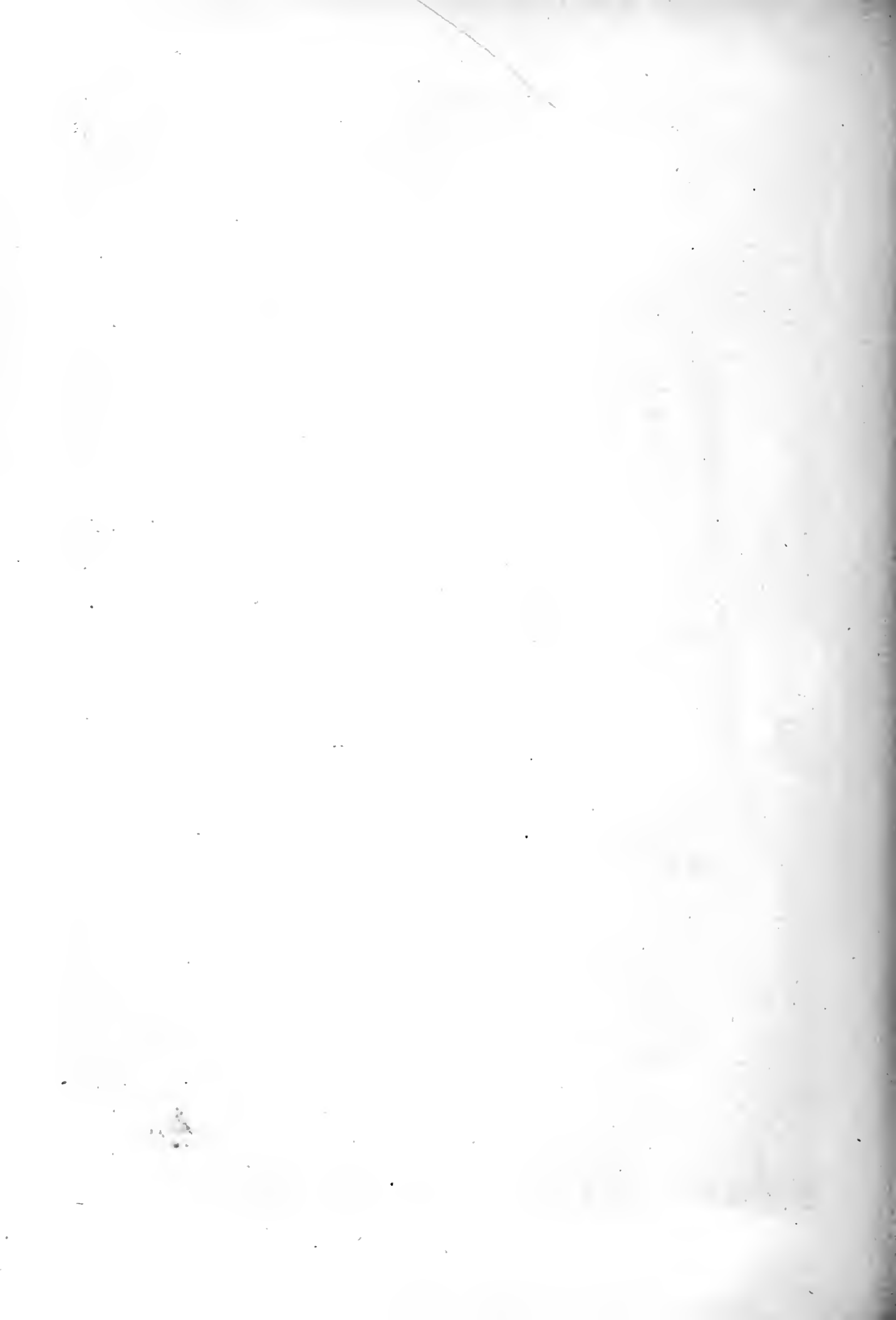
leggings, tight shorts, rather smart jackets, white cords, and hatbands, black and shining, await the traveller. The city itself, with its gray walls, large cloisters, and large churches of clumsy architecture, resembles a "mission" rather than a commercial city. Where we had counted sixty merchant ships at Batavia and 165 at Singapore, we found only sixteen at the port of Manilla. Commerce, under Spanish management, has no freedom; its only privileges are monopolies. The churches are lofty, but the houses of the people are huts and cabins, and even in the one grand quarter, "L'Ecolta," the dwellings of the great abut on dirty lanes and infected dens of poverty and vice. Near the centre of the town, however, is a large square, railed in and laid out as a garden, forming an agreeable promenade in front of the Governor's house, and on which, as well as on the Cabrada—a fine broad carriage drive, running two-thirds round the city walls—a military band performs for the delectation of the people of fashion, who promenade there in the evenings. The population, as they appear in the streets, present a curious aspect. Priests of every order, black, white and gray; galley slaves chained together, two by two, carrying water; ladies elegantly dressed in silken robes and mantillas of black lace, with dark flashing eyes, and long black hair, in which are entwined scarlet flowers with bright green leaves. Creole girls, with that grand air of luxurious indolence, their arched eyebrows, a glance that transfixes you, their well-poised heads, their white shoulders, their lovely faces half hidden at intervals by their elegantly managed fans. Then came the Tagal natives and the Chenirè, and the little negresses, who sell fruit and flowers of surpassingly brilliant hues. Among these flits the Manilla dandy, with towering chimney-pot hat, and stiffly starched shirt, almost covering his front, almost to his knees. Long ear-rings hanging down his olive-brown cheeks—a cigar is between the thumb and finger of his right hand. Then hardy Indians, dressed in light shirts of native manufacture, and trowsers unclosed up to the knees, complete the groups; the shirt being, universally, as in Russia, by the peasants, worn outside the breeches—open at the neck, and without tie. Sometimes, a cotton handkerchief is worn round the head, but generally a seedy straw, or a tall black felt hat, or a showy pointed hat, *à la* Japan, in the form of a washing basin. Then, too, you seldom see a Manilla Indian without a game cock, either carried on his arm, hand, shoulder, or head. Thus he walks, always smoothing the bird's plumage, and exchanging endearments. This in the streets, in the fields—everywhere. Often, when two of these gentlemen have exchanged their compliments of the morning, you will see them squat down, and allow their respective birds, who, in the meantime, have been bristling into warlike ardour, to take a few quiet pecks at each other, which seems to refresh them amazingly. Then, without further comment, each master goes his way, and each cock resumes a peaceful attitude. Every village in Luzon has, at least, one cock-pit, and in Manilla there are several. In Manilla, every day is a saint's day—the more important being marked with a cross in the Government Gazette to denote them as holidays. The Mestizas, or Creole girls, when dressed in "saya," or native costume, in-doors wear no stockings, and their feet are inserted into the very tiniest embroidered slippers imaginable; but as the slipper has nothing to keep it on at the heel, the little toe is always outside the other end of it,

¹ "The produce of agriculture in the Philippines," says M. de la Guèrnière, speaking of his own plantation at Jala Jehu, near Sorolme, "is such as no other country yields. The earth teems with vegetable wealth; every kind of colonial produce springs up in extraordinary abundance. Not unfrequently, the harvest is in the proportion of eighty to one, and, in many plantations, two such crops are gathered in one year. The richness and great extent of the pastures affords facilities for rearing a number of cattle, which cost literally nothing but the trifling wages of a few shepherds. On my property I had three herds; one of three thousand oxen, another of eight hundred buffaloes, a third of six hundred horses. When the rice harvest had been got in, all these beasts were driven from the mountains into a large plain, not far from my house. The sight was a fine one, especially for the proprietor. At night they were driven into large enclosures near the village, and next day the oxen that were fit for the slaughter-house, the horses of an age to be broken, the buffaloes strong enough to be employed at the plough, were selected, and the cattle went back to the plain until nightfall; this process is repeated every day for a fortnight, after which the herd returned to the mountains until the same period of the following year, distributing itself in small troops over its accustomed pasturage, and requiring no care beyond an occasional visit from the Indian keepers."



THE ENCHANTED LAKE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

PLATE 101



gripping it in such a manner, as to hinder it from falling off altogether, and very rarely, even, in the most fast and furious dancing, does this occur.

Talking of dancing, any stranger, of the same rank, is admitted to any one's ball, or "baile," on presentation of his card. A small primitive harp is the instrument of the country. There are few houses without one, even amongst the Indians. Though the guitar is a great deal in use, the ladies, in particular, greatly excel on the harp. But these are not matters for our grave Austrian friends of the *Novara* to notice, or their German professors, who accompany them, to enter into. Let us on, therefore, to statistics of trade. A young traveller says, the principal manufactory at Manilla is of cigars and cheroots.¹ The principal districts in which the tobacco is cultivated are Cargoyen and Bisoyu, in the north of Luzon; they produced about 18,000 tons, of which 8,000 are sent to Spain, in leaf merely, and 10,000 sold by auction at Manilla. 4,000 persons are employed at the works of Cavité, and at Malabar 5,000; add to them 2,000 persons employed in various

methods of preparing and rolling the leaf, and lastly, those engaged in its cultivation, and we shall arrive at a total of 19,000 men and women; the produce of whose labour is from eleven to twelve millions of cigars yearly.

VIII.—THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

FROM Manilla, the Austrian party proceeded, first to the Peninsula of Jala-Jala, where they saw M. Vidie in quiet possession of M. de la Gironière's world-famous estate, and working profitably 1,000 acres out of 10,000, of which it consists. Hence they wended their way to La Laguna Encantada, or the so called Enchanted Lake, in the Island of Luzon. This enchanted lake, one of the world-famed wonders of the eastern seas, is a little lagoon in the islet of Socolme, in Luzon, and it is separated from the greater lake of Bai, by a very narrow mountainous crest. "Every one," says the historiographer of the Austrian expedition of the *Novara* "cannot reach it, by simply wishing to do so."

The approach is obstructed by bluff rocks, and, still further, not only by an impenetrable mass of trunks, roots, climbing plants, ferns, canes, and thorny bushes, but also by a moving, perfidious soil. The lake is a circular basin; no doubt formed by the subsidence of a crater, for it is surrounded by walls of lava.

Like many other enchantments, it is very dangerous. Its fine waters serve as a place of refuge for innumerable alligators that are very ferocious, so much so that the navigation is not attempted save on large trunks of trees well lashed together. Slighter canoes would be infallibly tumbled over. Apparently the weather was too bad on the day of our visit to this Eden of the Philippines, even for the crocodiles, for we did not perceive any of these monsters; and if our artist has figured one, it is that he has not been able to resist his imagination. Truth to say, we had not with us a single dog to rouse the monsters by its barking, still less to practise the barbarous caprice of throwing one of these poor domestic animals into the water in order to enjoy the spectacle of the furious greediness of the alligators. We saw with surprise flying dogs or foxes (*Pteropi*) playing over the lake, uttering strange cries, and taking refuge by thousands in the trees, where they suspended themselves in enormous bunches to the branches.

At the time when the members of Lord Elgin's embassy were at Manilla, they were one night, instead of dancing fandangoes, snugly esconced at the bottom of a canoe, upon the river Pasig, lulled to sleep by the measured stroke of the boatmen's paddles, as they forced the little craft rapidly up-stream from Cavité, a town of 15,000 inhabitants. Daylight found them in the Lago de Bai, under the lee of the island of Talim. Its high volcanic hills were wooded to the summit, and indented with charming little bays, fringed with drooping bamboos. The lake is somewhat in the shape of a horse's hoof! a peninsula at the end of which is the Island of Talim, forming the frog. From thence they stretched across to the southern shore, the high and precipitous mountains of which looked comparatively near, but to the westward the waters of the lake formed the horizon. The Lago de Bai is the largest sheet of fresh water as yet discovered in the Eastern Archipelago, being twenty-eight miles in length by twenty-two in breadth.

¹ In the course of my travels one afternoon says a traveller, I observed an immense concourse of Indian girls coming out of what appeared to be a church, and thinking it a good opportunity to make myself acquainted with the leading features of native beauty, I crossed over and scrutinized them, in a sufficiently marked manner to afford them some amusement; no doubt by a few jokes in the native language, and at my expense. For ten minutes the stream of native beauty rolled by without the least signs of cessation, and I began to feel myself in the position of the countryman, who was found waiting at noonday in Cheapside until the "crowd had passed," with this reflection, therefore, I moved on. Returning home, I asked what saint's day or other holiday it was. For some little time my friends were puzzled by the inquiry, but at last the fact shone out in a joke at my expense, that promised to be as endless as the stream of beauty itself. In a word, I had been standing in the rear of a cheroot manufactory, or "Fabrica de Tabaco," as it is called, and the young ladies who had attracted my curiosity, instead of coming out of the church of "Benondo," which stands in the rear of the "Fabrica," were girls leaving the latter establishment after their day's employment of cheroot and cigar making. I afterwards went over the place, which is worth visiting once—few people go oftener, I believe, for pleasure. It consists of a number of large apartments, in which, at the time of my visit, seven thousand girls, from about fourteen or fifteen years old or upwards, were employed in converting leaf tobacco into the manufactured forms above mentioned. The whole process was effected by their delicate fingers, aided by a stone hammer, to beat the leaf out, and a slight dab of some sticky compound to keep it together when rolled into shape. At each table I observed a lady of more mature age and greater experience in the craft than the rest, whose business it was to keep order, and give instructions to beginners. They are paid I believe, according to the quantity and quality of their work.

As a general rule, the figures of these Indian girls are more to be admired than their faces; one great defect being the smallness of the nose, and another, the red tinge of their teeth, produced by the habit of chewing the betel nut. Their eyes and hair, especially the latter, are good, and amongst so many, there are not a few that might be pronounced pretty; yet, notwithstanding the spell-binding attraction to an unfortunate bachelior, on finding himself in the midst of seven thousand of these sirens, I must confess, what, with the constant rap-ti-tap of their stone hammers, the closeness of the rooms, and a few other addenda arising from want of cleanliness generally, I was heartily thankful on finding myself once more in the "world outside;" and, from what I heard of the visits of other strangers, the feeling was not at all confined to my particular tastes. There are several establishments of this kind in different parts of the island, but none on so extensive a scale as the one at Manilla. The tobacco trade is a government monopoly, and it is a singular fact, one indeed, which at first sight, might appear incredible—that, great as the annual export of manufactured tobacco undoubtedly is, the amount consumed in "Luzon" itself, is at least six times as much.

Their destination, which they reached in time for a late breakfast, is celebrated for some thermal springs, which, bubbling out of the ground almost at the water's edge, enable the weary traveller to refresh himself with a warm bath, though, as the temperature is sufficiently high to boil an egg in four minutes, he had better not make rash experiments. In consequence of these springs, which at one time enjoyed some celebrity, the village is called Los Banos. It consists only of a few Indian huts, in one of which, elevated on piles, and surrounded by a crowd of admiring natives, the party restored exhausted nature, preparatory to a trip to the Island of Socolme. Fortunately, the historiographer of the embassy, Mr. Oliphant, says he had not seen the narrative of that amusing, but most audacious romancer, La Gironière, the accuracy of which may be judged of from the fact, that he estimates the lake of Socolme as having an elevation of 1,500 feet above the Lago de Bai, when fifteen feet is really the outside; and says it "does not receive the rays of the sun except when that luminary is at its zenith;" whereas, the banks in many parts being not above twenty feet high, and in one place about 200, the lake moreover being at least two miles round, it rejoices to a very equitable extent in the blessed rays of that "luminary." It is to be hoped, for the sake of La Gironière's credit as a sportsman, that he displayed as much courage with his rifle as he certainly has with his pen.

They paddled round the margin of the lake, "enchanted," they say, with its loveliness, sheltering themselves from the noon-day sun under the luxuriant vegetation which clothes its banks, and droops into the water. Thousands of flying foxes had chosen for their retreat these leafy shades; their unsightly bodies were concealed by their expansive wings, as, clinging by their feet, they hung in dark festoons from the projecting branches. Disturbed by their approach, they flapped away over the lake, and they soon awoke its silent echoes with the report of their guns, tumbling two or three of these monstrous bats heavily into the water. If the alligators existed at all, they evidently had not recovered from the panic which must have been created by La Gironière's visit. Not one ventured to show the tip of his nose above the water.

They were loth to leave this fairy-like scene; and, looking back upon it, as they dragged their canvas over the narrow strip of land, were reminded rather of a diamond set in emeralds, than of the crater of an extinct volcano. As it was, the attractions of the Island of Socolme had induced them to linger too long, for it was late ere they started on their return voyage, a gale of wind having sprung up in the mean time, and it was not till after a long night of discomforts and dangers that they reached their destination.

It is but fair to give the much belied De la Gironière the advantage of another witness, Captain Henry T. Ellis, R.N., who thus describes his own visit:—"On descending to its sombre banks, the words of Moore's song, commencing, 'On that lake whose gloomy shore, are vividly brought to your mind; all is so dark, cold, and still, that it might well be compared to the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Its area, nearly comprises a space between two and three miles in circumference; its sides, equally steep above and below the surface, give on one hand very deep water close to the edge, and on the other abrupt, thickly wooded masses, too steep and overhanging, as even at

noonday partially intercept the sun's rays, and cast over the water's surface a dead leaden hue, and cold mystery bearing effect sufficiently suggestive of its name. With the exception of the narrow belt between it and the Lake of Bay, the hills all round rise to the height of at least 1,500 feet, or rather, when you are on the shores of the Socolme, you have the impression of being sunk that far below them, much in the same way as you would when down a well; and I believe it is an ascertained fact that its level is actually below that of the neighbouring great Lake of Bay, with which, of course, if such be the case, it cannot be in connection. Our little canoe having been launched and manned by an Indian at either end to paddle it, our next undertaking was to get in with our guns without swamping the whole arrangement, which required a considerable amount of care, and a most subdued quietness of action to accomplish; indeed I do not know that I ever felt less disposed to commence any playful antics than I did when I found myself thus *vis-à-vis* to my companion, floating away from the friendly bank in a mere shell, whose sides rose but two or three inches above the dusty ashen surface of these sullen waters, containing, as we knew they did, monsters but too ready for an opportunity to convert us into a component part of themselves. The surrounding trees had a shade of brown blended with their dark green foliage, which at first I could not quite account for, but this soon explained itself; for, after getting a little accustomed to our cockle-shell, and thereby acquiring sufficient confidence to fire our guns in among them, the report was succeeded by a rushing sound like that of a distant mountain torrent, and the air became immediately darkened by the flight of myriads of flying foxes that fluttered about just over our head, confusing and stupifying us with their discordant screams. There were, besides, herons and sea-fowl of different kinds, but the number of the flying foxes (*Pteropi*, Lin.) far exceeded them. This creature, as its name implies, has a head quite like that of a small fox, and wings like that of a vampire-bat; its body is about a foot long, of a reddish, brown colour; and the *tout-ensemble*, even to the peculiar smell possessed by that animal, bears a most striking resemblance to Master Reynard. Unless you catch them under the wing in flying, they are very difficult to kill. They hang on in clusters to the trees, screaming, if wounded, while there is a spark of life left, and at such times, woe betide the unhappy fingers of anyone attempting to handle them before they have received their final quietus; for their teeth are as sharp as needles, and they are equally sharp in the apprehension of them. We shot several, and some sea-fowl, myriads of which come here to deposit their eggs; indeed, the gloomy bowers of Socolme seem to have been adopted as a sort of hereditary nursery by the feathered tribes generally, the intrusion on which by man they most unmistakably remonstrate against. No alligators chased us, open mouthed, as did they Gironière, though our solitary canoe offered them even a more tempting bait, nor, while on the lake, did we distinctly see any signs of one. However, the sudden disappearance below the surface of several heads of our game, left little doubt as to their actual presence, and my companion told me he had never before, out of several visits he had made, missed seeing some, either on the banks or in the water. Having made

the circuit of the lake, and sufficiently explored its mysteries and enchantments, we returned to the spot whence we had set out, had our canoe retransported into the "Laguna de Bai," and embarked in our larger one on our return to Las Banos. Shortly after we shoved off, the sharp eyes of the Indians discovered a "cayman" basking in the sun at the foot of the hill we had just left, but he did not remain long to be inspected, and bolted into the water like a shot. It is singular how rapidly an alligator will reach the water; I have frequently remarked it while on boat service on the West Coast of Africa, blocking the mouths of some of the rivers, where for days we had to lay off with little else to amuse us. They would be lying on the beach, looking for all the world like so many huge logs of timber, without the slightest sign of life, when, pulling towards the back of the surf, near enough for musket range, a ball would come pat against the hard side of one, appearing to it, probably, nothing more than a filip of a finger would be to us; but, taking the hint, he seemed to roll (I imagine that is an ocular deception), into the water with a most surprising velocity. At other times a very diverting game used to be going on between them and some long-legged white birds, in the manner following:—Our attention would be arrested by one of these birds hopping about, most provokingly, just in front of Master Cayman, as he lay in a quiescent state, which he would sometimes do for a long time; when, apparently losing patience, or fancying his long-legged tantaliser was off his guard, he would make a sudden dart at him, which invariably resulted in

Master Bird just rising high enough to let the alligator pass below him; and then, alighting in his rear, he would await the return of calm moments to torment his enemy afresh. Frequently, after a few ineffectual charges of this kind, the alligator would rush to the water in evident disgust, there to seek that repose which was denied him on *terra firma*. Notwithstanding that the idea of an alligator attacking a canoe has been somewhat ridiculed, I know from experience that it is a thing not at all improbable. At Port Essington, on the north side of Australia (where we had for many years, perhaps, one of the most ill-managed of all our blundering attempts at a settlement), the alligators were so fierce, that it was not at all an uncommon thing for them to bite at the blades of boats' oars as they dipped in pulling, nor even to make attempts to get into the boat itself, which, in the case of a canoe must have been certain destruction. I forget exactly what their length there averaged, but I know it was difficult, at a little distance, to distinguish between one basking on the surface and a native canoe, which are generally large enough to hold ten or a dozen people."¹

IX.—THE SIL-LI-BA-BOO ISLANDERS.

To the ethnologist, and those who study the history of the human race in the development of the original types, and the intermixture and assimilation of the various races, the group of the Philippines, and especially Luzon, are fertile in examples; for here may be found types of almost every race, the woolly-headed negro, the long-haired black, the Papuan, the Malay, the Kurile, and the Siberian Asiatic. The Tagals, or Malay

¹ When the colony of Jaba-jaba, says M. de la Girionère, had been for a few years founded, the caymans disappeared from its neighbourhood. I was out one morning with my shepherds, at a few leagues from my house, when we came to a river which must be swam across. One of them advised me to ascend it, to a narrower place, for that it was full of caymans; and I was about to do so, when another Indian, more imprudent than his companions, spurred his horse into the stream. "I do not fear the caymans!" he exclaimed. But he was scarcely half-way across, when we saw a cayman of monstrous size advancing towards him. We uttered a shout of warning; he at once perceived the danger, and, to avoid it, got off his horse at the opposite side to that upon which the cayman was approaching, and swam with all his strength towards the bank. On reaching it, he paused behind a fallen tree-trunk, where he had water to his knees, and where, believing himself in perfect safety, he drew his cutlass and waited. Meanwhile the cayman raised his enormous head out of the water, threw himself upon the horse, and seized him by the saddle. The horse made an effort, the girths broke, and, whilst the cayman crunched the leather, the steed reached dry land. Perceiving that the saddle was not what he wanted, the cayman dropped it, and advanced upon the Indian. We shouted to him to run. The poor fellow would not stir, but waited calmly, cutlass in hand, and on the alligator's near approach, dealt him a blow upon the head. He might as well have tapped upon an anvil. The next instant he was writhing in the monster's jaws. For more than a minute we beheld him dragged in the direction of the lake, his body erect above the surface of the water. The cayman had seized him by the thigh, his hands joined, his eyes turned to heaven, in the attitude of a man imploring Divine mercy. Soon he disappeared. The drama was over—the cayman's stomach was his tomb. During this agonizing moment we had all remained silent, but no sooner had my poor shepherd disappeared, than we vowed to avenge his death. I had three nets made of strong cord, each net large enough to form a complete barrier across the river. I also had a hut built, and put an Indian to live in it, whose duty was to keep constant watch, and let me know as soon as the cayman returned to the river. He watched in vain for upwards of two months; but, at the end of that time he came and told me that the monster had seized a horse, and had dragged it into the river to devour it at leisure. I immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied

by my guards, by my priest, who positively would see a cayman-hunt, and by an American friend of mine, Mr. Russell, of the house of Russell and Sturgis, who was then staying with me. I had the nets spread at intervals, so that the cayman could not escape back into the lake. At last, all measures having been taken to attain my end without risk of accident, my Indians began to explore the river with their long bamboos. An animal of such formidable size as the one we sought cannot very easily hide himself, and soon we beheld him upon the surface of the river, lashing the water with his long tail, snapping and chattering with his jaws, and endeavouring to get at those who dared disturb him in his retreat. A universal shout of joy greeted his appearance. The Indians in the pirogues hurled their lances at him, whilst we, upon either shore of the river, fired a volley. The bullets rebounded from the monster's scales, which they were unable to penetrate; the keener lances made their way between the scales, and entered the cayman's body some eight or ten inches. Thereupon he disappeared, swimming with incredible rapidity, and reached the first net. The resistance it opposed turned him back; he reascended the river, and again appeared on the top of the water. The violent movement broke the staves of the lances which the Indians had stuck into him, and the iron alone remained in the wounds. Each time that he reappeared the firing recommenced, and fresh lances were plunged into his enormous body. Perceiving, however, how ineffectual fire-arms were to pierce his cuirass of invulnerable scales, I excited him, by my shouts and gestures; and when he came to the edge of the water, opening his enormous jaws, all ready to devour me, I approached the muzzle of my gun to within a few inches, and fired both barrels, in the hope that the bullets would find something softer than scales in the interior of that formidable cavern, and that they would penetrate to his brain. All was in vain. The jaws closed with a terrible noise, seizing only the fire and smoke that issued from my gun, and the balls flattened against his bones without injuring them. The animal, which had now become furious, made inconceivable efforts to seize one of his enemies; his strength seemed to increase instead of diminishing, whilst our resources were nearly exhausted. Almost all our lances were sticking in his body, and our ammunition drew to an end. The fight had lasted more than six hours without any result that could

aboriginals of Manilla, are small in stature and weak in body, but of a more vigorous constitution than the natives of the other islands of the Archipelago. Their skins are of a brighter colour than those of the other Malays, and their hair is black, without being woolly. Their moral character is curious to observe, still more curious to read. The Indian keeps his word, and is yet a liar; anger he has in horror, comparing it to madness, and deeming it worse than drunkenness, which he nevertheless despises. To avenge an injury he scruples not to use his dagger; what he will least support is abuse, even when deserved. You may flog him when he has committed a fault, and he will not complain; but at hard words he is indignant. He is brave, generous, and a fatalist. The Tagals are usually good fathers and good husbands, two qualities rarely separated. Horribly jealous of their wives, they are careless of the honour of their daughters, and heed not the faults their bride may have committed before marriage. The Tagals have retained all their old superstitions, and superinduced them upon Christianity, which they have accepted from their conquerors, the Spaniards. Two evil deities play an important part. One of these malignant spirits is the Tio-Balan, who dwells in the forests, in the interior of the great fig-tree. This divinity requires great respect. Every time an Indian passes a fig-tree, he makes a sign with his hand, says "*Tavit-po*;" Tagal words, signifying "By your leave, my lord," addressing thus, the Tio-Balan. The other god is called Assuan, and is considered to exercise a wonderful influence over women in labour. One often sees an Indian, at such times, seated astride on the roof of his house, sabre in hand, cutting and thrusting in empty air, to drive away,

make us hope its speedy termination, when an Indian struck the cayman, whilst at the bottom of the water, with a lance of unusual strength and size. Another Indian, at his comrade's request, struck two vigorous blows with a mace upon the butt-end of the lance; the iron entered deep into the animal's body, and immediately, with a movement as swift as lightning, he darted towards the nets and disappeared. The lance-pole, detached from the iron head, returned to the surface of the water: for some minutes we waited in vain for the monster's re-appearance; we thought that his last effort had enabled him to reach the lake, and that our chase was perfectly fruitless. We hauled in the first net, a large hole in which convinced us that our supposition was correct. The second net was in the same condition as the first. Disheartened by our failure, we were hauling in the third, when we felt a strong resistance. Several Indians began to drag it towards the bank, and presently, to our great joy, we saw the cayman upon the surface of the water: he was expiring. We threw over him several lassos of strong cords, and when he was well secured we drew him to land. It was no easy matter to haul him up on the bank; the strength of forty Indians hardly sufficed. When, at last, we had got him completely out of the water, and had him before our eyes, we stood stupefied with astonishment; for a very different thing was it to see his body thus and to see him swimming when he was fighting against us. Mr. Russell, a very competent person, was charged with his measurement. From the extremity of the nostrils to the tip of the tail, he was found to be twenty-seven feet long, and his circumference was much more voluminous; but we thought it useless to measure him there, judging that the horse upon which he had breakfasted, must considerably have increased his bulk. This first process at an end, we took counsel as to what we should do with the dead cayman. Every one gave his opinion. My wish was to convey it, bodily, to my residence; but that was impossible, it would have required a vessel of five or six tons burthen, and we could not produce such a craft. One man wanted the skin, the Indians begged for the flesh, to dry it, and use it as a specific against asthma. They affirm that any asthmatic person who nourishes himself for a certain time with this flesh is infallibly cured. Somebody else desired to have the fat, as an antidote to rheumatic pains; and, finally, my worthy priest demanded that the stomach should be opened in order to

as he says, the Assuan. They believe a child that dies young to be an angel which goes to heaven, and there protects its relatives, and on occasions of their funerals hold festivals of great rejoicing. The Tagal has long hair, rarely any beard; his eye is large and lively, his nose rather large, his cheek bone prominent, like that of the Malay. His hospitality is unselfish and disinterested. He venerates old age. An old man, when he finds himself destitute, goes and takes up his quarters in a neighbour's house. Their marriage ceremonies are curious. A young man's parents go at night to those of the object of his attention, where they chew betel, drink wine, and the young man's mother presents the girl's mother with a dollar. This accepted, the young man enters on an apprenticeship, like that of Jacob with Laban, of two, three, or four years, the father of the girl often prolonging the bondage to an indefinite period, so as to keep the suitor's services for nothing. Sometimes the young couple run away, but then the young lady must be herself the prime mover, otherwise the marriage cannot be celebrated. This partakes of the Arab customs of the Patriarchs, and tends to prove the Malay origin of the Tagals.

The Ajetos or Negritos are a savage people—said to be the true aborigines of the Philippines—they at one time ruled the Isle of Luzon, and compelled the Tagals to pay them a tribute of so many human heads, which they cut off and carried away for their barbarous feasts. These Ajetos resemble monkeys more than human beings. Even their voices assimilate to the jibberings and chatterings of this animal, and their gestures are monkey-like all over; their sole superiority consists in knowing how to light a fire, and to use the bow and lance. Their colour is the ebony black of the African

ascertain how many Christians the monster had devoured. Every time, he said, that a cayman eats a Christian, he swallows a large pebble: thus the number of the pebbles we should find in him would positively indicate the number of the faithful to whom his enormous stomach had afforded sepulture. To satisfy every body I sent for an axe wherewith to cut off the head, which I reserved for myself, abandoning the rest of the carcass to all who had taken part in the capture. It was no easy matter to decapitate the monster. The axe buried itself in the flesh to half way up the handle without reaching the bones; at last, after many efforts, we succeeded in getting the head off. Then we opened the stomach, and took out of it, by fragments, the horse which had been devoured that morning. The cayman does not masticate, he cuts off a huge lump with his enormous teeth, and bolts it entire. Thus we found the whole of the horse, divided into only seven or eight pieces. Then we came to about a hundred and fifty pound's weight of pebbles, varying from the size of a fist to that of a walnut. When my friend saw this great heap of stones—"it is a mere tale"—he could not help saying, "it is impossible that this animal should have devoured so great a number of Christians. It was eight at night when we completed the cutting up. I left the body to our assistants and had the head placed in a boat, to convey it to my house. I very much desired to preserve this monstrous caput as nearly as possible in the state in which it then was, but that would have required a great deal of arsenical soap, and I was out of that. So I made up my mind to dissect it and preserve the skeleton. I weighed it before detaching the ligaments, its weight was four hundred and thirty pounds; its length from the nose to the first vertebra, five feet (about five feet six inches English measure). I found all my bullets, which had flattened themselves against the bones of the jaws and palate as they would have done against a plate of iron. The lance thrust which had slain the cayman was a chance, a sort of miracle. When the Indian struck with his mace upon the the but of the pole, the iron pierced through the nape into the vertebral column, and penetrated the spinal marrow, the only vulnerable part. When this formidable head was well prepared, and the bones dried and whitened, I had the pleasure of presenting it to my friend Russell, who has since deposited it in the museum at Boston.

negro; their utmost stature hardly attains five feet; their hair is woolly, and, as they never cut it, it forms a strange sort of halo round their heads. Their features are negro, but their lips less prominent. Their sole dress is a girdle, eight or ten inches broad, made of the bark of trees. They feed on roots, fruit, and the produce of the chase. A bamboo lance, a palm-wood bow, and poisoned arrows, are their weapons. They eat their meat nearly raw, and live in groups of mostly from fifty to sixty persons. During the day, the old people, the invalids, and the children sit round the fire, while the others go hunting; but when they have enough food, they all squat round the fire while it lasts, and at night sleep—promiscuously—in the ashes. It is extremely curious, yet disgusting, to see thus assembled some fifty of these brutes, of all ages, and all, more or less, deformed. The old women are especially hideous: their decrepit limbs, their pot bellies, and their extraordinary hair, giving them the appearance of furies or witches. They have no religion—only regarding the chance rock or the tree-trunk bearing resemblance to some animal. Their language has but few words; their children are named from the place where they were born. They have respect for old age, and for the dead; but have no funeral ceremony, placing the corpse at full length in a grave, and covering it with earth. Then, every day, they put tobacco and betel in it, and suspend over it the bow and arrow of the defunct, whom they believe to go out hunting every night. When an Ajeto sickens of an incurable malady, or has been wounded with a poisoned arrow, his friends place him in a large hole, his arms crossed upon his breast, and they bury him alive. After the death of a friend, they revenge it by killing the first living thing they meet, be it man, stag, or buffalo; but they leave signs of warning to their own people to keep off their path. They have but one wife. They are capital shooters with arrows, piercing fish in the water, and can climb trees with the agility of monkeys, or run with the swiftness of deer.

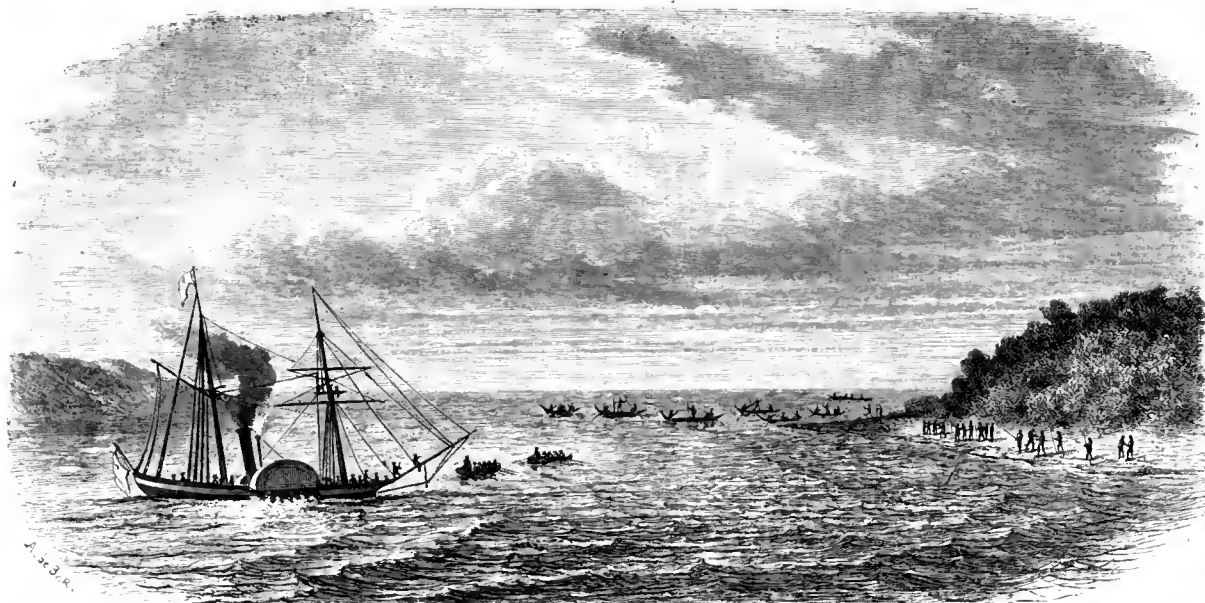
The Tinguianes, another race who live in the interior of the province of Flows, are described as men of small stature, slightly bronzed, with straight hair, regular profiles, and aquiline noses. Their women are handsome and graceful. A girdle, a sort of turban made of fig-tree bark, is all the dress of the men. Their arms are a long lance, a small hatchet, and a buckler. The women, also, wear a girdle, but have, in addition, a very narrow apron, descending to their knees. Their hair is adorned with beads, gold, and coral; the upper part of their hands is painted blue; upon their wrists are bracelets woven and ornamented with glass beads; these bracelets reach up to the elbow, forming a sort of sleeve to the fore arm, which they strangely compress. They are put on in early youth, and prevent the expansion of the arm, augmenting, at the same time, the size of the wrist and hand, which swell and become horribly large, a fashionable deformity, like the female foot in China and the English waist in Europe. Every family has two dwellings, one for day, the other for night; the first a hut, the latter a small cabin perched on posts or on the top of a tree sixty or eighty feet from the ground. This is a precaution against the Guinanes, a savage tribe, with whom they are at mortal feud. They are said to crush the skulls of their captured enemies, and mix their brains with cane-juice, which hellish potion they quaff amidst great revelling. They bury their dead in huge wells

or excavations, having previously dried the bodies into mummies. They have gods *ad libitum*, or by accident—a rock or tree of remarkable shape, bearing the semblance of some beast, dog, cow, or buffalo—is considered a superior being. Round this they collect provisions and bring pigs. Then they erect a straw roof over the idol, light huge fires, roast their pigs, and dance; lastly, they set fire to the straw roof, burn the idol, and so ends the jollification and the worship. The Tinguian has one lawful wife, and several concubines; but the wife alone inhabits her husband's house; the women have each a separate cabin. The eldest man is chief; their laws are traditional. Their wealth consists in porcelain vases. These people appear to be of Japanese descent, thrown on the coast by violent north winds. The Igorottes, another native race, are similarly attired with the Tinguianes, but are shorter men, with excessively large chests, long beards, well-developed limbs, and herculean strength; the nose is less aquiline, their colour of a deep bronze, and their eyes yellow, and of Chinese cut. They are said to be eaters of human flesh, which they cook and stew in divers palatable forms. These people are regarded as descended from refugees of the great naval enemy of the Chinese, Lima-On, who, after attacking Manilla, on the 30th of November, 1574, took refuge in the province of Pangasinan, in the Gulf of Lerigayan, where he was a second time defeated, and his fleet entirely destroyed; a part of the crew escaped into the mountains of Pangasinan, where the Spaniards could not follow them. The Igorotte has long hair, Chinese eyes, the nose rather flattened, the lips thick, the cheek-bones prominent, large shoulders, and strong limbs, is of a dark copper colour, and resembles the Chinese of the southern provinces of the Celestial Empire.

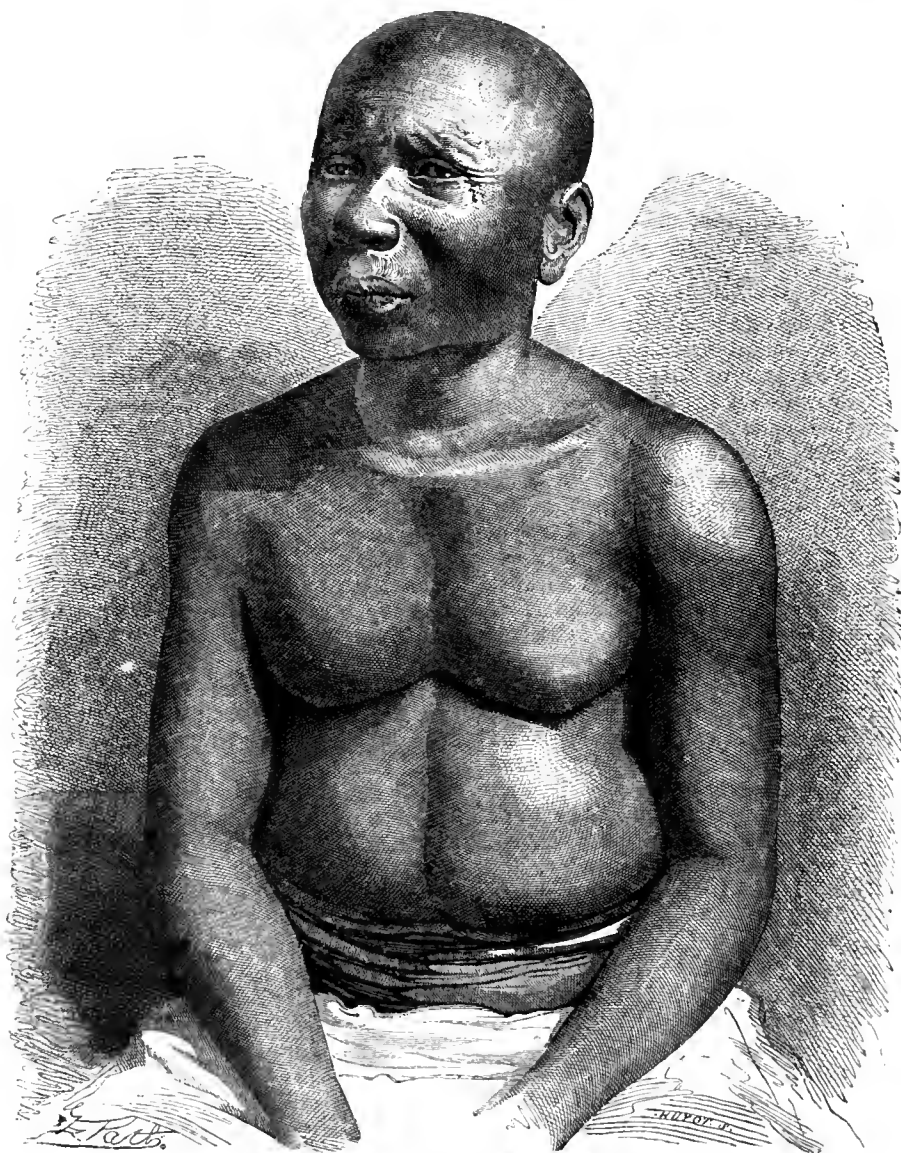
Of the manner in which many of these races are wafted from far distances to the various islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and even to the shores of the continents, a remarkable instance is recorded by Commodore Perry.¹

On the morning of the 5th of August, 1853, in about latitude 180° 46' N., longitude 124° E., in the store ship *Southampton*, Lieutenant Commander Boyle was steering S.W. by W., the wind blowing from the northward and westward a fresh top-gallant breeze, with considerable swell, when a boat was discovered to windward. The ship was hove to, and presently succeeded in getting the boat and its contents on board. When hoisted in and measured, the craft was found to be twelve feet long, four wide, and seventeen inches deep. On board of the boat, when the ship thus picked her up, were six males, four of whom were adults, and two were boys, the one about ten and the other fourteen years of age. They were all of healthy appearance, of medium stature, of a dark colour, the hair cut close, not tattooed, and did not appear to be much exhausted. Captain Boyle supposed, from their appearance, that they might have been adrift. They had in the boat about two or three dozen of India corn (maize), a few sweet potatoes, some prepared betel nuts, a cask, two gongs, a fishing net, an axe, a small piece of grass cloth as a sail, and a coloured piece, supposed to be a flag. Of water they had none; but from the frequent showers encountered

¹ Expedition to Japan in 1852, 1853, and 1854, by Commodore Perry. New York, 1856.



ATTACK ON A BRITISH WAR STEAMER BY THE NATIVES OF ANDAMAN.



A NATIVE OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.





by the ship, Captain Boyle concluded they had not suffered much by the want of it.

To what people or nation these people belonged no one could tell, as nobody on board could understand their language. It was observed, that the word most frequently on their lips was SIL-LI-BA-BOO. The nearest land to the ship was Cape Eugano, the N.E. point of Luconia, distanced about one hundred miles. The Babuan and Bashu Groups were about one hundred and eighty miles directly to windward, and the first conjecture was, that possibly they might belong to these. Their dress consisted of wide-legged trousers, extending a little below the knees, with a dark-coloured gown enveloping the whole person, and secured around the neck by a drawing string; their heads they would sometimes bind around with a cotton handkerchief, after a fashion not unlike that used by the blacks of the southern states of America. Though seemingly not much exhausted when they were taken on board the ship, yet they evidently experienced great difficulty in walking, from their long confinement in a cramped position. Sleep, with a suitable diet, however, soon restored them to their usual condition.

When the ship came near, and passed through the group just named, the commander watched closely to observe if they showed any marks of recognition. Their attention was called to them by signs, and they seemed to understand the pantomimic inquiry, for they invariably shook their heads as if to imply that their home was not there, and pointing towards the eastward, said "Sil-li-ba-boo." Soon after the ship arrived at Com-sing-moon, in China, and here great pains were taken to discover, if possible, where these poor adventurers belonged. There were many ships lying there, and the commodore directed that diligent search should be made among them all, in the hopes that perchance some one might be found who could communicate with them. They were visited by many from the various vessels, and from their timidity they fell first under the suspicion that they were anxious to remain unknown; but Captain Boyle became quite convinced that their shyness and repugnance to leave the ship proceeded from fear alone. They were taken on board each of the trading ships at Com-sing-moon, and out of the numerous tongues spoken on board, not one was found like that spoken by these men. At length they uttered some words when on the deck of the English ship *Bombay*, which Captain Jamieson, the commander, thought he recognised as belonging to the language of the natives of the Bentinck Isles; but perceiving that their words were attracting notice, they made their usual salaam, and uttering *Sil-li-ba-boo*, afterwards held their peace.

There is an island called by that name, and mentioned by Horsburg as being in latitude 4° N., longitude 127° E.; but this is so remote from the spot they were picked up, some twelve or fifteen hundred miles, that Captain Boyle could not suppose it possible they had drifted such a distance. The wind had, indeed, for several days been strong from the southward and eastward, just before the boat was seen, though at the time they were picked up it was from the northward and westward. Notwithstanding this, however, it seemed most improbable that in their frail craft they could have floated so many miles. Captain Jamieson and his crew interested themselves for these poor creatures, and perseverance in their efforts to communicate with them by means of the slight vocabulary they had ac-

quired in their voyagings, and although such communications were very imperfect, of course, yet it was plain some words were understood, and the unfortunate men were evidently pleased, and sought opportunities of mingling with those who could comprehend any portion, however small, of their language. With these imperfect means of knowledge, the best account Captain Jamieson could gather from them was, that they did come from Sil-li-ba-boo, distant as it was; that they had left the land in their boat with some articles of food for a vessel in the offing, met a fresh breeze that carried them out into the sea, and, by its continuance, prevented their return to land, and that they had been in the boat fifteen days when the *Southampton* picked them up. By direction of the Commodore, two surgeons of the squadron made a minute examination of these Sil-li-ba-boos, and reported in substance as follows:—

"The Sil-li-ba-boos are of a medium height, and well set, with moderate muscular development; and, though possessed of great strength, are active in movement. Destitute of the fatty tissue beneath the skin which generally gives roundness and fulness to the form of the northern races, the Sil-li-ba-boos have, from this deficiency, a sharp and angular contour, that deprives them of all claim to physical beauty. Their features have the irregular expression of the negro, though their colour resembles that of the mulatto. Their heads are large and round, with a large disproportionate development of the posterior part of the skull; their faces are rude, and their foreheads moderately high, their eyes dark but not very brilliant or intelligent, and their chins broad and massive; their noses are long and flat, and their lips thick and prominent, and their large mouths display strong-made teeth, which, however, are generally blackish from the use of the betel nut. The skin is smooth, with a small supply of black, coarse hair, where it is usually found, except on the head; there, it is grown profusely and straight, but is worn short. Their limbs are lithe, their hands and feet small; their language is soft, and agreeable to the ear, but though it is supposed to be a derivation from the Malayan, it is not intelligible to those on board familiar with the ordinary dialect of the Malays. They are, however, believed to be of Malay origin, much modified by the effect of climate and accidental causes. The intelligence of the Sil-li-ba-boos is so far blunted, as to place them within the category of the savage races, to which, in habits and social character, they are closely allied."

Commodore Perry dispatched *Meredan*, an U.S. frigate, under Captain Abbot, to Wainku, with these wanderers from Sil-li-ba-boo to the Governor General of the Philippines, that they might be protected and sent home. We may indulge the hope that they have finally reached their native island, there to tell to their wondering countrymen the story of their providential preservation and marvellous adventures.¹

After quitting the island of Luzon, the *Novara* touched on the coasts of China, whence she proceeded to New Zealand, to Tahiti, Valparaiso, Lima, the Falkland Islands, Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, calling finally at Lisbon before returning to Trieste.

¹ There is a Silleban, E. long. 101, S. lat. 4, a port-town of the Western coast of the Island of Sumatra, a little south of Bencoolen.

UP AND DOWN THE AMOOR,

WITH SCENES IN CENTRAL ASIA, TARTARY, AND SIBERIA.

I.—THE COUNTRY OF THE KALKAS.

OVER the mountains, as you go from Moscow, and to the right of Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, lies the country of Kalkas, the Gobi or Great Desert of Tartary, the steppes or mountain-plains of Mongolia, and then China. This centre country, Kalkas and Mongolia, the storehouse of conquering nations, the hive whence issued Genghis Khan and his vast hordes, has been, up to the last few years, utterly unknown to Europeans. Recently, however, a great light has been thrown on this dark portion of the world's great map by Mr. Thomas William Atkinson,¹ whose travels in Oriental and Western Siberia, and the narrative of whose Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia, contain matter of a very high interest, especially when it is considered that the scene of these explorations is now laid open to Russia from the Pacific, by the concession of the Amoor to her by the Chinese in 1854. Mr. Atkinson's travels embrace, in the first instance, a wide field, extending from Kokhan on the west, to the eastern end of the Baikal Lake (into which the Amoor River runs), and as far south as the Chinese town of Takinsi, including that immense chain, Syan-shan, the highest in Central Asia, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the Gobi (a sandy desert in Mongolia), over which Genghis Khan marched his wild hordes to the West—scenes on which no pencil has previously been employed, comprising a distance traversed in extent 32,000 versts (each not quite two-thirds of a mile) in carriages, 7,100 in boats, and 20,300 on horseback—in all 59,400 versts (about 39,500 miles) in the course of seven years. Leaving Irkutsk, and crossing the mountain range, Mr. Atkinson thus describes his first visit to the Kalkas Sultans, or Chiefs of the Pasture Tartars, who live like Arabians, with their hundreds of camels and horses, and count their sheep and cattle by thousands, as living themselves in tents, they lead their flocks and herds across the plains, seeking the mountain ridges in summer and the green meadows in winter.

His wanderings, he relates, led him to the Gobi, whose vast steppes, sandy deserts, and high mountain-chains give a peculiar character to the region in question. The traveller who attempts to force his way into a land abounding with such striking scenery must be prepared for many difficulties and some risks. Perhaps, before his visit, these scenes were never looked upon by European eye, nor ever sketched by pencil. He who follows his track will find that his rifle is required for more purposes than obtaining a dinner. His courage and determination will be tested by men who seldom show fear, and are ever on the alert. It is only by a steady hand, a quick eye, and skill with his weapon, that he can remain safe from acts of violence.

Plunder is the common trade; and what is still more, the traveller, if not murdered, is carried off into certain slavery.

Mr. Atkinson's party consisted of three Cossacks, brave and honest fellows, who would have dared any danger. Long may they live, and be happy on their land near Kurt-Chum! To these were added seven Kalmucks, four of them strong sturdy hunters, and all accustomed to a hard mountain life. Powder and lead he had a sufficient store, and they mustered eight rifles. These Kalmucks had their hair cut close, except a tuft growing on the top of the head, plaited into a long tail, which hung far down their back, and gave them a Chinese appearance. They may, in fact, be considered Chinese subjects; but, unfortunately for them, Russia compels them to pay a tax also. The chief of the little band of Kalmucks was named Tchuck-a-boi, and was a very strong and powerful fellow, with a beautiful manly countenance, a fine massive forehead, and large black eyes. He was dressed in a loose skin cloak, fastened round his waist with a broad red scarf. When the weather was warm his arms were drawn from the sleeves, which were then tucked into his girdle, and the cloak hung round him in beautiful folds. This gave full effect to his Herculean figure, while his manly bearing and graceful movements made him a fine study. He was born to be a chief, and his perfect good nature rendered him a most agreeable companion. He was a faithful fellow-traveller through many a day of toil and hardship, and suffered hunger and thirst without a murmur.

They commenced their wanderings beyond the River Naryn, and crossed the Kurt-Chum mountains, towards what has been called the Great Altai. But this chain, Mr. Atkinson declares, can only be found on our maps—in nature it does not exist. Numerous offshoots from the Altai run down to the desert of Ulan-Kum, in which direction they turned their steps, riding over many a rugged ridge and crossing numbers of picturesque valleys, threading their way eastward towards Ubsa-Nur. Mr. Atkinson had two objects in view in this journey—to visit the Tanghu mountains, which he had seen from the Brituka, and the large lake that receives so many streams, and has no outlets. There are many peaks in the Tanghu chain, rising far above the line of eternal snow, some more than eleven thousand feet in height. Their route lay eastward, crossing the heads of several streams, which run from the Tanghu mountains into the Ubsa. The names of these rivers could not be ascertained, as none of the people had ever been in this region before, nor did they meet a single native to inform them. Game was found in great abundance in the higher region, and many a stag was boiled at the camp-fires and served up at their meals. In a few situations they observed the bare poles of the conical Turts of the Kalkas, indicating their hunting stations. After riding twelve days, and encamping beside various torrents that run from the Tanghu chain, they came upon a large and rapid stream, flowing from the north-east. This could not be crossed at the point they struck upon it, and they were com-

¹ Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia. Hurst and Blackett, 1858.

pelled to ascend towards its source. By following this river Mr. Atkinson was led far up into the mountain wilds of the Tanghu, and, at a great elevation, he crossed the ridge and reached a plateau, descending towards the north, on which he found the "Zabata-Nor," a mountain tarn of great depth, surrounded by rugged precipices of granite. At this place the plateau has sunk, leaving perpendicular precipices around. To the last the rocks have the appearance of a wall five hundred feet deep, while picturesque granite mountains and snowy peaks rise up in the distance.

Having, with some difficulty, ascended one of the summits, which pushed its head into the region of snow, a beautiful and most extensive view presented itself. Immediately beneath, by the Ubsa-Nur; far to the south-west, was seen Ulan-Kum desert and the Aral-Nur; to the south lay Tchagan-Tala, and the ridges descending down to the Gobi; and to the south-east the crests of the Khangai mountains—several peaks covered with snow. This was a peep far into Central Asia, and over a region never beheld by any European. A dim and misty outline of Bogda-Ula was seen rising above the Gobi, and the vast desert stretched away till lost in haze.

Descending from this lofty place, they sought a place to ford the torrent, and happily found one near a beautiful waterfall. Large blocks of fine white marble were lying in this torrent, and further up the stream were very high precipices of this valuable material untouched by man. Much of this country is extremely rugged and wild, and Mr. Atkinson sketched many beautiful scenes in the Tanghu chain. It is only in the deep valleys and ravines that trees are found. In most parts the mountains are even destitute of shrubs on their southern faces; but in many of the slopes there is a thick carpet of short grass, interspersed with a great variety of flowers. Three kinds of iris were blooming—a deep purple and white, a rich brown madder and white, and a very fine yellow. Large beds of pink *primula* were growing; a deep red and a pale yellow or pink *dianthus* were scattered over the mountain-sides, giving out a very delicious scent.

They continued their journey nearly due east, and in eleven days more crossed the head-waters of the river Tess. Following the mountain-chain further south, brought them towards the sources of the Selenga and Djabakan, where they expected to find the Kalkas. The Kalmucks had often met some of those tribes on the Tchni Steppes, and they now expected that they should be treated with hospitality; if not, their arms would at least command respect. During this ramble their camp-fire had burnt on the banks of many a picturesque mountain-stream, which had several times supplied them with fish speared by the Kalmuck knives. Hook and line fishing was too slow a process with these people; instead, three or four men went into pools, driving the fish up the stream, while the other Kalmucks speared them from the bank; and they were seldom more than half-an-hour in producing a fine dinner of fish.

After passing the River Tess, they rode along the foot of the mountain—sometimes over a sandy plain, which often compelled them to ascend higher to obtain grass for their horses and secure game for themselves.

In one of these rambles after a dinner, Mr. Atkinson came upon the small and picturesque lake of Ikiugun,

which lies in the mountains to the north of San-ghin-dalai, and is held in great veneration by the Kalkas. They have erected a small wooden temple on the shore, and here they come to sacrifice—offering up milk, butter, and the fat of the animals which they burn on the little altars. The large rock in the lake is with them a sacred stone, on which some rude figures are traced; and on the bank opposite they place rods with small silk flags, having inscriptions painted on them. Some of the snowy peaks of the Tanghu mountains are seen from this spot. In eight days they reached San-ghin-dalai, a beautiful lake, about fifteen versts in length, varying from four to six in breadth.

Here they encamped for two days, to rest their horses, and afford Mr. Atkinson time to sketch the scenery. They were now near the source of the Selenga, and had not yet met with a Kalkas. Having accomplished his object in visiting this lake, they left it on a very rainy morning, and turned to the westward, intending to reach the River Tess, about midway between its source and Ubsa-Nur. The Kalmucks began to fear they should find no people—at all events, they should cross a caravan track on their route, and might fall in with some of the tribes.

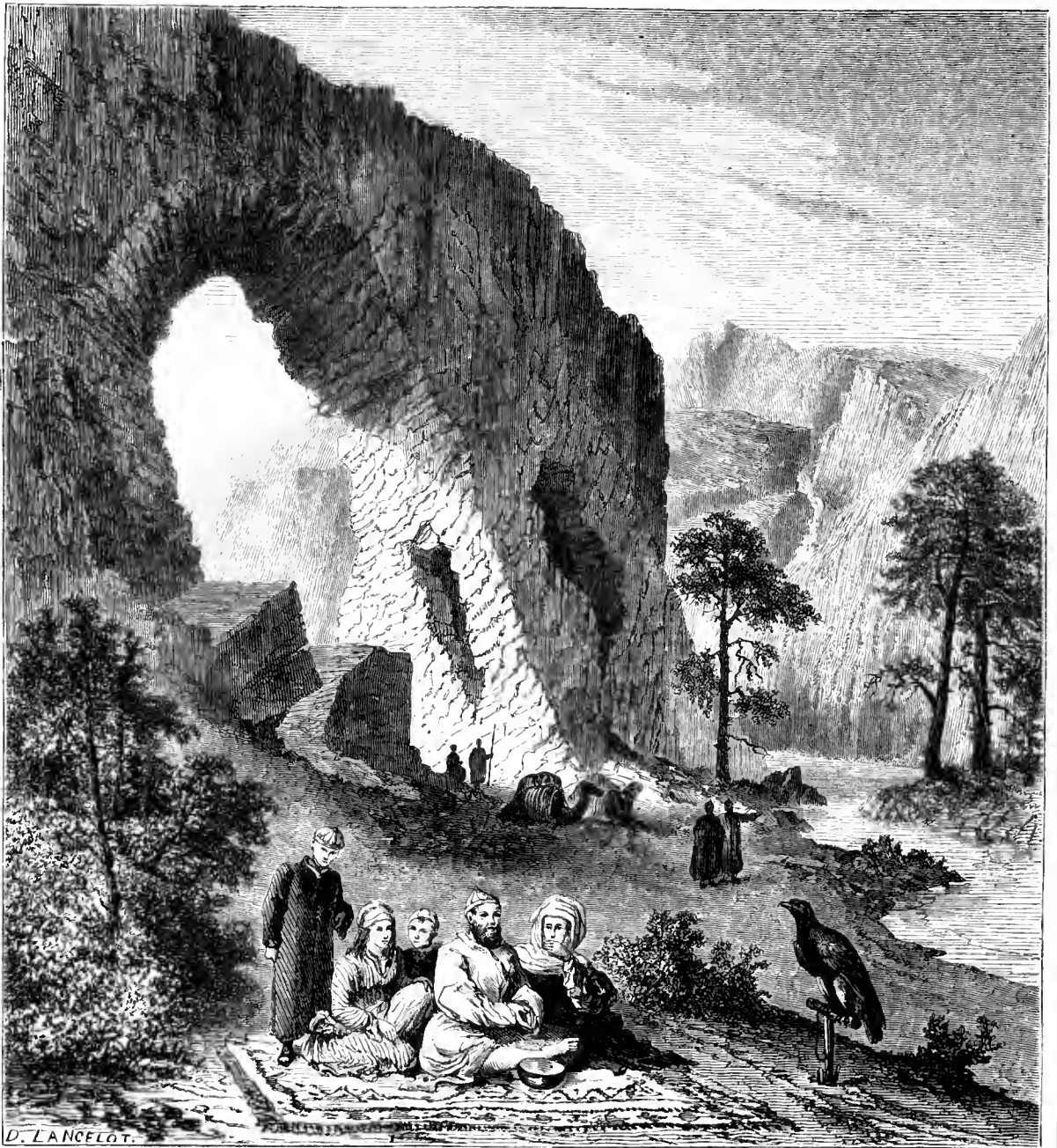
They had several days of drenching rain, which rendered the journey disagreeable, and the country extremely uninteresting. The Tanghu mountains were obscured by a dense fog, and their lodgings were on the wet ground, their saddle-cloths forming both beds and shelter. In the small ravines were found a few bushes, which enabled them to make fire for their cooking and tea-kettle: notwithstanding their hardships, not a man of the little band murmured at his lot. Late in the afternoon of the sixth day, after leaving San-ghin-dalai, they descended into a small valley covered with rich grass, which their horses appeared to look upon with delight. Many camels were feeding near them, and they could see several yurts in the distance—a most welcome sight to all. Across the valley they could also discover a herd of horses feeding on the grassy slopes beyond the yurts, and a large flock of sheep not far from them. They turned their horses, and rode towards the Kalkas dwellings, and as they approached they saw two men mount and ride towards them. This indicated a peaceful mission, and presently they met. There was much conversation between them and Tchuck-a-boi, after which one of them galloped back to his friends, the other remained and followed with them. It was not long before they perceived three other Kalkas riding to meet and escort them to the a-ul. On reaching the yurts an elderly man took hold of the reins of Mr. Atkinson's bridle, gave his hand to aid him in dismounting, and then led the way into his dwelling, in which were two women and four children.

This was Arebdan, the chief of the a-ul, who received the stranger, and was now preparing to be hospitable by handing him a bowl of tea, taken out of a large iron kettle. It was brick tea mixed with milk, butter, salt and flour, which gave it the appearance of thick soup, but was not bad. The Cossacks and Kalmucks were also supplied with this beverage. While drinking this, Mr. Atkinson had time to examine his host. He was a tall thin man, somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, of a dark complexion, with high cheek-bones, and small black eyes, a prominent nose, and a scanty beard. He was dressed in a long dark blue silk habit, buttoned across his chest, with a leather girdle round his waist, fastened with a

silver buckle, in which hung his knife, flint, and steel. His cap was helmet-shaped, made of black silk, trimmed with black velvet, and had two broad red ribbons hanging down his back. A pair of high-heeled madder-coloured boots completed his costume. One woman had a red and green silk kalat, the other a black velvet robe, and both were tied round the waist with broad red sashes. They also had similar caps; their hair was braided and hung over their shoulders in a hundred small plaits, some of them ornamented with coral beads, which are highly valued

by the Mongolian beauties. They wore very short high-heeled boots of red leather, which prevent them walking with ease and comfort. The children were not over-loaded with clothing, but to compensate for their deficiency, they had been rolling on the bank of a muddy pool, that had covered them with a reddish ochre, which contrasted well with their locks of jet black hair.

The yurts of these people were constructed like those of the Kirghis, and covered with felt, but the internal arrangements were different. Opposite the



D. LANCELOT.

SARGENT. SC.

A KHALKAS FAMILY ON THE UPPER AMOOR.

doorway a small low table is placed, on which stand the copper idol and several small metal vases. In some were grains of millet, in others butter, milk, and kumis. On the left side of the altar table stood the boxes containing the valuables, and near them the kumis bag, and the other domestic utensils. Opposite were several piles of *voilick* on which the family slept.

A sheep had been killed soon after their arrival, and was already cooking in the iron cauldron in another yurt. This seemed to be the great attraction to every person in the a-ul, and from where our traveller sat, he could see them busy with their preparations for the feast. The Cossacks were also engaged broiling a portion for him, and taking care to have enough for breakfast. The supper was not eaten in the chief's yurt; men, women, and children, assembling in the adjoining one to eat the fatted sheep. Tchuck-a-boi had explained to our host that Mr. Atkinson intended crossing the plain to the River Tess, and asked him to give them fresh horses; the old man consented, promising both men and beasts should be ready for them at daylight to take them to an a-ul not far out of their track. This would be the only one they should find before they reached Ubsa-Nur, and even there it was doubtful if any Kalkas would be met with.

A quiet night in the chief's yurt, and a breakfast at dawn of day, prepared them for a long ride. The sun rose brightly behind the Khangai mountains, casting their long shadows over the lower hills, and down to the plain. Faithful to his promise, Arebdan had four men and sixteen horses ready for the journey. How far distant this was to be, none could tell; but there appeared no doubt that they should have a long ride. When taking leave of his host, Mr. Atkinson presented him with a strong hunting-knife made by Rodgers. He was delighted, and gave strict injunctions to his men to conduct him safely to the a-ul of his friend. Their route was to the north-west, over an undulating plain covered with rough grass, which affords good pasture for the cattle. As they rode along, the Kalkas pointed out the track leading to the town of Uliassotai, to which, they said, they could ride in less than twenty-four hours. At this place there was a large body of troops, under a Chinese commander. Under these circumstances, it was not considered desirable to approach too near the town; indeed, the Kalkas guides objected to it.

During the morning, the Tanghu mountains had been enveloped in clouds, but, as the sun rose, the vapour rolled off, affording a fine view of the chain. Seen across the plain from this distance, the numerous peaks form beautiful objects; their white, snowy caps starting out from the deep blue sky like frosted silver. Five hours' ride brought them upon a stagnant water-course with high reeds and bulrushes growing in its bed, some two hundred paces broad, with a wide space of clear water in the middle. The Kalkas seemed a little disconcerted, and, after a consultation, turned to the westward, along the bank. In another hour, they reached a spot where the guides proposed that they should swim their horses over this stagnant water. The fire-arms, clothing, and sketches were secured against wet, and then the guide led the way, a Cossack and our traveller following. They were instantly in deep water, when their horses struck out, snorting and swimming with them across; but the soft and slimy nature of the opposite bank rendered it exceedingly

difficult to get out. The others had remained standing on the bank till they were landed, and then the guide sent them further down the stream, where, at a short distance, another place was found, with a better bank to land upon. The saddles, clothing, and firearms, were carried over on the heads of the Kalmucks and Kalkas, and kept quite dry. After landing, they very soon dressed and continued their journey.

They had not gone far, when they saw a fine herd of antelopes feeding, not more than five hundred yards distant. Five of the party rode toward the north, apparently going away from them, but, when at a proper distance, they turned and spread themselves out in a line to head the animals toward a bend in the river—they had also been gradually hemming them in. The rifles were now unslung, and they slowly closed toward the herd, while they retreated into the curve formed by the reeds. It became evident that they would make a rush to pass them, and, in a few minutes, the males turned round, stood for a moment, and then made a rush towards a large opening between their lines. When sufficiently near, they received a volley from several rifles; two antelopes sprang high into the air, and then lay quivering on the steppe, and the report of the pieces frightened part of the herd back. A Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, a Kalmuck, and our traveller, had fired; in a moment they were on the ground, reloaded their rifles, were ready and in the saddle, moving up. Before they were within range, the other men had fired at the herd as they rushed past, when two fell, and another was wounded, which was followed by a Kalmuck and a Kalkas, and captured after a sharp ride. In this hunt, they had obtained four animals; but no one could say which had been the successful shots.

The Kalkas were in ecstasies, and galloped from one group to the other of Cossacks and Kalmucks, who were dressing the antelopes—the work of a very short time; the flesh was then placed on the pack-horses, wrapped up with the skins, and they continued their ride. Their guides intimated that it was necessary to push on, as it was still far to the a-ul; the horses were good, and the steppe smooth, which enabled them to gallop. They were not long in reaching a sandy plain, in some parts covered with a coarse reddish gravel, rising into low ridges, crowned with rocks towards the north. At length, in one of the slight depressions, they saw a salt-lake, on which many swans and hundreds of waterfowl were swimming; beyond this a grassy steppe, but no signs of any a-ul. The horses kept up their speed, and made the pebbles fly as they went over the ground; this brought them to good pastures, but without any indication that would guide them to the Kalkas. They now came upon another herd of antelopes; but they were not disturbed: there was no time to spend in hunting, as the sun was sinking fast.

Having ridden a considerable distance further, they ascended one of the ridges, from which the Kalkas pointed out what they supposed to be the a-ul, very far away, on the shore of a small lake. This seemed to give the horses fresh courage, and they went over hill and dale, for they were two or three hours' ride from their resting-place. They saw several small lakes, but no indication of the River Tess, although they had been travelling towards the north-west several days. The Tanghu Mountains appeared much nearer, and, from the shores of one of the small lakes, Mr. Atkinson

sketched a beautiful view. While occupied by this, all the party, except two Cossacks and Tehuek-a-boi, proceeded onward to seek the a-ul. The sun sunk below the mountains to the west, and a glow of yellow light was beginning to spread over the sky. Presently the colour changed to a deep orange, with crimson clouds stretching along over the mountain-tops, and light fleecy masses scattered upon the silvery gray above. It was a lovely scene, and one quite common in this region, where no painters are found to contemplate these wonderful effects, or admire their beauty. Having finished his sketch, he followed on the track of his companions, his mind deeply absorbed studying the effect of the scene before him. To the south, a few low and apparently sandy ridges extended east and west; beyond these was one vast unbounded plain, where all the armies of Europe might be marshalled, only to appear as a speck on that interminable waste; the steppe over which Genghis Khan had marched his savage hordes more than six hundred years ago. They, too, perhaps, like him, had watched the sun sink below the mountains, thirsting to quench their savage appetites for rapine and slaughter beyond them. Probably the numerous barrows scattered so far over these wide plains contain the relics of nations these men exterminated.

Nature has here mapped out the conqueror's track from his birthplace on the Orion, to the scenes of his terrible devastations on his course towards Europe; and it was to the traveller a matter of deep regret that he had not the means of opening some of the large barrows he found along this route. Night was drawing on apace, and it was time for them to be at their encampment, but, as yet, they could see nothing to tell them where they should rest after a thirteen hours' ride. Not far before them, there was a low stony ridge, and as they were ascending this, three men appeared on its summit; they had come to guide them to their friends. While Mr. Atkinson had been sketching and thinking of Genghis Khan, the Cossacks and Kalkas gave up the idea of reaching the a-ul, as nothing to indicate its whereabouts could be seen. They had found a nice little stream of pure water, and plenty of good grass, with bushes for a fire. We reached them in about half an hour, when we found all parties busy with their evening meal; our traveller was soon laid out on the grass, and hunger gave a fine relish to the venison and tea. Almost before they had finished eating, day was gone, and night covered all around them. In a few minutes all were asleep.

They left their camp in the morning, and continued their ride in search of the Kalkas, travelling over a barren plain, almost without grass; in some places it was deep sand, in others, sand and gravel, which rendered it rather trying for the horses. At length they reached some low hills, where they found grass, and good pastures extended over valleys. Hour after hour passed away, riding over the same monotonous country, till about two o'clock, when, to their great joy, they saw camels and horses feeding in a valley not far away. They now pushed on, and shortly came in sight of the a-ul. Presently, two men met them, and conducted them towards the chief's dwelling, greeting them civilly, and one rode on each side of our traveller, leading the way to the yurts, which they found on the bank of a small stream, running into a lake at a small distance. They rode up to a large one belonging to the chief, who was waiting his arrival. He laid hold of the bridle of

his horse, gave him his hand to dismount, and then showed him into his yurt. A carpet was spread, on which he sat down; when a bowl of tea-soup was presented to him, to refuse which would have been exceedingly unpolite. He was in the a-ul of a celebrated Kalkas, Darma Tsyren.

The chief sat down in front of the stranger, and the two young men who had conducted him sat near him—they were his sons. Beyond these sat ten or twelve other Kalkas, watching his movements with intense interest. He was undoubtedly the first European they had ever seen. His large felt hat and shooting jacket, and long boots, will be remembered for years to come. Not that he thinks they admired the costume; theirs is far more picturesque. Presently a number of women came into the yard, and at their head the wife of the chief. She sat down near him, and was joined by her daughter—the others got places where they could; but the gaze of all was upon their visitor. No doubt it would have been highly amusing could he have understood their remarks, as they kept up an incessant talking.

At this moment a Cossack brought his somewar into the yard, and these people were much astonished to see the steam puffing out, with no fire under it. One man placed his hand on the top, and got his finger burnt, to the great amusement of his friends. A dinner of broiled venison was brought in on a bright tin plate; this and the knife and fork excited their curiosity, such articles being quite new to them. They watched him eat his dinner, and nothing could induce them to move till the plates were taken away. Darma Tsyren had ordered a sheep to be killed, which had now been some time in the cauldron. When the announcement was made that it was ready, he was left to himself; the whole a-ul, men, women, and children, were shortly enjoying the feast. It was his turn to be a looker-on, but he would not, he says, disgust his readers by a description.

After this meal was over, he ordered Tehuek-a-boi into the yard, and desired him to ask their host to give him horses for their journey next morning. He gave them willingly, saying all should be ready at daylight. He was told that he wished to go to the River Tess, and was asked how long they should be riding to it. In reply, he said it was a day's journey, and that it would be much better to leave their horses at his a-ul, and go to the Tess with a small party of his people. To this Mr. Atkinson at once agreed, as their animals would be thoroughly rested for their long journey, and he ordered that two Cossacks, Tehuek-a-boi, and Kalmuck should go with him, and the others remain at the a-ul in charge of the beasts. Darma Tsyren gave him four Kalkas and twelve horses, and at daybreak they were in their saddles and away.

II.—MONGOLIA.

FROM Darma's a-ul their route lay nearly due north, over grassy undulations, which gradually rose into hills, with broad sweeping valleys running east and west. This was a beautiful country for a gallop, and the Kalkas seemed inclined to try the mettle of their steeds in a chase after the antelopes, for many large herds of these were observed at a distance, but never within range of their rifles. About mid-day, while they began to ascend a high ridge, the view over the Ulan-kum Desert spread to the westward as far as

the eye could reach ; many small lakes were also seen glittering in the sun. At one time our traveller fancied he could perceive the Ilka-Aral Nur shining in the distant haze ; but on ascending higher, it proved to be a gleam of light stretching across the horizon. As they neared the top they had a charming prospect extending throughout the country they had crossed, and the mountain-chains to the south-east. The blue and purple haze now spread over them, declaring that they had left them far away in the distance. After gazing at this part of the landscape for a short time, Mr. Atkinson turned his horse and rode to the summit ; then the Ubsa-Nur lay before him, with the River Tess winding in the valley beneath. The Tanghu or Altai Mountains were seen in all their grandeur, while the vast steppes stretched away to the west, till plain and sky seemed united in a misty tint. He hastened to sketch the scene, so peculiar with its lakes, mountains, and undulating plains. These latter have a character unlike all European scenery ; and must have presented a grand spectacle when the vast hosts of that barbarian conqueror, Genghis Khan, were marching over them. They were now solitudes, possessing neither man nor his dwelling.

The ridge in which he was standing was a deep red granite, in some places rugged and broken into singular masses. Thick veins of loose quartz crossed these rocks running in parallel lines for two miles ; some pieces of quartz were seen transparent and of a beautiful rose-colour. Several of the veins were from nine to twelve inches thick, and many not more than three inches wide. Having finished his sketch, they continued their ride along the crest of the mountain for about an hour, and then descended into a narrow valley, following this down towards the River Tess. In about two hours they reached the river, at a part where it is a broad and rapid stream, running between high rocks, with trees and bushes growing from the clefts. They turned to the westward and followed the river towards the lake. Mr. Atkinson made several highly interesting sketches during this day's ride. One of them looking from a cavern of large dimensions on the Tess, at a little distance from where they encamped, in a small grassy valley, not far from the river. A Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, and a Kalmuck, having been sent on a hunting expedition, joined them soon after dark, bringing a fine deer shot by the Kalmuck. It was not long before the fire was surrounded by small sticks boiling venison, and when our traveller lay down to sleep, the cooking was still going on.

The Tanghu Mountains were enveloped in a dense fog the next morning, while on the Ubsa Lake and on the steppes the sun shone brilliantly. They started early towards the lake, and a ride of little more than an hour brought them to its banks, a few versts to the southward of the River Tess, and which, at this point, are flat and uninteresting ; to the north, they seemed more abrupt, but of no great elevation. The lake is more than one hundred versts in length from east to west, and thirty to thirty-five in width, with numerous bays running into the desert on the south. After making two sketches, Mr. Atkinson continued his ride along the shore, till they came to a river running into the lake from the south. This was a deep and sluggish stream, which it would have been very difficult to cross, on account of the high sandy banks. From this place, they turned south-east to make for the a-ul of Darma Tsyren, keeping considerably to the west of

their track. About two hours after noon they arrived on the banks of a small lake, the water of which was so exceeding bitter that the horses could not touch it. They could see that a small stream entered the lake from the south ; to this they made their way, and ascertained that it was drinkable. As no one could tell if they should find water in the direction they were going, it was decided that they should dine here, and give the horses a rest. To cook a dinner was, with them, short work ; indeed, our traveller says, he has known the men make venison soup in half an hour. They cut the meat into small pieces, and the moment it boils, eat it. A little salt is thrown in—vegetables they had none.

They remained about an hour and a half, then continued their journey, and shortly reached a sandy steppe, almost destitute of vegetation, which appeared to extend over a considerable tract of country. The Kalkas proposed a sharp ride, that they might cross this barren plain before nightfall ; and as no one was inclined to delay the progress, on they went at a good speed, hoping to find water and pasture before night. They continued their trot, sometimes across sandy valleys, and then among low hills. More than two hours had passed away, and they were still riding over this arid ground. The Kalkas, thinking they were going too far to the south, proposed that they should turn in a more easterly direction ; and soon they got into a more undulating country, with tufts of coarse grass, which gave hopes of finding pasturage. The sun was sinking fast, and lengthening their shadows over the steppe, when, on the summit of a hill, they observed a small lake in the next valley, with green herbage round its shores, and two small streams running into it. This was a gratifying sight—even the animals appeared to sniff the grass afar off, and went on quicker. A little before dark they reached the lake, and found rich grass for the horses. The water was fresh, a few bushes were got for a fire, and they soon made themselves comfortable. While riding along the grass, several snipes were flushed. Mr. Atkinson, therefore, lost no time in getting his double-barrel and ammunition, and in less than an hour returned with snipes and ducks sufficient to form a supper for half-a-dozen people.

The latter were given to the Cossacks ; the birds and the venison were in a short time stewing, and sending up a savoury smell, equal to any from Soyer's kitchen. It was a beautiful night ; the sky glittering with brilliant stars, and not a sound heard, save the crackling of the busy fire. The horses had been so secured that they could not stray far away ; all hands were lying down, some even asleep, when suddenly they heard howling at a distance. The Kalmucks and Kalkas sat up in an instant ; it was a pack of wolves following their track, and a distant howl every now and then told them that they were approaching. The men started up, collected the horses, and secured them on a spot between them and the lake. They had five rifles and a double barrel gun, which was loaded with ball, at the service of these sagacious scoundrels, should they venture to come within reach, which the Kalkas thought certain, as they commit great ravages among their cattle frequently. The fire was nearly out, but it was thought better that they should receive the robbers in the dark, or let them come quite near before a light was shown, when they should be able to see them, and at a signal, pour in

a volley. Again they heard them nearer, evidently in full scent of their game, and all lay ready on the ground watching their approach. It was not long before they could hear their feet beat on the ground as they galloped towards them. In a very few minutes the troop came up, and gave a savage howl. The men now placed some dry bushes on the fire and blew it up into a bright flame, which sent its red glare far beyond them, disclosing their ears and tails erect, and their eyes flashing fire. At this instant a signal was given, and a volley was poured in with deadly effect. The horrible howling which they set up declared that mischief had been done. They did not strive to collect their game—that might be found in the morning. Their pieces were re-loaded as quickly as possible, as the Kalkas warned them that the wolves would return—they could hear them snarling, and some of the wounded howling, but too far away for them to risk a shot. The fire was let down, and they remained perfectly quiet.

They were not left long in ignorance as to their intentions. Shortly there was a great commotion among the horses, when they discovered that the pack had divided, and were stealing up to the animals on each side, between them and the water; the Kalkas and Kalmucks rushed up to the steeds, uttering loud shouts, and this drove the wolves back. It was now necessary to guard the horses on three sides, as they could hear the savage brutes quite near, and the men anticipated that they would make a rush, cause the animals to break loose, and then hunt them down. If this happened, they would be left without horses in the morning, as those that were not killed would be scattered far over the steppe. A Cossack and a Kalmuck turned to guard the approaches on each side, and Mr. Atkinson remained watching the front. The fire was now lighted, and kept in a constant blaze by the Kalkas adding small bushes, and this enabled them to see as well as hear their savage enemies. Presently, their glaring eyeballs were discerned moving to and fro nearer and nearer; then their grisly forms could be distinguished pushing each other on. At this moment, the rifles cracked to the right, and the fire sent up a bright light, which enabled our traveller to make sure of one fellow as he turned his side towards him. He sent the second ball into the pack, and more than one must have been wounded, by the howling which arose in that direction. The other men had fired, he did not doubt, but with equal effect; for he was certain they would not throw a shot away. In a few minutes, the growling ceased, and all was still, excepting the snorting of some of the horses. Both Kalkas and Kalmucks assured him that the wolves would make another attack, and said that no one must sleep on his post.

To increase their difficulty, they had few bushes left,

and none could be obtained near them; therefore it must now be only by a most vigilant watch that they could save their horses. The night became very dark, and nothing could be seen at a short distance excepting towards the lake, where any dark object could be observed against the dim light on the water. Sharp and keen eyes were peeping out in every direction; but no wolf was seen or sound heard. The Kalkas said the wolves were waiting till all was still, when they would make a dash at the horses. They had been watching for a long time without the slightest movement, when two of the horses became uneasy, tugging at the thongs, and snorting. The clouds rolled off, the stars shone forth, and reflected more light on the lake. Presently, howling was heard in the distance, and Tchuck-a-boi declared that another pack of wolves was coming. When they approached nearer, those who had been so quietly keeping guard over them began to growl, and let them know that they were not far away. As it was now deemed absolutely necessary to procure some bushes four of the men crept quietly along the shore of the lake, two of them armed, and in about ten minutes

returned, each having an armful of fuel. The embers were kindled, and material placed on them to be blown into a flame the moment it was wanted. The sound that they had heard in the distance had ceased for some time, when suddenly there was a great commotion; the other wolves had come up, and the snorting and growling became furious. How much a light was wished for, whereby to watch the battle which appeared likely to ensue. For a



VIEW OF ALEXANDROVSK, ON THE BAY OF CASTRIES.

time there appeared to be individual combats; but no general engagements, and then all became calm as before. Again they waited, looking out for more than half an hour, when the horses began pulling and plunging violently; still they could see nothing. The man now blew the embers, and in a few minutes the bushes burst up into a blaze, when they saw a group of eight or ten wolves within fifteen paces, with others beyond. In a moment they got the contents of both barrels; at the same instant the other men fired, when the pack set up a frightful howl and scampered off.

The fire was kept blazing for some time, but they were not disturbed again during the night. At daylight they examined the ground, and found eight wolves dead, others had been wounded, as they ascertained by traces left on the sand; and the men carried off the skins of the slain as trophies of the engagement. The Kalkas informed Mr. Atkinson that these brutes destroy many of their horses and cattle; that they are more numerous to the westward, and would give them trouble on their journey in that direction.

They started on towards the a-ul, still to the westward of their former track, and were riding over a most uninteresting country. A heavy, sandy steppe

delayed them much ; but after a three hours' ride they were once more on a grassy turf at a good speed. It was not till late in the evening that they saw camels and horses wending their way towards home. After this they soon reached the a-ul, and Darma Tsyren gave our travellers a kind welcome ; but when he heard of the attack of the wolves, and saw the skins, he was delighted. This circumstance afforded the tribe a subject for conversation long after their departure, nor will they soon forget the event. Two of the skins were ordered to be brought in and presented to the chief, to his infinite gratification.

A good night was passed with his host, and soon after day dawned our traveller mounted and continued his journey over a grassy, undulating steppe, for six or seven hours, without seeing one living thing excepting their own party. The men desired that they should stop at the first fresh water, which they saw not far distant—a small stream running across the steppe. To the south of them were several lakes, some of them of considerable dimensions, but said to be all of them salt. Having reached the stream of fresh water, the horses plunged in and drank their fill. Here they dined, rested their animals, and then rode forward. A short distance beyond they entered upon a barren waste, stretching away for many versts. While riding along, Mr. Atkinson collected numerous beautiful specimens of agate and chalcidony, and also a few pieces of sardonyx. Travelling south brought them to some low ridges of dark purple rock, spotted with red, extremely hard, and capable of receiving a very high polish. Crossing these gave them much trouble, as the rocks were sharp and pointed ; indeed, it was exceedingly difficult for the horses to walk over them.

These stony ridges swarmed with serpents—they were lying coiled up, but they were quickly made aware of their presence by seeing their heads rear up, and hearing them hiss as they passed. Some moved off, others were not inclined to make way, and many were killed with the heavy thongs of their whips. Any man who should be compelled to take up his quarters for the night on these ridges would soon have some unpleasant bed-fellows. Four varieties of these reptiles were observed—a black one, three feet eight inches long, and about one inch and an eighth in diameter ; this fellow was very active. Another was of slaty-grey colour, from two to three feet long, and smaller in diameter than the black snake. This breed was numerous, and often difficult to see, they so nearly resembled the colour of some of the rocks. They had been obliged to dismount and walk, fearing to lame the horses, which often nearly trod on them without seeing them. Our traveller's long shooting-boots were a complete protection to his legs, and he had seen too many of these reptiles to fear them ; nevertheless, he had a great dislike to their company. They also found some of an ashy-green and black, with deep crimson specks on the side ; as they moved along in the sun the colours were most brilliant. None of these which they saw exceeded three feet in length, but they did not kill one of them.

A Cossack, Tehuck-a-boi, two Kalkas, and our traveller, had walked on a-head, leaving the others to bring on the horses. The latter was occupied examining the rocks and trying to obtain some greenish-yellow crystals, with the assistance of the Cossack and Kalmuck. But all their efforts were fruitless—the face and edge of their geological hammers turned like lead

when struck with force against these rocks. While thus engaged they suddenly heard a shout, and looking round, they observed the two Kalkas run a short distance, then stop, and look at some object. In an instant they were up and ran to them. The cause of their alarm was pointed out, about ten yards in front of them, in the shape of a large serpent coiled upon a rock, with his head elevated about eight inches, his eyes red like fire, and hissing furiously. They knew that his bite was exceedingly dangerous, and were afraid to approach too near to him. A rifle was unslung in a minute, and the bearer of it lay down, getting a rest on a rock. Suddenly the reptile lowered his head into his coil, peering over one of his folds. Tehuck-a-boi advanced two or three paces, when up it went again, hissing forth his defiance. Our traveller now got his head fair in the lead of the rifle, touched the trigger, and the leaden messenger performed its duty. His body sprang out of its coil, but headless, and writhing in many folds. The men were upon him with their whips ; but notwithstanding their heavy blows, it was at least ten minutes before the reptile lay still. He was then stretched out, and measured five feet two inches and a half without his head, and four inches and a quarter round his body. His colour was a dark brown, with greenish and red marks on his sides, and his aspect indicated, if it may be so expressed, deadly poison. They were obliged to continue their walk for a couple of versts further, passing many of the slaty-green reptiles, and two or three black ones, but the other two species they did not meet again. After crossing that stony track, they came upon a sandy plain extending to a considerable distance.

The day was far advanced, which rendered a quick ride over this dreary steppe absolutely necessary. There was neither grass nor water to be seen in any direction, but they must be found if possible, before night set in. Their route lay in a south-westerly direction, and their pace a gallop. After riding a little more than two hours they got among tufts of steppe grass, associated with a thorny bush, bearing yellow and deep purple flowers, similar in form and size to the hedge-rose. They continued to push on, nor was it long before they began to descend towards a valley running towards the westward, where a bright silvery band indicated the liquid they sought. Its presence was generally recognised, the horses pricking up their ears, and extending their necks as they rode down into the grassy valley. They turned towards the nearest point, where they observed bushes growing on the bank of the stream, and in less than an hour were looking into the crystal flood with feelings of intense gratification. Both men and animals rushed to the water to quench their scorching thirst. The river was about twenty yards wide and about forty feet deep, running sluggishly towards the west ; but whether it found its way to the Djabakan or to the Kara-Nur, the Kalkas could not tell, nor did they know its name.

A council was held by the whole band, touching the probability of a visit from the wolves. The Kalkas thought they could scent their track and find them before many hours had passed ; it was, therefore, agreed that the horses should feed until dusk and then be secured on an open space, between the encampment and the river ; that three men should keep watch, changing every two hours, and a large fire be maintained through the night. Sufficient fuel for this purpose was collected, and all preparations made for

defence; after this they supped, and many of them were soon sound asleep. Two watches passed undisturbed, but the third had not been long on their post when a Cossack shook our traveller's arm and told him the wolves were coming. In a few minutes they were up and ready to repel an attack, should the brutes advance. A bright fire shed a strong light for fifty yards around them; beyond this was thick darkness, which the eye could not penetrate. The horses were still, not a sound could be heard, and this continued for ten or fifteen minutes, when the noise of a distant howl was wafted over the plain; there they were, sure enough. It was so long before they heard it again the man thought that the wolves had fallen in with a herd of deer, on which they were feasting. The watch was changed, the fire made up, and they lay down to sleep. A little before daylight they were again roused, when they heard the wolves quite near, but could not see one. A most vigilant look-out was kept up, but not one came within the range of their vision until day dawned, when a group of eight or ten were seen sitting and standing about four hundred yards distant from them. The Kalkas thought that they had not received a good share of the venison caught by the pack in the night. Two horses were unfastened and led over the plain, under cover of which they hoped to get within range of the depredators, but scarcely had they reached to within three hundred yards of them, when they beat a retreat, going off at a slow pace. Three bullets were sent after them, which accelerated their speed, but did them no damage.

The horses were turned out to feed; then two Cossacks, with Tchuck-a-boi and Mr. Atkinson set off in quest of game. Their larder was very low, and, unless something was produced, they would have an insufficient dinner. They accordingly departed, in pairs, in different directions, and, after a walk of two hours, met again at the encampment; the whole produce of their rifles being two ducks, a swan, and a pelican. Large game they had seen none, the wolves having driven them off. On their arrival, all hands were ready to depart, and in a few minutes they were pressing their journey along the bank of the river. After riding about an hour, the Kalkas discovered an object, by which they knew the direction of the Kara-nur. They left the river, riding more towards the north-west, and soon reached some higher ground, which gave them a view far over the country. The river they had just left, after running in a westerly direction for two or three versts, turned almost directly south. They could trace its course for a long distance, until it appeared lost in a bed of reeds, extending over an immense track, in which were seen small spaces of open water. About three o'clock in the afternoon, they first caught sight of Kara-nur, or "Black Lake," and the river which runs into it, and in about an hour were on its northern shore. The lake is not large, nor is there anything picturesque about it. They found good pasture for their horses, and observed hundreds of water-fowl swimming on the lake. They continued their journey towards the Kirghis, represented by the Kalkas to be a set of desperate banditti, worse than wolves, and constantly plundering; but our traveller did not believe all the ill reported of them.

The east-end of the lake and the river were surrounded by a thick bed of reeds, extending far into the steppe. As wild boars are usually to be found in such places, a Cossack, Tchuck-a-boi, and Mr. Atkinson,

mounted fresh horses, and sallied forth in quest of this game. In many places, the reeds rose far above their heads, and often the horses were up to the saddle-flaps in water. Still they rode on in the hope of finding game, and saw indications of the ground having recently been turned up in many places in search of roots. Notwithstanding, however, all the traces, they were obliged to return after a long ride without having seen a single animal. One duck was cooked for Mr. Atkinson's evening meal; the other, with the swan, and the pelican, were made into soup, and eaten with great relish by his companions. Subsequently, the same precautions were taken to protect the horses against any attack of wolves; but night passed, and morning broke, without their being once disturbed.

A thick fog was hanging over the lake and river, which gradually began to rise, betokening a hot day. Good bye was said, when the two little parties separated; the Kalkas returning to their a-ul, the rest proceeding in search of the River Djabakan. There was always a regret on parting with men who had shared the toil and danger of a journey. These men had stood bravely to their horses when the wolves made their grand attack upon them, and now they parted never to meet again. No one of the party had any knowledge of the country through which they were about to ride; they only knew that by following a south-westerly direction they should strike upon the Djabakan; but whether in one or two days no one could tell. Soon after leaving the Kara-nur, they entered upon an arid plain extending far into the Ulan-kum desert; it was a dreary waste, without either vegetation or water. The larder again was nearly empty, and they could not expect to find game in such a region.

After riding several hours, the country became rocky, with lofty ridges and narrow valleys, quite destitute of vegetation. In one of these was a small lake surrounded by high precipices; this was Ulun-jur, with its caverns, described by the Kalkas. They say that Shaitan has his dwelling here; if so, he has shown great taste in selecting a most romantic spot; indeed, the view from one of the caverns is particularly wild and beautiful. This cavern is formed out of a compact yellow limestone, and extends into the rocks about 200 feet; it is about 60 feet wide, and 80 feet high, and makes a magnificent natural chamber. On leaving the lake and ascending the opposite height, they got a view over the plain to the south, on to which they descended through a ravine.

Having travelled some hours some low hills appeared many versts distant; they were, however, delighted to find a large lake stretching far beyond them. As they approached nearer, trees and rocks appeared standing on its shores, casting their reflection on its surface, and giving hopes of finding beautiful scenery.

They had ridden more than an hour but appeared no nearer the lake—in fact, the water receded. They now saw that a mirage had caused this delusion; for after riding a couple of hours more it vanished, changing the appearance of a beautiful lake into a barren waste. At length, after riding many weary versts, they saw a small lake with a little stream falling into it. Here they found a coarse, grassy, turf growing on the banks of the little river and around the lake. Long before the sun went down they reached the water, which proved to be good and sweet, and this decided them to remain the night. Noticing at no

great distance several flocks of large birds feeding on the plain, a Cossack and Mr. Atkinson started in pursuit, accompanied by two Kalmucks leading horses, by which means they hoped to get within rifle distance of the game. The Kalmucks gradually approached the birds by going round in a circle, and they were all well sheltered by the horses. At length the men stopped, the Cossack and our traveller lay flat on the ground, and having obtained a good sight, two of the flock were presently stretched dead on the plain. As the others did not fly away, their pieces were re-loaded, and they again approached the birds with equal success, but this time the flock went far away. They now gathered up their game and ascertained them to be four fine bustards. No cooks were ever more active in their occupation than the party were in preparing these birds for the pot, and when stewed they were delicious. The usual precautions against wolves were again repeated; and as their safety depended on their horses, they were guarded with the utmost care. Again the night passed over in peace and quiet.

III.—THE SULTANS OF THE STEPPES.

PROCEEDING on their way, after the diversion of a wild boar hunt, following the course of the river until it hastened into the hill, the daring little party pushed boldly onward through a sterile country of gentle hills and valleys. They crossed the crest of a ridge which gave them their first view of the Gobi—that vast waste extending from Kissilbash Nur, or "Red Head Lake" (about 87 E. long.), to the Siotki Mountains (120 E. long.), more than 2,000 miles in length, and varying from 300 to 700 miles in width. Mr. Atkinson dismounted to examine the scene; to the east, stretched the Gobi, with its numberless ridges vanishing off into distance. To the south he saw the snowy summits of the Syan-Shan (the highest mountain in Central Asia), with Bayda Ula "White Mountain" (its highest peak), rising from above all others. Subsequently they came upon the steppe, over which the Asiatic hordes marched on their expedition to the west. The next day, after passing to the south-east a singular dome-shaped hill, which proved to have been thrown up like some huge basaltic bubble by a volcanic action that had rolled lava down the neighbouring ravines, they gradually descended towards the plain.

A sharp look-out had been kept to the westward in the direction of Kirghis, and shortly after noon an a-ul (encampment) was seen among some low hills eight or ten versts distant. After a consultation, they deemed it best to proceed to it, and see how its inhabitants would treat strangers. In a short time they were riding through a large herd of horses and camels, when the Kirghis herdsmen came up and asked whence they had come, and whither they were going. They

were told that the party had come from the Ubsa-Nur, and were going to the Ulunur.

They now learned that the a-ul was a very large one, and belonged to Sultan Baspasihan; also that they would find him with his tribe. Every Kirghis that they passed had his battle-axe hanging on his saddle, but whether this was adopted as a security against man or animals, they could not tell. After going on a few versts, a Kirghis came galloping up to point out the position of the a-ul, then left them and rode fast towards it, as if the sight of their arms had caused him to hasten to afford the Sultan an opportunity of giving them a warm reception.

A short ride further brought them to the top of a ridge, beyond which they looked down upon the camp lying on the bank of a small stream in the valley. About a verst distant from the yurts lay a lake, probably four or five versts long, and one and a half in breadth. On one side was a thick bed of reeds and on the other a grassy shore, on which sheep and goats were scattered about in great numbers. They now observed several men spring on their horses and ride to meet them—this was certainly a mission of peace. When they met, one of the men rode up to them, placed his hand on Mr. Atkinson's chest, saying "Aman." He followed the example, and they rode on. As they approached, there seemed to be a great commotion in the a-ul; two Kirghis had mounted their horses and gone off at full gallop. Others were busy collecting bushes, and all seemed occupied. Their escort guided them to a large yurt, with a long spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horse-hair was hanging from beneath its glittering head. A fine tall man met him at the door; he caught the reins of Mr. Atkinson's bridle, gave him his hand to enable him to dismount, and led him into the yurt.

This was the Sultan Baspasihan, who welcomed him into his dwelling. He was a strong, ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet kalat, edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist; on his head was a red cloth conical cap, trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top, showing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokharian carpet had been spread, on which he seated Mr. Atkinson, and then sat down opposite. The traveller invited him to a seat beside him, which evidently gave satisfaction. In a few minutes two boys entered, bringing in tea and fruit. They were dressed in striped silk kalats, with fox-skin caps on their heads, and green shawls round their waists. They were his two sons. The Sultana was out on a visit to the a-ul of another Sultan, two days' journey distant.

The yurt was a large one, with silk curtains hanging on one side, covering the sleeping-place—bed it was not. Near to this stood a "bearcoote" (a large black eagle) and a falcon, chained to their perches; and they perceived that every person entering the yurt kept at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side were three kids and two lambs, secured in a small pen. There was a pile of boxes and Bokharian carpets behind me, and the large kumis sack carefully secured with voiloch. Between them and the door sat eight or ten Kirghis watching their proceedings with great interest. Outside the door were a group of women, with their small black eyes intently fixed on the stranger.

Next followed a trial of the stranger's pistols. Having declined the proffer of a kid for a target, Mr.

} The Kirghis are divided into three hordes, all more or less tributary to Russia, although they have khans of their own. They are all wanderers over the countries between Omsk and the Caspian Sea. Their occupations consist in hunting, fishing and breeding cattle, and of the latter they have immense droves in this vicinity. They are not considered nice in the mode of acquiring them. They continue only so long in a place as there is forage for their beasts, getting, in winter, as near the woods as possible, for the advantage of fuel, though in most parts the dried dung of their cattle provides a ready and efficient substitute. They are in general a miserable and filthy race, "scarcely during the warm weather," says Captain Cochrane, "affording themselves a pair of trousers for common decency."

Atkinson took a leaf from his sketch-book, made a mark in the centre, and then turning round at fifteen paces, sent a bullet through it. The Sultan and his friend thought this a trick, and a wooden bowl was fetched, which, being placed on a stick, Mr. Atkinson sent a bullet through. The holes were examined with great care, one man clapping the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. The tribe being a robber one in repute, the lesson was not thrown away. Then followed a Tartar feast.

"On looking round," says Mr. Atkinson, "I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements, also that the fatted sheep had been killed, and the repast would soon be given. Two brawny cooks were skimming the steaming cauldron, and other preparations were in progress, while numbers of men, women, and children were seated around waiting for the feast. As a Kirghis banquet is for any European an extraordinary event, I shall endeavour to describe one at which I was the guest of Sultan Baspasihan. The party were far too numerous to be accommodated in his yurt. A Bokharian carpet was spread outside, on which he placed me, taking his seat near. A small space in front of the Sultan was left clear, and around this the men seated themselves in circles—the elder, or more distinguished members of the tribe, nearest his person; there were more than fifty men, women, and children assembled in front of their huts. The boys sat behind the men; the women and girls occupied the last place, excepting the dogs, who were standing at a short distance, apparently quite as much interested as the rest. When all were seated, two men came into the inner circle, each having a cast-iron vessel, shaped something like a coffee-pot. One approached the Sultan, the other myself, and poured warm water upon our hands; but each person must provide his own towel. This ceremony was performed for every man, from the Sultan to the herdsmen. The women and the girls were left to do it for themselves. The ablutions having been performed, the cooks brought in the smoking vessels, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton. One was placed between the Sultan and myself, filled with mutton and boiled rice. Each man drew his knife from its sheath, dispensing entirely with plates. The signal having been given to fall to, many hands were speedily dipped into the other trays. The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind him; when again diminished, this was passed to a third, then to the boys; and having ran the gauntlet of all these hands and mouths, the bones reach the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs. While the dinner was progressing, I observed three little naked urchins creeping up towards our bowl from behind the Sultan, whose attention was directed towards the circles in front. Their little eyes anxiously watched his movements, and when sufficiently near, their hands clutched a piece of mutton from the tray. They then retreated in the same stealthy manner behind a heap of voilocks, and devoured the spoil. I saw this repeated two or three times, and was highly amused by their cunning.

"I desired the Cossack to inform Baspasihan of my intention to visit his friend Sultan Sabeck, and that we should start in the morning. He at once proposed

to accompany me to another a-ul of his own, nearly a day's journey distant, in the direction we must travel. We were also to have a hunt with the bearcoote, that I might see their sport, as we should have plenty of game on our way. The gunpowder and the lead which I had given to his men had brought this about. He was also desirous of seeing a boar-hunt, and witnessing the effect of our rifles on the bristly animal. During the evening the Sultan asked if I would permit two of his Kirghis to go with me to Sultan Sabeck. He wished to send a present of a fine young stallion to his friend, which he thought would be perfectly safe under our escort. The accuracy and range of our rifles had impressed upon him a very high notion of the power we possessed to repel the attack of any plunderers, and he thought it probable that we might meet with some of them. Several skins were spread for me in the Sultan's yurt, on which I slept soundly.

"Soon after daybreak we were all up and making preparations for our departure. Horses were standing ready saddled, and everything indicated a busy scene. I saw two Kirghis occupied with the bearcoote and the falcon. Having finished our morning meal, horses were brought for the Sultan and myself. I was to be mounted to day on one of his best steeds—a fine dark gray stood champing my English bit, which he did not appear to relish. All my party were mounted on the Sultan's horses; ours had been sent on to the a-ul, with a party of his people and three of my Kalmucks. When mounted, I had time to examine the party. The Sultan and his two sons rode beautiful animals. The eldest boy carried the falcon, which was to fly at the feathered game. A well-mounted Kirghis held the bearcoote, chained to a perch, which was secured into a socket, on his saddle. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was perfectly quiet; he was under the charge of two men. Near to the Sultan were his three hunters or guardo, with their rifles, and around us were a band of about twenty Kirghis, in their bright-coloured kalats; more than half the number were armed with battle-axes. Taking us altogether, we were a wild-looking group, whom most people would rather behold at a distance than come in contact with.

"We began our march, going nearly due east; the Sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by his highness and myself; his two sons and the eagle-bearers immediately behind us, with two of my men in close attendance. A ride of about two hours brought us to the bank of a stagnant river, fringed with reeds and bushes, where the Sultan expected we should find game. We had not ridden far when we discovered traces of the wild boar—large plots having been recently ploughed up; this gave us hopes of sport. Our rifles were unslung, and we spread out our party to beat the ground.

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds, and bounded over the plain about three hundred yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared high into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seemed to poise himself for about a minute, after this he gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive

that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. There was a shout and away went his keepers at full gallop, followed by many others. I gave my horse his head and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck and neck with one of the keepers. When we were about two hundred yards off, the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing out the animal's liver. The Kirghis sprang from his horse, slipped the hood over the eagle's head, and the shackles upon his legs, and removed him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the bearcoote on his perch, and he was ready for another flight. No dogs are taken out when hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed the Kirghis assert that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed; the wild goat, and lesser kinds of deer, are also taken in considerable numbers. We had not gone far before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles, as before—this time I thought to a greater elevation—and again he made the fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox does sometimes, death is his certain doom.

"Our horses were now put into a gallop, and in a short time we were sitting in the Sultan's yurt, when kumis was handed round in large bowls. I acknowledged a preference for tea; which was soon prepared; but as the Kirghis sat watching me drink it, I was convinced they thought me a complete barbarian, and pitied my want of taste. Presently smoking platters of mutton were brought in, and, judging by the quantity, speedily consumed, indeed, my impression was that it would be difficult to find hunters with better appetites. It was just dark when this meal was ended, and in a short time all were sleeping soundly.

"Just as the day dawned, I turned out to examine our position, when I discovered the snowy peaks of the Syan-shan. They appeared cold and ghost-like against the clear blue sky; presently they were tipped with the sun's rays, and shone forth like rubies. I sat on the ground watching the changes with much interest, till the whole landscape was lighted up. Immediately near me was a busy scene—on one side the men were milking the mares, to the number of more than one hundred, and carrying the leathern pails of milk to the kumis bag in the yurt; the young foals being secured in two long lines to pegs driven into the ground. In front and on the opposite side the women were milking cows, sheep and goats, and at a little distance beyond these the camels were suckling their young. Around the a-ul the steppe was filled with animal life. The Sultan told me that there were more than two thousand horses, half the number of cows and oxen, two hundred and eighty camels, and more than six thousand sheep and goats. The screams of the camels, the bellowing of the bulls, the neighing of horses, and the bleating of sheep and goats, formed a pastoral chorus such as I had never heard in Europe."

A rapid ride over a grassy steppe, and across a river bed, along a road of stones, as if macadamised, led to the a-ul of another Kirghis chief, where they spent a hospitable night, and in the morning resumed their

journey over a sandy waste, on one portion of which grew a fertile crop of tarantulas.¹

After riding until two o'clock, the Kirghis escort halted to make a dinner of smoked horse-flesh, which they all ate with great relish, Mr. Atkinson dining on broiled mutton and a few glasses of tea. They spent a night on the steppes, camping out, and supped off pheasants. The wonder of the next day was some curious ridges of red granite, rising abruptly from the plain seven or eight hundred feet. They were broken into very rugged and picturesque shapes, and stood out, on these vast steppes, like ruined castles of colossal dimensions. The tribes of Central Asia fear to pass many of these places, and invest them with superstitious horrors. One ridge, passed by the party this day, was more like the ruins of some vast city than a mountain: there were isolated pillars,—huge masses like the broken shafts of columns; walls rising up to a great elevation, pierced with large circular apertures and enormous blocks heaped around, forming a complete chaos. Mr. Atkinson proposed to stop and explore this wonderful scene, but the Kirghis stood aghast; and when they saw him sketch it, they looked as if they expected to see Shaitan and his legions threaten them from the mighty walls.

Passing these ridges, and sighting some salt lakes at a distance, they struck, towards the evening, on the a-ul of Sultan Oui-jass, of which they were in search. A Kirghis, having ridden out to the party, led me, says Mr. Atkinson, up to a yurt, where a spear, with a tuft of red hair, was stuck in the ground; and a fine old man was standing dressed in a rich silk kalat, striped with crimson and yellow, tied round his waist with a green silk scarf. He had a deep silk crimson cap, fitting close to his head, embroidered with silver, and very high-heeled leather boots. This was Oui-jass, who took hold of the reins, and held up his hand to help me to dismount. He then placed first his right hand and then his left on my breast; after which he led me into his yurt. The carpets were already laid down opposite the door; on these he placed me, and would have retired to a voilock had I not insisted on his sitting beside me. In a few minutes a brass tea-pot was brought in, then some small china tea-cups and saucers were put on a low table, and placed before us; a basin with sugar-candy, and several plates of dried fruit were added. A youth, about seventeen years old, came in and knelt down before the table, poured out the tea, and handed a cup to me, and then some of the fruit. He performed the same office for my host, and replenished our cups the moment they were empty; and we had the tea-pot filled several times.

¹ "The ground," says Mr. Atkinson, "was quite covered with their webs and holes; and as we rode over it many of these venomous insects were killed by our horses. It was curious to see them in their little dens, and I dismounted to make a nearer acquaintance. I quickly came upon a large web, indicating a manufacturer upon a great scale. I drew my long knife and touched it, when out he rushed, fixed his fangs on the steel for a moment, and then retreated into his hole. When the Kirghis observed me begin to dig him out, they were afraid that I should be bitten, but I took especial care to keep my fingers beyond his reach. I rolled him out of the sand, and again he sprang at the blade, evidently much enraged at being disturbed. His body was dark brown and black, and very ugly. Leaving him to seek or dig another dwelling, I mounted my horse, and left this venomous spot. The Kirghis have a great dread of these little reptiles, but the sheep eat them with impunity and relish."

"The guests had crowded into the yurt the moment we sat down. Several were dressed in silk kalats, and fox-skin caps; the youth handed tea to these men, partaking of it himself, and I was now informed that he was Oui-jass's son. Besides the visitors in the yurt, I saw that there were many outside, peeping in at us, and frequently changing places that all might get a view. The costume of all my party had some similarity to that of the Kirghis in fashion, but not in quality and colour; but the difference between the Kirghis costume and mine was so marked, that they had never seen anything in the smallest degree resembling it. I wore a shooting-jacket of rifle green, a checked waistcoat and trousers—but very little of the latter were seen, as my legs were inserted into a pair of long shooting-boots,—a pink calico shirt, with the collar turned down over a small neck-tie, and a large brimmed felt hat that would accommodate itself to any shape. For a period of four years no barber had touched my silvery locks, and they were hanging down in heavy curls. This was a great wonder, as all male heads with them are closely shaven."

After this the narrative of Mr. Atkinson gives an interesting account of many days' journeys, of a visit to Koubaldos, a robber chief of the steppes, an escape from an ambuscade laid by him for the party, a revisit to Sultan Sabeck, and a journey in the marvellous region situate about the spurs of the great mountain Syan-Shan, where the stupendous mass of Bogda-Oola with its rocks, snow, and glaciers, "hides both the sun and moon," according to the expression of the inhabitants of those regions, and which, when the sun goes down, throws a vast shadow, a long distance, over the steppe. The view from this high ridge extends across the vast steppe to the Tanghu mountains; but these were lost in haze. The plain was spread out like a map, "On which," says Mr. Atkinson, "I counted fourteen lakes, some of them of large dimensions, and saw many of the streams running along the steppe like lines of silver." Revisiting the hospitable camp of the Sultan Oui-jass, but declining to join them and Sultan Baspasihan in an attack on the robber chief Koubaldos, Mr. Atkinson proceeded on his way towards the Buriat district. On their way they encountered a sand-storm, one of the great dangers of these regions.

"Soon after crossing the river Tarsakhan, we skirted the edge of a bed of reeds for several versts, and while riding on, I noticed a cloud of sand rising high into the air; but this was so common an occurrence, that I paid no attention to the matter till we passed the bed of reeds, when we had a view over the steppe for sixty or seventy versts. I now saw that a dense black mass, of fearful appearance, was rolling straight towards us, extending about a verst in width. The moment the Kirghis beheld it, in the greatest alarm they turned their horses and galloped back under the shelter of the reeds. I and the Cossacks stood watching its approach for a few minutes, and then made for the shelter of the reeds. The Kirghis led the horses into the cover, securing them fast and urging them to lie down. It was not long before we heard the roar of the hurricane; on it came, obscuring the sun, and casting a deep, gloomy shade over the country. In a few minutes a terrific blast rushed by, laying the reeds and bulrushes flat over us. To look up was impossible—we were surrounded in a thick cloud of dust. In five minutes the storm passed, and then I saw that we had only

been visited by the edge of the cloud, as it rolled on with fearful rapidity. Fortunately, we were not caught on the steppe, or every man and animal would have perished. As it went off into the distance it looked like a dense black cloud."

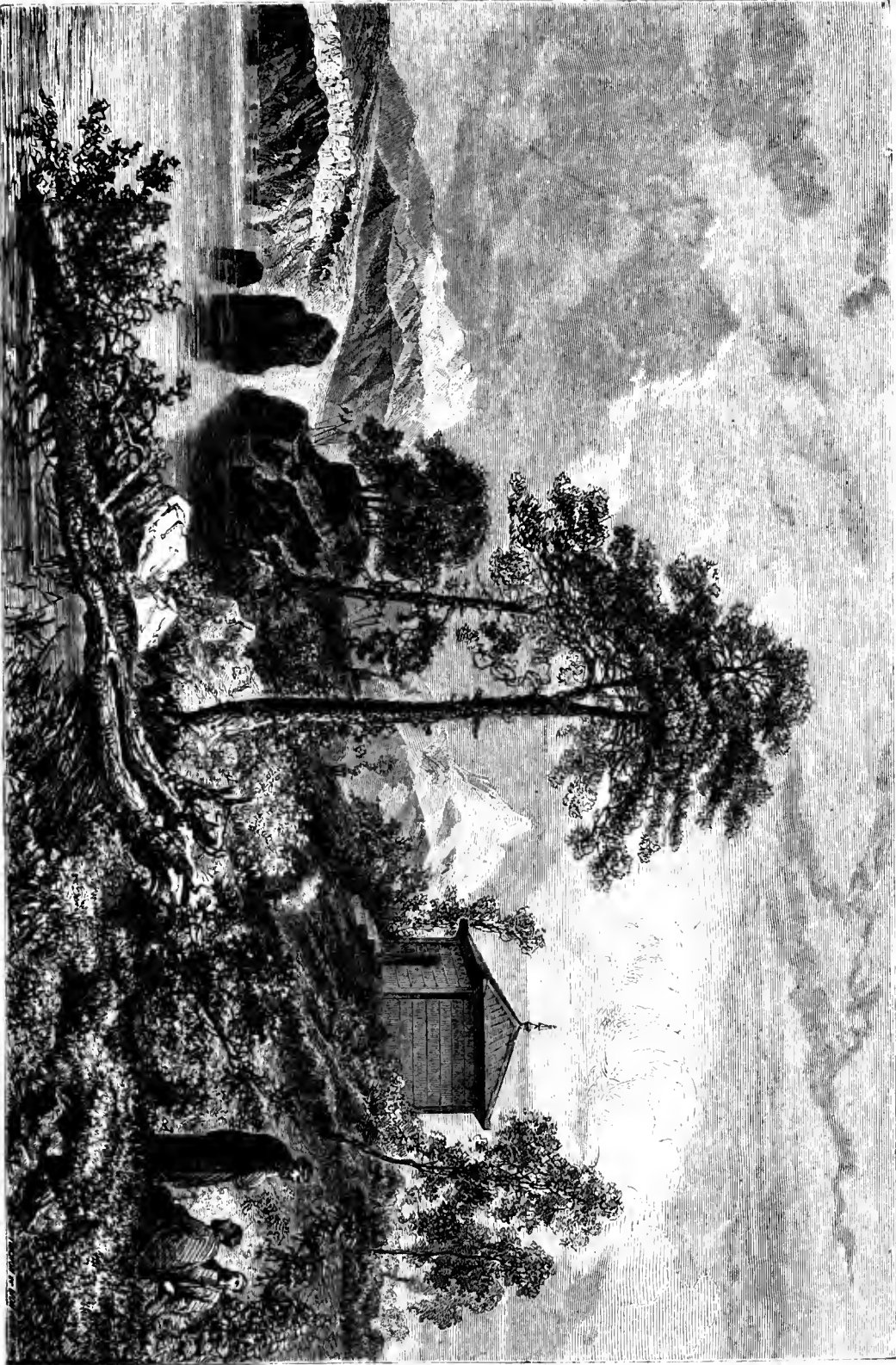
After his escape, they made their way to the a-ul of Sultan Beck, whom, to his surprise, he found to be an inhospitable curmudgeon. Mr. Atkinson tells the story as follows:—

"We now, he says, turned towards the westward in search of the a-ul of Sultan Beck, the largest man and most wealthy Kirghis in the steppes. He has ten thousand horses, and camels, oxen, and sheep in proportion to this vast herd. It was late in the evening when we found him; perhaps we disturbed his slumbers, and by so doing ruffled his temper, as he was exceedingly uncivil, and sent us a sheep that was diseased. This was quickly returned to him with my compliments, and a message stating that we did not use such food, nor did we require anything from him. I desired the Cossack to say that he was the first Sultan who had behaved so ungentlemanly towards me, and that, notwithstanding his large body, he had the heart of a mouse. This roused him into fury, and he ordered us away, threatening that, if we did not move instantly, his men should drive us into the lake. The Cossack replied, that if he or any of his men came near our camp we should shoot them, which having said, he left the yurt, and told us what had passed. It was not long before we perceived two girls coming towards us leading a sheep, which the Sultan had sent, begging me to accept it, as one of the best of his flock; they assured me that he wished to pay me a visit, had offered to let me stay as long as I liked, and promised to give me men and horses when I left.

"His mutton having been accepted, and a message returned saying I should be glad to receive him, it was not long before we saw his huge bulk approaching our camp. He saluted me by touching the chest in the usual manner, after which we sat down and became friends. He drank tea with me, and remained to partake of his own mutton, and while this was preparing, he ordered his poet to sing for us. The man obeyed, and chanted forth songs describing the prowess and successful plundering expeditions of my host and his ancestors, which called forth thunders of applause from the tribe. After spending more than two hours in the company of the Sultan and his bard, we separated on friendly terms. Next morning, before starting, I sketched Sultan Beck and his family. He is feeding his bearcoote—hunting with the king of birds being his favourite sport. (See p. 262.) Early in the morning, I said '*Aman-bul*,' and departed, attended by ten of the Sultan's men; good horses had also been provided."

The arch, which forms the back ground of our illustration, is not on the steppes, but several hundred miles further to the west, on the way towards Irkutsk, and near the "Nouk-a-daban," a "mountain over which it is impossible to ride." Mr. Atkinson describes the arch as follows: "After riding down a steep descent into the ravine, I came upon a natural arch in a great mass of limestone; further down there are several caverns, but of no great extent. Part of the men went on to the Irkutsk, and two remained with me while I sketched. My work was nearly completed when we were startled by a rushing sound from above us, which continued for the space of two minutes

BURIAT TEMPLE ON LAKE IKEDUGUN, MONGOLIA.





when it suddenly ceased, followed some moments after by a terrible crash. One of the Cossacks sprung up, and said a mountain had fallen. It was an avalanche which had swept down the side and leaped into one of the gorges."

IV.—THE LAKE BAIKAL.

IN the mountainous plains of Central Asia (as in Central Africa, according to the latest discoveries) are great lakes, or gigantic tarns, formed by tremendous rifts in the earth, produced by volcanic disturbances; out of these lakes flow rivers, downward from either side, sometimes many hundred miles in extent, wearing a rugged bed through the mountain chain, and thence winding many hundreds, in some instances more than a thousand, miles to the ocean on either shore. Thus, in Africa, it is imagined that the Nile flows into the Mediterranean from some greater inner water, which on the other side throws down an equal channel towards the Indian Sea, if not exactly into the Mozambique channel. But these are conjectures of geographers to be hereafter realised; the future highway of civilisation is yet not opened to commercial philanthropists. Certain it is, however, that from the Lake Baikal, of which we give (*See p. 278*) an exact, though picturesque, representation, the River Amoor flows (the connection being through a small river or tributary, the Selenga) on one side down to the Pacific and the Japan Islands (a course of 2,400 miles), while on the other the Angara, passing into the Yenissei, proceeds by a course of nearly 2,500 miles northward to the Indian Ocean.

Next to the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral, the Baikal Lake is the largest of the old Continent, and it is the most remarkable, as being a mountain lake. Modern Russian accounts make it about 400 miles long, but its widest part, between the northern extremity of the island of Olkhon and the mouth of the river Bargusin, is not more than about 52 miles; and between the mouth of the Selenga and the rivulet Buguldelkha, the two shores are only 20 miles distant from one another. Its total circumference is said not to fall short of 1,200 miles. Its surface is calculated by Berghaus to cover 14,800 square miles. Like most alpine lakes, it is very deep, with the exception of a few tracts along the shores, and some bays, where it is comparatively shallow, the bottom has not been reached by a line of 100 fathoms. The rivers and rivulets that empty themselves into the lake are very numerous; on a chart published by the Russian government some years ago, 160 are inserted. The only outflow is by the Angara, a tributary to the Yenissei, and the provincial capital Irkutsk is not far from where that river takes its departure from the lake.¹

¹ "At the first glance of this the largest body of fresh water on the old continent," says Governor Simpson, in his "Overland Journey Round the World," "my thoughts flew back over my still recent footsteps to that parent of many Baikals, the Lake Superior of the New World. In mere position they resemble each other in a very remarkable manner. Touching, though in opposite directions, one and the same parallel of latitude, they are intersected, at the outlet of the Ontario, and at the western extremity of the Baikal, by one and the same circle of longitude—almost the very meridian, by the bye, of the highest and lowest extremities both of Asia and America—of the head of Baffin's Bay and of the western entrance of the Strait Magellan, of Cape Tayman, and of the southern point of the peninsula of Malacca. With respect to the extent of country drained, the Baikal has

The surface of the lake is said to be 1793 feet above the sea; and this accounts, in a great degree, for the severity of the seasons on its shores, and the whole extent of its basin. The summer is very short, and the nights are cold and often frosty; sometimes it begins to snow in August, and always in September. Ice is always found in the bogs and morasses, even during summer heat. The lake itself is, however, never covered with ice before the middle of December, often only in the beginning of January, which must be ascribed to its great depth and its troubled surface. Once frozen, it remains so for a length of time; and it may be traversed on sledges up to the end of April, or even the beginning of May.

This severity of the seasons renders the countries about the lake unable to maintain a numerous population, but still the population is less than we should suppose it to be, even taking the climate into account. This scarcity in population, however, is not to be attributed entirely to the want of productive powers in the country itself, but to the late period in which agriculture was introduced, and the slow progress of that art in old countries. Yet, strange to say, there are in many places undoubted signs that, at some remote period, this country was cultivated with care by some unknown nation, which also worked the iron and copper mines.

Its name appears to have been derived from the language of the Yakuts, who once inhabited its shores, and who called it *Baya-Kahl*, the great sea, or *Bay-Kahl*, the rich sea. The Russians, who navigate it, speak of it with respectful awe, and call it *Sviatoi More*, or "Holy Sea;" a name, perhaps, originating in the circumstance that the Buriats used to celebrate their great annual sacrifice on the Island of Olkhon in this lake. The Chinese call it *Pe-hai*, or the Sea of the North; the Buriats, *Dalai*, and *Tunguses*, *Lan*, a name signifying a large collection of water, or a sea.

Contrary to what is generally observed of mountain lakes, the Baikal abounds in fish, and from this source nearly all the inhabitants of its shores derive subsistence, and even a competency. The largest fish of the Baikal is the sturgeon, which sometimes weighs 190

certainly the advantage of all its American rivals put together; for while the latter are pressed in every direction by the heights of land, the former is fed by its two principal tributaries from sources distant from each other in a straight line at least a thousand miles. But the Angara loses itself in impracticable streams, while the St. Lawrence, annually bearing upwards of a thousand sea-going ships on its bosom, forms the channel of communication between Canada and Europe; and while almost every American lake is traversed, both in its length and breadth, by innumerable steamboats and sailing vessels, the Baikal is little better in traffic than a barren waste, surrounded by lofty mountains, whose precipitous sides sink at once into the bottomless waters; it possesses but few harbours or anchorages; formed into a length of ten times its breadth, it is subject of course to violent gales, which blow along it as through a funnel, and to sudden squalls, which sweep across it as they rush down from the defiles of its amphitheatre of hills; and situated in a bed which looks like the work of the volcano or the earthquake, it is still liable to be dangerously agitated without any visible cause, by subterranean energies. The craft upon it are the most awkward, clumsy, and crazy tubs in the world. Under all these circumstances, nearly the whole of the vast traffic, which is carried on between Irkutsk and the regions beyond the Baikal, either passes in sledges over the frozen lake, or is conveyed round its southern extremity by rugged and perilous roads. The traffic in question is connected partly with the mines of Nertschink, but chiefly with the national emporium of Kiachta."

pounds. This fish is caught during the whole of summer and salted, and as well as the caviare and the isinglass prepared, the one from the roe and the other from the bladder, is destined for the market. Omula, a kind of salmon, are fished in immense quantities in the months of August and September. A singular fish called *Callyonymus Baicalensis* exists in this lake, and which, except the head, a very thin back-bone, the skin, and the fins, consists only of fat, which soon dissolves over the fire into very fine train-oil. This fish appears to inhabit the greatest depths of the lake, for sometimes it is thrown up in great quantities, and at others it is with difficulty that even a specimen can be obtained.

The seals with which the lake abounds are also a source of profit to the inhabitants. From 1,200 to 2,000 are said to be annually killed, especially the young ones, whose soft skin is much sought after by the Chinese. The existenee of the seal, of salmon, and of a kind of sponge in this fresh water of the Baikal, has given rise to much speenlation among naturalists. Pallas and others are unable to explain this phenomenon, otherwise than on the supposition that the Lake of Baikal, at some remote period, formed a part of the Northern Ocean, or by the other supposition, that these animals were transported into the lake by some excessive inundation of the Lena river, whose sources are not far from its borders.

The shores of the lake are lofty, steep and rugged, in some parts presenting bold headlands and deep indentations. They are also for the most part covered with dense forests, in which wolves, bears, foxes, lynxes, wild cats, and gluttons are met with, and otters abound in the rivers. Beavers are also found in the Upper Angara, and the elk and the musk-goat in almost every district bordering on the lake. Deer and stags abound everywhere; but the rein-deer is only met with in a wild state in the northern mountains. The common hare, the mountain hare, and the Darnian hare are found in great numbers on the plains. The sable, too, as well as the hermeline, abound in many districts. The squirrel is met with in incredible numbers. Sometimes they unite in companies, and travel through the woods and steppes, swimming over rivers and traversing the summits of the mountains. The colour of the skin is reddish in summer and gray in winter. A large species, which inhabits the northern and eastern shores of the lake, assumes in winter a silver-gray colour. The species whose skin sells highest is of the colour of the sable in summer, and black-gray in winter.

The Buriats, a Mongolian tribe, rear cattle on the shores of the lake. They keep horses, sheep, black cattle, goats and camels. The last are numerous in some steppes, and many of them white as snow. They pass the winter there, and live on dry grass and saline plants. A single Buriat chief has sometimes 1,000 camels, 4,000 horses, 8,000 sheep, and from 2,000 to 3,000 head of black cattle, together with a small number of goats. The Tunguses¹ generally have only herds

of reindeer, which are of a white colour, rarely spotted, and never gray, while those which live in the neighbouring woods in a wild state are always of an ash-gray colour.

The commerce which the Russians carry on with the Chinese is considerably facilitated by this lake. The Russian goods are carried from Irkutsk to Kiachta (the trading emporium on the Russian and Chinese frontiers) in summer by small vessels and large barges, and in winter by sledges. Without the facility which this lake affords to the carrying on of this continually increasing commerce, it probably would never have risen to any degree of importance.

The country round the lake displays unequivocal traces of volcanic agency. On the eastern side, hot and sulphureous springs are met with. The lake also gives up naphtha and petroleum, and it is probably owing to some such eruptions that occasionally large quantities of the peculiar fish before described are thrown ashore. Earthquakes are also common, and the waters of the lake are liable to sudden commotions coming from below.

They are classed into forest and desert Tungusi. The former occupy themselves in fishing and the chase, having but few reindeer; the latter subsist entirely by the breeding of those animals, and wander from pasture with their flocks, tents, &c. A very few of them have received baptism, the rest are idolaters. Their language is said to be Mantchu, from whom they all, no doubt, descended, as may be inferred by the peculiarity of their eyes, being elongated and far apart. They are characteristically honest and friendly, robbery being considered as unpardonable. A traveller describes himself as witness of their hospitality or improvidence, for they seem to have no thought of the future, and therefore rapidly share what they have killed; yet it is strange that nothing will induce them to kill a reindeer for their own consumption, unless the party is rich, until they have been eight days without food; the act is then considered justifiable. They bear fatigue, cold, and privations to an extraordinary degree. They are sensible of, and thankful for, kind treatment, but will permit no one to abuse them. To strike a Tungusian is indeed a great crime, and often leads to fatal consequences, as in that case they do not consider their word as sacred, but justifiable to be broken. They are exceedingly irascible, and can be done nothing with but by good words, and this he had frequent occasion of proving, through generally his own fault. Their persons are small and rather delicate in appearance, their features are regular and somewhat pleasing. With these fair traits of character, they are filthy to an extreme, eating and drinking anything, however loathsome, and the effluvia of their persons is putridity itself. They are considered good soldiers, and are excellent marksmen, either with bow or rifle. The dress of either sex is nearly the same as that of the other Tartar nations, differing chiefly in their mode of altering it, and consists of trowsers of the reindeer skin, with the hair inside, and stockings and hoots of the same animal; the latter made from the legs, a waistcoat or jacket also of leather, sometimes lined with white foxes' or with hare skins, supplies the place of a thick sort of short surtout-coat of double leather without the hair; and lastly, a single or double frock, with hair in and outside, the two leather sides being together. A warm cap and large gloves, with sometimes a guard for the breast of white fox, called *nadgoodnick*—viz., breast cover, and a comforter round the neck formed of the tails of the squirrel; such is their costume, which is almost wholly furnished from the skins of reindeer. Foxes' skins serve for caps and linings, and a wolf's is considered valuable, as the warmest of all outside garments. They have also a guard for the forehead, ears, nose, and chin. Their beds are made of bears' skin, or of the large reindeer, with a blanket from the same animal, lined with the warmest fur, and in shape like a bag, as the feet are completely encased. An axe, a knife, wooden spoon, and kettle, constitute their only utensils; the first is a *sine qua non*; and a pipe of tobacco, with a glass of spirits, their highest luxury. Their modes of dress, and general mode of living, &c., they have in common, more or less, with all other Siberian nations. There is no other difference among them than in the embroidery of their clothes, or the richness or poverty of the wearers.

¹ At Jerbut, on the left bank of the Lena, situate about 600 miles from Irkutsk, is the line which separates the Tungusian villages from the Yakuti. The Tungusians inhabit divers parts of Siberia, equally distant and distinct, from the shores of the Yenissei, Lena, and Amoor, to those of the Oelota and Omekon, and the mountains about Talgiga. They are all wanderers, and rarely to be seen in any mechanical or subservient employment.

Captain Cochrane crossed the lake where it is forty miles broad, when frozen, in two hours and a half, in a sledge drawn by three horses abreast;¹ and we are indebted to Mr. Atkinson for an interesting account of a boat voyage on this remarkable sheet of water.

Approaching Lake Baikal by the valley of the Angara, about five miles before reaching the lake, a scene is presented that causes almost every traveller to stop. The valley becomes wider, and the mountains rise abruptly to a much greater elevation. The Angara² is more than a mile in width, and this great body of water is seen rolling down a steep incline, forming a rapid nearly four miles in length. At the head of this, and in the centre of the stream, a great mass of rock elevates itself, called the Shaman-Kamen. Beyond is the broad expanse of the Baikal, extending about fifty miles to where its waves wash the foot of Amar-Daban, whose summit is usually covered with snow, even in June. The mighty torrent throwing up its jets of spray, the rugged rocks with their fringes of pendant birch overtopped by lofty pines, and the ethereal colouring on the mountains, produce a picture of extraordinary beauty and grandeur.

A few miles further, and the Baikal is seen spreading out like a sea, and its rolling waves are heard lashing the rocky shores. The Shaman-Kamen is more distinctly seen; it is held sacred by all of the Shaman creed,³ and they never pass it without offering up their devotions. Rude figures have been sculptured on its surface, and formerly both men, women, and children have been offered up on its summit, or hurled into the flood.

The new steamboat station is not far distant, and

¹ Having reached the Baikal, out of which the Angara flows, and into which the Selenga runs, "we coasted," says Captain Cochrane, "for thirty miles before we arrived at the place of crossing. The ice was so clear, transparent, and slippery, that I could not keep my feet, yet, the horses are so accustomed to it, that hardly an instance occurs of their falling. We crossed the lake, and reached the opposite village, which has a considerable monastery in which to breakfast; we had been two hours and a-half in going the distance, forty miles. Such is, however, the rapidity with which three horses abreast cross this lake, that the governor of Irkutsk usually did it in two hours; three hours are generally taken. A horse once fallen on the clear ice, I doubt any possibility of getting him on his legs again. It is dangerous to attempt stopping the horses, nor, indeed, is it in my opinion possible; if, however, the vehicle be stopped on this sort of ice, I almost doubt the possibility of starting it again without assistance from other people to force the vehicle on from behind. On the other hand, I have seen sledges move so much faster than the horses, as to overtake and turn them short round, and ultimately to form a complete circle."

² There is a peculiar quality attending the Angara; the water in summer is so cold, that the thermometer in June is but one degree above the zero of Reaumur, while in winter, it is the warmest as also the most rapid of all the rivers in that part of the world; its rapidity being such that immense sheets of ice are carried under water. It is generally frozen on the 22nd of January, at which time the merchants cannot then journey to Kiachta.

³ The religion of Shamanism, and its ceremonies, are founded upon sorcery; its followers believe in good and evil spirits, and sacrifice parts of the marul (a large stag found in the Ak-tau, "white mountain," range) to their god, whom they name Bur-Khan. They give themselves little trouble about the good spirit, but for the evil one they have a great reverence. They believe him an inhabitant of our earth, that he has his abode in dense forests and rugged mountains, and that he is ever active in the midst of terrific storms. They, also, think that he has the power to transform men into whatever shapes he pleases. Their priesthood is hereditary; it is but rarely that a stranger is admitted into it.

the traveller is not long in reaching Listvenitz, whence the boats ply to Pasolokoi.

The danger and delay in crossing the Baikal in boats was very great; it was no uncommon occurrence to be detained three weeks on the voyage, without being able to land on either shore, and accidents were frequent. This induced an enterprising merchant, Menschikoff, to place a steamer on the lake; but it was done at a great cost; the engines, boilers, and all the machinery were made at St. Petersburg, and had to be transported by land more than 4000 miles. Mr. Baird, the mechanical engineer, sent a competent person to the Baikal to build the hull, and this, under his superintendence, the Russian peasants accomplished. With their aid, the mechanics put in the engines; after a few trials the vessel steamed across to the Mongolian shore, and the dangers of the Baikal had vanished. Both the Siberians and Mongolians gazed in astonishment when they beheld the steamer make her way across in a heavy gale.

When last at this point, Mr. Atkinson found the steamer absent; so without wasting time, he arranged to explore the shore going to the eastward, and so he taken up at Golo-oustuaia. A crew of five men and his Cossack were his companions in the boat. Shortly after leaving Listvenitz the shore of the Baikal becomes exceedingly abrupt; the rock—a coarse-grained granite—has a dense larch forest growing on the mountain above, which rises considerably to the north. This formation continues for more than seventy miles, and many picturesque and striking scenes were presented; it then changes to conglomerate, exceedingly coarse-grained, the shingle on the shore being entirely composed of it. Several torrents have cut their channels through these precipices, forming, in some, beautiful waterfalls.

The north shore is by far the most lofty; in some parts the precipices rise 800 and 900 feet, and a little beyond the river Angara to 1,200 feet. Beyond the Island of Olkhon, basaltic cliffs appear, sometimes arising from deep water to an elevation of 700 feet. At little more than a boat's length from their base, soundings have been taken to the depth of 900 feet. After passing these the shores become somewhat less elevated, but exhibit unquestionable evidence of volcanic action. In some of the ravines were great masses of lava, which unfortunately he was unable to trace to its source. No doubt it has been ejected from a crater in the Baikal chain to the north, and probably from near the sources of the Keregha. Hot mineral springs are also found in several parts of the chain.

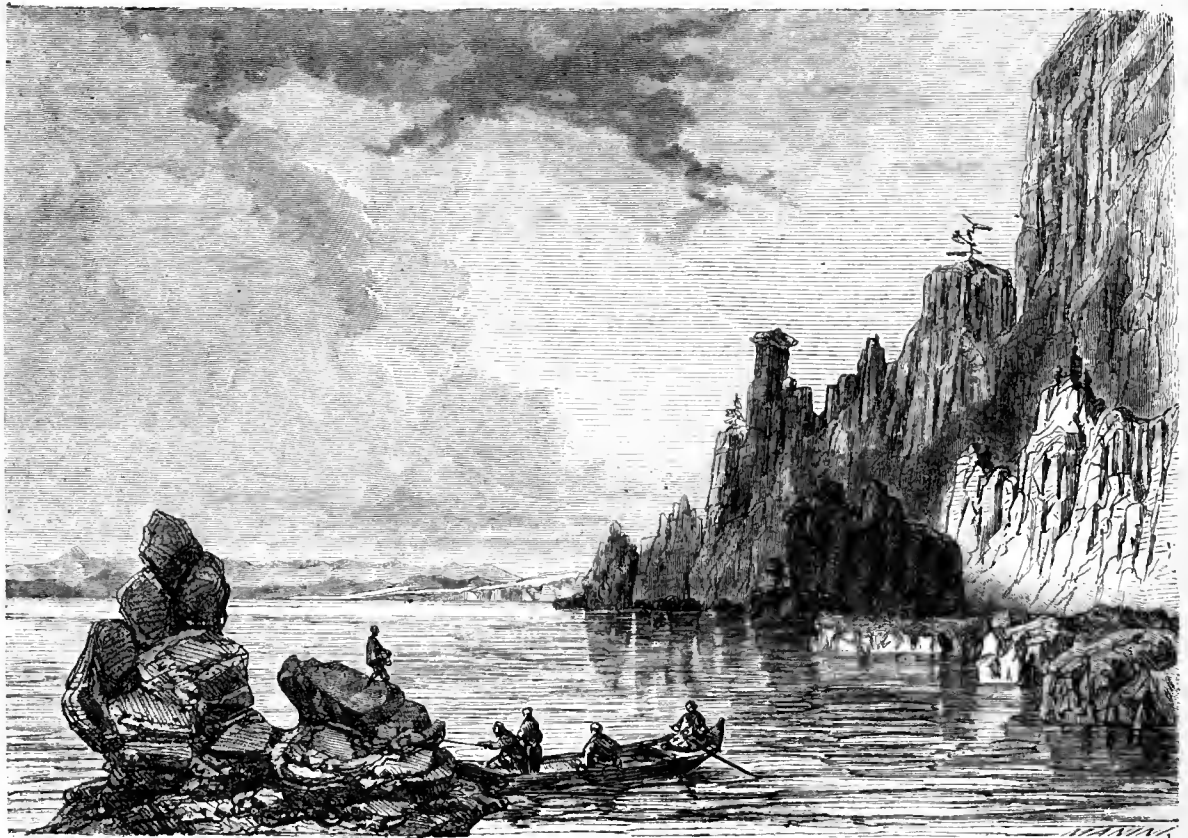
Between the shore of the lake and the Baikal chain, an elevated steppe extends for about 130 miles in length, and in some parts it is seventy-five in width. There are numerous a-uls of Buriats, who possess large herds of cattle, and the plain gradually descends towards the mouth of the Upper Angara. This river falls into the Baikal at its most northerly point, and is exceedingly valuable to the Siberians for its fishery of omula (*Salmo omula*, Pall.), which is caught here in enormous quantities, salted, and then sent to all parts of Siberia. Thus preserved, they equal the best Dutch herrings, and when fresh are most delicious. A great number of men are engaged in the fishery. They leave Irkutsk about the first week in July, and the fleet usually reaches the Upper Angara before the first of August, when the omula ascend the river in

such vast shoals that the fishermen speedily obtain their cargoes, and make several voyages to Listvenitz before the season closes. The river is not navigable much beyond the village of Upper Angarsk, and can never be made a means of communication with the Amoor, as some persons have supposed.

Instead of meeting the steamer at Golo-oustuaia Mr. Atkinson continued his explorations, and on his return visited the south shore of the island of Olkhon. It is about sixty miles in length, in some parts fifteen miles in breadth, and is separated from the north shore of the lake, called by the natives the Little Baikal, by them considered the most sacred

part of the "Holy Sea." The island is about eight miles from the north shore, excepting at its western end, where a great mass runs out into the lake for several miles, and forms a magnificent entrance to the Sacred Sea. A little farther to the west the rocks rise to about 1,200 feet, forming a stupendous object when seen from the water.

The people have a tradition in connection with this region which they implicitly believe. They say that Christ visited this part of Asia, and ascended this eminence, whence he looked down on all the region around. After blessing the country to the northward, he turned towards the south, and, looking across the



LAKE BAIKAL

Baikal, he waved his hand, exclaiming, "Beyond this there is nothing." Thus they account for the sterility of Da-uria, where it is said "no corn will grow."

The south shore of the island is exceedingly abrupt, and very few points are presented where it is possible to land. They had been rowing on for many hours without finding any place on which to sleep; night was drawing on apace, and a stiff breeze springing up. In the cliffs opposite numerous caverns existed, and in front a promontory of high rocks jutting out into the lake containing several others, and in some places it was pierced by galleries.

They had noticed the indication of a squall to the south-east, and the boatmen wished to land in one of the caverns, there to pass the night. To this proposition our traveller decidedly objected, fearing they

might be detained for some days. Their prospect was a bad one, unless they could pass the headland and reach shelter beyond; but a streak of white was observed approaching, and all were aware of what it foreboded.

Knowing what effect example has on these men, Mr. Atkinson threw off his jacket, and took one of the oars, the Cossack seized another, and this induced the men to pull with a hearty good-will. Before they could round the point, the squall caught them, and covered them with spray; at this moment the helmsman called to them to pull for their lives, or they would be driven against the rocks. It was a struggle which, Mr. Atkinson says, he never shall forget. At last, they shot out beyond the rocks, that were then only a few boats' lengths from them, and the thundering

of the waves, as they rushed into the caverns, was truly appalling.

Having passed this danger, a sandy beach was seen, about a quarter of a mile distant, towards which they pulled with all their might. The waves rolled in, and a great surf was thrown upon the shore; presently they dashed through it, but the boat was nearly half filled before they could run her up the beach. This was a narrow escape, and there they were kept prisoners for three days.

After spending nineteen days in exploring the northern shore, Mr. Atkinson reached Golo-oustuaia, where the steamer picked him up. When he got on board, the captain stated to him, in English, that his long absence had excited some apprehensions of his safety. He was not a little astonished to hear his native tongue spoken in the Baikal, and his look of surprise must have been evident. The captain explained, by informing him that he was a Swedish officer, and had served in our navy under Admiral Codrington. He had been eight years in his present occupation, sometimes steaming across the lake, when it was smooth as glass, at other times in fearful storms, which he declared were worse here than in the ocean; more especially when the garra (or mountain gale) came rushing from the mountains. He inquired if he had sounded the lake, but learnt that he knew the depth only by running out his cable when trying to anchor. Once, during a gale, he ran out 200 sagènes (1,400 feet) within 100 yards of a sand-bank; and on another occasion 300 sagènes (2,100 feet), without finding a bottom. This proves the great depth of the lake, and such prodigious abysses are often found close to places where the rocks are not ten sagènes under water.

The day was calm, and the steamer ran across in three hours and a-half, when Mr. Atkinson left the worthy captain, and landed at Posolsky.

There is a monastery here of the Transfiguration of our Saviour, that possesses some claims as an architectural composition for its numerous turret-formed picturesque groups, and the whole building had a pleasing effect when viewed from the Baikal. It was founded by Abbot Feodosayi, about the year 1682, to commemorate a tragic event that occurred on this spot. In 1650, a Russian ambassador, Zabolotsky, and his retinue, were murdered here by the Buriats, or Mongolians. Hence it is named Posolsky, or the Monastery of the Ambassador. The building and the village stand on a low plain that runs along the shores of the Baikal, commencing about four miles to the south-west of the landing-place, and extending north-east to the mouth of the Selenga. From Posolsky, the road crosses the delta, following the shore of the lake for about eight miles, and then turns eastward to the post station at Stepnoi, near the mouth of the western branch of the Selenga. The river divides into eight branches before it falls into the Baikal; and from the north-west to the south-easterly channel is a distance of twenty miles.

This delta undoubtedly occupies what has formerly been a portion of the lake, which in the course of ages has been filled up by matter washed from the Mongolian mountains. It is named by the people, Kounderenskoï Steppe. Like all such Deltas, it is a most fertile spot, and well cultivated; an abundance of rice and wheat grows here. After leaving Stepnoi, the road continues along the western branch of the Selenga; the hills to the right rise considerably, and are well wooded. On reaching Kabanskoï, the river makes a

great bend towards the north-east for about thirty miles to Ilenskoï, and the mountains to the south-west become uglier.

The first monastery established on the Transbaikalian shore, that of Troitska, stands in a picturesque spot, at some ten miles before reaching Ilenskoï. It was founded by Abbot Feodosayi, who settled here in 1681, accompanied by a few monks from Moscow. The selection of this spot, and the style of the building, prove that those ecclesiastics, like their brethren in all ages, were men of taste. Though the structure must have produced a striking effect on the minds of the Buriats,¹ whom the abbot intended to convert, they could not be induced to change their faith.

After passing Ilenskoï, a route turns still more to the north-east, and approaches the shores of the Baikal. It leads into a most highly interesting region, where the mountains have been tossed up and broken into precipices and deep ravines. This route affords many extraordinary scenes on the Baikal, and when the traveller looks down upon its vast expanse, reflecting on the terrible phenomenon that caused such a rent in the earth's crust (if rent it be) he will cease to wonder at the superstitious dread of the ignorant people who inhabit the shores. Mr. Atkinson says, he has heard the subject reasoned upon by some of the most eminent mining engineers and geologists in Siberia, who have visited almost every part of its shore, examining the structure of its precipices, and have observed the composition of the strata laid bare. They differ widely in opinion from one German author, who, after a "gallop across the lake" of seven German miles, in about two hours, by moonlight, settled this problem. There are hopes, however, of seeing it elucidated by one thoroughly acquainted with this singular region, for which the materials have been collected during many years of patient investigation.

¹ Buriats, a tribe of Mongolians pasturing their flocks and herds in the valley of the Baikal. But they are not always so pastoral and innocent as it has pleased recent travellers to describe them, but have been civilised to some extent. We learn from Captain Cochrane, who gives us a description of one of these Tartars when at Undwisk, the half-way city between Irkutsk and Kiachta, and in the vicinity of which grows the cedar nut, which is exported, eaten, and squeezed for oil, throughout northern Siberia and Kamtschatka, he called upon one of the chiefs of the Buriats, which tribe amounts to 2,000, reported to be the largest in the government of Irkutsk. This Taïska or Chief he describes as being a young man of good parts, and son to the former chief. "I called at his chancellery, but he was out, yet were passports afforded me in the Mongolian dialect by his secretary, ordering every assistance to be rendered me by all his tribe, and every respect to be shown to me. The present Taïska has two wives, who live in perfect harmony. He is fond of the missionaries (English Protestant missionaries who came to the neighbourhood of Nertschinsk to convert the Mongolians, but after stopping thirty years retired, disheartened, from their ineffectual labours), and is remarkably forward in the English language. His mother bequeathed her immense fortune to the lamas, or priests, but he is very rich, nevertheless. His possessions are about 3,000 sheep, 300 horses, and 200 horned cattle: but his mother had 40,000 sheep, 4,000 horses, and 3,000 horned cattle, besides a large property in furs. These are customarily worn till they actually drop off, such is the neglect and filthy manner in which they live. The women, are, on their marriage, dressed in satins and silks, bordered with furs. The chiefs and subjects live together almost indiscriminately. The chancellery of the Taïska contained fifteen clerks and a secretary, who carry on a most extensive correspondence, and it may be considered as exceedingly well regulated."

On this coast there are several hot and mineral springs—that of Turkinisk is the most accessible, and has become the Buxton of Oriental Siberia. Many families from Irkutsk¹ spend part of their summer here,

¹ Irkutsk is the metropolis of eastern Siberia, the emporium of the trade between Russia and China and Russia and Siberia. Seen from a distance, with its fifteen copper-covered spires, its walls, towers, and domes, it presents an aspect of a considerable city; but though its streets are wide, the houses are small, and built, for the most part, of wood, and in decay. It lies on three rivers, the Angara, the Irkutsk (whence its name), and the Oshakoffka. Wooded hills (of pine) extend on the east and north-east, also along the western bank of the Angara, till the latter joins the valley of the Irkutsk. The small river Oshakoffka runs from the eastward, and is crossed by a wooden bridge near 300 yards in length; this stream divides the town from the prisons and the workshops in which the convicts are employed, as well as from the Admiralty (an office for supplying naval stores to Siberia, commonly enough placed in the centre of the country instead of at Ohkotsk, the only sea-port), and dockyards on the eastern bank of the Angara. There are many good houses, each with a large court-yard; many have gardens. There are but few shops, and these are all in one street; but they are large, like stores, and are well supplied with almost all necessary European goods that find their way through the Great Fair at Nishni Novgorod, and with Chinese goods from Maimatchin, or rather, we should say, Kiachta. The merchants of Irkutsk are very rich. One of them is spoken of as having left half a million to two nieces and fifty thousand pounds to charities; another has a library of 50 000 volumes. The hospitality of the officials is highly spoken of by every traveller. Melons, pine-apples, and champagne at 16s. a bottle, are mentioned as a part of the entertainment, but there are remnants of barbarism existing. "Before dinner, all the guests drink schnaps out of the same glass, eat caviare and herring with the same fork, and help themselves to preserves with the same spoon, and during dinner changes of knives and forks are unknown;" and this at the residences of the three highest officials, the lawyer, the governor, and the governor-general. "The dinner was served (at General Rapert's) in an oval hall of spacious proportions, which was thronged with servants—a military band in the orchestra, playing at intervals, and all in glittering uniforms." There is a cathedral, with other fine buildings, mostly the work of the Swedish engineer officers, who were made prisoners after the battle of Paltawa, and were banished hither by Peter. There is a Lancaster school for 700 boys, and an orphan asylum, both admirably arranged. The population is 20,000, and the garrison 3,000. The governor-general, Count Mouravieff, rules over a country ten times as large as England, and has increased its importance lately by the acquisition of the Amoor, the plan and preparation for which emanated from himself, and for his successful carrying out of which he has worthily earned for himself the title of Count D'Amoor. He commands several batteries of Cossack artillery competent to any service; and could, within his governorship, raise a division of troops that would march to Pekin in six days; that is, from Irkutsk, over the Baikal, to Kiachta, about two hundred miles, thence a thousand miles, through forty days of desolate country, to within a week's distance of Pekin (the caravan route), where the country improves.

The markets of Irkutsk are well supplied with all kinds of provisions, except mutton; beef is good, and is principally supplied by the Buriats beyond and on the north of the Baikal; a live calf, six weeks old, 3s. 2d. Game of all kinds is plentiful and cheap, and so is fish. Foreign produce, brought from Russia, is of course expensive, the carriage amounting to £40 per ton from Moscow to Irkutsk. Sugar is 2s. 7½d. per lb.; coffee, 3s. 2d.; rice, 6d.; lemons, 3s. 2d. each; oranges, 2s.; sardines, 4s. 9d. per box; English porter and Scotch ale, 11s. 1d. per bottle; French brandy, 11s. 1d. per bottle, mostly made in Russia. Wine equally dear; champagne, 16s. 10d. a bottle, and more of it is drunk than any other wine. When communications are established between the Angara and the Amoor, and vessels discharge their cargoes at Irkutsk, a great change will be effected throughout Siberia, as the Americans and English, coming up the river from the Pacific, will bring down goods with their ships, at one-fourth the portage by land.

There is a dark side of Irkutsk yet to be told. It is the place of exile from Russia for political opinions. "At the time of my visit to Irkutsk," says Mr. Atkinson, "there were six of the exiles (for the insurrection against Nicholas) living in the town, viz.,

and people go more than a thousand miles to take a dip in its waters. Between this place and Oust Barguzin there are other springs, in which the gushing fluid scalds the hand if placed in it. About forty miles beyond there is proof that volcanic agency has once been active, for here is an extinct crater, from out of which vast quantities of lava have poured. In the vicinity of Barguzin, naphtha and bitumen are constantly rising in the Baikal, and earthquakes are not uncommon.

Some of the exiles of 1825 were sent to live in Barguzin, after undergoing a severe part of their sentence in the mines. One only was living there when the present emperor recalled them to Russia, and he, having married a peasant's daughter, chose to remain rather than return with his family into a society where he felt they would be out of place. He had served as a midshipman in the British navy, on board the same ship as young Codrington; they passed their examination together, and a strong intimacy had sprung up between them. He desired Mr. Atkinson to wait on the admiral on his return and give an account of his old messmate, who had turned sable hunter. He arrived in England too late to fulfil his promise.²

Prince Volkouskoi, Prince Troubetskoi, and Colonel Pogge, with their families; the others were Mcklenoff, and two brothers Barrisheff. These formed the best society in Irkutsk, and some of the most agreeable days which I spent in Siberia were in enjoying my intercourse with them. They were now living in comfort, mixing in society, and gathering around them all the best that Irkutsk afforded. The Princess Troubetskoi had spent several of her youthful years in England, associating with the highest families in the kingdom. She was a clever and highly educated woman, devoted all her energies to the education of her three daughters and a young son, and was the first lady who followed her husband into Siberia. I heard from her own lips an account of her journey through these dreary regions, when she was attended only by a maid-servant, as well as of her reception and treatment when at the mines of Nertschinsk. The Princess Volkouskoi was the next to follow; she had a son and daughter, the latter one of the most beautiful girls I ever beheld. Both these families possessed everything they could desire, except liberty to return to their homes; with the others it was different, and with two of them it was indeed a hard struggle for existence. "These expatriated instructors," says Captain Colclane, "have tended to improve and civilise Siberia, in a ratio surpassing that of Central Russia."

² In his recent "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor," Mr. Atkinson supplies us with some painfully interesting information as to the prior episode in the study of these unhappy exiles: "Erman says," vol. ii., p. 183, "the unfortunates of the 14th of December, who had been confined to the settlement at Chita, which lies beyond the Baikal, on the road from Veikne Oudinsk to Nertschinsk. There are no mines there, so that in order to carry out the sentence on the convicts to the letter, they have erected a polishing mill in which to employ them." Whoever has read this paragraph will have concluded that the exiles were employed in the mines; but such is not the fact. My informants were the "unfortunates" and their wives, all of whom were living at Irkutsk, and in other places that I have visited. I was on terms of great intimacy with these people, and retain many pleasing recollections of them. They were taken from St. Petersburg in chains, each man in a telga (a wagen without springs) attended by a gend'arme (this is an especial corps under the command of the secret police), but not by the usual route through Moscow; they were sent by Yaroslav and Votka. This was through a part of the country but little travelled, and they entered on the great Siberia road before reaching Perm (the frontier town of Russia Proper). Orders were given that no time should be lost on the road, nor any stoppage allowed except for refreshment. Their journey was a long one, 7,029 versts, and they were hurried onwards night and day. On the evening of the thirtieth day they reached Nertschinsk, and were handed over to the authorities. Here they slept, and the next morning started for the mines, at a distance of 279 versts. They reached them in the afternoon of the following day, having travelled over 7,308 versts in thirty-

Barguzin is famed for its sables; no skins have yet been found in any part of the world equal to them. The fur is a deep jet black, but the points of the hairs tipped with white, and this constitutes their peculiar beauty. Mr. Atkinson says he saw a single skin for which the hunter demanded the sum of eighteen pounds.

It must be remarked in conclusion, at the risk of being for a moment slightly technical, that there are manifestly evidences of two totally different orders of natural phenomena connected with Lake Baikal. There are the basalts and lavas and other igneous products connected with central action (oxidation of metallic bases), which belong to comparatively, and, geologically speaking, old and recent times. Then there are the hot springs, evolutions of gases, as also of naphtha, petroleum, and bitumen, which are,

in the first case,—that of the hot springs—not so certain, but, in the latter case, undoubtedly connected with chemical actions going on at the present moment, and similar to those which give birth to the thermal springs, evolution of naphtha and other carbonated products, and to the existence of permanent fires at Baku on the Caspian, and at Kirkuk (the Babylonian Ecbatana), in Babylonia. The earthquakes, or rather seaquakes, which are described as sometimes disturbing the stillness of this great lake, as also the thermal springs, may belong to one or both orders of phenomena, but as these seaquakes are generally followed by the destruction of a large number of very peculiar fish which tenant the depths of the lake, it is most probable that they are connected with chemical actions, by which noxious gases, destructive of life, are evolved in large quantities.¹

two days. Here was their prison and place of punishment, and they quickly found themselves in the hands of a man who determined to enforce their sentence in its utmost rigour. They arrived on the Wednesday, and on the following Monday morning Prince Volkouskoi, Prince Troubetskoi, and four others, began their mining labours. This was hard service, wielding the pickaxe and hammer was a new occupation, and their keeper made their toil severe. The others, as they arrived, were divided into gangs and sent into the mines. Each was known only by his number, and here they worked for two years. Others were banished to a solitary life in the forests of Ykutsk; "and of these exiles I could also," says Mr. Atkinson, "give a few incidents that would not say much for the 'leniency of the government or its servants' of which Mr. Esman speaks. Several of these exiles (convicts as he calls them) were advanced in years and had left grown up sons and daughters; others, their juniors, were torn away from young children, and mothers with infants in their arms had pressed up to the telegraphs to give their father a last look at his child. Some had been but recently married, many were single, and a few had not reached their twentieth year."

The first lady who followed her husband was the Princess Troubetskoi; she was young and determined to share the fate of her partner, and, if possible, soothe his years of banishment. It was with great difficulty she obtained permission, and, when it was granted, it was coupled with a condition that "no lady who followed her husband to his place of exile, should ever return." Even such a condition did not change her resolve, and she started, accompanied only by a faithful maid-servant, who determined to share her danger and her exile. She narrated to me an account of her adventurous journey of nearly 5,000 miles, made during a severe winter, when she often encountered the fearful storms so frequent in Siberia. Nor were they the only dangers; she had seen the wolves running on each side the sledge, ready to pounce on the horses if they slackened their speed or fell. She, however, reached Nertschinsk in safety, and a viceroys engineer officer, who was returning to the Zavod, kindly offered to escort her to her destination. Her inquiries of this gentleman were numerous. She wished to know the fate of her husband. He gave her an assurance that he was well, but avoided all other questions. On their arrival she was taken to that officer's home, and his wife offered all the comforts their dwelling afforded, while he sent her passport to inform his chief of her arrival, and expressed to him her desire to see the Prince. Presently, a police-officer arrived, and told her that he had received instructions to conduct her to her quarters, and that she would be permitted to see her husband on the morrow. A single room was assigned to her and the maid, bearing all the aspects of a prison, and it was announced that she was not at liberty to visit any one in the town without permission. Next morning she was taken to the house of the chief, when she urged her request to see the Prince, and also to be permitted to spend some hours each day in his society. The first part of the request was granted, but the latter was refused; and this man said, as she had come to share her husband's exile, she must submit to prison discipline; adding that she was not to be permitted to write a single line without its passing through his hands. After this he ordered the police to conduct her to the Prince, giving his number; but not his name, and then to her dwelling. A sledge was waiting for them, and this man drove several verstas to one of the mines, when she was conducted down and along the gallery to where the exiles were working. For a few moments they all gazed on her in

amazement, thinking it a vision; and the spell was only broken when she rushed into her husband's arms. I dare not attempt to paint this interview; but the clanking of his chains recalled her to a knowledge of his position, and the police officer proved that he possessed a better heart than his chief, by removing her from a scene heartrending to all.

"The chief placed her on prison fare, nor would he permit her to have tea. After this she saw the Prince once a week, but not in the mines. In about a month two other ladies arrived and went through the same ordeal. Eighteen months passed without any change, when this brute of a chief was called before a tribunal from which none can escape. I can only hope that he possessed some unknown good qualities that would recommend him to more mercy than he extended to those under his charge. After his death another officer was appointed, who received the ladies and treated them as members of his family. He did everything consistent with his duty to relieve the unfortunate exiles, and through his intercession, at the end of two years, they ceased to work in the mines, and then were removed to Chitâ and the mill."

¹ The reader will be interested to learn that even in these remote regions, of which the civilised world now seem to hear about for the first time, there has existed for more than forty years past a small body of devoted English missionaries. This is at Selenginska, up the Selenga, which flows into the Baikal lake, and communicates by a tributary into the great Amoor river. We hear of them first from the travels of Captain Cochrane in Siberia, in 1820.

"Starting from the monastery, on the Baikal, above mentioned, over a low flat pasture, along a well cultivated road-side and past several villages, we reached Verelverg-Udinsk, a large, populous, and flourishing city, on the banks of the Selenga, the grand mart between Tehulst and Kiachta, from the former of which it is distant about 200 miles across the lake, and the seat of a very extensive and considerable trade with the neighbouring Buriats. It consists of 3,000 inhabitants and 500 houses. From it to Selenginska are seventy miles, which we performed along the transparent Selenga in seven hours. The banks of the river bore the most romantic appearance, the hills rising above one another into the frontier mountains, but presenting no appearance of habitation except in the lowest valleys. The villages, are, however, within four or five miles of each other, along the banks of the river. He immediately repaired to the abode of the English missionaries settled in this part of the world, and was kindly received by Messrs. Stallybrass and Youville, with their wives and numerous children, and forming, as it were, an English colony in the centre of barbarism. He passed a couple of days (afterwards he visited frequently) among these secluded and self-devoted people. They had, at that date, been established more than three years, and had erected two neat and homely dwellings, with out-houses, small gardens, &c. The Emperor of Russia (Alexander) had generously defrayed all the expenses and given the society a grant of land, free of actual rent and of public service. They had attended with great perseverance, industry, and success, to the perfecting themselves in the Mongolian language, and had nearly completed, even then, dictionaries and grammars. While learning the Mongolian language, they had also become acquainted with the Mantchu, owing to there being no dictionary of the Mongolian, except with the Mantchu. So they learnt Russian, Mantchu, and Mongolian at the same time, and made their own grammars and dictio-

V.—DOWN THE AMOOR.

"HARDLY," says a traveller, who, in his own person, had ruled over a territory scarcely less extensive than Russia itself, "hardly was the Western Empire trodden under foot by the tribes that were commissioned for this task from the Rhine to the Amoor, when He, who systematically vindicates his own glory by the employment of the feeblest instruments, found in the unknown wilds of Scandinavia, the germ of a northern tribe, of wider range, and loftier aim. At once, as if by a miracle, a scanty and obscure people burst forth in the west and the east, as the dominant race of the times; one race of Normans was finding its way through France to England; while another was establishing its supremacy over the Slavonians of the Borysthenes, the two being to meet in opposite directions at the end of a thousand years."

aries, which have the advantage of alphabetical arrangement over those in former use, in which the words were only classed under the different subjects (the captain must have meant their roots). A dictionary without alphabetical arrangement, with the words classified under subjects, must have been a sheer puzzle to the unlearned. They had, already, distributed translations of many parts of the New Testament about the neighbourhood, and made many journeys into the interior of the country, with a view to form acquaintances with the chiefs and principal people, as also with the lamas or priests. As yet they had made no converts; their Buriat servants only remained with them for the sake of better food with less work, and were tolerably expert in cooking, washing, and attending table. The ordinary food of these humble Buriats, for five days in the week, when at home, is brick tea; the poor but seldom taste meat, although they have generally a little fat mixed with their tea, the leaves of which they consume as we do greens, and which, thus mixed, constitutes, on the whole, a very nasty, but very nourishing dish. The riches of the chiefs consist in large herds of cattle, and some quantities of furs. The number of sheep and goats in this part of the world is prodigious; horned cattle and horses are also very numerous. "The Buriats," says Captain Cochrane, "appear a lazy, dirty, but contented race, and quite as unmanly, cowardly, and servile as the Kamschatkas." He doubted the probability of influencing them to religious conversion, especially as the lama priests had taken the alarm, and the Buriats had brought their religious books, *thirty waggon loads*, from Thibet, at an expense of 12,000 head of cattle.

This was in 1820. We hear of the missionaries again through Governor Simpson, in 1842, twenty-two years later. He had not visited him, but spoke, through the report of Russian officials communicated to him, while visiting the Lake Baikal. Speaking of what the Emperor Alexander had done, he goes on to say that that Emperor's liberality—unequalled in any other country in Christendom—was still permitted to work its way under the auspices of the Emperor Nicholas. But those devoted exiles, less fortunate in this respect than their brethren of the Tahitian islands, found that a bad religion, whatever might be its counter-vening merits, was a worse enemy of the purer and simple Christianity of the Bible than no religion at all. The Buriats professed the Lamaism of Thibet, with its dominant priesthood, and its whole libraries of creeds and commentaries, and, under their hereditary prejudices, local and national, social and political, literary and ecclesiastical, they deliberately and obstinately preferred the flickering glare of their own idolatry to the genuine light of the Gospel. From political motives, however, the Russian Government was said to be anxious to conciliate Lamaism; and the Greek Church had its jealousies roused by the suspicion that the baffled Protestants were striving to prevent the Buriats from embracing any other form of Christianity than their own. "In a word," concluded Governor Simpson, "the missionaries, to the best of my knowledge, made not one real convert, while they were still more seriously discouraged by the fact, that every pretended proselyte openly relapsed as soon as he had gained the secular ends of his interested hypocrisy. About ten years since, they retired from their zealous labours."

This was written in 1842; but Governor Simpson was mistaken, for Mr. Atkinson speaks, when writing in 1856, of two English missionaries residing in Selanduisk, "who, from all I heard, were most estimable men; nevertheless, they were unable to make converts among the Buriats."

While, other great nations had been for centuries seeking a way to the East and its treasures by the sea, the Cossacks of Russia appear to have been struggling across the vast continent of Asia towards the same object, and they had nearly attained it in the 17th century, and had even reached the sea, in detached parties, but then, though-diverted by China from the direct line of Japan, they penetrated to the Sea of Okhotsk in a higher latitude.

At last, however, the perseverance of this great conquering—and assuredly the most civilising of conquering nations since the Romans—has triumphed, and Russia is rewarded by the attainment of a line of river which connects her widely divided provinces from the shores of the Pacific to the Caspian and the Black Sea, the Baltic, the White Sea, and Frozen Ocean.

The Archipelago of the Kurile Islands, of which the more south-westerly belong to the Japanese, completes the line on which Russia directly and immediately influences nearly all the powers of the old continent—Sweden—now extending to the Atlantic; Prussia virtually including all the minor states of Germany; Austria and Italy; Turkey, from the Danube to the cataracts of the Nile; Persia, bordering on the sea that washes the coast of Malabar; Central Asia marked by the footsteps of nearly all the conquerors of Hindustan; Thibet, containing the sources of the Burrampoota and the Ganges; China, meeting Spain in the Philippines; and Portugal and England, in her own islands; and lastly, Japan itself, that mysterious empire, which, hitherto, has stood aloof alike from the commerce and warfare of the world.

The Amoor, then, after running from Central Siberia into China, turns back upwards towards the Northern Pole, thus inclosing a wide share of Asia within its folds, and terminating in a bay, which being bounded in front by the Island of Sagalin, the upward-most of the Japanese group (now a Russian possession), opens by one strait into the Sea of Okhotsk, and by another into the Sea of Japan.

No nation on the earth possesses so rich a prize, nor is there any other nation, except the United States, that, were such a river in its possession, would be likely to use it speedily, and at once, to so good a purpose as Russia. For ourselves, the nation that has for centuries possessed the Columbia, the Saskatchewan, and the great connection by the Canadian Lakes, but has used them for no other purpose than for hunting of beavers; a nation that has scarcely yet applied steam to the Ganges, and the very inland water communication of whose own territory is yet undeveloped; we must retire from the pretension of being civilisers, and be content to squabble for small privileges with those colonies which have grown tired of our ignorant, ill-directed and injudicious interference.

In almost every point of view, the Amoor is the most valuable stream in northern Asia. Of all the large rivers of that boundless region, it is the only one that empties itself into a navigable part of the universal ocean. The Obi, the Yenissei, and the Lena, carry the waters of the Altai mountains to the Polar Sea, there to be lost to commerce as effectually as if buried in the sands of a burning desert; the Yana, the Indigirka, the Alasei, and the Kolyma, which rise in a subordinate range, waste their respective tributaries on the same hopeless wilderness of ice; and the Anadyr and the Kamschatka river, though they do find their way to the Pacific, are yet of secondary

volume in themselves, while the countries which they drain have little or no use for maritime outlets. The Amoor, in fact is the only highway of nature that directly connects the central steppes of Asia with the rest of the world. While both sides of the Amoor belonged to China, it was less useful, as a channel of traffic, than any one of the ice-locked rivers of Siberia. Should not humanity, therefore, rejoice, that recent political arrangements have given one of its banks to Russia, and so thrown open its mighty stream to the commerce of the world, while it affords to herself the means of conducting a trade with China and the other countries of the East, more extensive and more advantageous than any overland commerce, furnishing not only a receptacle for vessels, but also materials for building them, as well as from its proximity to the sea of Japan, bringing her even as a maritime power into influential contact with both her opulent neighbours.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, and in the first quarter of the seventeenth, a few handfuls of Cossacks were successfully cutting their way from the Arabian chain to the Lena, there to encounter and subdue the Tungusian hordes, which, by the most extraordinary contrast in the history of the world, were, at one and the same time, falling before the mere outposts of Russia, and trampling under foot the ancient dynasty of China. By the middle of the seventeenth century the Russians had advanced a considerable way down both sides of the Amoor, having the Pacific Ocean, as it were, already in their view, when China, having acquired a new interest to the northward, through her involuntary connection with the Tartars, turned her arms towards the same quarter. After a good deal of fighting, in which the Russians, notwithstanding their inferiority in number, always dealt the hardest blows, the Chinese, partly by trickery, and partly owing to their being much nearer to their resources, forced their dangerous enemy, by treaty, to recede from the Amoor to the line of boundary terminating in the sea of Okhotsk, in nearly the same parallel of latitude as afterwards divided Russia from England, on the eastern shore of the Pacific. The treaty in question was made in 1680, soon after the commencement of the reign of Peter the Great; and this most ambitious of the Czars was doubtless the more ready to ratify the dishonourable and disadvantageous compact, inasmuch as one of its collateral stipulations provided for the opening of a regular trade by land between the two empires. This treaty, that of Nertschinsk, stipulated for a reciprocal liberty of trafficking between the Russians and the Chinese, and accordingly, individuals on their own account, and caravans on behalf of the Government, used to visit Peking. But—as has happened at Japan before with the ships' crews, and will in all probability happen again—the Muscovites constantly set so bad an example before the sedate inhabitants of the Imperial City, in the way of drinking and roystering, that after exhausting the patience of the Celestials during a period of thirty-three years, they were entirely deprived of their commercial privileges in 1722. Five years afterwards, concessions and apologies from Russia obtained in 1728 a market and emporium on the international frontier, each nation having a city of its own wherein to trade—the Chinese having Maimatchin; the Russians, Kiachta.

Though at first the Russians were doubtless gainers

by the treaty, they soon began to feel that a fair at Kiachta, or a factory at Peking, were a poor exchange for the only direct channel of communication with the Pacific. What has followed was the natural result of the persistent energy of Russia operating upon the inert feebleness of the Chinese Government.

The river Amoor, or Sagalin, presents two widely distinct hydrographical basins; one belongs to Mongolia, or Da-uria, and the country of the Kalkas, the other to Manchuria. The two are separated by the In-chan or King-han chain of mountains. The Mongolian, or Upper Amoor, is again formed by two great tributaries, the Chilka and the Argun, the first of which has its origin from the southern slopes of the Yablonoi and Stavonoi mountains, and the second from the groups of mountains first delineated by Atkinson, and which extend from the district of Lake Baikal to the Great Desert of Gobi or Shamo. Hence it is, too, that the Argun, which has a course of some thousand miles before it unites with the Amoor at Ust Strelka, and waters some of the finest pasture-lands of all Mongolia, has been handed down from generation to generation as the holy river of the Mongols. Both rivers are navigable above their junction, the Chilka up to Nertschinsk, well known for its great metallurgical works; naturally they are still more so after their junction. The Sungari, or Manchurian branch of the Amoor, has its origin from the eastern and southern slopes of the In-chan or Khing-han mountains, and it joins the Amoor below the Chinese city of Sagalin, at a point where the great river takes a more north-easterly course.

It is in the forests that shade the sources of the Argun—the most distant sources of the Amoor—and in the rocks that surround them, that Genghis Khan was born, and received from the gods the mission to lead his countrymen to the conquest of the world. No Kalkas chief visits these venerated localities without uttering some rhythmic incantation. It is said that these nomades, seeing the Chinese empire falling to pieces as that of Russia gains in strength, have transferred to it an allegiance which they had previously withheld from the Mantchu dynasty, yet ruling awhile on the throne of Peking. It is more than probable that the daily encroachments of the Russians in Manchuria have much influenced the Kalkas tribes in this resolution. The manner in which these encroachments have been effected is truly characteristic of Muscovite policy.

The treaty of Nertschinsk, concluded in 1733 between Russia and China, designated the Yablonoi Mountains, which give birth to the northern tributaries to the Amoor, as the natural frontiers of the two empires. But in 1845 a Russian traveller, M. Middendorf, discovered in the valley of one of those streams, and far away from the coast of the Yablonoi, a frontier mark (See p. 285) raised at the time of said treaty by the Chinese commissioners, who were no doubt too idle to convey it to the summit of the mountains. A note¹ was

¹ The boundaries of China and Russia are marked by lofty wooden posts, erected on stone pedestals (See p. 285), and bearing, on the one side, an inscription in Chinese, and on the other, one in Russian. The Chinese towns are always at some distance from these frontier marks, owing to the jealousy of her subjects holding any communication with foreigners. The commanding officer is, almost invariably, a banished mandarin, who is compelled to live like the soldiers, being denied both money and

immediately made of the fact, the Russian maps were corrected, and gradually the Muscovite possessions were extended to the very valley of the Amoor. Nicolaievsk, a fortress, was founded at its mouth; and when an envoy from Pekin went thither to intimate to the Russians, according to the formula of the Celestial Empire, that they must purge the soil of their presence, the answer was, pointing to the batteries and to some sloops of war in the great river, that that was quite enough to legitimatise and to give permanence to accomplished facts.

In 1854 the Russian government despatched a scientific expedition to explore its newly acquired territories. Arriving at Irkutsk in the winter, its different members started in the advent of spring by Lake Baikal and Kiachta,¹ and crossing thence the heights of the Stavonoi, they reached the town of Ust-Strelka² on the Chilka, where a steamer was awaiting them to convey them down the river. The details of their journey thence may be given in the words of M. Pirmikin, geologist and naturalist to the expedition.

assistance from his friends; but as the post is generally occupied by a person who has been condemned to death for a great crime, he is fain to accept his pardon on condition of serving ten years as chief of the guard.

¹ Kiachta and Maimatchin, or "the Place of Trade," stand within three hundred yards of each other, and are reached by a route along the River Selenga through about sixty miles of dreary scenery from Selenginska, where the road turns off from the river, and is continued over a more open and wooded country to the Chinese frontier. On reaching Kiachta, the hills rise in a commanding manner, spreading out in various directions, and forming beautiful but unproductive valleys. A little brook, called Kiachta, forms the boundary of the two mighty empires, and the settlements are situated as nearly as possible in the fiftieth parallel of latitude, about 1,500 miles from Pekin (ten days for a courier, thirty for a caravan), and about 4,000 from Moscow. In Kiachta only traders may reside; in Maimatchin the Chinese welcome and feast strangers and friends. Kiachta contains large houses and stores. Maimatchin has four narrow streets, with wooden houses, containing, during the fair, from 1,500 to 2,000 persons. The streets are clean. In the centre of all is a pagoda, or observatory, of three stories. The house of the Sangutchu, or superintendent, is of some pretensions, with a court-yard, but is only of one storey; there is a small temple of Fo and a court of justice, a petty theatre, and then all the public buildings are told. The wealthier merchants have large houses, tastefully decorated. Tea is ready at all times, and dinner more often than you can eat it. Free passage between each town is allowed between sunset and sunrise. From this market Russia takes 6,000,000 of pounds of tea and 300,000lbs. of rhubarb, with silks of various kinds, while the Chinese receive in exchange furs and woollens, metals, leather, linens and cottons, writing paper, and articles of crockery. There is also a minor exchange or retail of grain and provisions. Russia sells of her own native produce in the proportion of sixteen to thirty-two of foreign goods. The grand season for business is the winter, beginning, by rights, about the last week in January. Much of the coarse brick tea is carried by the Russians to Nijni Novgorod, and then despatched to the province of Astrakhan for the use of the Kalnucks. The exports and imports of Kiachta are valued at £2,000,000.

² Ust-Strelka stands close to the junction of the two rivers, the Chilka or Chulka, and the Argun, which united, after a course of 750 miles in the first, and 1,000 miles in the latter, from the Amoor. The former river receives from the Yablonoi, called by M. Piroshin the Stavonoi mountains, several streams in which gold is found. Bitumen also is obtained from some caverns situate on its banks. From 1689 to 1854, says Mr. Atkinson, the junction of the Argun and Chilka was the most easterly point of the Russian empire in the region of the Amoor. But during all this period of 165 years, the frontier Cossacks were constantly penetrating into the country on the banks of the Amoor, and many wild stories have been handed down of the contests these hardy hunters had with the Mantchu race; besides which, many convicts have escaped from the mines, and descended the Amoor, only to

Leaving Ust Strelka on the 30th of May, we met on the left bank a tribe of Orotshes, a branch of the great family of Tunguses. These people are tributary to Russia, and so firm are they in their allegiance, that during the century and a half which elapsed between the treaty of 1689, which took these regions from Russia, and that of 1842 which restored them, these

be captured by the people on its banks. An exile escaped this way, and succeeded in passing all the Chinese posts in a canoe or small boat, by keeping to the north side of the river. He lived on the produce of his rifle, enduring great hardships, and finally reached the mouth of the Amoor in the hope of getting away in some vessel. In this he was disappointed, and after all chance of escape had vanished, started on his return. He fell in with a party of Tunguse sable-hunters, and spent the hunting season with them; after which they crossed the country towards the upper part of the Seya, and ultimately brought him to one of the fairs attended by the Cossacks. He was recognised by his countrymen, and carried back to the mines of Nertschinsk, after an absence of more than eighteen months. The information which he had acquired was considered of so much value, that the chief got his sentence remitted on condition of his taking another journey to gain more knowledge of the region. At the season of the yarmak, he was provided with powder, lead, and a few other necessaries, and accompanied with Cossacks to the fair, in the hope of meeting his old companions, the Tunguse. They were there, delighted to see him, and he, having been provided with a packet of powder for every man, was again admitted as a brother, and invited to accompany them to hunt the sable. At the end of three days, the fair broke up, when he said good-bye to his countrymen, and started with the Tunguse on his homeward journey. This time he acquired a knowledge of the southern side of the Yablonoi range, and discovered a short route to the sable-hunting ground far down towards the mouth of the Amoor. Having spent another season sable-hunting, he returned with his companions to the fair, and then to the Zavod, bringing much valuable information about the different people dwelling on the banks of the Amoor, and so opened up a road into a valuable fur-producing country. This exile was sent a third time, with injunctions to penetrate into the region on the south side of the Amoor, during the sable-hunting season, and return in time to accompany the Tunguse to the fair. Many horsemen arrived, but he was not with them, nor was he ever heard of afterwards. Afterwards several convicts escaped down the river, but no one returned to tell his story, and it is supposed that they were killed.

In 1848 it was decided to explore the Amoor, when an officer, with four Cossacks, were sent in the spring of that year on an expedition down the river in a boat; they were armed and provisioned, and it was hoped that this small party might be permitted to pass unmolested. He also carried instruments for making observations, a telescope, and a quantity of gold coin. It was well known that great jealousy existed among the Chinese authorities, that they always endeavoured to stop the Cossacks pursuing game into their territory, and it was only the dread of their deadly rifles that enabled them to escape from superior numbers. The officer was instructed to avoid coming in contact with the authorities, if possible; to examine their towns and villages from a distance, but not to enter them. He was desired to conciliate the people on every opportunity, and he carried various articles for presents. It was expected that the party would accomplish the object, if permitted, in about nine months, and, if stopped, that they would speedily return. Time passed on; nine months had elapsed, but there were no tidings of the officer and his men. During the winter the Cossacks inquired of all the Orotchus who attended the fairs, if these men had been seen, but no one could give any tidings about them. The Tunguse sable hunters were promised a reward if they would find them, or learn if they were detained by the Chinese; but all efforts proved fruitless. In 1852 an application was made by the Governor of Kiachta to the Chinese Governor in Ourga, stating that an officer and four men had deserted, carrying away with them a large sum in gold, and several instruments; that they had descended the Amoor, and it was believed they had been captured by the Chinese officers, and were detained in one of the towns. If so, the Russian Government desired that they should be delivered up, either at Kiachta, or any of the forts on the frontier. This produced no result, nor have they ever been heard of. At last the Governor-General of Siberia determined to explore the Amoor, and in 1854 a great expedition was organised by him for that object. It was on such a scale that

good people have never once failed transmitting their annual tribute of furs to the Great White Khan of the West. Further on we met with Tunguses in boats made of the bark of birch. They belonged to the tribe of Mauri, and they pay, it appears, a small impost to the Chinese. We gave them some brandy, and some small ornaments. One of them could speak Russian, Chinese, and Mantchu, besides his own language.

That day we travelled 130 versts,¹ and on the 1st of June we arrived at the place where was formerly Albasin,² the chief place of the Cossack establishments founded in olden times along the banks of the river. Attacked at this station, in the time of the Emperor Kam-hi, by an army of nearly 100,000 Chinese (?), even then the latter might possibly not have succeeded in driving them from their stronghold, had it not been for the scientific aid given to the Celestials by the Jesuit missionaries at that time at Peking.

The fall of Albasin put an end to the expeditions which these hardy pioneers of Russian power were making on this highway to the Eastern Ocean, and the ramparts of the fortress bear to the present day evidences of how fierce the struggle was. This handful of heroes, returning into Europe, were introduced to the Emperor, who, to do honour to their courage, enrolled them among the Cossack body guard, an honour which has been transmitted to their descendants, who constitute to the present day the regiment of Albasinskis.

A little beyond this ruined site the Emuri, or Albasicha, empties itself into the Amoor from the right. Before arriving at the junction we recognised, upon an island, about ten versts in length, the traces of the batteries raised by the Mantchu-Chinese force upon the occasion of the siege.

At this point the character of the vegetation underwent a great change. The larch is succeeded by oaks



FRONTIER POST BETWEEN CHINA AND RUSSIA.

and birch, and in sheltered spots the elm and ash grow freely, with an undercover of wild roses and nut trees, and on the banks of the river willows—all manifesting an improved climate, although the smaller plants still bore the seal of the Da-urian flora.

the Chinese could neither check his progress, nor prevent his taking possession of the north bank of the river. In less than six weeks the whole of this vast region, including the country between the Amoor and the Russian frontier to the north of the Yablonoi mountains, had changed masters; it had now fallen into strange hands, and, before the end of the year, the entire Chinese army could not have dislodged the small body of Cossacks placed in position. General Mouravieff had seized on every point necessary for the security of his position.

The Managrians had a few huts in the neighbourhood, and they saw us go by in utter indifference, although they could never have seen a steamboat towing a number of other boats. Even the band of music did not disturb them from their occupations.

¹ The verst is equal to 1166 $\frac{2}{3}$ yards, or about three-quarters of an English mile.

² Albasin stands on the site of an ancient Tunguse town, and derives its name from Albasia, a Da-urian prince, who lived there. Several attempts were made to penetrate into the region beyond the Yablusi by these pioneers,—the hunters and Cossacks, and some of them had reached the Amoor, and others the upper branches of the Seya. Each party found an almost inexhaustible supply of animals, such as were valuable for their fur, as well as

On the 4th of July we passed several islands covered with poplars, ash, and willows. At eight o'clock in the evening we brought to (curiously enough, the French reporter says *Nous stoppâmes*), on the left bank, at one of the prettiest places we had yet met with. The Rivers Toro and Angan surround a rich, open valley; a few Managrians wandered on their banks, where herds of horses pastured, among which we remarked several magnificent white steeds; the whole of the land that we passed that day, indeed, was pasture, and adapted for cultivation; the valleys, which extend upwards from the banks, are surrounded by hills, which rise like an amphitheatre, and which, in some instances, come down to the river's bed, where they terminate in abrupt cliffs of little height.

Forty versts beyond this, at the mouth of the lesser Onon, a clan of Managrians inhabited seven different villages, not far removed from one another. One of these nomades related a curious legend to us in connection with a hill of sand called Zapajon, which rises

up out of a kind of bay in the river, near its left bank; and which he asserted to send forth smoke whenever a man went near it, but to cease to do so when he went away. The dwellers on this part of the river, who are of Tunguse origin, are all given to Shamanism, and have a great veneration for this miraculous hill, which they assert to be tenanted by an evil spirit. This hill is said to be some thirty versts in extent, but not being able to examine it closely, we supposed that the smoke which it exhaled came from the combustion of some coal-beds, or that it contained cavities such as are very common in the limestone mountains of Eastern Siberia, and that when the external air is cold, the warmer air of the interior escapes in the shape of vapours. (This explanation is not very creditable to M. Pirmikin, as a professed geologist. First, was it really a hill of sand thirty versts in extent? If sand, it could neither contain beds of coal or limestone caverns. Might not the formation and phenomena be like those of Baku and Kirkuk in Babylonia, where



YAKUTS ON A JOURNEY.

chemical actions, which are to be distinguished from volcanic phenomena, give birth to hot springs, with

naphtha and sulphureted hydrogen, as also to flames and vapour?)

those proper for food. It was not, however, till the year 1643, that a party of Cossack hunters crossed the Yablusi, reached the Amoor, and descended to the sea. After their success, and the reported wealth of the region, it was decided that a settlement should be made on the Amoor. In the year 1650, Khabaroff was despatched from Yakutsk, with a body of Cossacks, to select a position on the Amoor, and fortify themselves in it. After a difficult march these warriors reached the river; and, having made a careful examination of several localities, Albasin was chosen as affording most of the requisites for such an establishment—wood, water, and good pastures.

In 1561 the fort was completed, and its position commanded all the approaches. A numerous body of hunters followed the Cossacks, and took up their place of abode there. Thus the town sprang up rapidly, and before the hunting season, sufficient dwellings were erected to shelter all the inhabitants. This additional force of well-armed men rendered their post quite secure, and no body of Chinese troops could dislodge them. When the hunting season came round, these men dispersed in every direction, and game was found in abundance. Orotchus, or Orotches, Manyargs, and some other tribes who live by the produce of their forests, deemed this an intrusion on their domains. But the Cossacks

and hunters looked upon the territory as their own, and wherever catables could be obtained, there they followed their pursuit. As the animals became less numerous in the forests around, they descended the Amoor, and drove the natives from their hunting grounds, after committing other depredations. Year after year these men oppressed the people, and others of a worse character sought here escape from the punishment which awaited them at Siberia. Thus a number of daring and desperate characters were ever ready for mischief; and when the hunt failed them, they did not hesitate to appropriate any property at hand. At length they became more daring, crossed the Amoor, pillaged the villages, and set the Chinese authorities at defiance. Remonstrances were frequently made by the Chinese, but without any avail; and each year, as the hunters had to proceed further to obtain their animals, their labour became more severe. Even by great exertion they could not always obtain a sufficient supply to satisfy their rapacity. When this happened, a large body scoured the country, and plundered every tribe on their route. These proceedings roused all the ire of the Celestials, and in 1657 an army from the Central Flowery Land sat down before Albasin, and summoned the garrison to surrender the fort, and leave the country, taking their arms and property. To this they sent a defiance; and the

Lower down, the banks of the river begin to present new features. The large valleys that line the banks of the river become still more extensive; the rocky mountains grow more and more distant; the meadows are clothed with rich grass; the islands increase in number, the river flows rapidly towards the south, forming such rapid curves to the east and west, that it appears sometimes as if one was almost going back again; we passed by extensive plains and low islands; everywhere poplars, ash and wild apples (*Pyrus spectabilis*), alternate with shrubbery of red-grained elder and willows. A small kind of oak grows on the mountains by the side of the black birch. Pine trees and larches become rarer. The meadows are covered with rich herbage. Numerous herds of cattle could be reared in these fine plains, but at present there is nothing living in these solitudes save the powerful activity impressed by nature on vegetation.

Chinese general commenced operations by erecting batteries on an island fronting Albasin. The ruins of these works still exist, and they are of considerable extent. It is needless to attempt any description of the siege, or to repeat the traditions that have been handed down, and which may be still heard when sitting round a Cossack camp-fire. It is only necessary to say that the siege lasted till late in 1658, nearly two years, to prove that the defence was a determined one, and that want of provisions alone compelled the Cossacks to surrender. They marched out, however, with their arms, and returned into Siberia, the Chinese army attending them across the frontier; and Albasin was destroyed. All the prisoners taken during the siege were sent to Pekin, and hence in after years Russia stipulated to send a mission to give spiritual instruction to the Cossacks of Albasin. The valuable furs that were obtained in this region, and were constantly being bartered at the different yermaks on the frontier, were too tempting to many of the wild spirits who had been driven out. In 1665, a number of hunters descended the Amoor to Albasin, and some of them restored their old habitations. This time they were more prudent, avoiding the hunting grounds frequented by the natives; and thus they were left in peace. In 1670, Rekiſir Tchernigoosky organised a small body of men at Kerenski, and descended the Amoor. On his arrival at Albasin, he found it occupied by the few hunters, but they were living among the ruins. As he knew that in the present state he could not hold it, if the Chinese came to dispute possession, he set about restoring the fort. The works went on without molestation, and in due time were finished. It was soon made known in Siberia, that Albasin was restored, and this induced numbers to join the little garrison. In about two years Tchernigoosky had more men under his command than were engaged in the first siege, and he kept them under control, avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with the Mantelus. Under his command the place flourished, and the Chinese perceived that it would endanger their power. This induced them to build the town of Ai-gun on the Middle Amoor, to counteract its effect, and, if possible, force the Russians to leave their territory. On the 4th of June, 1685, the Chinese army appeared before the town, and took up their former position on the island. The general had a large force, and, as the batteries had not been destroyed, he was soon ready for the attack. Tolbouzin was appointed to the command in Albasin: the place was put in the best possible state for defence, but the Chinese outnumbered his men ten to one. On the 22nd, the enemy made an assault, when Tolbouzin and his garrison defended the town with the utmost bravery for several days; subsequently, however, perceiving that it was impossible to hold it against such numbers, he withdrew in the night. The Chinese entered the fort the following day, and again levelled the works; having accomplished this, they retreated to Ai-gun. Tolbouzin left scouts to watch their movements, and when informed of their departure, he marched back to Albasin. On the 7th of August, he began restoring the fort, and before the winter set in, was in a position to restore the town. During the cold season, he made preparations for another struggle, and endeavoured to render his post impregnable. The snow and ice stopped the return of the Chinese, but he learned that their next campaign would be on a greater scale, as they were determined to destroy the Muscovites. Early in the spring of 1686, the Celestials commenced their preparations; the whole of the Amoor flotilla was collected to take a part in the coming struggle, and aid

Khaboroff, the first Russian conqueror in these regions, founded a military post, where the Amoor receives the Kamara, in 1651. Abandoned at the same time as Albasin, it has been lately re-established; we saw two birch-bark canoes in a creek, but no living person.

Seventy-six versts below this, there is another military post on the left bank of the Amoor, consisting of three tents, built of wood, and thatched with rushes, and a little in advance of these is a temple constructed of trunks of trees, and which, according to the sinologist Sytschewski, who accompanied the expedition, was dedicated to the god of war. Large incense-burners, fixed in the soil, smoked in front of this rude temple, nearer to the river.

One hundred and seventeen versts beyond this, on the right bank of the Amoor, twenty-three houses—being a considerable number for these regions—compose the

in the complete annihilation of the Russians. Long before they sailed, Tolbouzin knew that the Chinese general had collected an overwhelming force; but great as was its numbers, he was not daunted, and his officers and men determined never to yield. When the ice broke up on the Amoor, supplies were sent from Nertschinsk, and his little garrison was soon provisioned for the siege. It was the last week in June when the Chinese land forces marched into their position before the town; their naval expedition arrived a few days later. On the 2nd of July, the enemy began his operations against the town, using both his land and naval forces, but without making any impression on the besieged. Both the attack and defence were conducted with the utmost bravery for several weeks, and Tolbouzin was killed. This was a great loss to the Cossacks, but it gave hope to the Chinese, and they pressed on the siege with more vigour. The command in Albasin now devolved on an officer named Beaton, and he continued to hold the place against the Celestials in spite of all their efforts, till severe losses and the approach of winter compelled them to retire to their encampment. This determined defence had not been maintained without loss, as many Cossacks were killed; the survivors were, however, left in peace throughout the winter. In the following spring, Beaton received reinforcements and provisions from Nertschinsk, and prepared for another obstinate defence. The siege was again renewed as soon as the weather permitted, and continued throughout the summer, but the Chinese gained no advantage. Notwithstanding the great superiority of the latter in numbers, winter found Beaton and his Cossacks still unconquered, and in possession. He held Albasin for a period of two years, until the winter of 1688, and then retired, after having defended the place against ten times his force. Beaton gave the Celestials many proofs of his bull-dog courage, showing that it does not evaporate even in the wilds of Asia; and Mr. Atkinson says he has the best authority for saying he was an Englishman. On the 27th of August, 1689, a treaty was concluded at Nertschinsk, between the Russians and Chinese, by which Russia was compelled to surrender all her settlements in Manjuria or Mantchuria; it was stipulated that neither power should occupy Albasin, and a boundary was defined from the Baikal to the Sea of Okhotsk. Other disputes arose, and as it was found impossible to prevent the Siberian hunter from pursuing his avocations beyond the prescribed limits, a second treaty was concluded from Chinese dictation, in June, 1728. At that period the Chinese authority predominated, and Russia was subjected to numerous insults, and his Celestial Majesty believed that she was his vassal. What a change has come over the scene since Khaboroff and his Cossacks were apparently imitating the old buccaners! and tradition has handed down to the present races on the Amoor an account of the plundering and piratical conduct of these men, whose names even yet cause a dread. In this year of grace, 1860, Russia's power in these regions is not an idea but a fact. One hundred and thirty-two years have elapsed since her prodigies of valour were compelled to retreat from their settlements on the Amoor. In 1854 the descendants of these men took possession of this great river, from its commencement to the sea, and added nearly half of Mantchuria to the Russian empire; and this was accomplished in less than six weeks. Were it now either necessary or politic, Mouravioff, with his Cossacks, could pitch his Celestial-born Majesty, mandarins, pig-tails, and all, into the gulf of Petche-lee.

village of Amba-Sachalgan. Taking advantage of our evening's bringing-to, we paid it a visit. Four old men, two old women, and three young children, were the only inhabitants, the rest of the inhabitants were out hunting or fishing. The houses, distributed here and there, were rudely constructed of wood, clay, and rushes. There was oiled paper at the windows instead of glass. The rooms were decorated with paintings on canvas, representing the divinities of the Buddhist and Fu worship. There were, also, several objects of Chinese manufacture, such as cupboards and domestic utensils. Masses of birch, elm, maple, acacia, and of the incomparable *Pyrus spectabilis*, overshadowed each of these humble residences, which also possessed, in addition, each of them a garden cultivated with the greatest care. I remarked in them different kinds of millet and Indian corn; and then, in small squares, gray radishes, leeks, garlic, Spanish pepper, French beans, and other vegetables. Like true Russians, we especially admired two new varieties of cabbage. These people possessed few cattle and horses, but many pigs, and a particular kind of fowls.

Next day, doubling a cape which advanced from the left, we came upon the immense valley of the Saja, or Zaya, whose banks stretched beyond vision, and which emptied itself into the Amoor by a very wide mouth. Its waters flowed along the bottom of the valley like a riband. The place is one of incomparable beauty; I never saw anything like it. The width and depth of the Amoor are considerably increased by this additional mass of water. If the country that surrounds Albasin, the mouths of the Kamara and the Argun, are well adapted for founding establishments, the valley of the Saja is still more preferable from many considerations. According to a report, dated 1681, iron has been found in the White Mountains, mid-distance between the mouth of the Saja and the Selinga, one of its tributaries.

Thirty versts from the mouth of the Saja, is the town of Sagalian-Ula-Khoton. The interval between is dotted with little villages composed of a few huts, so remote from one another, that one occupies a distance of five versts along the banks. Cultivated fields were to be seen in the neighbourhood of the houses. The port, which is a little bit above the town, contained thirty-five large boats, each of which could carry 300 poods. Some members of the expedition having expressed a wish to visit the Chinese town, they were received at the landing-place by the amban or Mantchu governor, and by three officers, who invited them to enter a tent in which two benches had been placed. They must have collected all the soldiers of the place for their reception, for there were at least a thousand. They were armed with long sticks, to which a sharp point, hardened in the fire, gave the appearance of pikes. Some of them had ponderous and rude swords; others, but these in small number, were armed with muskets; but almost all held small bows in their hands, and had a quiver full of arrows on their shoulder; at a short distance from the tent were ten guns, mounted on great wheels rudely constructed; each gun was covered with a little roof of birch-bark, the whole being painted a red colour. To each gun a man was also attached with a stick in his hand, but we could not see if the stick served as a handle to a slow-match. The amban refused us permission to go into the interior of the town. The soldiers came in such numbers into the tent, during the interview,

that they were obliged to be driven out with sticks. In front of the low town is an island on which can be seen the remains of a mud wall, the last relics of a fortress constructed by the Mantchu-Chinese to resist the incursions of the Cossacks of the seventeenth century.

Five versts below Sagalin, on the left bank of the Amoor, are the remains of Ai-gun, which in the seventeenth century had all the importance which the other city has acquired in the present day. When the Cossacks made their appearance on the river, this place was abandoned; and after the capture of Nertschinsk, this city of Sagalin was founded, in accordance with instructions received to that effect from Pekin.

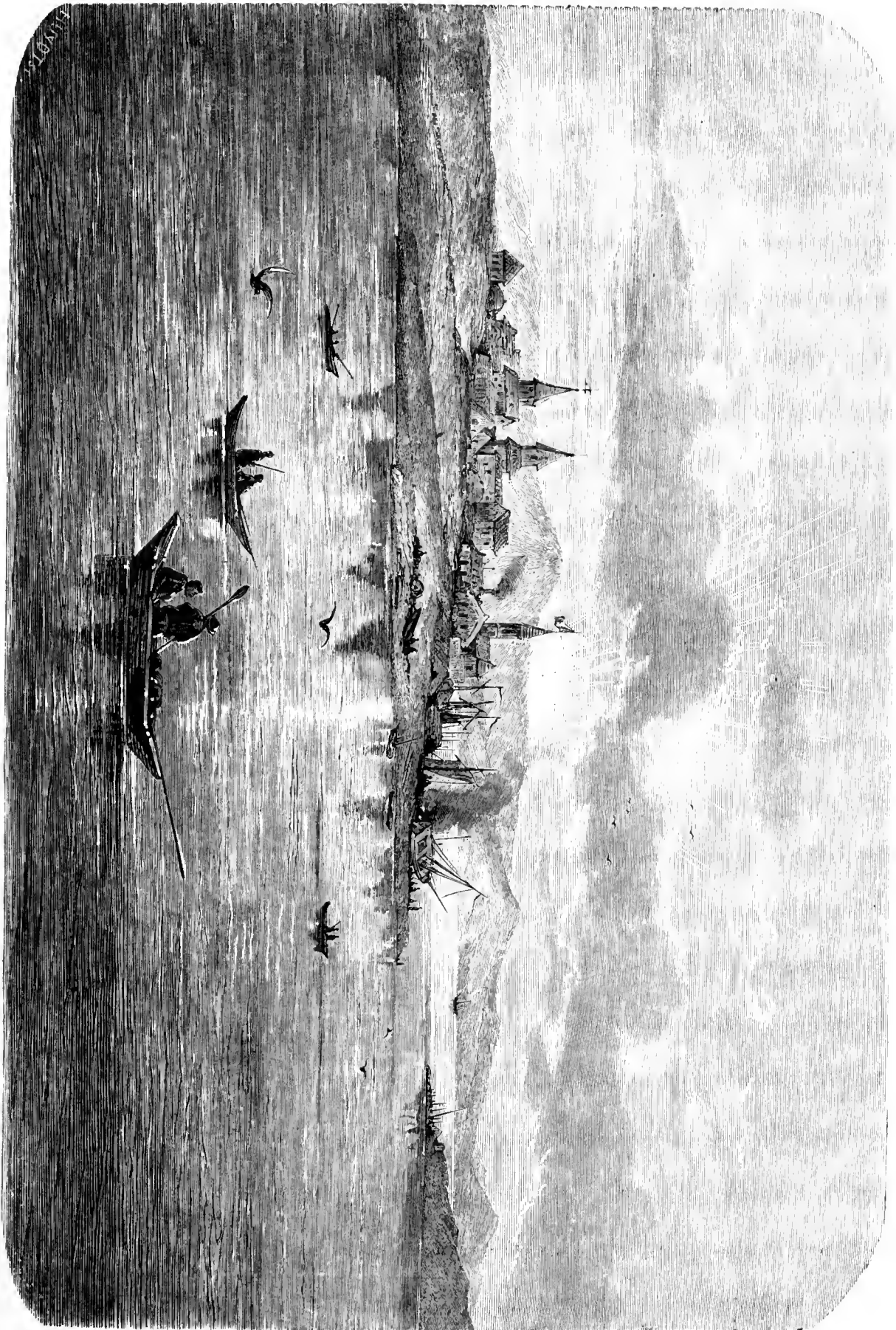
Below the junction of the Saja the valleys expand on both sides of the Amoor, the banks lower, and the blue mountains disappear in the horizon. The lower levels become even marshy, and are interspersed with little lakes surrounded by rushes and canes. We are in the great southern curve of the river basin. The Da-urian flora, which predominates as far as the Saja, is now succeeded by an European vegetation, which continues as far as the confluence of the Sungari. The lime, or linden, the poplar, the *Cornus mascula*, the *Bryonia alba*, and several others, and around which grow the oak, the nut, and white birch, are now met with. It is to be remarked that only wild trees grow along the banks of the river; but in the Mantchu villages and gardens the elm and poplar are found planted by the hand of man.

All this country reminds one of the best parts of Central European Russia. It could contain a considerable population, which would find every facility for rearing numerous herds of cattle and horses, and flocks of sheep, and could cultivate immense tracts only waiting for the plough. Besides the resources which active colonists would draw from a virgin soil clad with admirable natural pastures, and with a magnificent forest vegetation, the Amoor would supply them with an inexhaustible quantity of fish.

It is only at the confluence of the Buriya that this great series of fertile plains and valleys, which await the herdsman and the ploughman, terminate, and the basin of the Amoor is once more hemmed in between mountains.

The great Manchurian chain, called In-chan or King-lian by Atkinson, and Hing-Gan by Pirmikin, and which separates the basin of the Sungari from that of the Upper Amoor, cross the latter near this point to go and unite with the Yablonoi or Stanovoi chain, and throw off its ramifications, that extend to the extreme north-east of the Asiatic continent. In its course through this mountain chain the Amoor no longer presents any of those numerous islands which are previously met with; but its waters, deeper, more rapid, and more pellucid than heretofore, reflect the admirable vegetation of its borders like a limpid mirror. It is no longer above 250 to 300 yards in width, and at times barely that. To the right and to the left, primitive forests, with vast timber trees and an impenetrable undergrowth, stretch along the banks, and creep up the sides of the mountains to their very summits, and beyond the reach of vision.

The Siberian cedar, the Juglans, the Cembro pine, and the Mongolian oak, form, with their powerful branches, a rigid vault of dark green, enlivened here and there with the white and flickering tints of the



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silver-leaved aspen and birch, at a height of 30 yards and more; whilst at the foot of these giants of the vegetable kingdom innumerable shrubs, and still more numerous flowering plants, varied specimens of that Da-urian flora, so dear to the botanist and the horticulturist, are huddled together in indescribable confusion, and which is still further increased by the inextricable rope-like growth of wild vines and of the *Trochostigma* which climbs up from the green and moist trunks, into which they send their roots, to the very summit of the sap-bearing tree, and which thus serves to them as a ladder upwards to the sun and light.

In these dense coverts, the only pathways are those which have been opened by the bears, and up to 1854 neither the woodman's axe nor the sportsman's gun had yet warned the fauna of these vast solitudes that the men of the west had in reserve for them noises more formidable even than the tiger's roar, previous to that epoch their unchallenged king.

Beyond the mouth of the Burija, the mountains on the left bank begin to recede, and take a more northerly direction. Almost immediately afterwards those of the right bank turn equally to the south-west. The river itself, after disembarrassing itself of the vicinity of the mountains, assumes gradually an eastern direction. Thus, after a mountainous reach of about 220 versts in extent, wide valleys are seen re-appearing on the two sides of the Amoor, and nature resumes there the same grandiose aspect which the expedition had so much admired above. The same description of woods and forests, the same luxuriant prairies and meadows, are seen; and one can only hope that man may soon be able to profit by all these gifts of nature.

On the 15th of June, we reached the mouth of the Sungari. As it forms a delta, it is difficult to determine which is the chief branch; and the rapidity with which we were going down, only permitted me to make a few notes in regard to their great river, which bring all the waters of Central Manchuria into the Amoor. The immense circular valley, which opens behind the hills beyond, has a width of 185 versts, and its depth is unknown. When the Amoor is seen after receiving this new stream, which constitutes a great and powerful river in itself, flowing in one united body through another mountain pass, the mind is arrested with the thought—did it make its way through these vast ramparts of stone by its own power, or what commotions and cataclysms hewed for it a road to the ocean!

The district between the Sungari and the Usuri presents nothing remarkable, save the shores of glaring sands, covered with willows, acacias, and gooseberry-trees, and in the valleys, picturesque oaks, elms, maple, poplar, and ash. It is only on approaching the mouth of the Usuri that the mountains which line the right bank come down near the river; the left bank continues to be low.¹ All this region, although utterly

uninhabited at the present moment, presents on both sides vast spaces adapted to colonisation, to agriculture, and to pasturing cattle. The landscape preserves the same character, up to the point where the chain of mountains, which separates the basin of the Usuri from the coast of the ocean, drives the course of the Amoor more to the northwards.²

clay, thickly covered with timber; in some places vistas are formed through the dense forest, leading to a fine open country beyond, where rich pastures stretch out to a great distance, but the grass is never cropped, except by the wild animals. Both banks partake of the same character, and, notwithstanding their luxuriance, they wear a different aspect, neither man nor his works being visible, and Nature pours forth her bounties only to wither and die unheeded. Russia has obtained a territory more valuable than all the supposed cotton districts of Africa, watered by hundreds of streams flowing into the great artery that passes through its entire length. The climate is good, and well suited for Europeans; its animals belong to both the cold and warm regions, while its luxuriant herbage and magnificent flora, prove that the temperature is neither severe in winter, nor excessively hot in summer. It is possible that some of these great plains may be suited for the culture of the cotton plant; if so, a supply of this valuable product will, ere long, be found at the Russian ports, in the Sea of Japan, and in the Gulf of Tartary. Again, the Amoor stretches out, with numerous islands dotted over its surface; most of these are low, and covered with willows. At the time of the spring floods, they are inundated, and then it exhibits a mighty stream, near five miles in width, that extends for thirty or forty miles. The hills now close in and force the flood into a narrow channel, till it reaches another great expanse named Sen-dia-koo. The country becomes highly interesting; on the north, several valleys run far up among wooded hills, which extend towards the Kinghan mountains, whose summits are so distant, that they appear almost like clouds on the horizon. To the south, the mountains of Khonk-tcher-Khoorene are seen stretching far beyond the Oussour, and into the supposed Mantchurian "El Dorado." Fertile plains extend along the banks of the river, watered by numerous rivulets that descend from the distant hills. Clumps of maple, poplar, and lime-trees are dispersed over this tract, and willows fringe the borders of the streams. This scene would be improved by herds of cattle browsing on the plain, and waving crops of corn on the hill-sides. Time, however, will bring about this change, and even the Manyars and Mangoons may become an agricultural people. As the river continues on its downward course, the aspect of the country changes; cliffs begin to rise on both shores, in which many ravines have been cut by the torrents that come tumbling from the higher ground into the Amoor. These continue for many miles without any material change, till they reach Khor-reko, where the river expands into a deep bay on its southern shore, and this is named Naunggia. There is a Tunguse settlement here, and although the chief occupations of the people are fishing and hunting, each dwelling is surrounded by its garden, in which both vegetables and flowers are cultivated. The women are exceedingly industrious, and, unlike the Tunguse and Kalmucks of Siberia, keep their dwellings neat and clean. Both men and women possess all the qualities required in an industrious population. They are an exceedingly imitative race, and example will go far towards changing their habits. Beyond the bay, a large tract of meadow land runs up into a great curve turned by the mountains, where they sweep round towards the Oussour, ending in high cliffs on the bank of the Amoor, and these are the rocks of Kirma, which form a bold and picturesque headland. A small arm of the Amoor makes a turn to the south at this point, and runs on towards the mouth of the Oussour, having a narrow tract of flat land along the bank.

¹ About twenty miles below Seb-gho-Koo, the Amoor expands to more than three miles in width, with many islands scattered over its bed; it then narrows again, and runs past the foot of Ak-dar, beyond a broad arm makes a curve to the south, having more the appearance of a lake than a river; this is named Targong. The country on the right is a plain covered with long grass; clumps of willows and trees are scattered over it. On the north side, a series of small valleys and wooded hills extend to a great distance; beyond these are seen the summits of a mountain chain. After a winding course of many miles, the different branches are united, and the river flows on in one great stream, more than two miles in width. The banks are sand and

² On a rocky eminence, which juts out into the river, a little beyond Kirma, are the remains of an ancient fort, and near it the ruins of Atehanska. The rocks run nearly perpendicular down to the water, and form a little sheltered cove that can only be approached in a boat, and a narrow neck connects this mass with the high bank. In the summer of 1651, Khabaroff visited the Oussour, and, after deciding to form a permanent settlement near its mouth, selected this place, as nature had done much towards rendering this place secure. Without loss of time, he commenced operations, first securing his little fleet of boats in the cove, that formed a good and safe harbour; a path was soon formed that enabled the men to scale the cliffs, and there he began building a fort in which to spend the winter. His position was

On the 19th of June, a rapid current separated the boat in which I was from the remainder of the expedition; after having navigated the coasts of an island, at least fifty versts in length, during the prevalence of a heavy storm, I was reduced to seek hospitality at a village of Goldians. A few presents ensured me a kindly reception, and were the precursors of a very animated commerce between them and us. These good

discovered by the Chinese in the autumn before he completed his works, and a body of Mantchurian troops was sent to dislodge him. They were numerous enough to sweep him and his followers into the Amoor, but his prowess had already made an impression on the minds of the Celestials, and they behaved like curs, barking at the lion at bay, but taking special care to keep out of the reach of his teeth. When the winter set in he was left in peace, and his enemies retired to their encampments to brood over their disappointment. After their departure, Khabaroff set about finishing his works, and did everything he could to render his position impregnable, as he was well aware that a large army would return in the spring. Another difficulty beset him, far more to be dreaded than Chinese soldiers, and that was the want of supplies. Fish was abundant in the Amoor, and game could be obtained in the mountains, but he required more than these to enable him to stand a siege, and corn for bread could only be procured from the foe. Khabaroff had overcome too many obstacles to permit this to daunt him, and his men were ready to go wherever he led. Before the "Braves" were established in their winter quarters, the commander of the fort, with a strong party, ascended the Oussoure, and passed several of their towns. This was not his first voyage up the river, for he had previously ascended far beyond the Nore, and knew all their positions. Having reached a dépôt, the boats were soon in, and he made an attack on the place so sudden and desperate that the Mantchurians were taken by surprise and driven out. With a few of his picked men, he kept in check a strong body of Chinese soldiers, while others helped themselves to what they wanted. When this was accomplished he retreated, sprung into the boats, and passed out into the river without the slightest loss. It was not so with his opponents, for every shot that had been fired had been fatal, and the rifles of Khabaroff's Cossack hunters became the terror of the whole Chinese army. As the party descended the river, it was soon obvious that an alarm had been spread, and that they would have to run the gauntlet in passing the towns where Mantchurian troops were stationed. On drawing near the first, the commander saw a line of boats filled with men pushing out into the river to cut him off. A strong current and a breeze was in his favour; they carried him rapidly down, and he ordered his men not to fire till they were near the enemy, then to sweep the two nearest boats, and the current would take them past in the confusion. His plan was successful, and his boats cut through the line—but this time his men did not escape unscathed, several being wounded; wind and current, however, soon carried them out of danger from Chinese missiles, while the Cossack rifles speedily checked any daring spirits that approached too near. The other towns were passed in the night, and, in little more than a week, Khabaroff had provisioned his garrison at the expense of his enemies. Such was the daring of this man, that his fame among the people was like that of Nelson among his sailors. The Cossacks of the Argoun have many traditions concerning him, and his name is ever associated with history. Khabaroff and his band were not idle during the winter, and as large game were abundant in the Khouk-teher-Khoorene, there was no lack of provisions. He had also secured some Tunguse in his service, who visited the Mantchus' towns, and informed him of the preparations that were being made for a siege. A vast armament was coming to assail them, under the command of two distinguished Mantchurian officers, who had promised to kill or capture every man; nevertheless, no one appeared alarmed. All had confidence in their leader, and calmly awaited the event without even discontinuing their hunting excursions. At length the winter passed, and spring returned, when the spies announced the movement of the Chinese troops, and lastly, in April, a great body of men took up a position before the fort. Before hostilities commenced, the general summoned the garrison to surrender, and promised that all the men should be escorted to the frontier, but their commander they demanded as a prisoner. This was answered with a shout of defiance, and an invitation to come and take him. The besiegers commenced throwing up batteries, but were not permitted to accomplish this in quiet. Khabaroff opened on them with his

people bartering skins, zibelins, martins, and bears, for our manufactures. These Goldians are the most westerly of the tribes dwelling at the mouth of the river; next come the Mantguntians, who occupy all the interval between the Goldians and the people of the coast. The latter, the Gilyaks, hunt wild beasts, especially bears, which they keep and fatten in cages, as has been stated by previous travellers.¹

few small guns, while the Cossacks picked off the men with their rifles whenever they could get within range, and many fell, with little loss to the garrison. Although retarded in their operations, the loss of men was of little moment to the Chinese commanders, and by the aid of the numbers at their disposal, the works advanced rapidly. It was not many days before they replied to the Russian guns with five times their number. Had they been as well served and pointed, the affair would soon have been ended. As it was, each day robbed Khabaroff of one or two of his men, while the loss of the enemy was considerable. Three weeks had passed, the bombardment still continued, and reinforcements were constantly arriving at the Chinese camp; but though the Cossacks made several sorties, inflicting great losses on their enemies, no great advantage was gained. Khabaroff became aware that with his limited resources it was impossible to drive away his numerous assailants. Besides which, his ammunition was so reduced, that he could no longer use his guns, and his enemies were only kept at bay by his rifles. After standing this unequal siege for a month, and learning from his spies that a fleet of boats was approaching, he decided to retreat. Before, however, abandoning his position, he determined to give them one more lesson as a remembrance. He proposed to burn the Chinese camp, if half a dozen of his Cossacks would accompany him. This call was instantly responded to by all; but the men coupled it with a condition that their commander should not be permitted to join in the expedition; and so eager were they to go on this dangerous errand, that the fort would have been deserted. Khabaroff selected six men and one of his officers, and a boat's crew was ordered to row them to a ravine in the rocks, about half-a-mile off, by which they could approach the rear of the enemy's camp. After giving them time to reach within a short distance of the tents, he ordered the guns to open on the Chinese forts, and personally led a sortie into the enemy's line, which quickly threw the whole army into confusion. This secured the success of the expedition, and very soon the tents were seen in flames at several different points. The sudden attack and conflagration so bewildered the Chinese that the little party retreated to the boat unmolested, and reached the fort in safety, though some of the other men were wounded in the sortie. The camp continued burning for some time before it could be extinguished, and in the morning Khabaroff had the satisfaction of seeing it half destroyed. At an early hour, the boats were loaded with the remaining stores, and only a few sentinels remained at their posts; when all was ready these were withdrawn, and the men sent down the cliffs to the boat. Their commander remained in the fort, and was the last to descend. Directly he stepped on board the oars were vigorously used, and they were soon out of reach of their enemies. The Chinese, at last, discovered that the fort was deserted, but Khabaroff and his companions had eluded their vigilance, and escaped to Albasin. After his retreat, the enemy demolished the fort, and the Chinese have remained in undisturbed possession for more than 200 years; but during this long period the daring acts of this Cossack leader have not been forgotten, for tradition has handed down his name to the present race.

¹ A few years ago the people in this neighbourhood committed a most atrocious act. Two Catholic missionaries, De la Brunière and Verault, after a residence of some years in different parts of China, had found their way into Mantchuria. They visited many of the towns in this portion of the Celestial Empire, and exercised their vocation wherever there was an opportunity of making converts. It is said that among the settlers on the upper part of the Oussoure they were successful, and remained with their proselytes some time. From the Mantchurian merchants they acquired information about the different tribes inhabiting the banks of the Amoor, and learned that the whole population were Shaman. Intent on attacking Shamanism in its stronghold, they made their way down the Oussoure, and exercised their calling on all the towns on their route, with what success I cannot say, as most of the people are followers of Confucius. They, however, arrived at one of the towns on the lower part of the river in 1841; too late

The aspect of the country changes completely at Cape Saint Kirile. Mountains clad with dense woods rise up suddenly; the valleys that descend to the river become more and more narrow; and, finally, the navigator finds himself between four chains of mountains, which line the two sides of the mountain, following a direction parallel the one to the other. The most distant are the loftiest, and appear to be totally deprived of wood.

All this high country is peculiarly remarkable for the prodigious quantity of great and little rivers, which descend from the surrounding heights, and go to swell the river on both sides. Although the bed of the latter is much narrowed, it nevertheless contains a great quantity of islands covered with shrubbery. The valleys which come down to its banks, although limited in extent, contain some excellent pasture land.

All this region is tenanted by tribes of Manguntsians, whose villages are small but numerous. These people resemble the Goldians in their manner of living and clothing themselves. They derive their chief resources from the Amoor, which, as it approaches the ocean, becomes richer and richer in different kinds both of sea and river fish. I never saw so many in all my life. The salmon, trout, and carp jump out of the water on all sides in the midst of moving banks of sturgeons and other fish which covered the surface of the waters, producing by their numbers a noise that was perfectly bewildering. The Amoor resembles a great artificial fish preserve.

to proceed further, therefore, here they spent the winter. In the following spring, when the ice broke up, they prepared to continue their journey, and arranged with some Mantchu merchants for a passage in their boats as far as the villages of the Goldi. After a voyage of several days they reached the tribe, who received them hospitably; and here the guides left them. Up to this period all is certainty; but with regard to their subsequent proceedings this is by no means the case. The Goldi admit that the strangers visited them in 1846, and remained for a considerable period, travelling from one village to another, disputing with their Shamans, and assuring them that the God whom their priest called upon in his song could neither hear nor answer his prayer, and that he had no power to do them good or evil. The missionaries, it appeared, had also stated that their God created the world; that without him not only the sun would not shine, but that it would be constant winter and darkness. Also that Shaitan had been chained deep in the earth, whence he could never reappear, not even at the call of the Shaman. These were startling assurances; they astonished the people, but did not convince them—the Shaman and his sorcery had too strong hold on their minds. Having laboured hard, but in vain, the good fathers continued their journey, and at length reached the Mangours, whom they also tried to convert. They travelled from village to village, using every argument at their disposal to shake the belief of the people in the power of the Shaman, which so enraged the priests that their position became critical. The Mangours are a quiet, inoffensive race, and could not easily be roused to acts of violence. Notwithstanding the threats of the priests, and the fear they inspired, these brave men did not relax in what they deemed a duty; they were, however, forced to leave the Mangours and resume their labours in another direction. De la Brunière and his companion entered the country of the Gilyaks, among whom Shamanism is more deeply rooted than in any other race in Asia. In fact they are fanatics of the deepest cast, and constantly practise sorcery. Here is the seat of the Arch-Shaman, whose priests delude the people by their pretended enchantments and jugglery, and over their minds exert unlimited sway. Nevertheless the missionaries were not daunted; they commenced their labour with energy, and exposed the impious tricks of the high-priests of Shaman, which so roused the malignant feelings of the latter that they never rested till they had induced their dupes to put the strangers to death. The Gilyaks admit that this diabolical murder was perpetrated among their tribes at the instigation of Shaman.

The Manguntsians, who dwell upon its banks, are, like the Goldians, descendants of the Tunguses. They do not wear their hair like them, but tie theirs up in a tail. As to their dress and homes, they never evidently adopted many of the customs of the Mantchus. Their clothes are made of Chinese stuffs, but they are wider; and some of them still wear garments made of the skins of fish, mainly derived from different species of salmon. These garments wear well, and last a very long time. These tribes are real ichthyophagists, and live solely on fish. They call the Amoor, the Mamba.

On the 27th of June we reached Marienski, near the Lake Kisi, which communicates with the Amoor by two large canals. It is evident that this internal basin, surrounded by waters, is filled at the time of inundation, and gives back to the river in the dry season the excess of water which it has received. Lake Kisi is about forty versts in length; it varies in width and depth according to the season; but at this period of our passing it both were considerable. It is only separated from the Bay of Castries, in the Gulf of Tartary, by a low isthmus about fifteen versts in width. Its banks are tenanted by Manguntsians, who are mainly occupied with fishing, hunting, and procuring furs. The sable weasels (*Mustella Zibellina*) abound in the thick woods that surround the lake; but their fur is not of a superior quality.

Beyond Marienski, both banks of the Amoor are covered with numerous little huts of the Gilyaks, who have been less influenced by the Mantchus than the tribes of the interior. They are addicted to the rude and uncultivated practice of Shamanism. The custom of revenging blood is upheld among them, and female infidelity is punished with death.

Near one of their villages, which are disseminated in the midst of the woods, some monuments are met with which belong to another people, and which previous travellers have much spoken about. They are situated on the summit of a large rock which advances over the river in a headland. The first of these monuments, erected on the borders of the rock, is only a few yards high. It is composed of a granite base, surmounted by an irregular cube of gray marble slightly rounded at the summit. There are inscriptions on this monument which the archimandrite Aovakum explained as follows: "There was formerly a temple dedicated to Buddha at this place." On the largest face was also the following inscription in Chinese, *Tszi-jun-ninsy*, probably written by an uneducated lama, for according to Chinese grammatical construction it should have been written thus: *Tun-nin-sy-tszy*, that is to say, "Inscription on the Cloisters of Eternal Peace." On the other side, to the left, was the Sanscrit sacramental phrase, *Om-Mani-Padmi-om*, was inscribed in Thibetian letters. No sense has yet been made of the literal translation of the phrase "Oh! diamond Nenuphar!" (Oh most brilliant water lily?) and below, and in Chinese, *Dai-juan-schout-schohiligunbu*; "The great Tuan extends his hands of force everywhere." Upon a second parallel line to the left is also inscribed *Om-Mani-Padmi-om* in Chinese and in Nigurian. The inscriptions on the right side were repetitions of those on the left. (Travellers always forget that right and left are only relative terms; in this instance we are not told in what direction the traveller stood, or in what direction the headland advanced.)

The second monument, situated at a distance of four paces from the first, and on the same line, is formed

by a column which reposes on an octagonal base. Five paces beyond this there is another like it, and lastly, another much larger, rises 150 fathoms off upon an abrupt rock which advances into the river. The Russians were acquainted with these monuments as early as in the seventeenth century. There was at that time, in this place, a chapel with a bell, and the section of public documents relating to Siberia, preserved at St. Petersburg, contains a manuscript bearing date 1678, in which it is said "that the inhabitants of this place assert that at a remote period, a Chinese emperor came by sea to the Amoor, and as a remembrance of his journey he had these monuments erected with a bell attached to them."

A comprehensive and magnificent view is obtained from the natural platform upon which these monuments were erected. To the south a gloomy ocean of forest stretches almost to the horizon, with black blocks of rock rising out of it here and there; whilst to the north, upon the opposite bank of the Amoor, a great valley opens, bearing the waters of the Alngun, Omogun, or Kingan tributary, and which forms at its mouth a delta covered with a thick carpeting of trees and shrubs.

After having followed the great bend which the Amoor makes in this part of its course, after having explored the vast Lake of Orel, buried in the amphitheatre of wooded mountains at the innermost angle of this curve, the expedition, which we have now followed in its journey of more than 3,000 miles, arrived at Nikolaievsk,¹ whence it embarked for Ayan, a port in the sea of Okhotsk, and whence it returned to Irkutsk by the land route 2,700 miles.

VI.—UP THE AMOOR.

WE now come to the "Winter Journey made by Mr. Pargachefski along the River Amoor, from its mouth to the confluence of the Argun and the Chilka, in 1856-57."

This narrative of a journey made only two years posteriorly to the one previously recorded, will also give some idea of the rapidity of the progress made by Russia in the valley of the Amoor.

I quitted Nicolaievsk, says Mr. Pargachefski, on the 19th of Oct., 1856, in a sledge (*See p. 295*) drawn by dogs.

¹ After passing the settlement of Voit—below Tebak—where the mountains rise high on both sides, and the country, when seen above the rugged cliffs on the banks, is thickly covered with forest timber,—all the branches of the Amoor are united in one stream, near two miles in width, and varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in depth. This broad tide rolls on to Nikolaievsk, the great defence of the Amoor. The long winter of six months here is a great detriment, and this place can never become a first-rate commercial port, as the ships will always be obliged to leave early. Frost approaches at the end of October, or the first few days in November, and seals up the river, which for six long months is one vast sheet of ice, and during a great part of the seventh it is impossible for vessels to move from their moorings, on account of the floating masses. Of the great advantages, however, of such a port, or any port lower down on the Pacific, near Okhotsk, Russia has shown herself fully aware. Already martello towers rise up on Cape Tebak and Cape Pronge to defend the mouth of the river, and from the latter along the sea-shore to Castris Bay, at every point best suited for defence. When Russia consented to withdraw all vessels of war from the Black Sea, at the close of the late war, and so virtually conceded the Mediterranean to the other Powers of Europe, she knew she was advancing on a more important position, over an ocean that washes both the East and West.

These animals, possessed of incredible vigour and velocity, rather fly than run upon the snow, and accomplish fifteen versts in the hour. Hence, a first little start of eleven versts was not much; but as I depended upon the same animals to conduct me as far as the Russian station established at the mouth of the Sungari, I judged it prudent to grant them a long night's rest. So I stopped at Kalki, a Gilyak village.

18th November.—Notwithstanding the ardour of my dogs, we advanced but slowly; we have experienced a terrible tempest of snow. Near the valley of Mago I met a band of Gilyaks on the way, with their sledges laden with fish. They are a kind of carp, which they catch under the ice. At Tyr the waters of the Amoor unite in one common bed above the delta, and are not less than three versts in width.

19th November.—Nothing can be more recent than Novo-Michaïlovsk. It is the embryo of a village. The colony as yet possesses only four houses. I entered into one of these, and whilst I was warming and taking my tea, I questioned my hosts as to their mode of life. They loudly congratulated themselves with having come to establish themselves in the country. The lands that have been granted to them are very fertile. They cultivate corn and vegetables with success. The last harvest was especially productive. The rivers furnish them with fish enough to supply the neighbouring markets. And lastly, to these sources of wealth the advantages derived from the navigation of the Amoor, and the transport of travellers from Nicolaievsk to Kizi, make a considerable addition. The Russian authorities have contracted with them for the wood necessary for the steamers, and the post pays them 150 roubles for each pair of horses provided during the five months of winter. Such elements of prosperity enable them to face the future with confidence.

The progress of colonisation is much more marked at Michaïlovsk. There are there no less than fifteen houses. The smallest details of life attest that Russian manners progress with rapidity in these regions. The colonists at Michaïlovsk speculate in breeding horses, oxen, and sheep. They have found, behind the ridge that borders the river, a vast steppe, whose pasture is so rich that it fattens their herds and flocks in a short time, and gives to the latter a peculiarly fine flavour.

Between Michaïlovsk and Bagoradski, I met with three peasants who were returning from hunting. I learnt from them that the rein-deer does not wander in couples in this country as in Siberia, but always travels in large herds.

The Gilyaks received me open-armed at the village of Pul.² The Mantchu traders come as far as their

² About 100 miles below Mariensk is the village of Pul, the Nijno Novgorod of these regions, where the hunters and traders assemble from all quarters. Tunguse hunters, from the Zeya and the Yablousi, bring the produce of their rifles. Gabyoks, from the shores of the sea of Okhotsk, attend with their furs, and the Mangoons, with their neighbours, the Goldi, bring skins from the Oussure and Goreena. Mantchu merchants from the Soungaria meet them with wares from China, and Japanese merchants come to barter their goods with the hunters for the produce of their forests. Such an assemblage can only be collected on this spot, where curious and highly-characteristic scenes take place between the daring hunter and the crafty Mantchu and Japanese. At one of these singular gatherings, in 1841, men of a different race appeared, carrying skins like other hunters, but their features and language showed the Asiatics that they were not descended from any of their tribes. They had, however, proved themselves good woodsmen, had gained the esteem of the Tunguse, among

village, bringing Chinese liquors, tobacco, and millet, which they exchange for fox and martin skins. Three Gilyak brothers, who lived under the same tent, invited me to enter into their hut. I found about sixty persons assembled there; they were for the most part travellers like myself, Samagirs, and Nagidals, from the Amegun. The inhabitants of this region accept Russian domination as a god-send. Endowed with the best natural abilities, they would soon give the example of all social virtues, if their good qualities were not annihilated by that worst and most deplorable of all vices—drunkenness. The Mantchu merchants with whom they traffic do their best to entertain this sad evil. During the past year alone, their poisoners

imported into the country 700 boxes of Chinese spirits. In the absence of considerations of a higher order, the commercial interests of Russia counsel her, if not to interdict absolutely the admission of Chinese spirits into their new provinces, at all events to put every possible impediment in the way of such traffic. The benefits which this branch of commerce returns to the Mantchus is so great as to permit them to monopolise the whole. It was with difficulty that I could obtain from the natives forty beaver skins; whilst a single Mantchu dealer sold me 400 in one day. These Mantchus ruin the country. From Pul to Sungari there is one common expression of indignation against them. The inhabitants of these regions, who see their



SLEDGE AND DOGS ON THE AMOOR.

brethren on the Lower Amoor becoming wealthy under the protection of Russia, stretch forth their hands towards Russia. To win her favour, they even offer to

whom they had been living, and were introduced as belonging to the brotherhood. In the summer of 1839 three Polish exiles disappeared from the neighbourhood of Nertschinsk; a strict search was made in every direction, but no clue was found by which they could be traced. A few of their comrades alone knew their plans and the direction they have taken, which was down the Amoor. Escapes were not uncommon in this district, notwithstanding the vigilance of the guards, and a reward offered to the Mantchus for every prisoner they found beyond the frontier. Many fugitives were brought back and severely punished, as an example to their comrades. The Poles were officers who had served in the wars, and knew that a flogging and hard labour in

embrace Christianity. Russian sympathies manifest themselves among some of them by sacrifices which it is impossible not to measure at their full value, when

the mines would be their fate, if caught; and their comrades were well assured that no force of the Mantchurians would ever take them alive when once they had got across the frontiers. It has since been ascertained that these men provided themselves with rifles and descended the Amoor as far as Onon, where they joined a party of Tunguse hunters, whom they accompanied on an expedition to the sources of the Selindja. By a display of courage and intelligence, they succeeded in establishing a mutual friendship between these simple people and themselves, and spent two winters in their dwellings. In the autumn of 1841 they went with their friends to Pul; after the fair the exiles bade them adieu, and proceeded with the Japanese traders to the Island of

we consider the force of long habits. Thus one of the three brethren with whom I lodged had, in order to conform more closely to Russian manners, renounced eating dog. "I am a good Russian, I am," he said, "I do not eat dog like the others." May this concession to the prejudices of his masters be appreciated as it deserves!

If the conduct of Russia with respect to the Gilyaks attaches them closely to her cause, it is at the same time a subject of exceeding surprise to most of them. I have more than once heard them inquire, "How is it that the Russians of the present day neither oppose us nor kill us?" To appreciate their inquiries it must be known that tradition has preserved the memory among the Gilyaks of the depredations and violences committed by the first Russian Cossacks against their ancestors.

Wishing to arrive at Mariensk before the departure of the governor of the province, who was also bound thither, I engaged two sledges for the sum of nineteen thalers, on condition of the journey being performed in a given time. The bargain concluded, I bade my host farewell, and after having left them a good supply of tobacco and tea, to which they are extremely partial, I got into my sledge. My dogs made such good way that I was not long in reaching a small establishment of the name of Irkutsk. I met the governor on the way travelling with post-horses (*see* p. 320), but my light dog-sledges soon left him behind. Having thus no reason for hurry, I got out and went to warm myself by the fire of a Russian hut. I made a still longer stay at a place called Aür, in order to rest my dogs. Aür is renowned for its breed of dogs. They are gray, tall, well shaped, and light of foot. At this place also I heard the people complain bitterly of the Mantchus, who despoil them with the most odious cynicism.

My next stages were Mada and Pulza, villages situated, as were all that I had met since I left Nicolaievsk, on the right bank of the Amoor; I hailed with pleasure the village of Suteh, inhabited by Russian Cossacks, and I arrived the same evening at Mariensk.

When I informed the people of this place of my intention to ascend the Amoor, the project was treated as insane. The most experienced declared that I could not procure food for forty dogs; that fish were wanting in several portions of the river; that if I did not die of hunger, I certainly should of exhaustion; and lastly, that if I survived the cold nights of winter, the snow-storms would inevitably punish me for my rashness.

But my resolution was made, and no objections were of avail to make me alter it. I suspected the

Saghalien, where one of them died. The others made their way to the eastern coast, and, after a stay of some months, had the satisfaction of seeing a ship anchor off the coast, bearing a flag with the stars and stripes. A boat's crew, with the captain, landed to obtain provisions, and were astonished at being addressed in English by one of the exiles, who explained his position, and requested a passage to any place where he and his comrade might find a ship for Europe. The kind-hearted seaman instantly consented to take them on board and land them in America, if no better opportunity offered of sending them to Europe; but he informed them that he was an American whaler, and as his ship had not her full cargo, that they would probably be delayed some months on the voyage. He kept his word; and when he put them on shore, made known their history to his countrymen, which excited both their sympathy and generosity. Ten years afterwards one of them reached Paris, and succeeded in making known his escape to his unfortunate comrades.

Mantchus, besides, of greatly exaggerating the dangers of the road, in order to discourage the explorations of strangers. Their cupidity is alarmed at the conquests of civilisation; they would wish to escape from the arms of Russia, which are insensibly grasping them within her embrace, and would soon oblige them to forego their long-practised abuses against the people dwelling in the valley of the Amoor. Every traveller who penetrates into Mantchuria is an advanced sentinel, whose insight into their malpractices they dread.

30th of November.—Bad weather detained me ten long days at Mariensk.¹ Hurricanes of snow have fallen since the 21st, and at the moment of my departure the weather, which had cleared up a little, turned to storm again. But I was determined not to give up, so I started with four sledges, and four months' provisions. It was, however, with great trouble that I reached Golni, where I obtained quarters for the night. Between Kizi and Gyrin, a distance of eight ordinary post-stations, the snow had fallen in such great quantities that we were often buried in it; but my dogs were accustomed to triumph over such obstacles. I sometimes saw the whole team disappear from before my eyes; but soon an united effort brought them to the surface again, where they took breath, and then, with a strong pull at the collars, they carried off the sledge. This skilful manœuvre reminded me of a swimmer cast among the waves of the ocean. It required, indeed, all the intrepidity of these brave animals, in which I had put my trust, to prevent my having to make the best of my way back again. Each time that they fought their way so gallantly out of the snow their eyes shone, and their wagging tails seemed at once to testify to their ardour, and to the noble pride which these friends of man take in serving him.

December 1.—Djai is a populous village, but at the moment of our arrival the men had gone out to hunt beaver. The only persons who had remained behind were the women and children, and a few Mantchu chiefs.

¹ Just before reaching D'zare, in journeying upwards, the Amoor divides into two great branches and several small channels. One of the large streams turns to the right, and passes the village of Gobnee; a few miles further is the entrance to the Lake of Kezee. On the lower side, and at a short distance from the outlet, is Mariensk port, one of the most important stations that Russia has planted on the Amoor. A battery has been erected, that commands both the river and the entrance to this inland port, and a town is rapidly rising. The entrance from the Amoor is above one-third of a mile in width, but several small islands interrupt the passage, rendering the navigation difficult; a steaming will, however, obviate this. The lake is about twenty-seven miles long, and its greatest width is three miles, but it becomes considerably narrower as it extends to the eastward. A chain of mountains, which attain a considerable elevation, runs along its southern shore, and terminates in Castries Bay (which is ultimately regarded as likely to be the port of the Amoor, as it is only for three months in the winter that vessels would be sealed up there, even if caught in the ice; a circumstance that would rarely happen, as sailing a degree or two further would take the ship into a more genial climate). In the chain of mountains above mentioned, as running along the southern shore of the Lake Kezee, the River Ai has its source, and after a course of near two hundred miles pours a considerable body of water into the lake; a small chain of hills extends along the northern side, and numerous minor streams flow into the lake on both shores. Only twenty miles of high land intervene between the eastern end of the Kezee lake and the Gulf of Tartary, by crossing which twenty miles we stand on a shore opposite to the Island of Sagalin, the uppermost of the Japanese group. It is easy to see that a channel through these hills would be invaluable to Russia, as saving the great expense that must be incurred in constructing a railway of fifty-three miles over a difficult country, from Mariensk to Castries Bay.

I had a proof in this place of the care taken to watch our proceedings.

An emissary had left that very morning, to announce our journey, the news of which had been transmitted from Golni by one of his countrymen. The Goldians told me afterwards that it has been the same thing at every place where I had halted, and that the authorities of the Usuri, and of the Sungari, were warned of our approach long before our arrival.

The last establishment of the Gilyaks, on ascending the Amoor, is Addi, or Adza, a village of fifteen huts, in each of which at least eighteen persons lodged. It is the commercial centre of the Mantchus, in their trading transactions with the Gilyaks and the Goldians. It is also there that their cupidity manifests itself in all its hideousness. But they do not speculate with strangers; they understand business much better than to treat with them; their only object is to keep them at a distance from the market, and to hide their proceedings from them. When I even wanted to buy a little fish for my dogs they asked me the most extravagant price, in order to oblige me to give up my journey. Luckily that I saw through their object; I had a well-lined purse, and I submitted without a frown to their exactions. They were quite taken aback at the good humour with which I allowed myself to be fleeced. At Addi, as in all the other villages we had passed, the Gilyaks were most hospitable to us; we were to them the pioneers of a civilisation which will one day rid them of the avaricious Mantchus.

Once beyond Addi, I entered into the country of the Goldians,¹ a people of Tunguse origin. I passed rapidly through the villages of Kalga and Niaugi, infested with Mantchus, drawn there by the trade in

beaver skins; after them there is nothing but gleaming. After passing the mouth of the Goryn, I arrived at Keurmi, where a fatal fever raged, and whose ravages extended as far as the Sungari. Yet the villages that were disseminated along this tract of country are populous, and are situated in regions of remarkable fertility.

I rested here for two days in a village situated at the mouth of the River Sungari. I obtained some valuable information in regard to this river. In winter time, by ascending it with dog sledges, Port Imperial can be reached in seven days. This port, known also as Baracouta, has been taken possession of by the Russians, who have baptised it by the name of Constantinovsk. In summer time the rapidity of the current renders navigation much longer and much more difficult. I met at this station a Chinese merchant, who astonished me by his aptitude for languages, and still more so by the tenacity and the ingenuity which he displayed in his mode of study. He awaits the passing by of Russian tradesmen; he approaches them, addresses himself to them, and by gestures, when he cannot do otherwise, he resolutely engages the conversation, and asks them for a lesson of grammar, or the explanation of a few words, and takes at the same time careful notes.

25th of December.—The village of Maï is situated in a most picturesque position, at the base of a cliff, and having in front a large lake, interspersed with islands inhabited by Goldians. The road had become quite impracticable near this village, it was necessary to pass along a narrow and steep beach, covered with enormous masses of ice. On arriving at Dalen, I found the village deserted. The inhabitants, terrified at the progress of the pestilence, had taken refuge in the

lay aside their fish skin coverings, put on European costume, and speak the Russian language.

¹ The Goldians profess the Shaman creed. They are a hunting people, a step in advance of the fishing tribes. In several of their villages, bears and eagles are domesticated; that is, the former are accommodated in separate apartments, formed like a penfold, with wooden palings secured at the top, and the latter are sometimes in cages, but are usually chained to a stump. The bear is held in great veneration by these people, who bestow much care on him; his dwelling is kept clean and he is well fed—in short, it may be said that he leads the life of a gentleman, living in luxury, and receiving every attention. But at last, notwithstanding the endearing epithets of son and brother which have been lavished on him, he is brought out, paraded, examined, approved, weighed, and then barbarously murdered to feast all his friends. This is the sacrifice on the Great Goldian Festivals. The Goldians, as do the Kalmucks, some of the Kalkas tribes, and Tungusians, provide their deceased brethren with all the tools and implements necessary to enable him to carry on his trade or occupation in the land of ghosts. If this duty be neglected, they believe that his spirit wanders for ever through dark and dismal forests, without finding a place of rest. The custom varies among different people, but all tend to the same end. For instance, the Kirghis chief has his favourite horse buried with him, that he may not be compelled to walk in his ghostly state, a thing he abhors when living. The Kalmucks and Kalkas have their weapons, clothes, and implements placed in their graves, that they may appear suitably apparelled before their friends, and able to engage in their ordinary pursuits. But the Tunguse races have various articles placed on their graves, to be ready for service the moment they awake from what they consider to be their temporary repose. The Goldi and other tribes have a slight knowledge of astronomy, a knowledge common to the Asiatic races, who, dwelling in vast plains, have the stars, full often, for their only guides. Mr. Atkinson gives a portrait of a Goldian belle, with large golden rings in her ears and nose; while the men wear rings of iron, copper, and silver, on their thumbs and fingers. The Mangous are a similar race. They both being highly imitative, have largely adopted Russian and Cossack customs. They cultivate the fine arts in the decoration of their clothing. Some of their articles of dress are beautiful; their caps and hats of birch-bark are graceful in form and chastely ornamented, they already begin to

The Tartars of different countries and race differ widely in regard to costume, and often even in physiognomy. The Tartar-Chinese soldiery, for example, are far from participating in the hair, the crushed nose of the Mongolians generally, without having that organ almost entirely obliterated, as in the instance of the Kalmuck-Tartars, who have often only two holes left; they have also the long curved eyelids of the race, but the eyes are not so wide apart as in some races, nor so small, albeit long, as in others. The nose, as will be seen in the illustration, of these Tartars of Mantchu race is not badly made, the mouth is tolerably small, and the ears, though long, are not curved back, as with the Tunguse and Ungutts. All Tartars, even the Kalmucks, wear their swords like the Chinese, with the huddle behind and the point in front, so that they can be drawn from behind. The Tartar practice of shaving the head, with the exception of a single tuft, which is allowed to grow as large as possible, and which is plaited into a tail by the Kalkas, as by the Chinese, was forced upon the Chinese by the Emperor Kang-hai, who in return obliged the Tartars to adopt the Chinese costume. His object was to assimilate the two nations. The Tartar cavalry, of whom we have heard so much lately, look quite jaunty in their round shakos, short jackets, and bag trowsers, and well adapted for the sort of duty which they are called upon to perform in their country, that of a kind of horse-police. Under a more enlightened government, almost anything might be made of such raw material—witness the so-called Cossacks or Tartar cavalry of Russia, to whom the Czar is more indebted for the extension of his empire in Asia than to all his Muscovite resources, civil or military. Tartars, of all races, are particularly fond of scarlet colours, and many a khan would sooner go without his shirt than his scarlet robe of ceremony. The lamas, or Tartar priests, alone affect yellow colours. The Mongolian Tartars of the east and west, and who are said to have derived their names from the true sons of Alanza Khan—Tartar and Mogul, or Mungl—(“*Histoire Généalogique des Tartares, traduite du Manuscrit Tartare d'Abulgasi-Bayadur Chan.*” p. 27)—are dressed simply in cotton shirts, trowsers, and robes, with sheep-skins over the whole, and red boots, but their khans and sultans wear scarlet robes.

woods; their huts, placed at a distance from one another, testified to the contagious character of the malady. Emigrations are often renewed among the tribes of the Amoor.

The River Doudon-Bira flows into the Amoor on the right bank, in front of a village built in part on *terra firma* and in part on islands. I took tea in a poor hut whilst a Cossack went to obtain fish for my dogs. This good man had proffered his services of his own good will. A little further on, at Kurem, a little station, composed of only two huts, the Goldians came out to meet me, and helped the dogs to drag the sledges up the beach, which at this place was very steep. They seemed happy in being of use to us. We had no longer to do with the Manchus. Yet we were approaching their frontiers, where I met with a more kindly reception, however, than I could have anticipated.

The village of Syza is the residence of a Mantchu officer (See p. 301) charged in the guard of the frontier. He received me politely, gave me an excellent repast, during the consumption of which he displayed the varied information and good manners of an educated Chinaman. His staff was comprised of a secretary, two boskos or corporals, and five attendants. This estimable functionary reposes himself from his administrative labours by the sweets of commerce. He exchanges with the inhabitants of his district tobacco and Chinese spirits for the valuable skins of beavers. In all that concerns his administration he is easy and indulgent, but in what concerns his commerce he is without pity. Woe to the poor Goldian who should be tardy in the delivery of goods ordered, or who should dare to present him a single doubtful skin. The Goldians of Syza cultivate with success the Chinese cabbage, beans, pumpkins, onions, and garlic.

Continuing to coast the Amoor, I passed the Goldian villages of Metsur and of Ketsyr, and I reached Turmi, at the mouth of the Usuri. The chain of mountains which runs along the valley of this river is covered with forests of oak, larch, and cedar, and is tenanted by wild beasts, notoriously by tigers. This terrible beast of prey, which has been hitherto looked upon as the exclusive pest of the warmer regions of southern Asia, exercises its depredations as far as the gorges of the Altai and the Stavannois, beyond the fiftieth degree of latitude, as has been established by Humboldt in his "Asie Centrale," and by Atkinson in his great work entitled, "Oriental and Western Siberia." The population of the valley of the Usuri is almost solely composed of Chinese refugees. The lands that they cultivate are very productive, but they have no cattle, save what they use for tilling the land. The incessant attacks of tigers put it out of their power to raise herds.

29th of December.—Beyond Dyrki, I found the station which the Russian Cossacks had founded in front of the village of Salvi abandoned. They had quitted it in autumn, but had left their horses there, as they could not have traversed the marshes of the left bank. I was obliged to separate from my good dogs, who had carried me over a distance of 1500 versts in nineteen days, halts included. I could not have wished for anything better than to continue the same mode of travel, but I could no longer obtain the quantity of fish sufficient to feed them with. I accordingly endeavoured to obtain horses for myself and my Cossacks. Before obtaining the permission to pur-

chase them, I had to get over the ill-will of the Mantchu authorities of the Sungari. Whilst I was negotiating this matter, which detained me no less than twelve days at Salvi, a Goldian brought into the hut in which I was lodging an enormous tiger, which he had succeeded in slaying. He placed the beast upright against the wall, and all the inhabitants of the village came to perform a ceremony before it which seemed to be partly burlesque and partly serious, but which was certainly marked by no little amount of superstition; they saluted the dead tiger with marks of deepest respect, addressing it as "My Lord," and begging it to accept their most respectful homage.

Between the Usuri and the Sungari, the right bank of the Amoor rises up and presents a district eminently adapted for cultivation. The left bank is, on the contrary, rounded by the waters of the river, which, flooding the lands, gives birth to channels, lakes, creeks and marshes.

28th January, 1857.—Above Salvi, the Bidjan, which has its source in the Hing-Gan, empties itself into the Amoor, by the left bank. One of the affluents of this river merits, in a metallurgical point of view, a most special attention. According to the statements of the Goldians, lamellæ of silver are to be met with on its banks, which, from the description made to me of them, must be of the same formation as the argenteriferous tellurium of the Ural and the Altai. The Goldians despise this treasure, or, to speak more correctly, it inspires them with a superstitious dread, the moral sense of which can escape no one. They say, that the man who has the misfortune to meet lamellæ of silver in the Djujur¹ is haunted by malignant

¹ Speaking of this vicinity, Mr. Atkinson, who is everywhere picturesque, interesting, and full of valuable information—says, "At this part some of the spurs of the Tcholyat-se run quite down to the river and form several rocky headlands, and all the arms of the Amoor become united into one great stream, that rolls on without interruption till it strikes against the bold rocky promontory of Sar-kov, from which it is thrown back in sheets of white foam. A little beyond the Sar-kov, is the Argoon and then comes another series of cliffs, that terminate in a small headland rising from the shore. A Mantchurian merchant has formed an establishment here, and holds a fair in the spring, when the sable hunters come and exchange their furs. There are several islands on this part of the river, and immediately opposite on the left rises the mountain, On-ot-ze-nil or 'Mourg-gov-khang-ko' (Silver Mountain). In all ages and countries, wherever the precious metals have been found, the position it is said has been guarded by spirits, whose only duty was to prevent mortals borrowing even a small portion of the treasure. In Europe these superstitions have long lost their power. In South America they still exist, and on the banks of the Amoor they are implicitly believed. Mourg-gov-khang-ko is represented by the natives as one of these mysterious mountains, where a host of spirits watch over its mineral riches, which they represent to be unbounded. They relate traditions of former races, who perished in their attempts to elude the spectral guardians and snatch only a handful of the precious metal; and aver that whoever approaches the spot will be shrouded in a fearful storm, from which it is impossible to escape, when the culprits will be seized and hurled into an unfathomable abyss in the centre of the mountain. They also relate stories of a more recent period, handed down from their grandfathers, telling of bands of men who, being driven to desperation, rushed to the mountain determined to possess some of its wealth, but that thunderings were heard so terrible that several ran away in the greatest alarm; the rest, more daring, proceeded, but the thunder became more fearful, shaking the mountain, and heaving up the water in the Amoor; after which, they say, it became calm, but not one of these reckless adventurers was ever again seen. A few years ago, when the expedition descended the Amoor, the mining engineers and half-a-dozen Cossacks dared the anger of these dangerous spirits, though warned by many tales of horror. No one could be induced to bear them company, or guide

spirits for the rest of his life. I could not trace this belief to its origin; still less could I verify up to what point the existence of riches as indicated to me is not fabulous; for the rivulet, on the borders of which they are met with, flowed at a distance of 200 miles from where I was. The Goldians, however, gave me some further information, which, if it is correct, may tempt travellers to explore the region in question. If, as they have assured me, the Djujur flows from west to east, the distance may be reduced to sixty-three miles. As to myself, I was not going in pursuit of a new California; I disembarassed myself of the seductive vision. It was not time to give myself up to vain and empty dreams, when I was about to face the formidable rocky defiles of the King-Gan (*See* p. 257). These defiles, at the bottom of which flows the Amoor, extend over a district 150 versts in length, where all is snow and bad roads. To overcome these difficulties would tax all my courage, and all my patience.

We had nothing to guide us across the deep quagmires and bogs, save the uncertain tracks of sportsmen, which were most difficult to discern. The snow lay very deep, and we sank into it often up to the breast. The nights were especially frightful, and I made miserable dreams enough as, wide-awake, I listened to the howling of hungry wolves and the roaring of famished tigers in the distance, and the traces of wheels could be distinctly seen upon the snow, even by the uncertain light of the moon.

At last, on the 21st, that is to say, after four days' fatigue and suffering, we came to life again on descending into a plain, where I could find repose for a day. I had only lost one horse, and that from hunger rather than fatigue. As I continued my journey, in the different huts that I entered I could only find women and children, the men were gone out to hunt. In the hope of obtaining provisions, I passed over to the left bank of the river to where a Mantchu officer resided. He received us civilly enough, but had only a little barley to offer us, of which he indeed had not too much for his own consumption. Happily, I was enabled to drag my way along to a tent inhabited by some Managrians, who divided with me a wild goat, the relics of their provisions. This help enabled me to reach the Mantchu villages of the Chinese district of Sagalin-Ula-Khoton.

From the 25th to the 28th of January, I left the valley of the Amoor, to ascend that of the Buriya. I met, on my way, Da-urians and Salons, who were going towards the King-Gan with their horses laden with spirits, meal, and barley, products for which the Managrians exchange their furs. I passed three nights with the companions whom Providence had thrown in my way. They were free with their provisions, and, what touched the mind more closely, with their sympathies. At each hut they obliged me to take the place of honour at the bivouac fire, and as we smoked and drank tea, I repaid them their kindness by relating my travels. They showed me as much respect as if I had been one of their chiefs; and, on parting, they swore eternal friendship, a ceremony

which they accompanied by hearty shakes of the hand. The valley of the Buriya, or of the Niomanbira, as this river is designated on some maps, presents vast plains of virgin soil, which would most abundantly reward the labours of the cultivator, or the care of the husbandman. According to the statement of the natives, there are no countries on the left bank of the river that will bear comparison to this, or even to the higher parts of the valley, which are surrounded by mountains and forests, abounding in fur-bearing animals, of qualities as various as they are highly esteemed.

February 3rd.—A commissary had been sent out to meet me from Sagalin-Ula, and had been some time waiting at the first village. He told me that he had orders to accompany my lordship as far as to the river, and that he felt himself much honoured by the mission. The dispositions of the Mantchus towards us remained the same, but their tactics had very much changed. Not having been able to prevent our penetrating to the heart of their country, they seemed anxious that I should not carry away with me a bad opinion of their character. After a few hours' repose, they made me get into a sledge harnessed with oxen that conducted me at the solemn pace of a *roi fainéant*. My sledge presented a peculiarity of construction which I cannot pass over, the pole and the chariot were formed by the same piece of wood. I had thought that it was useless to have myself followed by my horses; but it was determined that I should enter the city in all due formality, and my horses were fastened by the bridles to one of the sledges of the escort. The commissary went in advance to prepare the relays. These halts soon multiplied themselves to an extent that became quite irksome; we stopped every five or six versts to change our oxen. I regretted my team of dogs, that were neither so ceremonious nor so slow. I endeavoured to find some distraction amid these wearisome proceedings by questioning the inhabitants upon their manners and the resources of the country. But as soon as I attempted to open conversation they assumed a mysterious look, glanced anxiously around; and, if they perceived the commissary, only answered by monosyllables, seeking to elude my questions; and if, in order to win their good feelings, I ventured to offer them some indemnification for their services, they repelled it with horror. It is true, however, that the moment the terrible functionary's back was turned, they hastened to open their hearts and hands alike. Finally, after a day which I thought would have no end, we arrived. I must remark, that during the latter part of my journey, the temperature had been bearable, the thermometer did not descend to ten degrees below zero. There was only a thin bed of snow on the road. I made my solemn entry into the city of Sagalin-Ula at five o'clock in the evening. The commissary conducted me into the presence of the amban, who, after having examined my papers and my passport, left me at liberty to continue my journey; but notwithstanding my urgent request and entreaties to that effect, he would not grant me permission to stay a single night in the town, and I was obliged to go and seek for hospitality in a neighbouring village.

February 10th.—Amba-Sahali, upon the right bank of the Amoor, is the last Mantchu village passed in ascending the river. The intendant of this Chinese station accompanied me as far as to the Russian post of Ust-Zeysk, where he deposited me in charge of the

them to the spot; and when they departed, they were looked upon as men doomed to a terrible death. In a few days they returned, having destroyed the illusions of the people, by proving—first, that no spirits were there; and, secondly, that there was no treasure to guard. The bright metallic veins seen in the rock, that had given rise to this terrible tradition—were arsenic!"

Cossack chief, I reposed myself here three days, waiting for the mail; and when it arrived, I followed it on horseback, escorted by four Cossacks.

The next day, as we were passing one of the islands of the Amoor, one of these men pushed up his horse to the side of mine, and pointing out the island with his finger, told me that it contained a rich coal-mine. A little further on I remarked a kind of square redoubt surrounded by a ditch; and as I got nearer, I discovered nearly a dozen similar fortifications. I am, as far as I know, the first traveller who has noticed these ruins. I am inclined to believe that they are the vestiges of a camp which the Chinese abandoned in 1688, after the capture of Albasin, and the conclusion of the treaty of Nertschinsk. As I pursued my way, I met at intervals parties of Managrian huntsmen. They do not seem even to suspect the future destiny of their country. One of them asked me, "Why do the Russians so often pass this way?" Political events, that will not be long abided, will charge themselves with the answer to this *naïve* question.

February 25th.—We had reached in four days the Russian station of Kamara, upon the left bank of the Amoor, where we changed horses. Kamara is a great commercial centre. The annual fair, which is held in the month of November, in a great plain, attracts every year 5,000 merchants. They are our neighbours—the Da-urians, the Salons, and the Managrians. By their frequent relations with the Cossacks, they have been led to adopt their manners, and live in good harmony with them. The Da-urians and the Salons bring corn to market, and the Managrians furs, skins, cattle and fish, glue, and isinglass.

I was anxious to arrive at the end of my journey, and during the next ten days that elapsed, in travelling from Kamara to Kutoman, I only stopped to take a few hours' repose. The country which I traversed has not left reminiscences worthy of being preserved, and the manners of the inhabitants presented nothing that was very attractive. They were either Russian manners, with which I was already familiar, or what I had witnessed in previous Mantchu villages; only, as I gradually advanced to the west, I remarked how remote the Russian stations on the Amoor are yet from one another. I am, more than any one, entitled to express my regrets, for the fatigue which I experienced makes me vividly hope that the Russian government will hasten to place the road from Nicolaïevsk to Irkutsk (that is the whole length of the Amoor) in such conditions of comfort and security as one has a right to expect along one of the great arteries of the empire. Such a result may be obtained in two years' time, if the works are pushed forward with the same activity as during last autumn.

These observations made, it only remains for me to bring the narrative of my journey to a conclusion, to state that, after having changed horses a second and last time, at Kutoman, I arrived in three days at Ust-Strelka. I had travelled 3,000 versts (about 2,000 English miles) in three months. If this time appears long compared with the space got over, I may remind the reader of the difficulties of the road, and the remoteness of the stations, the intemperance of the climate, the dearth of provisions and resources of all kinds, and the bad-will of the Mantchus.

The four years that have elapsed since the above account was written, have sufficed to carry out more

than the programme laid down by the hearty Mantchuhater, M. Pargachefski. The wave from the north has never ceased to mount and to extend itself. Russia has not only opened the navigation of the Amoor, but it has also incorporated the whole Island of Sagalin in its gigantic empire.

General Mouravioff, Governor-general of Eastern Siberia, having gone to Yeddo to ratify a treaty of commerce with a squadron, a man of the expedition was assassinated in one of the suburbs of that capital. The martial diplomatist, backed by six or seven ships of war, obtained as an indemnification the southern portion of Sagalin Island, of which it had already obtained the cession of the northern from the Chinese. It found here Gilyak tribes quite disposed, like those of the neighbouring continent, to accept the yoke. Further southwards it met with the Aynos, ancient aborigines of the great islands of Nippon and of Yesso, and whence they were expelled by the Japanese. The secular hatred which they entertain towards their masters of old, will make these tribes useful pioneers for the Russian advance-posts on the frontiers of Japan.

The possession of Sagalin Island, the most northerly, and the second in extent, of the Japanese archipelago, completes perfectly the hold upon the basin of the Amoor, overawes all Mantchuria by the valley of the Sungari, fixes the stations of the highway to Peking, and holds out a prospective and even proximate chance for the subjugation of Yesso and Nippon.

Already the coasts of the mainland are dotted with Russian colonies, enlivened by the presence of Muscovite fleets, and bristle with guns. In the Bay of Castries, the military and maritime establishment of Alexandrovsk commands one of the finest harbours in the world, and it communicates by two good roads, on one side with Nicolaïevsk, on the other with Lako Kizi. Further to the bottom of the bay is Port Imperial, and we have seen that M. Pargachefski points out how facile is the communication between that town and the great valley of Usuri, which again opens upon that of the Amoor. These are not like the countries of the Kalkas and the Mongolians of Central Asia,—mere lake and river pastoral districts amidst a vast extent of wilderness and desert; they are well-watered, rich, pastoral, and fertile lands, for the greater part well populated, and abounding in tribes, and an infinite variety of natural resources; at present in great part abandoned to the *ferè nature*.

The establishments already founded are being rapidly augmented by others which are intended to carry Russian civilisation as far as the forty-third degree of latitude, the parallel which marks in the present day the southern limit of the maritime possessions of the empire of the Czars, with or without the consent of China. Hundreds of officers attached to the imperial marine, to the artillery, and to the engineers, have been despatched to their distant stations. A power that nothing can stop or control incessantly pushes forward in the same direction thousands of colonists from the empires of Europe, and thousands of exiles drawn from the different provinces of Siberia. Six steamers built at Hamburgh, and destined to reinforce those already on the Amoor, are destined to convey machinery and implements to their diverse establishments. The town of Blagovschank has been founded in the immediate vicinity of the inhospitable Chinese city of Sagalin-ula, which, left without support in

this remote mountain valley, must inevitably perish without a hand being lifted in its favour. Thus are the predictions propagated for ages by the Mongols in the land of pastures verified. The descendants of Genghis Khan are coming back from the confines of the west to the cradle of their race; and they are coming back not only enriched by the pillage of conquered nations, but they are bringing back trophies more precious than the rarest spoil—arts, industry, and the arms of modern civilisation.

One word before terminating with this subject, as to the geography of our Muscovite informant, who, when speaking of Baikal, indulges in strange speculations regarding great lakes formed by tremendous rifts in the earth; of the Nile flowing into the Mediterranean from some greater inner water, which on the other side throws down an equal channel towards the Indian sea; and of Lake Baikal sending forth waters to the River Amoor (the connection being through a small river or tributary, the Selenga) on one side down to the Pacific and the Japan Islands, while on the other the Angara, passing into the Yenissei, proceeds by a course of nearly 2,500 miles northward to the Frozen Ocean.

Now with regard to African hydrography, the existence, not of a volcanic rift, but of a great central, elevated, and yet watery plateau, first proclaimed by Sir R. I. Murchison, and since corroborated by Livingstone, Speke, Burton, and others, has been justly designated one of the most remarkable discoveries of its kind of the day. Secondly, although Beke and Krapf mystified the public for a short time with a supposed two-fold course of the Godjeb or Uma, Beke himself corrected the error, but not in time to prevent its propagation; and although Ravenstein has in the map attached to Krapf's travels made the River Dana flow to the Indian Ocean from an insignificant lake at the foot of the snowy Kenia, while the Tumbiri or Tubiri flows from the other side to the White Nile, upon hearsay evidence, there is no reason to believe that any such communication exists—certainly not to the extent of an equal channel of water. Speke, Burton, and Livingstone's discoveries go to show quite a different order of things. And lastly, as to Lake Baikal having a flow in two directions; it is an error. There is no communication between the Selenga and the Amoor, and if there was, as the Selenga flows *into* Lake Baikal, it could not at the same time carry water back to the Amoor. What the writer probably had in his mind's eye was the possible opening of a navigable communication between the upper waters of the Selenga and those of the Amoor, by which a line of navigation of wondrous extent and immeasurable importance to the future would be obtained.

VII.—SIBERIA.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the grand question, whether barbarism or civilisation, Muhammadanism or Christianity, was to rule the destinies of Northern Asia, was decided by a homeless robber. The trade which the Russians had recently begun to conduct with Bokhara and Persia—a trade whose development they are even now slowly but studiously urging—was so frequently and extensively plundered by the Cossacks of the Don, that Ivan Basilevitch, after his conquest of Kuran and Astrakhan, determined to put down these brigand hordes, and despatched a numerous

force which defeated and dispersed the banditti. Among the fugitives was Yarmak Timovief, originally the leader of a numerous and well-organised band; with 6,000 followers he fled towards the North, and sought refuge on the banks of the Kama, where the family of Strogonoff had a factory for barter with the Siberians. Strogonoff, who owed Kutchum Khan, the Siberian chief, a grudge for several attacks on his infant settlements, willingly assisted Yarmak with arms and supplies, in the winter of 1577, for an incursion on the Siberian territory. Yarmak set out in the summer of 1578, but failed through ignorance of the country, and returned to his old quarters in the ensuing spring. In June, 1579, Yarmak started anew, with an army reduced to 5,000 men, but well victualled, and under Russian colours, blessed by the church, and decorated with the images of saints. It took him until the close of 1580 to reach Tehingi on the Turan, by which time, what with hard fighting, in repeated skirmishes with the Tartars, fatigue and sickness, his 5,000 had dwindled down to 1,500. Nevertheless, they boldly advanced against Kutchum Khan, and after a series of victories, came down upon an encampment of their great enemy, near the centre of his dominions, at the junction of the Irtisk and the Solol. Undismayed either by the loss of their comrades or by the array of the thousands that waited to receive them, the Cossacks began and ended this one contest more between Europe and Asia, with a spirit worthy of Marathon. After an obstinate struggle, the Tartars were routed with fearful carnage, while Kutchum Khan himself with difficulty escaped. From the field of victory Yarmak despatched part of his still more seriously diminished forces to storm, if necessary, the fortress of Sihir, the residence of the vanquished potentate; but Kutchum Khan had fled, and Yarmak was crowned sovereign of the Solol and the Irtisk. The Tartars flocked from all quarters to offer their adhesion and pay required tribute to the intrepid conqueror. Yarmak now sent off a faithful Cossack to Moscow, with a present of most valuable furs, and an offer of his conquests. The present of a kingdom was graciously received; his ambassador returned with money, arms, and an assurance of assistance, together with presents, including for Yarmak himself the higher honour of an old fur coat that the Emperor himself had worn.

Meanwhile Yarmak not only maintained his conquests, but even extended them: he not only baffled all Kutchum Khan's attempts to recover his crown, but even penetrated into the valley of the Oboe above its junction with the Irtisk. Some 500 Russians arrived to assist him, and he made excursions on all sides. In returning from one of these expeditions, he had encamped in the evening on a small island formed by the branches of the Irtisk. The night was dark and rainy, and the troops, who were fatigued with a long march, relied too implicitly for safety on the state of the weather and the strength of their position. Apprised by his scouts of the circumstances, Kutchum Khan silently forded the river with a chosen band, coming so unexpectedly on his sleeping victims as to preclude the use of their arms. The Russians, to the number of 300, were cut to pieces almost without resistance, and only one man escaped to carry the news of the catastrophe to the garrison of Sibiri. Even in this awful hour of confusion and slaughter Yarmak's intrepidity never forsook him. After many acts of heroism, he cut his way through the enemy to the



THE ARGALI (OVIS AMMON), OR WILD SHEEP OF SIBERIA.

water's edge, and he would most probably have escaped from Kutchum Khan and all his Tartars, if he had not, while attempting to get into a boat, fallen into the river and sunk instantly to the bottom, the weight of his armour preventing him from swimming. Thus perished, after seven years of constant warfare, this enterprising leader on the 6th of August, 1584. His corpse was exposed to every insult by order of Kutchum Khan. But the Khan's own followers showed indignation at such ungenerous ferocity, and reproached both their leader and themselves for having permitted indignity to the venerable remains of so great a hero. They consecrated Yarmak's memory, interred his body with all their superstitious rites, and offered sacrifices to his manes. In a word, they regarded Yarmak as a god, and invested his body, his clothes, his arms and his tomb, with miraculous powers and properties.

For a while the Russian Empire in Siberia was at an end, as the remains of his small band withdrew from Sibir. But the Court of Muscovy speedily availed

itself of the divisions amongst the Tartar people and nobles, the former of whom admired Yarmak and the conduct of the Russians, disliking Kutchum Khan for his intolerable zeal in propagating the Muhammedan faith, while the latter were desirous of preserving their relative independence. A body of 300 Russians accordingly penetrated to the Tara without opposition, built the Fort of Tara, and there waited for reinforcements. Tobolske and Tara were subjugated, and fortresses, according to the Russian (and Roman) system, established; to consolidate the conquest more towns were built, colonies planted, and settlements established in the most distant parts. Those tribes of Tartars who were not readily reducible to obedience were at once exterminated; and something like the same merciless cruelty which characterised the Spaniards in South America was practised in Siberia. Much more would have been done, and the Russians would, no doubt, have had possession of all Mongolia, had not the jealousy of the Chinese interfered. The two powers met on the



BAZAAR AND FAIR AT NERTCHINSK—RUSSIA IN ASIA.

banks of the Amoor, as we have before narrated. The contest was carried on from 1680 to 1689, when the Russians ceded a considerable territory and the navigation of the Amoor. The discovery of Kamschatka and its adjacent islands in the early part of the eighteenth century, as well as the proximity of continental America in the archipelago of islands between, made the value of this river more patent, and led to that ultimate recovery and addition to Russian rights on the Amoor which we have chronicled above.

Not only were the peasants of Siberia remarkable for their civility, but all grades of society are decidedly more intelligent than the corresponding classes in any other part of her empire, and perhaps in most parts of Europe. The system on which Siberia has been and continues to be colonised is admirable alike in theory and practice. The perpetrators of heinous crimes are sent to the mines; those who have been banished for minor delinquencies are settled in villages, or farms; and political offenders (except, indeed, in cases of conspiracy or treason) are generally established in little knots, communicating to all around them a degree of refinement unknown in other half-civilised countries.

In fact for the reforming of the criminal (we will say nothing of the dark reverse of the picture—the punishment of political offenders), in addition to the punishment of the crime, Siberia is undoubtedly the best penitentiary in the world. When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with a lot of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, and agricultural implements; and also, for the first year, with provisions.

For three years he pays no taxes whatever, and for the next ten only half of the full amount. To bring fear, as well as hope, to operate in his favour, he clearly understands, that his very first slip will send him from his house and his family, to toil, as an outcast, in the mines.

At present mines and washeries act very unfavourably on the settlement and cultivation of Siberia, by calling away the labourers from more steady occupation to the precarious pursuit of the precious metals. The province of Yenissei alone has yielded in one year 500 poods (9,000 lbs.) of gold. The most valuable washeries are those on Tanguska, which falls into the river that gives names to the district, a considerable way to the north of Krasnoyarsk. The richest washing tract in Eastern Siberia is said to be the triangle formed by the Angara to the east, the Yenissei to the west, and Chinese Tartary to the south. As an instance of the speculative nature of this occupation, one individual is mentioned who, living at Krasnoyarsk in Western Siberia, on the Yenissei, embarked in the business, and obtained no returns for three years, when, in one season, he was richly repaid for his outlay of a million and a half of roubles (about 4s. each) by one hundred and fifty poods of gold, worth 37,000 roubles, or rather more than five millions and a half in all.

The roads run for the most part through undulating plains, and the country, as you leave the more extensive northern regions, is well wooded and settled, the villages being numerous along the roads. In each town and village, by the by, along the great thoroughfares, there is an ostrog, or wooden fort, used for locking up the convicts while passing onward to their respective destinations. Each of these has a sentry at the door. The convicts travel in parties of two or three hundred each, very lightly chained together, with a military

escort; and in order still further to prevent escape, sentinels are stationed at every three or four miles on the road. Another object constantly before the traveller's eye is the great number of small carts on four wheels, each drawn by two horses, and loaded with twenty poods of tea, on its long and weary way from Kiachta into Russia, at a rate of £40 per ton for carriage to Moscow, or rather more than fourpence a pound, and almost equivalent, to the consumers, to the duty we pay ourselves, to whom the carriage by sea costs less than one halfpenny per pound.

Siberia, formerly denominated Great Tartary, is bounded by the Frozen Ocean on the north, by the Mongols and Western Tartars on the south, by the Pacific Ocean, China, and Chinese Tartary on the east, and on the west by Russia herself.

Of the advantages accruing to Russia from her possession of Siberia, the most obvious is the fur trade; in which, indeed, originated her primary footing in northern Asia. Anika Strogonoff, grandfather of Yarmak's ally, had established himself at Solvytshegodskaya, a town in the government of Voloyon, for the purpose of manufacturing salt. He soon found a more attractive trade in his intercourse with the inhabitants of the north-western parts of Siberia, receiving from them large quantities of the choicest furs in exchange for toys and other commodities of trifling value. It was in consequence of his success—a success rewarded by the gift of an immense tract of land on the Kama and Tchinsova—that John Basilovitz the Fourth, being the second czar of that name, sent across the Siberian Mountains an expedition, which resulted in imposing an annual tribute of a thousand sables on one of the neighbouring chiefs. In their new settlements the Strogonoffs prosecuted the fur trade more vigorously than ever; and it was in a great measure through the profits of this same business that Yarmak was provided with the means of more extended and permanent conquest. Glory, dominion, and desire of pushing eastward, have urged the Cossacks onward, step by step, beyond the remotest bounds of Asia; but “skins,” of some kind or other, have always been at once the badge of subjection and the guerdon of victory.

The fur trade still, in spite of iron mines and gold washeries, is the most valuable branch of Siberian and Russian commerce. Native fur, to the value of seven millions and a-half of roubles, are annually bartered at the fair of Kiachta, over and above all the skins that find their way to the westward as far as Nishni Novogorod¹ and Moscow. Furs are an object of pur-

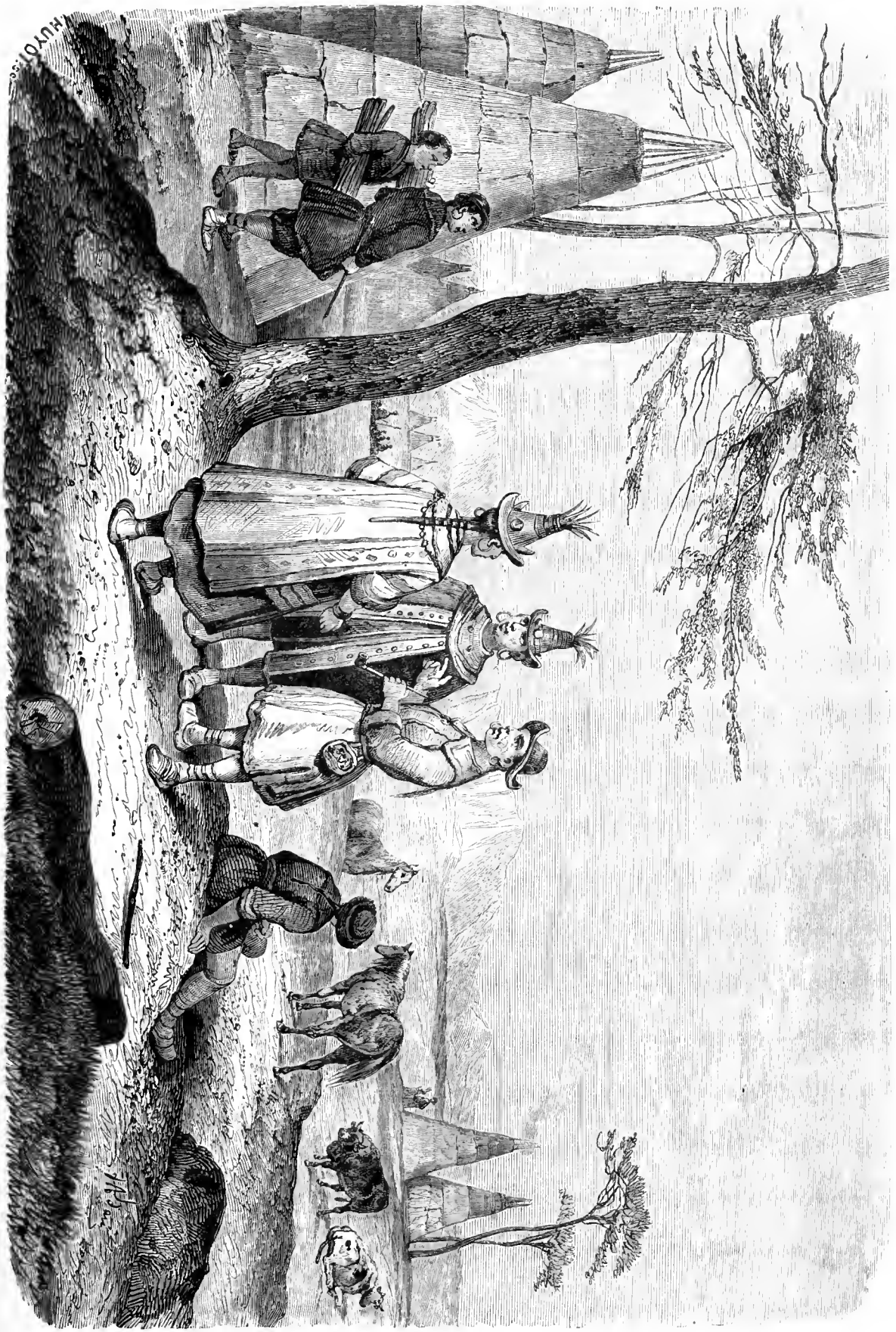
¹ Nishni Novogorod is an ancient and celebrated city, once the capital of a great Republic with 400,000 souls within its walls. Its resident population is now reduced to about 4,000, but it is still famous for the most important and extensive fair in the world. The proverb throughout Russia and Great Tartary was, at one time, “Who can resist God and the Great Novogorod!” Peter the Great ruined it by removing the capital from Moscow to the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Its numerous steeples, a portion of its celebrity, present a distinction of which its inhabitants are proud. The cross stands alone at the top, unaccompanied by the crescent; an emblem that the Tartars, in all incursions, never succeeded, so far as to enter the city. This distinction universally holds in Russia, the reconquered cities bearing the crescent, but surmounted by the cross. In the fair time two or three hundred thousand people from all parts of the Old Continent are said to congregate, bringing with them the wares of their respective countries. Here may be seen Bokharians, Greek, Chinese, Spaniards, Persians, Italians, Tartars, Jews, Germans, English, French, &c. &c. The trade is as various as the crowd is motley, consisting of the tens



TUNGUSE SORCERESS AND NATIVES.



MANTCHURIANS AND TUNGUSIANS OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL DISTRICT.



YAKUT COLONY OR VILLAGE.



suit throughout the whole country. In the official returns of the Chinese trade, there appear the squirrels of the Yenissei and the Obe, with the ermines of the River Irtysh and the Baratinsky steppe. The actual advantage derived by Russia from the fur trade of Siberia may be fairly estimated at a higher standard than that of mere roubles, on the one special ground, that the branch of commerce in question must have formed the main inducement for the Chinese to open an inland traffic with their neighbours.¹

The Chinese trade, independently of its direct benefits to individual merchants and manufacturers, gives to Russia a position and an influence in the commercial world which, without Siberia, she could never have acquired. It largely aids in peopling and civilising Siberia, which must earn at least 2,000,000 of the 3,200,000 roubles expended on the transport to and from Kiachta; and every place sends a contribution of manufactures to Maimatchin in Russian leather alone to the extent of 61,903 pieces, valued at 639,162 roubles.²

and silks of China, the furs of America and Siberia, the hardware of England, the shawls of Persia, the metallic treasures of the local mountains, leather, hides, tallow, bristles, cotton, tobacco, horses, cattle, an endless catalogue. The business lasts from the beginning of August to the middle of September; and the amount of transactions is estimated at nine or ten millions sterling. Players, and the whole race of show-men and show-women, reap a golden harvest at this time, while thousands, or, according to some estimates, tens of thousands of young ladies, whose faces are their fortunes, are present in due proportion of numbers, from most of the same regions as the dealers themselves, in the charitable hope of providing every man with a partner of congenial taste and language.

¹ The quantity of peltry thus sold may be judged from the following calculation as to the furs imported into Russia:—"Of sables, there were sold at Kiachta only 467; while at the same time there were 42,895 paws of the animal, the produce of at least 10,723; so that, even if not one whole sable went to the westward, there would still remain about twenty-two times as many skins for Russia as for China. But the Chinese share of the sables was nearly as inferior to the Russian in value as in number. The 467 which fell to the lot of the Celestials were estimated, with all the expenses of transport on their backs, at only 7,480 roubles, thus averaging something less than sixteen roubles a-piece; while even at Olekminsk the average price, as already mentioned, of the sables of the Olekama, taking two successive years together, was 2000 roubles for forty, or precisely fifty roubles a skin. Again, not a single marten was offered at Kiachta, while 14,794 paws proved that at least 3,698 skins of the animal must have been procured. Further, there were only 9,010 stoats, but 42,515 tails of the creature, leaving at least 33,505 skins for other destinations. Lastly, of foxes there were barely 200,000, with about 600,000 paws; so that at least 150,000 foxes must have been reserved for another market."

² Governor Simpson, in speaking of Tiumen on the road to Perm, gives us a curious insight into this trade. "Tiumen," says he, "is the grand depôt of all the goods that pass in either direction between Russia and China, being the point at which, on their eastern routes, whether by land or water, they may be said, according to circumstances, to separate or to meet. This thriving town carries on, also, a large trade with Bokhara and the Kirghis, chiefly in what is known as Russian leather, and, in addition to considerable quantities of this same staple manufacture, it sends a good deal of bristles and cotton across the Uralian Mountains into Russia, ultimately, perhaps, to find their way to England. It is, moreover, famous for its rugs and carpets, having sent such articles to Kiachta to the value of five thousand roubles. They are often made at home by the peasant girls, who hawk them through the town at so many roubles a length, measuring by the fair manufacturer herself, and as the women of the place and neighbourhood are justly celebrated for their beauty, this mode of taking each young lady's measure is, of course, a great recommendation of her wares. In short, Tiumen is the only place in Siberia, excepting perhaps what Tobolsk may have been in the days of its glory, that at all comes up to the English idea of a snug, pleasant, and prosperous town." Speaking of the peasants

The rivers of Siberia and its gold mines and washeries have of late years added extensively to the resources of Russia. Siberia is her Australia and California, and of equal importance, as tending to develop her manufacturing and agricultural industry, and provide her with a large market for the consumption of her home produce. One singular effect of a gold-producing country has shown itself necessary in a remarkable manner in Siberia. The gold-finders have become agriculturists and small manufacturers, and the Russian Government is already complaining and inquiring into the reason why the mines have not of late years produced equal amounts with those of the preceding years. Siberia not being a country to which people willingly emigrate—though they would do so were it better known—the working population does not increase proportionately with the facility for obtaining wealth, and the desire to enjoy it when obtained. Siberia has three capitals—Tobolsk, Irkutsk, and Yakutsk—the former of which has of late years in some degree been superseded by Omsk, the new metropolis of Western Siberia. It stands at the confluence of the Obe and the Irtysh, in the midst of a sandy plain, which presents no tree of a larger size than a dwarf willow. Over this barren flat, which extends on all sides as far as the eye can reach, the biting winds blow from every part of the compass without impediment, driving before them, in winter drifts of snow, and in summer clouds of dust. There is a garrison of 4,000 men; and it has been selected as the seat of the general government, chiefly with a view to the gradual subjugation of the Kirghis, who occupy a vast tract of country all the way from this to the Caspian Sea.³

in the vicinity, the same traveller says, "These were a well-grown race, a fact the more worthy of note, inasmuch as, according to our information, this has not been recorded in the most orthodox style. Instead of being suckled by their mother, the children of this neighbourhood were said to be fed with cow's milk from a small horn, having its top covered with a cow's teat; and very young infants would learn to hold the horn themselves, and guzzle in their cradles."

³ Not content with this, the Russian Government have lately pushed forward another settlement 600 miles from Omsk; this is Semipalatinski, or the Seven Palaces, so named from seven mounds said to be remains of ancient royal residences. Caravans are continually passing between Semipalatinski and the Chinese towns of Tashkend and Kashkar, as well as Bokhara, Khokan, Samarcand and Yarkand. Mr. Atkinson informs us that they take out printed Russian goods, copper, iron, and hardware, returning with tea, silks, and dried fruits, for the fair at Irbit. A large trade is also carried on with the Kirghis, supplying them with silk dresses, tea, raisins, and wooden bows from China; kalats (or gowns) of printed calico, from Khokan; Russian hardware, iron, copper, and leather. The exchange for these is black and gray fox-skins, black lamb-skins, horses, oxen, and sheep. The horses and oxen are driven into Eastern Siberia, to the different gold mines. One of these Tartar traders told Mr. Atkinson that he imported 50,000 horned cattle into Siberia annually, chiefly for consumption at the gold mines. He mentions, likewise, having frequently met the Kirghis with herds of from 3,000 to 4,000 oxen, 1,500 miles from their homes, and 500 from their destination. When the cattle are delivered at the mines, the men remain a few days, and then start on their return—a very long ride. Their journey homeward is by the post, as far as Semipalatinski, and then to their hovels on the steppe on horseback. The sheep are driven across the steppe to Petropaulovsk, on the frontiers of Siberia, and thence to Ekaterineburg, where they are killed, and their fat melted down into tallow. More than one million sheep are brought from the Kirghis steppe yearly, which are disposed of in this manner. The whole of the tallow was, till within the last five years, forwarded to Europe; now the bulk is converted into stearine, at the large works near Ekaterineburg. This establishment supplies all Siberia with candles, besides sending a great quantity into Russia.

Of Irkutsk we have already given a description, and of many parts of Eastern Siberia; we will proceed to Yakutsk, the capital of the more northerly division:—

VIII.—LIFE AMONG THE YAKUTS.

A CURIOUS work, published at St. Petersburg, presents, in the guise of a biography and an account of travels, a complete picture of the life of a young Russian, a native of Yakutsk. This, as he observes, is the only book ever written in the Yakutsk language. The title of the work is "Uvariskai Akhtyka," &c. (Revolutions of Ouvarovski). The writer was collector of taxes and duties for nine years, and was thus necessarily compelled to travel all over the country.

On the left bank of the great River Lena, about a hundred kies or kees (each kies is ten versts), near to the Frozen Sea, is the town of Jigansk or Shigansk or Oedjigaen, as we call it. Here resided my father, who was paid by the district, and here I was born. When Jigansk was struck out of the list of towns,¹ my father, perforce, went back to Yakutsk. I was then about four or five years old, and can only remember that my father's occupation compelled him to be absent from us, sometimes nine months at a time; and that, during his absence in these long and painful journeys, I used to sit at home and cry with my mother for company's sake. One morning, having woke up early, I was mortally frightened at the sight of a brigand, of a terribly fierce appearance, who was standing at the house-door, rifle in hand. I learned, to my great relief, that he was placed there on guard, to prevent our goods being pillaged by his brother bandits through mistake. He was one of a band of fifteen robbers, who had made their way from Okhotsk, where they had been condemned to the salt-works, and, having escaped, were on their way, if they could find it, back to Europe (a not uncommon thing with the exiles sent by Russia to Siberia), robbing and plundering whatever they could lay their hands upon. They had come down the River Aldan into the Lena, and had reached Jigansk in boats. Arriving at night, they had surprised the soldiers and the Cossack guard in their sleep, tied their hands and feet, and made them so intoxicated as to deprive them of all consciousness. Having locked the guards and jailers up in the town prison, they then divided into parties, and plundered the place systematically. In the morning, about milking-time (nine or ten o'clock), they reassembled in front of our house, after successfully carrying out their *coup de main*. These ferocious and terrible looking fellows had all lost their noses, and were scarred on the face (they had been branded as felons) and their black visages seemed still darker in the light of the brazier. However, on the arrival of my father and mother, they dropped their swaggering ways, and assumed a benevolent look, though still reeking with the blood of one of their victims. They thanked my parents with apparent fervour for having assisted poor wretches like themselves, on some former occasion. Nothing like this had ever been seen before in the Yakut country. The chief of these brigands, a

¹ Captain Cochrane mentions Zashivask, the first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, as a town containing seven houses, and seven inhabitants, viz., two clergymen (of different persuasions), a non-commissioned officer, and second in command, a postmaster, a merchant, and an old widow:—"I have, during my service in the navy, and at a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant-ship with sixteen guns and only fifteen men; but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants."

Georgian by birth, seemed not to be at all affected by what was going on. He was a fellow of large stature, and wore, in and about his girdle, a perfect armoury of pistols and daggers, which, with his silver-braided red-cloth pantaloons, gave him a magnificent appearance. I never saw such a head in my life, and shall never forget him, for he held me in his arms, and regaled me with all kinds of cakes, to keep me from crying. Thankful enough were my parents, assuredly, for being spared that plundering which ruined all around them. About mid-day, the robbers, after a sumptuous breakfast, took boat once more and re-embarked on the Lena, carrying off a wonderful wealth in booty. The other inhabitants had run away into the forest, and their tears and lamentations, when they came back and found their homes desolate, were pitiable exceedingly.²

² The escape of exiles is not an uncommon thing in Siberia, and sometimes occasions tremendous alarm through the circumjacent country. In "Atkinson's Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor," that gentleman relates an event which occurred in the Altai, during the month of September, 1850, and caused a great sensation throughout Western Siberia. A party of Cossacks thundered through the quiet streets of Barnaul, a little after midnight, and roused the chief of the miners with the information that Siberia was being invaded by three thousand Asiatics, who were marching on Barnaul, where 43,200 lbs. of gold and 28,000 lbs. of silver were known to be deposited. There came another despatch, increasing the number of invaders to seven thousand, and that they were led by an Englishman (Mr. Atkinson himself)—in fact, that the wild hordes of Asia had burst forth, headed by an English Genghis Khan. A third despatch raised the number of the enemy to ten thousand, and brought news of a Kalmuck massacre. Troops were assembled from all sides. Prince Gortschakoff travelled from Ornsk to Semipalatinsk (on the borders of the Kirghis steppes), six hundred miles in forty hours. The soldiers pushed forward, and everywhere met the inhabitants flying, until, at last, they came within earshot of more accurate intelligence, and it was ascertained that this alarming invasion had its source in a party of forty Circassian prisoners who had escaped from the gold mines on the Biroussa. These fugitive Circassians had no intention of invading the Russian dominions, their object being to escape from the great Siberian prison to their far distant homes. They were prisoners of war, and had been sent to work in the mines of Siberia, which was considered an act of great cruelty. Surely, soldiers who had bravely defended their homes deserved a better fate than to be mixed with Russian convicts, many of whom were convicts of the worst class. These brave fellows had been employed at the gold washings on the Biroussa, a river which forms the boundary between the governments of Irkutsk and Yenissei. From this place they determined to escape; and, after many difficulties, made the attempt. By the aid of small quantities of gold, which they managed to secrete during their labours, they procured a rifle and ammunition for each man from the Tartars, who concealed them in a cavern in the mountains, about seven miles from the mines. The most essential requisites for their future success had now been obtained, but at a cost of ten times their value. There was no fear of the Tartars betraying them, as their own safety depended on their secrecy, and a terrible punishment awaited them if detected with gold in their possession. On a Saturday afternoon, in the latter end of June, 1850, when the labours of the day were ended, the Circassians quietly left the mines in small parties, going in different directions. This was done without exciting any suspicion, and they met in the evening at a rendezvous, a ravine in the mountain, about six miles from the mines, in a southerly direction. A stud of spare horses were kept at pastures in the forest several miles from their place of meeting, and at about seven from the mines. A large party of Circassians proceeded towards this place, and arrived near it just at dusk, and three were sent on in advance, carrying their rifles, as if returning from the hunt. The horse-keepers were driving the animals into an inclosure to secure them for the night. When this was accomplished, they discovered three rifles pointed at them, and were told they would be shot if they attempted to escape. A shrill whistle called up the other exiles, who instantly secured the three men; the best horses were at once selected out of a stud of between three and four hundred, and as two of their attendants were great hunters, and well acquainted

In the spring of the same year these brigands were captured about seventy kias from Jigansk by soldiers despatched from Yakutsk. But a very small part of the booty was recovered, the rest had been consumed or squandered in one way or another.

with the mountain regions around, the Circassians carried them all away to act as guides to the Chinese frontier, and to prevent the discovery of their means of flight till they had got a good start: moreover, they turned the remainder of the stud out of the inclosed ground, and drove them into the forest, to make it appear that they had broken loose, and that the absent men were searching for them. They departed, carrying off fifty fine horses. No time was lost in reaching their friends in the glen, who received them with shouts of joy. An hour before midnight, when the moon rose to light them on their way, they commenced their flight.

The hunters led them southward, through rugged passes and over several ridges, without once stopping, till they reached, a little before sunrise, a high summit, whence they could look down upon the gold mine, and distinguish the smoke curling up from the fires that are constantly kept burning to drive away those pests, the mosquitoes. Having taken a last look of the place of their exile, they hastened onward into a grassy valley, where they fed their horses, and breakfasted. After a rest they pushed on again. They presently came upon a mountain torrent, over which they crossed with great difficulty. Their march was continued till near night-fall, when they encamped in perfect security, still keeping strict guard over their guides. On the evening of the fourth day they ascended the last summit of the Saian, crossed the crest of the chain, and descended into a narrow valley, where they encamped for the night. They had now passed the Chinese frontier, and the guides knew nothing of the region beyond this point; they were, therefore, set free, and their rifles handed to them. A goodly supply of venison had been obtained on the march, and this evening was passed in feasting and enjoyment. At daybreak they separated, the Siberians to return to their homes; the Circassians were left to their own resources in a wild region abounding in deep and rapid torrents, that forced them to seek a route near the head waters of many large streams which fall into the Yenissei. This led them in a south-westerly direction, and after a ride of four days, they reached that river, in its basin between the Saian and Tangnou Mountains. Here it is broad, deep, and rapid, rendering it dangerous to swim, while to follow the stream up towards its source would take them too far to the eastward, and might place them in a dangerous position if pursued. A little below them the rapids commence, and extend several miles to the end of a gorge, rent in the mountain, in which are the great falls. At this place a body of water, 250 yards in breadth, rolls over a succession of cascades, 2,800 feet in height. These are contained in a space of about a mile, and the thundering of the water is echoed far over the mountains. Under these circumstances, the fugitives were obliged to swim the river without delay, which was not accomplished without danger, as they were carried far down the stream. They now entered into almost rugged region, with no guide but the setting sun, and they watched it descend daily over the land of their birth, towards which they constantly directed their course. This was their first error—their route ought to have gone southerly to the Tangnou chain. After many days of severe toil, they reached the River Aninij, which rolls over its rocky bed in an immense torrent. This they could not cross, and they were compelled to turn towards its source, which brought them where nature wears her most savage aspect, into a group of mountains extending over a vast space, that reaches up to the shores of the Altin-Kool or Altin Kul "Gold Lake," to the Tehonishman, and to the high plateau of the Tehouia, the most elevated steppe in the Altai. This region is a chaos of rocks, high precipices, deep ravines, and roaring torrents, often forming impassable barriers. More than three weeks were passed by the exiles in these labyrinths of rock, wood, and water; while many vain efforts were made to cross the Abakan. The numerous ravines through which the mountain torrents find their way into this river, and the high precipices rising along its course, eventually forced the wanderers to the south-west. In a few days they reached the region of eternal snow, and succeeded in crossing the Abakan far up towards its source. Another difficulty now beset them—winter had already commenced in the higher regions to the south; which, with the rugged nature of the country, turned them to the northward—a most dangerous course. Had the unfortunate warriors known but a little of the geography of these regions, they would have continued their route to the south, and

To the mere spectator, not otherwise interested, the environs of Jigansk were totally wanting in beauty or variety. There was nothing everywhere but a wide flat country, shut in between low hills and thick scrubby wood, into which a dog would find some trouble in

crossed the Tangnou Mountains; but their immense snowy peaks no doubt alarmed them, while the lower ranges to the west seemed to invite them towards Circassia. After passing the Tangnou, and reaching the country of the Kalkas, all danger from Siberia would have been at an end, and a ride of twenty-five days to the westward would have brought them to the Kirghia tribes, among whom they would have found a language they understood and a religion like their own, and have met with friends to aid them in their long ride over the vast Asiatic plains, in the direction of their homes. Instead of this they entered into a region, the physical nature of which gradually forced them to the north-west, and at length they struck upon the eastern shores of the Altin-Kool. Here their last chance of success presented itself. A malignant fate, however, seems to have pursued them. This large lake, with its rock-bound shores, stopped their progress westward; still a route was open for them toward the Tehouia, whence a ride of fifteen days would have taken them across the Kourtehume, and into a place of security. But here again, a singular fatality turned them towards the north. They came upon that part of the lake which extends in a north-easterly direction, for about fifteen miles, to where the Kamga falls into it. After considerable difficulties they succeeded in reaching the river, and rode along its bank for many miles before finding a ford. Leaving the Kamga, they crossed a high ridge, and struck upon a Kalmuck trail, which they followed. This led them along the mountains which skirt the northern shores of the lake, till they reached the Bëa, the only outlet of the Altin-Kool. Immediately on issuing from the lake the river enters a rocky gorge, in which it runs for about thirty miles. Throughout this distance it is a succession of rapids and falls, over which neither man nor animal can pass. More than two months had now elapsed since the poor fellows had left the Birioussa, and they were still in their Siberian prison. During this period they had suffered both from hunger and fatigue, although game was abundant in many of the regions through which they passed. When hunting is the only source of a man's subsistence, the supply often proves precarious, as all will find who try. Following the mountains along the eastern bank of the Bëa, they reached a part of the country, thinly inhabited by Kalmucks, living under Russian sway. At length they arrived at a Kalmuck a-ul, and got into difficulties with the people, but whether the Kalmucks attempted to stop them, or threatened to call in the aid of the Cossacks to take them prisoners, it is impossible to say. The dispute unfortunately ended in a battle, when several Kalmucks were killed, and their a-ul burned. Those who escaped conveyed the terrible news to other tribes, and all became alarmed. Some retreated into the forests with their families and cattle, while others carried the alarm to the Cossack fort, at Sandyp. The officer in command was drunk when the news arrived; hence those exaggerated dispatches which followed each other in rapid succession. The Circassians committed a fatal error by engaging in conflict with the people, as the alarm spread rapidly in every direction, and left no chance for their escape. Continuing their course to the northward, they passed beyond the rapids, and succeeded in swimming their horses over the Bëa. From this point they turned to the south, which led them into the mountains between Bëa and Katounia. The river in the mountains is one succession of rapids, so that there are few places where it can be crossed, even in canoes; it is impossible to swim the torrent. The higher mountains to the south being deep in snow, placed the fugitives in a trap. When their real number was discovered, the illusion respecting their force was destroyed, and the Kalmucks prepared with a savage determination to avenge the blood that had been shed. A body of men were soon collected; they were staunch as bloodhounds, and had been seldom foiled in running down their prey. Scouts, sent forward to follow the trail, were followed by Siberian hunters who knew every mountain pass and torrent. Mounted on good, fresh horses, they rapidly closed upon the fugitives; and, on the evening of the third day of their pursuit, encamped within three miles of them. The Circassians were on their march, with the first gleam of dawn, towards the upper end of the narrow valley, which led them into a pass. They observed that their enemies were proceeding in two divisions—one riding up the ridge a little to the westward, and the other on their track. This caused them to

thrusting his nose. You could not advance ten steps in this wood without sinking up to your knees in a shifting and miry bog. The winter lasted for eight months, for which period warm clothes were indispensable; two months for spring and two for autumn, leaves but a poor pittance for a doleful summer. The snow rises as high as the houses, the wind blows strong enough to knock you off your legs, the frost cuts short your breathing, and for two whole months the sun is hid from your sight. To tell the truth, were the choice allowed, no one would have selected Jigansk as his birth-place. The inhabitants of this happy town are Tungusians, and muster about 400 or 500 men. They live by the chase, and course over a sea of ice two hundred myriometres in circumference. They

hurry onward, fearing to be caught in the pass. As they were on a good track their horses were not spared, and, in little more than an hour, they reached another valley, which extended for many miles to the east and west. The object of that division of their pursuers, who were crossing the ridge, was now visible; it was to prevent their escape to the westward. The prisoners continued their ride to the eastward, and found, after going a few miles, that they were in a succession of small valleys that led them up between the mountains in the snowy region. Before turning a jutting point, they ascertained that the Kalmuks were now following on their track, at about three miles distant, without apparently making any attempt to approach nearer. It was not till long past mid-day that they were observed to be rapidly gaining upon them. Pushing on their tired steeds availed nothing, as each few minutes brought their enemies in closer proximity. Presently, a spent ball struck one of their horses, which showed the hunters were trying the range of their rifles, and that they intended mischief. At length, the hungry and way-worn warriors were driven into a mountain pass, and rifle balls began to drop fast around them. Having reached a narrow part of the gorge where it was strewn with fallen rocks, they made a stand, and returned the fire with effect, for several saddles became vacant. In a few moments they received a heavy volley, when some of the exiles were wounded, notwithstanding their shelter, and several horses were killed. They now stood at bay, determined never to yield. Their pursuers outnumbered them five to one, and knew every crag and turning in the ravines, which enabled them to take shelter where no bullet could touch them, whence they could pick off their opponents, and force the survivors to retire from every position they sought. Each new post was held with undaunted courage, till diminished numbers compelled the Circassians again to retreat; every call to surrender being answered with a shout of defiance. While the work of slaughter was going on, night shrouded the combatants, and under cover of the darkness fifteen of these brave men escaped on foot, ascending further into the mountains, and leaving their horses to their merciless enemies. Though their position had become desperate, they scrambled on, hoping to find shelter from the cutting blast. At length, they reached some deep recesses in the rocks, where they decided to pass the night; they, however, dared not light a fire, as that would guide the Kalmuks to their retreat. The night passed without their being discovered. With the first gray dawn of morn they commenced their weary march, and scaled the rocky heights before them, whence they had a view of the vast snow-clad peaks above, which stopped all farther progress in that direction. Dark clouds were gathering around these rugged crests, betokening an approaching storm, an evil omen for the exiles. After carefully scanning the country in search of their pursuers, not one of which was visible, they turned to the west, skirting along the base of one of the giants of the chain towards a forest of cedars which covered a low rocky ridge.

The hunters had not been idle; long before daylight appeared, two parties had been sent forward to form ambushes where it was expected the Circassians would be obliged to pass, while the main body remained behind to clear the ravine. Being convinced that the forest would afford them the only means of escape, the fugitives pushed on in that direction. They had reached within two hundred yards of the wood, when a puff of white smoke appeared in a thicket, sending a leaden messenger that proved fatal to one of their comrades. They now made an attempt to reach the shelter of some rocks, but before they had proceeded twenty paces, five others had fallen. A savage shout to surrender greeted

collect the bones of wild beasts, the mammoth bones, and kill the rein-deer, the elk, the sable, the marten, the red fox, squirrels, ermines, and black and white bears.

Yet, whatever a country may be, it is rarely without something agreeable. If, during their two months of the summer, the inhabitants of Jigansk see the sun always in the horizon, and those who are "not to the matter born," have some difficulty in deciding when it is bed-time, the waters in the environs of Jigansk, are unrivalled for the abundance and quality of their fish. Here are caught the salmo-nelma, the ablette, the sturgeon, sterlets, char, the omal and the salmo-lavoretus.

Most of this excellent fish is thrown away, for two reasons: first, because there is no salt to be had to preserve them; and next, because it is the custom. The Tunguse dig a deep trench near their fishing

their ears from a large party in their rear, that were fast closing in upon them. Their last few shots were spent on the advancing body, and not without effect; then they made a rush to reach the forest; but only four were destined to gain its cover, and some of these were wounded. The thick underwood screened the poor fellows from the volley which whistled after them, and stopped the firing, as they were soon lost in the dense and tangled branches. The clouds, which had become blacker, began pouring down rain and sleet, accompanied by a fierce gale, which brought their enemies to a stand, and caused them to prepare an encampment under the cedars. Two small parties were sent on in pursuit, but these were shortly compelled to return without having discovered the retreat of the remnant of the gallant band. The storm had now become a hurricane, driving the snow into the balagans and whirling it into eddies, which made it difficult to see objects at a few yards distance. This continued for three days without intermission, and then the mountains were covered deep in snow, which deterred the hunters from making any further attempt to find the fugitives. The winter had also set in with a piercing frost, and this no doubt soon accomplished that which the rifles of the Kalmuks had spared. The four Circassians were never seen again, nor any trace of them found.

One of the three great advantages which Russia derives from Siberia is the trade in ivory. Though in mere amount this branch is of comparatively little value, yet it is well worthy of honourable mention, as having, in a high degree, promoted the progress of geographical discovery. It was in the eager pursuit of the bones of the mammoth, that most of the northern islands were visited and explored; islands which, when taken in connection with their mysterious treasures, invest the Asiatic coast of the Arctic Ocean with an interest unknown to the corresponding shores of America. Moreover, as more skill and judgment, and perhaps also ampler means, are required for disinterring or selecting tusks than for hunting or purchasing skins, a superior class of men have generally devoted themselves to the former occupation; and perhaps the most interesting feature in Baron Wrangel's interesting book consists of the occasional glimpses of the proceedings and disposition of a collector of ivory of the name of Bereshnoi. The ivory fetches from forty to seventy roubles a peed, or from one shilling to one shilling and nine-pence a pound, according to its state of preservation. The tusks appear to be fresher as we advance to the northward—a circumstance which seems to corroborate the notion that the climate has had something to do with their continued existence in an organic form. It appears to be somewhat more than a curious coincidence, that the bones of the smaller class, such as those of the horse, the buffalo, the ox, and the sheep, have been discovered only in the remotest north. Providence had thus seen fit, in some distant age, to deposit in the very coldest region on the face of the globe, an inexhaustible supply of an organic substance, which all previous experience would have expected to discover only in tropical climes. The bones of the mammoth are found in the greatest abundance throughout all the north-western parts of Eastern Siberia. Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers, crumbling under the thaw, give up, as it were, their dead; and beyond the very verge of the inhabited world, the islands lying opposite to the mouth of the Yarra, and, as there is reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, literally teem with these mysterious memorials of antiquity. How did these bones come there?

stations, and, after gutting and splitting their fish, bury them there, and cover them over. When they have wasted sufficiently, and become almost a jelly, they are in the dainty condition in which the Tunguse most relish them.¹ When I was a child I used to eat them in this state; when at home, and abroad, I am not by any means unwilling to eat them so again, whenever the opportunity offers itself.

About forty years ago, there was living at Jigansk a Russian woman, by name Agrippina (*Ogro-pon*); in Yakut, *Nutch*; this woman my grandmother knew by sight. She passed for a sorceress, and happy were those thought towards whom she entertained a kindly feeling, while, on the contrary, those whom she disliked were everywhere set down as most unlucky persons. Her words were watched for and respected as oracles from Heaven. Having thus acquired influence and confidence, she built herself a hut about twenty miles from Jigansk, and whither she retired in her old age. No one passed her door without asking her blessing and making her a present; woe to the unfortunate wight who failed in this duty. She changed herself into a black crow, raised violent whirlwinds all about her, caused him to fall with all his pack into the river, and deprived him of his senses. Even now, when she has long been dead, travellers still hang up their presents where she lived.² Her name is still known, not only among the inhabitants of Jigansk, but by all the Yakutsk. When a young girl is afflicted with madness,³ they say that she has been

struck by Agrippina of Jigansk. Martin says that this famous sorceress attained the age of eighty years, that she was stout and lively, but not tall; her face was marked with the small pox, her eyes as bright as the morning stars, and that her voice had a clear, loud sound, like that of ice when struck. The remembrance of Agrippina the sorceress is still fresh in the northern regions of Siberia.

I was yet a child when our family left Jigansk, to establish themselves at Yakutsk. I took with me, according to custom, some of the earth of my birth-place, so that I might put it into water, and drink it when I felt homesick; but I found little need for it. I have never seen the place since, and, Heaven knows, I have never regretted it.

At two koes and a half to the north of Yakutsk, is a country called Killan (or Kalyna), where my father and my mother had built a house. I found the country here differing very much from what I had been previously accustomed to. A large surface of flat country covered with green verdure, ever in motion with the air, and smooth as the surface of a lake, spotted with innumerable flowers to the semblance of a carpet, yellow and green, with clumps of larches and birch arranged about it, as if by the hand of some skillful

¹ Captain Cochrane mentions the eating fish raw as a Tungusian dainty. "I remained three days, living in luxury, at Luskvert. Hares, wolves, bears, wild rein-deer, and elks, which abound here, were my ordinary food; foxes, which are also in great plenty, are eaten here. Bear and wolf meat I found good when very hungry; rein-deer is a delicate diet; but elk, I think, surpasses everything I have tasted, having all the nutriment of beef, with the delicate flavour of the rein-deer. The inhabitants hospitably supplied me with plenty of fish, here eaten in a raw state, which, to this hour, I remember as the greatest delicacy I have ever tasted. Spite of our prejudices, there is nothing compared to the melting of raw fish in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly, is nothing to it; nor is it a small quantity that may be eaten of this precious commodity. I myself have finished a whole fish, which, in its frozen state, might have weighed two or three pounds, and with black biscuit and a glass of rye-brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal. It is cut up or shaved into slices with a sharp knife from head to tail, and hence derives the name of stroganinak; to complete the luxury, only salt and pepper were wanting." The eating of raw fish is considered on the Siberian coast a remedy against scurvy, a disease to which, from the absence of fresh vegetable diet, the natives are liable in the winter. The disease abates in the summer with the arrival of fresh fish.

² "If there is anything in earth or air more formidable to these poor fellows (the Yakuts)," says Governor Simpson, "it is the Spirit of the Forest, a person invested, in their imagination, with almost unlimited power, whether for good or evil. In the branches of the trees along the road (from Irkutsk to Yakutsk), were suspended numberless offerings of horse-hair; the gift being probably selected as an emblem of what the giver valued most; the extemporaneous songs seemed to be dictated by the hope of conciliating the great unknown; and, at supper, the first spoonful was invariably thrown into the fire to produce a sound sleep for the genius of the place. As every locality has its own elf, the Yakuti, when on a journey, have no respite, soothing one object of terror after another, and only multiplying their tormentors as they increase their speed."

³ Imerachism and Diable-au-corps, are two remarkable diseases in some parts of Siberia, especially the town and district of Kalyna. The latter is a most extraordinary one, and consists in an idea that the body of the patient is possessed with one or more devils; it is attended with incessant hiccoughs. The parties afflicted with it are generally most delicate and interesting in their appearance, and it is seldom indeed that any individual is cured. In females it

prevails to such an extent as utterly to prevent pregnancy. They persist in the belief that a devil is in the body of the afflicted, and that until he be removed the person will never regain health. The complaint, whatever it may be, the natives consider an inheritance from their fathers. Of course there is extensive employment for shamans or sorcerers in respect to it, and they use all kinds of ceremonies, noises, and dances in driving the supposed demons (See p. 320). Imerachism, to which not only the people of the Kalyna, but those of more northern countries, are subject, is equally unaccountable; instead of exciting serious fits, like the last-mentioned disorder, it carries with it an air of merriment, as it by no means affects the health of the person, though it subjects him to the most violent paroxysms of rage, fear, and mortification. Whatever is said or done in the presence of an imerach will be repeated by him at the moment, however indecorous or improper the act may be. "I have seen," says Captain Cochrane, "the dog-master of Baron Wrangel's expedition commit acts sufficient to frighten the person in company with him. While in an adjoining room conversing on points of duty, a slight knock at the bulk head was sufficient to set him a pommelling the person with him, merely from a principle of self-defence. Two old ladies in Kamschatka were sitting at tea opposite each other, both afflicted with imerachism, when a relative in a gentle manner put his hands behind their backs, propelling the old ladies towards each other, upon which they instantly threw their tea cups and saucers at each other, while the really offending party stood enjoying the mischief. There can be no doubt that the complaint is rendered worse by the constant annoyance and irritation to which they are subjected for the amusement of others."

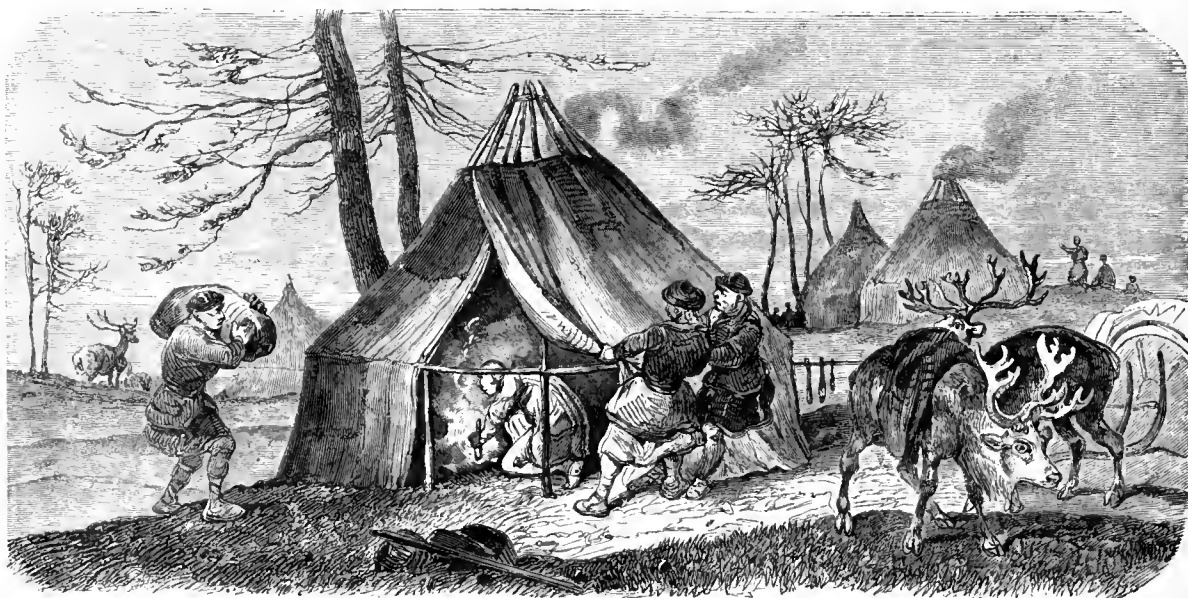
The dog-master of Baron Wrangel's expedition, above mentioned as an imerach, met with a strange and ludicrous adventure while on the Frozen Ocean. His dogs and sledge were the foremost, when one forenoon they encountered a large white bear; the dogs immediately started off to hunt the animal. The driver stedfastly kept his place, prudently remaining by those who only could assist him. In the eagerness of the dogs, sharpened probably by hunger, they became entangled with one another, and were almost rendered useless. The driver, seeing the state to which he was reduced, resolved to attack the bear with his artole (a stout ironed stick with small bells, which serves to stop his sledge), and accordingly presented himself to the enraged bear, who immediately raised himself upon his hind legs and began to cry and roar most bitterly; the inexorable dog-master instantly followed the example. The bear then began to dance, and the driver did the same, till at length the other sledges coming up, the bear received a blow upon the nose and was secured. It appears that the nose is the only part vulnerable without fire arms, and even then, they can be so secured only on being shot through the head. The white bears are, however, by no means a dangerous animal, avoiding the chase as much as they are avoided.

artist, such was the scene that first struck my eyes. In the midst of this vast prairie crept, in glittering, serpent folds, the clear waters of a rapid river, which flowed over pure sands, between dark and rugged banks. On the opposite bank was growing a plentiful crop of hay, through which a hundred scythemen, their blades flashing in the sunlight, were clearing a broad path. In this plain a great number of horned cattle and horses were pasturing, cropping their food in security and wandering at their will. At short intervals of distance were assembled, in groups of five or six, the dwellings of the Yakuts, covered with beaten earth, or their yurts for spring-dwelling, conical and white, as if painted (*See p. 305*); the windows, either of glass or transparent stone, glitter like precious stones. At the end of the landscape rose up, as if it were some gentle hill, our white mansion, built on a slight eminence. The beauty of this scene, united to its vast-

ness, delighted my young mind, that had never yet seen anything resembling it. I imagined the country I saw to be limitless, and felt a delight not to be expressed in words.

The writer here mentions the sudden death of his father, his mother's sorrow at her bereavement, and how dull he found their residence at Killæn, where the extreme rigor of the cold hindered them from going forth into the desolate country, and kept them five months within doors.

Here I became acquainted, he says, with a great number of the Yakuts, and learnt their language and became familiar with their manner of living and thinking. I listened with pleasure to their stories, their songs, their old traditions, and was fond of taking part in their solemnities, their festivals, and the games which they celebrated in spring. Thus I won the affections not of the Yakut men only, but of their



TUNGUSE ENCAMPMENT.

wives also, and of their children, and I was admitted everywhere, and could see the interior of any family I desired.

Nor were amusements wanting. In spring the lakes of the country are filled with different kinds of ducks; and the woods with hares, capercaillie, black cock, and partridges. In spring-time, after the ice has broken, and in autumn, when the new covies are just on the wing, and about to start for a warmer climate, it is difficult to sleep for the noise of geese, ducks, swans, cranes, storks, and a host of small birds. During many years I carried on war against wild beasts, and few men have slain more of them than myself. The love of the chase made me careless of distance, nor did I hesitate at passing three whole days without sleep, totally unconscious of fatigue. In autumn I would lay myself down on a bank, without any other pillow than the trunk of a tree, without fur, coat, or blanket, to keep out the snow and rain. When I was out fishing, I tramped about all night in the cool stream, where the nets were laid, and the habit of endurance I thus contracted in

my childhood proved of the greatest advantage to me in later life.

As we were compelled to live at Yakutsk,¹ my mother caused to be transported to that town all the

¹ Yakutsk is the capital of the district of the same name. The revenue of this district does not equal the expenses, and accrues from a tribute of skins and licences to sell spirits. The Yakutsk population numbers about a quarter of a million. The Cossacks and the Russian Chinese do not exceed 7,000. The Russians live chiefly in their a-uls, or small towns and villages along the roads and rivers. The natives wander where there is pasture for their herds. The town of Yakutsk contains seven churches and 400 wooden houses of one story, laid out in spacious streets and wide squares, one of which is a bazaar, where all the shops, according to the custom of the country, are congregated. There is a monastery, a hospital, a church, and a fort. The city stands on a bleak plain, on the river bank, which is ten miles and a-half broad in winter and four in summer, one of the finest streams in the world, running down 4,000 miles from its source, near Irkutsk, to the Frozen Sea. The climate and the soil are equally unpromising. During the whole year the cellars are said to be in a frozen state, and the wells to send up newly-formed ice; for the heat of summer, excessive as it is, never lasts long enough to dissipate the effects of winter to a depth of more than two or three feet. Some years ago an experiment was made, under the direction of Baron Wrangel, by the

different compartments of our house, and had it reconstructed. I was now placed in a government office as copyist to the Superior Tribunal of Yakutsk. Our chief was a man of low birth, and a poor writer, but gave himself airs, and passed as a man of consequence. He kept all hands at work, copying from morn till night, seventeen hours a day, on salaries of two copper

roubles, or about 4s. per month. After working thus for two years I became head of my room, and in three or four more years had the direction of seven rooms. A little time after I was appointed private chancellor to the governor, with ten clerks under me to assist in the performance of my onerous duties. But as one-half of these fellows were drunkards, and the



YAKUT WOMAN.

rest mere boys whom I had to instruct, the whole weight of the office rested on my shoulders. The

death of both my mother and my master, about this time, made me resolve to quit Yakutsk, which no

agent of the Russia-American Company, in order to ascertain the depth to which the ground is frozen. A well was dug to the depth of 380 feet, and still the earth was found to be as hard as iron. With such a climate and such a soil agriculture is out of the question; but flour is brought down from Irkutsk and the Upper Lena, and sold at about a halfpenny a pound. But Irkutsk lies in the direct road between the Yenisei and the Sea of Okhotsk,

and is the connecting link between the Jarra and other rivers of the first class on the west and the Lena and other secondary streams on the east.

By means of Okhotsk it was brought into contact with the Kamsehatka, the Aleutian Islands, and the north-west coast; and by crossing the subordinate tributaries of the Arctic Ocean, it met the furry spoils of the New World, from the further side of

longer possessed attractions for me, especially as I found its revenues decreasing every day, from the incapacity of those in office.¹

I sold my home and property, payed my debts, and went to Irkutsk (in Yakut, Arkuskai), where I entered the Government office, at a salary of eighty roubles a month. Here I remained a year and a-half, and was just about to leave for Russia, when a new Governor of Yakutsk arrived, and learning my familiarity with the language and manners of the native population, proposed my accompanying him. As he was a man of talent, I willingly consented, more with the hope of being of service to the Yakuts than for my own aggrandisement, for well I knew that my new office would give me more trouble than profit, and the end showed I was fully justified in this idea.

Behring's Straits, at the fair of Ostrovnoye. All the churches at Yakutsk are built of wood with foundations of stone, but are very substantial, and have a respectable appearance. The walls are constructed of round logs, the lower side of each being scooped out so as to receive the upper side of the one below it; they are then well-caulked outside with hemp or rushes, and inside with moss; and, lastly, they are wainscoted, puttied, and painted: when heated by Russian stoves, they are, to a stranger, oppressively warm, even in the most intense cold day. These wooden buildings are remarkably durable, more so, perhaps, than the bricks, which are gradually coming into fashion, are likely to be. There is a great fair once a-year, but Yakutsk, throughout the year, is the home of pellars or travelling traders. Tobacco, tea, sugar, spirits, nankeen, cottons, kettles, knives and the like, constitute their cargoes, for which they receive the skins of bears, wolves, sables, river-otters, martens, foxes, and ermines, at very unfair prices, although at Yakutsk itself, the real value and market-price of skins is well known. Bear-skins, 20s. to 25s.; sables from 30s. to 150s.; a sea-otter from £10 to £30; river ditto, 30s. to 40s.; a black fox from £25 to £35; fiery red, 15s.; the white or Arctic fox, 5s. or 6s.; and the blue fox, 8s. to 10s.; squirrels, 6d. to 1s.; wolves, 10s. to 21s.; martens, for the American coats, 5s. to 6s. These are the prices at Yakutsk, but they are purchased of the natives for goods enhanced one hundred and fifty per cent., and for one-half the price which they sell at Yakutsk; returning, in most cases, a clear profit of two and three hundred per cent., besides living upon the people during their "traffic." Of society at Yakutsk, a traveller has left us the following vivid picture: "I rose early, and always went early to bed, occupied, while day-light lasted, in bringing up my journal; then at a game of billiards; afterwards at dinner, always on the most excellent fare, with wine, rum, and other delicacies. In the evening, with a party of the natives, male and female, at the house of the chief, the ladies, to all appearance, dumb, not daring to utter a word, and solely employed in cracking their nuts, a very small species of the cedar nut, which abounds in such quantities as to be made an article of trade to Okhotsk and Kamshatka. Half-a-dozen females will sit down and consume, each, many hundreds of these nuts, and quit the house without having spoken a word, unless a stolen one, in fear it should be heard. Should tea and cakes be offered, they will sip tea, three or four cups, as long as the samavan (a sort of copper tea-urn) has water in it. The manner of their using the sugar with tea, though perhaps not entirely singular, for the Chinese have the same fashion, is remarkably ridiculous; each individual takes a small lump, which he grates between his teeth in such a manner as only to consume a very small part of it, and thus, although the person has drunk three or more cups, the greater portion of sugar remains, and, being placed upon the inverted cup, finds its way back to the sugar dish. Bisenits, cakes, and the like, are treated in a similar manner. While the ladies are thus cracking their nuts, the gentlemen are employed in drinking rum or rye-brandy punch, as their tastes may dictate."

¹ Not more than 50,000 of the whole Yakut population can be said to pay the tribute, which is in furs, mostly sables. Those of Vittim and Olekma are considered the finest, blackest, and smallest to be met with, a pair reaching as high as three or four hundred roubles, or from £15 to £20. Each taxable individual pays one quarter of a sable, or, in general cases, each family one sable, which if it cannot be procured, is compromised by the payment of 30s. reducing the tribute per head to 7s. 6d. as that of a Russian is 10s. The clear revenue derived is half a million of roubles, or £25,000.

As soon as the new Governor arrived, he became cognisant of a crowd of abuses and made a clear sweep of the office. He set a worthy example himself, and for the six years of his administration spared no effort for the future good of the Yakuts.²

To the south-east of the city of Yakutsk, at about a hundred kies distance, is situate the district of Udsky, renowned for the abundance of its game. It touches on the Sea of Okhotsk, the empire of China, and the districts of Nertschinsk,³ of Olikmink, and of Khangangy.

Compared with the vast territory of Yakutsk, this is but a corner in the desert. It contains no more than from 400 to 500 Tunguses within its precincts, but is, nevertheless, not without importance, regard being had to its resources and its particular situation. Hither come a great number of Russians and Yakuts to bargain with the people for the produce of the chase at a low price, and give them in return provisions at an extravagant rate. The trouble and vexations to which this gives rise, induced the government to send a commissary to reside there.

The post was given to me, and after ten minutes preparation I started on an expedition that would detain me a year and a-half from civilised society. My baggage was composed of three suits of winter

² Of the manner of living of the Russian officials here, and the method by which they augmented their incomes, a traveller of credit tells us:—"The number and the wealth of the principal inhabitants is such, that a chief—by a wise, liberal, and independent policy—may amass a very considerable fortune. It is not long since that a governor kept open house; his table was, at all times, laid for twenty, and the evenings were passed at cards and billiards. No Yakut, from a distant village, entered his house without receiving his day's food, a drum, a pound of tobacco, and a night's lodging. The result was that, when his birth or saint's day arrived, the merchants and Yakut princes agreed that he had a noble heart; that he spent more money than he received; and that, therefore, it was necessary to reimburse him; and, instead of receiving 12,000 or 15,000 roubles worth of skins, upon the day of his feast, he received probably 40,000; and, by these spontaneous offerings of the inhabitants, he is said to have gone away the richest chief ever known."

³ Nertschinsk, the chief city of the district of that name in the trans-Baikal territory, is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the River Selilka, where it is joined by the Nertscha. The country on the right bank of the Selilka is marshy; but, on the left, it is hilly, with very little wood, except the willows. The Nertscha falls into the Selilka from the north; it runs, according to Mr. Atkinson, through a pretty valley, where the river is thickly shaded with elms and willows, and its banks are but little above the waters. Cochrane speaks of cultivated valleys and elevated bluffs on the Irigeda, in approaching it. Nertschinsk stands on a tributary of the Amoor. It was here the Russians first halted on their eastward progress, and hence they will start again down the Amoor. The population are, for the most part, engaged in trade, purchasing and bartering furs for tea, powder, lead, and other necessaries for the hunters. Some are engaged in the Chinese carrying trade, while many are occupied in the government offices, and in various duties connected with the mines and convict establishment, which united have made Nertschinsk such a name of power amongst all classes of Russians. Up to the year 1848, as we learn from Mr. Atkinson, silver and lead formed the principal products; of the former 250 poods, and of the latter 35,500 poods, were produced annually; all the lead, excepting 500 poods, was transported to Barnaul, where it was used in smelting the ores of the Altai. Curiously enough, the lead of Nertschinsk never found its way to the Russian arsenals; it would have cost six times the price of English lead, delivered either in St. Petersburg or Moscow. This supply, so essential to her mining operations in the Altai, suddenly ceased in 1848, when, upon the annexation of the Amoor to Russia, the greater part of the population in the trans-Baikal were made Cossacks. Tin and zinc have been found here, but not in sufficiently remunerative quantities.

clothing, two spring costumes, some sugar, tea, biscuits, and meat, powder, lead, and arms, a little rum, some brandy, some Russian and Yakut butter, all sewn in leather bags in hundred weights, fastened together with thongs; two of them constitutes a single horse-load. Although it was about February, the cold continued exceedingly in rigour, and the thermometer of Reaumur was at zero when I quitted Yakutsk with the two Cosacks under my orders. I went as far as Amga, or Amginskaia, on the River Amga, in a sledge drawn by two horses (*See* p. 320); there we placed our baggage on the backs of seven horses, and continued our route under the conduct of the guides. But our steeds were fresh from grass, and could not keep up, so we were obliged to call a halt in about two hours, in a place suitable to spend the night. Our guides first released the horses from their burthens, then swept away the snow, and gathered dry wood to light a fire, then they filled a huge kettle and a pot with melted snow, and set them to boil; as soon as the genial warmth from the fire pervaded our half-frozen limbs with a refreshing glow, they began to get ready our bed, with branches of trees which they heaped up and covered with our saddles and bear-skins. Meanwhile we enjoyed our supper, which ended, we took off our outer clothes and went to bed, the Yakuts taking care to bury all our boots, stockings, gloves, and outer coats that were wet, in the snow to dry, which they did much sooner than by the fire.¹ As soon as the heat of our bodies warmed our beds we slept soundly, and on waking next morning were rubbed all over with snow, then took some tea and renewed our route, and in this way we travelled as long as the snow lasted.

I must remark in this place, that one of the greatest inconveniences in a winter journey is the undressing to lie down; but what is still more painful is the getting up again in the morning. To wash yourself with snow, and replace your numerous garments, one must have a rough nature and a body made of ice, to endure all this without becoming ill.

I never drank any spirituous liquors, and therefore cannot say what advantage there was in their use; but without tea, no one, I am convinced, could withstand the fatigues. I am not speaking here of the Yakuts or the Tunguse, who, being born and bred in a hoar frost, can travel in the snow three days without anything to eat.

After three or four days' journey we reached the left banks of the great River Aldun, opposite the channel where it receives the waters of the Utchur. We halted in a Tunguse yurt, or hut, where we learnt that for some twenty miles forward our road was covered with six feet of snow, and that travelling over this was hopeless. Our instructions forbade our returning, and we should have to make a detour of thirty miles before we could get rein-deer to replace our horses, and even then our packages were too heavy for beasts only capable of light burthens. So we remained two days in the Tunguse hut, and on the third crossed the Aldun; but scarcely were we in the bed of the frozen river than the depth of the snow brought our horses to a stand-still. One of our guides took the two unladen horses by the bridle, and led them forward. They slipped about and fell, and in so doing broke the hard crust of snow. We followed in their tracks, with the rest of the horses in file, one after the other. It took us a day to make six miles, and

it took us ten days to push across the snow. During this time we were scarcely ever in the saddle, as it was impossible to endure the violent shocks. We preferred putting on our skates, and skating over the snow.

Scarcely had we passed this snowy impediment than a new obstacle presented itself. The waters of the Utchur, chained up in their rocky bed by ice of six feet in thickness, had burst their icy fetters and spread themselves over the surface knee-deep. In some channels they had frozen, and formed a sheet of sleet, on which the horses, who had not been rough-shod, slipt about and slid, and where even the rein-deer could not keep their feet. Our men were obliged to chop and sever the ice, and strew it, in parts, with dry earth and sand, of which they laid in a stock at convenient places. In one place, where these precautions were not taken, our six horses all went down together. The packs broke up, and the whole day was lost in getting them together in good order again.

In one part of our journey we passed near some mountains that presented a marvellous sight. The waters which had been amassed on the summits, had broken their icy envelopes, and tumbling over the tops, had been arrested by frost in their progress. When the bright, clear, spring sun was setting, its rays fell full upon this polished surface, which sparkled as if it had been covered with precious stones. At the foot of these mountains the river ran so swiftly that it was never frozen.

It was the month of April when we began to follow the right bank of the Ægnæ, an affluent on the left bank of the Utchur. One day we caught sight of some dark object that seemed to be motionless at the edge of the river brink. At first we took it for some animal, but on a nearer approach recognised it as a Tunguse, who was seated and weeping. He rose up and saluted us after their fashion, and then, in reply to our inquiries, told us the cause of his grief.

"Yesterday," said he, "on my coming to the wood, I came upon some traces of a wild rein-deer. I returned home and got my weapons ready and started with my dog in the middle of the night, when evening had hardened the snow that fell in the middle of the day. On reaching the wood I waited two hours and smoked my pipe, and just at dawn, when it was light enough to distinguish a foot-print, I slipt my dog and followed him on my skates. Away over rivers, woods, and mountains we flew for hours, until the rein-deer, footsore, left bloody traces on the grass, and relaxed sensibly in their pace. Each leap of my dog brought him nearer, and at last I heard him howl and snap as he came close upon the deer. But all at once the hound uttered a cry of agony; I roared as if my heart would burst, and redoubled my speed; when, at a distance of two musket-shots, I saw on the ground two fragments of flesh, black and brown. Just at the moment when my dog had reached the herd of rein-deer, he had driven them into a brook-run, and was running up and down to prevent their escape from it. But while he was thus engaged, two famished wolves had come down from the mountain, seized him, the one by the head, the other by the tail, and torn him in pieces! Meanwhile the rein-deer had made off on all sides. My dog had seen the snows of seven winters: from the age of six months he had taken to the chase, and for six years not a day passed but he brought me home a dinner. The elk, the wild rein-deer, the sable fell to my unfailing arrows when once my dog was on their

¹ It is a curious fact, as here noticed, that snow, at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments. This was observed by our Arctic travellers.

tracks. I was rich when I had him ; how poor am I now ! How can I show myself before my family ; my wife and children are waiting to caress him on his return ; their lamentations will tear my heart like a jagged knife."

We could not comfort the poor fellow, so we passed on, recommending patience, a quality we stood greatly in need of, shortly, ourselves, as we had to join a party of travellers, and, with our animals in one collection, horses and rein-deer, beat a path across a mountain to the fair of Utchur, where we arrived on the 1st of May. Here I collected the tribute (in Yakut, *Œlbugœ*) and fulfilled several other missions. This done, on the 1st of June we set off for Udsky, with our horses refreshed, and ten rein-deer that we had purchased in addition. The journey now before us of 500 miles, across rivers and mountains, was by no means pleasant in prospect. How much worse in reality ! When it rained, we drove our beasts into the river and made them swim across ; at other times we constructed a raft. The country was nothing but plains with sharp rocks, marshes without bottom, that never dried up. When a horse fell in this kind of bog, he could not get up again of himself. Our seventeen horses once went all down together, and our guides, up to their girdles in the mud, dragged the packs away to some distance, and laid them in a dry place. Then the horses had to be dragged out and reladen, and we started on again, to meet with a similar catastrophe some ten miles further. At one time I dashed into the bog myself, to hold up the heads of those horses who were down, a fourth gave three or four plunges, and was suffocated in the mire. When werested, the mosquitoes worried us ; and whether eating, drinking, or sleeping, their visits were equally incessant and vexatious.

The Yakut guides took all this quietly, if not pleasantly, and were untiring in their exertions. No sooner had we halted, than, spite of all the hunger, thirst, heat, cold, aches, and weariness of the day, they sat down, some to mend the harness, others watched the horses while refreshing themselves, others rubbed them down, and others kept guard through the night, as if work and suffering were the ordinary habits of their lives.

About seventy miles from the banks of the Utchur, we came upon the chain of the Jugjur (the Great Mountain, the Yablonoi or Stanovoi of the Russians), which is regarded as the backbone of Siberia. Rising to the clouds, and nowhere diminishing in height, they stretch in long range for thousands of miles to the Frozen Ocean, where they lower their crests, and terminate. Mid-day had passed when we reached the foot of this chain, and we halted, perforce, for the night, to refresh our exhausted horses. Next morning, before the sun's heat could be felt, we began the ascent on foot, the horses following, one by one, each by himself ; not one of them even rubbed against a bush, or fell in the cracks of the rocks, or stumbled in the ravine or worn water-ways, for the least false step would have precipitated them down the abyss, hopeless of return. After creeping along in this way for fourteen hours, we attained the summit of Jugjur, which is unquestionably the highest in the country. It was extremely cold, and there was not a gnat or a wasp to be seen. We were quite frozen during the two hours we halted here to rest our horses. From this elevation, the other mountains, that had appeared

so high to us, seemed but little hillocks, and the numerous rivers that descended down the two sides of Jugjur glittered like tiny threads of silver. The clouds, driven along like mists, were broken in as they touched the top of the mountain, and remained floating along its front. It took us much less time to descend than to climb up. The journey, which lasted about sixteen hours, had exhausted both ourselves and beasts, and we halted at the first place we came to fitted for an encampment. Then came the unloading of horses, the lighting fires to drive off the mosquitoes, and the delights of hot tea, in the middle of which my dog, which I had allowed to run loose, came in from the wood, and made us understand by his quick barking that he had found some animal in the neighbourhood. I know not what became of the fatigue that oppressed me, the thirst and hunger that I felt ; but away I went, without thinking, on the tracks of what kind of animal, bear, or wolf, the youngest of my Cossacks and of the guides accompanying me, armed with knife and rifle, of which we took care to examine the charge and the edge. We followed the lead of the dog right up to the summit of Jugjur. There we discovered an argali or wild sheep¹ (*See p. 302*) on the extreme edge of a rock, where there was hardly room for it to lie down. Having found a wooded clump, we slipped from tree to tree until within a certain distance from the animal, and then fired together. We had shot the game, certainly, but to bag it was quite another affair ; one of us would have gone down the rock with a rope and hauled it up, but even this could not be done, for, on receiving the shot, the argali had leapt up and rolled over, down an immeasurable abyss. The noise occasioned by the clashing of his large horns against the side of the rock was loudly repeated by an echo. As every angle of the precipice knocked a piece from the carcass, it dwindled almost to nothing before reaching the bottom of the precipice. Well was it for us that the chase finished in this fashion, for had the game but remained in this place, one of ourselves might have suffered a similar fall in going to seek him.

On our return I witnessed an odd kind of shot ; the dogs, who were in advance, pursued some birds, who went and perched in the branches of a stumpy willow. I reloaded my gun and was about to fire, when the guide stopped me, saying that it was useless to waste powder and shot on birds that could be taken with the hand. Then we cut a long wand, which we stripped of its leaves and shoots, and attached to one end a noose of hair, which he held out carefully to the bird on the lowest branch, and when the silly creature stretched forth its head to examine the object a little closer, he

¹ The argali, or wild sheep (*Ovis Ammon*, Lesson, Desmarest ; *Ægocæris argali*, Pallas, Tillesius ; *Ovis argali*, Bodd ; *Capra Ammon*, Linnaeus), is very little less than the buck in size ; its body is covered all over with short hair, which is of a yellowish gray in winter, and becomes of a russet colour in summer. But there is on the back a line of russet colour, which does not change like the rest of the coat. The horns of the male are large, long, and crooked, and are as much as a man can lift with one hand. The horns of the female are small, almost straight, and much like those of the domesticated goat. Unlike the rein-deer, the argali dwells in the mountains during winter, and in spring seeks the plains and the valleys ; this singularity is accounted for by the fact, that the wind sweeps away the snow from the summits of the mountains, and pushes it together in the low regions, so as to entirely cover them. Gifted with great agility, it leaps from rock to rock to browse on the mosses, the rare grass, and the tender shoots of the myrtle. The female bears twice a-year—spring and autumn—and then gives birth to two lambs at one time. The flesh, and especially the fat of the argali, are much sought after by Siberian hunters.

then hitched the slip-knot over its neck, and drew it towards him. He twisted its neck, and then caught all the rest in the same fashion. This bird, which the Yakuts call *karaky*, and the Russians *dikouta*, is larger than a pullet, and less than the speckled cock of the woods or capercaillie, which it resembles in its plumage and the taste of its flesh. It is tolerably large in the body, and short in the neck. I have never met this bird otherwise than at Udskey, and then only rarely. From the day that we quitted Jugjur until that of our arrival at Udskey, we took up our quarters every night near the elbow of the river, and stretched some nets we had brought across it. The next morning generally brought us two or three fine fish of the salmon species, the *chariub*, or *Salmo thymallus*, an agreeable addition to rancid butter, dry biscuit, or oatmeal, which must otherwise have been our fare.

The town of Udskey (Ut, in Yakut), where we arrived in the middle of summer, is situate on the left bank of the River Ut, in a country where a high mountain sinks down, and forms a tolerably large valley; it is about sixty miles from the Sea of Okhotsk. Its population consists of a priest, a churchwarden, a captain of Cossacks, who acts as governor, and fifty men under his orders; a dozen of peasants, six or seven Cossacks, three or four Yakuts; lastly, three or four hundred Tunguses, who have no fixed dwellings, but wander about in winter and summer, and transport themselves from place to place as the chase invites them. Having a mission to study the manners and industry of this people, I was obliged to travel all over the country; so, having snatched a brief repose, I embarked with my two Cossacks and guides, and descended the River Ut, which runs into the sea. At its mouth, two or three Tunguse are stationed, who capture an immense quantity of *kætæ* (a species of trout), sea-sharks, and also lay up stores of whale oil; for every year the waves throw up, on this shore, one or two whales of about six or seven fathoms in length. They shoot the larger sea-sharks, but kill the small ones with clubs. A portion of these skins they dress, and smoke the rest for soles to their sandals. These skins are excellent. The marshes about abound in geese and ducks, besides a great number of sea-snipe or sanderlings, and other kinds of birds. On the turn of the tide, these small waders go down to the shore, and place themselves on small islands; but not finding sufficient room, they stand one on the top of the other; and I have killed fifty-five at one shot, when they rose in flight.

After passing four days in this place, I turned back towards the frontier of Udskey, accompanied by six men, navigating two canoes, made from hollow poplar-trees. The first day, such was the force of the current, that we were compelled to work up by means of iron-shod poles; in the evening and all night, the rain fell, and the next morning the water had reached the top of the bank. At this season it rains for five days without stopping. Fearing too long a detention if we made a halt, as well as running short of provisions, we resolved to spare no effort in making our way up the river. During five days we advanced from tree to tree along its borders; we were exhausted, our provisions gone, and we were yet forty miles from Udskey by water, and twelve across the forest by land. Our guides assured me that the three streams which meandered through the forest would not hinder us passing; so I armed myself with my rifle and hatchet, and started at sunrise, with one Cossack and a guide. Our intention was

to go over the wood and return in the evening with game for those of our party who remained in the boats. But this plan could not be carried out, since we had not gone more than three miles before we came to a stream that we could not get over, and lost half the day in going up to its bed, which we finally crossed with the water to our girdles. In the evening, just at sunset, we came on another stream some miles long, and which it was impossible to turn, so we passed the night on its bank, exposed to the rain, without any covering. A fire was got up of damp wood, which smoked hideously, and gave out little warmth. We smoked and shivered through the night, and in the morning, at the first dawn, made a raft of four or five fallen trees, so that two of us might go over at a time to the opposite bank. We had finished this job by mid-day, but as the timber was saturated with water, our raft would not support more than one at a time; and at last, it was arranged that the guide should cross, push on to Udskey upon it, and send back a canoe to meet us. When, however, we had got our frail bark into the middle of the stream, it turned over, separated into two pieces and threw the bold navigator into the water; we heard him uttering loud cries of distress, but could not get near him. Happily he was a good swimmer, landed in safety on the other side, rested himself, and started for Udskey. Being left alone with the Cossack, I applied myself to igniting fires in different directions to keep off the bears. However, with the exertion of the day, I slept soundly, and only woke at the rising of the sun, to hear the voices of two men and our guide, who had come back with a canoe to carry us to Udskey, which we reached at midnight, after two days spent without food. We had been seven days successively in our wet clothes, yet not one of us was ill.

Our second excursion was still worse. It began in September, when the nights were cold, and the waters growing shallow, began to be stiffened into ice. I embarked anew with my two Cossacks and three guides to go and find an assembly of Tunguses. After we left Udskey, it snowed at the first place where we halted, and the guides rising in the night, could find only one rein-deer, the rest having been dispersed by a wolf. They started off, all three, on the search, and left me alone with the two Cossacks. Their absence lasted three days, during which it rained and snowed unceasingly. The provisions that we had provided for six or seven days were all washed away; the place we reached had been a marsh, and our position was right down melancholy. On the fourth day our guides brought back six of our rein-deer, which they had much trouble in finding; all traces of the rest were lost. We started the same day, that is, as soon as our tent would allow us, for it was frozen into a sheet of glass, outside, to the thickness of three fingers.

The month of September is the worst time of year for travelling in Siberia. A thin sheet of ice, covered with snow, stretches over banks covered with grasses; over rivers which issue out of lakes; and over muddy, shallow streams: not being strong enough to bear any weight, it breaks under the foot; the rein-deer frequently sink through it, and the traveller falls into the water unless he takes great care.

Scarcely had we quitted our encampment but I plunged into the water, in which condition, wet through to the skin, I kept journeying on from mid-day to dark night, and for six or seven hours was only a

moving icicle. My arms and my feet were benumbed and without sensation, but a good bowl of tea and some warm clothes set all right. The morning after, we arrived at the frontier station of Udsky, whence, after ten days spent in preparation, I started off on my grand journey with my two Cossacks, two guides, and thirty rein-deer,¹ in grand cavalcade, just at the end of September.

We pushed along to Burukan, which is nearly four hundred miles to the south-east of Udsky, and three or four days from the mouth of the Amoor. It is nearly four hundred miles from Burukan to the source of the Byraya, and two hundred and fifty from Byraya to the River Silimji, which is five hundred miles from Udsky. The first day of our voyage we halted after a short stage of fifteen miles. As soon as the reindeer were unladen, and set at liberty, with a log suspended round their necks, so as to hinder their running far away, the guides sounded the earth with a long pole; and while all of us together, Cossacks, guides, and myself, cleared the thick snow, one of the guides looked after small wood for the fire, and another cut about thirty poles, stripped them of their branches, and placed them where we had swept off the snow. Three of them were tied together for the centre, and the rest put up across, and the skins spread over them, a small opening being left at the top for the smoke to escape; the snow is heaped up round the tent, leaving only a narrow entrance-way open. Lastly, the ground is strewn with small branches, and upon these a bed of furs is laid. In the centre of the tent a fire is lighted with the chips and small pieces of wood, to melt the snow in the cauldron and tea-kettle. Some time is occupied in getting supper ready, and it is midnight when we take to our beds. When we get up in the morning, we take our garments from under the snow with which we have covered them, that the wet may be absorbed out, and we drink some tea which we keep ready. As soon as it is day-light the guides take their *lassos* (long ropes), and go after the horses. They throw them over the reindeer's horns, who stands quiet when caught, as if surrendering to unavoidable fate. Then comes packing and loading, and so for seven months we went on travelling all through the long winter, never sleeping under a roof. In three stations only, where I made a halt of two days, did I find ten Tunguse huts together in one place.

The surface of this immense country, which is more than two hundred kies in extent (about fifteen hundred miles), is covered with thick forests, rocks, and mountains, and streams of water; nowhere is a road to be seen. The Tunguse guides know the name of every river and every stream, so as to find out, without chance of losing themselves, exactly where they are. In some of the passes, where the snow lies deep, they lead their beasts to the front and cause them to trample a pathway; in others, they cleave with their

hatchets a way through miles of almost impenetrable bushwood; and in such regions it is with difficulty that six or seven miles can be travelled in a whole day's journey.

It was just in the middle of winter that I crossed the Byraya, an extremely high mountain, after passing the night at its foot. The evening was closing in as I attained the summit, the climbing up to which was one of the most difficult feats I ever accomplished. We had to clear from our path a fathom depth covered with a hard crust. We came upon a block of stone a fathom high, and having climbed up it after great difficulty, were obliged to unload our beasts and hoist them in the air over it. Never can I forget the fatigues of this journey. Having drank some snow-water plentifully in ascending, I was seized with fever and shivering, without medicine or help, on the top of a mountain, in a freezing wind. I found myself in a sad position, and thought I saw the shadow of death. The struggle for life went on through the night, my faithful Cossacks and guides anxiously watching me, bewailing my condition, and taking care that I did not throw off the furs that covered me, since if the cold caught me all would be over. Towards morning I slept; and awoke bathed in sweat. In the evening I felt only a head-ache, and the next morning was able to resume my route. At the end of six months my mission was fulfilled, and I returned to Udsky.

The country I had traversed is difficult to explore, an account of its impracticable roads, its impenetrable woods, its inaccessible mountains, and the numberless watercourses that intersect it; but it is rich in animals of every kind—panthers, bears, wolves, gluttons, lynxes, black and white foxes, sables, squirrels, hares, otters, elks, rein-deers, stags, does, wild sheep, musk-deer, wild boar, flying squirrel, bats, mice of all kinds, ermines; and of birds—white storks, swans, ducks, divers, geese, cranes, capercaillie, white partridge, black duck, karaky, woodcocks, &c.

The month of April saw me on my way to Yakutsk, a voyage at such a season neither without its difficulties nor its dangers; the bears at this time come out from their dens, driven by hunger, and attack the first living creature they meet. These bears are of prodigious strength, and not easy to escape from; they will have flesh and blood; and travellers who don't wish to pay it in their proper persons must proceed carefully, and with some precaution.¹

There are other dangers from the rivers; and the rein-deer which will occasionally leap into a river to the traveller's intense disgust and discomfiture. Sometimes, too, there are no dry places to be found at night to lie upon, and the poor belated voyager has to chop down a tree or two, and so make a platform on which to stretch his skins—the cooking his supper under such circumstances is a matter requiring patience and dexterity.

After arriving at Yakutsk, I was despatched first to Oleumnisk and then to Vilionisk, on the River Vilioui, about 420 miles from Yakutsk. Between these two towns is a desert about 280 miles in width; but the environs of Vilionisk are peopled by 30,000

¹ The rein-deer, harnessed two abreast, to vehicles carrying the driver and one passenger, are said to perform a hundred versts a-day, though, on a long journey, their daily average ought not to be allowed to exceed fifty or sixty versts. On pressing occasions, however, they have travelled from Okhotsk to Yakutsk in eight days, being little more than half the shortest time in which horses have accomplished the distance. Why this difference? Chiefly, of course, because the rein-deer with its spreading hoof, a kind of natural snow-shoe, finds a good path, as the gift of Nature, over the softest drifts, while the horse everywhere encounters a bad road, the fault of man.

¹ "We met the post from Yakutsk," says Captain Cochrane, "and in the course of an hour more we were overtaken by that from Okhotsk; the latter had been encountered by a bear, which had destroyed most of the letters and papers. The journal of Captain Vassilief's expedition, in particular, had suffered much."

souls, and abound in stream, wood, and pasturage, game, fish, quadrupeds, and birds in the forest. I scarcely know a place where the people live happier, or have less to complain about. In this place are three remarkable phenomena—the first is a mound of salt which melts in the spring and summer with the rain, but is restored in the winter. It is an enormous mass of three colours, white, clear, and transparent, red, and blue. The inhabitants keep it for their own consumption.¹ The second curiosity is the abundance of precious transparent stones in the streams, and of which a connoisseur might perhaps be able to estimate the value. The third curious thing consists of a large quantity of petrified wood—whole trees with their branches actually hardened so as to serve the purpose of gun-flints. The growth of barley in this and the adjacent districts shows that were the Yakuts alive to their own interests, a new source of wealth would speedily arise in their country.

The frost is intense in this country. The temperature, by Reaumer, varies between 40 and 49 degrees; but the natives, and even travellers, do not cease to go out in the open air. In the winter the only complaint is cough; but the heats of summer are dangerous, and diarrhoea or bloody flux is a fatal complaint that carries off the Yakuts by hundreds, the Russian medical men being unable to master it. The country is so extensive that the temperature is far from being the same throughout; at Olekminsk, for instance, barley thrives well, for the white frost comes in late; but at Jigansk, on the contrary, the earth is never unfrozen more than two spans in depth, and snow falls in the month of August.²

The Yakut population is about 100,000 men, and the same number of women. They are all baptised in the Greek Church, with few exceptions. But they still keep up many superstitious beliefs, and specially that of prostrating themselves before the devil. In cases of long illness, they have resort to conjurations of their Shamans.³

¹ This is on the River Kämpændæi, according to our Yakut traveller, but Raptindei of Lee Gmelin, Vol. I., p. 341, of Keralie's translation.

² An English traveller gives a more agreeable prospect. He was on nearly the same road, and in the vicinity of Irkutsk. "We performed," he says, "81 versts, generally at a gallop, with good horses, through a country which on all sides exhibited signs of civilisation and comfort. The landscape, besides its undulating character, was beautifully varied, consisting of copses of wood, lagoons teeming with wild fowl, and prairies covered with countless herds, the whole subdivided into separate farms, each with its own homestead, by fences and landmarks. Some of the prettiest spots were consecrated to the dead, each body having a wooden tomb over it, with a cross at either end. The natives were busily engaged in making hay for their cattle, but for the cattle only, the horses being left all winter to shift instinctively for themselves, by scraping away the snow. They were mowing with a scythe of peculiar form, which they swung very awkwardly over their heads, chopping the grass rather than cutting it. The carts for conveying the hay to the farmyards, where it was stacked as in Europe, had runners instead of wheels, being not unlike the vehicles used for the same purpose in some parts of the highlands of Scotland. How happy, thought I, would it make me, to see some of the poor savages of North America thus devoting their lives to peaceful industry, and enjoying all the comforts of a pastoral existence! In many parts of their country they might well be as comfortably settled, if they would shake off their indolent love of the chase, not only as a means of obtaining subsistence, but even as a pastime."

³ The tricks of a Yakut Shaman or well-sorcerer are strange. "He wore," says a traveller (See p. 320), describing the antics of one he met on his way to Okhotsk, "a sort of short surcoat, covered over with a variety of small pieces of iron, about the size and shape of the pointed blade of a pen-knife; his boots were em-

The Yakuts are a people of much affability, vivacity, and cleverness. They are social and hospitable to a degree. The traveller, with them, is welcome to all in their tent, and may stop a week or a month with equally undiminished welcome. They regard it as a sin to receive payment for hospitality. They pay great respect to age, follow the counsels of the old men, and regard it as a crime to insult or irritate them. When a father has many children, he builds houses for them in succession, as they marry, and shares with them his cattle and his goods. The weakness of a Yakut is a love for ardent spirits. He will steal all that you place within his reach, unless you give him enough to get drunk with at once. He will go days without eating, but scandal gives him a gluttonous appetite when he has a chance of feeding on the fat of the land. Captain Cochrane speaks of 40 pounds of mutton at a meal; but this was done for a wager; and Governor Simpson witnessed the feat of 36 avoirdupois pounds of beef boiled, and 18 pounds of melted butter, being swallowed at one meal by two Yakuts—one old, the other young.

They are fond of going to law, and are clever in trade and commerce; are capital shots, and, if anything, too peaceful. The women are, some of them, pretty, and invariably better looking than the men. They are fond of finery, make exemplary and obedient wives; one of their principal social cares is to keep their head and feet covered in the presence of a stranger, and never to take the right-hand side of the way.⁴

broidered, as were also his cap and gloves. The performance, of course, began by smoking a pipe; then, taking his tambourine and bolonga, or tambourine stick, he seated himself cress-legged near the person to be exorcised, and began to sing a doleful ditty, accompanied by more doleful music; the import of the song I could not gather. After this introduction he began to hop, jump, and fling himself about, roaring, screaming, and making the most hideous distortions of face and body, so that I actually believed him to be mad. I never felt more pain for any one than I felt for this Shaman, certainly much more than for the sick person, on whose behalf his incantations were made. After this violent exercise, he drew his knife, and, to all appearance, plunged it into his stomach. I really felt alarmed, believing he had actually committed suicide; he, however, drew back the knife in my presence, without any effusion of blood, and, indeed, without any actual incision having been made. He then formally announced that the evil spirit would not triumph, provided the customary sacrifice were made of a fat mare. The party were then dismissed with an invitation to come to the next day's feast when the mare was to be cooked.

⁴ Captain Cochrane's account of these people, amongst whom he lived some time, is slightly different. "They are evidently," he says, "of Tartar origin, as their language is understood by the Tartars of Kasan. (They came from the country of the Upper Amoor, and drove all the native tribes before them.) Their complexion is of a light copper colour; they are, generally, of low stature, with more regular and pleasing features than the Tunguses; they are more hospitable, good-tempered, and orderly, but neither so honest nor so independent: they have a servility, a tameness, and a want of character, which assimilates them, in some measure, to the despicable Kamshatdales. The more a Yakut is beaten, the more he will work; touch a Tunguse, and no work will be got from him. The Yakuti are very ingenious, and excellent mechanics; they make their own knives, guns, kettles, and various iron utensils."

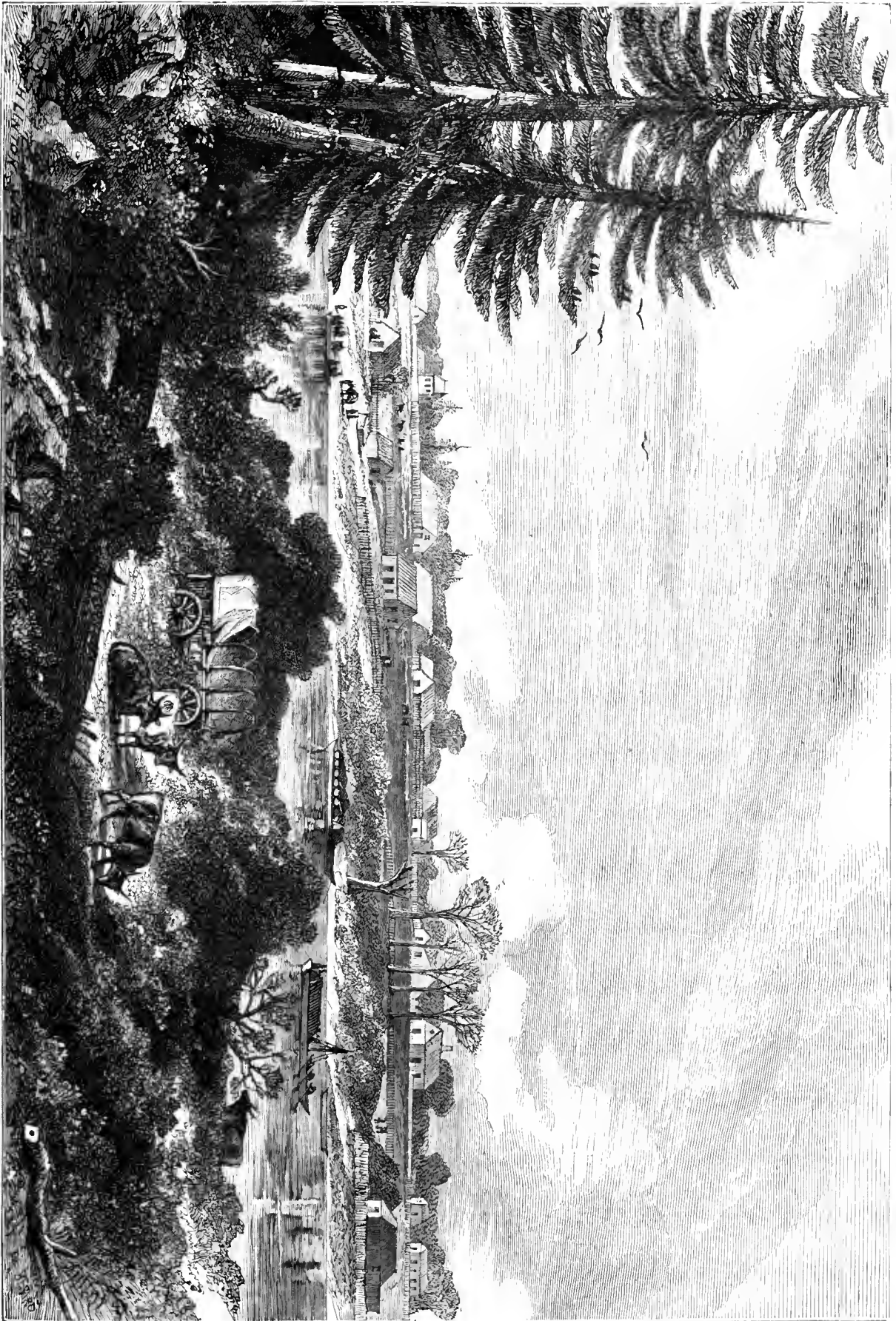
"In Mr. Shajur's house," says Governor Simpson, "I saw some works of the Yakuti, in iron and silver, very skilfully finished. The silver had been obtained from a mountain to the north of Yakutsk, the ore containing seventy per cent. of lead, and four of the precious metal. The iron, as I understand, was found between Narjirka and the Alesai; and I was assured that the tools made of it, whether from the excellence of the material or from the ingenuity of the workman, rarely broke, even in the severest cold,—a degree of perfection never yet exhibited, in Hudson's Bay, by axes of the best temper. These Yakuti are expert in many other



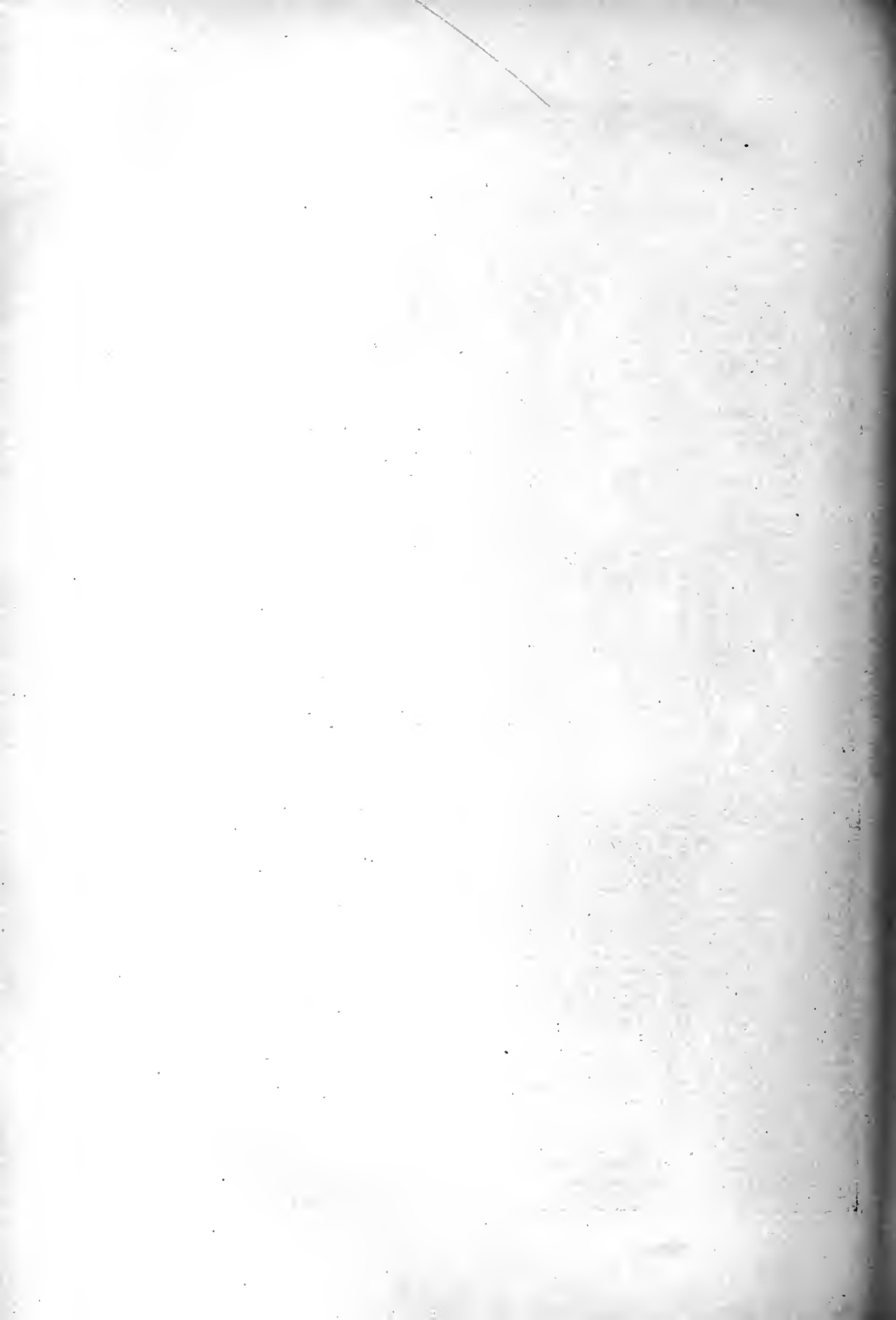
YAKUT SHAMANS, OR DEMON DISPELLERS.



OFFICIAL TRAVELLING.—RUSSIA IN ASIA.



THE CITY OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND.



FROM ASIA TO AMERICA.

HAVING created Yakutsk as a fixed station and centre, from which to track their way on towards the much-sought-after Eastern Ocean, the Cossacks made their way across the country, and reached the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk; at the top of the bay of which, at the mouth of the river, they founded a town and fort of that name, supposing that they could advance no further, and ignorant that they had but to cross the bay to reach the Peninsula of Kamschatka—that opposite to them lay the vast continent of the New World; that close on the right was the fabled realm of Japan, and still farther on, the long sought after China and Cathay.

Kamschatka was not discovered from Okhotsk—the nearest point to it. It was reached landwards.

arts, besides the working of metals. In preparing their food, for instance, against the winter, they far surpass the Indians of North America, rendering, in particular, their dried meat and dried fish more juicy and tender, by first dipping them in brine: though, after all, there is no travelling fare in Siberia to be compared with pemmican, whether for its small bulk or its nutritious qualities. They are patient under fatigue, and can resist great privations. They are, like the Tunguses, great gluttons, but subsist mostly upon horse-flesh—a mare being considered by them as the greatest delicacy, but never slaughtered except in sacrifice to a Shaman. The horse is to the Yakuti what the walrus is to the Aleutians, their best friend in a great variety of ways. Besides being sold as a whole for a price, his labour earns money for his owner; his flesh is used as food; the hide of the inner part of his thigh makes waterproof boots; while the rest of his skin is formed into cap, shirt, and trousers; and lastly, his mane and tail become the means of drawing fish out of the water. Over and above these, the mare yields milk, which, when fermented to the indispensable kunyass, supplies a portable substitute, slightly spirituous and very palatable, at once for meat and drink." Their riches consist in large herds of horses and horned cattle, besides an abundance of the finest and most valuable furs. They also carry on a considerable trade among themselves, and some of their princes are immensely rich, doing business to the extent of 150,000 roubles a year, and yet living in the same misery as their servants, sleeping in the same apartment, which, perhaps, contains forty or fifty people. Their dress differs little from that of the neighbouring tribes, being made of reindeer-skins for the rich, and horses' hides for the poorer classes; their greatest luxuries are tea, tobacco, and spirits. They sit cross-legged. The Russian clergymen deliver their discourses in the Yakuti dialect, which is used for private conversation, and is fashionable in Yakutsk. The people are carefully observant of religious ceremonies, attend the sacraments of the church, and studiously say their prayers night and morning. Their yurts are comfortable, and upon the arrival of a guest are made as clean as clean straw can make them; in other respects they are disgusting enough, being but too frequently filled with vermin. These yurts, unlike the matted tents of the other wandering Tartar tribes, consist of one large apartment, and a corn-house adjoining. The mode of constructing their dwellings is as follows:—nine posts are driven into the ground in the form of a square, the three in centre being higher than the others; on those posts they lay three beams, while the four corner-posts are connected by two other cross-beams. Stout planks are then placed sloping from the earth to the horizontal beams, to which they are fastened, while other planks are also laid sloping from the upper part of the roof to the side-posts, overlapping the others. Grass, mould, and dung are then plastered over them in lieu of calking, and the walls are banked up with the same materials, fenced in during the winter. The heat in the yurts is preserved by means of the snow, which becomes hardened to such a degree as to resist the fire and smoke from the chimney; blocks of ice are placed in the

Starting from Yakutsk on the Lower Lena¹ (so often spoken of, and always an important place as the central stage of communication with the Pacific—and so with the East, an object never lost sight of), the Cossacks passed in succession all the more easterly feeders of the Polar Sea, ascended the Greater Aninij, an auxiliary of the Kolima, to the height of land, descended the Anadyn to the Eastern Ocean, and subsequently overran Kamschatka, spending on this long and circuitous journey, as if to show that the necessities of nature had more to do in the matter than the caprices of men, the lives of two generations. In another period of nearly the same length, they grasped link after link of the intermediate chain, ferrying themselves, as it were, across the Pacific merely by making a long arm, till at last, in 1783, they carried their fortunes to the farthest end of the line, by planting a settlement on the Island of Kodiak. The Cossacks thus worked to the left of Okhotsk, supposing a man to stand with his face towards the Pacific; and it was in the country of the Kolima that they first became acquainted, at a fair, with the Tchuktchi, a people who were in the habit of crossing the straits between Asia and America, and, indeed, are by many supposed to be a tribe originally of American origin, who had come over and

sides of the windows, and give a clear transparent light; though sometimes bladders or oiled paper, as well as a particular species of a fossil, called *Vitrum Ruthenicum Maria*, glass or tale, serve for the same. Three sides of the interior are divided into partitions, two or three living in each, according to the size of the family, and are used as bed-places; they are three or four feet wide, and ten long. In the centre is the hearth and chimney formed by upright sticks, fastened on the inside. The wood is placed in an upright direction on the hearth, and the fire is kept up constantly night and day. The state apartment, and of course that occupied by the chief guests, is the furthest from the door, and immediately under the image of the patron saint. The kitchen utensils are not numerous; a large iron-kettle, a boiler, a large tea-kettle, and a few wooden bowls and spoons (of Chinese manufacture), with still fewer earthen jars, and a knife for each person, constitute the whole. The richer Yakut may have a samivan, or tea-urn, and perhaps, in such cases, a tea-pot also, but in general the tea is made in the kettle. They use no plates, but taking a large piece of beef in their left hand, they secure it with their teeth, and then cut away as much with the right as will fill the mouth; some warm melted butter finishes the repast, when the pipe and tobacco come in as a dessert.

¹ The Lena is one of the grandest rivers in the world. Even at the city of Yakutsk, a distance of 1,200 or 1,300 versts from the sea, it is about five or six miles wide; and its entire length is not less than 4,000 versts. Of all the streams in this country of the first class, it is the only one that flows exclusively through the Russian territory. The Obey and the Yenissei have each one or more of its principal sources far within the limits of Chinese Tartary; but the Lena, properly so called, is separated from the Celestial Empire by the Valley of the Angara, a purely Siberian tributary of the Yenissei, a valley which, curiously enough, even overlaps it ten degrees to the eastward, while the Lena's main auxiliary, the Vittoire, is so far from itself crossing the frontier that it is robbed, as it were, of some of its own waters by the more northerly feeders of the Amoor. Under these circumstances, the Lena, if estimated by the erow's flight, is undoubtedly the shortest of the three. Its very name, which expresses laziness, implies the circuitous character of its course.

peopled the promontory from the Gulf of Anadyr to East Cape. This singular fact renders such information as we can procure of the Fair of Ostronaga, where the people of Asia and America first met, both curious and valuable.

The original route of the Cossacks, of which we have already spoken, was followed by Captain Cochrane, who was desirous to get taken over Behring's Straits by the Tehuktchi. On the 4th of March he left the Kolima, in company with Mr. Matoushin, a Russian midshipman, and a few merchants, whose nartes (sledges) were laden with tobacco and iron utensils. After various delays and upsets they entered upon a more elevated country, and were cheered with meeting and overtaking a great number of sledges, whose owners exhibited the same smiling faces, the result, no doubt, of sanguine hopes as those of the great merchants of London or Amsterdam on the eve or expectation of a great fair. The right bank of the Aninij is formed of slate mountains; the left, a vast uninteresting flat.¹

The third day the travellers reached an inhabited yurt, where many of the merchants awaited them, as they could not go to the fair before a certain time. The wood on the Aninij is of considerable growth for so northern a situation, but the root has seldom more than twenty inches depth. On the 8th of March they reached the fortress, standing on a romantic spot, and probably a pleasant place in summer. There are twenty yurts, about 200 people, and a large wooden building, fit for anything except defence. There are few inhabitants, who get a scanty subsistence by hunting. Famines are of frequent occurrence, bread not being supplied by the Government. Elk, rein-deer, and argali are their chief dependence; but these are no longer abundant, for the Russians hunt rather to exterminate than for subsistence.

Having settled themselves in a small Yukagiri yurt, the party received a visit from one of the Tehuktchi, an empty-visaged and wild-looking savage. He entered the room, tumbled down upon a stool, smoked his pipe, and then left the apartment, without noticing the inmates. The fair commenced by installing the chiefs with medals and swords, baptising them, and receiving a nominal tribute, by which they became subjects of Russia. They came in state in beautiful nartes, each drawn by two rein-deer, the whole forming a cavalcade of twenty-five or thirty pairs. The ceremony commenced with a present of tobacco, and then all the Toions, or chiefs, proceeded to the Commissary's abode, where the formality of paying the tribute of a red fox-skin was gone through by each of the traders. The Commissary then endeavoured to induce the Tehuktchi chiefs to take M. Matoushin and Captain Cochrane as interpreters with them across Behring's Straits.

¹ The descendants of the Yukagiri inhabit the banks of the two rivers, Aninij, and serve as a neutral nation between the Russians and Tehuktchi. They were formerly a formidable and warlike people, and it cost the Russians much trouble to subjugate them. Indeed, in such fear were they held, that the Empress Catherine absolutely forbade their language to be spoken. They are now all but extinct, as a pure race, but one old woman existing whose parents were both Yukagires. The remainder are, in fact, descendants of Russians, who have intermarried with them. They are certainly the finest race of people in Siberia; the men well-proportioned, and with open and manly countenances; the women are extremely beautiful. What their origin was it is now difficult to say.

"After this cheering harangue was concluded," says Captain Cochrane, "one of the most respectable of the Tehuktchi rose and said, that he was in want of no interpreter. His laconic reply completely disconcerted us. The next, an old and cunning fellow, called Kucharga, said that boys and girls should not be attended to in such matters. He had not asked for an interpreter, although a nephew of his had done so." They were told that "two nartes could be of no great consequence to them, and that as the Emperor wished it," &c. After a fresh consultation they resolved, that as the Emperor himself wished to send the interpreters to Behring's Straits, he would have no objection to pay for their transport;" and for this they demanded about 5,000 lbs. weight of tobacco. This put an end to the negotiation, especially, as one of the knowing ones, observing that Captain Cochrane could not speak the Russian language, asked of what use he could be to them when he neither understood the Russian nor the Tehuktchi languages. Next day the party visited the Tehuktchi camp, of three large and three small tents, in which all this people were packed. The large tents were disgustingly dirty and offensive, exhibiting every species of grossness and indelicacy. The smaller were, on the contrary, very neat, clean, and warm, although without a fire, in thirty-five degrees of frost, being only eight feet long, five broad, and about three feet high, and containing three or four people huddled together in one bed, which is made of rein-deer skins, and the coverings lined with white foxes'. The small tents are made also of the old and hard skins doubled, so that the hair is both on the inside and out; a large lamp with whale oil or fat, which serves them for a light, communicates also considerable warmth. On entering they found the chief and his wife perfectly naked, as was also their daughter, a little girl of about nine years, who went out, and by a fire close to the tent prepared some rein-deer flesh in that state of nudity. Their furniture consists of a large kettle, knife, wooden bowls, platters, spoons or ladles, and an axe, with flint and steel. They returned to the fortress, driven by one of these savage chiefs "in a neat narte, drawn by a couple of rein-deer, in a pretty style." They use regular reins, made of leather thongs, and a long springing cane with an ivory knob to it, of the tooth of a sea-horse. They are kind to animals, and will not ride a horse, considering it unmanly, to increase the labour of the animal. They soon ascertain the quantity of tobacco brought by the Russian traders to the fair, and regulate their dealings accordingly. Fixing a market price, neither party will recede from it: the Russians brought tobacco, kettles, knives, spears, needles, bells, scissors, pipes, axes, spoons, coral beads, and other such ornaments, a few pieces, and red and blue nankeen and white cotton. For these the Tehuktchi brought 400 or 500 sea-horse teeth, a few bears' skins, rein-deer dresses, and white foxes, and these, with some frozen rein-deer meat, make the whole production of their own country. But now comes the connection between Asia and America, for the other articles of peltry at this fair come from a nation on the American continent, called the Kargaules, two of whom the party saw at the fair. They bear more nearly the feature of the Tehuktchi than those of the ugly-mouthed inhabitants of the islands in Behring's Straits, although with a browner or more dirty colour. The furs brought and sent by them consist of many thousands of black,

brown, blue, red, and white foxes, martens, and marten-parks, some beavers, river otters, bears, wolves, sea-dogs' and sea-horse skins; a few articles of warm clothing, and some ornaments carved out of sea-horse teeth, representing the animals common among them.

At some points Behring's Straits are only forty-five miles in width, with a chain of islands, like so many stepping-stones, extending from shore to shore, the largest traverse not being more than seven miles; so that the navigation is practicable even for small canoes. In the general appearance of the two coasts, there is a marked difference, the western side being low, flat, and sterile, while the eastern is well wooded, and in every respect better adapted than the other for the sustenance both of man and beast. Moreover, the soil and climate improve rapidly on the American shore, as one descends; and at Cook's Inlet potatoes may be raised with ease, though they hardly ripen in any part of Kamschatka, which extends nearly ten degrees farther to the south. In addition to the advantages of cultivation, deer, fish, game, and hay, are abundant. In the neighbourhood, in an island near Kodiak, there is plenty of good coal, used both for the hearth and forge, though it is objectionable for the latter purpose, as producing too great a quantity of ashes.

In point of climate, in general, there is nearly the same difference between the western shore of America and the eastern shore of Asia, as there is between the western shore of Europe and the eastern shore of America. In both cases, the same cause exists to produce the same effect. In the temperate latitudes the prevailing wind is from the west, being a kind of counter-current to the easterly trades of the tropics; and with reference to this physical fact, the leeward coast of either continent must be colder, at least in

winter, than the windward one, inasmuch as the former receives its atmosphere across an enormous zone of frozen soil, and the latter across a considerable breadth of open water. But, in addition to this common ground of superiority, a great part of Russian America possesses an advantage peculiar to itself, in being sheltered from the northerly gales. Reckoning upwards from Mount St. Elias, or even from Cross Sound, the more southerly half of the coast, comprising, of course, Cook's Inlet already mentioned, runs pretty nearly east and west, screened towards the interior, within a very short distance of the sea, by a wall of mountains. To place in the most striking light the contrast in point of climate between the opposite shores of each continent, Kamschatka and the British Isles may be said, with sufficient accuracy for this purpose, to be in the same latitudes, and to present the same area, and even to occupy the same position, with respect to the proximity of water; and yet while the British Isles, from their own agricultural resources, feed at least twenty-five millions of inhabitants, Kamschatka, with the help of extraneous supplies, can barely prevent its population from starving. "How different," says Governor Simpson, "would the history of men have been, if Providence had made these two extremities of the Old World exchange climates, merely by causing the tropical trades to blow from the west, and the counter-currents of the temperate zone to blow from the east;" or, to express the same thing in other words, merely by reversing the direction of the earth's daily revolution!

We will now, in imagination, cross upon these giant stepping-stones to the other side of the Pacific, where we shall find another Siberia, under the government, but, until within the last few years, by no means under the care of Great Britain.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, upon which the new city of Victoria stands, does not belong officially to British Columbia, but it does so, to all intents and purposes, politically and socially. This fine island, 270 miles long, with a general breadth of from forty to fifty miles, a favourable climate, a diversified surface, with a fertile soil, and mineral as well as vegetable riches, added to an available sea-board, has undoubtedly a great future in store. The position and natural advantages of Vancouver Island, says Colonel Colquhoun Grant, would appear eminently to adapt it for being the emporium of an extended commerce. It contains valuable coal-fields, and is covered with fine timber. The soil, where there is any, is rich and productive, the climate good, and the singular system of inland seas by which it is environed teems with fish of every description. Capable of producing those very articles which are most in demand in neighbouring countries, and offering, in its numerous safe and commodious harbours, almost unrivalled facilities for import and export, it would seem to require but a little well-directed

exertion of energy and enterprise to make it the seat of a flourishing colony.

The aspect from the seaward is not very inviting. Dark frowning cliffs sternly repel the foaming sea, and beyond these, wooded hills, densely covered with fir, rise one above the other, whilst still more in the interior, bare mountains of gneiss, mica-slate, and trap, run, almost without intermission, like a back-bone down the centre of the island. There is, however, no want of timber and of open land amidst this extent of rock and mountain, and all authorities agree in saying that had the British Government thrown the island open to exertions of individual enterprise, the greater portion of such open land would doubtless, ere this, have been settled. There is naturally a great difference in the capabilities of the soil, according as gneiss, mica-slate, clay-slate, gray marble, trap, sandstones, or limestones, the chief formations of the country, prevail.

It is natural that the traveller should love to descend from this wild and rugged interior, which has

never been adequately explored, to the smiling straits which are occasionally to be met with on the sea-coast, and on one of which Victoria is situated. This settlement was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1843, when they landed about forty men under Mr. Finlayson, and in a short time constructed a picketed enclosure, containing the buildings usually appropriated by the Company to the storing of goods and to the accommodation of their servants. As soon as they had finished their buildings, they commenced bringing sufficient land under cultivation for the support of the establishment. No idea was entertained, however, at the time, beyond starting a fresh trading-port with the Indians, so the establishment remained in *statu quo* until the year 1849, when the whole island was granted by Government to the Company, under condition that they should have established satisfactory settlements on it for the purpose of colonisation within five years.

Settlers in Vancouver's Island have to pay at the rate of one pound per acre, and the soil produces excellent crops of wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, turnips (Swedes especially do well), and potatoes. In all arable portions of the island the land is favourable to the production of green crops of every description; vegetables also grow particularly well, and esculent roots of all sorts attain a great size. The climate, as usual on the coast of the Pacific, differs much from that of the interior of British Columbia. It is divided into two seasons of dry and rainy, generally raining and snowing from October to March, whilst, during the rest of the year a parching heat prevails, which dries up all the small streams. Dense fogs prevail at the commencement of autumn. The usual range of the thermometer is, however, during the hot months, only from 60 to 80 deg., and Colonel Grant says, "Generally speaking, the climate is both agreeable and healthy, and not a single death, that I am aware of, has occurred among adults from disease during the six years that I have been acquainted with the Island."

After Victoria, the next settlement of importance in Vancouver Island is Nanaimo, where coal or lignite was first discovered in 1850. It is now successfully worked on the Peninsula, at Commercial Inlet, and on Newcastle Island. It is the opinion of the head miner, says Colonel Grant, that coal may be found anywhere within a circumference of two miles from Nanaimo, at a distance of fifty feet below the surface. Altogether, there are few places to be met with where coal can be worked as easily, and exported as conveniently, as from Nanaimo. The Indians are happily employed at these lucrative works. Nanaimo was, before the gold discoveries, a flourishing little settlement with about 125 inhabitants, and a school presided over by Mr. Baillie. The demand for coal, since these rival companies have navigated the Gulf of Georgia and Frazer's River, must have quite altered the state of things. There is good anchorage all over the harbour, which is commodious, and sheltered from all winds; it is also an excellent place to lay up and repair vessels, the bottom being generally a soft mud. The harbour and coal mines of Nanaimo are also, it is to be observed, admirably situated, being nearly opposite to the entrance of Frazer's River on the mainland. Deer must abound in the neighbourhood, for the natives bring sometimes as many as sixty in a day to market.

The discovery of coal or lignite at the north-east

corner of the island near Beaver Harbour, caused the settlement there of Fort Rupert in 1849; but the produce of coal has been found to be interrupted by trap-rocks, and the speculation has not answered. There are, as yet, few other settlements on the island; the places most favourable for such are to be met with only on the east and south coast; the west coast has a generally exposed, unfavourable aspect. The Indian population is stated at 17,000; they are, in general, favourably disposed towards the whites, and are capable of being made very useful in hunting, fishing, and even agricultural and mining employments.

In the neighbourhood of Victoria there are altogether about seven square miles of open land, on which the great majority of settlers are located; and, besides the open land, there may be about ten square miles of available woodland. Victoria itself is situated on a small but well-sheltered harbour, but the entrance is intricate, and the harbour is not suitable for large vessels. About six miles westward of Victoria lies the future harbour of the metropolis, called Esquimalt, a safe and commodious harbour for vessels of all sizes, and combining the advantage of sufficient shelter with that of an open entrance, into which a line-of-battle ship might beat without difficulty. Mr. Cornwallis describes Esquimalt Harbour as picturesquely rock-bound, very much resembling Acapulco Harbour, save in its superior size, and having six to eight fathoms of water to the shore. Although distant three miles by water and two by land from Victoria, it ought, he adds, decidedly to be included in that town, the inferiority of whose harbour in point of size, as well as the extent of bar and shallow waters, will prevent its ever ranking as the port proper of the future metropolis of Vancouver Island.

At the time when Colonel Colquhoun Grant was at Victoria, the population amounted to only 300 souls, and that of the whole island at 450 souls. The gross quantity of land applied for had been 19,807 acres and 16 perches, of which 10,172 acres had been claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, 2374 acres by the Puget Sound Company, and the remainder by private individuals. Only 1696 acres were occupied by individual settlers, sixteen in number; 973 acres were claimed by absentees, and unoccupied.

What a change had come over the scene in 1857, when visited by Mr. Cornwallis! The harbour was crowded with gracefully-peaked canoes and boats of all shapes and sizes, and Italian fishermen from San Francisco were acting as boatmen. Victoria itself wore a "highly flourishing and pleasing appearance," the most noticeable feature in the shop and trading line being the scarcity of anything like hotels: there were five places, however, where liquor was sold, the proprietor of each having to pay the Hudson's Bay Company a license-fee of no less than £120 per annum for the privilege. Green Jamaica-looking lanes ran out of the town, like channels through a continent of cultivation; acres of potatoes, wheat, maize, barley, and gently waving rye, were successively presented to the admiring view. The fertility of the soil was everywhere apparent. Limestone-built villas here and there decked the suburbs, and cottages, festooned with a profusion of blossoming creepers, flanked the road a little to the westward of Government House, which, from its elevated position, seemed to hold precedence over all the lesser architecture around.

"The sun with its golden radiance," says Mr. Corn-

wallis, "was shedding floods of light over the varied landscape, casting the shadow of the Indian on the placid water of a lagoon, which wound like a river in a gently-shelving valley beyond, and giving a glow of life and animation to the bending corn-fields and the Parian habitations of men. The birds were joyfully carolling away in sweet and hope-inspiring unison; the herds at pasture lowed plaintively, and the bleating of sheep and lambkin broke audibly to life as he passed by natural hedges of wild rose and blackberry-bushes, and fields redundant of grass and clover, whose aroma was borne on the breeze far away to the uplands, where the wild man still holds sway, and civilisation hath scarce or never trodden."

So much for Victoria as gilded and tinted up by successful speculation! And then, as to land? The scramble for lots was tremendous; 100 dollars was the price fixed per lot, but the crowd of purchasers was so great that there was no getting to the office. "I had never been in such a crowd," says Mr. Cornwallis, "since the year 1855, when I waited my turn for letters in front of the San Francisco post-office, after the arrival of the United States mail." And lucky, indeed, were the purchasers, for their lots were subsequently, in most cases, passed from hand to hand, at an advanced price of thousands of dollars. Judge of the case of a man that was seen in a liquor-store at Victoria: "Ye-es, sir," said he, "six thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars I calculate to be the profit of that ar fifty-dollar lot." This he had invested in land when he arrived from San Francisco two months previously, when the fixed price was a hundred per cent. lower than at present, and which lot he had sold on that very day for 7,000 dollars. Mr. Cornwallis was little less lucky himself. He succeeded in obtaining six lots, such being the number limited to each individual, and he sold the first three lots, one for 5,800 dollars, the other two for 8,000 dollars, to a speculator, who put them into the market at 7,000 dollars a lot immediately afterwards. The other three not being yet located, he reserved for his return.

At this time there was a large store and wharf at Esquimalt, and a bridge, erected by the Hudson's Bay Company at a cost of £1,000, spanned the beautiful granite basin of Victoria Harbour from the town side to the opposite or north side, leading to a trunk road in the interior, which passes by the Company's extensive farm (the Esquimalt), the settlement at Herbert Head, at Metehosen, and at Sooke, all thriving agricultural districts. Besides the hundred and fifty houses and stores which sprung up in Victoria, in 1857 and 1858—almost every house or shanty in the town proper being a restaurant or coffee-stand—numerous tents were scattered about the outskirts, some choking up the ravines with their number, others spreading out on the broad open plain that surrounds the town, whilst further off their fleecy summits were to be seen along the shores of the bay. Still farther from the dust and clamour, here and there an isolated house was to be seen away in the woods, tenanted by some individual enamoured of a lodge in the wilderness. "Such," says Mr. Cornwallis, "are the suburbs of Victoria in 1858. Who or what will be their occupants in 1859 imagination may picture, but how truthfully time alone can tell."

The open prairie ground of Vancouver Island, as well as the patches of soil which are met with in the clefts of the hills, are principally covered with the

camash, a small esculent root, about the size of an onion, with a light blue flower—the *Camassia esculenta* of botanists. The camash constitutes a favourite article of food with the Indians, and they lay up large quantities of it for winter consumption, burying it in pits in the same way as they keep potatoes. The *Gaultheria shallon*, called by the Canadians *sala*, is, next to the camash, the most common plant in Vancouver's Island; it is a small shrub, bearing a dark blue berry, a little larger than the cranberry. The berry is very sweet and wholesome, and the savages are very fond of it. The *Arbutus uva ursi* abounds on the low hills, and is the favourite food of bears. The natives smoke the dry leaves. The *Equisetum hyemale* forms excellent food for cattle in winter. They are very fond of it. Most fruits generally cultivated in Great Britain abound, both in the lowlands and hill-sides, wherever they can find soil to support them. Among these may be mentioned as growing wild the strawberry, black currant, gooseberry, and raspberry, a small variety of crab apple, and the choke, a small, black, wild cherry. The potato is almost universally cultivated by all the natives on the south of Vancouver Island, as well as on the opposite mainland.

The Indian tribes in and about the regions under consideration are some 131 in number, with a population of 73,394. Of these the Nuvette, and twenty-seven other tribes, generally speaking the Quacott language, alone number 40,805. The tribes of British Columbia are, however, for the most part, unknown, as is also the case indeed with the Gulf of Georgia Indians. The leading tribe in British Columbia is said to be the Takellies, or Tacullies, a name importing "carriers," and who among themselves are divided into eight tribes of various extent. The result of careful observation of their character does not exactly substantiate Mr. Cornwallis's rhapsodies anent aboriginal innocence and purity. Mr. McLean tells us that sensuality and gluttony are among their characteristic vices, as they are among all people who know no restraints save those inflicted by want or incapability. The women are said to give the reins to the indulgence of their passions from an early age. Gambling is another vice to which these poor Indians apply their untutored minds in unconscious emulation of their betters. Many of the tribes are thievish and lying. They are also very dirty. It is difficult, however, to know when our authorities, speaking of Indians, describe the results of natural depravity or of depravity arising from association with social demoralisation. It is just possible that these physically fine races of people, however prone to war and plunder, may not be lewd or thievish among themselves. Even the women denounced may be the *Laises* and *Thaïses* of the Hudson Bay employés.

The language of the natives appears to be mainly dialects of the Chippewayan, which is so largely extended over North America. They are said to be exceedingly partial to music, and even skilful, having great variety and melody in the airs which they sing. They are fond of feasts and dances—after their own fashion—and they also indulge in dramatic representations of a wild character.

Most of the tribes are unfortunately at feud with one another in the interior. Thus, for example, the Talkotins on the Upper Frazer hold the Chilcotins in deadly hatred. Nearly all the men are six feet and

upwards in height, and are well made in proportion. Dr. Scouler, a sound observer, says, that the Indians of British Columbia and of the coasts, being accustomed to sedentary and continuous labours, present great aptitude for passing into an agricultural state. All the natives of the north-west coast are, indeed, already skilful and enterprising traders. As yet, their numbers are said to diminish when in contact with the fire-water, imported diseases, and other vices of the whites; but a contrary result may be confidently anticipated when they are thrown in contact with the virtues of the white man. Most of the north-western American tribes are physically and mentally quite equal, if not superior, to the Canadian Indian, the Cherokees, Choctas, and other races redeemed by the Americans, and the New Zealanders; yet, what can be more gratifying than the results which the introduction of order, of civilisation, and Christianity have effected among those once savage races.

It is only within our own times that Government and the public are becoming aware of the vast capabilities of British Columbia. Geographers have long pondered on the fact, and have attempted to give to it publicity, but in vain. "There is a large portion of the surface of the earth," said Mr. Gladstone, on Mr. Roebuck's motion respecting the Hudson's Bay Company—"there is a large portion of the earth with regard to the character of which we have been systematically kept in darkness, for those who had information to give have also had an interest directly opposed to their imparting it."

With a splendid climate, far milder than in corresponding latitudes in Europe, besides the infinite supply of fur-bearing animals of the most valuable kinds—besides the immense variety of fish with which all the waters, be they fresh or salt, abound—besides the boundless supply of deer, game, and water-fowl—besides the inexhaustible yield of timber—this region possesses in its minerals and ores far greater riches than its furs, or its fisheries, or its forests can ever be made to yield. Add to all this, it possesses a great agricultural and commercial future, both alike enhanced by the probability of the Valley of the Frazer becoming one day one of the highways of the world.

It would indeed be impossible at the present day to single out any virgin territory which combines so many large and profitable openings to industry, under the same advantageous circumstances of a good climate and natural supplies from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

In the animal kingdom we have first the *Cervus alces*, or moose deer of the Canadians; *C. taranus*, or rein-deer, but rare; *C. elaphus*, or common stag, the elk of the Canadians; *C. Canadensis*, or red deer; *C. leucurus*, or large white-tailed deer; the jumping deer (*chevreuil*), said to be plentiful near Fort Alexandria; a smaller species of black-tailed deer, and other kinds. Big horn sheep are very numerous in the mountains, and are as good eating as the domestic sheep. There are several varieties of bears, grizzled, black, brown, and chocolate, but reducible probably to two species, the black and brown. Black and white wolves infest the thick woods; as also a small species of panther, and the lynx, but none of these are very numerous. Among the fur-bearing animals are the beaver and martens, which are likely to continue numerous for many years to come, as they find a safe retreat among the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. Minxes, squirrels, musk-

rats, marmots, and wood rats are found everywhere, the latter by far too much so. Both land and sea otters are met with; the fur of the latter is very soft and delicate, and is the most valuable of any obtained on the coast. Rabbits also abound. There are plenty of dogs. They are of a diminutive size, and strongly resemble those of the Esquimaux, with curled-up tail, small ears, and pointed nose. A couple of these tractable animals will draw a sledge with a load of 250 pounds, besides provisions for themselves and their driver, twenty miles in five hours. Of birds, there are the bustard; the *Tetrao obscurus*, rather larger than the Scottish grouse; the *Tetrao Richardsonis*, another species of grouse; and the drum-partridge. There are, strange to say, few singing-birds on the west coast of America. There are eagles, hawks, vultures, crows, magpies, thrushes, woodpeckers, bull-finches, and humming birds, but few songsters of the woods or fields. As to aquatic birds, pelicans, swans, geese, ducks of various kinds, teal, gables, and others, they completely cover the lakes and inland salt water lochs in winter, but they leave the country in summer. There is a large species of crane, plenty of plover, but few snipe. Fish, we have seen, are most plentiful in the sea-rivers and lakes. Sturgeon of from 250 lb. weight to 600 lb. weight are caught in the latter. There are four kinds of salmon that ascend the rivers in immense shoals, proceed towards the sources, and, having deposited their spawn, their dead bodies are seen floating down the current in thousands. The other fish of the lakes and rivers are trout, carp, and white fish. The salmon is called by McLean "the New Caledonian staff of life." The natives have very ingenious modes of preparing it, but as they do not care for their fish or viands being pure, they are not always palatable to Europeans.

Insects abound, and among the most annoying are the mosquitoes, the black-fly, and the gnat, which are said to relieve each other regularly in the work of torture, and to especially abound after rain or thunder-showers. The number will probably diminish as the land becomes cultivated, and some people do not complain of them. Mr. Cornwallis says:—"It was not half so bad as by an English roadside, where the gnats sting and whirl round, biting poison into every passer-by—the pestilence of ditches." But then he was "realising" his fifty to one hundred dollars a day in dust and nuggets!

Firs, of which there are several species, and cedars attain a gigantic growth. One fir reaches a height of 250 feet, with a circumference of forty-two feet at the butt. There are two kinds of oak—stunted-looking among the coniferæ on the coast, but of finer growth in the interior. The white maple grows in all the low woodlands. A large species of arbutus grows on the banks of rivers to a height of thirty and forty feet, with hard white wood.

Among the more important and interesting native vegetable productions are the hemp plant, the produce of which has been found to be superior to the Russian, and the prickly pear, dried by the natives in the sun, and baked into excellent cakes. There are, as we have before seen, some delicious varieties of blueberries, service-berries, choke-berries, gooseberries, strawberries and whortleberries. A root called Tza-chin imparts an agreeable zest to salmon, and effectually destroys the disagreeable smell of that fish when smoke-dried. It is unnecessary to repeat that all the fruit-trees,

grains, vegetables and grasses that succeed in Great Britain flourish in British Columbia and yield abundant crops. As it is, the quantity of open land in Vancouver Island and on the coast bears a small proportion to the woodland, but this is not the case in the upper valley of the Frazer and Thompson's Rivers and some of the lake districts, where boundless prairies are met with, and excellent crops and large stocks of cattle are already being raised by the missionaries. The woodland is, however, richer when cleared than the prairie ground, and this applies—a rare thing in other countries—even to the soil of the fir and pine forests.

As to the prospects of the country, that which ap-

plies to Vancouver Island applies equally to the mainland, and in some respects more forcibly. Hence it is that should it turn out that the gold-field in the mainland of the British territory is rich and extensive, as there is every reason to believe, the island will become a profitable field for all trades, industries, and labour. The population will soon increase from Canada—whence an immigration of many thousands is already spoken of—from Australia, South America, the Atlantic States, and, no doubt, from Europe also. If this happens, the tradesman and the labourer will find employment, and the farmer will find a ready market, at good prices, for his produce.



THE FIRST SHOT AT A GRIZZLY BEAR.

Should the gold suddenly disappear, the island will have benefited by the impulse just given to immigration, for no doubt many who went to mine will remain to cultivate the soil and to engage in other pursuits. If this be the termination of the present fever, then to the farmer who is satisfied with a competency, full garners and a good larder, who loves retirement, is not ambitious of wealth, is fond of a mild, agreeable, and healthy climate, and a most lovely country to live in, the island offers every attraction.

There is another point of view in which British Columbia presents a very promising opening, and that is as a naval and maritime station. The harbours at Queen Charlotte's Island, Vancouver Island, and the entrance of Fraser River, are peculiarly adapted for the fitting out of whalers, being in the neighbourhood

of very valuable fishing waters, and the country in their vicinity affording everything that is required for the construction of vessels—such as excellent timber, iron and copper, coal for forges, water power for driving saw-mills, and even hemp growing wild in the interior, for the manufacture of sails and cordage. Thus the whale fishery alone, by creating a demand for many articles into which these products could be manufactured, might be made to give employment to numbers of persons of various trades and calling.

But there is another and still more important consideration, happily becoming generally felt and admitted, which is, that in the unsettled and ever-varying condition of the decrepit Moslem Empire, the overgrowing power of Russia in Asia, and the indifference of the British government to the means of counter-

balancing that power by strengthening its position in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, that our trade in the Pacific Ocean with China, Japan, India, and Australia, may ultimately be compelled to pass through our North American possessions. There are not wanting those—and we rank ourselves among that sanguine class of enthusiasts—who see in the accomplishment of the Halifax and Quebec Railway a first step in the establishment of a great inter-oceanic line of communication, partly by water and partly by rail, if not ultimately entirely by rail.

The distance between London and Peking would be reduced by such a line to some 10,000 miles, and the journey to thirty days. It would lessen the distance from Liverpool to Vancouver Island to 5,650 miles, the distance between Liverpool and Panama alone being 4,100 miles. The harbour of Halifax is the only one safe port we have on the Atlantic coast of British North America, accessible at all seasons of the year, the rest being closed by ice for six months, whilst we have in the Pacific, in the harbour of Esquimalt, one of the finest ports in the world. It is 8,200 miles from

Panama to Sydney, and 7,200 miles from Vancouver Island to the same place, so that Australasia is as much concerned in the adoption of this line as are Japan, China, or India.

No matter what line is ultimately adopted for such transit, whether by the Vermilion Pass, into the valley of Columbia, or the Kicking-horse Pass into the valley of the Kutanic, or by a more northerly pass into the valley of Fraser River, still the advantages which would accrue to Great Britain, consequent upon the entire service being performed through British territory, are beyond all calculation. The establishment of such a line of communication would not merely open up to civilisation a large territory in British North America hitherto almost unexplored, but it would open up to the cultivators of the soil (in Minnesota and on the Red River, for example, the isolation of which appears to have been hitherto the only bar to progress and extension), as also in Canada, a means of transit to all the markets of the Pacific, and an open passage to the China Seas and to our possessions in the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand.¹

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

I.—THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

TOWARDS the girthing of the earth by a junction between the Atlantic and the Pacific, there are two stations, two great colonies, already formed upon a line having its basis on British territory—these are British Columbia and the Red River. There is further a great belt of fertile country which extends from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, and which is watered almost through its whole extent by

¹ Luckily we have a government which at once understands and appreciates the whole bearings of the question. "In glancing over the vast regions devoted to the fur trade," said Sir Bulwer Lytton, "which are said to be as large as Europe, the first thought of every Englishman must be that of humiliation and amazement. Is it possible that so great a segment of the earth under the English sceptre has so long been abandoned as a desolate hunting-ground for wandering savages and wild animals—turning our eyes from a trade which, unlike all other commerce, rests on its profits, not on the redemption, but on the maintenance of the wilderness? It must cheer us to see already, in the great border-lands of this hitherto inhospitable region, the opening prospects of civilised life. Already, on the Pacific, Vancouver Island has been added to the social communities of mankind. Already, on the large territory west of the Rocky Mountains, from the American frontier up to the Russian dominions, we are laying the foundations of what may become hereafter a magnificent abode for the human race. And now, eastward of the Rocky Mountains, we are invited to see in the settlement of the Red River the nucleus of a new colony, a rampart against any hostile inroads from the American frontier, and an essential one, as it were, to that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbours of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence."

In every aspect whether viewed politically, socially, or commercially, the colonisation of British Columbia, and the opening up of communication between that great westerly continent, with its giant islands, its noble harbours, and its productive lands, lakes, and rivers, with central North British America, must undoubtedly give a progressive impulse to the affairs of the world, which, in its results, would eclipse anything which has been witnessed even amid the extraordinary development of the present century. In connection with Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia we may be permitted to make mention of what has been

the Upper Saskatchewan River, and destined to feed a third colony. The problem has been how best to accomplish a junction of communication between these colonies with the Atlantic on the one hand and the Pacific on the other, all within British territory. To effect this, it was first necessary to find a pass through the Rocky Mountains; secondly, a roadway likely to pay its own expenses from the Red River; and thirdly, a land or water-way in connection with Lake Superior.²

called the San Juan Difficulty. According to the terms of the Oregon treaty the line of demarcation between British territory and that of the United States was determined to be south of Frazer River, and from that midway down the channel of San Juan de Fuca. If, as has been offered on the part of the British Government, the arbitration of an independent power was sought in the matter, such person or persons could not hesitate for a moment in declaring midway down the channel to mean midway between the archipelago of San Juan and the mainland. The channel which separates San Juan from the mainland is narrow, obstructed, and barely navigable. It was never known as the channel of San Juan de Fuca. If, when midway down the channel was said it was meant midway down the land, even then such a line would cut the San Juan Islands in half, and not confer the whole of them on the United States. But no independent person could hesitate for a moment where to draw a line down the middle of the Channel de Fuca. And it is to be hoped that the United States Government will yield so far to reason and to those principles of justice which should always actuate nations, were it even only for the example which is thereby given to the people, as to pass over the question to the arbitration of a third party.

² The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated in the year 1670, under a royal charter of Charles the Second, which granted them certain territories in North America, together with exclusive privileges of trade, and other rights and advantages. During the first twenty years of their existence the profits of the Company were so great that, notwithstanding considerable losses sustained by the capture of some of their establishments by the French, amounting in value to £118,014, they were enabled to make a payment to the proprietors, in 1684, of fifty per cent., and a further payment, in 1689, of twenty-five per cent.

In 1690, the stock was trebled without any call being made

The exploration of the central districts of British America, more especially of the long valleys of the two Saskatchewan and of the Assiniboine Rivers, as also of the basin of Lake Winnipeg, have not a

mere geographical interest. The welfare of our transatlantic brethren, the progress of the great colonies of North America, the intercommunication of mankind, and the general onward movement of a universal

besides affording a payment to the proprietors of twenty-five per cent. on the increased or newly-created stock. From 1692 to 1697, the Company incurred loss and damage to the amount of £97,500 sterling from the French. In 1720 their circumstances were so far improved that they again trebled their capital stock with only a call of ten per cent. from the proprietors, on which they paid a dividend averaging nine per cent. for many years, showing profits on the original subscribed capital stock actually paid up of between sixty and seventy per cent. per annum, from the year 1690 to 1800, or during a period of 110 years.

Up to this time the Hudson's Bay Company enjoyed a monopoly of the fur trade, and reaped a rich harvest of wealth and influence.

In 1783, the North West Company was formed, having its head quarters in Montreal. The North West Company soon rose to the position of a formidable rival to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the territory the two companies traded in became the scene of animosities, feuds, and bloodshed, involving the destruction of property, the demoralisation of the Indians, and the ruin of the fur trade. Owing to this opposition the Hudson's Bay Company suffered to such an extent, that between 1800 and 1821, a period of twenty-two years, their dividends were for the first eight years reduced to four per cent. During the next six years they could pay no dividend at all, and for the remaining eight years they could pay only four per cent.

In the year 1821, a union between the North Western and Hudson's Bay Company took place. Under the title of the last-named the proprietors were called upon to pay £100 per cent. upon their capital, which, with the stock in trade of both parties in the country, formed a capital stock of £400,000, on which four per cent. dividend was paid in the years 1821 to 1824, and from that time half-yearly dividends of five per cent. to 1828; from 1828 to 1832, a dividend of five per cent. with a bonus of ten per cent. was paid; and, from 1832 to 1837, a dividend of four per cent., with an average bonus of six per cent. The distribution of profits to the shareholders for the years 1847 to 1856, both inclusive, was as follows:—1847-1849, ten per cent. per annum; 1850, twenty per cent. per annum, of which ten per cent. was added to stock; in 1851, ten per cent.; in 1852, fifteen per cent., of which five per cent. was added to stock; in 1854 to 1856, ten per cent. per annum dividend. Of 268 proprietors in July, 1856, 196 have purchased their stock at from 220 to 240 per cent.

The capital employed by the Hudson's Bay Company is as follows:—June 1st, 1856, amount of assets, £1,468,301 16s. 3d.; amount of liabilities, £203,233 16s. 11d.; capital, £1,265,367 19s. 4d., consisting of stock standing in the name of the proprietors; £500,000 valuation of the Company's lands and buildings, exclusive of Vancouver Island and Oregon, £318,884 12s. 8d.; amount expended up to 16th September, 1856, in sending miners and labourers to Vancouver Island, in the coal mines, and other objects of colonisation, exclusive of the trading establishments of the Company, and which amount will be repayable by Government if possession of the island is resumed, £87,071 8s. 3d.; amount invested in Fort Victoria and other establishments and posts in Vancouver Island, estimated at £75,000; amount paid to the Earl of Selkirk for Red River Settlement, £84,111 18s. 5d. Property and investments: The territory of Oregon, ceded to the United States by the treaty of 1846, which are secured to the Company as possessory rights under the treaty, £1,000,000 sterling, £200,000; total, £1,265,067 19s. 4d.

The affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company are managed by a governor-in-chief, sixteen chief factors, twenty-nine chief traders, five surgeons, eighty-seven clerks, sixty-seven postmasters, twelve hundred permanent servants of different ranks, consisting of voyageurs and servants. The total number of persons in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company is about 3,000. Sir George Simpson has been Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company for forty years. He exercises a general supervision over the Company's affairs, presides at their councils in the country, and has the principal direction of the whole interior management in North America. The governor is assisted by a council of each of the two departments into which the territory is divided.

The seat of council for the northern department is at Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg; for the southern department at Michissicathen, Lake Superior, Mouse Factory, or Jones' Bay.

The council consists of the chief officers of the Company, the chief factors being *ex-officio* members of the council. Their deliberations are conducted in private. The sixteen chief factors are in charge of different districts in the territory, and a certain number of them assemble every year at Norway House, for the northern department, generally about the middle of June, to meet the governor and transact business. Seven chief factors, with the governor, form a quorum; but if a sufficient number of the higher rank of officers are not present, a quorum is established by the admission of chief traders.

The Hudson's Bay Company's operations extend not only over that part of North America called Rupert's Land and the Indian territory, but also over part of Canada, Newfoundland, Oregon, Russian America, and the Sandwich Isles. Thus the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company extend over territories whose inhabitants owe allegiance to three different and independent governments—British, Russian, and the United States. These immense territories, exceeding 4,500,000 square miles in area, are divided, for the exclusive purposes of the fur trade, into four departments and thirty three districts, in which are included one hundred and fifty-two posts, commanding the services of three thousand agents, traders, voyageurs, and servants, besides giving occasional or constant employment to about one hundred thousand savage Indian hunters. Armed vessels, both sailing and steam, are employed on the North West Coast to carry on the fur trade with the warlike nations of that distant region. More than twenty years ago the trade of the North West Coast gave employment to about one thousand men, occupying twenty-one permanent establishments, or engaged in navigating five armed sailing-vessels and one armed steamer, varying from one hundred to three hundred tons burthen. History does not furnish another example of an association of private individuals exerting a powerful influence over so large an extent of the earth's surface, and administering their affairs with such consummate skill and unwavering devotion to the original objects of their incorporation.

In former days the Hudson's Bay Company used to reach the Red River Settlement by the round-about route of Hudson's Bay and up the York river. This was done to prevent the greater communication between the Canadas and Rupert's Lands—it being well understood that as soon as the English, the Canadians, or the Americans, became enlightened on the subject of the northern possessions, compelled to barbarism and desolation by that Company, that their right would be questioned and their power at once exploded. This has happened, at last, within the past ten years only, and a region as large as the west of Europe has been given to the human race. One mass of land alone, the Saskatchewan and Red River district, amounts to 300,000 acres! Meantime, while engineers, and legislators, and travellers are arguing the merits of respective routes, in place of at once adapting to present exigencies some one of the old ones (as wisely recommended by Professor Hind), a Pickford of the Far West has started and pioneered the way. At the present moment, Mr. Burbank's complement of one hundred waggons, in brigades of twenty-five each, are running from St. Paul, the existing head of navigation in the Mississippi, to Georgetown, on Red River, conveying the freight of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, for which service Mr. Burbank has a contract for five years, whereby he is bound to carry five hundred tons annually for that period. During the period of navigation, the distance between St. Paul and Fort Garry is accomplished in nine days, six days being required to travel from St. Paul to Georgetown, on Red River, by stage-coaches, and three days by steamer from Georgetown to Fort Garry. The success attendant upon this experiment has been so great that Burbank and Co. were expected to have on the same line, on and after June 1, 1860, fifteen four-horse Concord coaches, making regularly tri-weekly trips from St. Cloud, seventy-five miles above St. Paul, on the Mississippi, to Georgetown, three hundred miles farther north-west on Red River, besides one hundred transportation waggons. From Georgetown the connection with Selkirk Settlement was to be by steam. By the *Nor'-Wester*, dated Fort Garry June 20, 1860, we learn that the *Anson Northrup* steamer ascended Red River to Georgetown, and returned to Fort Garry, in a little over seven days. It is expected that, as the importance of this line of communication progresses, the journey will be made with horses and stage-coaches throughout the winter months by the summer road.

civilisation, are alike concerned in such explorations. Beyond Lower and Upper Canada, with the exception of the struggling settlement on the Red River, no progress has been made to the westward ever since 1763, when the lands discovered by Sebastian Cabot were finally ceded to the British. True that the North-Western Company have formed settlements, but it was their object to keep the country a hunting-ground for painted savages. There have been adventurous travellers and zealous missionaries who have traversed these lands, and these may justly lay claim to having been the pioneers of existing things, but up to recent times little real progress has been made—nothing that will for a moment compare with the magnitude of the interests involved, and the boundless promise to the future held out by these vast regions, as yet unclaimed by civilised man. It is not only that the valleys of the great rivers above mentioned, the far-spreading wood and lake districts, and the boundless meadows that roll between them, all teem with openings to different branches of industry—fishing, hunting, timber-cutting, cattle-breeding, and agriculture, with road-making, house-building, and the thousand-and-one wants of civilised life; it is that a new route presents itself through these neglected realms by which to encircle the globe, and whether our steamers plough the ocean from British Columbia to New Zealand and Australia, or to Japan, China, India, and the Cape; or whether Russia, progressing eastward, will bring the valley of the Amoor into commercial communication with that of the Frazer River, and thus pave the way to the iron rail and steam bridges which shall girdle the whole globe in their embrace; still it is quite certain that not only is civilisation marching from East to West, but that British North America is the real available line (however long neglected) of communication between Western Europe and the Pacific Ocean; and when we come to think that in endeavouring to realise any such a desirable solution of a long-pending question, we are also advancing at every single step taken the material progress of Great Britain, Canada, Central British America, and British Columbia, extending colonisation, bringing new land and new territorial resources under contribution, and subjecting new natural lines of land and fluvial communication to bear upon some main artery of transit—it must be felt that the importance of the questions thus involved are only equalled by their vastness.

From the Atlantic seaboard the communication across is already half effected.

The present position of Lake Superior and its tributaries, it is to be observed, in relation to Montreal and the Atlantic seaboard, is wholly changed since the period when the old North-West Company, established in 1783, and amalgamated with the Hudson Bay Company in 1821, maintained large establishments at Fort William and Fort Charlotte, on the Pigeon River (now the boundary line of British America, and of the United States territories on Lake Superior), and some thirty-five miles in a south-west direction from the mouths of the Kaministiquia River. In those days of canoe transport, merchandise was conveyed up the Ottawa, across the height of land to Lake Huron, thence by the north shore of Lake Superior to Fort William, the starting-point of the long journey into the great interior valleys of Red River, the Saskatchewan, and the Mackenzie. In these days ships can sail from European or Atlantic

ports, and, without breaking bulk, land their cargoes at Fort William for less than one-fiftieth part of the cost involved during the period when the North-West Company became a powerful, wealthy, and influential body.

The completion of Sault Sainte Marie Canal ($1\frac{1}{8}$ mile in length, 70 feet wide at bottom, and 12 feet deep), in May, 1855, established an uninterrupted water communication for sea-going vessels between Lake Superior and the ocean. The first ship which sailed from Chicago to Liverpool was the *Dean Richmond*, in 1856; since that period the number of sea-going vessels from the Upper Lake ports has been increasing with great regularity. The trade of Lake Superior is also becoming of unexpected importance. In 1859, between the 1st day of June and the 1st of November, the value of the different articles which passed through St. Mary's Canal amounted to 5,703,433 dollars, and the number of passengers to 11,622. Fifteen years since three schooners constituted the entire fleet engaged in the Lake Superior trade. The number of vessels which passed through St. Mary's Canal, in the season of 1858 and 1859, were, respectively, 443 and 847, with a tonnage of 149,307, and 304,860.

The whole length of this long navigation is 2,030 miles, divided thus; Anticoste to Quebec, 410 miles; to Montreal, 590 miles; to Lachine Canal, 598 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Beauharnais Canal, 614 miles; to Cornwall Canal, 662 miles; to Farris Point Canal, 673 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Rapid Plat Canal, 688 miles; to Point Iroquois Canal, 699 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Galops Canal, 714 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; to Lake Ontario, 766 miles; to Welland Canal, 1,016 miles; to Lake Erie, 1,041 miles; to Detroit River, 1,280 miles; to Lake St. Clair River, St. Clair, and Lake Huron, 1,355 miles; to River St. Mary, 1,580 miles; to St. Mary's Canal, 1,650 miles; Lake Superior to Fort William, 1,910 miles; Superior City, 2,030 miles! With the single exception of St. Mary's Canal, all the great public works which have been contrived and executed for the purpose of reducing the obstacles to uninterrupted navigation between the great lakes and the ocean, lie in the Canadian territory, and are under the control of the Canadian government. Ottawa, the future capital of Canada, is, it is to be observed, upon this line of communication, as also what will be an undoubted improvement upon this line, and will, when completed, connect the whole into a first-class navigation for vessels drawing twelve feet of water.

Nor is the commerce of the lakes on the American side increasing with less marvellous rapidity; 3,065 steamers passed up from Lake Erie to Lake Huron and Detroit, in 1859; and 3,121 passed down. The greatest number up in a single day was 85; down, 73. Detroit statistics show that 5 steamers, 7 propellers, 4 barques, 7 brigs, and 85 schooners, were more or less engaged in the Lake Superior trade during the same year. Forty vessels left during the season for European and outward ports.

We, however, have not only no regular intercommunication between Canada and Central British America, no roads even traced out along the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, but we have not even any regular summer communication with the Red River Settlement by river or lake navigation.¹

¹ Within the territory of the United States, the country between Lake Superior and the valley of the Mississippi presents no difficulties for the construction of a railroad. The valley of the Mississippi is in direct communication with that of the Red River of

Now there are three stages. The first from the Atlantic to Lake Superior, which we have shown to be already at our disposal; the second from Lake Superior to the Red River Colony; and the third from the Red River Colony to the Rocky Mountains. We will now proceed to show what has been done or is doing in respect to facilitating the accomplishment of these routes.

II.—THE WAY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CAPTAIN PALLISER is well known as "The Solitary Hunter" to all who love the adventurous, from the recitals of his experience in a shooting excursion up the Missouri to St. Louis, and thence to Fort Vermillion, Fort Union, and the Forts of the Yellow Stone River, in the Assine Territory. It was in this country that he was the hero of the following venturesome exploit:

"Next day (Captain Palliser was at the time describing the Missouri River) was so windy that we could not continue our descent, so I went out to look for black-tailed deer in little thickets of brushwood on the old red sandstone hills about the mouth of the Knife River. I shot a fine buck, and was busy skinning it, when I heard '*Monsieur, venez ici!*' loudly shouted. I looked up, and just saw the figure of Dauphin vanish over the brow of a hill; of course I followed with my loaded rifle, and on reaching the summit, beheld a bear standing on his hind legs and staring about him in every direction, while Dauphin, concealed from his view by a rock, was industriously snapping his pistol at him. On seeing me the brute shuffled off at a great pace; but when I came up with Dauphin, the latter, imitating the croaking of a buffalo-calf, brought him back again a little way, so that I got a shot at him, and hit him in the flank, though, blown as I was by my ascent, I could hardly hold my breath to take aim. The bear clawed at the spot where the ball struck him, and charged up to within twenty paces of us, while I was reloading, whereupon Dauphin snapped his pistol again at him without effect. Fortunately for us, Bruin was only a two-year old, and afraid to rush in, though large enough to have smashed both of us, defenceless as we were at the moment, and, before I could get on my percussion-cap, bolted over the brow of the hill. I was still so thoroughly blown from my run over the rocky ground that I gave up my heavy rifle to Dauphin, who threw down the useless pistol and

started in chase, I following him. He soon got a shot at the bear, who turned round, clawed at the wound, gave a savage growl, and ran into one of those little clumps which always mark a watercourse in the hilly country. I took the rifle again, loaded, and pursued the enemy right into the clump, in spite of the remonstrances of Dauphin, and getting a sight of him first, gave him a finishing shot between eye and ear. Although he was but a young bear, only in his third year, it was with great difficulty that we could drag him out; he measured five feet four inches from the rump to the muzzle, and his claws were three inches and three-quarters long. Had he been fully grown, and possessed of that amount of courage and ferocity with which the old grizzly bears, both male and female, are endowed, it would certainly have fared badly with us that day. However, we skinned our prize with great satisfaction, and I was exceedingly pleased with the pluck and daring of my companion, who had been twice charged by the bear, and whose pistol had twice snapped.

"The grizzly bear is an animal very little known in this country, the damp climate of which does not agree with him. The celebrated Catlin brought over one or two specimens; but they met with the fate which almost invariably attends pets—an untimely end! There are now some specimens of the grizzly bear at the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park, but I fear they do not promise well; they are not attaining the size to which their age entitles them. The grizzly bear is poetically and justly called the monarch of the Rocky Mountains, a name to which his size and ferocity fully entitle him, as he roams over these vast solitudes fearless of everything. The full-grown male measures eight feet six inches from muzzle to stern, and about that size round the body; his feet are in shape something like those of a negro, and are about eighteen inches in length, armed with claws fully five inches long; his arms and legs are enormously powerful, and as he walks and trots he moves the hind and fore-foot together on the same side, and rolls his head at every step. In colour he varies a good deal from a common brown to a beautiful steel gray. He differs materially from the common brown bear in the size and shape of the head, which is much larger, and also in the fore-legs, which are not only much stouter, but covered with very strong wiry black hair, while his claws are much longer and stronger than those of the brown bear. Naturalists are divided in their opinion as to whether the grizzly bear climbs trees or not; but I am perfectly convinced that he does not. Men have told me of escapes they have had from them by ascending trees; and one trapper named Joe Uno told me that he once had a mocassin torn off his foot while in the act of escaping up a tree, by the stroke of the ponderous paw of a grizzly bear, which, however, was unable to follow him, and sat for a considerable time at the foot of the tree watching for him to come down."

Another adventure—Captain Palliser's second—with the grizzly bear, was not so successful or satisfactory. This occurred in the Turtle Mountains.

"Boucharville's quick eye perceived, under the cliffs, about 300 feet below, a doe-elk, feeding in a glade surrounded with thickets of fruit trees and rose bushes. With his usual deliberation he drew out and struck crosswise in the ground his ramrod and loading stick for a rest, and a deliberate shot brought the elk down

the north by travelled roads, so that the approach to the valley of Lake Winnipeg from the head of Lake Superior is only a question of time, and will not involve any considerable outlay when the necessities of the country, or of commerce, render the opening of this line of communication desirable. Kettle River, flowing into the St. Croix, a tributary of the Mississippi, issues from a small lake not twenty miles from Lake Superior, and the distance of the navigable portion of the Mississippi, adjoining Sandy Lake, is scarcely forty-five miles from Fond du Lac. The Mississippi is said to be navigable for steamers of light draught from Crow's Wing to beyond this point, and Crow's Wing is 130 miles from St. Paul by the travelled road, and less than 120 miles in an air line from Superior City. St. Paul and Crow's Wing will soon be connected by a railway. A large portion of the heavy work on this line is completed, and if no unforeseen events occur, the connection will have been established before the publication of this narrative. The construction of a plank road between Superior City and Crow's Wing is already in contemplation, and the route is even now occasionally travelled. It will no doubt become of great commercial importance to the region of the Upper Mississippi and its numerous tributaries; and it is not improbable that its influence may rapidly extend to other watersheds, viz., those of Rainy River, Red River, and the Saskatchewan.

on her tracks. The spot from which he had fired was so steep that we were obliged to turn back and take a more circuitous course to reach her. Boucharville, who had not loaded, went at that moment to a stream about thirty paces from where the wapiti lay, saying, '*Je vais laver ma carabine*'; and I, leaving my horse to graze, having taken off his bridle and unrolled his halter, was busy, knife in hand, removing the elk's skin, when Boucharville, who by this time had his rifle barrel in the stream, and was sponging away very diligently, suddenly shouted out, '*Un ours! un ours!*' and at the same instant a she grizzly bear emerged from a cherry thicket, charging right at him. Boucharville, dropping his rifle barrel, sprang back into a clump of rose-bushes, when the bear, losing sight of him, stood on her hind legs, and I then saw she had a cub of a good size with her. I at first ran to assist my companion, but seeing him safe and the bear at fault, I rushed back to the horse to secure him, fearing that were he to smell the bear he would soon speed his way over the prairie and be lost to me for ever. Seeing me run, the bear instantly charged after me; and when, having reached the horse and rolled the halter a couple of times round my arm, I turned about to face her, she rose on her hind legs. I did not like, however, to venture so long a shot, as I had only a single-barelled rifle in my hand, and paused for a moment, when she altered her intention, turned aside, and followed the direction taken by her cub. I then caught a glimpse of her as she ran to the left, and fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she immediately checked her onward course, and wheeling round-and-round, snapped at her side, tearing at the wound with her teeth and claws, and fortunately for me, afforded me sufficient time to enable me to load again; my ball was hardly down, when a shout from Boucharville warned me that the fight was only commencing. '*Gardez vous! gardez vous, monsieur! elle fonce encore,*' and on she furiously rushed at me. I had barely time to put on my copper cap, and as she (See p. 329) rose on her hind legs, I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up and rolled from the top to the bottom of the slope, where she expired with a choking growl. Boucharville now joined me, but we did not venture to approach the enemy until I had loaded, and we ascertained that she was safe dead by pelting sticks and stumps at the carcass. All this time my noble horse stood as firm as a rock; had he reared or shied I should have been in a serious scrape.

"I was greatly rejoiced at my good fortune. She proved a fine old bear, measuring seven and a half feet in length, with claws four and a half inches long.

"We immediately set to and skinned her, preserving the claws; I then brought up the horse, and laid the skin upon his back; he, strange to say, offering no resistance, nor evincing the slightest fear or objection to carry it—a most unusual thing, for horses in general are terrified at the smell of a bear, and I never saw one since that would allow me to throw a bear-skin across his back. Dauphin, on our reaching camp, and relating our adventure, took a couple of coils of rope and his rifle, and started off to try and catch one of the young bears. I thought the prospect of his finding them so doubtful, that I did not accompany him, and was afterwards very sorry I did not; for after being some hours away, he returned, having shot one little bear, and attacked the other with a view of capturing him alive. The little brute, however, fought so fiercely as

to tear his clothes, and cut him with his sharp claws. Dauphin had fortunately provided himself with a good thick stick; but, notwithstanding this advantage, he was right glad to relinquish the fight, and leave it a drawn battle. At one time, he told me, his adversary had secured his leg, and very nearly succeeded in dragging it to his mouth, in which event he would have hurt him severely, when a couple of hard blows on the nose made him let go his hold, but only to renew his charge again and again, notwithstanding repeated thwacks on the head from the young hunter's stick. '*Et, Monsieur,*' continued Dauphin, '*enfin il est échappé, le s'cré petit enfant du diable!*' The skin he brought home was a beautiful one, as indeed are the skins of all young grizzly bears, whose fur is thick, of a tawny colour, with a stripe of a darker hue along the back, and so long and shaggy that it shakes up and down as the animal shuffles along. In the evening I took a ride with Dauphin, more to enjoy the exquisite landscape than for the purpose of hunting. Our course lay through cedars and rhododendrons, and we found regular paths in all directions made by elk and buffalo, who travel through every wood. In the whole of this region there is not a thicket or point that is not rendered easy to traverse from this cause, and it will be easily imagined that a succession of these heavy animals following in each other's wake would soon form a very convenient riding track. We returned about sunset with the skins of two wapiti, now valuable as being in the red. As we sat round our camp-fire at night, Boucharville remonstrated much on the danger we ran by remaining in this delightful spot, and pressed me so hard, that before going to rest I reluctantly consented that we should depart the following day, taking a northerly direction until we should fall in with the little Missouri, which we should follow up and down to hunt for bear and big-horn. Accordingly we started on the morrow, Dauphin travelling on foot as his horse was heavily laden with the trophies of our hunt in the Montagne de Tortue, and before noon we arrived at some rocky, shingly hills, over and along which we rode with much difficulty, having frequently to dismount and lead our horses. Dauphin here descried a grizzly bear lying down and sunning himself on the ledge of a rock high up on the side of a hill, and, contrary to my directions, instead of waiting for us, ran on, while Boucharville and I were loosening the halters of our horses, so as to catch them again more easily, and under cover of the rocks, got within forty yards of the bear unperceived. He took deliberate aim, but missed him; the bear instantly made off for a thicket of brushwood, while I, not a little annoyed, ran along the base of the cliffs to cut off his retreat, but all to no purpose; the brute passed me at some distance, giving me a snap shot at him which did not take effect, reached the timber, and the ground being too hard for us to track him, finally got away unscathed. As may be supposed, I was in no enviable humour; Dauphin kept out of my way, and I rode silently and sulkily forward. At last my philosophy prescribed a whiff of the pipe, which I drew out, struck a light, and my wrath soon vanished in smoke."¹

¹ Every traveller shoots his grizzly bear, and their accounts of these exploits are not seldom the least interesting portions of their narratives. Paul Kane, the artist, in working his way from Fort Garry to Fort Edmonton, along the Saskatchewan, has the following note in his diary:—"Sept. 24. We passed through what is called the Long Grass Prairie—the bones of a whole camp of

When Capt. Palliser had hunted over the whole country, and blown off more powder than any Sioux or Black-foot warrior, and carried away more game and fur than the hardiest of their trappers, he returned southwards,

descended the Mississippi by the way he had come, and returned to Europe by New Orleans.

But the reflection struck the bold hunter that, hitherto, he had made himself acquainted only with the

Indians, who were carried off by that fatal scourge of their race, the small pox, were here bleaching on the plains, having fallen from the platforms and trees on which it is their custom to suspend their dead, covered with skins—which latter, as well as the supports, time had destroyed. (See p. 337.) An immense grizzly bear was drinking at a pond, and our hunter went ahead of the party (Hudson's Bay Company men), to try and get a shot at him. The bear quietly awaited his attack, and the Indian, seeing him so cool, rather hesitated to advance, not deeming it prudent or safe to depend on the fleetness of his horse, unless he had a good start of the bear. He fired, therefore, at too great a distance for the shot to tell. The bear rose up very confusedly on his hind legs, and regarding the hunter for a moment, turned about and walked away. I then determined to try my luck. As I was very well mounted, I rode up to within forty or fifty yards of him, and as he turned to look at me, I discharged both barrels; one wounded him in the shoulder, and with a savage growl he turned and pursued me. I set off at full gallop towards Mr. Rowland, who waited till he came within shot, when he put another ball into him; but still the bear advanced. In the meantime the Indian and I had both managed to reload, and, as the bear came forward, the Indian fired, and must have hit, as the bear again rose on his hind legs; when, taking deliberate aim, I lodged a ball in his heart, and the huge monster fell to the ground. The Indian now skinned him, and cut off his paws, which we found most delicious picking, when roasted in the evening. The claws, which I preserved, measured four and a-half inches. There is no animal on the whole continent that the Indians hold in so much dread as the grizzly bear, and few will attack one of them when alone, unless with a very fleet horse under him." When up at Fort Edmonton in the winter, our adventurous artist (who, by-the-by, in his first buffalo hunt, on the Red River, pauses before shooting his third buffalo to take a sketch of him, and gets knocked over for his pains), meets another grizzly bear. "We had not left the Fort more than five or six miles behind us, when we fell in with an enormous grizzly bear, but François (a half-bred voyageur of celebrity), would not fire at him, nor allow me to do so, although I told him I had helped to kill one before. A younger man than he, who had his character to make, might have been foolish enough to run the risk, for the sake of the standing it would have given him amongst his companions; but François had a character established, and would not risk attacking so formidable an animal with only two men. In fact, their enormous strength, agility, and wonderful tenacity of life, make them shunned even by large numbers, and few are killed, except by young men for the purpose of proudly wearing the claws, one of the most esteemed ornaments to an Indian chief, around their necks. The bear walked on, looking at us now and then, but seeming to treat us with contempt. My fingers were itching to let fly at him; it seemed so easy, and his skin was in such fine condition. But though my gun had two barrels, and François was by my side, with the almost certainty of putting three balls well in; yet we well knew that it was ten chances to one that three balls would kill him quick enough to prevent a hand-to-hand encounter, a sort of amusement that neither were Quixotic enough to desire."

Mulhausen reports for us one or two grizzly bear stories, as told by Si-ki-to-ma-ken, or the Black Beaver, a Delaware chief at Fort Arkbuekle, on the Mexican frontier. "If you can manage," said our Indian instructor, "to root the Black Bear (*Ursus Americanus*) out of his den on the Canadian river, and to wound him, so that he is inclined to fight, you may have a delightful hunt; you will be pleased with his pluck, and laugh at his comical attitudes; but mind what you are about, and do not let him come too near, or you may buy his hide and his savoury meat a little too dear. But should he retire into his den, then do you make a torch of dry grass or wood, or anything that will burn, and follow him boldly into his hole, and when the light glares in his eyes the foolish chap will sit up on end and cover his eyes with his clumsy paws. You then make your torch blaze up a bit, and you will see a spot on his breast where the hair grows in a sort of round; you put a bullet in there, and the bear will go down like a Pawnee tent when you have cut the props. One cannot always smoke him out of his den, and even if you do he will sometimes come to the mouth of the cave, dash down, and scrape away the fire with his paws, and go back again. The

Gord Mountains of Mexico (the Rocky Mountains) are full of gray bears (*Ursus ferox*, Lewis and Clarke), but don't attempt to attack him unless two or more of you are together. Whoever sees one of these gigantic fellows for the first time may easily lose his self-possession, and, if he misses his mark, a touch of the claws of his furious antagonist will cure him of his love of sport for ever. The swiftness of this animal exceeds that of the horse, and when he is angry, he quite loses his venerable appearance. His ears disappear, his little eyes flash fire, and you can see nothing but teeth and glaring eyeballs. When I went with some whites through the Rocky Mountains, a few years ago," continued the Black Beaver, "I had one of these inexperienced hunters with me, and he swore loud enough that he would attack the first gray bear he could see. He did keep his word, but he thought himself uncommonly lucky to escape with his life, and I will answer for it he will think twice before he attacks a gray bear again. We had pitched our camp, for the sake of our horses, on a green meadow near the foot of a mountain, where we had about a thousand paces to go to the spring, from which we fetched the water for our little cookeries in skins. I had gone to the spring for this purpose with this green young fellow, and was just stooping to catch the trickling stream, when we both suddenly perceived one of these silver gray bears, who, most likely attracted by our horses, was trotting towards the camp. I had no weapon with me but a horse-pistol in my girdle, but my companion had got his rifle, and, in spite of my warning, he placed himself so as to be able to get a good shot at the bear, who was approaching us from the windward side. I stood by to see what would happen. The shot was fired; the bear shrunk himself together, but, the next moment, rushed at the unlucky hunter, who was now running fast enough, overtook him a few steps from where I was standing, threw him down, and instantly tore away the half of his shoulder with his teeth. He was just going to seize him a second time, when I sprang to them, put the muzzle of my pistol to the nape of his neck, and, not without danger of wounding the man on the ground, fired. The bear fell dead, and my comrade was saved, but in such a deplorable state that he had to stay in that place for several weeks before he was able to mount his horse."

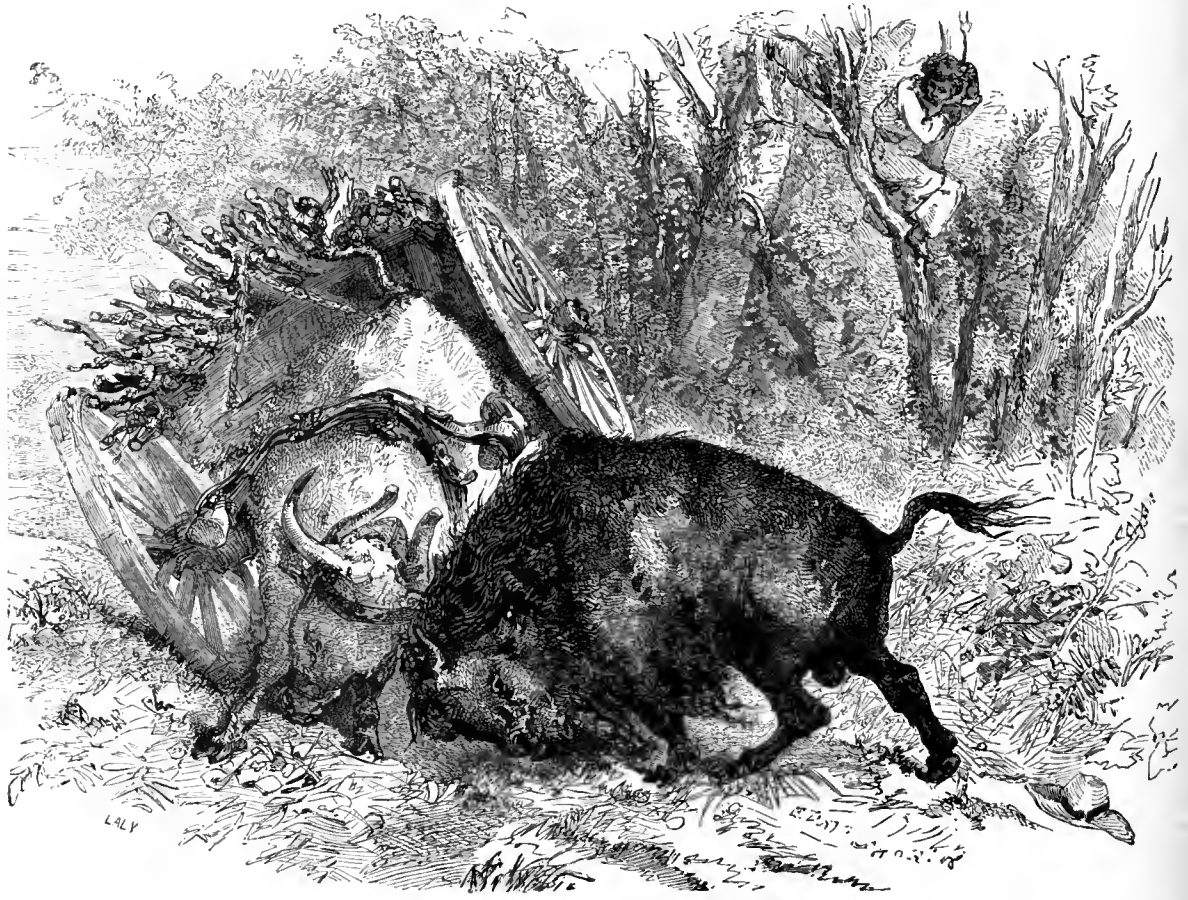
"Captain Beaver," broke in one of his auditors, "I have heard that even the most experienced hunter may come off short in a scuffle with such an ugly customer as that. Very likely you may know the Canadian Villandrie, he is the best white hunter in the Yellowstone River; he is a free trapper, and always will be a free trapper, though the Fur Company of St. Louis have made him the most splendid offers to secure his services. He generally lives among the Sioux, for he has married a woman from amongst them. One morning, when he was riding out to have a look at his beaver-traps, he had to break his way through some thick bushes that grew on a high bank above a small river. He was going along, pushing back the twigs with the barrel of his rifle, and keeping an eye on the bank, when all at once he found himself close to a gray old she-bear, who rose instantly and dashed furiously at the horse, as he was struggling with the shrubs and bushes: one blow of her colossal paw was enough to break his back, and to throw Villandrie down the brook and his rifle into the water. Three half-grown cubs now occupied themselves with the poor struggling horse, while their raging mother rushed towards Villandrie, who was just getting up; but before he had well drawn his long knife, the bear's claws were on his left arm and shoulder. His right arm he could still move freely, and he gave stab after stab in the neck of his fierce enemy, who did not for that relax her gripe, and tried to catch the knife with her teeth. At every movement he made, she seemed to dig deeper into his shoulder and arm. The struggle had not lasted a minute, when the sandy bank suddenly gave way, and down the combatants went into the water; fortunately for Villandrie, for the sudden cold bath made the bear let go; she returned to her cubs, and left her mangled antagonist to get away as well as he could. The next day he reached Sioux village, very much exhausted from loss of blood, but he got his wounds tolerably healed, and is still considered the best white trapper on the Yellow Stone."

A fearful story of a madman and a bear is told by Mr. Atkinson in his "Oriental and Western Siberia":—

"I passed places where fearful encounters with these animals have

Far West of the United States, while the more important *Far West* of Canada remained comparatively unknown. Thus the great problem of a passage within British territory across the Rocky Mountains offered itself to his mind. He entertained a notion of undertaking a journey for this purpose at his own expense, and had communicated with the Royal Geographical Society on the subject, when, the matter coming to the knowledge of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Labouchere, an arrangement was effected for facilitating, by a public grant, an enterprise of such national importance; and on the 9th of May, 1857,

the expedition, under Captain John Palliser and his associates, Lieut. Blakiston and Dr. Hector, were dispatched by Her Majesty's Government to survey the water-parting between the basins of the Missouri and Saskatchewan rivers, and to explore the passes of the Rocky Mountains, within our own territories. A survey was, at the same time, being carried on under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Hawkins, who was co-operating with the Anglo-American surveyors in defining accurately, and, if possible, by marked physical features, the boundary between the British possessions and those of the United States, lying to the west of



FIGHT BETWEEN A BULL AND A BISON.

the tracts to be explored by Captain Palliser, and terminating in the Pacific, to the south of Frazer River, San Juan, and Vancouver Island.

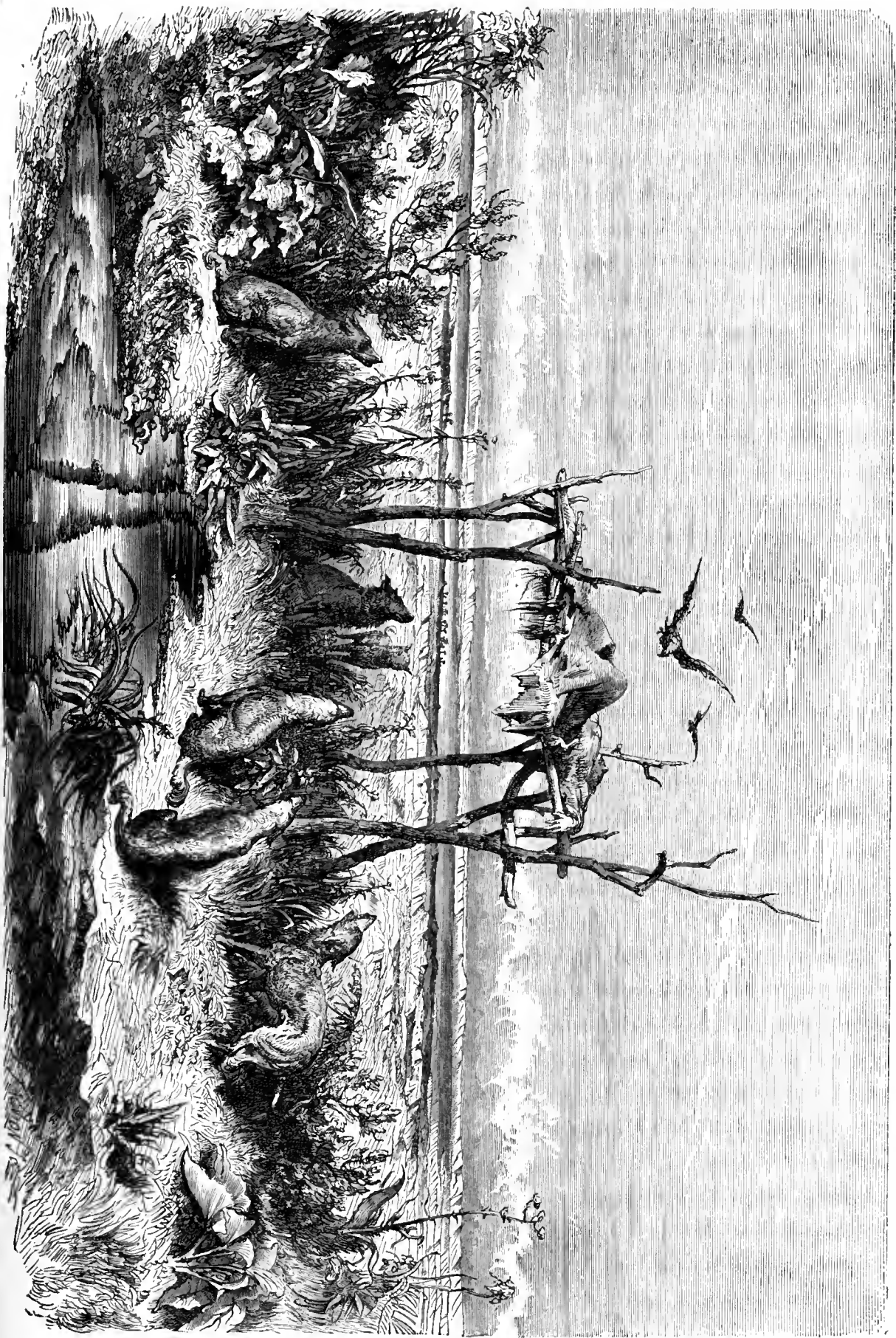
Captain Palliser's expedition left Liverpool in the *Arabia* steamer, on the 16th of May, 1857, and landed at New York on the 28th of the same month.

taken place. A very large one had been seen by the wood-cutters about fifteen versts from the gold mine; and two men, one a hunter held in great repute for his daring and skill, determined to make his acquaintance. After wandering about for some time they came upon his track, quite fresh on the long dewy grass. He was evidently near; this made them cautious, and they prepared for action. Presently a loud growl saluted their ears, then out he sprang from a thicket about thirty-five paces distant, where he stood snuffing the breeze and eyeing the intruders.

"The hunter fired, and the ball struck, but not in a vital part. In an instant the wounded animal charged; the other man, who was less experienced, reserved his shot until within twenty paces. The rifle missed fire: at once the brute raised himself on his hind legs, and, tearing the earth beneath him, rushed on his first assailant, striking him down with a blow that stripped his scalp and turned it over his face, then seizing his arm he began to gnaw and crush

it to the bone, gradually ascending to the shoulder. The man called to his companion to load and fire; but the fellow, when he saw his friend so fearfully mangled, ran away and left him to his fate.

Late in the evening he reached the gold mine, and reported what had happened; but it was too late to make any effort on behalf of the mangled hunter. The officer ordered a large party out at daylight the next morning, with the coward for a guide: he took them through the forest where the encounter had taken place, of which there still remained ample evidence; but no remains of the victim were met with, excepting some torn clothes and his rifle. By the state of the grass it was evident that the man had been carried off into the thick forest. A most diligent search was then made; sometimes the track was lost, but the pursuers of the bear were too well-skilled in woodcraft to be foiled, and at length discovered his lair. He had dragged the hunter into a dense



INDIAN SEPULCHRE IN THE LONG GRASS PRAIRIE, ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

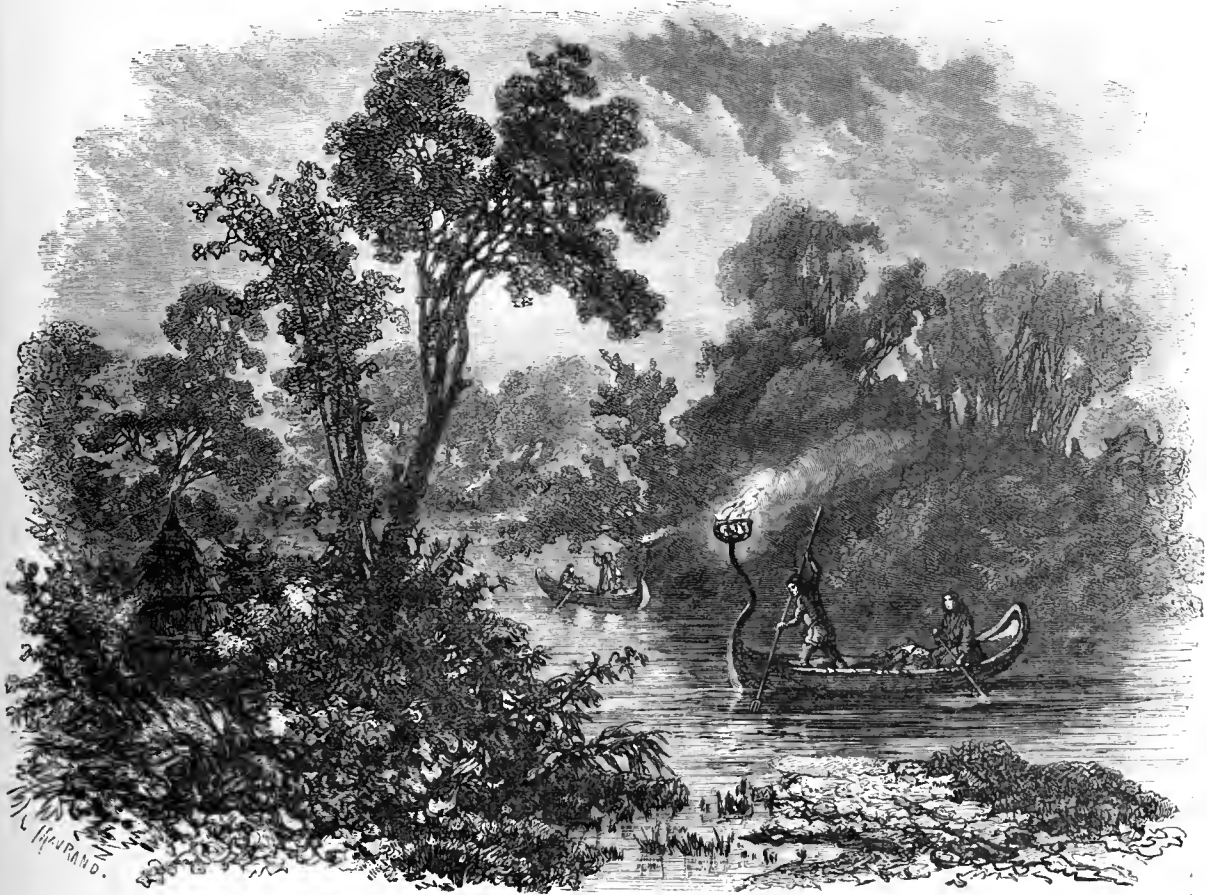


On the 2nd of June, the travellers started for Detroit, *via* Elmira and the Niagara Falls. They were detained several days at Detroit, as the steamer to the Sault Ste. Marie had not yet returned; she, however, arrived on Saturday, the 6th, reporting much ice still floating on Lake Superior, and also that Sir George Simpson was still detained at the Sault Ste. Marie by the ice. On their arrival at the latter spot, on the 10th of June, they found two birch canoes and sixteen rowers waiting; and arrangements were made, with the captain of the steamer, to take them up with men, boats, luggage, and all, to Isle Royale.

Owing to the lateness of the season, Lake Superior

was found to be crowded with floating ice, offering great difficulties even to a steamer, which came on fields of ice, and was ultimately obliged to make its way along the north shore of the lake, deviating seventy miles from its course, so that Isle Royale was only reached on the 12th of June.

Here the boats were launched and loaded, and their party started in the canoes, reaching the mouth of the Kaminstoquoiah at nightfall, and Fort William at ten p.m.; and where they learnt that Sir George Simpson had only preceded them eleven days, having been eight days on the north shore of Lake Superior, where his canoe had been broken on the ice.



SALTEAUX INDIANS FIRE-FISHING.

On Saturday, the 13th of June, they encamped some miles from the Fort, and on Sunday, the 14th, arrived at the mouth of the White Fish River.

mass of wood and bushes, and to render the place still more secure, had broken off a great quantity of branches and heaped them over his body. These were quickly stripped off, when, to their great surprise, they found the man, though frightfully mutilated and quite insensible, still living. Two long poles were immediately cut, to which saddle-cloths were secured in the middle; one horse was placed in front, another at the back, and the ends of the poles secured to the stirrups, thus forming a very easy conveyance. The sufferer was placed on the saddle-cloths, and carefully propped up, and then the painful march back as fast as possible. On their arrival at the gold mine, he was taken direct to the hospital; the doctor dressed his wounds, and administered all his medical skill and kindness prompted; his patient survived, but long remained unconscious of everything around him. After more than two

Captain Palliser halted here, according to his instructions, and organised a party, consisting of himself, Dr. Hector, three voyageurs, and three Indians, and

months had elapsed, a slight improvement took place, and his reason appeared to be restored. His first question was about the bear, and then he referred to his own defeat. He spoke of nothing else, and was constantly asking for his rifle to go and kill 'Michael Ivanitch' (the bear). The medical man thought his mind seriously affected; as he gained strength, there arose in him so great a desire to have another combat with his powerful and ferocious enemy, that it was considered necessary to place him under some restraint.

"The summer had passed over and autumn had arrived, the frost had scorched the foliage, changing it into golden and crimson hues, and, as it was now thought the poor lunatic had forgotten his adventure, less vigilance was exercised towards him. The opportunity was not lost, for he secretly left the hospital, and started

ascended the White Fish River. He chose small birch canoes, on account of their drawing but very little water; they could merely carry two paddlers and one passenger each, while the third, with two paddlers, took the provisions for the party, consisting of eight people in all.

Captain Palliser says he can readily understand why the existence of this river has been denied, as its mouth could be easily passed unobserved by those only travelling in canoes on the Kaministoquoiah, owing to its taking a sudden bend before flowing into that river, and, therefore, appearing much like a recess of the Kaministoquoiah.

The White Fish River varies in breadth from forty to sixty yards, and is five feet deep at its mouth, but is useless for purposes of navigation, owing to the frequency of the rapids. They punted up a considerable portion of the stream at intervals when the rapidity of the river prevented them from paddling. In the first day of their journey up the river a very large tree fell on one of the canoes and dashed it to pieces, Captain Palliser himself narrowly escaping by jumping out of the way. The rain was very severe, and the men very much exposed, being obliged frequently to get out up to their middles in water to assist in bringing up the canoes.

Owing to the accident which befel the boat with the provisions, they were obliged to return the next day.

Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector started accordingly on foot at six a.m., June 14th, straight through thick woods, in the direction of the Falls of the Kakebeka, distant twenty-seven miles, taking two Indians with them, and sending back the remaining canoes with the third Indian and the three voyageurs to the camp at the mouth of the White Fish River, with directions for the whole party to go on to the Falls of Kakebeka and meet them there.

On leaving the course of the White Fish River, they ascended a steep bank, into a region of larch woods; and, contrary to their expectations, found no difficulty in pushing forward at the rate of three and a-half miles through the country intercepted between the White Fish and Kaministoquoiah Rivers; and, if they say, they could take their experience of that portion of the country for a fair average of the whole, they do not apprehend any difficulty in connecting, either by means of railroad or a common road, the country around Fort William with the south shore of Sturgeon Lake; but the accident which occurred to the boat and provisions took place before they reached the water-parting which must necessarily exist between the head of White Fish River and the waters which flow into Lake Winipeg;

off for his cottage. All the family being absent, except some young children, he was enabled to secure his rifle and ammunition, and provide himself with an axe and a loaf of black bread, which he stored in his wallet. Thus armed and provisioned he left the village in the evening without being seen, except by the children, and was soon lost to them in the forest.

"When it was discovered that he had escaped, people were sent out in various directions to seek him, but they returned without him. More than a week passed over, during which nothing had been heard of him, when one day he walked into the hospital carrying the skin of a huge black bear on his shoulders, and throwing it down he exclaimed: 'I told you I would have him.' This man was a fine old hunter; it was not a spirit of revenge which prompted him to this daring act. The fact was, he could not brook the idea of a defeat. Now his reputation was re-established, he was happy; his health was again restored, nor was this the last bear that fell before his stealthy rifle."

and therefore it still remains to be seen what amount of difficulty to overcome the water-parting will present itself at that point, compared with that which it offers both on the Old Portage Route and the Northern Portage Route, which they have followed.

All this time heavy rain fell with little intermission, and detained them for several days after they had arrived at the Kakebeka Falls.

On the 23rd they reached the height of land, and next morning crossed the Savannah Portage into the Savannah River; and commenced the descent of the water-parting towards Lake Winipeg.

On the 1st of July they arrived at Fort Frances on Lac la Pluie or Rainy Lake; and, while at breakfast in the fort, a large number of Indians formed a deputation, headed by their chiefs with their soldiers, and led by the old chief of the Lac la Pluie nation. It seems that they had heard a rumour of Captain Palliser's arrival, and had organised this deputation for some time previously.

The old chief assumed an unusually high tone on this occasion, and his harangue contained in it more than the mere ordinary imagery with which they make speeches for the sake of obtaining presents. He said, "I do not ask for presents, although I am poor and my people are hungry, but I know that you have come straight from the great country, and we know that no man from the Great Queen ever came to us and lied. I want you to declare to us truthfully what the Great Queen of your country intends to do to us when she will take the country from the Fur Company's people? All around me I see the smoke of the white man to rise—the 'Long Knives' (i.e. the Americans) are trading with our neighbours for their land, and they are cheating them, and deceiving them. Now, we will not sell or part with our lands."

It was of no use to try and cut him short by any assurances that he was not employed to treat for the sale of his lands, and Captain Palliser told him confidently that if he did not wish to part with his lands, and also if he and his people behaved as always they had done, that is quietly and peaceably with the white faces, he would assure him that the Queen would never send soldiers to deprive them of their lands by force.

Here an Indian (not of their nation, but of a friendly neighbouring tribe) muttered to him in a low tone, "Make him put it into writing on a piece of paper; make him, I say; and now I have said it, for it is nothing to me one way or the other, but I know the whites on the other side where we are, and I say make him put it into writing." But the orator said aside to him, "No; what he will say he will keep to!"

"Now," continued he aloud, "what is to become of us? We have no more animals; they are all gone; and without skins the Company will not give us goods from their store; and only for the little fish we take we would starve, and many of us do starve and die." Captain Palliser answered that they were to blame for not endeavouring to cultivate their lands, and find other resources for maintaining themselves besides hunting. He answered, "There are none to show us, and we have no implements to do it with." He then objected to M. Bourgeau collecting plants, and requested that Dr. Hector should not take away any mineral specimens as long as they were in his territories. He also begged that the Great Queen might be made acquainted with their unhappy condition, and that she might know that his heart was grieved by

reason of all those of his children who died by hunger. He asked Captain Palliser to promise that he would acquaint the Great Queen of these things, and to see her himself. But he satisfied him that he would write his words to the big men who were in the habit of giving good advice to the Queen, and so they parted good friends.

All this, insignificant as it may appear, was of some importance to them, as the chiefs, with their old leader and orator, were highly excited. There were upwards of 200 Indians inside the fort, 100 of whom were armed, and their party consisted of Captain Palliser, interpreter, and three companions, and the agent and storekeeper of the fort.

The conference lasted two hours and three quarters, in which period Captain Palliser heard and replied to five speeches, and the gentlemen in charge of the post seemed greatly relieved at the Indians quietly leaving the fort on the successful issue of the conference.

On the 5th of July they camped on Sturgeon Lake, at the mouth of what has hitherto been called Sturgeon River, and, according to his instructions, Captain Palliser started with Dr. Hector to explore back again in a S.E. direction towards the White Fish River. They had not proceeded far when what appeared merely a river turned out to be a passage to a very large lake.

They pushed across in an easterly direction, and searched the opposite shore for an outlet; found a very fine waterfall, and walked up the woods without much difficulty for about a mile and a half, when they came on another lake whose dimensions appeared not far inferior to those of the first. And from all he has seen both immediately on the route and whenever he has deviated (which he has often on foot for hours while the men were resting or cooking), Captain Palliser has come to the conclusion that the whole country between the water-parting and Sturgeon Lake is but a mass of lakes and islands. The traversing of this country can only be effected in winter by means of sledges and snow-shoes when the lakes are frozen, and the underwood, the swamp, and fallen timber are filled up by the snow, over which there is then no difficulty in travelling on snow-shoes; and he was aware that this was not the proper season for carrying out the investigation, on account of the large staff of men, canoes, and provisions which he would have required, and the details of which (*i.e.* those connected with running a road through a woody, swampy, and lake country) would be far better carried out by a professional engineer with a sufficient staff of assistants and lumberers, the providing of which would perhaps more immediately be the duty of the Canadian than of Her Majesty's Government at home. It is much to be regretted that so many miles of deep and valuable water-carriage should be rendered unavailable by so great a number of small insignificant portages. Many of these difficulties, however, are to be overcome by engineering at but a trifling expense, and if ever the country becomes inhabited it will hereafter enjoy much facility for steam-boat communication.

On Wednesday, July 8th, they reached the Island Portage, the last on the route, whence there is uninterrupted communication by water all the way across Lake Winipeg to Lower and Upper Fort Garry, and as far as Fort Pembina on the other side of the frontier.

They reached Lower Fort Garry on Saturday, 11th; rode to the English Protestant Church on Sunday, about four miles distant, and were much surprised to find

a large attentive congregation of Scotch people and half-breeds of various shades and colour.

The summer here is very warm, and crops seemed quite, by the rapidity of their growth, to make up for the long dreary winter of this country.

Thunderstorms are of frequent occurrence, and though apparently not severe, yet frequently fatal to human life. While Captain Palliser was writing, a flash of lightning fell on an Indian tent and killed one man and three women; he found two of them fearfully burnt, but the remaining two, though quite dead, were seemingly untouched. Captain Palliser describes himself as having frequently, on Lac la Pluie and elsewhere on the route, observed the lightning to flash upwards from the earth to the impending cloud, when it often presents the appearance of a forked string of bright beads.

Captain Palliser engaged, on his arrival at Fort Garry, twelve men, thirty horses, two small waggons, and five carts. In consequence of the absence of buffalo in this portion of the country, he was obliged to carry along with him a considerable quantity of provisions, to last until they arrived sufficiently far to the westward to fall in with these animals. For this purpose he found the small, heavy carts of the country not sufficient; and, contrary to the advice and prejudices of the people, bought two small American waggons, and found them most efficient.

He was not disappointed with the class and condition of the horses obtained for him by the Hudson Bay Company, as he had all along been aware that the half-breeds of Red River had taken their best horses to the summer buffalo-hunt.¹

¹ This settlement is the chief provision depôt of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is also here that large quantities of pemmican are procured from the half-breeds, a race who, keeping themselves distinct from both Indians and Whites, form a tribe of themselves; and, although they have adopted some of the manners of the French voyageurs, are much more attached to the wild and savage manners of the red man. Fort Garry, one of the most important establishments of the Company, is erected on the fork of the Red River and the Assiniboine, in long. 97° W., and in lat. 50° 6' 20" N. On the opposite side of the river is situated the Roman Catholic church, and two or three miles further down there is a Protestant church. The settlement is formed along the bank of the river for about fifty miles, and extends back to the water, according to the original grant from the Indians, as far as a person can distinguish a man from a horse on a clear day.

Lord Selkirk first attempted to form a settlement here in 1811, but it was speedily abandoned owing to the manoeuvres and opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company, which resulted in bloodshed, and subsequently of purchasing it of his lordship. It now numbers about 3,000, who live as farmers in great plenty as far as mere food and clothing are concerned. As for the luxuries of life, they are almost unattainable, as they have no market nearer than St. Paul's, or the Mississippi, a distance of nearly 700 miles over a trackless prairie. The half-breeds are more numerous than the whites, and amount to 6,000. These are the descendants of the white men in the Hudson's Bay Company's employment and the native Indian women. They all speak the Cree language, and the Lower Canadian patois; they are governed by a chief named Grant, much after the manner of the Indian tribes. He has presided over them now for a long period, and was implicated in the disturbance which occurred between the Hudson's Bay and North Western Companies. He was brought to Canada charged with the murder of Governor Semple, but no sufficient evidence could be produced against him.

The half-breeds are a very hardy race of men, capable of enduring the greatest hardships and fatigues; but their Indian propensities predominate, and consequently they make poor farmers, neglecting their land for the more exciting pleasures of the chase. Their buffalo hunts are conducted by the whole tribe.

In order to save as much extra travelling as possible to the horses, he sent on four men, with four carts and ten horses, straight to Beaver Creek, with orders to await their arrival in that quarter; while Dr. Heeter, Mr. Sullivan, and himself took the route thither, *via* Pembina and Turtle Mountain. This arrangement

and take place twice a year, about the middle of June and October, at which period notices are sent round to all the families to meet on a certain day on the White Horse Plain, about twenty miles from Fort Garry. Here the tribe is divided into three bands, each taking a separate route for the purpose of falling in with the herds of buffaloes. These bands are each accompanied by about 500 carts, drawn either by an ox or a horse. Their cart is a curious looking vehicle, made by themselves, with their axles fastened together with wooden pins and leather strings, nails not being procurable. The tire of the wheel is made of buffalo hide, and put on wet; when it becomes dry it shrinks, and is so tight that it never falls off, and lasts as long as the cart holds together.

Pemmican is made as follows:—The thin slices of dried meat are pounded between two stones until the fibres separate; about 50 lbs. of this are put into a bag of buffalo skin, with about 40 lbs. of melted fat, and mixed together while hot and served up, forming a hard and compact mass; hence its name in the Cree language, *pammi*, signifying meat, and *kon* fat. Each cart brings home ten of these bags, and all that the half-breeds of the Red River do not require for themselves is eagerly bought by the Company (Hudson's Bay) for the purpose of sending to the more distant posts, where food is scarce. One pound of this is considered equal to four pounds of ordinary meat, and the pemmican keeps for years perfectly good exposed to any weather. The band of half-bred hunters with which the writer was journeying on their buffalo-hunting expedition numbered about two hundred hunters, besides women and children. They live during these hunting excursions in lodges formed of dressed buffalo skins. They are always accompanied by an *émeute* of dogs, which follow them from the settlement for the purpose of feeding on the offal and remains of the slain buffalo. These dogs are very like wolves, both in appearance and disposition, and no doubt a cross-breed between the wolf and the dog. A great many of them acknowledge no particular master, and are sometimes dangerous in times of scarcity. I have myself known them to attack the horses, and eat them.

Our camp broke up on the following morning, and proceeded on their route to the open plains. The cart containing the women and children, and each decorated with some flags or other conspicuous emblem on a pole, so that each hunter might recognise his own from a distance, wound off on a continuous line extending for miles, accompanied by the hunters on horseback.

The following day we passed the Dry Dance Mountain, where the Indians, before going on a war party, have a custom of dancing and fasting for three days and nights. This practice is always observed by young warriors going to battle for the first time, to accustom them to the privations and fatigue which they must expect to undergo, and to prove their strength and endurance. Should any sink under the fatigue and fasting of this ceremony, they are invariably sent back to the camp where the women and children remain.

After leaving this mountain we proceeded on our route without meeting any buffalo, although we saw plenty of indications of their having been in the neighbourhood a short time previous. On the evening of the second day we were visited by twelve Sioux chiefs, with whom the half-breeds had been at war for several years. They came for the purpose of negotiating a permanent peace, but whilst smoking a pipe of peace in their council lodge, the dead body of a half-breed, who had gone to a short distance from the camp, was brought in newly scalped, and his death was at once attributed to the Sioux. The half-breeds not being at war with any other nation, a general feeling of rage at once sprang up in the young men, and they would have taken instant revenge, for the supposed act of treachery, upon the twelve chiefs in their power, but for the interference of the old and more temperate of the body, who, deprecating so flagrant a breach of the laws of hospitality, escorted them out of danger, but at the same time told them that no peace could be concluded until satisfaction was had for the murder of their friend.

Three days after the departure of the Sioux chiefs, our scouts were observed by their companions to make the signal of enemies being in sight. Immediately a hundred of the best mounted

would serve to recruit the horses, whose pasture hitherto had not been good.

On leaving Fort Garry, they crossed the river Assiniboine, and proceeded up the Red River for nine or ten miles, in a course a little east of south, through copse and light timber. They crossed the River Sall

hastened to the spot, and, concealing themselves behind the shelter of the bank of a small stream, sent out two as decoys, who exposed themselves to the view of the Sioux; the latter, supposing them to be alone, rushed upon them, whereupon the concealed half-breeds sprang up and poured in a volley amongst them, which brought down eight. The others escaped, although several must have been wounded, as much blood was afterwards discovered on their track. Though differing in very few respects from the pure Indian, they do not adopt the practice of scalping, and, in this case, being satisfied with their revenge, they abandoned the dead bodies to the malice of a small party of Saulteaux who accompanied them.

The Saulteaux are a band of the great Ojibeway nation, both words signifying "The Jumpers," and derive their name from their expertness in leaping their canoes over the numerous rapids which occur in the rivers of the vicinity.

The following afternoon we arrived at the margin of a small lake, where we encamped rather earlier than usual for the sake of the water. Next day I was gratified by the sight of a herd of about forty buffalo cows in the distance, and our hunters in full chase; they were the first I had seen, but were too far off for me to join in the sport. They succeeded in killing twenty-five, which were distributed through the camp, and proved most welcome to all of us, as our provisions were getting rather short, and I was abundantly tired of pemmican and dried meat. The fires being lighted with the wood we had brought in the carts, the whole party commenced feasting with a voracity which appeared perfectly astonishing to me until I tried myself, and found by experience how much hunting on the plains stimulates the appetite.

The upper part of the hunch of the buffalo, weighing four or five pounds, is called by the Indians the little hunch. This is of a harder and more compact nature than the rest, though very tender, and is usually put aside for keeping. The lower and larger part is streaked with fat, and is very juicy and delicious. These, with the tongues, are considered the delicacies of the buffalo. After the party had gorged themselves with as much as they could devour, they passed the evening in roasting the marrow-bones and regaling themselves with their contents.

For the next two or three days we fell in with only a single buffalo, or small herds of them, but as we proceeded they became more frequent; at last our scouts brought in word of an immense herd of buffalo bulls about two miles in advance of us. They are known in the distance from the cows by their feeding singly, and being scattered wider over the plains, whereas the cows keep together for the protection of calves, which are always kept in the centre of the herd. A half-breed of the name of Hallet, who was exceedingly attentive to me, woke me in the morning to accompany him in advance of the party, that I might have the opportunity of examining the buffalo whilst feeding, before the commencement of the hunt. Six hours' hard riding brought us within a quarter of a mile of the nearest of the herd. The main body stretched over the plain as far as the eye could reach. Fortunately the wind blew in our faces; had it blown towards the buffaloes, they would have scented us miles off. I wished to have attacked them at once, but my companion would not allow me until the rest of the party came up, as it was contrary to the law of the tribe. We, therefore, sheltered ourselves from the observation of the herd behind a mound, relieving our horses of their saddles to cool them. In about an hour the hunters came up to us, numbering about one hundred and thirty, and immediate preparations were made for the chase. Every man loaded his gun, looked to his priming, and examined the efficacy of his saddle girths.

The elder men strongly cautioned the less experienced not to shoot each other, a caution by no means unnecessary, as such accidents frequently occur. Each hunter then filled his mouth with balls, which he drops into the gun without wadding, by this means loading much quicker, and being enabled to do so whilst his horse is at full speed. It is true that the gun is more liable to burst, but that they do not seem to mind, nor does the gun carry so far or so true; but that is of less consequence, as they always fire quite close to the animal. Everything being

nine miles from Fort Garry, a river about twenty-five yards wide, but not put down on the maps. Shortly after this they emerged on the open prairie, over a well-defined road, indicating a far greater amount of traffic than he had expected to find.

Owing to the peculiar distribution of the wood, which consists chiefly of fine oak-trees, confined principally to the right bank of the river, the tortuous course is very distinctly marked by jutting promontories, called by the people "points." Captain Palliser observed that the agricultural resources of the country were not merely confined to Red River settlement; for the country through which they passed assumed fully equal, and in some places even superior, advantages, being more elevated above the river. He had an opportunity of noting the nature of the soil, where a settler was digging for marl, about six feet deep, and again at Pembina, where he had a special examination made. It consists of about one foot of black vegetable mould, resting on a free clay loam of a light gray colour, but very deficient of sand. The banks of the rivers in this country are composed of remarkably tenacious clay mud, rendering access to them very difficult, and great care is required in passing a cart or waggon across. On the 22nd, they crossed Rivière qui Grate, situated thirty-eight miles south of Fort Garry: this river, as well as the River Sall, they passed in pontoons. The ferryman was a very intelligent American, who had recently arrived in the country by a route from the Lake of the Woods, following the course of Reed Grass River.

He described the first twenty-five miles, west of the Lake of the Woods, as being flat and swampy; he partly paddled and partly dragged his canoe over a slightly rising country, until he reached Reed Grass Lake, out of which a river of the same name flows; the country about the head waters of this river is swampy: but the lower half of its course, according to his account, flows through a dry and finely-wooded country; he described the river as shallow and swift, only fit for very small canoes.

Captain Palliser observed large pieces of driftwood scattered about the higher spots of the prairie, indicating the extent to which the whole country is flooded in spring; by measurement he ascertained that, last spring, the water rose thirty-five feet above the present level of the stream, and it is by no means unusual for the flood to reach ten feet higher. Opposite Fort Pembina, the river is about eighty yards wide and twelve feet deep; in dry seasons it falls five feet lower. From Mr. Iddings (an American civil engineer) he ascertained that the river is fifteen feet deep, two hundred miles farther up; but there its width is reduced

adjusted, we all walked our horses towards the herd. By the time we had gone about two hundred yards, the herd perceived us, and started off in the opposite direction at the top of their speed; we now put our horses to the full gallop, and in twenty minutes were in their midst. There could not have been less than four or five thousand in our immediate vicinity, all bulls, not a single cow amongst them.

The scene now became one of intense excitement: the huge bulls thundering over the plains in headlong confusion, whilst the fearless hunters rode recklessly in their midst, keeping up an incessant fire at but a few yards' distance from their victims. Upon the fall of each buffalo, the successful hunter merely throws some article of his apparel—often carried by him solely for that purpose—to denote his own prey, and then rush on to another. These marks are scarcely ever disputed, but should a doubt arise as to the ownership, the carcass is equally divided among the claimants.

to ninety feet, and the frequent occurrence of sharp bends in its course would make it difficult to ascend in steamboats.

The mouth of Pembina River, which flows from the west into Red River, is situated about two miles south of the boundary line. Upon this river, at a distance of about twenty-five miles from this, Captain Palliser was informed that there is a thriving American town, called San Josef, which, owing to its recent establishment, is not yet recognised in the maps.

Mr. Iddings also informed Captain Palliser that a land company, by whom he was employed, intended to build a town at this point, and establish a railway station. As yet the place is but a wild waste. The Hudson Bay Company's Fort, where they were residing, was a very small establishment, and the American one, situated about two miles on the other side of the present line, is still smaller and more wretched in appearance.

It, however, professes to be a post-office, and carries a mail, said to be a monthly one, from St. Paul's; but as the postmaster was away, and had left the place under care of an Indian woman, who spoke no other language but her own, Captain Palliser could not form very accurate ideas as to the safety of any letters committed to its care. Still, however, he was induced to forward despatches on the assurance of an intelligent half-breed, who told him that the post-office there was "a very lucky one."¹

¹ The reality of this town, and the life about and towards it, is vouched for by the accompanying extract from a recent Red River Settlement newspaper—(From the *Nor'-Wester*, Nov. 15)—We have, within the last few days, received intelligence of an awful case of suffering on the plains. A party was lately journeying from St. Paul to Pembina. A priest, stationed at Pembina, who was travelling in their company, left them somewhere about the Grand Forks to come ahead. On the 2nd instant, when within less than a day's journey of his destination, he was overtaken by a fearful snow-storm, and, losing his way, got mired in that slough of despond, the grand marais, other side Pembina. He had little or nothing to eat, and but an old robe to cover him with. When he got into this swamp, his horse, being in very poor condition, was unable to get through it, and lay down and died the first night. Why the priest did not make a great effort to extricate himself and push on to Pembina, not more than ten or twelve miles distant, seems almost unaccountable. He was, it appears, short-sighted, and may from this cause have been deterred from setting out on foot; or, perhaps, he thought his party would soon come up to his relief. At all events, he seems to have abandoned all hope of getting any farther, unaided, and laid himself down beside his horse, under a pelting shower of snow and a piercing northern blast, both of which lasted forty-eight hours. His agony can be better imagined than described. No food—thoroughly drenched—cold racking his frame—the near prospect of a miserable death—all combined to produce the gloomiest despair. He lay in this state five days and five nights—from Saturday to Thursday. On the fourth day, feeling life to be fast ebbing, and thinking all was lost, he wrote his will in pencil on a slip of paper. When found, he was on the point of death. He had eaten parts of the raw flesh of his dead horse. He was dreadfully swollen with the wet and cold, so much so indeed that Mr. S. Pritchard (for it was he and his party that found him) could not get off his clothes without cutting them to pieces. He was wrapped in blankets and kept warm; and we are told that every attention possible was paid to him. After some delay the priest was comfortably placed in a waggon and brought on by Mr. Pritchard's men—he himself starting ahead to get help from Pembina. Mr. Rolette at once fitted up a party and sent them off, and in due time the priest was brought to Pembina, much recovered, but still very poorly. The evening before he was discovered, Mr. Pritchard's party encamped within a stone cast from where the poor man lay. His plaintive, pitiful moanings were distinctly heard during the quiet hours of the night, to their great alarm and perplexity. The morning search revealed the sad picture we have already drawn.

It appears from a subsequent note from Captain Palliser, that this town, which the Anglo-Americans are about to build at the frontier line, is to be called St. Vincent.

It is to be observed, that another expedition had been despatched by the Canadian government, and led by Mr. Gladman, and of which we shall elsewhere give a full account, to examine the country between Lake Superior and Lake Winipeg. But by far the most important part of the country is that which Capt. Palliser has explored. Whatever may be the character of the country between the two lakes, it must be a long time before it can be of political interest as compared with the country to the west of Fort Garry. The last despatch of Captain Palliser shows that; and it shows also how the people of the United States are creeping up towards the boundary and settling there. But with reference to the country between Lake Superior and Lake Winipeg, where Captain Palliser speaks of a district of larch woods, about twenty-seven miles in length, between the White Fish River and the Falls of the Kaministoquoiah, that being to the east of the water-parting is an important fact, because it shows that there is a large district within the present limits of Canada fit for the habitation of civilised man. More than this, Mr. Salter, provincial land-surveyor, who was sent out by the Canadian Government, writes to the effect, that in running an exploring line from Lake Nipissing to Backewanaung Bay, on Lake Superior, he came on a magnificent tract of country abounding in every requisite for immediate settlement—well watered, admirably timbered with maple, beech, iron wood, and other hard woods, and easily accessible. We need not say how important this territory will be to Canada, and this discovery entirely bears out the report which Dr. Bigsby made of what he saw and heard in passing to the north of Lake Superior, with respect to this very region, which he calls the Sugar-Maple District. Mr. Gladman seems likewise to have been highly satisfied with the country which he examined. He pursued the same route as Palliser, but at a later period of the year, and he reports it as extremely fertile and good: he measured trees nine feet in circumference.

The distress found to prevail among the Indians arises from causes not within the control of the Hudson Bay Company. It arises from the unproductiveness of this part of the country. It is not frequented by any large animals, but almost entirely by rabbits. The Indians live principally on rabbits, and clothe themselves in rabbit skins. They also partly subsist on sturgeon, which they catch at times in the lakes. Sometimes they are well fed and sometimes they are in a state of lingering starvation; but this does not imply neglect on the part of those who were the temporary guardians of that territory. A considerable amount of agriculture has been practised among the Indians on the Rainy Lake. Wherever they have perseverance and diligence enough to devote themselves to garden culture they succeed; they grow potatoes, herbs, and other produce to some extent. But as a general rule, as everybody knows, they are very destitute, because they will not labour. They prefer starvation to work.

The population of the new American town of San Josef or St. Vincent consists of British as well as of Anglo-American half-breeds, whose chief dependence is on the proceeds of the buffalo hunt; and, while the more youthful

part of the male population are away on the hunt, the then defenceless inhabitants are subject to the inroads of the Sioux Indians. These Indians, last year, attacked that settlement, stole almost all the horses, and shot a woman and the schoolmaster: indeed, hardly a year passes without some similar depredations. Although that bend of the Pembina River, on which San Josef is situated, is inside the United States' territory, yet the greater part of the river's course is through the British dominions. It is an important river, and may hereafter prove valuable, as affording facilities for navigation.

Captain Palliser goes on to say, on the 4th August, they reached Turtle Mountain, a hill rising out of the prairie to about 300 feet; it is 30 miles long, 10 broad. This hill is one of a series that they since traced, scattered irregularly in a line from south-east to north-west. The boundary line passes through the summit of this mountain, throwing the "Souris" or Mouse River into the British possessions. This river has hitherto been wrongly laid down in all maps; and he, therefore, paid strict attention that its course should be carefully laid down in the charts.

On the 15th of August they reached Fort Ellice on Beaver Creek. Here Captain Palliser found the men he had sent direct from Fort Garry with the ten horses, and, as they had now rested more than a week, he took these ten horses on an expedition to "La Roche-Percée," leaving the horses, that had been hitherto travelling with them, to recruit.

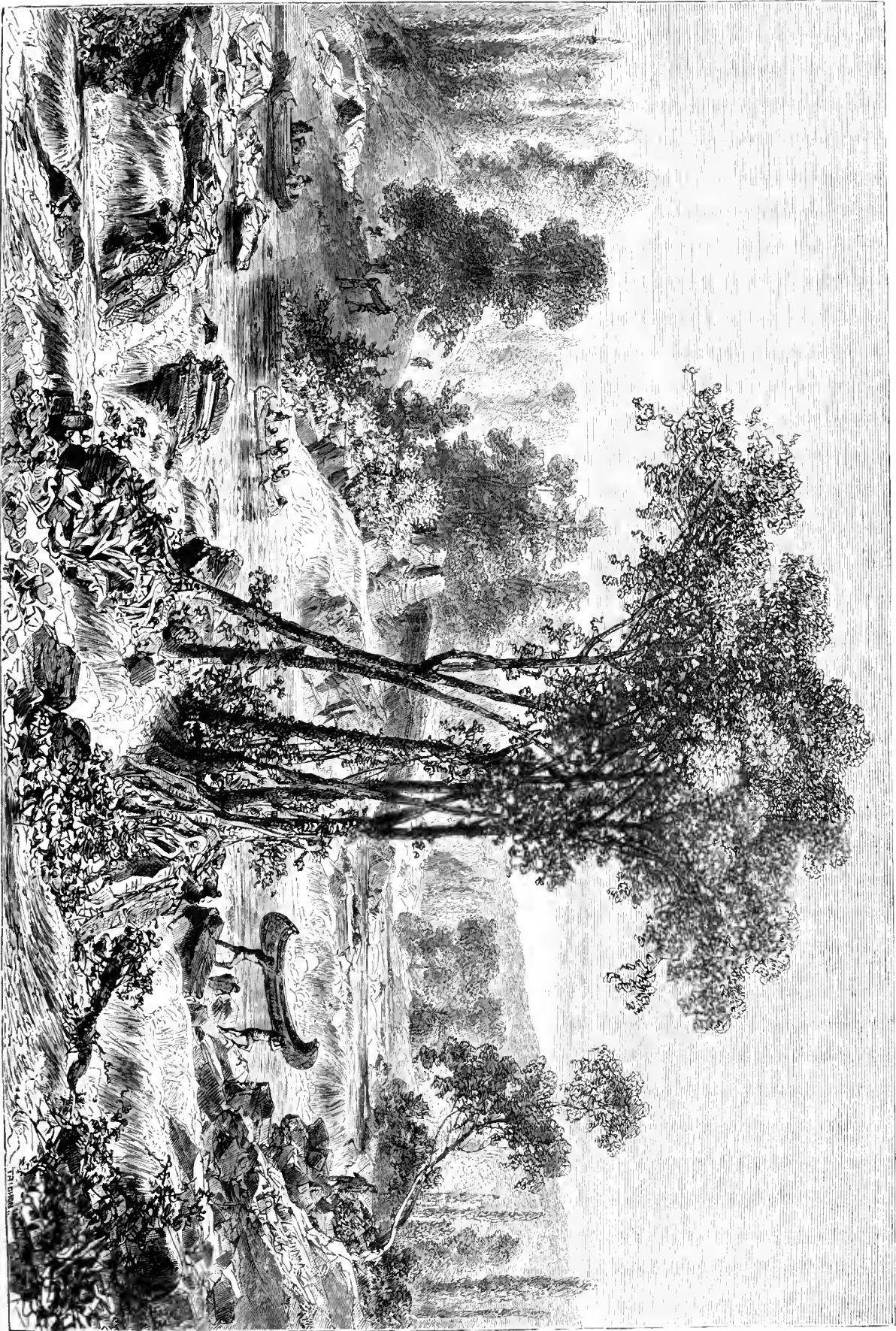
Proceeding on a south-west course from Fort Ellice, they arrived, on the 18th of August, at Moose Mountain, one of the chain of hills above mentioned. It, like the Turtle Mountain, is covered with dense woods, lakes, and swamps.

On the 20th August they arrived again on the Mouse or "Souris" River, and here Dr. Hector first discovered coal of a very fair quality. From this point of the Mouse River an hour's ride brought them to the "Roche-Percée." A singular appearance is here produced on the rocks and stones by the combined action of the atmosphere and water; the layers of sand and clay forming these, being unequal in hardness, are worn accordingly into grotesque shapes, affording much astonishment to the Indians and half-breeds visiting the spot.

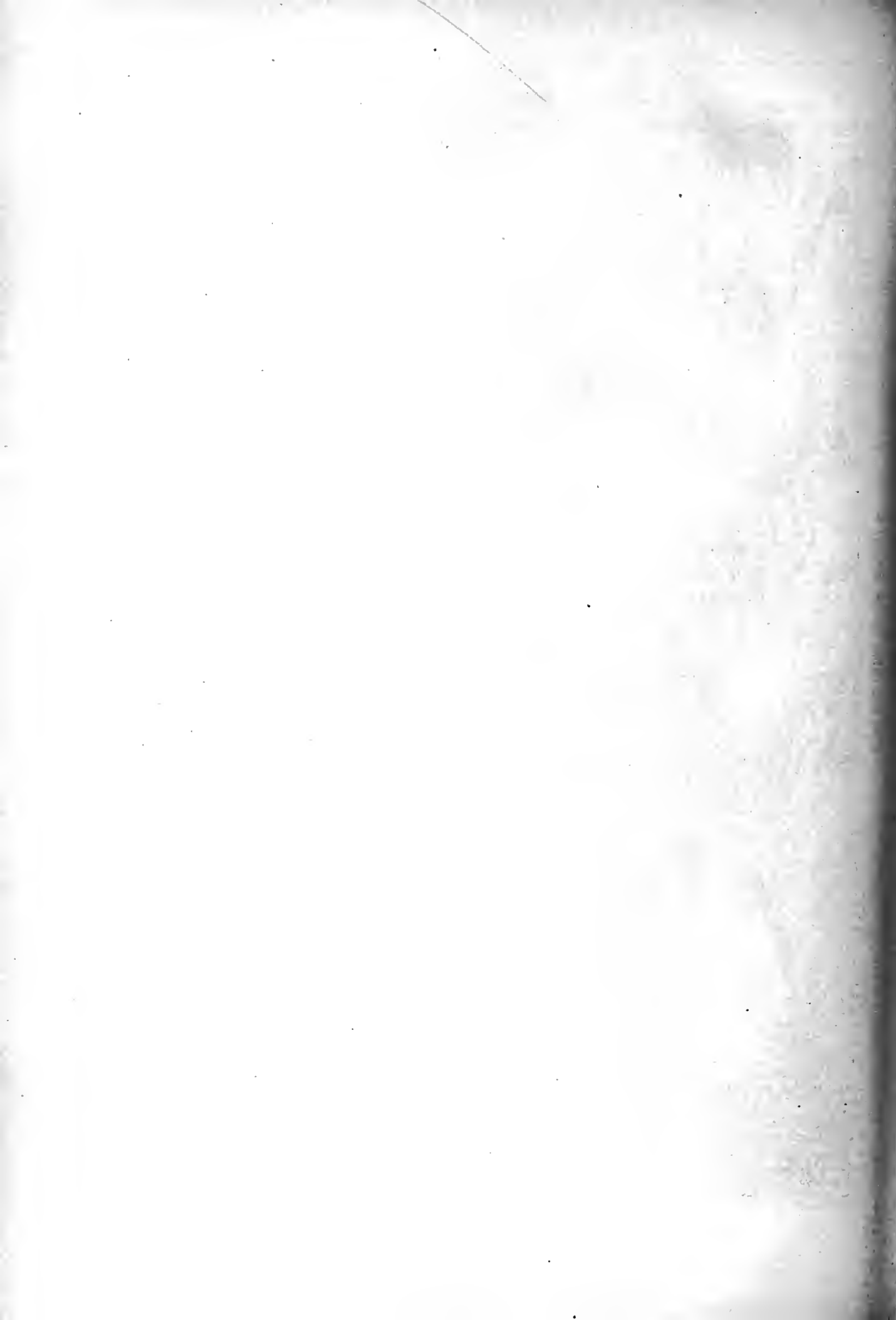
Here Captain Palliser was visited by a large number of Stone Indians, celebrated as the greatest horse-thieves in the country; however, he concealed all apprehension for his horses. He also discovered that meat was a very scarce article among them, as they had not fallen in with buffalo for many days. He had, however, been fortunate enough to kill two bulls that morning, and secured their good offices and the safety of his horses by giving them the meat, inviting them to cook and prepare their own feast, to which he added some tea, sugar, and flour, desiring them in return to guard his horses all night, which injunction they regarded as a compliment, and faithfully performed.

The following day they returned, and reached Fort Ellice on the 25th of August.

On examining the horses he had left behind at that post when he started for "Roche-Percée," he found them not sufficiently recruited to proceed westward to the Elbow: he therefore determined to wait a few days longer. He likewise found that his guide and interpreter was so frightened at the prospect of entering



A PORTAGE ON THE WHITE MUD RIVER.



the Blackfoot country,¹ that he gave him very false interpretation as to the facilities of the route he intended to adopt. He therefore started a messenger to Mr. Christie, the chief officer of the Hudson Bay Company, requesting the services of Mr. McKay (the officer in charge of Fort Ellice) as an interpreter to accompany him on the expedition. Mr. Christie, on receiving his letter, rode three days' journey to meet him at Fort Ellice, and brought with him a gentleman to put in Mr. McKay's place, thereby placing the valuable services of the latter at his disposal. In the meantime, on the 7th of September, finding his horses sufficiently rested to resume operations, he started an expedition under Dr. Hector for the "Qui Appelle" lakes, and remained behind at Fort Ellice until he should see or hear from Mr. Christie, whose subsequent arrival on September 9th, set Mr. McKay at liberty; and, after accounts were made up and transferred, he started on horseback, accompanied by McKay and two of his men, and overtook the expedition in three days at the Qui Appelle lakes, about 135 miles west of Fort Ellice.

On Sunday, September 13th, they remained at the Qui Appelle lakes. The Hudson Bay Company have a small trading-post there, the most western fort in the territory; and there they found a large camp of Crees arrived for trading. Captain Palliser sent for Mr. Pratt, the missionary, requesting him to come and pay them a visit. The worthy missionary is a pure Cree Indian, educated at Red River. He reports the Crees as beginning to apprehend scarcity of buffalo, and many are most anxious to try agriculture. He thinks that if they had agricultural implements, such as spades, hoes, and ploughs, they certainly would commence operations. This opinion Captain Palliser found pretty general among the people of the Hudson Bay Company; and he is persuaded much good could be done by importing the simpler kinds of agricultural implements. Pratt has set the Indians an excellent example himself, and grows capital Indian corn, barley, and potatoes.² The Qui Appelle lakes may be con-

sidered the most western part of the territory east of the Rocky Mountains to which the Hudson Bay Company trade: westward of this was almost unknown, and the whole country to the Rocky Mountains was untravelled by the white man.

Among the Indians that had come to trade was a

passed since leaving Fort Ellice one continuous forest, broken only by two or three intervals of barren ground. The Qui Appelle Mission was established in 1858. Charles Pratt had, however, resided many years where the mission is situated, and has constructed a comfortable log-house, fenced in a garden, and now possesses six or seven cows and calves. The Rev. James Settee, the missionary newly arrived, a native, of Swampy Cree origin, occupied Pratt's house; and in the garden, where we found him, Indian corn was growing, as well as potatoes, turnips, beans, and other culinary vegetables. On Sunday we attended service in Pratt's house. The Rev. Mr. Snttee read the prayers, in English, with great care and correctness. He preached in Ojibeway, and a hymn was sung in the Cree language. Before the sermon the missionary surprised us by waking up a drowsy Indian, who was enjoying a quiet nap in a corner of the room, and leading him to the temporary reading desk, commenced the ceremony of public baptism. My astonishment was not diminished when the reverend gentleman, turning to me without any preliminary notice, said abruptly, 'Name this man!' After a moment's reflection, I said, 'John.' John walked to his bench, and was soon apparently lost in noisy slumber to all consciousness of the privileges and blessings of which adult Christian baptism, duly received, had made him the inheritor. When the Rev. James Settee arrived at the mission last autumn, the Crees of the Sandy Hills, having received intelligence that the Bishop had sent a 'praying man' to teach them the truths of Christianity, directed messengers to inquire whether the 'great praying father' had sent plenty of rum; if so, they would soon become followers of the white man's Manitou. The messengers returned with the intelligence that the great praying father had not only omitted to send rum, but he hoped that the Plain Crees would soon abandon the practice of demanding rum in exchange for their pemmican and robes. Mr. Snttee speaks English very fluently. The field for his labour is extensive, but, as Professor Hind thinks, "not very promising. When conversing with the Crees of the Sandy Hills, many of them expressed a wish to have their children taught by white men, but they did not appear to like the idea of their being taught by a native of different origin. This is an important point to be observed in the selection of native missionaries. The school, however, appears here, as elsewhere among Indian tribes, to be the only sure ground for establishing the true faith among them. 'Teach my children for two or three years, but let me follow the ways of my fathers,' said the Chief of the Sandy Hills to me."

A Cree chief, named "Broken Arm," in the course of a long smoke with Mr. Paul Kane and his fellow voyageurs, began talking about the efforts of the missionaries amongst his people, and seemed to think that they would not be very successful; for, though he did not interfere with the religious belief of any of his tribe, yet many thought as he did; and his idea was, that as Mr. Rundell had told him that what he preached was the only true road to heaven, and Mr. Hunter told him the same thing, and so did Mr. Thebo, and as they all three said that the other two were wrong, and as he did not know which was right, he thought they ought to call a council amongst themselves, and that then he would go with them all three, but until they agreed he would wait. He then told the party that there was a tradition in his tribe of one of them having become a Christian, and how he was very good, and did all that he ought; and that when he died he was taken up to the white man's heaven, where everything was very good and very beautiful, and all were happy amongst their friends and relatives who had gone before them, and where they had everything that the white man loves and longs for; but the Indian could not share their joy and pleasure, for all was strange to him, and he met none of the spirits of his ancestors, and there was none to welcome him; no hunting, nor fishing, nor any of those joys in which he used to delight; and his spirit grew sad. Then the Great Manitou called him, and asked him, "Why art thou sad in this beautiful heaven, which I have made for your joy and happiness?" Then the Indian told him that he sighed for the company of the spirits of his relatives, and that he felt lone and sorrowful. So the Great Manitou told him that he could not send him to the Indian heaven, as he had while on earth chosen this one, but that, as he had been a very good man, he would send him back to earth again, and give him another chance.

¹ There is a story told of a large encampment of Blackfeet formed in this neighbourhood, for the purpose of hunting during the summer. Growing tired, however, of so peaceful and ignoble an occupation, the younger warriors of the allied tribes determined to make an incursion into the territories of the Assineboines. Having gone through all the requisite enchantments, they left behind them only the old men, with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homeward in triumph, loaded with scalps and other spoils; and, on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked the camp of the infirm and defenceless of their band, they notified their approach in the proudly swelling tones of their song of victory. Every lodge, however, was as still and silent as the grave; and at length, singing more loudly as they advanced, in order to conceal their emotions, they found the fell tale of the mangled corpses of their parents and sisters, of their wives and children. In a word, the Assineboines had been there to take their revenge.

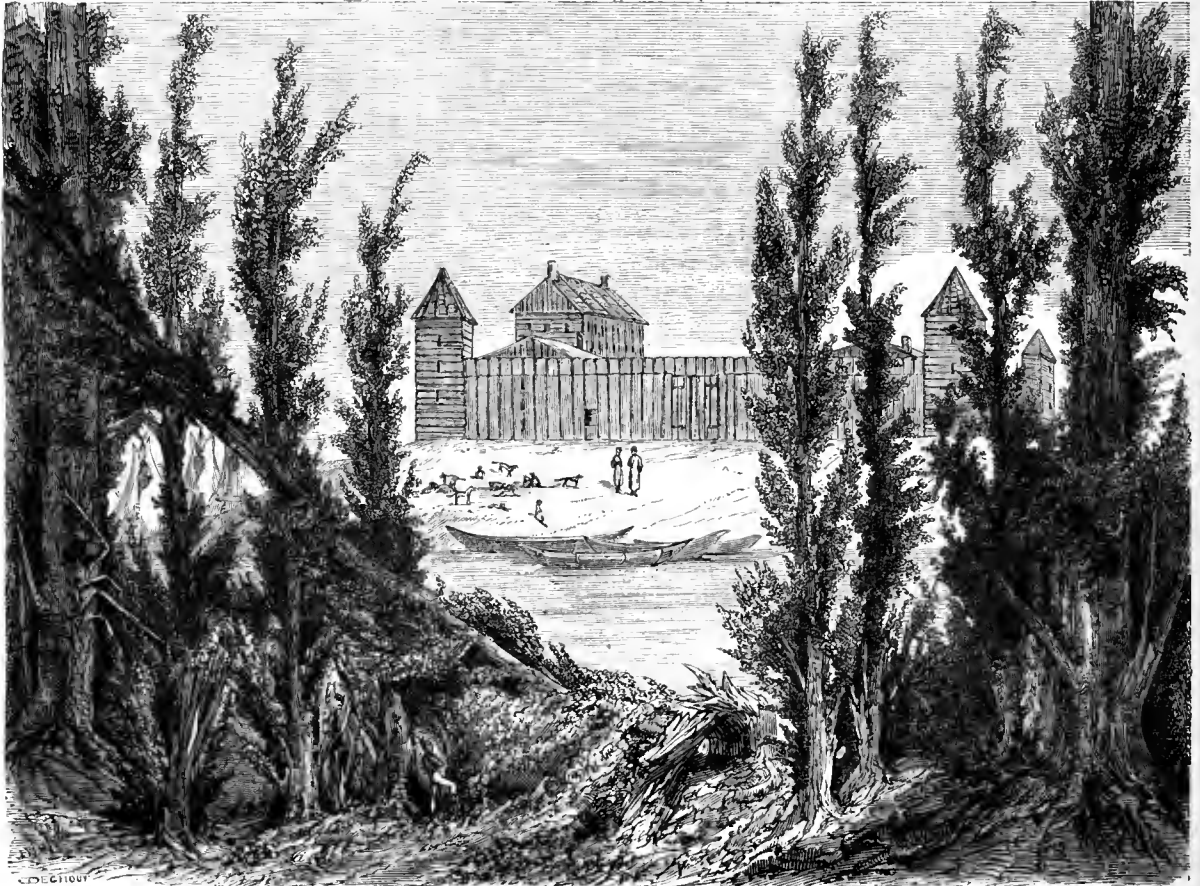
² "Charles Pratt," says Professor Hind ("Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of 1857, and of the Assineboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of 1858"), "is a half-bred catechist of the Church Missionary Society, well acquainted with the habits of Indians and of the buffalo. He gave me a good deal of valuable information respecting the country, and with characteristic generosity, if not Christian sympathy (why the doubt, Professor Hind?), told John McKay to take a young heifer belonging to him, when he arrived at the Mission, and kill it, in honour of our arrival. Pratt showed me some specimens of lignite coal, taken from a bed two feet thick, at the Wood Hills, eighty miles south-west of the Company's post. An old Indian in his company told us, that he remembered the whole of the province through which we had

man Mr. McKay was acquainted with. This man was a remarkable exception to the generality of Indians: they called him the "peace-maker," and twice within the last two or three years he pushed his way alone into the Blackfoot country, and walked into the enemy's camp unarmed, with the peace-pipe in his hand, exhorting them to peace, and offering them the alternative of killing him. The result on each occasion was a treaty of peace to the Crees and a present of horses to the peace-maker. Captain Palliser engaged this Indian to guide them to the Elbow.

On September the 14th they started from Qui

Appelle lakes for the Elbow, on the south branch of the Saskatchewan, sometimes called the Bow River. On September 16th they again encamped on Mouse or Souris River, at a tributary called by the Indians, Moose Jaw Creek, in longitude 106°. Up to this point in their journey they had suffered no inconvenience from want either of wood or water; here, however, their guide, the peace-maker, advised them to bring wood along in their carts, as they should see no more until they came to the Saskatchewan, which they first came in sight of at sunset on the 21st of September.

They were now in the heart of the buffalo country



FORT EDMONTON, ON THE UPPER SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

This region may be called a buffalo preserve, being the battle-ground between the Crees and Blackfeet, where none go to hunt for fear of meeting enemies, and where those who go to war abstain from hunting. The whole region, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with buffalo, in bands varying from hundreds to thousands. So vast were the herds, that Captain Palliser began to have serious apprehensions for the horses, as the grass was eaten to the earth, as if the plain had been devastated by locusts. However, the timber on the small tributaries of the river kept off the buffalo, and so a little grass was obtained for the horses, for the buffalo shuns the timber until mid-winter.

At the Elbow they found a large tributary flowing from the east into the Saskatchewan, and Dr. Hector was despatched with one or two men to trace the course of this river. This he found to flow from

the most western of the chain of Qui Appelle lakes, being navigable to large boats the whole way. Hence it was first ascertained that there exists a valuable water communication between the south Saskatchewan and the Red River, and that a good-sized boat, and even a small steamer, might descend from the south Saskatchewan, ascend to the west Qui Appelle river, cross the Qui Appelle lakes, and then descend the Qui Appelle into the Red River. The whole of the difficulty of communication between the Rocky Mountains and the Red River being thus set aside, and one half of the distance uninhabited, nothing remained but the discovery of a pass across the Rocky Mountains to the British territory.

After the Doctor's return from exploring the western Qui Appelle, they commenced their ascent from the Elbow, and reached the 109th meridian of longitude

on the 28th of September. That magnificent river, the Saskatchewan, here rivals the Missouri in size and volume, and even at this (the lowest state of water during the whole year) was navigable for craft of any size, as was found by sad experience, the expedition having been so unfortunate as to lose one of its wagons in the channel of the river at a depth of sixteen feet. The 109° meridian was the farthest point to the westward explored by the expedition that season.¹ At that point it crossed the river to the north side, and started on a north-east course for Carlton, its winter quarters, where they arrived on the 8th of October.

Captain Palliser himself left the party at Carlton on the 11th of October, 1857, and after a severe journey, four hundred and fifty-six miles of which were performed over the snow on foot, he reached Montreal, where he made arrangements for proceeding the ensuing spring to the Rocky Mountains, through the country of the Blackfoot Indians, by engaging twenty men, with a sufficient number of dog-sleighs, to convey their provisions. This increased his force altogether to thirty, and with a smaller number he deemed it would have been the height of imprudence to venture into the south-western part of the Blackfoot and Pedgar country.

This dog-sleighting on a large scale is a very exciting amusement. We find a description of a race of 300 miles, from Fort Garry to Crow's Wing, on the Mississippi, in Professor Hinds' account of his second Saskatchewan expedition.

Upon our arrival at Selkirk settlement, subsequently to the exploration of Lake Winipeg and Manitobah, we had heard that a party of English noblemen and gentlemen had reached Fort Garry, and were then preparing for a short trip into the prairies in search of buffalo. The aristocratic hunters consisted of Lord

Richard Grosvenor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Henry Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., and the Honourable Evelyn Ashley. They were successful in meeting and killing buffalo a short distance south of the boundary line, in the direction of Devil's Lake, and returning from their expedition in the middle of November.

The hardships and privations inseparable from prairie adventures at this late season of the year, with the thermometer sometimes as low as zero, was not sufficient to deter Lord Grosvenor from undertaking a much longer expedition to the West, after his return from hunting buffalo. He started on the 22nd of November, in company with James Mackay, one of the most distinguished and enterprising natives of Selkirk settlement, for Fort Ellice, proposing, subsequently, to visit the Pluie Cras on the Qui Appelle.

This adventurous journey on horseback, at so late a period of the year, considering the slender outfit of clothing and provisions which Lord Grosvenor took with him, showed no ordinary courage and confidence in the possession of great physical endurance. A journey in dog carioles over the snow is comfort itself compared with riding in the face of a cutting wind, with the thermometer not far removed from zero.

Lord Cavendish, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Ashley, engaged John Monkman, of Oak Point, Lake Manitobah, to organise their train of dogs, and make arrangements for their journey to Crow's Wing, on the Mississippi, proposing to return to civilised life as soon as sufficient snow fell to make the country possible for dog trains. John Monkman is the most noted runner in Selkirk Settlement; with his magnificent train of dogs, probably the best in Rupert's Land, he has accomplished the journey between Pembina and Fort Garry, a distance of sixty-eight miles, in seven hours and a half. The men Monkman engaged, six in number, were generally runners, and provided with good dogs.

The preparation for the winter journey of both parties to St. Paul was rather of a formidable character, even at Red River, requiring not less than sixteen carioles and sledges drawn by fifty dogs in all.

It being necessary that I should take with me a number of geological specimens, field apparatus, books, &c., my party required nine carioles and sledges, and a corresponding number of men; each sledge or cariole on a long winter's journey requiring one man to manage it, although the same individual with well-trained dogs is competent to conduct two sledges on good roads and for short journeys, when time is not an object and food easily accessible.

I engaged a half-breed, named Cline, an excellent runner, and a willing attendant, to organise my train.

The distance between Fort Garry and Crow's Wing is about 400 miles by the winter road; and the only places where supplies can be obtained are at Pembina, Red Lake, and Cass Lake.²

² The chief objection to travel with a large number of dogs is the difficulty of supplying them with food, nor can the several stations be always relied on to furnish the requisite quantity an unexpected intrusion of many of these hungry animals demands. Each dog requires daily about two pounds of pemmican, or three pounds of white fish, so that the provision for a team of carioles, employing thirty dogs, would involve the carriage of 600 lbs. of pemmican, or 900 lbs. of white fish for a ten days' journey; a team of three dogs will draw 300 lbs. forty miles a-day, for ten or twelve days in succession if well fed, and the road be tolerably good, over a level country. A winter road, it may be here remarked, is nothing more than a cariole or sledge-track, caused by the passage of this primitive kind of vehicle over the snow, and

¹ We find the following account of this spot in Governor Simpson's "Journey Round the World":—

"Having passed over a hilly and partially-wooded district, we reached the Bow River, being the south branch of the Saskatchewan, about ten o'clock. This stream, taking its rise in the Rocky Mountains, near the international frontier, is of considerable size, without any physical impediment of any moment; but its upper waters are so much infested with warlike tribes, that, though believed to be rich in game, it is seldom ascended by traders. Some years back, indeed, three or four posts were established on its banks; but they were soon abandoned after the sacrifice of several lives in their defence. In addition to these permanent forts, a flying expedition, on a large scale, was effected in the year 1822, with a view of testing the truth of the rumours as to the richness of Bow River.

"The expedition in question, besides Messrs. M'Kenzie and Rowland, the gentlemen in charge, consisted of eight or ten subordinate officers and a hundred men. After ascending to the utmost limits of the navigation for boat surveying, detachments were despatched in every direction, which met with many natives who had never seen a European before. These unsophisticated savages, however, had their curiosity most strongly excited by a negro of the name of Pierre Bungo. This man they inspected in every possible way, twisting him about and pulling his hair, which was so different from their own flowing locks, and at length they came to the conclusion that Pierre Bungo was the oddest specimen of a white man they had ever seen.

"These negroes, of whom there were formerly several in the Company's service, were universal favourites with the fair sex of the red race; and at the present day we saw many an Indian that appeared to have a dash of the gentleman in black about him. Finding that the resources of the country had been overrated, our people retired the following year with the loss of a considerable part of the original outlay of £10,000, carrying with them an enormous quantity of leather, but very few furs. They lived in the midst of plenty, having consumed during the winter 1,500 buffaloes, besides great quantities of venison of every kind."

From the hour it was known in Selkirk Settlement that the two parties would probably start nearly at the same time—great feeling existed among the half-breeds respecting their endurance, and the ease and speed with which their dogs could accomplish a long journey—a warm spirit of emulation arose between the men attached to each party, which rapidly communicated itself to their wives and friends. Cline told me that he had heard confidently that Monkman's plan was to give us the start for two days, and then taking advantage of the road we should make through the untrodden wilderness, pass us triumphantly a few days before we arrived at Crow's Wing. It gradually became evident that the idea of a race from Fort Garry to Crow's Wing communicated itself to the gentlemen of both parties, and, indeed, stimulated, more or less, all who were to make the journey. Cline and his men appeared extremely anxious that they should not be far behind their competitors, and even indulged the hope that if we got a fair start we might not be overtaken. When the subject of a race was first mooted to me by Cline, I regarded our chance as almost hopeless, considering the luggage with which we were incumbered. Afterward it occurred to me that our chance lay in the greater ease with which our party, long inured to exposure and fatigue, would be able to sustain long physical exertion, an hallucination, however, which subsequent experience of the physical capabilities of Lord Cavendish, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Ashley, during their stay at Red River, served to dispel.

All my train being ready, we started on Tuesday, November 30th, at an early hour from Fort Garry, and took the east bank of Red River through the French settlement. Monkman's party expected to follow in the afternoon, or early on the following morning. On Wednesday we reached Fort Pembina, and stayed the night with Mr. Mackenzie, the officer in charge of the post, whose sad fate last December (de-

is liable to be obliterated by every fresh fall. A cariole is constructed of very thin board, ten feet long and twelve or fourteen inches broad, turned up at one end in the form of a half-circle, like the bow of an Ojibeway's canoe. To this board a high cradle, like the body of a small carriage, is attached, about eighteen inches from the end of the board or floor. The frame-work is covered with buffalo-skin parchment, and painted or decorated according to taste; the inside is lined with a blanket or buffalo robe, and when the traveller is seated in his cariole with outstretched legs, he is only separated from the snow by the plank that forms the floor. A sledge is nothing more than a thin board ten or twelve feet long, twelve inches broad, turned up at one end. The baggage is attached by means of buffalo slings, and two or three dogs are harnessed to this simple vehicle by the same material. The dogs attached to a cariole are generally decorated with collars, from which bead-work and tassels are suspended, together with a string of small bells. When a train is in motion the driver runs behind the cariole or sledge, guiding it by means of a loop fastened to each end of the floor; when tired or anxious to ride he sits on the small box containing the traveller's baggage, which is fastened to the projecting floor in rear of the cariole, or else he stands on it if no box is attached. A winter road is uniformly of the breadth of the floor of the carioles, rarely exceeding fifteen inches, and of a depth proportionate to the quantity of snow which has fallen. In making a new road where the snow is deep, a half-breed walks on snow-shoes some distance in front of the dogs, which follow his tracks with the utmost precision through all its windings, after four or five trains have passed the road is generally considered to be sufficiently hard pressed to admit of the easy passage of the succeeding trains, hence a great point is gained in dog travelling if a new road has recently been made by a party in advance: to make the road is regarded, indeed, as the chief difficulty in journeying with dogs.

scribed further on) is a melancholy proof of the danger attending travelling alone during the winters of this climate. The woods and prairies are then perfect deserts; Indians being at their winter quarters, birds far away in the sunny south, and wild animals hibernating, or seeking food and shelter in the thickest parts of the swamps and forests. So complete is this desolation in the interior of many parts of Rupert's Land during the winter, that Mr. Christie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, while travelling from Athabasca to Red River, in December, 1859, did not meet with a single Indian throughout a long and dreary journey of fourteen hundred miles.

The thermometer at Pembina Fort indicating 22° below zero on the morning of December 2nd, when we left the post, having procured another train of two dogs at the small village of Pembina, two miles from the Hudson's Bay post of that name, we struck across the prairie to the "first of the Two Creeks," where we camped.¹

On the following day we arrived at Pine River. Cline made a cache of pemmican in the river, some distance from our tracks, to be taken up on his return. A hole was cut through the ice, then about fifteen inches thick, and a buffalo hide thong having been tied round the bag, and fastened to a stick, it was let down into the water just below the ice, the stick being stretched across the orifice. Lumps of ice were then piled on the bag of pemmican, and water poured on them. The temperature of the air being at the time considerably below zero, the water froze the instant it touched the ice, and bound the masses together in one block.

¹ A camp is always made in "woods," if possible, for the sake of fuel and shelter. The first operation is to sweep the snow from the ground, and prepare a place for the fire and blankets. This is easily accomplished with snow-shoes; and as soon as an area, proportioned to the size of the party, is exposed, a fire is made sufficiently long to admit of each man lying for the night with his feet towards it. No tent-covering of any description beyond a blanket, stretched on poles, is admissible, as it would scarcely be possible to fold canvas in the morning, and time does not generally allow of the erection of a hut, nor are the materials always at hand. When pine or spruce is accessible, a very comfortable floor can be made from the boughs; but in the prairie country, or on its borders, these useful trees are rarely to be seen. As soon as the fire is made, and supper in course of preparation, the dogs are fed. After eating their allowance for the twenty-four hours, the dogs seek for warm spots for themselves, or if the night be very cold, and any wind stirring, they partially bury themselves in the snow. As soon as supper is discussed, which, with the half-breeds, almost uniformly consists of cold pemmican and tea, mocassins are taken off, dried if damp, and put on again; the fire is replenished, and one by one each man, or two together, cover themselves completely with their blankets or robes, and go to sleep. Mocassins are necessary in making a winter journey, leather boots or shoes would be too cold, and probably become hard; neither do they admit of that freedom of circulation which makes a soft and pliable mocassin of dressed buffalo or moose-skin so warm and comfortable. The feet rarely get wet in travelling in these regions; the intense cold preserves the snow perfectly dry, and it is only near the fire that moisture penetrates a mocassin during cold weather. During a thaw a mocassin is wet through immediately, and the discomfort must be endured from camp to camp, but colds are unknown from this cause, if exercise be persevered in. Under the mocassins the half-breeds wear a square piece of flannel or blanket wrapped round the feet, to serve as a stocking. The gentlemen wore a pair of worsted stockings, a half boot of duffel, and buffalo-skin mocassins, and no one complained of cold feet at any time.

The first thing, on waking in the morning, is to make up the fire and prepare for breakfast. We generally rose by five, and were ready to start by daylight; breakfast, re-packing the bedding, eating and harnessing the dogs, usually occupied two hours and a-half.

Fresh ice being added, and water poured on it, the hole soon became filled with a solid mass; the operation was continued until a mound one foot above the frozen surface of the river was accumulated over the cache. As I was returning with Cline to the place where we had left the carioles and dogs, we observed two of these sagacious animals, who had been unharnessed by mistake, the driver supposing we were going to camp, quietly watching our proceedings from the bank of the river. Cline, with an exclamation of anger and surprise, remarked, "Now, if we don't take care, those *sacres chiens* will try to get at the pemmican to-night, and the rascals will tell the others; I know them of old, they served me that trick before: we'll tie them to night." The conscious dogs, with tails depressed, started at a gallop back to the carioles when they saw Cline's threatening mien. In order to avoid the breaking open of the cache by the dogs, which might be the cause of great inconvenience, and perhaps suffering, to the men on their return, we pushed on for several miles before we camped. Cline counted the dogs before supper, but neglected to tie the spies; having found that none had strayed, he thought that they might be trusted, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, he soon went to sleep. Rising long before daylight, according to our custom, several were soon ascertained to be missing, and not being found, after a rapid search in the neighbourhood, Cline instructed two of the men to make a circle round the camp, and examined all tracks by torchlight. In a very short time one of them came back, stating that fresh dogs' tracks, pointing in the direction of Pine River, where we had cached the pemmican. Three or four of the men instantly started back, and found the missing dogs busily engaged in scratching at the cache. It was so thoroughly frozen and compactly made that they had produced little impression on the small mound of ice, but no doubt time and perseverance would have enabled them to reach the supplies beneath.

Pine River crossing is the spot from which Mr. Mackenzie, who had so hospitably treated us at Fort Pembina, started on the morning of the 29th December, 1859, on his ill-fated journey in search of assistance. He and some companions were escorting an engineer from George Town to Fort Garry, who was travelling thither to make alterations and repairs in the steamer *Anson Northrup*, then laid up for the winter near the Indian settlement. The party fell short of provisions, and Mr. Mackenzie pushed on, in the hope of being able to send supplies from Pembina. After leaving his companions, he appears to have followed the trail for some distance, and at the approach of night to have lost his way. His beaten track showed that, in order to keep himself from freezing, he had spent the night in running round in a circle. At the break of day he started again across the trackless waste, but in a direction considerably to the eastward of his proper course. A second day of fruitless wandering was followed by a night more dreary than the first. The third day's journey brought him near to Roseau Lake, far to the eastward of his destination; here his strength appeared to have failed him, for, having hung some shreds of his coat on a tree, to mark his last resting-place, he laid down beneath it, where his frozen body was found, with one hand on his breast, and the other grasping a compass.

On the day succeeding our camp near Pine River, we crossed a very bleak and desolate prairie, about eight

miles broad. Fortunately the wind was blowing at our backs, otherwise it would have been insupportable, the temperature of the air having fallen to 20° below zero. As it was almost impossible to endure the inaction involved in being tightly packed in a small cariole, notwithstanding a liberal supply of blankets and robes, we preferred to run after the dogs across that inhospitable prairie, which, however beautiful it may be in summer, is an exposed and desolate wild in December. Mutual astonishment was expressed at the appearance presented by each individual after his long run; our eyebrows, beards, moustaches, hair and eye-lashes were uniformly frosted; the moisture from the breath had formed icicles down our beards, which was firmly frozen to the hoods of our blanket coats; patches of frost-bites on cheeks, nose, or ears, demanded instant rubbing with snow, and the outside of the coat of each man, from the nape of the neck to the loins, was covered with a narrow sheet of hoar-frost, formed by the solidification of the insensible perspiration the moment it reaches the outer air.¹

¹ The appearance of a winter camp, when men and dogs are buried in profound slumber, is very wild and savage. Throwing a few dry sticks into the fire, to light up the scene, the silent, slumbering forms of the travellers are seen stretched in two parallel rows, with their feet to the fire; between the men, one, two, and sometimes three, huge dogs have crept; some are lying on the legs of the half-breeds, for the sake of warmth; others have found a snug berth close to the fire, but in imminent danger of burning their fur; a few lie coiled outside of the circle, half-buried in the snow—the cold is so intense, that their faces are white with frozen breath, and scarcely distinguishable. The fire, even when in full glow, has not power to melt the snow more than a few inches from it, without it is exposed to direct and prolonged radiation. Now and then a watchfire-dog raises his head, probably disturbed by some slight motion of the sleepers; he looks once round, and then buries his face again. Sometimes a dog will utter a low moaning growl, when three or four other dogs, probably old stagers, will rouse themselves for an instant, listen and growl, generally all looking in one direction and snuffing the air. A half-breed sits up, looks at the dogs, observes their mien and actions, and, after a moment's pause, uttering the word "Wolves," he quickly coils himself under his blanket again.

The most disagreeable part of the daily routine of a long winter's journey is the catching and harnessing of the dogs. Some of these animals, at the beginning of winter, when fresh at the work for the season, are exceeding restive under coercion of any description, and not unfrequently snap at their masters, who invariably arm themselves with very strong mittens of buffalo or deer hide, when harnessing a savage and powerful animal. They require long-continued and most severe punishment, to make them obedient to the word of command. The treatment to which many of the poor beasts are subjected would give them a fair claim to the protection of a law against cruelty to animals. The faces of some of our dogs were dreadfully disfigured by the blows which their unfeeling and thoughtless masters inflicted on them. An Esquimaux whip is the instrument which every driver should be compelled to use; but the half-breeds trust to sticks, stones, or any object within reach on the road, which is picked up as they pass and thrown at the dogs. It is painful to witness the sudden starts of terror with which each animal, looking over his shoulder as he trots along, watches the mien and motions of the driver, as he poises the stick which he knows how to throw with such certain dexterity at the terrified animals. All the dogs give a simultaneous jump on one side, as the missile flies past them, when directed at the leader of the train; and not unfrequently would the cariole be overturned, if it were not for the strength and skill of the driver, in holding the loop with which he steers it. When this occurrence takes place, and the dogs are at full speed, the only plan left for the helpless traveller is to draw his arms close to his side, and wait until the cariole is righted by the driver; but any attempt to right the cariole, by putting out an arm, is a dangerous operation which might occasion a broken limb. In descending steep hills, it is always advisable to walk or run, which all would prefer for the sake of exercise, except when

On the 8th of December we arrived at Red Lake, and had a splendid gallop of twelve miles across the ice from the mouth of Red Lake River to the Ojibeway village and Missionary Station.¹

the road is very good, and the trains can proceed for many miles at a gallop, without fatigue.

A heavy snow-storm is a serious matter in the prairie. It is then absolutely necessary for all the trains to keep close together; the drifting snow soon obliterates the road, and although the dogs, by means of their sensitive noses, will follow the track of the leading cariole, even when completely hidden from view by a light fall, yet when drifts accumulate they are at fault.

Preparing to camp in a snow-storm is not an agreeable operation, or suggestive of that comfort and safety which a camp almost always presents. When the fire is well lighted, supper cooked and eaten, and the party "turned in," then it does not matter how much, how heavily it snows, the trouble being reserved for the following day. After a heavy fall during the night, men, dogs, carioles, and sledges, are covered with a thick mantle of pure white; a sudden shout from the guide enlivens many of the apparently lifeless forms recognised only by their outline; but some of the sagacious dogs take advantage of the concealment afforded by the snow, and, quite neglectful of the whistles and shouts of their masters, "lie close." We were detained for more than three hours on one occasion, after a heavy snow-storm, by some of the dogs preserving perfect silence, and a motionless position under their covering of snow, within thirty yards of our camp-fire. They were found by dint of walking systematically round the camp-fire, in a continually enlarged circle, the half-breeds being quite aware of the advantage which these cunning animals would take of their accidental concealment. A loud shout, every now and then, announced that a searcher had stumbled over a truant, whose depressed mien and conscious look showed how well he knew that he had been the cause of anxiety and trouble.

¹ Soon after the arrival of the Red Lake Mission, we learned that the Roman Catholic missionary had been frozen to death two days previously, in an attempt to cross the ice during a snow-storm, from a promontory about two miles below the mission. He had been visiting a camp of Ojibeways, who warned him of the perils of a return across the ice during the storm, and invited him to pass the night in their wigwams; but the missionary thought that he would not incur any danger of freezing during so short a traverse, although the thermometer indicated a temperature of 25° below zero, at the opposite station. He was frozen within two hundred yards of the mission-house, near to which were a number of log-houses, tenanted at the time by half-breeds and Indians. When the body was found on the following morning, a number of Indians set themselves to trace his steps from the Ojibeway camp across the ice, a difficult undertaking, in consequence of the high wind which was blowing at the time having, to an inexperienced eye, obliterated all traces of his steps. With astonishing accuracy these wild men read the brief history of his journey, and related the incidents to me as we stood on the banks of the Red Lake, with the Ojibeway village and the course of the unfortunate missionary in view. "There," said my dusky informant, pointing to the ice not more than half a mile from the houses, "there he first turned his back to the wind, and there he knelt to pray," the Indian suiting the action to the word, and kneeling in the attitude which the track showed the missionary had assumed; "now he faced the wind and ran against the blinding snow and pitiless storm; here he turned his back again; there his tracks showed how he slipped and fell, and once again where he knelt to pray. The marks of his fingers were seen on the crust of snow lying in frozen patches on the ice. Once more he fell, rose again, knelt for awhile, and made a last effort to push against the storm." They came at length to where he had fallen for the last time, and subsequently knelt with his hands on the ice, his head touching the snow. He was found with his hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, his head bent upon his breast. The barking dogs at the mission must have been aware that he was approaching, notwithstanding the gloom of evening and the drifting snow, for they bayed fiercely in the direction he was coming about the time he is supposed to have fallen. The half-breeds heard the dogs, and looked out in expectation of seeing the missionary approach, but as the dogs soon ceased to bark they thought it was a false alarm, and did not go to meet and assist him.

It was painfully interesting to watch the Indians relate the narrative of this short but terrible journey from the informa-

Our course from Red Lake lay through the woods bordering Red Lake River. We traversed these very picturesque sheets of frozen water, and then arrived at Opashkwa Lake, which lies at the foot of the dividing ridge constituting the heights of land, the water on one side flowing into Hudson's Bay, on the other into the Gulf of Mexico. After passing this natural boundary, we crossed Turtle Lake, and numerous branches of Turtle River abounding in wild rice, and camped, on the evening of the 10th December, close on the borders of Cass Lake, and near a cluster of Indian wigwams. Shortly after midnight, our dogs began to bark furiously, and the Indian camp seemed suddenly to receive an unusual influx of visitors. Cline came to me and whispered, "Monkman's come." At daybreak on the following morning I recognised Monkman's dogs fraternising with Cline's, and a short stroll to the Indian camp satisfied me that his party had arrived in good condition, and were distributed among the different wigwams. I found Lord Cavendish and Mr. Ashley in one tent, and Mr. Seymour as comfortably "fixed" as it was possible to expect or wish for, under the circumstances incident to a midnight journey from the summit of the Mississippi slope with the thermometer at zero.²

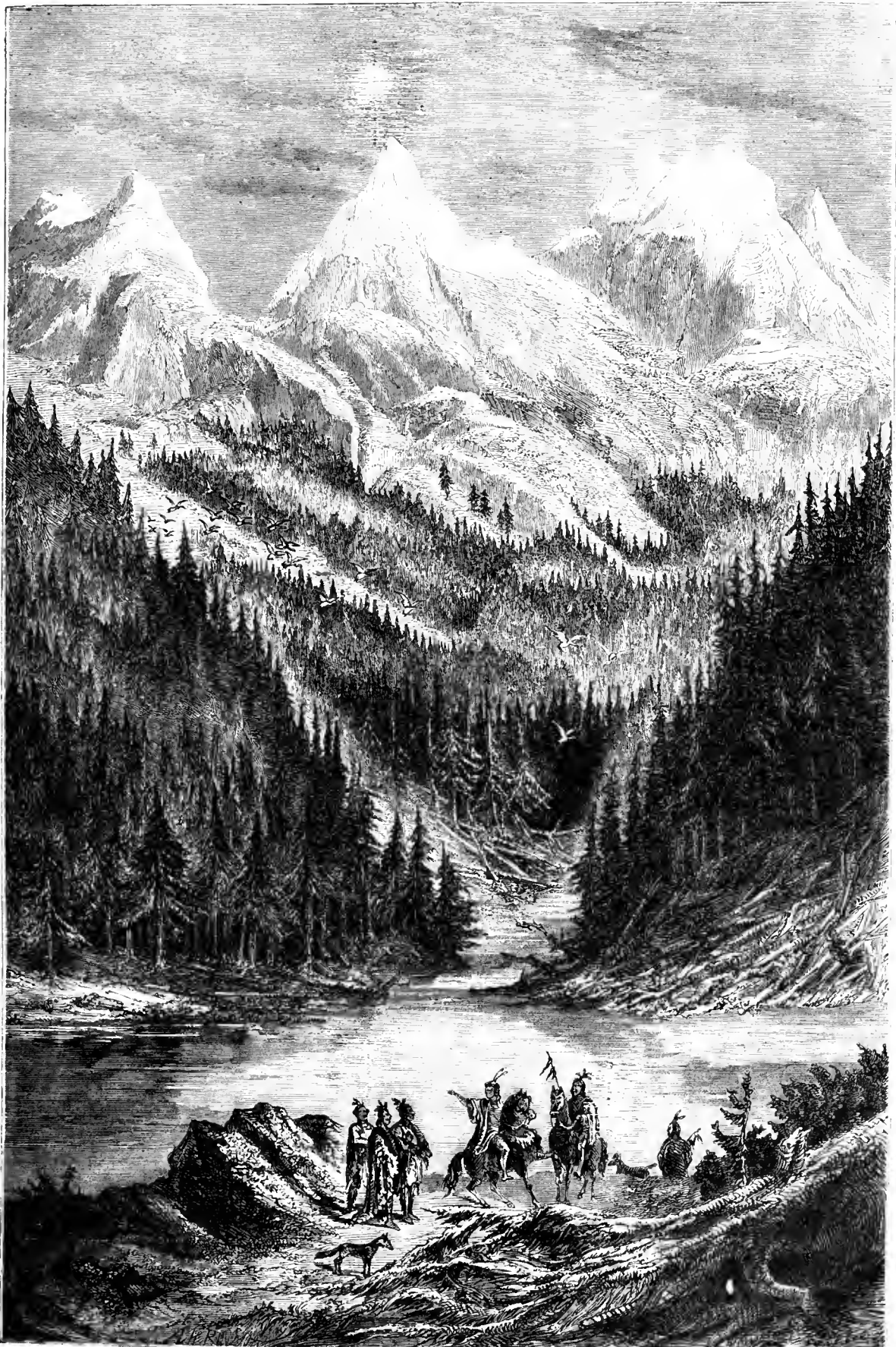
Starting several hours in advance of Monkman, we arrived early in the afternoon at the Indian agency and village on the south shore of Lok Leech, and were very cordially received by the agent; the other travellers came up with us before nightfall, and the half-breeds of the united party decided upon having a dance. Fiddles were soon procured, a capacious store was cleared of goods and packages, and the female population of the agency and village, which included some very

tion they had gathered from the almost trackless ice and snow. The imitations of the actions and motions of the poor missionary, his attitude of prayer, his drooping head touching the cold ice, his backward wanderings, were all so faithfully represented, so true to nature, that the reality seemed to be occurring before me, rather than the solemn mimicry of a savage. After the Indian who was most active in impersonating the missionary had finished his mournful tale, he quietly took a lighted pipe from one of his companions standing by, and, drawing his blanket over his head, seated himself upon the prostrate trunk of a tree, and, without any expression of feeling, covertly glanced in my face, to see the effect of his narrative; and when I asked him, through the half-breed interpreter, where the body was lying, he coldly pointed with one finger to a log-hut close by, without withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, or showing any further interest in the matter.

The name of the missionary was Laurenz Lantiger, from Krainburgh, in Carniola; he had been placed by the half-breeds in a rough coffin made from half-a-dozen pine boards, and, as he lay robed in his priestly vestments, calm, and without any trace of suffering, it seemed almost impossible to realise that he had just met with death in such a terrible form.

When we arrived at Crow's Wing, a few days after this sad occurrence, I went to see his brother missionary stationed there, and related to him all the known circumstances of his death, as I had received them from the half-breeds and Indians of Red Lake; and then learned that the Rev. Laurenz Lantiger was an Austrian, a man well skilled in many languages, pious, devoted and most enthusiastic in his endeavours to Christianise the Ojibeways of Red Lake. He had not been long in the country, or he would have had the experience necessary to guide him in such a night as that in which he met his untimely fate.

² A mission was established in Cass Lake in 1844, and the condition of the Indian is reported to have been much ameliorated by the exertions of the missionaries. The Indian village is situated on both sides of Turtle River, and contains several log-cabins erected by the natives. No spirituous liquor is permitted to be introduced into this part of the Indian Reserves in Minnesota. The prosperity of the Indians, and their gradual approach to civilisation, is probably largely due to this prohibition.



passable half-breed girls and "wives," having promptly assembled, a series of lively dances commenced, which was kept up till near midnight. In the absence of whiskey, that curse of savage and half-civilised life, strict propriety of demeanour was maintained throughout, although there was no lack of merriment, joke, and song. The scene was rendered more striking and characteristic of the wild life of these remote woods by the presence of some Indians, who were attracted from a neighbouring camp by the unusual sounds of music and dancing.

Monkman started a few minutes before us in the morning, and we had the advantage of the road he made, which, however, was not much gain, as a good track had already been formed between Leech and Crow's Wing. After a fair days' journey through a magnificent pine forest, both parties camped close together about forty miles from our destination.

Cline began to pluck up his courage, which had received a check, when he found Monkman pushing on until midnight in order to overtake us at Lake Cass. If we had not been compelled to wait for the heavy laden sledges we should have made much longer daily journeys, and no doubt Monkman would have travelled more rapidly. Fifty miles a day, with high carioles with good dogs, would not have been out of the way. On the night of the 12th we slept for the last time in the woods, and both travellers and half-breeds looked forward with some anxiety to the race on the morrow. Monkman and Cline had agreed that both parties should start together in the order in which they camped, and our fire was made about a hundred yards in advance of Monkman.

We rose at three and started at five: the thermometer showed a few degrees below zero, but the air was still, and the almost illimitable pine forests completely hushed; not the slightest breath disturbed the tall and light tops of the trees. We ran on in silence for half-an-hour; the hungry dogs themselves appeared to be sensible that their long journey was drawing to a close, for scarcely a note of encouragement or approval was uttered by the half-breeds. My cariole led the way, the others of my party followed in the rear. Some forty minutes after we had started, the dogs being thoroughly warm at their work, we heard a yelp far behind us, Cline whispered to me, "Monkman's passing there;" and during each succeeding five minutes, yelp after yelp announced that the other trains were being passed until, in little more than an hour from our start, I heard Monkman's well known voice close behind me. Without speaking a word, he and the cariole he was driving passed mine. A thrill of excitement passed through me when I felt the warm breath of his powerful dogs beat upon my face, as the noble creatures swiftly trotted past. Neither dogs nor men, nor the muffled-up inmates of the cariole, made any sign. One after another, Mr. Seymour, Lord Cavendish, and Mr. Ashley, flitted noiselessly by. Cline whispered again, "They make a good road; my dogs will not be far behind."

It is impossible to describe the feelings which this rapped silent gliding through those vast pine forests inspired. Morning dawned slowly, but the gloom of the forest seemed to grow more intense as I occasionally caught glimpses of the brightening sky above. The sun rose without a cloud, gilding the tops of tall trees with an indescribable lustre, beautifully reflected by the sun wherever the golden light penetrated.

After a run of twenty-six miles, Cline came up with Monkman a few minutes after he had stopped for dinner; Mr. Dickinson followed close behind me; and in another hour both parties were together again. The next run was to bring us to Crow's Wing, between nineteen and twenty miles distance. Starting in order in which we arrived at the camping ground, we hurried at a rapid pace down the Mississippi slope, and here the race began in earnest. The road was in excellent condition, the day bright and cold, the dogs eager and hungry, and the men and travellers in good condition and excellent spirits. After a splendid gallop of twenty miles, we entered Crow's Wing in the following order, and close together: Lord Cavendish, first; Mr. Seymour, second; Mr. Hind, third; Hon. Mr. Ashley, fourth; Mr. Dickinson, fifth; Mr. Flemmings, sixth; the rest nowhere.

III.—THROUGH THE COUNTRY OF THE BLACKFEET, TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE Expedition of Captain Palliser, in 1858, to the Rocky Mountains, through the country of the Blackfeet, was attended with almost unexpectedly brilliant and successful results. The zealous labours of the different members of the Expedition effected the discovery of no less than six new passes, one of which promises to be of the highest importance to the future progress of North America, and, indeed, to the intercommunication of the families of men. These passes were as follows:—

Two, from the south branch of the Saskatchewan to the Kutanie river, viz., the Kananaski and Vermilion.

Two, from the Kutanie river to the Columbia, viz., the Lake and the Beaver Fork.

One, between the south and the north branches of the Saskatchewan viz., the Little Fork.

One, from the south branch of the Saskatchewan to the Columbia, viz., the Kicking Horse.

In addition to these, the Northern Kutanie Pass has been laid down, and found to be within British territory.

The most promising of all the routes, for the purpose of crossing the Rocky Mountains, appears to be that laid down by Dr. Hector. He followed the Bow River tributary up to the water-parting of the continent; then continued forward until he reached a transverse water-parting, which divided the waters of the Columbia and North Saskatchewan on the one hand, from those of the Kutanie and South Saskatchewan on the other. There he found the facilities for crossing the mountains to be so great, as to leave little doubt in his mind of the practicability of connecting the plains of the Saskatchewan with the opposite side of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, even by means of a railroad.

As regards the scenery of the Rocky Mountains, there is a remarkable absence of peaks. Fine glaciers fill the upper hollows of the range; and from different arms of the same large glacier proceed the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan. The snow-line appears to have been between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea. In lat. 51° 40', at a height of 6,300 feet, snow was lying in patches under the shade of trees, notwithstanding a clear mid-day sun.

There is very little game about the mountains; the most remarkable animal of those that exist is the white-

goat. It lives on the highest parts of the range, and seldom descends. As a consequence of the absence of game, Indians are rarely met with, and none of them possess other than very vague knowledge about the passes. The Kutanie Indians are a wretched set, though rich in horses.

The country of the Upper Saskatchewan was found to be far less fertile and well-timbered than had been supposed. There are large tracts of worthless soil, and constant prairie fires have utterly destroyed the greater part of the timber—so much so, that the travellers were usually in difficulty owing to the want of fire-wood.

About Fort Edmonton¹ wheat is raised, and cattle remain out of doors the whole winter. Potatoes grow excellently.

A curious geographical feature resulted from these explorations, which was, that where the rocky mountains rose to their highest altitude, there are to be found the lowest depressions or passes, so that while the Anglo-Americans, in travelling to the central parts of California, have to encounter passes at 7000 feet above the sea, Englishmen may, on their own ground, travel through gorges only 5000 feet above the sea.

The manner in which these important discoveries were effected, was as follows. On proceeding from Fort Carlton, Captain Palliser showed his good sense in approaching these mountains from the rich Buffalo prairies midway between the North and South Saskatchewan. An experienced buffalo-hunter himself, he knew that if his men were not well supplied, by no efforts, however well directed, could they succeed.

¹ Edmonton is a well-built place, something of a hexagon in form. It is surrounded by high pickets and bastions, which, with the battlement gateways, the flagstaves, &c., give it a good deal of a martial appearance; and it occupies a commanding situation, crowning an almost perpendicular part of the bank, about two hundred feet in height. The river is nearly as wide as at Carlton, while the immediate banks are well wooded, and the country behind consists of rolling prairies.

This fort, both inside and outside, is decorated with paintings and devices to suit the taste of the savages that frequent it. Over the gateway are a most fanciful variety of vanes; but the hall, of which both the ceiling and the walls present the gaudiest colours and the most fantastic sculptures, absolutely rivets the astonished natives to the spot with wonder and admiration. The buildings are smeared with a red earth, found in the neighbourhood, which, when mixed with oil, produces a durable brown.

The vicinity is rich in mineral productions. A seam of coal, about ten feet in depth, can be traced for a very considerable distance along both sides of the river. This coal resembles slate in appearance; and though it requires a stronger draught of air than that of an ordinary chimney, yet it is found to answer tolerably well for the blacksmith's forge. Petrifications are also found here in abundance, and at the fort there was a pure stone which had once been a log of wood, about six feet in length, and four or five in girth, the resemblance being so complete as even to deceive the eye.

Edmonton is a large establishment; as it has to furnish many other districts with provisions, a large supply is always kept on hand, consisting entirely of dried meat, tongues, and pemmican. There are usually here a chief factor and a clerk, with forty or fifty men with their wives and children, amounting altogether to about 130, who all live within the pickets of the fort. Their employment consists chiefly in building boats for the trade, sawing timber, most of which they raft down the river from ninety miles higher up, cutting up the small poplar, which abounds on the margin of the river, for fire-wood, 800 cords of which are consumed every winter, to supply the numerous fires in this establishment. The employment of the women, who are all, without a single exception, either squaws or half-breeds, consists in making mocassins and clothing for the men, and converting the dried meat into pemmican.

Accordingly, having established a good base, and having secured abundant provisions at Slaughter Creek, he divided his force into three parties. Leading one of these himself across the Kananaski Pass, and returning by the Kutanie Pass in north latitude $49\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and directing Captain Blakiston to explore the still more southerly or Boundary Pass, he sent Dr. Hector to traverse the chain by the Vermilion Pass, and to explore the much loftier mountains into which the chain rises in its trend to the N.N.W.

Prevented by his instructions from descending into the valleys of the Columbia, and there to ascertain practicable routes to the Far West, Dr. Hector, though so severely injured by the kick of a horse as to be incapacitated from moving for some days, contrived so to travel northwards as to round the base of the loftiest mountains of the chain before he returned to his winter-quarters in October, after an absence of eighteen weeks from his chief, but laden with valuable geographical and geological knowledge.

In this survey he had the merit of showing that the Vermilion Pass—which is less than 5000 feet high, and therefore 1000 feet lower than any other known pass of the Rocky Mountains—had another decided advantage over them, inasmuch as its western slope, from the summit-level of the horse-path, is so little steep that its explorer has no doubt that even a road for carts may be there established. The descents westward, or into the drainage of the Columbia, in the other passes, are exceedingly steep; and according to Captain Blakiston, the Kutanie Pass can only have a railroad made along it by the formation of tunnels of several miles in length, and by encountering the difficulty of the steep western gradient of 194 feet per mile.

Another singular natural feature of comparison is, that whilst the Vermilion Pass is less than 5,000 feet above the sea, the adjacent mountains on the north rise to near 16,000 feet, showing the great depth of the gorge. On the other hand, in the range beyond the British boundary, to the south, and where no peak (not even that of Frémont) exceeds 13,000 feet, the passes range from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high.

Already, in 1851, Mr. Asa Whitney, of the United States, in proposing his gigantic plan of an inter-oceanic railway, had stated that the best line of intercourse between the two oceans would be found within the British territories, and the Palliser expedition has already gone far to demonstrate the truth and value of this statement.

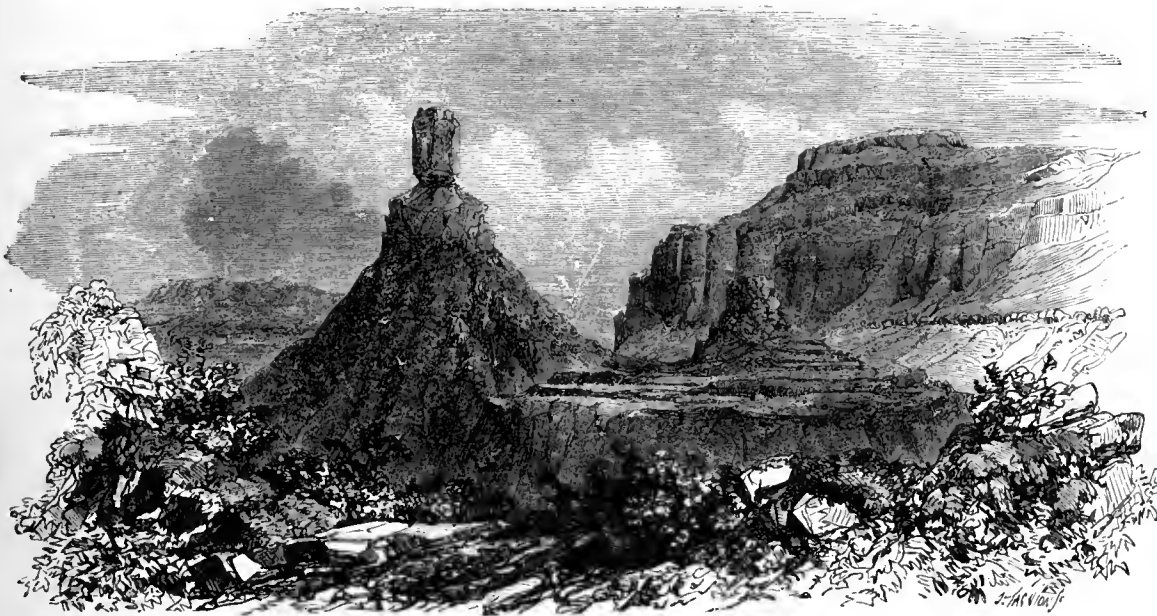
With a knowledge of the data acquired by the Palliser expedition, men of ardent minds already contemplate the formation of a railroad, or, if not, of a practical route, which, traversing British possessions only, shall connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. But when we reflect that the length of this line is above 2,000 English miles, and that the greater part of the route on the east will have to traverse wild and unpeopled regions, we cannot rush to hasty conclusions as to the practicability of such an enterprise. Neither ought we to deride a plan which may be ultimately called for when British Columbia and Vancouver Island shall have risen into that importance which they must attain as British colonies. For, it is now ascertained, that the tract lying between the North and South Saskatchewan on the east is one of great fertility, where no intense cold prevails, and that, once through the Rocky Mountains, the traveller enters a country of

cedars and rich vegetation, in which even wheat may be grown at heights exceeding 2,000 feet above the sea. In the meantime we need, at all events, have no hesitation in assuming that the electric telegraph will, ere long, be at work across British North America.

Whether one of the heights called Mounts Brown and Hooker by Mr. Douglas, in honour of our eminent botanical contemporaries, be still higher than the Mount Murchison of Palliser and Hector, it is certain that the chain diminishes rapidly in its trend from this cluster to the north. We know, indeed, that Mackenzie, the first great explorer of those regions, passed through the range in north latitude 56°, at a comparatively lower level. Again, we further know, that in proceeding northwards these mountains dwindle into insignificance before they reach the Arctic Ocean.

It is further to be remarked, in connection with these discoveries, that the intrepid travellers, for the

first time since nearly forty years, traversed a district which has borne a very ill name among white men—the country of the Blackfoot and Blood Indians. That they had done so in safety is due, in some degree, to favourable circumstances, but also to the tact and skill of Captain Palliser in conciliating their affections. Arrived at the Foot of the Rocky Mountains, their expectations were far more than realised. Not one pass, as they supposed, but many practicable passes were discovered. Two of these seem to merit, in an especial degree, the attention of the public in this country; because, since that expedition was sent out, great national interests have become involved in the communication with the west coast of America, in consequence of the gold discoveries in that far distant region. The new southern pass, which was discovered by Mr. Palliser, leads into the valley of the Kutanie river, and passes down the course of that river into



CHIMNEY ROCKS, ON THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

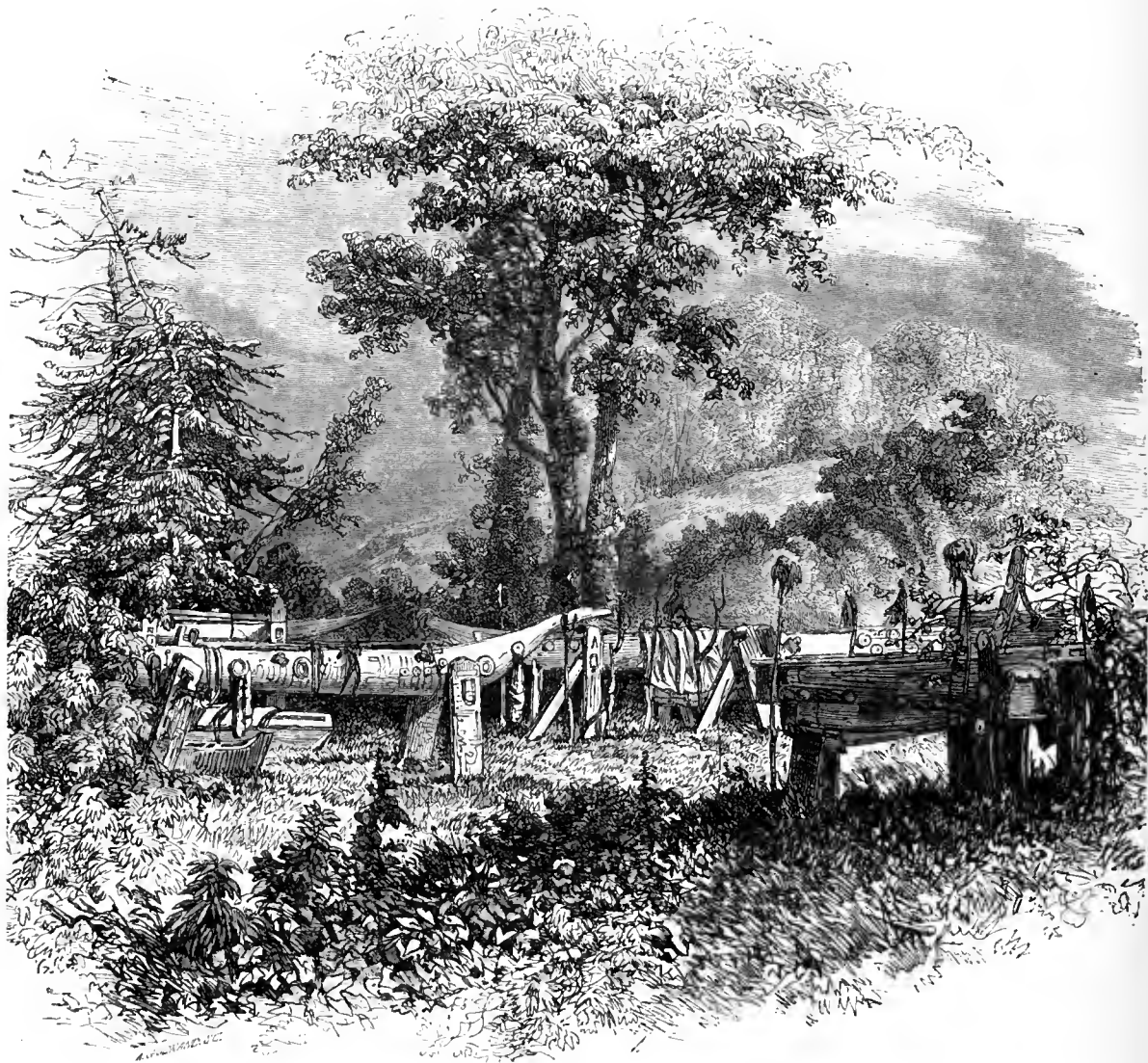
American territory. The two more northerly passes are entirely upon British ground. One of them, the Vermilion Pass, leads to the Kutanie river, near to its source; and a second accessory pass presents itself immediately you have crossed the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains. Turning to the right, with scarcely any perceptible elevation, you pass from the head waters of the Kutanie river to a branch of the Columbia river. Northward of that is another pass, a little higher, called the Kicking Horse Pass, of which we have not yet the full details. It remains to be decided which of these two passes—both of them very eligible in point of geographical position—will be the more available for use, subject to the condition that for a great part of the year the mountain range must be covered deep in snow. One word, however, as to the mode of getting to this country. The real difficulty appears to be in traversing that small portion which lies between the corner of Lake Superior and Rainy Lake. It does appear, however, that there is no insur-

mountable obstacle in carrying a land-road, for a certain distance, to the westward, parallel to the course of the White Fish River, which falls into the Kaminstoquoiah somewhat below the Kakabeka Falls. But then there comes a region of swamps and rocks, so intricate that one never seems to remain long on either land or water; and without some enormous outlay, there seems no practicable mode of making a land-road in that direction. Nor is there any convenient way of travelling by water, except by the tedious one of small canoes and crossing portages, of which twenty-six were found in the lower course of the White Fish River. But the small space of fifty or sixty miles from Pigeon River to the Kaminstoquoiah, has never yet been explored by white men; and if it should be found that there is a sufficient amount of dry and solid land on which a road can be made, it will throw open to British enterprise, in the valley of the Saskatchewan, a tract of territory of greater extent than the whole of France and England put together.

Another feature of this country is the extraordinary nature of the water-shed in the Rocky Mountains. Except in the Carpathian chain, we have nowhere in the old world anything exactly like it. The rivers seem to pass across the axis of greatest elevation. The two main branches of the Saskatchewan river pass to the westward of the highest mountains in the chain, Mount Murchison and Mount Hooker; and on the western side of the chain we have this extraordinary fact—two

rivers flowing parallel to each other a few miles apart for a long distance, the Columbia and the Kutanie, one running to the N.W., and the other to the S.E. It appears to be one of the most singular facts that we know of in physical geography.

Hitherto we have been ignorant of the important country explored by the Palliser expedition, because it has been, to a certain extent, shut up by the Hudson Bay Company. That Company held territorial sway



INDIAN SEPULCHRES ON THE BANKS OF THE COWLITZ RIVER.

and exclusive right of trade over the whole of the country. The importance of the discovery of these three passes must depend in a great measure upon the value of the land on each side of the Rocky Mountains. If the land to the eastward between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, and the land to the westward near to the new colony of Columbia, be valueless, then the discoveries which Captain Palliser has made will be equally valueless. But if we can show that on the development of the country which lies between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains

the future greatness of British North America almost exclusively depends, then we shall be able to realise the full importance of these discoveries. We have in British territory two of the greatest harbours in the world,—on the Atlantic shore, the harbour of Halifax in Nova Scotia; and on the Pacific shore, that of Esquimaux in Vancouver Island. None can resist expressing a hope that at no distant day we shall see these two connected; and then it will be that the importance of this discovery will come into play. It must also be observed that in as far as regards the existing difficul-

ties in this country, between the waters running towards Hudson and James Bay, and the waters running towards Lake Superior, for the last two years the Canadian Government, as well as the Home Government, has had an exploring party between Lake Superior and the Red River; and it would appear from their explorations that there does not exist such an insuperable objection to the formation of a land road as had been supposed. The greatest obstacle is a swamp called the Savanne. In that swamp, in the space of three-quarters of a mile, there is a fall of thirty-one feet. Except in isolated places, that swamp is nowhere more than three or four feet deep; and at the bottom is a strong clay. It is, indeed, one of the easiest parts to form a road. An American would cut down the brushwood and pile it on the top of the swamp, then cut down a few trees and pile them on the top of the brushwood, and that would form a temporary road; and when a better road was wanted it could easily be made on the top of the substratum thus laid. With respect to the remainder of the country between Lake Superior and Red River no great difficulty exists.

Lord Bury, who is one of what would in old times be called a company of adventurers, who have contracted with the Canadian Government to carry their mails from Canada to the Red River, says that they do that with their present small means and inefficient organisation, twice a-month without difficulty. That fact is a sufficient argument to the objection that the Savanne swamp is an insuperable obstacle to road-making. With respect to the value and extent of the cultivable land between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Blogget, the distinguished American climatologist, estimates that it contains altogether about 500,000 square miles fully adapted for the operations of agriculture in every way. Assuming that estimate to be correct, about 437,000 square miles, or more than 717,000,000 of acres, would be in the British territory. Although but a small part of the territory of North America, it would be enough to support all Great Britain and her dependencies. We know that the buffaloes can winter on the Upper Athabasca just as easily as they can in Minnesota. We know, too, that on the two branches of the Saskatchewan all the grain grown in temperate latitudes can be easily raised. Just south of the boundary-line the great equestrian tribes of the Indians winter their horses, and it is not to be supposed that that boundary, a mere astronomical line, separates the fertile regions of the United States from a sterile region beyond. Experience has proved that that is not fact. Buffalo and wild cattle can live perfectly well there; and wherever grain is tried it has succeeded almost beyond the hopes of those who have undertaken it. The want of a market has been the great thing which has stopped them.

No question of greater importance has presented itself in connection with Captain Palliser's discoveries, than whether this imperial domain is capable of sustaining an industrious population? There is no doubt that for several degrees beyond the most northerly part of the frontier of the United States this question may be answered in the affirmative. In the valleys may be remarked a great fertility of soil proper to the cultivation of barley, oats, a peculiar kind of Indian corn that ripens in eight weeks, called Maudan corn, and potatoes. Nothing is more nourishing to cattle and sheep

in the winter than the sweet fodder of Indian corn. Farther north, the short summers are not favourable to cultivation; but wherever settlers are in possession, they will soon find their way to the deposits of copper and other valuable minerals; and such is the facility of water communication, that these will in time be brought to the settlements, and exchanged for provisions and other necessaries with the inhabitants to the south living in milder latitudes.

Captain Palliser's party left their winter quarters at Edmonton earlier in the year than would otherwise have been desirable, on account of a great scarcity of provisions. It was not until May 11 that they fell in with buffaloes, and were able to resupply themselves with stores of pemmican.

Owing to Capt. Palliser having been in the Blackfoot country, both in the summer of 1858 and in the winter of 1858-9, he was well known and unmolested by the natives. Dr. Hector, also, had acquired great influence among them by his medical skill. The consequence is, as Captain Palliser says, they had travelled through the whole of their territories (Blackfeet and Blood Indians), a portion of country hitherto considered so dangerous as to be almost impracticable, and they neither had a horse stolen nor a gun pointed at them by any of those tribes. However, he does not wish to infer that a total stranger would be equally safe, nor that any one accompanied by a military force (unless that force were a very large one) would also be safe. These Indians lie in very large camps of from 400 to 600 tents.

Captain Palliser was, however, much disappointed with the character of the district lying between the meridian 107° 30' and 112°, on the south branch of the Saskatchewan: his expectations had been that it would afford a most desirable place for settlers, but he found it to be ill-watered, barren of grass, and bare of timber, and it was only in a few places here and there, where the land rises 300 or 400 feet above the plain, that the vegetation improves. The Cyprés Mountains, in lat. 49° 38', long. 111°, were well-watered, timbered, and fairly stocked with game. Here the party encamped and hunted, and from here Dr. Hector was despatched on a branch expedition to re-explore the pass he discovered last year, and to look for a road to the valleys of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers.

As it ultimately proved, this route is not a practicable one. Dr. Hector was entangled in vast forests of extraordinary density, and it was only with the greatest exertions that he even succeeded in forcing himself through it, and in avoiding being caught by the winter snows.

Captain Palliser, accompanied by Mr. Sullivan, followed the boundary line, which passed over a level, arid, sandy plain, in which they could rarely procure water except from occasional swamps; while these were brackish and their neighbourhood barren of grass. He then crossed the mountains, and reported that his efforts to find a route practicable for horses, from Edmonton westwards, across the Rocky Mountains as far as the longitude of Fort Colville, and entirely within British territory, have been *perfectly successful*. In addition to this he travelled 50 miles farther, until he reached the camp of the United States Boundary Commissioners, in long. 119° 30'.

The following narrative, the scene of which is laid in this vicinity, will give a good idea of the nature of the country on the United States side:—

"I have seen the plains on the Nebraska under all aspects, when the spring sun was drawing out millions of buds among the herbs and grass, when the hot summer had unfolded them, and poured out all sorts of gorgeous colours over them, and when the autumn wind rattled their ripe capsules and bent down their withered stalks; and I have seen them, too, when winter has spread its white shroud over the burnt wilderness, and the snow-storm in all its terrors was howling over it.

"It was late in the autumn of 1851 that I had to return, in company of only one person, across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. When we got near the Nebraska, or Flat River, and made our way through herds of buffaloes, the Indians began to play us many ugly tricks, teasing and robbing us, and, what was worse, killing one of our horses with a furious blow of a tomahawk: the load that had been carried by four strong horses now fell upon three—that is, on two horses and a mule, which became so weakened by scanty fodder that they could hardly keep up at all.

"We could now see that the first snow-storm would deprive us of them, and expose us to the risk of great misery; and so, sure enough, it happened. We dragged ourselves painfully along until we came to Sandy Hill Creek, where it falls into the Big Blue, when an icy gale sprang up from the north, buried us almost in snow, and killed our last horse. We had a small Indian tent, that we had bought from a fur-hunter at Fort Laramie, some bad buffalo meat, some rice and Indian corn: with this food we had passed a few days in a most miserable manner, when the post coming from Fort Kearney to the Flat River passed, and offered to make room for one of us in a little vehicle drawn by six mules, whilst the other should stay in the tent with the goods, and get on as well as he could until the other should send horses from the Catholic Mission, which the post would have to pass, and which lies about eighty or a hundred miles from Sandy Hill Creek. We drew lots, and the lot fell upon me to be left behind in this desolate wilderness, with no other company than that of wolves, who, urged by hunger, would come round me, I thought, in greater numbers every day, and perhaps, when I had grown too weak to offer resistance, fall upon me and devour me and my leathern tent together.

"When the little conveyance containing the only human being existing, as far as I knew, for hundreds of miles round, disappeared at last over the wide white waste, my first business was to see that my weapons were in good order, and lay them as ready to hand as I could in my small tent. I had plenty of arms, a double and single rifle, a double-barrelled fowling-piece, four pistols, and a six-shot revolver, besides a long knife and a heavy axe; and with these murderous instruments I thought I could maintain my post against a good many savages, should any such undressed visitors present themselves. Being, to a certain extent, satisfied on this point, I now set to work to defend myself against the increasing cold and the drifting snow, which managed to find its way into the minutest openings in the tent leather. I had in no long time raised a wall of firmly stamped snow round my extempore dwelling, and from the neighbouring river dragged a quantity of wood, which I piled up before my low door. A shallow in the ground before my bed of blankets and buffalo-hides served at the same time as a cooking-place and a stove.

"I calculated that in fourteen days, at furthest, I might look for help from the Mission, and I therefore divided my buffalo-meat, rice, coffee, &c., into fourteen days' rations. After having made, in this way, what preparations I could, I crept into my blankets and buffalo-skin, and managed, as I lay, to stir my fire and get my scanty meat ready, and then prepared for my first night alone in the great wilderness.

"With any human creature near, were it but a child, you would not feel so wholly forsaken, and there is comfort in hearing a human voice, were it only a voice of complaint. I was never so forcibly struck with this truth before this evening. I tried talking to myself, but that did not answer; your own voice, somehow, makes you shudder when it reaches no other ear. When the sun set behind masses of snow-clouds, and whilst its last rays were still lingering on the dreary snowy waste, a concert began which I had heard before, but never so little to my taste. A troupe of prairie wolves broke out into a loud howl, and to their long-drawn treble was soon drawn the deep bass of the large gray and white wolf. The wild music was hushed sometimes for a few minutes, and then a solo performer would begin, and make his clear piercing tones heard from afar; then again the full chorus would burst in, the wind carrying the sound far over the desert. In the ravine where the horses had fallen, and where nothing was now to be seen of them but their polished bones and the iron rings of their harness, a fierce contest arose, and by the shrill sounds of lamentations, I guessed the little prairie wolves had the worst of it, and had been obliged to decamp. I tried for hours together to make out, by their voices, the number of the animals assembled in the ravine, but I could not succeed. It was a melancholy occupation, but it helped me to get through the hours of the black stormy night. At last I fell asleep from exhaustion, and was awakened by hunger when the sun stood high in the heavens. One night is got through, I thought, as I cut a notch in one of the tent-poles; when the fourteen are over, the people will be here. It was on the 16th or 18th of November, and I reckoned that by the Christmas Day I might be safe at the Mission. I had no idea how far I was out in my reckoning. The day passed slowly and drearily; I dragged up as much wood and water to my tent as I required, but I remarked, to my terror, that my feet felt weak and lame, so that I staggered as I walked like a drunken man.

"I was sitting in a very dull mood before my tent; but as I was hungry, watching very eagerly the bubbling up and down of the maize in my boiling kettle, puffing away the while at my little pipe, which I had filled with willow-leaves, when I saw some horsemen approaching from the north, driving laden horses before them. Being prepared for all chances, I waited quietly till they came nearer, and then I saw they were Indians, returning from their beaver-hunt to their settlement on the Kansas, and I knew I had nothing to fear from them. When they had come within gun-shot, one of them began speaking to me in English, and relieving me from every feeling of distrust by declaring himself a Delaware. He was soon sitting by my side in my tent, whilst his two companions, a couple of wild-looking fellows, made themselves comfortable outside. Long and earnestly did he persuade me to leave my own and my companions' goods to take their chance with the Indians and the wolves, and go with him to his wigwam on the Missouri. 'The

wolves,' he said, 'will draw nearer and nearer, and will leave you no rest day or night; and if the wandering Pawnees find you out they will plunder you, and scalp you as well.' I declined his offer, and endeavoured to convince him that within two weeks, at most, people would come to my assistance with horses, and that then I should not only be able to save all my goods, of which only the smallest part belonged to myself; but also to get some sort of conveyance to perform the journey, that I feared would be in my present state almost impossible for me to make on foot, or on horseback.

"You will get no help from the whites," said the honest Delaware; "bad horses could not get thus far, and good horses, and their own lives into the bargain, the whites of the Mission would not venture for the sake of a man that, from what your comrade will have told them, they will have given up for lost. But I see a word from a white is more to you than the word and deed of a red-skin. You have the choice. May you not deceive yourself?" I persisted in my resolution, though I afterwards bitterly repented of having done so. At parting, the Indian gave me the leg of an antelope, as an addition to my small stock of provisions, pressed my hand, and, without once looking towards my tent, pursued his journey towards the south, and I was once more alone.

"I do not think it would be possible for me to describe the sufferings of the next eight days. I was so lame that I had to crawl on my hands and knees to the water and back to the tent; my head seemed to whirl like that of a drunken man, and my memory was quite failing me, I believed in consequence of the severe cold. Snow-storms howled around the dreary steppe, threatening to bury me and my tent together; I did not now dare to close my eyes at night, for fear of the wolves, for hunger had rendered them bolder, and they were coming nearer and nearer to me. The great white ones especially were continually describing circles round my dwelling, howling dismally the while; I heard the snow creaking under their feet as I lay listening to every sound; and at last, I one night saw the teeth of one of them make their appearance through the tent-leather. I fired my revolver at random through the thin wall into the darkness, and the fierce brutes fled in terror, but it was only to return in a few hours to renew the attack.

"During the daytime these creatures were not so daring, for they dread the light, and then I ventured to take a little rest. But what kind of rest was it? Among the various properties that made a kind of chaos round me in my narrow dwelling, I had discovered a bottle of laudanum, which, with a case of quinine, formed our travelling medicine-chest; and in the morning, after my scanty meal, I used to indulge myself with a good dose, and by that means obtained a sleep of several hours. Gay, pleasant images, then surrounded me in my dreams; I felt neither cold nor pain. I was unconscious and happy; but on awaking, the grim reality again presented itself in all its terrors.

"Nine days I had passed in this manner, and cut nine notches in my tent-pole to mark them; but when I awakened on the tenth, I felt that my limbs were stiffened and powerless, and I could no longer get in my usual supply of wood and water. My thoughts were overpowering and gloomy; I completely despaired of ever being rescued from my terrible situation, and

without having formed any distinct resolution, or well knowing what I did, I put the laudanum bottle to my lips, and almost emptied it; soon after I fell into a deep kind of swoon, so that I was no longer accessible even to dreams. How long I had laid in that state I could not tell, but when I awoke it was pitch dark, and my tent-pole was shaken by a gale that out-howled the wolves. I was tormented by a burning thirst as well as hunger, and having discovered a few glimmering sparks beneath the ashes of my fire, contrived to blow them into a flame and to quench my thirst with some half-melted snow. When the thirst was a little appeased, the hunger began to be more importunate, and in a kind of fury I seized some of the raw, frozen, buffalo-meat, and began to gnaw at it. It tasted deliciously; and, without any thought or care for the future, I then toasted piece after piece over the fire, and consumed at least three days' rations. By the morning I felt better; indeed, the feeling of extreme illness seemed cured at once, as if by magic. Life, even on these conditions, seemed once more sweet; and leaning on my rifle, I tottered out of my tent and wandered a little about. The exercise had a beneficial effect, and in a few days I was able to get to the top of a low hill, and look round on the desolate prospect. In spite of scanty food, and hardships I had to endure, my strength continued to increase; but, unfortunately, my small stock of food decreased in the same proportion, and it was absolutely necessary to think of some method of replenishing it, for it would have been madness now to have to rely on hopes of succour from the Mission. I began to familiarise myself with the thought that I might have to pass the whole winter on this spot, and I calculated that even from my enemies, the wolves, I might levy tribute enough to keep myself from starvation.

"Hunger soon drives out feelings of disgust, and it cost me no effort of self-control when I attacked, for the first time, the thin, dry, tough, sinewy flesh, and gnawed till I was tired at what strongly resembled the sole of a shoe.

"When I had finished this remarkable meal, and liked it, too, for as I had powder and shot in the greatest abundance, I might also consider that I had a well-filled larder. I only needed, at sunrise, to lift a very little the curtain that covered the opening of my tent, so as to get a view of the bank of the small river, and I was sure, before long, to have some beast or other come and place himself so that I could send a bullet through his head. I never took more than the best part of any wolf I had killed, but by the next morning there was never more of it left than a few scattered bones—a fact that convinced me of what I did not before believe, that these creatures devour their own comrades.

"Slowly and drearily my days passed, and still more slowly the nights; but I was able, by degrees, to extend my walk a little further, and moreover, I could whistle and even sing, which I exerted myself to do to keep up my spirits, and also to keep my brains steady, for I must own I occasionally caught them at strange tricks, and made me fear I was going out of my senses. I had still only cut the sixteenth notch in my pole, when one day, after a scanty meal, I put my buffalo robe around me, took my rifle under my arm, and set out on my old way to the neighbouring hill. Fresh snow had fallen during the night, completely effacing the tracks I had previously made, and I was slow in

working my way to the top, so that by the time I reached it the sun was declining, and sending slanting rays over the boundless white plain; not a breath of air was stirring, and I felt warm in the shaggy buffalo-hide, though my breath was frozen in drops like pearls on the black wool that surrounded my face.

"Standing on the top of the hill I looked round as usual on all sides, and presently discovered, to my great terror, two human forms, which, though they were still a long way off, seemed to be approaching my camp from the north. I say to my terror, for, independently of a kind of savage shyness I had contracted, they came from a region in which I believed there were none but thievish Pawnees. I considered that if they were Pawnees, it would not be well that they should find me unprepared in my tent. I should do better to await them in the open air and try and find out their disposition and intentions, so that I might in the worse case sell my scalp as dearly as possible. I reckoned I had nearly an hour to make my preparation for it, but when they had once reached a point whence they could overlook my small territory, it would be too late to withdraw myself from their sharp eyes. I, therefore, hastened back to my tent, armed myself with as many weapons as I could carry, and hid the remainder under the bed, after taking out the percussion caps; I then put a good quantity of wood on the glimmering fire, so that a column of smoke might rise through the opening at the top of the tent, and when I left it, took care to walk backwards and leave the opening fastened, so as to appear as if it were done from the inside, and that the Pawnees might suppose the occupant to be within and resting by his fire.

"Sandy Hill Creek was only about 150 paces from the tent, and flowed in a semicircular direction round it; it had high banks, overgrown with shrubs and bushes; thither, therefore, I directed my steps to seek a hiding-place. I placed my feet carefully and exactly in the traces that I had left when I went to fetch water in the morning, and these led me to a convenient place on the smooth, glassy surface of the ice, from which the nightly gale had swept all the snow, and drifted it to the high bank. When I got upon the ice, I pulled off what remains of shoes I had on, that the nails in them should not betray me by any scratch; and treading softly, and following the windings of the stream for some time to diminish, as far as possible, the distance between me and the tent, and yet allow me to see from the other side what was going on, I crawled up the banks between the snow-drifts, and placed myself on the edge, so that I could look through the projecting twigs and stalks, and get a clear view without being hindered in the use of my weapons. Long I lay and listened, but the fever of expectation prevented my feeling cold, except the hand that lay on the barrel of my rifle was almost frozen to it. At last the heads of the two figures I had noticed, rose above the neighbouring hill, and in a few seconds they stood on its summit, and remained some time looking at my tent and talking with one another. I followed with my eyes their slightest gesture, and I could not help a shiver running through me, when I saw them throw back their buffalo skin, draw their full quivers before them, and string their bows. Their intentions, therefore, were no longer doubtful; and I saw what I had to expect if they should get the best of it. I was prepared, however, and I knew that if they once came

within range of my rifle, their lives were mine; I could not let them escape, for if I had, I should to a certainty have had them back in a few days with a whole troop of their companions. The two Indians soon separated, and making some signs to each other, one proceeded to the hill whence I had first caught sight of them, and began to examine the track I had made, which went straight to the tent; whilst the other, with his eyes fixed on the ground, made a circle round it. He examined with great care the tracks to the water, but appeared satisfied when he had convinced himself that the one line of footsteps lay to, and the other from, the ice. He then noiselessly approached his comrade, who, with his bow in his left hand and an arrow in his right, was standing before the opening of the tent; no word passed between them, but the last comer raised his finger, and put his hand on his cheek, and his head a little on one side—I suppose to signify sleep—he then pointed to the rising smoke, placed his bow before him on the ground, and taking the arrow between his teeth, made with his hands the motion of shooting, after which he took up his bow again, and the two fitted their arrows. Had I been in the tent nothing could have saved me; I understood their gestures but too well. 'Here lives a man; he is lying by the fire asleep; a few arrows will secure this rich booty;' these were assuredly their thoughts, and they now placed themselves so that their arrows, shot in quick succession, should meet at right angles at the empty sleeping-place. The blood seemed to stand still in my veins, though I could hear my heart beat as I saw them shoot four or five arrows one after another into the tent, and at that moment I made the discovery how dear life is to a man even in the most dreary and disconsolate circumstances. Nothing stirred behind the thin leathern walls, and the Indians, after listening for awhile, cautiously approached the curtained opening. One then laid his bow aside, and, seizing his tomahawk, knelt down, whilst the other, with his arrow on the string, stood in readiness to shoot. At this moment the shaven skull of the kneeling man was brought into my line of sight, and I cocked my rifle, and, light as the sound was, they both started and cast keen glances around; the kneeling man was now the least dangerous of the two, I therefore shifted my aim, so that the naked breast of the one with the bow became my mark, and instantly fired. The Indian's sharp eye must have discovered me at the moment, for he sprang aside, but he was hit, and fell with a cry that went through every nerve in my body; the other had sprung up, but only to receive the full discharge of buck-shot in his face and neck, and to fall lifeless beside his groaning comrade. My enemies were now dead or incapable of injuring me, but an indescribable feeling of despair seized me as I thought of what I had done, and what remained for me to do. I loaded my rifle again, and mechanically approached the bloody spot, and only the groans of the wounded one roused me and recalled me to myself. It was a horrible sight! There lay prostrate before me, swimming in blood, the two men who a minute before had stood there in the full vigour of life. They had, indeed, treacherously plotted the destruction of a man who had never done them any injury, never even seen them, and they had fallen a sacrifice to their own greediness for plunder. The body of the younger one lay stretched out, the toma-

hawk had fallen from his grasp, and the murderous lead had entered his neck and one of his eyes, and frightfully distorted his bronze-coloured face. I turned him on the other side, that I might not see it again, and went towards the one who was only wounded. He was an older man, his long black hair almost covered his face, but the fire of deadly hatred gleamed at me from his eyes. The bullet had entered the breast below the left shoulder, though whether the wound was mortal or not, I could not say, but his bleeding, and the clenching of his teeth from pain, awakened the deepest feelings of compassion in me. I bent down over him, and endeavoured to make him understand, by signs and single words, that I would drag him into my tent, wash and heal his wounds, cover him with buffalo skins, and take care of him, if I could thereby gain his good-will. At last he made out what I meant, and a wild gleam of joy lighted up his face as he signified his assent by the Indian exclamation, 'Hau! Hau!' For a moment I felt glad—almost happy again; I should save the sufferer, I should gain a companion and a friend in my dreadful solitude. As I was hastening into my tent to make what preparations I could for the reception of my patient, his loud groans called me back. He made signs for me to come nearer, and with a finger to the left hand he pointed to his right which was bent in an inconvenient position under his back, and seemed to beg me to draw it out. Without the slightest suspicion I knelt down beside him, but I had scarcely touched his arm, when the right hand, armed with a knife, flashed like lightning from beneath his body, and seizing me with his left, he stabbed twice at my breast. The blows had been well aimed, but feebly executed. I parried both with my right arm, and snatched, with my left, the knife, which, like the Indian, I wore at my girdle; I plunged it several times into the breast of the revengeful savage. A stream of blood gushed from his mouth, there was a slight rattling in the throat, he stretched himself out, and I was again alone—alone in the wide wintry waste—alone with the dead; the warm blood trickled down my arm, and now first I noticed that I was myself wounded; on drawing back the knife the first time, the sharp blade had passed along the lower part of my arm, and at the second blow the point had struck it almost at the same spot, but only slightly.

"The night that followed this eventful day was the most dreadful of my life. I really thought I should have gone mad. The two corpses were but a few yards from me, as I lay on my bed and cooled my wounds with snow. Of sleep or rest there could be no thought, for the wolves, attracted by the blood, howled dismally round the spot, and would not have suffered me to have closed my eyes, even if my nervous excitement had not made sleep impossible. I fired my pistol continually into the dark night to keep off the hungry brutes; but, besides this, I could do nothing but resign myself to my fate, and await the daylight. With the earliest dawn, however, I hastened out of my tent to drag away the lifeless remains, and, if possible, rid myself of the dangerous company of the wolves.

"It was necessary, too, that I should efface all traces of the Indians, since I could not know whether another of their tribe might not pass that way, in which case the appearance of blood would have immediately decided my fate. I approached the spot, therefore,

and shuddered to see that the bodies lay in a different place, and were disgustingly mangled by the wolves.

"Hunger drove me to search them, and I found concealed under their leathern girdles some dried buffalo-meat, which I took, and then rolled up whatever might have served to betray me, with the remains, in their buffalo robes, I tied them round, and by great exertion dragged them, one after another, to the hole in the ice where I got my water, and pushed them under, so that they would be carried away by the current.

"After I had finished the melancholy task, I made such a fire on the place where the two robbers had left their blood, that even the wolves must lose the scent in the heap of ashes; and at night the usual snow-storm set in, and effaced the last indication that might have led to a discovery. The hoarse cry of the raven mingled in the customary way with the howling of the wolves; but I had now a feeling of security, as well as a revived hope of rescue, which was increased by the additional supply of food I had obtained.

"Christmas time came, and I had become, to a certain extent, used to loneliness, and managed to do, in a sort of automaton style, what was necessary just to keep myself alive. The wilderness had lost much of its terrors for me, and I thought of the future with a sort of stupid apathy, and sometimes I scarcely cared to know what was in store for me; and yet it was no pleasant thought when I sometimes asked myself what would be the end of it? Then my mind ran sadly over past years. I thought of the Christmases in my native country—in my childhood, of the splendid Christmas-trees and the kind friends surrounding me; and lying on my back, looking up, when the night is fine, at the glittering starry sky, through the hole at the top of my tent, I inhaled the fragrant smoke produced by mingling some tea with the dry willow-leaves in my pipe, the only Christmas indulgence I could afford, and fancied the stars looked kindly down on me, as they used to do at home; so they seemed, like myself, to be trembling with the cold. On the Christmas morning, when I went out into the air, I beheld a flock of prairie fowls sitting among the trees on the bank of the river; and I am ashamed to say how my heart beat, and with what delight, after living so long on tough wolf's flesh and scanty diet, I looked forward to the sensual joys of a roast worthy of Christmas.

"I examined my rifle, knowing that these shy birds would not allow me to approach near enough to use small shot.

"A grand-looking cock was sitting just within reach of my bullet, but an irresistible covetous desire to get two birds at once induced me slightly to change my position. I tread on some slight twig that was hidden by the snow; it snapped under my foot, frightened the fowls, and the whole flock instantly flew off.

"Between hope and disappointment, privation and suffering, the time passed until the first day of January, and I was lying one day under my blanket and skins, neither asleep nor awake, but between the two, when I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and at the same time the Indian salutation, 'Au-tarro-lau' (Holloa, friend!) I was out of my reverie in a moment, and my hand like lightning on my rifle, when, before I could get out of my tent, some words that sounded like sweetest music to mine ears, English words, were pronounced. 'You are in a bad case here, friend.' 'Come in,' I cried, almost beside myself with joy.

and the curtain rose, and then crawled in, not as I had expected, a white-beaver hunter or travelling Mormon, but a very dirty and very wild-looking Indian, pushing a five-foot rifle before him.

"As I made a distrustful repellent gesture, he exclaimed, 'You can speak English with me, I understand very well.' 'You are an Indian?' I inquired. 'My father was white,' was the answer, 'but my mother was red, and I like better to be an Indian; I belong to the tribe of the Ottoes, and am on my way, with five comrades and our women, from the hunt on the Nebraska to our wigwams at Council Bluffs. The smoke of your fire brought us here; our camp is in a deep ravine two miles off, but my companions will soon come up. If you like you shall come into my tent, and go with us to our village on the Missouri. The way is long, and there is a good deal of snow; we must go, for our beasts are laden with meat, but there will be room for your things; our women will sew mocassins on your feet, so that you need not leave any bloody trail behind you. Make up your mind, and say that you will, but first give me something to eat, for I am hungry.'

"'I knew the Ottoes were brothers to the whites,' I answered, 'I will go with you, however far it may be. As for your hunger, I will put my whole stock before you. Here are first two fresh legs of a prairie wolf, not too fat, certainly, but if you are hungry you will eat of them; here is a bit of buffalo meat, and here is some horse fodder (maize). If you like salt, you need only stretch out your hand to that little bag, it is full of it.' 'Wolf's flesh is bad food,' said Louis Farfar, the half-breed, 'we red skins never eat it but in case of need, or sometimes for a cure, when we have got the toothache or the rheumatism; but give it here, I am hungry.'

"With these words he cut two thin slices from the said leg, laid them upon the fire, and filled up the time till they were ready by chewing the hard but well-flavoured buffalo meat. Louis Farfar had not yet finished his meal when two new comers made their appearance, crawling in as he had done, and completely filling up the small dwelling. They were savages, but they stretched out their hands to me in a friendly manner over the fire; and the first, and an old wrinkled warrior, whose name was Wo-ne-shee, threw his blanket from his shoulder, drew a bag embroidered with blue beads from his girdle, and set about the important business of smoking, as a sign of perfect good-will. The iron hammer of his war hatchet was hollowed out so as to form a pipe-head, from which a thin tube ran up the handle, so that the dangerous weapon served at the same time as the symbol of peace.

"Whilst Wo-ne-shee was taking his mixture of tobacco and varine-ke-nnie (sumach-leaves, mixed with willow-bark), I turned my attention to his younger companion. He was a man of gigantic height, and, as I could see, though he sat crouched together, of fine and powerful form; his hair was cut rather short, and, by great pains bestowed on it, made to stand upright, except the plaited scalp-lock at the top of his head, which hung low down his back. His face was decorated with black stripes; and, in spite of the wild expression of his features, I thought I had never seen a handsomer Indian; his name was Wa-ki-ta-mo-nee, or the Fat Soldier. He was one of the most distinguished warriors of the Ottoes, and the numerous

scalps that adorned his shield gave testimony to his valiant deeds; and to his quality of dreaded warrior he added too, as I was informed, that of a great medicine man—that is, a physician and conjuror. My unfortunate situation, especially the wolf's flesh, seemed to awaken a strong feeling of compassion in him; for when old Wo-ne-shee handed the lighted pipe to me, he put his hand under the leather curtain, and pulled into the tent the fresh-bleeding quarter of a deer he had just killed, and with good-natured nods, threw it down at my side. We had now such a feast as I had not known for some time. Farfar's sharp nose had scented out, among the heap of things confusedly tumbled together, a vessel containing tallow, which we had for greasing the cart-wheels with; this he put into the pan, to improve the flavour of the fresh venison, and certainly I thought I had never tasted anything more savoury. We ate and smoked, and ate again, and exchanged, in the meantime, but few either of words or signs; but, at every juicy slice I cut off, I blessed my red-skinned deliverers who, without any prospect of gain, had said to me:—'You are hungry, eat; you are ready to perish, come with us; you are sick, we will take care of you—clothe you;' and yet, in the eyes of some pious missionaries, they would but have been heathen castaways, not good enough to live with them as menials.

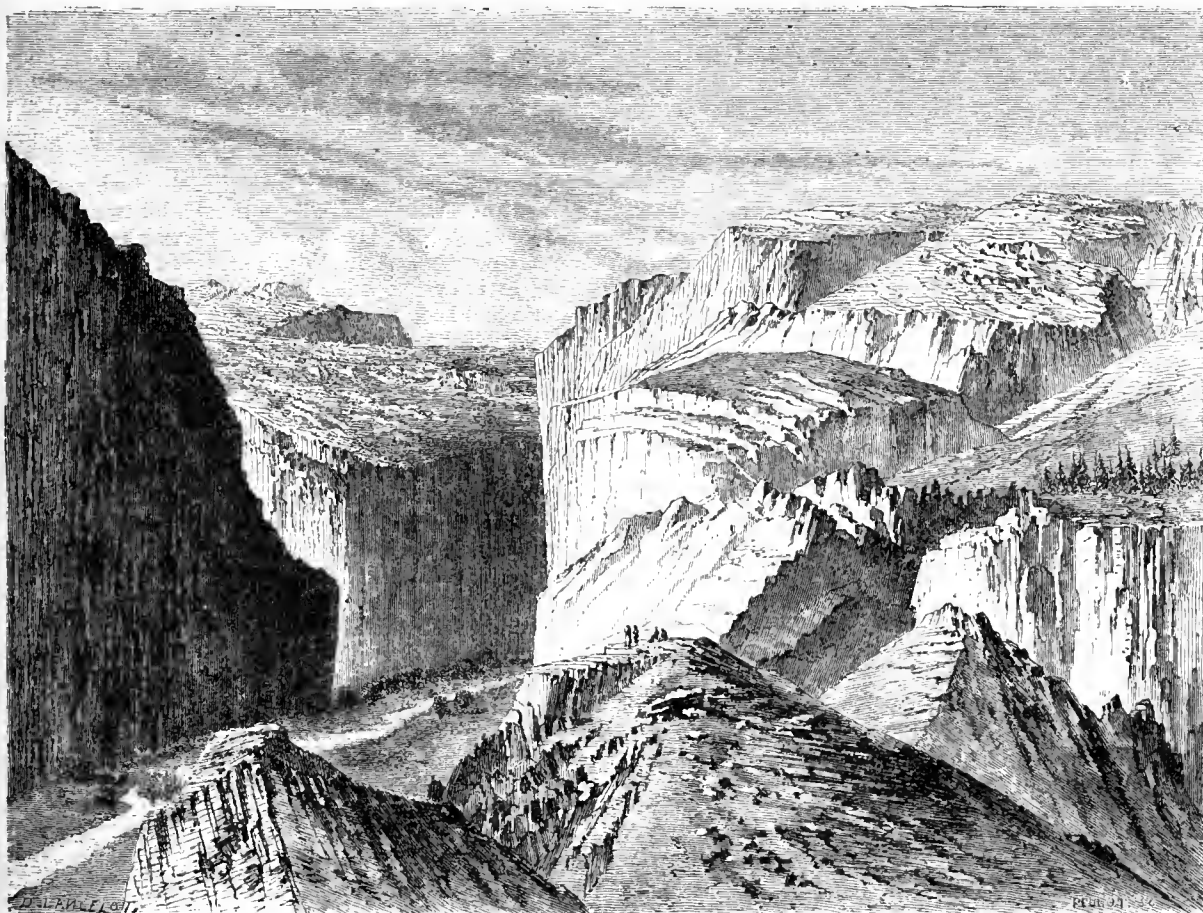
"When we had finished our meal of venison, we made some coffee of roasted corn. Once more, the pipe of old Wo-ne-shee went round, and then we began to talk of our plans for the journey; it was settled that my Indian friends were to come down in full force next day, and take me and my goods to their camp, and thenceforward I was to consider their tents as my home, and their hospitable inhabitants as my brothers and faithful companions for life and death. The worthy red-skin left me towards evening, with a cordial farewell, to return to his camp in the ravine. I had now but one more night to pass alone in the steppe.

"With what a different feeling I rolled myself this night in my accustomed covering, now that I had this proof that the kind and watchful care of Providence was still over me as truly as it is in every situation of life; how contented and happy I felt that I had not, during this dreadful six weeks, listened to the suggestions of despair. I lay long thinking over the various things that had happened to me; but a few hours since helpless and homeless, and seemingly left to perish, and now, I could have shouted aloud at the thought, I was saved and once more to live among human fellow-creatures. I did not know, indeed, how long I might be compelled to remain with savages; but I rejoiced that they were men who seemed, I thought, incapable of treachery, and who looked upon me as a brother, and I did feel like a brother to them as long as I remained with them, and up to the moment when I shook their brown hands on our parting never to meet again, and I saw sorrowful expression in their bright black eyes. I feel like their brother still, when I stand here in full health and strength looking round on the glorious works of God, and remember that I have to thank my faithful Indian friends that I am here to do so. I think I shall still have that brotherly feeling towards them when we both appear, hereafter, to give an account before him whom these poor savages call the Great Good Spirit.

"By the time the little band of Ottoes came to me on

the following morning, I had packed up all the best things belonging partly to myself and partly to my former companion, and I contemplated with the liveliest interest, as they approached to greet me, the other members of the caravan with which I was to be associated. Besides these already mentioned, there were Sekin-ges-inkinee, a young warrior, Scha-ho-katako, a lad of eighteen, the son of old Wo-ne-shee, and young Wa-ki-to-me, a fine young fellow, son of the medicine man. A swarm of women followed at a modest distance, and as soon as they arrived, set about packing the bundles that lay about into the half-snowed-up waggon, which I and my former companion

had brought. They left nothing behind, and when the tent leather was found to be too firmly frozen to the ground to be got up, they cut it off above the snow, and threw it in with the rest of the things. To what purpose the little waggon was loaded I could not understand, until I saw the women and young lads harness themselves to it, and by dint of pulling and pushing, with many a merry shout, roll it away in the direction of their camp, while I myself, carrying nothing but my weapons, followed slowly with the elder warriors. When I had reached the top of the hill, I stood still a moment to look back on the scene of my indescribable sufferings. All lay still under its white



A CANON, OR MOUNTAIN PASS, IN THE SIERRA WAH.

covering; the spot where my tent had stood marked by a heap of ashes amongst which the embers still glimmered, whilst a light smoke rose from it. There I had passed so many dreadful sleepless nights; down there, on the bank, I had lain in ambush with my rifle; there the two Indians had fallen mortally wounded. I looked on my arm where the wounds were scarcely closed, and then at the hole in the ice into which I had pushed the bodies, and a shudder crept over me; but it might be partly from the cold, for the lead-coloured clouds hung low down, and some flakes of snow began to fall. I drew my buffalo skin closer round me and hurried after the rest over the crunching snow."

Mr. Sullivan describes the mountains immediately

to the north of the boundary line as capable of being penetrated in many directions, since they do not assume impracticable shapes. The highest of them does not exceed 2,000 feet, many do not deserve to be called mountains at all, and their gently sloping sides, with wide valleys between them, seem to offer facilities for roads in many ways.

Dr. Hector has expressed the utmost confidence, when an expedition shall be sent to ascertain the real source of the Thompson and the tributaries of the Fraser on the one hand, and of the Great Columbia River on the other, that vast sources of auriferous wealth will be opened out which are now unknown. It has hitherto been considered of deep importance to know what was to become of the population which was

about to inhabit British Columbia? That country, though so auriferous, was of such a configuration—the valleys were so narrow, the rivers so rapid, and the mountains so steep—that it was not probable that it could sustain a large population. But while this was an objection applicable to the Fraser River district, Dr. Hector spoke of the great breadth of the river courses or eastern tributaries of the Columbia, which he descended, and of the richness of the valley of the Columbia itself.

It is generally admitted, that the contemplated line of railway would be the most important upon the surface of the globe. Certainly, as respects the possessions of this country, there was not a line that could be compared with it. It would not merely be a line of great importance to North America, but it would affect other parts of the world, Asiatic and European as well as American.

There is something, it is to be observed, that is very striking and suggestive in the contrast between the way in which the native Indians, dwelling in these countries, look upon each other, and the way in which they treat white men who come among them. Those who accompanied Captain Palliser, when they came to the territory of another tribe, were afraid to go on. The tribes were at war, and afraid of each other in consequence; but, when a white man came among them, he was received as a friend. The question is, whether our expectations of these poor Indians, who have not yet had the experience that other Indians have had of the white man, will be realised. We know what has been the result in other cases: that some of the tribes have been altogether blotted out from the face of the earth, and others have been driven far back from their original possessions, into a part of the country where they cannot get the means of subsistence. It is to be hoped no such fate will befall the Indians, who received Captain Palliser with so much hospitality; it is in our power to prevent it, by watching the progress of our explorers and colonists with the eye of philanthropists, and guarding against the introduction of those evils among them that have been so destructive in other instances. An Indian chief was once told, that the reason why he opposed the progress of Christianity among his people was because he was fond of fire-water. The chief gave his exponent a look of scorn, and said:—"Yes, I love the fire-water; I know it is destroying me and my people, but how came we by the fire-water? Before the white man came among us, we ate fish, deer, beaver, and other animals, and drank the water of our lakes and rivers, and we suffered no harm. The white man came, and told us the fire-water would make us very happy. We drank it, and at last we came to love it. And if you wish us not to make use of it, tell your own people, your traders, not to bring it among us." Something should be done to stay the progress of the evils that have, hitherto, accompanied the white man in going among the Indians, so that, with the progress of our colonisation, there may be a corresponding progress of our Christianity and our civilisation.

IV.—THE COUNTRY BETWEEN CANADA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

So far for official investigation, which of necessity being more precise, loses much of the interest of adventure in the elaboration of local details.

The country thus explored and that which is comprised between Canada and British Columbia, including the district of Lakes Winipeg, Winipigosis, Manitoba, and others, the promising regions of the two Saskatchewan, or Bow Rivers, a vast region of forest and prairies—at present the hunting ground of the red men and the half-breeds—the Rocky Mountains themselves, and steep descents along the deep valleys of the Columbia and Frazer Rivers, presents features of deep interest; from the scenes of wild unreclaimed nature, teeming with animal and vegetable life, and from the lustrous promises held out by these unappropriated territories to a future civilisation.

How fortunate would it be if we could meet with, as a wanderer in such scenes, some daring young artist, sketch-book in hand, who combining at once the qualities of back-woodsman, hunter, trapper, and traveller, should unite to them the rare qualification of a knowledge of the languages of the Indian tribes, together with the faculty of acquiring their confidence and friendship.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we turn to the pages of Mr. Paul Kane, who, although his travels date now some time back, boldly effected his way by lake and river, by prairie and rocky mount, through forest and marsh, and over ice and snow, from Toronto to Victoria and back again, from the warm valley of the Columbia to the sterner climate of the Upper Canada. It was hardly possible that the narrative of such an extensive exploratory journey should not be accompanied by some striking features, and we have not been disappointed in finding them.

Starting from Toronto on the 17th of June, with no companions but his portfolio and a box of paints, his gun and a stock of ammunition, the adventurous artist took the most direct road way to Lake Huron, and the Great Manitoulin Island, where a meeting of 2,000 Indians was assembled, waiting for the arrival of the vessel that was freighted with their annual presents, comprising guns, ammunition, axes, kettles, and other implements useful to the Indian. Here he first heard the Indian pipe or flageolet.

"Strolling one evening in the vicinity of the camp, I heard the sound of some musical instrument, and when approaching the performer, who was lying under a tree, I found that he was playing on an instrument resembling a flageolet in construction, but more softer in tone. This instrument is principally used by lovers, who play for hours in the vicinity of their mistress's lodge. I have often listened with pleasure to this music, as its simple and plaintive notes stole through the stillness of the forest. The lover made no secret of his object, but conversed with me freely upon the subject of his love."

The power of love among the Indians is equally as forcible as poets tell us it has been in more civilised communities.

Among the numerous Indians assembled at Manitoulin was one that particularly attracted Mr. Kane's attention from his venerable and distinguished appearance. This was Shaw-wa-nos-soway or "One with his face towards the West." He had been a celebrated warrior in his youth, but owing to a romantic incident had abandoned the tomahawk and scalping-knife for the peaceable profession of the medicine-man, or, in common parlance, the necromancer or conjuror, in which he had obtained great repute among his people.

There dwelt many years before, on the shores of one of the great lakes, a band of Ojibeways. Among them

was a family, consisting of a father and mother, with a grown-up son and daughter, the latter named Awh-mid-way; or, "There is music in her footsteps." She exceeded in beauty the rest of the tribe, and was eagerly sought in marriage by all the young warriors of her nation. It was not long before Muck-e-tockenow, or "Black Eagle," renowned for his prowess in battle and the chase, had, by his assiduities, won her undivided affections; nor did she conceal from him this favourable state of her feelings, but, in accordance with the customs of her people, she had unhesitatingly extinguished the blazing bark which he had sent floating down the stream that glided past her lodge, and thus acknowledged him as her accepted lover. Confident of possessing her heart, he directed all his endeavours to the propitiation of her parents, and eagerly sought how to compensate them for the loss they would undergo in relinquishing a daughter so dearly loved. For this purpose he departed on a long and distant hunt; and, while straining every faculty of his mind and body in collecting trophies and presents wherewith to conciliate them, and show his entire devotion to the object of his adoration, their evil destiny brought Shaw-wa-nos-soway, then a great war-chief, in all the pride of manly strength and vigour, to their camp, on his return from a war excursion, in which he had greatly distinguished himself, and spread his fame far and wide as the terror of his enemies and the boast of his friends.

Having heard of the transcendent charms of Awh-mid-way, he presented himself before her, girded with the scalps of his enemies, and loaded with other trophies of his victories. No sooner did he behold her, than, overcome by her charms, he devoted himself to her service, and endeavoured, by every art that the most passionate love could dictate, to win her regard. He recounted the numerous battles he had won, the enemies he had slain: he displayed the reeking scalps he had torn from the defeated enemy—warriors who had been the terror of his nation; he named the many chiefs who had sued to him for peace, and at the same time plied every artifice to win the good-will of her parents; who, proud of what they considered their daughter's superb conquest, listened to him with delight, and urged her by every persuasive argument to accept so distinguished a chief as her husband, expatiating on the honour such an alliance would confer on their family. Constant, however, to her first love, she turned a deaf ear to all the protestations of his rival, whose tales of conquest and bloody trophies only excited her abhorrence.

But, nothing daunted, and determined to win her either by fair means or foul, Shaw-wa-nos-soway persevered in his suit, trusting to time and accident to attain his object. The poor girl, now made truly wretched by his undeviating persecution, accompanied by the menaces of her parents, who were determined to overcome what they regarded as the rebellious obstinacy of their child, at length came to the resolution of appealing to the generosity and honour of her persecutor, and, in the hope of propitiating his forbearance, in an evil hour she confessed her long-cherished affection for Muck-e-tockenow. He no sooner discovered the cause of her rejection of his suit, than rage and jealousy took full possession of his heart, and plans of vengeance rapidly succeeded each other, until he decided on the assassination of his rival. Having learned from his unsuspecting charmer the route her lover had taken, he tracked him, and came up with his camp, and, concealing him-

self from observation, crawled towards the fire, where his victim sat alone, preparing his evening repast, and shot him from behind a tree. Hiding the body among some brushwood, he took possession of the game of his murdered rival as a means of accounting for his own absence, and hastened back to the village, where he renewed his suit more ardently than before, to the utter disappointment and distress of Awh-mid-way, who still rejected all his overtures with indignation, until, urged by the positive commands and threats of her parents, she at last, hoping by some artifice still to put off the evil day, consented to name a time when she would receive him as her husband, trusting that her lover would in the meantime return and rescue her from the impending sacrifice, and concealing, as well as she could, her increasing aversion to her persecutor.

The dreaded day at last, however, arrived, but no lover, of course, returned. Little did she think that his mangled remains had fallen a prey to the ravenous beasts of the forest; for still hope fondly directed her gaze in the direction she had seen him take at his departure, when all was sunshine and prospective happiness. With aching eyes and a bursting heart, she saw the evening approach that was to bind her irrevocably to one she abhorred. The bridal canoe, which, according to the Indian custom, had been prepared with all the necessary stores to convey the betrothed pair on a month's excursion together (which is, in fact, the only marriage ceremony), was already lying on the beach. Night had come; the nuptial feast was prepared—the last she was to partake of in her father's lodge—when, lo! the bride was missing, and consternation usurped the place of gaiety in the bridal throng. Eagerly did they seek her, with torches and shouts, through the neighbouring forests, but no answering sound met their ears, although the search was continued with untiring eagerness till daylight. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that the bridal canoe was gone; and, concluding that the bride had availed herself of it to aid her escape, Shaw-wa-nos-soway, accompanied by her brother, started in pursuit on foot, following the direction of the shore.

After proceeding for several hours, they caught sight of the canoe and its fair occupant in the distance. Increasing their speed, they reached a point which the canoe must necessarily pass round. Here the lover swam out, hoping to intercept it; in vain did he endeavour, by every means he could devise, to induce her to stop and take him on board. Defeated by her resolute refusal, and the vigour and skill with which she plied her paddle, he was obliged to relinquish the pursuit, and return to the shore. He had scarcely landed when a violent storm, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, compelled the pair to encamp for the night. Notwithstanding the tempest, she continued her efforts until the shades of night hid her from their view. The clouds dispersed with the dawning day, and they continued their pursuit until they, at length, espied the canoe lying on the shore. Thinking they had at last obtained their object, they quickened their steps; but, on coming up to it, they encountered a troop of wolves, and their horror may well be conceived, on discovering the remains of the being they loved almost wholly devoured, and only to be recognised by her torn and scattered garments. With aching heart, they carefully gathered her scattered remains, and, placing them in the canoe, returned to the camp, where she was wept and mourned over for

many weeks by her disconsolate relatives and friends, and buried with all the ceremonies of her tribe.

It was evident that the heavy storm had driven the canoe on shore; and it is probable that her materials for kindling a fire having become soaked with water, she had been debarred the only means of protecting herself from these ravenous animals.

Shaw-wa-nos-soway was so much grieved at the misery which his ungovernable passions had brought upon the object of his warmest love, that he formed the resolution of abandoning his warlike pursuits; and, throwing up the tomahawk to the Great Spirit, that it might be employed only as an instrument of justice, he took in its stead the rattle of the medicine-man; nor did he ever after act inconsistently with his altered character.

From the Great Manitoulin, Mr. Kane proceeded to Turtle Island, in the straits between Lakes Huron and Michigan, where 2,600 Ojibeways and Ottawas had arrived to receive 25,000 dollars in payment for land ceded to the United States. Thence to Green Bay, and thence to Fox River, for the purpose of visiting the Manomance Indians on the Lake Winebago. "The evening previous to our arrival," says Mr. Kane, "we saw some Indians spearing salmon by night. This has always a very picturesque appearance, the strong red glare of the blazing pine-knots and roots in the iron frame or light-jack at the bow of the canoe throwing the naked figures of the Indians into wild relief upon the dark water and sombre woods. Great numbers of fish are killed in this manner. As the light is intense, and above the head of the spearsman, it enables him to see the fish distinctly at a great depth, and at the same time, it apparently either dazzles or attracts the fish. In my boyish days, I have seen as many as a hundred light junks gliding about the Bay of Toronto, and have often joined in the sport. This, I suppose, gave me additional interest in the scene; so that, although very tired with my long day's paddling, I sat down by the fire, and while my companion was cooking some fish in a *moh-cock*—Indian-fashion, for we had lost our kettle—I made a sketch." (See p. 339.)

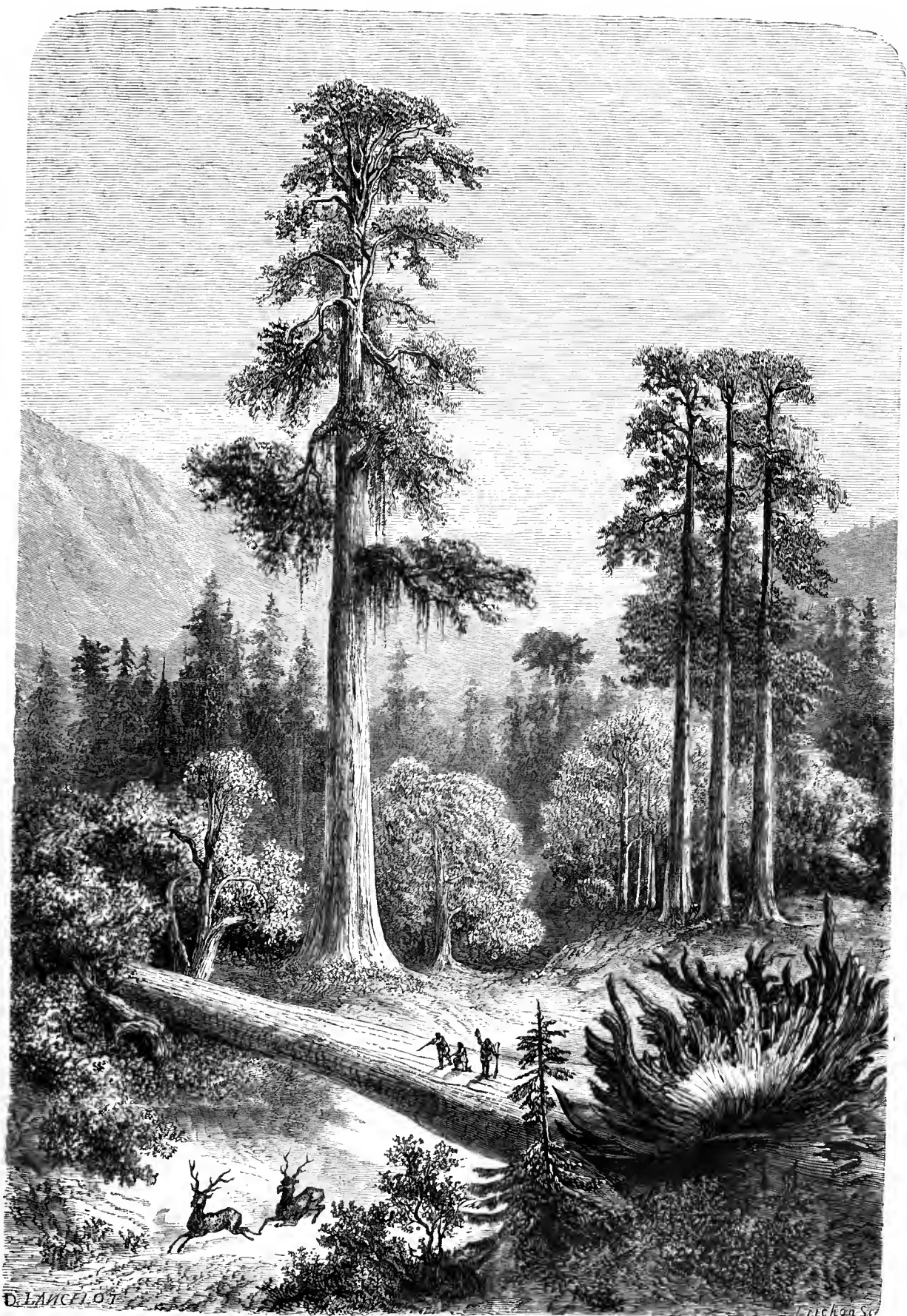
The reader will call to mind the description given of the spearing of salmon by torch-light in Sir Walter Scott's *Redgauntlet*, but perhaps the best companion to an illustration of Paul Kane's sketch is that supplied by Captain Palliser while travelling in the same district.

"One evening," says Captain Palliser, "we determined to go out pan-hunting: a species of sport which, for the edification of my brethren on this side of the Atlantic, I must endeavour to explain. It is a method of hunting deer at night. An iron pan attached to a long stick, serving as a handle, is carried in the left hand over the left shoulder; near where the left hand grasps the handle is a small projecting stick, forming a fork on which to rest the rifle in firing. The pan is filled with burning pine-knots, which, being saturated with turpentine, shed a brilliant and constant light all round, shining into the eyes of any deer that may come in that direction, and making them look like two balls of fire. The effect is most curious to those unaccustomed to it, and surprised me very much. The first time a deer came up and looked at my light, I drew up my rifle, aimed as well as I was able, for I could but imperfectly trace the line of my sight, although marked with chalk (a plan we adopt when shooting wild ducks by night in England), and fired; but my inquisitive buck bounded off unscathed, as did another at which I had a tolerably fair shot also that night.

"My friend, however, bagged one, whereupon we halted, and having lighted our fire in a nice spot surrounded by giant trees, sat down by the side of it, and, lulled by its cheerful crackling, alternately doted and chatted till I forgot my disappointment in failing in pan-hunting, and composed myself to sleep. My companion, however, having killed his deer, was in great spirits and talkative; so finding it impossible to balk his communicative humour, I roused myself, by filling and lighting my pipe, and made up my mind to listen. 'Well now, I vow,' said he, 'this pan-hunting is an almighty dangerous sort of thing; only to think on what happened to the Major about this time two years.' (My readers must know the Major in question had that morning breakfasted with us.) 'It's not forgotten yet; we rile him still about it.' 'Well,' I replied, 'I remember you alluded to something this morning which had happened to him, that seemed to me to amuse you much more than it amused the Major.' 'Amused him!' he exclaimed. 'Well now, I'll tell you the whole perticklers, and if you think it ought to have amused him I'll eat my hat, and that's a fact. Well now, here goes. About this time two years, the Major takes it into his head to go out pan-hunting; now he never was at no time anything of a hunter in no ways, but he goes one dark night, and as soon as he sees glaring upon him the eyes of a fine tarnation big buck, he draws his bead' (*Anglicé*, sight of rifle) 'upon him, and downs him. Up gets another, and off a little way. "That must be the doe," thinks the Major. So he loads up again and away he goes after her, and soon comes up facing her again. Crack, goes his rifle again; and he downs her too. Well, he thought he had played this time, so he makes his way home, mixes himself a stiff drink, and into bed, and in the morning starts a couple of niggers with an old horse to bring home the meat. But, behold you, no tidings of the deer; so he goes off himself, and when he got to the place—holy Moses!—what should he see, stark and stiff before him, but his beautiful blood mare plumed right between the eyes, and, about twenty steps further, the foal too, dead enough this time and no mistake!"

Mr. Kane left Toronto on a second and longer journey in company with Governor Simpson, on the 9th of May, 1846, for Saint St. Marie, in order to embark in the brigade of canoes which had left Lachine some time previously. Owing to various delays and misadventures, he did not arrive, however, at Fort William till the day after the brigade had started, and had to overtake them in a light canoe, which he did in about ten hours. The brigade consisted of three canoes, with eight men in each, under charge of a gentleman named Lane. The men who usually work this brigade of canoes are hired at Lachine, and are called "mangeurs de lard," or bacon-eaters, among the old hands in the interior. Somehow they are unequal to encountering the difficulties incident to a voyage from Lachine to the mouth of the Columbia, and become almost skeletons by the time they reach their destination, through the unavoidable privations and hardships they have to undergo.

The progress of the canoes up the river is, as we have before seen, interrupted every few hours by Portages. The Falls, one of which is called "Mountain Portage," are said to surpass even those of Niagara in picturesque beauty, for although far inferior in volume of water, their height is nearly equal, and the scenery





surrounding them infinitely more wild and romantic. Here Mr. Paul Kane tells us a tale of horror.

"June 1st.—We passed down the River 'Macau,' where there are some beautiful rapids and falls. Here we fell in with the first Indians we had met since leaving the Lake of the Thousand Islands; they were called 'Saulteaux,' being a branch of the Ojibeways, whose language they speak with very slight variations. We purchased from an Indian man and woman some dried sturgeon. The female wore a rabbit-skin dress; they were, as I afterwards learnt, considered to be cannibals, the Indian term for which is "Weendigo," or 'One who eats human flesh.' There is a superstitious belief among Indians that the Weendigo cannot be killed by anything short of a silver bullet. I was informed, on good authority, that a case had occurred here in which a father and daughter had killed and eaten six of their own family from absolute want. The story went on to state that they then encamped at some distance off in the vicinity of an old Indian woman, who happened to be alone, her relations having gone out hunting. Seeing the father and daughter arrive, unaccompanied by any other member of the family, all of whom she knew, she began to suspect that some foul play had taken place, and to feel apprehensive for her own safety. By way of precaution, she resolved to make the entrance to her lodge very slippery, and as it was winter and the frost severe, she poured water repeatedly over the ground as fast as it froze, until it was covered with a mass of smooth ice, and instead of going to bed she remained sitting up in her lodge watching with an axe in her hand. When near midnight she heard steps advancing cautiously over the cracking snow, and looking through the crevices of the lodge, caught sight of the girl in the attitude of listening, as if to ascertain if the inmates were asleep; this the old woman feigned by snoring aloud. The welcome sound no sooner reached the ears of the wretched girl, than she rushed forward, but slipping on the ice, fell down at the entrance of the lodge, whereupon the intended victim sprang upon the murderess and buried the axe in her brains; then, not doubting but the villainous father was near at hand, she fled with all speed to a distance to escape his vengeance. In the meantime the Weendigo father, who was impatiently waiting for the expected signal to his horrid repast, crept up to the lodge and called to his daughter; hearing no reply he went on, and, in place of the dead body of the old woman he saw his own daughter, when, hunger overcoming every other feeling, he saved his own life by devouring her remains.

"The Weendigos are looked upon with superstitious dread and horror by all Indians, and any one known to have eaten human flesh is shunned by all the rest, as it is supposed that, having once tasted it, they would do so again had they the opportunity. They are obliged, therefore, to make their lodges at some distance from the rest of the tribe, and the children are particularly kept out of their way; however, they are not molested or injured in any way, but seem rather to be pitied for the misery they must have endured before they could be brought to this state. I do not think that any Indians, at least none that I have ever seen, would eat his fellow-creature, except under the influence of starvation; nor do I think there is any tribe of Indians on the North American continent to whom the word cannibals can be properly applied."

With the exception of the rocky passes, the great river

Kaministaquoiah is described as meandering through one of the loveliest valleys in nature, yet it is only a hunting-ground for Indians. Further up is the first of a series of lakes, which constitute the most remarkable feature of an extensive district, and which may be designated, after its central and largest sheet of water, the Winipeg District. The water-parting between the tributaries to the Winipeg, and those to Lake Superior, is alternately rocky and swampy, and lakes are soon met with, one of the first of which is designated as the Lake of a Thousand Islands. Most of these lakes appear to be very shallow, as is the case with Winipeg or "Mud" Lake itself, and the same character of country extends to Hudson's Bay; the Indians being known as the "Mas-ka-gaw, or Swamp Indians." Ducks so abound in these marshes, that the Indians shoot as many as forty by firing at them in the water, and rapidly loading and firing again whilst the flock is circling round. Vast quantities of white fish—sturgeon, pike, and other fish—are also taken in these lakes and rivers, which further abound in a fish that emits a strange sound, and somewhat resembles the Canadian bass.

The two largest lakes between Lake Superior and Winipeg, are Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods, round which dwell the Saulteaux Indians, and the scenery of which is said to be very beautiful. The River Winipeg itself is described as being broken by numerous rapids and falls, and as being one of the most picturesque rivers met with on the whole route. This region is, however, at times visited by a sad scourge. For full a hundred and fifty miles the trees were found to be literally stripped of their foliage by myriads of green caterpillars, which had, indeed, left nothing but the bare branches.

Besides the Winipeg River, which is one of the highways to the west, the lake of the same name is fed more to the west by the Red River, well-known for its Scotch settlement. This now numbers three thousand inhabitants, living as farmers in great plenty, so far as mere food and clothing is concerned, but having no market nearer than St. Paul's, on the Mississippi river, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles over the prairies. The half-breeds were more numerous than the whites, and amounted at the time of Mr. Kane's visit, to six thousand. They all spoke the Cree language and the Lower Canadian patois. These half-breeds are a very hardy race of men, capable of enduring the greatest hardships and fatigues, but their Indian propensities predominate, and, consequently, they make poor farmers, neglecting their land for the more exciting pleasures of the chase. Great buffalo hunts take place twice a-year, and hence this settlement has become the chief provision depôt of the Hudson Bay Company, and the place whence the main stores of pemmican or pimmikon (preserved buffalo's meat) are procured. There are forts, judges, and court-houses, Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, and, altogether, from a view given of it by Mr. Kane, the settlement, which we have heard so much for and against, appears to be flourishing, and to possess, from its open character, quite an old-country air about it.

Mr. Paul Kane joined one of the buffalo hunts from this place. Our artist himself took the affair very coolly. Joining in the pursuit, he came up with a large bull, which he had the satisfaction of bringing down at the first fire. "Excited by my success," he goes on to relate, "I threw

down my cap, and galloping on, soon put a bullet through another enormous animal. He did not, however, fall, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing, and glaring savagely at me. The blood was streaming profusely from his mouth, and I thought he would soon drop. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist the desire of making a sketch. I accordingly dismounted, and had just commenced, when he suddenly made a dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and get away from him, leaving my gun and everything else behind."

The plain, after the hunt, resembles vast shambles. It was covered with the dead and dying animals, of which the half-breeds destroy at least thirty thousand annually. The women were soon busy cutting the flesh into slices, and hanging them in the sun on racks to make pemmican. At night wolves and half-wild dogs disputed the offal amongst themselves.

Mr. Kane had had enough of buffalo hunting, as a matter of business, and determined to start back alone for Fort Garry, taking with him a sick guide. They travelled the first day's journey of the 200 miles with "their faces over their shoulders," watching for Sioux, whose murderous coming they every moment anticipated, but fortunately met with nothing but a great many stray dogs and wolves, which appeared to be led on by the scent of the dead carcasses. On the third day they arrived at the pleasant stage of "The Swampy Lake," about fourteen miles across. The middle of this they reached at sunset, but here the guide became worse, and they were compelled to halt. "I succeeded," says Mr. Kane, "in finding a small dry spot above water large enough for me to sit upon, but not affording room for my legs, which had to remain in the water, there being no more room in the small cart than was necessary for the sick man. Having no means for cooking, I was compelled to eat my dried meat raw. I tried to compose myself to sleep, but found it impossible, from the myriads of mosquitoes which appeared determined to extract the last drop of blood from my body. After battling with them until four o'clock next morning, my eyes almost blinded by their stings, I went in search of the horses, which had strayed away to some distance into deeper water, tempted by some sort of grass growing there. I had to wade up to my middle in pursuit of them, and it was not until nine o'clock that we were able to proceed."

He now proceeded alone, leaving the guide, who felt better; but he had not proceeded far before he encountered swampy lakes that abound in this region, and render travelling extremely difficult. "I had no doubt," he relates, "got on a wrong track, for in endeavouring to cross, my horse quickly sunk up to his neck in mud and water. Seeing that I could neither advance nor recede, I dismounted, and found myself in the same predicament, scarcely able to keep my head above the surface. I managed, however, to reach the dry land: and with the lasso or long line, which every voyageur in these parts invariably has attached to his horse's neck, succeeded in getting the animal out. I remounted, and endeavoured to cross in another direction, but with no better success. I now found myself surrounded on all sides, as far as I could see, with nothing but swamp. My horse refused to be ridden any further. I had, therefore, to dismount, and drag him along as best I could, wading up to my very middle in mud and water abounding with reptiles.

That I had lost my way was now certain, and as it was raining hard, I could not see the sun, nor had I a compass. I, however, determined to fix upon one certain course, and keep that at all hazards, in hopes that I might reach the Assiniboine River, by following which I could not fail to reach our settlement. After travelling in uncertainty for ten or twelve miles, I had at length the satisfaction of reaching the river, and in two hours afterwards I arrived safe at Fort Garry. The next morning I learned that my guide had been brought in by two men who were looking for stray horses. The poor fellow had got rapidly worse after my leaving, and had only proceeded a short distance when he was compelled to stop. He only survived two days after his arrival."

The start from the Red River Settlement, effected on Mr. Kane's return from his buffalo-hunt, was made with all the appurtenances of civilisation. Two small sloops ply regularly across Lake Winipeg, between the Red River and Norway House. Whilst crossing the lake, they touched at an island that was literally covered with gulls and pelicans, and their eggs. Lake Winipeg is separated from Playgreen Lake by a green plain, which the Swamp Indians frequent to play their game of ball. These Swamp Indians, inhabiting as they do a very severe climate and a rude region, are diminutive in stature, and very low in intellect and morality. A regular communication is kept up between Norway House, which is situated beyond the limit of agricultural produce, and York Factory, in Hudson's Bay.

Leaving Norway House on August 18th, the party, after experiencing a storm on the shallow and muddy lake, fetched the mouth of the Saskatchewan, or Bow River, and which has rapids and portages at the very onset: in other places, however, the river expands into lakes, and the shores are flat and marshy. Proceeding upwards, the banks become bolder, and were covered principally with pine and poplar, the latter trees springing up, it is said, wherever the former are burned off. Fort Carlton, which is well defended, on account of the warlike character of its neighbours—the Blackfeet Indians—is built in a more open space, amid these dense masses of unbroken forest. The Crees, who are more friendly with the whites—most of the half-breeds being the children of Cree women—keep up war with unremitting perseverance on the Blackfeet. Mr. Paul Kane, in return for the civilities which were shown to him at the Company's stations, says a word or two in favour of that old and obsolete institution. Opening the trade with the Indians, he argues, to all who wish indiscriminately to engage in it, must lead to their annihilation. This would certainly be deeply regretted, if a correct induction, which we deny. Has the semi-civilisation of the Indians in the United States, or the New Zealanders, led to their extinction by small-pox, by abuse of ardent spirits, or by persecution? Has it not, on the contrary, preserved them from all these evils? Could the Indians be in a worse condition than they are here represented to be, under the patronage of the Hudson's Bay Company, in perpetual warfare with one another, whilst the Company's agents are only able to hold their own by walls and pickets, by guns, blunderbusses, and cannon? The Hudson's Bay Company, as far as civilisation and improvement of a country's resources are concerned, is the greatest sham that ever existed.

Buffaloes begin to abound beyond Fort Carlton, or

the Upper Bow River. The Indians catch them by driving them into pounds, composed of logs, and even sometimes of buffaloes' bones piled up roughly. The Indians, says Mr. Kane, destroy innumerable buffaloes in this manner, apparently for the mere pleasure of the thing. "I have myself seen a pound," he relates, "so piled up with their dead carcasses, that I could scarcely imagine how the inclosure could have contained them while living. It is not unusual to drive in so many, that their aggregate bulk forces down the barriers. There are thousands of them annually killed in this manner; but not one in twenty is used in any way by the Indians, so that thousands are left to rot where they fall." The great question that presents itself here to the reflecting mind is—Is it possible that the same land, which feeds such innumerable herds of wild cattle, is incapable of being used for other purposes? for the rearing of tame cattle, sheep, and horses, for example, if not for agricultural pursuits? Are the long valleys of the Upper and Lower Bow River, and the vast plains and park-like prairies, watered by their tributaries—the Saskatchewan or Bow River district, as it might be well designated—good for nothing but as a hunting-ground for the Indian and the half-breeds? Shall the forests for ever shelter bears, wolves, and other fierce animals, whose skins the fur-dealing men so covet, as, like the Persian satraps of old, to entertain them as hunting-parks and preserves? And shall the flowery prairies be for ever given up to the prairie antelopes, the larger deer, the moose, and the buffalo? Mr. Paul Kane himself describes the whole of that extensive region which lies between Fort Pitt and Edmonton House—a distance of some two hundred miles, and which it took them ten days to travel over—as covered with buffaloes.

"We saw nothing but these animals," he says, "covering the plains as far as the eye could reach, and so numerous were they that at times they impeded our progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation. We killed one whenever we wanted a supply of food, selecting the fattest of the cows, taking only the tongues and boss or hump for our present meal, and not burdening ourselves unnecessarily with more." Thus the practice of the whites is the same as that of the half-breeds and of the Indians, a constant waste of the superfluities of a bounteous Providence. And yet is this same region described as "a most delightful country, covered with luxuriant herbage, the plains being enamelled with flowers of various kinds, presenting more the aspect of a garden than of uncultivated land." And elsewhere, "As I wished to give a general idea of the beauty of the scenery which lies all along the banks of the Saskatchewan, from this point to Edmonton, I sat down and made a sketch, the rest of the party promising to wait for me at the crossing-place. It was the commencement of Indian summer, the evening was very fine, and threw that peculiar soft warm haziness over the landscape, which is supposed to proceed from the burning of the immense prairies. The sleepy buffaloes grazing upon the undulating hills, here and there relieved by clumps of small trees, the unbroken stillness, and the approaching evening, rendered it altogether a scene of most enchanting repose." What can be more inviting, what more Arcadian than such a picture? And as to the capabilities of the soil, Mr. Paul Kane himself says of Fort Pitt, "grain and other produce might be raised plenti-

fully here if cultivated." It is obvious, then, that such a region will, when intercommunication is established between Canada and British Columbia, become the seat of a flourishing community, of cultivation and pastoral wealth, and of a prosperous commercial intercourse. It is impossible, almost, to overrate its resources in certain points of view; the mere estimation of them would, indeed, lead one into the danger of being taxed with exaggeration.

The party were detained at Edmonton, which is what the Company consider to be a large establishment, being the residence of a chief pastor and clerk, with forty or fifty men, with their wives and children, amounting altogether to about a hundred and thirty, who all live within the pickets of the forts, until the 6th of October, a rather late period of the year at which to effect the passage of the Rocky Mountains. The party consisted, in this further portion of the journey, of Mr. Lane and his wife, a young clerk, a person named McGillivray, and sixteen men. They had with them sixty-five horses to carry the baggage and provisions. This may seem a large number of horses for so small a party, but Edmonton was the last post at which they could get a supply of provisions on the east side of the mountains. At this point, also, leaving the Long-Grass Prairies with their innumerable buffaloes, behind them, they were glad to vary their provisions by occasionally shooting wild geese. The country was, however, swampy and wooded, and their progress consequently slow. At Fort Assiniboine (so called from the neighbouring Indian tribe), they took to the boats again, travelling slowly against the current. On the 15th it began to snow, and soon afterwards ice began to form. The banks of the river were still thickly covered with pine. By the 24th all the ponds and still waters were frozen hard enough to bear. On the 30th they had the first view of the sublime and, apparently, endless chain of the Rocky Mountains from the boat, and the men greeted them with a hearty cheer. The atmosphere was at the time clear, but very cold.

On the 1st of November they entered Jasper's Lake, the wind howling dismally through a gap formed by a perpendicular rock on the one side, and a mountain on the other. Although they were now at the foot of the mountains, the country was still pine-clad. The forest was composed entirely of very high pine trees, small in circumference, and growing thickly together; these had a very curious appearance in the storm, as they waved in the wind like a field of grain. The immense long roots seemed to be especially provided by nature to prevent their being blown over; and as the soil is very light and upon a rocky foundation, these roots formed a net-work over the surface, which was in constant motion, and rocked the weary voyagers to sleep as they lay round their camp fires.

At the head of the lake was Jasper's House: a station of three miserable log-huts, with some Indian wigwams around. Here, however, they procured some mountain sheep. This post is only kept up for the purpose of supplying horses to parties crossing the mountains.

They started hence on the 5th of November with a cavalcade of thirteen loaded horses, after laying in a stock of snow-shoes. Their way lay now sometimes over almost inaccessible crags, and at others through gloomy and tangled forests. And as they descended the snow increased in depth, and they felt the effects of the increasing cold very keenly. The only living things which they saw were a few mountain goats. On

the 11th they were obliged to take to their snow-shoes, and, as many were novices to them, progress was at first very painful and very slow. Mrs. Lane, who had been accustomed to their use from her childhood, at Red River, turned out one of the best pedestrians. They had also to encamp on the snow, beating down the selected spot previously till it would bear a man on the surface without sinking. The fire was kindled on logs of green timber, and the beds were made of pine-branches—all alike are laid on snow.

On the 12th of November the party arrived at the small lake known as the Committee's Punchbowl, the waters of which flow to the Athabasca and Bow River on the one side, and to the Columbia on the other, or to the Atlantic eastward, and to the Pacific westward. Hence is the spot designated as the Height of Land—the Thalweg, or Water-Parting. The lake being frozen over they walked across it, and shortly after commenced the ascent of what is called the Grande Côte, after having been seven days continually ascending. Unlike the ascent, the descent was so steep as to be a work of great difficulty in snow-shoes; but, on the other hand, it only took them a day to get down to nearly the same level as that of Jasper's House.

A distressing circumstance had taken place here some years previously. Whilst a party were ascending this mountain, a lady, who was crossing to meet her husband, was in the rear, and it was not noticed until the party had encamped that she was not come up. Men were instantly sent back to seek her. After some hours' search they found her tracks in the snow, which they followed until they came to a perpendicular rock, overhanging a running torrent: here all traces of her were lost, and her body was never found, notwithstanding every exertion was made to find it. Little doubt, however, would exist but that she had lost her way, and had fallen over the precipice into the torrent, which would have quickly hurried her into chasms where the foot of men could not reach.

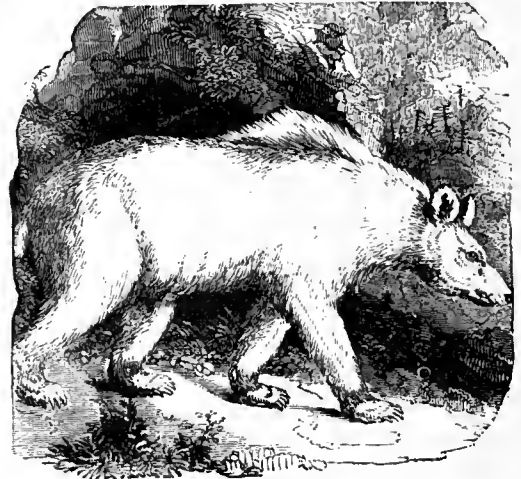
The next day they reached the Columbia, where it was some seventy yards across, with a very rapid current, and they had to ford the river no less than seventeen times in the course of the day's journey. It was the same thing, or rather worse, the next day (the 15th), when they had to cross the river thirty-seven times, and that where it was deep and rapid, and encumbered with floating ice.

This was occasioned by the Columbia at this point making long reaches to and fro through a valley, which was in some parts three miles wide, and backed with stupendous mountains that reared their snowy tops above the clouds, and formed here and there immenso glaciers, reflecting the rays of the sun with extreme brilliancy and prismatic beauty. The last part of the route lay through a slimy lake or swamp, frozen over, but not sufficiently so as to bear, so that they had to wade above their knees in a dense mass of snow, ice, and mud, there being no such thing as a dry spot to afford a moment's respite from the scarcely endurable severity of the cold.

At length, however, they arrived at Boat Encampment, almost perishing with cold, hunger, and fatigue, and here they obtained boats by which to effect the further progress of the journey. "Few," says Mr. Paul Kane, "who read this journal, surrounded by the comforts of civilised life, will be able to imagine the heartfelt satisfaction with which we exchanged the wearisome snow-shoes for the comfortable boats, and

the painful anxiety of half-satisfied appetites for a well-stocked larder. True it was that the innumerable rapids of the Columbia were filled with dangers of no ordinary character, and that it required the constant exercise of all our energy and skill to escape their perils, but we now had health and high spirits to help us. We no longer had to toil on in clothes frozen stiff from wading across torrents, half-famished, and with the consciousness ever before us that, whatever were our hardships and fatigue, rest was sure destruction in the cold solitudes of those dreary mountains."

There were 1200 miles of river between the point where they took boat and Fort Vancouver, which, in spite of many difficulties and halts to rest (one of three days at Fort Colville, and of five days at Walla Walla), they accomplished in fifteen days, in two boats, formed canoe fashion, with round bottoms of boards, clinker-built. The rapids of the Columbia are innumerable and dangerous. About three hours after their departure, they shot the celebrated rapid "Valle de Mort;" it is about three miles long, and is the most dangerous of all. There are terrible stories told of these rapids; it obtained its name from the following dreadful circumstance.



BEAR.

About twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Iroquois, a half-breed, and a French Canadian, having charge of a boat, had to descend this fearful rapid. Fearful of running it, they affixed a long line to the boat; and, being themselves on the shore, they attempted to lower her gradually, by means of it, over the foaming torrent. The boat took a stream and ran outside of a rock, and all their efforts to get her back, or reach the rock themselves through the boiling surge, were unavailing. The rope, chafing on the sharp edge of the rock, soon broke, and she dashed down among the whirling eddies and broke to pieces, with their whole stock of provisions on board.

They then continued to follow on foot, along the rugged and difficult banks of the river, without food, guns, and ammunition; nor had they been able to save even a blanket to protect them from the inclement weather. At night they encamped in a shivering and famishing condition, not having been able to surmount more than three miles of the obstacles that obstructed their passage at every step along the bank; the next day they proceeded with no better success. They well knew that if they constructed a raft, it would not live an hour in this part of the Columbia

River, owing to the quick succession of rapids that here beset the navigation; in this starving condition they continued their slow progress till the third day, when the half-breed, fearing his companions would kill him for their food, left them, and was never after heard of, falling, in all probability, a prey to the wolves. The other two lay down, and the Iroquois, watching his opportunity, got up at night and beat his companion's brains out with a stick; and, going to work in a methodical manner, after first satisfying his craving hunger with a portion of the body, cut the remainder into thin slices and dried them in the sun, after the manner in which buffalo meat is prepared. Here he remained three days, drying his meat, which he made into a pack, and continued his journey with it down the river bank until he came to the commencement of the upper lake. Here he made a raft, on which he placed his dried meat and covered it over with pine-bark, seating himself upon it and paddling down the lake.

He had not proceeded very far, before he met a canoe, which had been sent from one of the forts below on the Spoken River in quest of them, owing to their long absence. The new comers immediately inquired what had become of his two companions? He replied that they had deserted him, giving, at the same time, an account of the loss of the boat. They took him on board their canoe, and one of the men, seeing the bark on the raft, was desirous of getting it to place under him in the canoe. The Iroquois shoved off the raft, with evident signs of confusion, on which the men, who noticed his embarrassments, paddled up to it, and, lifting the bark, discovered the dried meat beneath it, among which was a human foot. He was asked how he had obtained the dried meat, and replied that he had killed a wolf, swimming across the river.

The foot with the meat was slyly deposited in a bag belonging to one of the men, but not without the act being perceived by the murderer, who, whilst they were asleep during the night, threw the bag and its contents into the river. Appearing not to notice their loss they went to Fort Spoken and delivered him up to Mr. M'Mullan, the person in charge, detailing the particulars. The Indian was shortly afterwards sent to a distant post in New Caledonia, both as a punishment and to get rid of him, as no *voyageur* will willingly associate with any one known to have eaten human flesh. I had previously (says Mr. Paul Kane) travelled several hundreds of miles with the son of the very man, who always behaved well, although there certainly was something repulsive in his appearance, which would have made me dislike to have had him for a companion in a situation such as above described.

The steersman of the canoe that carried Mr. Paul Kane told him of another melancholy occurrence that had happened there. "About four years ago," said he, "I crossed the Rocky Mountains with a party of forty. When we got to Boat Encampment, we embarked in two boats; the one that I was steering had twenty-two on board. Amongst them was a gentleman sent into the interior for the purpose of botanical research. On his way to Saskatchewan, he had fallen in with a half-breed, who was travelling to cross the mountains and go to Columbia on a visit to some of her friends. They had not travelled far before a mutual attachment induced them to become man and wife, at Edmonton, though few couples in the world I think would choose

a trip across the mountains for a honeymoon excursion, but they bore all their labours and hardships cheerfully, perfectly happy in helping each other and being kind to their companions.

"We had two or three other women with us, and I had my daughter, about ten years old, whom I was taking home to my wife at Fort Vancouver. I had left her two or three years before on the west side of the mountain, with some of her relations, as I was unable to bring her over at the time I had come with my wife. We had also a young man of the name of Mc Gillivray, belonging to the Company, with a small dog; the remainder were principally *voyageurs*. When I came to the head of the rapids I found that the other boat which contained the principal guide had passed on, and I thought, therefore, that the rapids were in a proper state for running them, that is, that the whirlpools were flowing out and not filling, which they do alternately. I, therefore, went on without stopping, and, when in the midst of the rapids, where there was no possibility of staying the downward course of the boat, I discovered to my dismay that the whirlpool was filling. One moment more, and the water curled over the sides of the boat, immediately filling her. I called out for all to sit still, and hold on steadily by the seats, as the boat would not sink entirely, owing to the nature of the cargo, and that I could guide her to shore in this state. We ran more than a mile in safety, when the boat ran close by a ledge of rocks. The botanist, who held his wife in his arms, seeing the boat approach so near the rocks, made a sudden spring for the shore; but the boat, filled with water, yielded to the double weight of himself and wife, and they sank clasped in each other's arms. The boat was suddenly turned completely bottom upwards; but I and another man succeeded in getting to the top of her, and were thus carried down safely. We thought we heard some noise inside the boat, and the man who was with me, being a good swimmer dived under, and soon, to my unexpected joy, appeared with my little daughter, who, almost miraculously, had been preserved by being jammed in amongst the luggage, and supported by a small quantity of air which had been caught by the boat when she turned over. We soon got ashore. Mc Gillivray and four others saved themselves by swimming, the remaining fourteen were drowned. We immediately commenced searching for the bodies, and soon recovered all of them, the unfortunate botanist and his wife still locked in each other's arms—an embrace which we had not the hearts to unclasp, but buried them as we found them in one grave. We afterwards found Mc Gillivray's little dog, thrown up dead on a sandbank, with his master's cap fixed firmly between his teeth."

Fort Columbia, which they reached on the 20th, is described as beautifully situated, about a mile above the Falls of the Chaudière, or Kettle Falls, which exceeds in height any other in Columbia, and derives its name from the round holes that the water has hollowed out in the rocks, resembling cauldrons of various sizes. Here they "eat and slept" for three days together, and improved astonishingly in appearance. On the 24th, they made the Grand Rapid. "Here," says our traveller, "I preferred getting out to walk, with the object of making some sketches, and had proceeded nearly three miles along the shore, and felt somewhat astonished at not seeing the boats following, when I observed something in the water, which I

at first took to be the head of an Indian, swimming across. I accordingly prepared my gun, in case of an attack, as the Indians about here are considered some of the worst on the Columbia. On close observation, however, I made out the object to be the hood which I had noticed Mrs. Lane to wear in the morning; and soon afterwards I perceived the paddles and oars of one of the boats. I returned to the Rapids as fast as possible. There I saw one of the boats, in which Mr. and Mrs. Lane were, in a most dangerous situation, having struck in the midst of the Rapids upon a rock, which had stove in her side."

"The Columbia is here contracted into a passage of one hundred and fifty yards by lofty rocks on either side, through which it rushes with tremendous violence, forming whirlpools in its passage capable of engulfing the largest forest trees, which are afterwards disorged with great force. This is one of the most dangerous places that the boats have to pass. In going up the river the boats are all emptied, and the freight has to be carried about half a mile over the tops of the high and rugged rocks. In coming down, all remain in the boats: and the guides, in this perilous pass, display the greatest courage and presence of mind, at moments when the slightest error in managing the frail bark would hurl its occupants to certain destruction. On arriving at the head of the Rapids, the guide gets out on the rocks and surveys the whirlpools. If they are filtering in, or "making," as they term it, the men rest on their paddles until they commence throwing off, when the guides instantly re-embark, and shove off the boat, and shoot through this dread portal with the speed of lightning. Sometimes the boats are whirled round in the vortex with such awful rapidity that it renders the management impossible, and the boat and its hapless crew are swallowed up in the abyss.

The conduct of the men in this instance evinced great presence of mind. The instant the boat struck they had sprung on the gunwale next the rock, and by their united weight kept her lying upon it. The water foamed and raged around them with fearful violence. Had she slipped off, they must all have been dashed to pieces amongst the rocks and rapids below; as it was, they managed to maintain their position until the crew of the other boat, which had run the rapids safely, had unloaded and dragged the empty boat up the rapids again. They then succeeded in throwing a line to their hapless companions. But there was still considerable danger, lest in hauling the empty boat towards them they might pull themselves off the rock. They at length, however, succeeded by cautious management in getting the boat alongside, and in embarking in safety. A moment afterwards their own boat slipped from the rock, and was dashed to pieces. Everything that floated they picked up afterwards, but still many useful articles were lost.

Another boat was sent for overland to Colville, and then they proceeded, arriving at Okanagan on the 28th of November, having, however, in the interim, been compelled to shoot one of the horses of the establishment, which was roasted, and found very palatable; the men ate so much of it, that some of them were unable to work the next day after.

After five or six days' rest at Walla-Walla (of which place more hereafter), they accomplished the descent in fifteen days. They had to kill a horse on the way, provisions having run short; and winter being the rainy season on the Lower Columbia, they had to per-

form the last four days of their journey in open boats and an incessant shower.

Fort Vancouver was at that time the largest post in the Hudson's Bay Company's dominions. There were two chief factors, with eight or ten clerks, and two hundred *voyageurs*, residing there. The men, with their Indian wives, lived in log huts near the margin of the river—at that point, ninety miles from its mouth, a mile and a quarter wide—forming a little village; quite a Babel of languages, as the inhabitants were a mixture of English, French, Iroquois, Sandwich Islanders, Crees, and Chinooks. A large farm was cultivated about eight miles up the river, producing more grain than the people at the fort could consume. They had also immense herds of domestic horned cattle, which ran wild in unknown numbers; and sheep and horses were equally numerous.

Mr. Paul Kane visited, from this place, Oregon City, as it is called, albeit only containing about ninety-four houses, with two or three hundred inhabitants, a Methodist and a Roman Catholic church, two hotels, ten grist-mills, three saw-mills, and four stores, as also the Roman Catholic Mission on the river Walhamethe, where there is a good brick church, and an establishment of *religieuses* engaged in teaching children, both white and red, and the Jesuit mission on the same river, both being situated in a beautiful prairie—one of the largest tracts of good land that is, indeed, to be met with in Oregon.

In describing the Chinooks, a race of Indians of disgusting habits, Mr. Paul Kane incidentally introduces to our notice a new and valuable vegetable. He first mentions their baskets made of roots and grass, woven so closely, as to serve all the purposes of a pail in holding and carrying water. In these they even boil their fish. This is done by immersing the fish in one of the baskets filled with water, into which they throw red hot stones, until the fish is cooked; which is done as quickly as in a kettle. The only vegetables in use among them are the camas and wappatoo. The camas is a bulbous root, much resembling the onion in outward appearance, but is more like the potatoe when cooked, and is very good eating. The wappatoo is somewhat similar, but larger and not so dry or delicate in its flavour. They are found in immense quantities in the plains in the vicinity.

Fort Vancouver, in the spring of the year, presents a most curious and beautiful appearance, the whole surface presenting an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultra-marine blue, from the innumerable blossoms of these plants. They are cooked by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of hot stones, covering them with dry grass, on which the roots are placed; another layer of grass is then placed over them, and above this they place another, through which and the grass a small hole is perforated down to the vegetables. Water is poured into this hole, and reaching the hot stones, forms sufficient steam to cook the roots completely in a short time, the hole being stopped up as soon as the water is poured in.

In Oregon City Mr. Paul Kane met Mr. Mackenzie, a Hudson's Bay factor, and the Columbia traveller became, perforce, and not without enjoyment, a listener to some of his tales of Indian life and his own exploits.

While he was in charge of a fort in New Caledonia, and New British Columbia, he had a carat of tobacco, or three pounds, stolen from him. It was all that ho

had at this time, and of course was a serious loss. Supposing it to have been taken by some of the Indians, who were trading in large numbers about the establishment at that time, he requested the chief to call a council of all the tribe, as he had something to say to them. On this they all assembled and squatted down, leaving an open space in the centre, into which he walked with his fowling-piece; this he loaded with two balls in the presence of the assembly, after which he related the circumstance of his loss, and stated his belief that some one of the Indians then present had taken it. He then told them that he wished that every one present would place his mouth to the muzzle of the gun and blow into it, assuring them that it would injure no one innocent of the theft; but, on the other hand, if the guilty party should attempt to do so, it would inevitably kill him. He himself set the example of blowing into the piece, standing muzzle upwards on the ground; the chief followed, as well as the whole tribe, with the exception of one man, who sat hanging down his head, and when called upon by the chief to follow the example of the rest, refused, saying that he would not tempt the Great Spirit, for that he had taken the tobacco, and would return it, which he accordingly did.

Whilst Mr. Mackenzie was in charge of Walla-Walla, he exhibited an instance of great presence of mind under very trying circumstances. His clerk had a quarrel and fight with the chief, whom he beat. The Indian thereupon collected a large party of the tribe, rushed with them into the yard of the fort, and attempted to seize the offender for the purpose of taking his life. Mr. Mackenzie kept them off for some time, but finding he could do so no longer, he ordered one of the men to bring out a keg of powder, the head of which he knocked in, and taking a flint and steel from his pocket, he stood over it as if about to ignite it, telling the Indians that if they did not at once depart he would show them how a white chief could die and destroy his enemies. The Indians took the alarm, and fled through the gates, which he immediately barred against them, secretly sending the clerk, next day, to another fort out of their reach.

On the 25th of March the never-resting traveller started in a small wooden canoe, with a couple of Indians; and at the mouth of the Kattepoutal River, twenty-six miles from the fort, he stopped to make a sketch of the volcano Mount St. Helen's, distant about thirty or forty miles. This mountain has never been visited by Whites or Indians; the latter assert that it is inhabited by a race of beings of a different species, who are cannibals, and whom they hold in great dread; they also say that there is a lake at its base with a very extraordinary kind of fish in it, with a head more resembling that of a bear than any other animal. These superstitions are taken from the statement of a man, who, they say, went to the mountain with another, and escaped the fate of his companion, who was eaten by the "Skooooms," or evil genii. I offered a considerable bribe, he says, to any Indians who would accompany me in its exploration, but could not find one hardy enough to venture. It is of very great height, and being covered with snow, is seen at a great distance. There was not a cloud visible in the sky at the time I commenced my sketch, and not a breath of air was perceptible. Suddenly a stream of white smoke shot up from the crater of the mountain, and lowered a short time over its summit; it then settled

down like a cap. This shape it retained for about an hour and a-half, and then gradually disappeared.

Almost three years before this, the mountain was in a violent state of eruption for three or four days, and threw up burning stones and lava to an immense height, which ran in burning torrents down its snow-clad sides. About ten miles lower down they encamped for the night, near Coffin Rock, much against the inclination of the men, whose superstition would have led them to avoid such a place. This rock got its name from being the place in which the Indians deposit their dead. There is another rock lower down, on which were deposited two or three hundred of their burial canoes; but Commodore Wilkes having made a fire near the spot, it communicated to the bodies, and nearly the whole of them were consumed. The Indians showed much indignation at the violation of a place which was held so sacred by them, and would no doubt have sought revenge had they felt themselves strong enough to do so.

Pushing further up the river, they came, on the 29th, to another burial-place, which seemed to be highly decorated. Our artist wished his Indians to put ashore, but they would not do so. He was obliged, therefore, to put them out of the canoe on the opposite side of the river, and paddle the canoe over by himself. He had no doubt but what they would have opposed his doing so, had it not been for the name he had already acquired amongst the Indians of being a great medicine-man, on account of the likenesses which he had taken. His powers of portraying the features of individuals were attributed entirely to supernatural agency, and he found that in looking at his pictures they always covered their eyes with their hands, and looked through the fingers, this being also the invariable custom when looking at a dead person. On arriving at the place he found it lavishly decorated with numerous articles of supposed utility and ornament, for the convenience of the defunct in the journey to the world of spirits. These articles consist of blankets, tin-cups, pots, pans, kettles, plates, baskets, horn-bowls, and spoons, with shreds of cloth of various colour. One canoe, which was decorated more highly than the rest, he examined particularly. All the articles appended to it were rendered useless for the world by either tearing, breaking, or boring holes in them, the Indians believing that they would be made whole again by the Great Spirit. On examining the interior of a canoe, he found a great number of iouqua and other shells, together with beads and rings; even the mouth of the deceased was filled with these articles. The body itself was carefully enveloped in numerous folds of matting, made of rushes. At the bottom of the canoe lay a bow and arrow, a paddle, a spear, and a kind of pick, made of horn, for digging the camas root. The top of the canoe immediately over the body had a covering of bark, and holes were bored in the bottom to allow the water to run out. These canoes were always placed on wooden supports, suspended in the branches of trees, or placed upon isolated rocks in the river to keep them beyond the reach of ravenous animals. (See p. 358.) During his stay, the Indians watched him closely from the opposite bank, and on his return, they examined him as minutely as they could with their eyes to see that he had not brought anything away. Had he been so imprudent as to have done so, he would probably have answered for the sacrilege with his life, death being the certain penalty

to the most trifling violation of the sanctity of a coffin canoe. He endeavoured to discover who was buried in the richly-decorated canoe, but the only information he could get from them was that it was the daughter of a Chinook chief. The Indian chiefs here have a superstitious dread of mentioning the names of any person after death, nor will they tell you their own names, which can only be found out from a third party. One of the men asked him if his desire to know his name proceeded from a wish to steal it? It is not an uncommon thing for a chief, when he wishes to pay you a very high compliment, to give and call you by his own name, and adopt some other for himself.

They had now entered the Cowlitz River, which is a northerly feeder of the Columbia. Its lofty banks are crowned with beautiful forests. The waters of this river rise occasionally from thirty to forty feet. Here Mr. Kane visited the Cowlitz Farm belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, where large quantities of wheat are raised and cattle reared in great numbers. It was here that our artist took a portrait of a Flathead woman and her baby, whose subsequent death (attributed to his "medicine")—whatever our Indians don't understand they call medicine or magic—compelled him to leave the country in a great hurry, to avoid the vengeance of her relatives. Nor was this dread without cause, as we learn from the following story told of the same neighbourhood by Governor Simpson:—

"In the month of February last, a chief of the name of Kootlepat, visited Mr. Black, the gentleman in charge of Thompson's River, at his post of Kamloops, when a trivial dispute took place between them. Immediately on returning to his camp, at a place called Pavilion, Kootlepat sickened and died, enjoining his people with his last breath to keep on good terms with the Whites. Whether or not the chief's dying injunctions was interpreted into an insinuation that he had perished in consequence of his having quarrelled with his white brother, the Indians came to the conclusion that Kootlepat's death had been caused by Mr. Black's magic or medicine. In pursuance of this idea, the widow of the deceased worked upon the feelings of her nephew, till he undertook to revenge her husband's untimely fate. The avenger of blood forthwith set out for Kamloops, and, when he arrived, both cold and hungry, he was, by the orders of his destined victim, placed before a good fire and supplied with food. During the whole day Mr. Black, who was a hard student, remained writing in his own apartment, but having gone out towards evening, he was returning through the room where his guest was sitting, and had just reached the door of his chamber, when he fell down dead, with the contents of the savage's gun in his back. In the appalling confusion that ensued, the murderer was allowed to escape from the fort, betaking himself immediately to the mountains. He was chased from place to place like a wild beast, being obliged to abandon first his horses, and lastly, his wife and family; but it was not until more than eight months of vigilant pursuit, that he was finally hunted down on the bank of the Frazer's River by some of his own people. As a proof of his comparative estimation of civilisation and barbarism, the miserable being, with the blood of Mr. Black on his conscience, earnestly begged to be delivered up to the Whites; and on being refused this last boon, he leaped into the stream, swimming away for his life

until he was despatched, just like a sea-otter, by arrow after arrow."

Our travellers hence proceeded to Vancouver Island and along the coast, on a voyage not unfringed with danger, among the Indians along the coast. In one place, his party embarked in a small canoe for a traverse of twenty-two miles in an open sea. "When we had been out for about a couple of hours, the wind increased to a perfect gale, and, blowing against an ebb tide, caused a heavy swell. We were obliged to keep one man constantly baling to prevent our being swamped. The Indians on board now commenced one of their wild chants, which increased to a perfect yell whenever a wave larger than the rest approached; this was accompanied with blowing and spitting against the wind, as if they were in angry contention with the evil spirits of the storm. It was altogether a scene of the most wild and intense excitement; the mountainous waves roaming round our little canoe as if to engulf us every moment, the wind howling over our heads, and the yelling Indians, made it absolutely terrific. I was surprised at the dexterity with which they managed the canoe, all putting out their paddles on the windward side, whenever a wave broke, thus breaking its force, and guiding the spray over our heads to the other side of the boat."

On his safe return he was visited by a Yellow Cum, a great chief of British Columbia, the Rothschild of the coast, whose wealth consists in slaves and iougas, or hiquays, a small shell found at Cape Flating, and only there, in great abundance. These shells are used as money, and a great traffic is carried on among all the tribes by means of them. They are obtained at the bottom of the sea, at a considerable depth, by means of a long pole, stuck in a flat board about fifteen inches square. From this board a number of loose pieces project, which, when pressed down, enter the bottom ends of the shells, which seem to be attached to the bottom by their small ends. The shells stick on the pieces and are thus brought to the surface. They are from an inch and a-half to two inches in length, and are white, slender, and hollow, and tapering to a point; slightly curved, and about the size of an ordinary tobacco-pipe stem. They are valuable in proportion to their length, and their value increases according to a fixed ratio, forty shells being the standard number to extend a fathom's length, which number, in that case, is equal to a beaver's skin; but if thirty-nine be found large enough to make the fathom, it would be worth two beavers' skins; if thirty-eight, three skins; and so on. Sea-otter skins are the most valuable fur found on the North American coast, their usual value in the tariff being twelve blankets; ten blankets being equal to a gun; tobacco and ammunition in proportion.

The characteristics of the different tribes inhabiting these regions are interesting, as they may now be considered our fellow countrymen (!)

The Indians south of the Columbian River tattoo themselves below the mouth, which gives a light blue appearance to the countenance. Those at the mouth of the Columbia, and for four hundred miles up it, as well as those of Puget's Sound, and the Straits of Fucus, and at the southern part of Vancouver Island, have their heads flattened down in their infancy. Those inhabiting the north part of the island have their heads compressed into a conical shape during infancy; this is done by means of a bandage, which is

wound round the forehead and gradually tightened, until the head becomes of the required shape.

The next tribe lying north of these, on the continent, are called by the voyageurs, "Babines," or Biglips, from the fact of the females having under lips enlarged by the insertion of a piece of wood. A small and slender piece of bone is inserted through the under lip of the infant, from below upwards, and is generally enlarged, until a flat piece of wood, three inches long, and an inch and a-half wide, has caused the lip to protrude to a frightful extent, the protrusion increasing with age; great importance is attached to the size of the lip, as it constitutes the standard of female beauty, it also marks the difference between native free women and their slaves.

When the stick is removed, on any occasion, the lip drops down to the chin, presenting one of the most disgusting spectacles imaginable.

The men sometimes wear a ring through the nose, formed of bone, or brass if they can get it; but the practice is not universal. They wear a cap made of the fibres of cedar-bark, woven very finely together, and a blanket made from the wool of the mountain sheep; they are very valuable, and take years in making. For one, which I procured with great difficulty, I had to pay five pounds of tobacco, ten charges of ammunition, one blanket, one pound of beads, two check shirts, and one ounce of vermilion.

The next tribe, still more north than the last, insert beads of various colours, two-thirds of their depth, into the whole length of the upper lip, giving it the appearance of so much bead-work.

In the interior of New Caledonia, which is east of Vancouver Island and north of Columbia, among the tribes called "Tavo-un-tins," who are also Babines, and also among other tribes in their neighbourhood, the custom prevails of burning the bodies, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity to the widows of the deceased. The dead body of the husband is laid naked upon a large heap of resinous wood; his wife is then placed upon the body, and covered over with a skin; the pile is then lighted, and the poor woman is compelled to remain until she is nearly suffocated, when she is allowed to descend, as best she can, through the smoke and flames. No sooner does she reach the ground than she is expected to prevent the body from becoming distorted by the action of the fire, or the muscles and sinews; and, whenever such an event takes place, she must, with her bare hands, restore the burning corpse to its proper position; her person being the whole time exposed to the searching effects of the intense heat. Should she fail in the due performance of this indispensable rite, from weakness or intensity of pain, she is held up by some one until the body is consumed. A continual singing and beating of drums is kept up, throughout the ceremony, which drowns her cries. Afterwards, she must collect the unconsumed pieces of bone and ashes, and put them into a bag made for the purpose, which she has to carry on her back for three years; remaining, for the time, a slave to her husband's relations, being neither allowed to wash or comb herself for the whole time, so that she soon becomes a most disgusting object. At the expiration of the three years, a feast is given by her tormentors, who invite all the friends and relations of her and themselves. At the commencement they deposit, with great ceremony, the remains of the burnt dead in a box, which they affix to a high pole, and dance

around it. The widow is then stripped naked, and smeared, from head to foot, with fish-oil, over which one of the bystanders throws a quantity of swan's down, covering her entire person. She is then obliged to dance with the others. After all this is over, she is free to marry again, if she have the inclination and courage to venture on a second risk of being roasted alive, and the subsequent horrors.

It has often happened, that a woman who has married a second husband, in the hopes, perhaps, of not outliving him, committed suicide in the event of her husband's death, rather than undergo a second ordeal. I was unable to learn any explanation of the motives for these cruel rites, and can only account for this in the natural selfishness, laziness, and cruelty of the Indians, who, probably, hope by these means to render their wives more attentive to their personal ease and comfort; whilst, at the same time, it secures them from assassination either by a jealous or an errant spouse.

Accompanied by a Nasqually chief, who had come over to Vancouver Island to look for a lost wife, Mr. Kane now set off for the main land. The chief showed him an old piece of newspaper, which he said he held up when he met with strange Indians, who, supposing him to be carrying despatches, allowed him to pass without molestation. The privilege of the post is a peculiar one in this country. The Hudson's Bay agents in charge of the various stations have frequent occasion to send letters, sometimes for a considerable distance, when it is either inconvenient or impossible for them to fit out a canoe with their own men to carry it. In such cases the letter is given to an Indian, who carries it as far as suits his convenience and safety. He then sells the letter to another, who carries it until he finds an opportunity of selling it to advantage. It is thus passed on and sold until it arrives at its destination, gradually increasing in value according to distance, and the last possessor receiving the reward for its safe delivery. In this manner letters are frequently sent with perfect security, and with much greater rapidity than could be done otherwise.

While paddling past an isolated rock on their way across to Fort Vancouver, the old chief related the following legend of the Nasqually Rock, which stands about six or seven feet above the water:—

"It is many a moon since a Nasqually family lived near the spot. It consisted of a widow, with four sons; one of them was by her first husband, the other three by the second. The three younger sons treated their elder brother with great unkindness, refusing him any share in their hunting and fishing: he, on the contrary, wishing to conciliate them, always gave them a share of his spoils. He, in fact, was a great medicine-man, although this was unknown to them, and, being tired of their harsh treatment, which no kindness on his part seemed to soften, he at length resolved to retaliate. He accordingly one day entered the lodge, where they were feasting, and told them there was a large seal a short distance off. They instantly seized their spears, and started in the direction he pointed out; and, coming up to the animal, the eldest drove his spear into it. This seal was a 'great medicine,' a familiar of the elder brother's, who had himself created him for the occasion. The foremost had no sooner driven in his spear, than he found it impossible to disengage his hand from the handle, or to draw it out: the two others drove in theirs with a like effect. The seal now took to the

water, dragging them after it, and swam far out to sea. Having travelled for many miles, they saw an island in the distance, towards which the seal made. On nearing the shore, they found for the first time that they could remove their hands from the spears. They accordingly landed, and, supposing themselves in some enemies' country, they hid in a clump of bushes from observation. While lying concealed, they saw a diminutive canoe coming round a point in the distance, paddled by a very little man, who, when he came opposite to where they were, anchored his boat with a stone attached to a long line, without perceiving them. He now sprang over the side, and diving down remained a long time under water. At length, he rose to the surface, and brought with him a large fish, which he threw into the boat; this he repeated several times, each time looking in to count the fish he had caught. The three brothers being very hungry, one of them offered to swim out while the little man was under water, and steal one of the fish. This he safely accomplished before the return of the fisherman; but the little fellow no sooner returned with another fish than he discovered that one of those already caught was missing, and stretching out his hand, he passed it slowly along the horizon until it pointed to their place of concealment. He now pulled up his anchor, and paddled to the shore, and immediately discovered the three brothers; and being as miraculously strong as he was diminutive, he tied their hands and feet together, and, throwing them into his canoe, paddled back in the direction from whence he had come. Having rounded the distant point, where they had first descried him, they came to a village inhabited by a race of people as small as their captor; their houses, boats, and utensils, being all in proportion to themselves.

"The three brothers were then taken out and thrown, bound as they were, into a lodge, whilst a council was convened to decide upon their fate. During the sitting of the council, an immense flock of birds, resembling geese, but much larger, pounced down on the inhabitants, and commenced a violent attack. These birds had the power of throwing their sharp quills like porcupines; and although the little warriors fought with great valour, they soon became covered with the piercing darts, and all sank insensible to the ground. When all resistance had ceased the birds took to flight, and disappeared.

"The brothers had witnessed the conflict from their place of confinement, and with much labour had succeeded in releasing themselves from their bonds, when they went to the battle-ground and commenced pulling the quills from the apparently lifeless bodies; but no sooner had they done this than all instantly recovered to consciousness. When all of them had become well again, they wanted to show their gratitude to the prisoners, and offered to grant whatever they should desire. The brothers requested to be sent back to their own country. A council was called to decide on the easiest mode of doing so, and they eventually determined upon employing a whale for the purpose. The brothers were then seated on the back of the monster, and proceeded in the direction of Nasqually. However, when they had reached about half way, the whale began to think what a fool he was to carry them, instead of turning them into porpoises, and letting them swim home themselves. Now the whale is considered as a Soch-a-li-ti-yah, or Great Spirit—although not the same as the Hais-Soch-a-li-ti-yah, or Great

High Spirit—possessing greater power than all other animals put together; and no sooner had he thought upon the matter than he carried it into effect. This, accordingly, is the way the porpoises first came into existence, and accounts for their being constantly at war with the seals, one of which species was the cause of their misfortune. After the three brothers had so strangely disappeared, their mother came down to the level, and remained there for days watching for their return, and bewailing their absence with tears. Whilst thus engaged, one day, the whale happened to pass, and taking pity on her distress, turned her into that stone."

On the 1st of July, Mr. Paul Kane left Fort Vancouver, in company with the brigade of boats that had come down the river, from various points, with furs, and returned with their outfits for the winter. The men, who were allowed a regale the first night of starting, plied their oars with vigour, but still the delay of portages was ever in the way of rapid progress. As they approached the place where the Walla-Walla debouches into the Columbia River, they came in sight of two extraordinary rocks projecting from a high steep cone, or mound, about seven hundred feet above the level of the river. (*See p. 357.*) These are called by the *voyageurs* the Chimney Rocks, and from their being visible from a great distance, they are very serviceable as landmarks.

"The Walla-Walla Indians call these the 'Rocks of the Kye-use Girls,' of which they relate the following legend, which was told to me by an Indian, whilst I was sketching this extraordinary scene. It must be borne in mind that all Indian tribes select some animal to which they attribute supernatural, or in the language of the country, *medicine* powers. The Whale, for instance, on the north-west coast; the Ree-yea, or Were Eagle, on the last side of the Rocky Mountains, supposed to be the maker of thunder; and the Wolf on the Columbia River. Now the great medicine wolf on the Columbia River—according to the Walla-Walla tradition, the most cunning and artful of all Manitous—having heard that a great medicine grasshopper was desolating the whole of the country which of right belonged to himself, and was especially under his protection, immediately resolved to trace him out, and have a personal encounter with him. With this view he proceeded down the banks of the river, and soon fell in with the object of his search. Each of these formidable Manitous thought it best to resort to stratagem to overcome his opponent. Being afraid of each other's 'medicine' powers, they accordingly commenced by exchanging civilities, and then with a view of terrifying each other, began boasting of their wonderful exploits, and the numbers they had killed and eaten. The grasshopper said to the wolf that the best way to ascertain who had devoured the largest numbers, would be to vomit up the contents of their respective stomachs, and he who threw up most hair—that being an indigestible substance—by showing who had swallowed most animals should be considered as the superior. To this proposal the wolf consented, and they commenced retching and vomiting up all in their respective stomachs. The grasshopper, in the violence of his exertions, naturally closed his eyes, and the wolf perceiving this, adroitly drew a great part of his opponent's share over to his own side without being detected. The grasshopper, when he perceived how much larger the pile before the wolf was than his own, gave up the contest, and pro-

posed to the wolf an exchange of shirts in token of amity and forgiveness. To this also the wolf consented, but requested the grasshopper to take off his shirt first, as he was the first proposer; but the grasshopper refused and wished the wolf to commence the ceremony.

"The wolf finally agreed to this, and striking himself suddenly on the breast, his shirt immediately flew off; the grasshopper was greatly astonished, and not being possessed of any charm whereby he could strip himself so expeditiously, was obliged to take off his shirt by the common way of drawing it over his head; the wolf now watched his opportunity, and while the grasshopper

had his head and arms entangled in the shirt, he killed him.

"The wolf having thus got rid of his troublesome and dangerous rival, commenced his return home. On arriving within a few miles of the Walla-Walla, he saw three beautiful Kye-use girls, with whom he fell desperately in love: they were engaged in carrying stones into the river, in order to make an artificial cascade or rapid to catch the salmon in leaping over it. The wolf secretly watched their operations during the day, and repaired at night to the dam and entirely destroyed their work: this he repeated for three successive evenings. On the fourth morning he saw the



THE BARON DE WOGAN AT THE COUNCIL OF JUDGMENT.

girls sit weeping on the bank, and accosted them, inquiring what was the matter; they told him they were starving, as they could get no fish for want of a dam. He then proposed to erect a dam for them, if they would consent to become his wives: to which they consented sooner than perish from want of food. A long point of stones running nearly across the river is, to this day, attributed to the wolf-lover.

"For a long time he lived happily with the three sisters (a custom very frequent among Indians, who marry as many sisters in a family as they can, and assign as a reason that sisters will naturally agree together better than strangers); but at length the wolf became jealous of his wives, and by his supernatural powers changed two of them into basalt pillars on the

south-side of the river, and then changed himself into a large rock, somewhat similar to them, on the north-side, so that he might watch them ever afterwards. I asked the narrator what had become of the third sister? Says he, 'Did you not observe a cavern as you came up?' I said 'that I had.' 'That,' he replied, 'is all that remains of her.'

On the 12th they reached Walla-Walla, said to be situated in a dry, sandy desert, the Indians living almost entirely upon salmon throughout the whole year. These, in the process of drying, are said to become filled with sand to such an extent as to wear away the teeth of the Indians; and an Indian is seldom met with over forty years of age whose teeth are not worn quite to the gums.

In the vicinity of this fort Walla-Walla is the scene of a deplorable tragedy which took place under Mr. Paul Kane's immediate notice, and is narrated by him as follows:—

"July 18th.—Started," says Mr. Paul Kane, "for Dr. Whitman's mission, a distance of sixty miles, neither myself or my man knowing anything of the road. I inquired of one of the Indians here; he pointed out the direction, but told us that we should be sure to die for want of water before we reached it, nor could we prevail on any of them to guide us. However, we started in the direction pointed out; the weather was intensely hot, and we had nothing to shelter us from the scorching rays of the sun, which were reflected back by the hot yellow sand. Towards the middle of the day we observed a bush in the distance, and in our line of march; we eagerly rushed forward, and hoped to find water, for want of which both ourselves and our horses were now suffering severely, but had the mortification to find the stream dried up, if ever there had been one there. Our only hope was now to struggle on as fast as possible, but our horses soon began to fail, and we were obliged to lead them many a weary mile, tottering with exhaustion, before we arrived at the mission-house. This we at length accomplished, about six o'clock in the evening, and I was very kindly received by the missionary's wife.

"Dr. Whitman's duties were those of superintendent of the American Presbyterian mission, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. He has built himself a house of unburnt clay for want of timber. He has resided at this locality on the banks of the Walla-Walla River upwards of eight years, doing all in his power to benefit the Indians in his mission. He has brought forty or fifty acres of land in the vicinity of the river under cultivation, and had a great many herds of domestic cattle, affording greater comfort to his family than one would expect in such an isolated spot. I remained with him four days, during which he kindly accompanied me amongst the Indians. These Indians, the Kye-use, resemble the Walla-Walla very much. They are always allies in war, and their language and customs are almost identical, except that the Kye-use Indians are far more vicious and ungovernable.

"Dr. Whitman took me to the lodge of an Indian called To-ma-kus, that I might take his likeness. We found him in his lodge sitting perfectly naked. His appearance was the most savage I ever beheld, and his looks, as I afterwards heard, by no means belied his character. He was not aware of what I was doing until I had finished the sketch. He then asked to look at it, and inquired what I intended to do with it, and whether I was not going to give it to the Americans, against whom he bore a strong antipathy, superstitiously fancying that their possessing it would put him in their power. I in vain told him that I should not give it to them; but not being satisfied with this assurance, he attempted to throw it into the fire, when I seized him by the arm and snatched it from him. He glanced at me like a fiend, and appeared greatly enraged, but before he had time to recover from his surprise I left the lodge, and mounted my horse, not without occasionally looking back to see if he might not send an arrow after me.

"Usually, when I wished to take the likeness of an Indian, I walked into the lodge, sat down, and com-

menced without speaking, as an Indian, under these circumstances, will generally pretend not to notice. If they did not like what I was doing, they would get up and walk away; but if I asked them to sit, they most frequently refused, supposing that it would have some injurious effect upon themselves. In this manner I went into the lodge of Sil-aw-kite, the chief, and took his likeness without a word passing between us.

"Having enjoyed the kind hospitality of Dr. Whitman and his lady for four days, on July 22nd I left for Walla-Walla, after breakfast, taking with me, at the doctor's desire, a dog belonging to Mr. McBain. The weather continued intensely hot, and I had not ridden more than an hour when I observed the poor animal in a state of extreme exhaustion, so that I requested my man to place him on his horse, but the man feeling inconvenienced by him put him down on the ground, and in a few minutes afterwards the poor brute lay down and died, actually scorched to death by the burning sands.

"On the day after my arrival at the fort, a boy, one of the sons of Peo-Beo-Mox-Mox, the chief of the Walla-Wallas, arrived at the camp close to the fort. He was a few days in advance of a war party, headed by his father, and composed of Walla-Wallas and Kye-use Indians, which had been absent eighteen months, and had been almost given up by the tribes. This party, numbering 200 men, had started for California for the purpose of revenging the death of another son of the chief, who had been killed by some Californian emigrants, and the messenger now arrived, bringing the most disastrous tidings, not only of the total failure of the expedition, but also of their sufferings and detentions by sickness. Hearing that a messenger was coming in across the plains, I went to the Indian camp, and was there at his arrival. No sooner had he dismounted from his horse than the whole camp, men, women, and children, surrounded him, eagerly inquiring after their absent friends, as they had hitherto received no intelligence, beyond a report that the party had been cut off by hostile tribes. His downcast looks and silence confirmed the fears that some dire calamity must have happened, and they set up a tremendous howl, while he stood silent and dejected, with the tears streaming down his face. At length, after much coaxing and entreaty on their part, he commenced the recital of their misfortunes.

"After describing the progress of the journey up to the time of the disease (the measles), making its appearance, during which he was listened to in breathless silence, he began to name its victims one after another. On the first name being mentioned, a terrific howl ensued, the women loosening their hair, and gesticulating in a most violent manner. When this had subsided, he, after much persuasion, named a second, and a third, until he had named upwards of thirty. The same scene of intense grief followed the mention of each name, presenting a scene, which, accustomed as I was to Indian life, I must confess affected me deeply. I stood close by them on a log, with the interpreter of the fort, who explained to me the Indian's statement, which occupied nearly three hours. After this the excitement increased, and apprehensions were entertained at the fort, that it might lead to some hostile movement against the establishment. This fear, however, was groundless, as the Indians knew the distinction between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Americans. They immediately sent messen-

gers in every direction on horseback to spread the news of the disaster among all the neighbouring tribes, and Mr. McBain and I both considered that Dr. Whitman and his family would be in great danger. I, therefore, determined to go and warn him of what had occurred. It was six o'clock in the evening when I started, but I had a good horse and arrived at his house in three hours. I told him of the arrival of the messenger and the excitement of the Indians, and advised him strongly to come to the fort, for a while at least, until the Indians had cooled down; but he said he had lived so long amongst them, and had done so much for them, that he did not apprehend they would injure him. I remained with him only an hour and hastened back to the fort."

We will not interrupt the progress of this sad story by the recital of Mr. Paul Kane's adventures in the intermediate period, but let the narrative of this dismal tragedy run on.

"September 21st.—This evening two men arrived from Walla-Walla, and my grief and horror can be well imagined, when they told me the sad end of those with whom I had so lately been a cherished guest. It appears that the party before mentioned had brought the measles back with them, and that it spread with frightful rapidity through the neighbouring tribes, but more particularly among the Kye-uses. Dr. Whitman, as a medical man, did all he could to stay its progress; but owing to their injudicious mode of living, which he could not prevail on them to relinquish, great numbers of them died. At this time the Doctor's family consisted of himself, his wife, a nephew, with two or three servants, and several children whom he had humanely adopted, left orphans by the death of their parents, who had died on their way to Oregon, besides a Spanish half-breed boy, whom he had brought up for several years. There were likewise several families of emigrants staying with him, at the time, to rest and refresh themselves and settle.

"The Indians supposed that the doctor could have stayed the course of the malady had he wished it; and they were confirmed in this belief by the Spanish half-breed boy, who told some of them, that he had overheard the doctor say to his wife, after they had retired for the night, that he would give them bad medicine, and kill all the Indians, that he might appropriate their land to himself. They accordingly concocted a plan to destroy the doctor and his wife, and all the males of the establishment. With this object in view, about sixty of them armed themselves and came to his house. The inmates, having no suspicion of any hostile intention, were totally unprepared for resistance or flight. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and their nephew, a youth of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, were sitting in the parlour, in the afternoon, when Sil-aw-kite, the chief, and To-ma-kus entered the room, and addressing the doctor, told him very coolly they had come to kill him. The doctor, not believing it possible that they could entertain any hostile intentions towards him, told them as much; but whilst in the act of speaking To-ma-kus drew a tomahawk from under his robe, and buried it deep in his brain. The unfortunate man fell dead from his chair. Mrs. Whitman and the nephew fled up stairs, and locked themselves into an upper room.

"In the meantime, Sil-aw-kite gave the war-whoop, as a signal to his party outside to proceed in the work of destruction, which they did with the ferocity and yells

of so many fiends. Mrs. Whitman, hearing the shrieks and groans of the dying, looked out of the window, and was shot through the breast by a son of the chief, but not mortally wounded. A party then rushed up-stairs, and despatched the nephew on the spot, dragged her down by the hair of her head, and, taking her to the front of the house, mutilated her in a shocking manner with their knives and tomahawks.

"There was one man who had a wife bed-ridden. On the commencement of the affray he ran to her room, and, taking her up in his arms, carried her unperceived by the Indians to the thick bushes that skirted the river, and hurried on with his burden in the direction of Fort Walla-Walla. Having reached a distance of fifteen miles, he became so exhausted that, unable to carry her further, he concealed her in a thick clump of bushes on the margin of the river, and hastened to the fort for assistance.

"On his arrival, Mr. McBain immediately sent out men with him, and brought her in. She had fortunately suffered nothing more than fright. The number killed, including Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, amounted to fourteen. The other females and children were carried off by the Indians, and two of them were forthwith taken as wives by Sil-aw-kite's son and another. A man employed in a little mill, forming a part of the establishment, was spared to work the mill for the Indians.

"The day following the awful tragedy, a Catholic priest, who had not heard of the massacre, stopped on seeing the mangled corpses strewn round the house, and requested permission to bury them, which he did with the rites of his own Church. The permission was granted more readily, as the Indians were friendly towards the Catholic missionaries. On the priest leaving the place he met, at a distance of five or six miles, a brother missionary of the deceased, a Mr. Spalding, the field of whose labours lay about a hundred miles off, at a place on the River Coldwater. He communicated to him the melancholy fate of his friends, and advised him to fly as fast as possible, or, in all probability, he would be another victim. He gave him a share of his provisions, and Mr. Spalding hurried homeward, full of apprehensions for the safety of his own family; but, unfortunately, his horse escaped from him in the night, and, after a six days' toilsome march on foot, having lost his way, he at length reached the banks of the river, but on the opposite side to his own house.

"In the dead of the night, in a state of starvation, having eaten nothing for three days, everything seeming to be quiet about his own place, he cautiously embarked in a small canoe, and paddled across the river. But he had no sooner landed than an Indian seized him, and dragged him to his own house, where he found all his family prisoners, and the Indians in full possession. These Indians were not of the same tribe with those who had destroyed Dr. Whitman's family, nor had they at all participated in the outrage; but having heard of it, and fearing the whites would include them in their vengeance, they had seized on the family of Mr. Spalding for the purpose of holding them as hostages for their own safety. The family were uninjured; and he was overjoyed to find things no worse.

"Mr. Ogden, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia, immediately on hearing of the outrage, came to Walla-Walla, and, although the occurrence took place in the territory of the United

States, and of course the sufferers could have no further claim to the protection of the Company than such as humanity dictated, he at once purchased the release of all the prisoners, and from them particulars of the massacre were afterwards obtained. The Indians, in their negotiations with Mr. Ogden, offered to give up the prisoners for nothing if he would guarantee that the United States would not go to war with them, but this, of course, he could not do."

Upon his leaving Walla-Walla, and during the intervals of this dismal episode, our traveller took the interesting resolution of proceeding to Colville¹ by the Grand Coulet, which, he says, from the appearance of the two extremities, seemed to have been a former bed of the Columbia River; and to this effect he left the boats, and started with a half-breed called Donny, and two riding-horses. By thus leaving the river, however, he was destined to suffer severely from thirst. The first lake they came to was salt, and the second swarmed so with pelicans that their dung had made the water green and thick. The country, generally speaking, was a barren, sandy desert. There seems, indeed, to be much less available land in the Valley of the Columbia than in that of Frazer's River, albeit the former is by far the most extensive. After some time they arrived at an immense gully or dried-up water-course, with banks seven to eight hundred feet high, beyond which a basaltic amphitheatre, having in its centre a luxuriant green sward, and a small lake of excellent water. Another long basaltic wall led the way to the Grand Coulet itself, a wonderful gully about one hundred and fifty miles long, and from one mile to a mile and a-half wide, and walled up in many places with an unbroken length, twenty miles long, of perpendicular basalt, a thousand feet high. There can be no doubt of its having been the bed of the Columbia previous to some geological change of comparatively recent date, by which the river was made to flow at a depth of now some four or five hundred feet below it. The bottom of the valley was level, and covered with luxuriant grass, except where broken by immense rocks, which were once so many enormous rocky islands.

The next day (August 4th), Mr. Paul Kane followed up the course of the Grand Coulet, absorbed in admira-

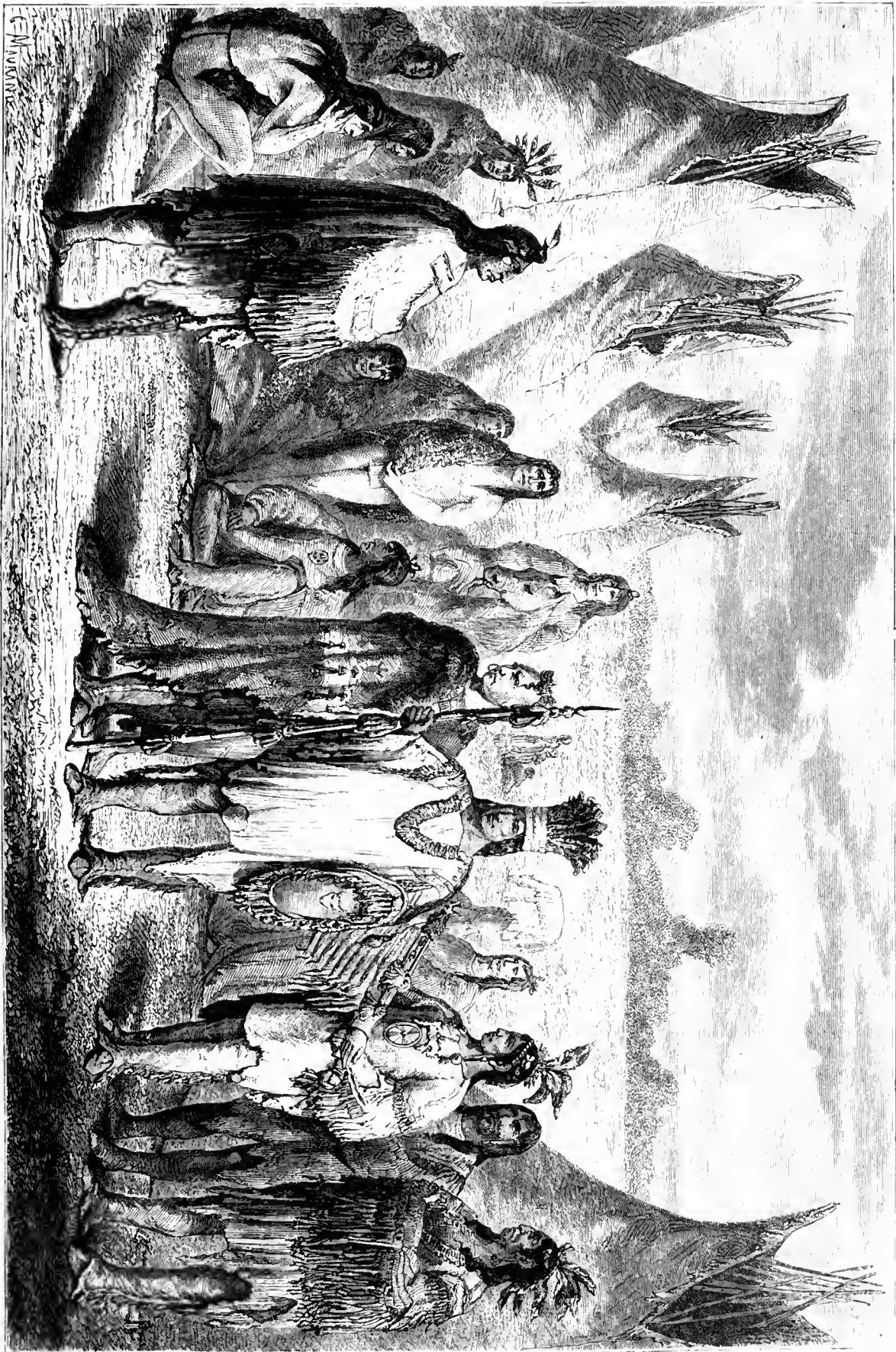
¹ Colville is a wooden fort of large size, inclosed with pickets and bastions. The houses are of cedar, neatly built and well-furnished; and the whole place bears a more comfortable aspect than any establishment between itself and Red River. It stands about a mile from the nearest point of the Columbia, and about two miles from the Chaudière Falls, where salmon are so abundant, that as many as 1,000, some of them weighing upwards of 40 lbs., have been caught in one day with a single basket. Between the salmon of this river and the fish of the same name in England, there appears to be a slight difference. The flesh of the former is white, while its head is more bulky and less pointed; but its flavour in the proper season is delicious. The soil around Colville is sandy, and the climate is so hot and dry, that there a fine season means a wet one—hardly any rain falling, with the exception of occasional showers, in spring and autumn. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the farm is remarkably productive: cattle thrive well, while the crops are abundant. The wheat, which weighs from sixty-three to sixty-five pounds a bushel, yields twenty or thirty returns; maize also flourishes, but does not ripen until the month of September; potatoes, peas, oats, barley, turnips, melons, cucumbers, are plentiful. Colville stands in latitude 48° 37' north, the winter being many degrees milder than that of the same parallel on the east side of the mountains. Amongst the wild flowers in the neighbourhood of the fort are the helianthus, the lupine, the monk's-hood, and the fuchsia, in great abundance.

ration of its beauty and grandeur, assuming as it did a new aspect of increased wildness and magnificence at every turn. There was grass of the best quality for the horses, delicious springs gushing from the rocks, which almost tempted him to prolong his stay at the risk of starvation. It was not until the evening of the 15th that he immersed from the gorge of this stupendous ravine, and saw the mighty river flowing at least five hundred feet below him. "This river," says Mr. Paul Kane, "exceeds in grandeur any other perhaps, in the world, not so much from its volume of water, although that is immense, as from the romantic wildness of its stupendous and ever-varying surrounding scenery, now towering in snow-capped mountains thousands of feet high, and now sinking in undulating terraces to the level of its pellucid waters."

On the 8th of August, Mr. Paul Kane arrived at Colville, after a journey which was attended with no small amount of difficulties, and he remained there till about the 22nd of September, when he started for the Rocky Mountains. During his stay at Colville, the sad event occurred at Walla-Walla. On the 10th of October, the canoes reached Boat Encampment without any accident, and our traveller was detained there till the 31st, waiting for the brigade from the east. He was at length enabled to start with four Indians and fifteen loaded horses, encamping the first night at the Grande Battue. The road the next day, through the Pointe des Bois, was about the worst, he says, he had ever travelled. Beyond this came the ascent of the Grande Côte, which was accomplished before sunset, although the snow reached up to the horses' sides, and the party were enabled to encamp once more near the Committee's Punch-bowl, and at the great water-parting between the west and the east.

Progress hence was rapid, although the snow lay deep in parts. There was, first, the Grand Battue, and then the Grande Traverse, these Canadian *voyageurs'* names being singularly descriptive. On the 5th of November, they reached the Athabasca River, which was much flooded, and Jasper's House on the 6th; and where, as on the previous occasion, our traveller got a feast on a delicious mountain sheep. These animals abound in the neighbourhood. Mr. Kane says he counted as many as five large flocks grazing in different directions from the house at one time. They are considerably larger than domestic sheep; their horns are also very large, whence they are called "big-horned sheep," and their coat somewhat resembles in texture and colour the red deer, but a little darker.

From Jasper's House the journey was continued in snow-shoes, with dog-sledges for the packs. On the 15th of November, they harnessed their dogs and ran along "with a wind" up the lake—the sledges sometimes flying in front of the dogs, and a cloud of snow enveloping the men, who could only stop themselves by lying down. Half way over the lake they met the Indians, and sat down and had a smoke. The Indians, when they come to ice, or hard frozen snow, where the snow-shoe has to be taken off, always take off their mocassins also, and travel barefooted; by this means, they preserve their mocassins, and when they sit down, they put their feet in their furs. This walking barefooted on ice in such intense cold would seem dangerous to the inexperienced, but, in fact, the feet of those who are accustomed to it suffer less in this way than many do from the ice which always forms on the



GROUP OF INDIANS.

inside of the mocassin in long and quick travelling, as the ice thus formed cracks into small pieces, and cuts the feet. Now, on the journey again, which for days was intercepted by *bourdigneaux*, or sharp ridges of ice, like frozen waves, or trap ice, formed in places where the river was dammed up, and the dam being carried away by the undercurrent, the upper ice remains with nothing to support it. Day after day, the following entries occur in the author's journal:—

"November 18th.—Our first trouble was, that the dog Mr. Frazer lent me (the best dog we had) was gone; he had gnawed the cord and bolted home—a serious loss, as, besides his use in drawing the sledge, we might want to eat him."

Then came the passage of the Grand Rapids—a mass of icy pinnacles from ten to fourteen feet high—with bruised limbs and wounded feet.

"November 19th.—The water had overflowed the ice. We had to cut a way through a wood, and were glad to get back to the sharp ice on the river. This day I suffered a great deal; my feet were so severely cut by the frozen strings of my snow-shoes that I left a track of blood behind me on the snow at every step. At night, they were obliged to keep turning round and round before the fire to keep themselves from freezing.

"November 20th.—This morning I found that I had what the *voyageurs* call *mal de racquet*. This is from not being used to snow-shoes. It is felt at the instep. The pain is intense. It feels as if the bones were broken, and the rough edges were grinding against each other at every motion.

"November 21st.—River dammed up. We had up to this always given our dogs food every day, but my guide advised us not to do so any more, as he had known dogs travel for twenty days without food, and every ounce we now had was too precious to give them, even if they died; so the poor brutes were tied up supperless, and their masters went to bed with half allowance.

"November 24th.—Open water on the river; through the woods again; came back to river on a high bank; turned over sledge and haggage, and then pitched the poor dogs after; rolled, scrambled, and fell down ourselves.

"November 23rd.—River running rapid; obliged to encamp; the men wished to scarify Mr. Kane's instep with a gun-flint, to ease his pain. Our poor dogs looked so savage and starved, that we had to tie their heads close up to the trees, fearing lest they might gnaw the strings, and make off.

"November 26th.—Tried river; dogs and sledge went through ice; were fished out, and ran forty miles in the day.

"November 27th.—Mr. Kane tried to walk without snow-shoes; fell through ice; got out; pushed on in wet clothes, though sorely chafed with ice: to stay was to starve.

"November 28th.—Up early; there was nothing to cook, and no breakfast to eat. Tortured with *mal de racquet*; wounded with ice inside stockings, an eighth of an inch every day from the freezing of the perspiration; breaks and feels like sharp gravel in shoes. Obligated to halt, though we knew the fort was near. Should they eat dog? No; dogs were too thin."

On the 29th of November, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached Fort Assineboine, having travelled three hundred and fifty miles in fifteen days, amid difficulties, fatigues, and privations of all kinds,

not to mention the *mal de racquet* produced by walking long distances in shoes which are from five to six feet in length! Four days' more travel, still in snow-shoes, but this time with plenty of rabbits on the road, took them to Fort Edmonton, outside of which buffaloes ranged in thousands close to the fort; deer were to be obtained at an easy distance; rabbits ran about in all directions, and wolves and lynxes prowled after them all through the neighbouring woods. Seven of the most important and war-like tribes on the continent—the Crees, Assineboines, Blackfeet, Surcees, Gros Ventres, Pay-gans, and Blood Indians—also congregate at and are in constant communication with this fort.

The buffaloes darkened the plain, and hunting and hunting stories were in plenty.¹

Now began life in the snow; the men began to gather their supply of fresh meat for the summer in the ice pit. This is made by digging a square hole capable of containing 700 or 800 buffalo carcasses. As soon as the ice in the river is of sufficient thickness it is cut into square blocks of a uniform size with saws, with these blocks the floor of the pit is regularly paved, and the blocks cemented together by pouring water in between them, and allowing them to freeze solid; in like manner the walls are solidly built up to the surface of the ground. The head and feet of the buffalo, when killed, are cut off, and the carcass, without being skinned, is divided into quarters, and piled

¹ Few buffalo stories, which have men for their heroes and buffaloes as victims, possess such interest as one of a buffalo and bull fight related by Captain Palliser (See p. 336) in his "Solitary Hunter":—"About three months previous to my arrival at Fort Union, and in the height of the buffalo breeding season, when their bulls are sometimes very fierce, Joe was taking the Fort Union bull, with a cart, into a point on the river above the fort, in order to draw home a load of wood, which had been previously cut and piled ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart track, pawing up the earth, and roaring, ready to dispute the passage with him. On a nearer approach, instead of flying at the sight of the man that accompanied the cart, the bison made a headlong charge. Joe had barely time to remove his bull's head-stale, and escape up a tree, being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend, whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull, now in mortal combat, met midway with a shock that made the earth tremble. Our previously docile, gentle animal became transformed into an infuriated beast, springing from side to side, whirling round as the buffalo attempted to take him in flank, alternately upsetting and righting the cart again, which he banged from side to side, and whirled about as if it had been a band-box. Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked down from the tree at his champion's proceedings, at first deploring the disadvantage he laboured under, from being harnessed to a cart; but when the fight had lasted long and furious, and it was evident that both combatants had determined that one or the other should fall, his eyes were opened to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, and especially by the thick shafts of the cart, against the short-horns of the bison, who, although he bore him over and over again on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long sharp horns of the brave Fort Union bull began to tell on the furrowed sides of his antagonist, until the final charge brought the bison, with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet, whose long fine-drawn horn was deep-driven into his adversary's heart. With a cheer that made the wood ring again, down clambered Joe, and triumphantly caressing, also carefully examined, his chivalrous companion, who, although bruised, blown, and covered with foam, had escaped uninjured. It required all Joe's nigger-eloquence to persuade the bull to leave the slain antagonist, over whom he long stood watching, evidently expecting him to get up again to renew the combat, Joe all the while coaxing him forward with "Him dear good bull, him go home now, and do no more work to-day;" which prospect, "Black Joe," in common with all his sable brethren, considered as the acmé of sublimary felicity.

in layers in the pit as brought in, until it is filled up, when the whole is covered with a thick coating of straw, which is again protected from the sun and rain by a skin. In this manner the meat keeps perfectly good through the whole summer, and eats much better than fresh killed meat, being more tender and better flavoured.

Horses are kept for riding, selected from the wild band of 700 or 800 which roam about the fort, and forage for themselves through the winter, by scraping the snow away from the long grass with their hoofs. These horses have only one man to take care of them, who is called the horse-keeper; he follows them about and encamps near them with his family, turning the band should he perceive them going too far away. Instinct soon teaches the animals that their only safety from their great enemies the wolves is by remaining near the habitations of man, and by keeping in one body they are enabled to fight the bands of wolves, which they often drive off after severe contests. Thus they rarely stray far away, and never leave the road.

A merry Christmas Day, and a wedding on Twelfth Day, with a dance, and then, in company with the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Kane and party started on the 7th to Fort Edmonton, in carioles or light sledges, intended for one person only, a thin flat board, about a foot and a half wide, turned up in front, with a back to lean against, covered with buffalo hide. On the 12th day a diverting incident occurred: a herd of buffaloes had come down the bank on to the ice, and did not perceive the approach of the party until the foremost sledge was so near them as to excite the dogs, who rushed furiously after them, in spite of all efforts to stop them. The spirit of the hunt was at once communicated through the whole tribe, and they were soon all, carioles and sledges, dashing away at a furious rate after the buffaloes. The frightened animals, at last, made a bold dash through a deep snow bank, and attempted to scramble up the steep bank of the river, the top of which the foremost one had nearly reached, when slipping, he rolled over and knocked those behind, one on top of another, down into the deep snow drift amongst the men and dogs who were struggling in it. It would be impossible to describe the wild scene of uproar and confusion that ensued. Some of the sledges were smashed, and one of the men was nearly killed, but at last they succeeded in getting clear and repairing damage.

Our artist, who seems to have had a stomach for sun and starvation, as well as a pencil for Indians, only stayed at Fort Edmonton until the 12th of April, when he was lured away to Rocky Mountain House, 18° S.W. of Fort Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, by the news of a large party of Blackfeet being about to assemble there. He arrived there and found it beautifully situated on the river banks in a small prairie, backed by the Rocky Mountains in the distance. It is built so as to serve as a protection against the Blackfeet, whose vicious or warlike disposition is well known. "I may state," says our author, carelessly, "that beds of coal are seen protruding here along the banks of the river, similar to that of Edmonton." As there was nothing to be seen but rabbits, they soon made their way back to Edmonton, which place, on the 29th of May, they left for Norway House, passing Fort Pitt, where they saw and hunted the wolves employed in devouring the carcasses of the drowned buffaloes, caught by

the rising streams. They saw, on the 1st of June, a large party of Indians riding furiously towards them—a war-party of Blackfoot Indians, Blood Indians, Surcees, Gros-Ventres, and Pay-guns. After hiding a Cree Indian in one of their boats under the skins which covered their goods—for it was against his nation the Indian party were out—they went down to their encampment, and were welcomed as friends, the arms, guns, bows, and arrows, being placed at their feet in token of amity.

There was one exception. A great man, "Big Snake," walked round the party, cracking and flourishing a whip, and singing a war-song, evidently desirous of getting up a fight, and refusing to lay down his arms with the rest, although frequently requested to do so. At length, however, he put them down, and sat with the rest, and taking (though with evident reluctance) a few puffs from the pipe which was going the round of the party, in token of peace, he turned to Mr. Harriett and said, as he had smoked with the white man, he would present him with his horse, at the same time leading up a beautiful brown animal, which I had seen him alight from on our arrival; he handed Mr. Harriett the lasso.

Big Snake's brother, who seemed to be very proud of him, told us the following anecdote: Some time back Big Snake had the free admission to one of the American forts near the Rocky Mountains. Coming up one day, with two other Indians, to enter the gate, it was shut rudely in his face, by order of the commander, who had only lately arrived in the country. This his pride led him to regard as a direct insult; he rode away, and falling in with some cattle, that he knew belonged to the fort, he commenced firing on them, and killed thirteen. As soon as the sentinel, who had given the offence, heard the shots, he suspected the reason, and informed the superintendent, who immediately collected his men, and sallied out with them, well armed, in the direction of the firing. Big Snake, being on the watch, hid himself, with his two companions, behind a small hill.

The party from the fort, apprehending there might be a large number of Indians hid, hesitated to advance within gunshot; but a negro of the party offered to proceed and reconnoitre. Approaching the hill with great caution, and seeing no one, he began to think they had escaped; but, when within about twenty yards of the top, Big Snake sprang up from his lair and fired, bringing him down, and the next moment bore off his scalp, and waved it in derision towards the Americans.

A short time afterwards Big Snake met a large party of Blackfeet, "pitching" towards the fort on a trade. On his arrival amongst them he stated what he had done, and dared any one to censure his conduct, on peril of making him his enemy. Although the band well knew that what he had done amounted to an open declaration of war, and would, of course, cut off any communication or trade with the establishment, unless they actually gave up Big Snake as a prisoner, yet they suffered their disappointment in silence, rather than incur the anger of one whom they so much feared. Another band of the same tribe, ignorant of the circumstance, arrived at the fort a few days afterwards. The Americans, thinking this a good way of chastising the aggressors, loaded one of their canons with musket-balls, and while the unsuspecting Indians were standing huddled together at the gate, waiting for admittance, applied the fuse. Fortunately

it did not explode, and the Indians, seeing the unusual stir and the flash, became alarmed and fled. On a second application of the fusee it discharged its murderous projectiles amongst the fugitives, and killed ten persons, principally women and children.

Some time afterwards, Big Snake heard that one of the most influential Indians of the tribe had blamed him in a speech for involving the tribe in much inconvenience, and destroying their trade. On hearing these remarks, he directly went in search of the censorer, armed with a scalping knife, and on coming up with him, attempted to stab him; his foot, however, slipped in the attempt, which saved the other's life, although he received a severe wound in the side. These two continued for some time in a state of deadly hostility, until Big Snake was persuaded by many of his friends to make peace, to which he at length consented, and proceeded towards his lodge for that purpose. In the meantime he had told his wife, if she saw any disturbance, to move her lodge instantly to the top of a small hill a few hundred yards distant, which might be more easily defended. On his arrival at the man's lodge, he found him seated with his wife and children around him, and, taking up one of the children, he began to caress it, and asked it to intercede with its father for the injury he had done him. The man, however, moodily held down his head without any reply, whilst Big Snake again asked the child to take pity on him still. The father remained silent; on which Big Snake, getting enraged at the rejection of the friendly overtures he had condescended to make to one whom he regarded so much as an inferior, and feeling himself humiliated by the refusal, rushed from the tent, seized his gun, which he had taken the precaution of placing within reach in case of emergency, and commenced firing through the skin covering of the tent, killing two of its inmates, and wounding a third; after which he returned to the hill where his wife was pitching the tent according to his orders, where he remained and defied the whole camp to molest him.

This worthy, Mr. Paul Kane, succeeded in making the centre of a picture of warriors of Indian nations (See p. 385); to the extreme left is a chief, called "Little Horn," with a buffalo robe draped around him, and between him and "Big Snake" is Wah-nis-tsin, principal chief of the Surcoes tribe.¹

¹ June 6th the battle came off, and the story is as follows:—In the morning a fugitive arrived, bringing news of a battle between the hostile Indians. It appears that the Crees had a medicine-dance, and had, according to their custom, erected an ornamental pall, around which they hang their medicine-bags, &c., whilst dancing. After the conclusion of their dance, they returned to their camp, a distance of about three miles, which consisted of ninety lodges, leaving the medicine-pall standing; shortly after, the invading war party we had met discovered the pall, and one of their number climbing to the top, to tear off the ornaments, he, from the height, perceived the Cree camp in the distance, upon which the party prepared themselves for battle.

One of the Cree scouts had also perceived that they had formed a very erroneous idea of their numbers, and had mentioned them only as a small party. Upon this the Crees immediately proceeded to the attack, thinking to overwhelm them by their superior numbers, and did not discover their error until they were actually engaged. When they perceived that they were so much outnumbered, they retreated to their camp; all but one chief, Pe-ho-this, who, disdainingly to fly, dashed madly into the midst of his enemies, dealing death around him with his pake-amau-gun or war club. On every side, bullet and arrow pierced his

The Hudson's Bay agent hurried the party out of so dangerous a neighbourhood, and the 10th of June saw them at Cumberland House, whence they proceeded down the Saskatchewan Elbow to Norway House, where the artist traveller secured a sketch of Oyc-maw-wah-chack, the "Spirit Chief," an Esquimaux from Hudson's Bay, one hundred years old; but more remarkable for another circumstance than even for his age. He had an only son ("whom I often met," says Mr. Kane), quite elderly in appearance. The mother of this boy had died very shortly after his birth; and there being no woman giving suck near at the time, the father, to soothe the cries of the starving infant, placed the infant's mouth to his own breast, and finding that the child derived some benefit from it, he continued the practice for some days; and, strange to say (not so strange to say, Mr. Paul Kane, as to believe, although it is asserted that the same thing has happened before; and Dr. Livingstone tells us it is not uncommon in Central Africa, and he has seen it), milk flowed from his nipple, and he brought up the child without the assistance of any woman!

Now with favouring winds, and an ascent up the Winnipeg River—stopping only at the White Mud Portage (See p. 345), and its picturesque ascent—with the *voyageur*, and the Indians and their squaws, who were following the party, carrying their canoes across, and then homewards to Toronto, to which place, from Montreal River, "the greatest hardship I had to endure," says Mr. Paul Kane, with the genuine feeling of a true traveller, "was the difficulty I found in trying to sleep in a civilised bed."

body; but he continued the unequal conflict, until his bridle arm was shattered by a ball; when his wounded and frightened horse, no longer under control, dashed with him from the tumult, and carried him, still living, to his lodge, but with only just sufficient strength to enable him to beg his tribe to take care of his wives and children for his sake, when he fell dead from his charger.

The whole camp now fled with their women and children, leaving their lodges standing; except two old and enfeebled chiefs, who, as it is not unusual amongst Indians under such circumstances, remained in the best lodge, and having dressed themselves in their gayest clothes and ornaments, painted their faces, lit their pipes, and sat singing their war-songs, until the Blackfeet came up and soon despatched them. The Crees had nineteen killed and forty wounded, besides losing their lodges and a good deal of property which they could not carry with them. The Surcoes lost Wah-nis-stow, before mentioned, and having taken six scalps, thought they had done enough, and returned from the battle to have a dance with the scalps. The Blood Indians, after losing three of their party, also retired, after taking a few scalps, leaving the Blackfeet, who had lost six, to bear the brunt of the battle; the Pay-gans and Gros-Ventres, not having arrived until the fight was over, of course suffered no loss.

In a subsequent part of the work we hear of the death of Big Snake as follows:—Some Cree Indians arrived, and boasted that one of their war chiefs had vanquished the great Blackfoot chief, Big Snake, in single combat. Big Snake had ridden away from the main body of his tribe, in hopes of stealing some horses, as he thought that the Crees, in their precipitate flight, were likely to have left them behind; and hoping to have all he got for himself, he took no comrades with him. The Cree chief discovered him from behind a hill, riding alone on the plain beneath, and burning with vengeance, rushed at him without waiting for his other warriors, who were not, however, far off. Big Snake did not see the others, and disdainingly to fly from a single foe, he boldly galloped to meet his enemy; but the fight was short, as the Cree succeeded in piercing him with his spear at the first meeting, and he was scalped and dead before the others came up.

V.—THE WINIPEG AND RED RIVER DISTRICT.

THE more or less speedy opening of a line of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through British territory, as Professor Hind justly remarks, will be very largely dependent upon the progress of British Columbia. From the return of the value of imports and customs receipts at New Westminster (mouth of Frazer River), for the twelve months ending the 31st of December, 1859, it appears that the imports amounted to £177,219 7s. 5d., and the customs to £18,464. The entire white population of British Columbia did not exceed 5,000 men in October, 1859, with very few women and children. The value of the export of gold was, at the same epoch, estimated at £14,000 a month, or £168,000 per annum.

The Town of Lytton, whose name is a just recognition of one who has always advocated the great cause now under discussion, and the Valley of Thompson River, appear to have become points of the greatest importance in British Columbia. Lytton is at the forks of the Thompson and Frazer rivers, and contains eight or ten stores and a government house. The Thompson River is about 150 yards wide at its mouth, and there is a horse-ferry attached to it. Fort Kamloops is an important port, situated on the forks of the Thompson and North Rivers; the Thompson is here 300 yards wide, and the North River 320 yards. The head waters of the Thompson are about 22 miles east of these forks, and Dr. Hector advanced, in 1859, from the east side of the Rocky Mountains within 60 miles of the source of the Thompson. He says it was his wish to have followed the Columbia River down to its great bend at the boat encampment, and thence, following up the valley of the Canoe River, to have endeavoured to pass to the head waters of the Thompson River, and so reach British Columbia. Want of provisions, the approach of winter, and the extraordinary thickness of the forest, prevented Dr. Hector from accomplishing this very interesting link between the trails east of the Rocky Mountains and the head waters of the Thompson River, from which point a pack-road already exists to the Pacific considerably to the north of the boundary line.

The first expedition organised to examine the country between Lake Superior and the Red River of the north, with a view to determine the best route for opening a communication between that lake and the settlements in Red River, was despatched by the Canadian Government in July, 1857, under the direction of Mr. Gladman, with Professor Hind as geologist, Mr. Napier as engineer, Mr. Dawson as surveyor, and a considerable staff of assistants and *voyageurs*, mainly Iroquois and Ojibeway Indians. The Red River Expedition, as this first party was called, sailed from Collingwood on Lake Huron for Fort William, Lake Superior, on the 24th of the same month. During a fog in the latter, fog-bows were seen, and on looking over the side of the vessel a double halo of very brilliant colours might be observed encircling the shadow of the observer's head, projected on the dark-coloured waters. Every man saw his own halo, but not that of his neighbour. The expedition landed at Fort William on the 1st of August, the *Collingwood* having stuck fast for one day on a rock near Michipicoten Island.

The first portage is met with at a distance of twenty-two and a-half miles from Lake Superior. It is called the *Décharge des Paresseux*, as if it could be rowed

over by a little courage and spirit. Not so, however, with the Grand Falls, which involve a portage of three-quarters of a mile. The scenery here is beautiful, and the plateau is covered with a profusion of blueberries, strawberries, raspberries, pigeon, cherry, and various flowering plants, among which the bluebell is most conspicuous. The alluvial valley sustains elm, aspen, balsam, poplar, ash, butternut, and a very luxuriant profusion of grasses, vetches, and climbing plants, among which the wild hop, honeysuckle, and convolvulus, are the most striking. The rear portion of the valley, with an admixture of the trees just named, contains birch, balsam-spruce, white and black spruce, and some heavy aspens. The low table-land is thinly wooded with small pine. The area available for agricultural purposes below the Grand Falls, probably exceeds 20,000 acres, but if the flanks of Mackay's Mountain (trap) be included in the estimate, a large addition may with propriety be assumed.

The Grand Falls mark the limits of a track of country differing in many important physical aspects from the valley of the river lower down. From black argillaceous slates of Huronian (Cambrian) age, we pass to a region in which granite, gneiss, and chloritic schist prevail, and where the vegetation is often scanty and poor. In the forests which line the banks, however, the canoe-birch is frequently seen eighteen inches in diameter, the underbrush consisting chiefly of hazelnut. Extensive areas covered with burnt forest trees, consisting chiefly of pine, occur in the valley of the river as far as Little Dog Lake, when the formidable barrier of the Great Dog Portage, sustaining a heavy growth of timber, comes into view. The latter falls are very picturesque, and would take rank, Professor Hind observes, with the most charming and picturesque falls on the continent. The shoals, rapids, and falls on the Kaministiquioah River, it is to be observed, will always prevent that river being used as a means of communication with the interior for commercial purposes. The first large area of open water is Dog Lake, and, with a view to reach this elevated sheet of water, a road from the shores of Lake Superior, in as direct a line as possible, will be required. The area of Great Dog Lake exceeds 200 square miles; the country around it is hilly, and covered with forests, in which white spruce prevails, interspersed with groves of aspens, and occasionally dotted with the Weymouth and Banksian pines; white and yellow birch are abundant, and some of them of large dimensions. The lake is bounded by bold primary rocks, and studded with innumerable islands.

There is a communication between Dog Lake and Thousand Lakes to the west, but our party did not explore it, proceeding by Dog River, with its abundant growth of Labrador tea (*Ledum palustre*), and of the fragrant Indian tea-plant (*Ledum latifolium*), to the Prairie Portage, or height of land which separates the waters flowing into Lake Superior from those which flow into the Winnipeg basin. On this line of watershed there is an isolated lake at an elevation of 1,485 feet above the sea.

The waterflow to Hudson's Bay commences ostensibly with the Savanne Lake and its feeding swamps. At its south-westerly termination begins the Great Savanne Portage, which descends 31½ feet to Savanne River, the latter meandering away eighteen miles to the Thousand Lakes. The immediate banks are clothed with alder, willow, and dog-wood; behind these are seen tamarack.

pine, spruce, and aspen. There is also much marshy land. The usual route from Thousand Lakes to the vast expanse of water and islands called "Rainy Lake," is by the Seine, the navigation of which is much impeded by falls and rapids, and necessitates no end of portages, but our party took the line of Baril Lake and Sturgeon Lake and River. The latter lake surpassed all others in its picturesque beauty. There were plenty of rapids and falls, and consequently of portages, on this route—almost as many as on that by the Seine.

Leaving Rattlesnake Portage, rapids and falls followed one another in quick succession. The most important were Crow Portage, with 9.88 feet fall; the Grand Falls Portage, 16 feet; and the great and dangerous Nameaukan Rapids, letting the river down in steps between 15 and 16 feet, and of which an excellent sketch is given in Professor Hind's book, as also of several other of these picturesque falls and rapids. The canoe route, followed by the North-West Company by the Pigeon River from Lake Superior, joins the same chain of communication—that of Rainy Lake—at this point, or rather at Lake Nequanquon, which immediately precedes it. Professor Hind explored this latter route on another occasion, and he does not seem to estimate the facilities as greater in one way than the other. The Grand Portage, which is the chief obstruction on the Pigeon Route, lying within the territory of the United States, loses all interest as the terminus of a Canadian route; but, on the other hand, we are told that that part of the water communication which forms the boundary line, and the country between Arrow Lake, White Fish Lake, and Fort William, "seems to acquire importance in proportion to the extension of our knowledge respecting its capabilities and resources." To how many other points in this vast labyrinth of rivers, lakes, and woods, may not this observation be also possibly applied?

Rainy Lake, which belongs one-half to the United States and one-half to British America, is fifty miles long by 38½ broad, and is 294 miles round by canoe route. Its shores are low, and the rocky ridges and hill flanks present a picture, we are told, of hopeless sterility and desert waste. The islands, which exceed 500 in number, are, however, well wooded. Taking Lake Superior at 600 feet above the sea, Rainy Lake is 1,035 feet. It is frozen about the 1st of December, and remains so till about the first of May.

A delightful odour of the balsam poplar loaded the air, and welcomed the expedition at the entrance of Rainy River, where that fine stream issues from the lake, a broad and rapid river. Rainy River has a course of eighty miles by its windings, from the lake of same name to the Lake of the Woods. There is another route from one of the north-westerly bays of Rainy Lake, by the Rivière du Bois, which was explored by Mr. Napier, and the result of this exploration was to establish the fact that, however advantageous this route may be for Indians in their small canoes, it is far inferior to that by Rainy River, as a boat-communication. Elsewhere, Mr. Hind remarks, that communications superior to those now travelled may yet be found, but it seems clear that until the watershed of Rainy Lake is reached, no connection possessing sufficient water to form a boat-route exists, or can be made without numerous dams.

Fort Frances is situated two miles below the head of Rainy River, where it issues from the lake, just

above the Chaudière Falls, at the foot of which is a famous fishing-ground, from which the Lac la Pluie, or Rainy Lake Indians, obtain an abundant supply of their staple food. Wheat is sown at this establishment, and potatoes, turnips, carrots, and, indeed, all common culinary vegetables, succeed well. The great enemies to extended cultivation are the Rainy Lake Indians. They are not only numerous, but very independent; and, although diminishing in numbers, they frequently hold near Fort Frances their grand medicine ceremonies, at which five hundred and six hundred individuals sometimes assemble. The number of Indians visiting this fort for the purpose of trade reaches fifteen hundred. They do not scruple to jump over the fences, and run through the growing crops, if the ball, in their games, is driven in that direction.

On the United States side of Rainy River, from the lake of the same name to the Lake of the Woods is swampy, but in the rear of that there is estimated to be about 170,000 acres of available soil of high fertility; but on the British side there are eighty continuous miles of land fronting on the river fit for settlement! Of late years this fine valley has been afflicted by caterpillars.

The vast expanse of lake and islands called Lake of the Woods, is 325 miles from Lake Superior by the Pigeon route, and 381 by Fort William, and is about 91 miles from the Red River Settlement in an air line. The lake is 977 feet above the level of the sea, and the scenery among the islands is of the most lovely description, and presents, in constantly recurring succession, every variety of bare, precipitous rocks, abrupt timbered hills, gentle wooded slopes, and open grassy areas. The water was, at the time of Professor Hind's visit, tinged with green, from the presence of minute confervæ, which are said to be destructive to fish. Wild-rice (*Zizania aquatica*) grows abundantly in the marshes bordering the lake, and is an abundant article of food to the Indians.

The Indians did not like the expedition proceeding directly across the swamps which separate the Lake of the Woods from the Red River Settlement. The replies and objections of their chiefs were often couched in very poetical language, with a few satirical touches, which were warmly applauded by the audience.

The following is a specimen of the colloquy:—

"What reason can we give to those who sent us for your having refused to allow us to travel through your country?"

Chief.—"The reason why we stop you is because we think you do not tell us why you want to go that way. And what do you want to do with those paths? You say all the white men we have seen belong to one party, and yet they go by three different roads. Why is that? Do you want to see the Indian's land? Remember, if the white man comes to the Indian's house he must walk through the door, not steal through the window. That way, the old road, is the door, and by that way you must go. You gather corn in your gardens and put it away. Did you never see corn before? Why did you not note it down in your book? Did your people want to see our corn? Would they not be satisfied with your noting it down? You cannot pass through those paths."

"We ask you now to send us one of your young men to show us the road; we shall pay him well and send back presents to you. What do you wish for?"

Chief.—"It is hard to deny your request, but we see

how the Indians are treated far away. The white man comes and looks at their flowers, their trees, and their rivers; others soon follow; the lands of the Indian pass from their hands, and they have nowhere a home. You must go by the way the white man has hitherto gone. I have told you all."

At the close of the council, the chief said to the interpreter, "Let not these men think bad of us for taking away their guides. Let them send us no presents: we do not want them. They have no right to pass that way. We have hearts, and love our lives and our country. If twenty men came we would not let them pass to-day. We do not want the white man; when the white man comes he brings disease and sickness, and our people perish; we do not wish to die. Many white men would bring death to us, and our people would pass away; we wish to love and to hold the land our fathers won, and the Great Spirit has given to us. Tell these men this, and the talk is finished."

It was resolved, therefore, to proceed by the Winnipeg River. The island called Garden Island, from its fertility, in which this colloquy was held, was sadly infested by the scourge of the country—grasshoppers, as they are called—but in reality a true locust (*Acridium femur-rubrum*). It is not a little remarkable that the United States, whose boundary line follows the south bank of Rainy River, and is prolonged from the Lake of the Woods to British Columbia, in the parallel of 49 deg., and which would thus cross the southern extremity of the lake, is made to strike across the Lake of the Sand Hills to Monument Bay, at the extremity of the north-west corner of the said lake, and then to come back again to the parallel of 49 deg. ! Sturgeon are very numerous in the Lake of the Woods; they were repeatedly seen leaping out of the water, in their gambols at the approach of evening. Large pike are also to be seen basking in the sun at the surface of the water. They could be even killed by striking them on the head with the paddle.

The River Winnipeg issues from the Lake of the Woods by several different streams, one of which does not join the parent stream for a distance of sixty-five miles. In its course of one hundred and sixty-three miles to Lake Winnipeg, this great river descends three hundred and forty-nine feet by a succession of magnificent cataracts. Some of the falls and rapids present the wildest and most picturesque scenery, displaying every variety of tumultuous cascade, with foaming rapids, treacherous eddies, and huge swelling waves, rising massive and green over hidden rocks. The river also frequently expands into large deep lakes full of islands, bounded by precipitous cliffs, or rounded hills of granite.

The Hudson's Bay Company's post at Rat Portage is beautifully situated on an island at one of the outlets of the Lake of the Woods. The rock, however, is chloritic slate, which soon gives place to granite, so that there is no area for cultivation between it and Islington Mission. The fertile soil around this latter does not embrace more than two hundred and fifty acres, but Indian-corn ripens there, and wheat only requires ninety-three days to mature. There are other available areas of a similar character, varying from fifty acres to three hundred acres in extent, between the Mission and Silver Falls, about eighteen miles from the mouth of the river. In this latter

district alluvial and fertile tracts, bearing groves of heavy aspens and other trees, prevail. Islington Mission is sustained by a munificent gift from Mrs. Landon, of Bath, of £1,000 for its establishment, and £100 a-year for its maintenance. Its prospects are favourable, and it will eventually become an important station in the wilderness by which it is surrounded. The present congregation numbers about forty-five Indians belonging to the Swampy Crees. Other Indians are also conciliated by material contributions, showing the advantage of agricultural operations being associated with spiritual labour at remote stations. The missionaries are indeed here, as in many other places, the pioneers of civilisation.

A mile and a half from Lake Winnipeg is Fort Alexander; and in the country between it and Islington Mission many Indians live, their resources being fish, rabbits, and wild rice. The growths of the latter are described as being at places very extensive, and the Indians fill their canoes by beating the heads with a stick. These natural growths are also, as may be imagined, frequented by large flocks of birds. Red River enters Lake Winnipeg by six distinct channels. The traverse was effected without any incidents, save a heavy squall; and fourteen miles above the mouth the country began to rise, and all the aspects of a level, fertile region gradually invested the scene. It was a pleasant change, passing from the cascades and rapids of the Winnipeg, where half-clad savages fish and hunt for daily food, to the even flow of Red River, where Christian men and women, once heathen and wild, now live in hopeful security on its banks.

The population on the Red River and Assiniboine, which amounted to 5,143 in 1845, was 6,523 in 1856. This population consisted of 816 families of natives and half-breeds; 116 Scots, 92 Canadians, 40 English, 13 Irish, 2 Swiss, and 1 Norwegian. There is a governor and recorder of Assiniboine, for the administration of justice; and lands sell at as much as 7s. 6d. an acre. There are three religious denominations:—Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic; the Catholics being as 2,798 to 2,345 Protestants. There are three Romanist churches, four Episcopalian, and two Presbyterian. The Bishop of Rupert's Land is stationed at St. John's, on the Red River; and the Romanist Bishop of the North-west, at St. Boniface, on the same river. Education is in a far more advanced state in the colony, than its isolation and brief career (it was founded by Lord Selkirk in 1812) might claim for it. There are seventeen schools in the settlements, generally under the supervision of the ministers of the denomination to which they belong. The farms of the settlers, both on the Assiniboine and the Red River, are generally laid out in narrow strips, so as to give to each a small frontage on the rivers. The principal cultivated crops are Indian corn, wheat, hay, barley, and oats. Hops grow wild, and in the greatest luxuriance. All kinds of root crops grow well, and attain large dimensions. All common garden vegetables, which are cultivated in Canada, are equalled, if not surpassed, by the productions of the rich prairie soil of Assiniboine. Considerable quantities of sugar are made from the ash-leaved maple. Were there a market, flax and hemp would also thrive. The live stock of the settlements is represented by 2,799 horses, 2,726 oxen, 3,883 cattle, 2,644 calves, 4,674 pigs, and 2,429 sheep. The vast prairies of Red River and the Assiniboine, clothed with a rich profusion of moist nutritious grasses,



THE BARON DE WOGAN.



offer unrivalled advantages for rearing stock. But there is no market for wool, beef-tallow, or hides.

The future of Red River colony depends upon a regular connection being established with Canada; and we cannot but, therefore, look with the deepest interest at the progress of expeditions such as Captain Palliser's, and such as we have before us, manned by persons competent to examine and arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to how that desirable object is to be attained.

There are two so-called mails to Red River, the Canadian Government having authorised the conveyance of mails to and from that settlement, *via* Fort William, besides the mail from the United States territory by Pembina, described as "a town and port," with "voters for the State of Minnesota," and "a garrison of United States dragoons;" but in reality a small village, containing about a dozen scattered log-houses. The expedition, on one occasion, met "the mail" near Pine River. It was borne on the back of a half-breed, who was accompanied by a boy fifteen or sixteen years old, carrying the blankets and cooking utensils. The mail-bearer was very ill, and had not eaten food for two days, having been longer on his journey than he expected. He had no means of killing the prairie hens which were so abundant on the trail, and which might have provided him with food. He carried the mail in a large leather-bag, by means of a strap passing round his head; he was poorly clothed, wet, and miserable, and had been fifteen days coming from Crow's Wing. They gave him some buffalo-meat and pemmican, on the strength of which he hoped to reach Pembina in two days.

On the ensuing year (1858), Professor Hind conducted another exploratory expedition, from Port Garry, *via* the Assiniboine and Mouse Rivers, to the boundary line, thence to the Qui Appelle Valley, the South Saskatchewan, the main Saskatchewan, and the basin of Lake Winipeg. Captain Palliser believes that the best way of communication with the Red River Settlement is, by the Red River Valley, and through the States. Professor Hind, on the contrary, argues strongly that the Arrow Lake, Pigeon, and Kaministiquiah lines would be preferable to an alternative which may involve a thousand compromises. Upon this point Professor Hind remarks:—

"Captain Palliser has not had the opportunity of examining and reporting on the Fort William and Arrow Lake route from Lake Superior to Red River. As an emigrant route, the outlay of a few thousand pounds can make it available for summer communication. An emigrant could then start from Liverpool and proceed to Quebec by stean (eleven days), from Quebec to Collingwood, Lake Huron, by rail (two days), from Collingwood to Fort William, by steamer (three days), and from Fort William to Fort Garry *via* Arrow Lake and the Boundary line (six days), or twenty-two days in all from Liverpool to Selkirk Settlement. The route through the United States, *via* St. Paul, cannot offer greater advantages as a summer emigrant route than those presented by the chain of lakes along the boundary line to the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods. Cattle and live stock generally will necessarily pass to and from the United States over the prairies of Red River, where food is abundant, and can be obtained without cost, but there is no reason why heavy goods should

not in process of time be shipped at Liverpool and proceed direct to Fort William, on Lake Superior, without transshipment, passing through the magnificent chain of Canadian canals, and thence to Red River, through British territory *via* Arrow Lake, Rainy River, and the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods."

VI.—ADVENTURES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF THE BARON DE WOGAN.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1850, the *Isthmus* steam-boat of the American Pacific Navigation Company landed on the quay of St. Francisco a party of thirty passengers, whom she had brought from Panama. Among these travellers, whom a desire for adventure or the gold-fever had led to California, were four Frenchmen, driven far from their native land by the storm of political convulsions. Starting from different points of their native soil, and from different social positions and political parties, they were bound to each other by a contract under one of those industrial associations that have sprung from the ebullition of society in Europe on the one part, and on the other from the exaggerated reputation of the Californian gold mines. It would seem as if one thing only had been wanting, the discovery of some new machinery, the application of which to gold-crushing must produce enormous results of wealth; and of such machines, there was scarcely a newspaper that had not two or three announced in large type, with plans, plates, and designs.

Of these four associated Frenchmen, the author of the following pages is one; they contain, of course, but an abbreviated narrative, which may be hereafter enlarged, if found agreeable to the public taste.

At the epoch when our story commences, San Francisco was not yet the proud city that now vindicates to herself the title of the "Queen of the Pacific." Her population, now beyond 100,000, was then not a quarter of the amount.

Her rapid and incessant development is entirely due to the rare energy of her population, who possessed every good quality, in conjunction with numerous defects. Nothing could keep her back; not the government excesses; not the scandalous irregularities in administration; nor the frightful disasters of immense fires; nor monetary shocks; alarms, or even panics. San Francisco has triumphed over all these; and her internal wealth has reached a progressive height, that holds forth every promise for the future. Everything seems to feel the happy impulse of her position; whatever is planted there takes root, and thrives. One comprehends at a glance that the precious metals, agriculture, commerce, and trade, must, by their concurrent influences, create the greatness of California.

All the conditions of modern civilisation are combined on this spot. Gas and water permeate every street; the omnibus is seen everywhere going its round; the cab and the carriages rattle in every quarter. Freemasons, benefit societies, savings' banks, assemblies, book-clubs, vast dockyards, and foundries, and sanctuaries, a telegraph, newspapers, theatres, and markets abounding with vegetables, game, and magnificent fruit, all are there collected.

An emigration pours in from all sides, and installs itself in this country, of late so desert and desolate, as

if in a permanent dwelling-place. It has now become a country.

"In 1850 the tumultuous effervescence of discordant elements, newly come together from all parts of the globe, made San Francisco resemble much rather a cauldron in ebullition than the cradle of a great state; so, that after a stay of a few hours, we hastened to quit this theatre of bloody collision and den of the worst passions, by embarking on board a steam-boat, which kept up an intercourse between the city and the gold districts.

"Crossing the harbour of San Francisco, and ploughing our way through the crowds of ships bearing the flags of all nations, we reached the mouth of the Sacramento, and entered, to work our way up its stream.

"The landscape on its banks displayed its most smiling aspect; green meadows extended themselves on each side, leading up to beautiful woods, peopled with numerous herds of deer; then follows a chain of hills, topped with clusters of oak, brightening the perspective; while in the horizon a chain of high mountains serve as a frame for the picture.

"We sailed along, following this delicious panorama with our eyes for some hours, until we saw at the distance of about a mile before us an English trading brig, apparently at anchor. We hailed her to leave us on her way; but her captain replied, through his speaking trumpet, in English, 'I am aground, in the middle of the passage;' the other part of the river being obstructed by a second bark. This was no affair of our Yankee captain's, whose business it was to pass up somehow, even over the unlucky Englishman, if it could not be done otherwise; in fact, scarcely had he given us a wink of intelligence, than he ordered her chief engineer to get up all steam, backed the vessel, and then keeping on full power, drove the boat full speed between the bark and the brig. The shock was terrible, but the Yankee made his passage, carrying with him the starboard bulwarks of the poor English brig.

"As for us, we knocked away our larboard paddle-box, and some of our crew lost their balance and rolled pell-mell among the packages of all kinds, with which our deck was covered.

"We arrived without further accident at Sacramento, our first abiding place in California. It is the second city of this region, and owes its origin, like Francisco, to the gold mines. It stands on the left bank of the river, whose name it bears.

"As soon as we had disembarked, we sought out a horse and cart, to transport us and our effects to the *placers* (gold-seekings) of the Grass Valley, where we had an intention of making an experiment with the machine we had brought with us from France.

"A year afterwards we were following, with our rifles on our shoulders, a cart conveying what was to make the fortune of our association, and drawn with difficulty by the united labour of four mules. At the end of the day we made a halt, at a clearing by the wayside, to pass the night, and next morning, with the first ray of sunlight, we recommenced our journey. The country through which we travelled was inhabited, but it was only rarely that at the side of some stream we occasionally came upon a solitary dwelling. Sometimes we came upon portions of the ground that must have been, in earlier days, of great beauty. More remains still testified where the pious hand of the missionary had laboured, where, in the time of their power, they

had endeavoured to bring their missions closer together, by making the communication between them easier. The country became more and more steep as we advanced further into it, and our march proportionately slower.

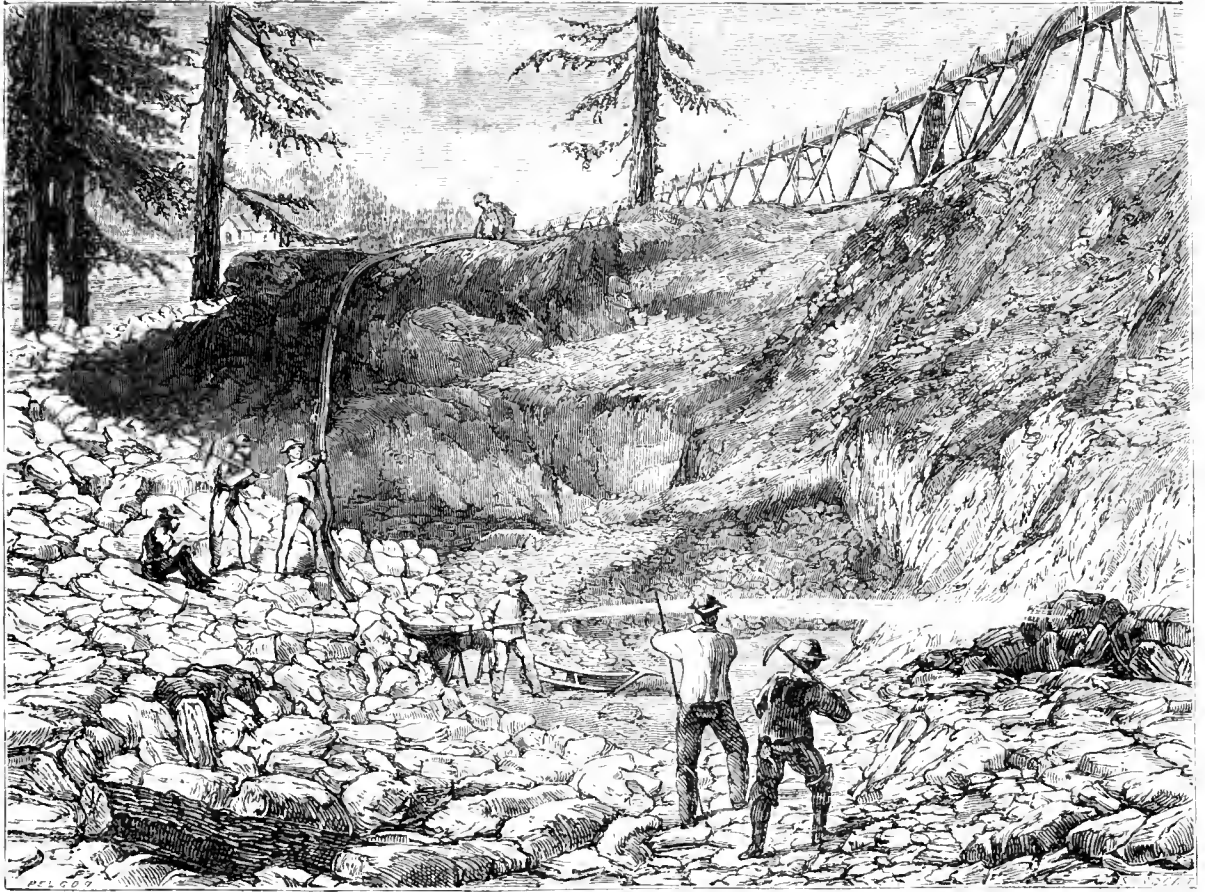
"We generally made a halt from eleven to one, to let the heat of the day pass and rest our mules, and our greatest care in the evening was the choice of the place for camping, and the order of our march by day, the country being infested by bands of vagabonds, searchers after hidden gold, but who, instead of inquiring for it with a spade in the bosom of the earth, found a more convenient and less fatiguing method of procuring the precious metals in robbing travellers.

"At last we arrived at Rough and Ready, a village in the valley, whence rose the Nevada City. Here we had, for the first time, under our eyes the aspect of a *placer* of miners. (See p. 397.) At the bottom of a ravine, that looked as if it had been turned over by a hurricane, a great quantity of trees had been torn from the soil; in the midst of deep excavations might be seen miners bending over their picks with which they drew forth lumps of auriferous earth, which they carried away to wash at about a mile distant; while, still farther off, some one, more lucky than the rest, standing in the water up to his loins, was washing this earth in a flat iron-pan, and extracting gold from it.

"On either side of the ravine stood, in long array, the miners' dwelling-houses, consisting of tents of every shape, and huts of cedar planks. Having satisfied ourselves with the contemplation of the spectacle, we continued on our route for Grass Valley, where we arrived the next day after. This place, though more considerable and important, presented in almost every respect the same appearance as Rough and Ready.

"Scarcely had we arrived, when a stream of the curious issued from the surrounding tents and huts, and watched with surprise the hauling out of our precious machine. We raised our tent under a broad shade of trees indicated to us by a party of Swiss, with whom we visited the places in all its extent before retiring to that rest of which we had so much need. Towards midnight we were all aroused by a tempest. The thunder growled sharp and quick, its loud voice striking against and being repeated by the echoes of the three mountains that hung over the place, and seemed the more terrible; yet, thanks to the newness of its cords, our tent stood bravely up against the shock of the wind, but not against the rain, which, flying before the blast, filtered through it in heavy drops, and a sleet which quickly found its way through our coverings and garments, and wetted us to the skin. At last came the day, and we lighted an immense fire with the dry branches that the tempest had broken down, and so warmed our frozen limbs. But this was not all that we had to do; we had now to mount our machine and set it working. To this end we chose out a *claim*¹ (See p. 397), where we made our first experiments. These were not at all satisfactory. At last, happening to lean over the recipient in which the mercury was placed, I was able to make out that the gold passed over it without amalgamating; we were struck with consternation at this discovery, and thought, with one common accord, that our mercury, which we had lent obligingly to the

¹ A *claim* is a piece of ground to the extent of ten feet square, and to this every miner in a *placer* has a right.



A "CLAIM" IN CALIFORNIA



GRASS VALLEY DIGGINGS.

captain of the *Isthmus*, to replace some that he had lost himself on the coast of Mexico, had become deteriorated. So we began again with perseverance, but each time we passed the mercury on the chamois skin, there was not a single bit of gold sticking to it, whereupon we came generally to the conclusion that our machine of itself was one utterly unfitted to gold washing. We felt very much out of heart; my three companions proposed at once to dissolve the society, sharing the materials and what funds we had left. I accepted the offer, happy in the power of living alone in the enjoyment of such a life of adventure, and feeling in that loneliness that I had attained the liberty to which I aspired. Those gentlemen went off to San Francisco; I myself remained in Grass Valley long enough to collect together some gold-dust, and so procure the means of freely making the various excursions that I had projected."

VII.—THE MINER AND THE HUNTER.

"I now looked out for what was necessary for a man to begin work with; next I bought of an American, who was going back to New York, his hut and a set of miner's tools. The claim I picked out at the top of the valley, where I could be alone with my thoughts. What, though my hut was neither spacious nor elegant! it was not the less convenient. It stood upon the banks of a stream, with grass and flowers before it, and at its back a pine-tree of not less than twenty feet in diameter at its base; my villa, less ambitious, only measured eight feet square, and was formed of pine planks nailed to pine poles, and fitted on the top of each other in a manner that insured a free circulation of air. In the middle was a small iron-pot or tripod that held the fire, and a still smaller cauldron inserted in this constituted the whole of my kitchen; here I made my soup, boiled my fowls, fried my eggs, and roasted my mutton, that is to say, whenever I could get them. At the farther end of the cabin was my camp-bed, made of four short sticks driven into the ground, with cross-pieces at the sides to join them, and some sacking nailed over them; as for bed I made that out of a sack of shavings and oak-leaves. Over my pillow, like a protecting aegis, was hung the portrait of one I dearly loved—my good rifle and revolver depending on each side of it.

"Behind the hut I have scratched out a garden, which I surrounded with a hedge of bushes, and planted with such flowers and vegetables of our dear France as would grow there freely. By the side of the garden was a little oven, about a foot-and-a-half high, of earth, where I baked my bread, and delicious I found it.

"The miner, of whom I had bought my cabin, had left me some provisions, including about forty pounds of fine flour. These remnants of stock were of immense value to me.

"About a mile from my dwelling I discovered a small party of four miners, Canadians of French origin; with them I soon became on friendly terms. Although of inferior education they were honourable young fellows. I had always reason to be proud of my connection with them, and rejoice in the end I was the means of their acquiring a good fortune. I have already spoken of what my bed was made of. One day, on a fine afternoon, I went up the side of a hill with my sack and rifle on my shoulder; here I came upon a hollow that was filled with dried leaves, into which I jumped up

to my waist, and set to work, hands and feet, filling my sack. After killing some small birds on the mountain I went home to my nest, and as it was night when I got there, I took only a light supper and went to bed. Fatigue soon brought on sleep. About three o'clock in the morning, when my slumbers grew lighter I felt there was something quickly moving up and down in my sack, and in a manner that was by no means assuring. Thinking it might be a rat, I carried my hand down along the sack, and shuddered with horror as I felt the shape of a snake, which turned its head briskly in the direction of my hand. One bound and I was outside the hut running towards my friends the Canadians, to whom I related my adventure, and begged them to come back with me to the hut. Re-entering with them, I emptied the contents of my sack, and saw escape from it a fine full-grown rattlesnake, which glided off to conceal itself under the trunk of a fallen tree near my garden. Unaccustomed to such visitors, I was at first desirous of approaching it more closely for the purpose of a nearer inspection, but the ungrateful monster that I had warned in my bosom rushed upon the bayonet that I presented towards him, and began to bite at the barrel of my rifle. Fearing that he might take a fancy to bite me, I put my finger on the trigger and literally cut him in two. We made out his length to be four feet two inches, and I cut out of his tail a dozen scales, of a ball-shape, which gave a harsh sound when they were put in motion; this is what is vulgarly called the rattle of the snake.

"It would seem that, without knowing it, I had taken this snake out of his hole where he lay coiled up and frozen, and brought him home in my sack with the oak leaves.

"There is also another enemy to be feared in this country; he does not require to be introduced into your house, for he knows very well how to get there without invitation, whenever you forget to shut the door. One Sunday evening, while I was at work in my garden, for I could only attend to it one day in the week, I saw the shadow of a beast that looked like the wolf of Europe, just bounding out of my house on his way to the forest. Seizing the rifle by my side, I fired at the animal, who, feeling himself tickled by the lead, dropped a wild turkey that I had killed the previous evening. This was a coyote (*Canis latrans*), an animal very common in these countries, and which haunts the neighbourhood of the placers for the sake of the scraps the miners throw away.

"Having often heard speak of a marsh about six miles from Nevada city, where game was very abundant, I was tempted to pay it a visit, and taking with me a mule that I had bought in the expectation of certain long journeys that I had proposed, thinking this a good opportunity of testing her qualities or defects.

"My bearskin folded in four made me a comfortable saddle, that I fixed on the back of the quadruped with the tent-rope that my partners had left behind them in the Gap Valley on their departure. I managed to cook up a bridle and stirrups by the same means. Such was the equipage with which I took the road to the marsh. I certainly should not have reached before daylight, but for an accidental meeting with a miner who was obliging enough to put me on the road.

"About a hundred paces from the bank might be seen a bush of wild roses, under which I went and laid in ambush. At every instant the wild ducks and teal touched my face with the points of their wings. I

even knocked down many of them with the barrel of my rifle; but it was not against the feathered race that I had declared war. I saw something better than that. From time to time I was obliged to make my mule change its place, for the bottom was not by any means firm, and there was a risk of my seeing it swallowed up if I did not take this precaution. I was in this position about three hours, when my attention was attracted by a sound like that of a rushing wind coming down the mountain in front of which the marsh was situated. I had scarcely time to drop two more balls into the barrel of my rifle than a magnificent herd of stags and does appeared on the edge of the forest; about ten paces in advance, a superb buck of ten branches marched at their head. He halted with an air of inquietude, raised his beautiful head and snorted; well I knew by this that he had winded me, and, fearing to see them re-enter the woods, I fired off both barrels, with no opportunity of judging their effect, as I felt myself that moment launched into space, and was only stopped in my precipitate course by the bottom of the lake. This was owing to the confounded mule, who, taking fright at the explosion of my firearms, thought it best to give a vigorous jump and get rid of me the best way she could.

"As soon as I could get on my feet again I caught sight of her making off towards the forest. I was soon after her; and thanks to the long bridle that had got round her legs, and forced her to gallop on three legs, I was not long in catching her.

"Although covered all over with mud, and wet to the skin, I still pushed on to the opening in the forest out of which the herd of deer had come, and there, to my great delight, I saw a noble stag stretched on the ground with one of my rifle-balls in his side; this was a morsel of consolation in my disaster. I was much sooner comforted than dried; for my tinder had got wet in my forced bath, and I could not light a fire. So I managed with a great deal of trouble to put the stag entire across my mule, and directed my steps towards Nevada city, to carry out a little plan I had conceived for selling my game.

"I arrived there towards mid-day, just at the time when the miners were returning from their 'claims' to dinner. As I advanced bravely up the only street of the village, I shouted out in English, 'Venison, at one dollar a-pound!' Such a capital idea was crowned with success; for scarcely had I reached the bottom of the street, which was not above two hundred yards long, than I had sold every pound, and gained two hundred dollars in gold-dust.

"Now came another ray of good fortune, for two of my French compatriots, who kept a tavern, to whom I had sold the two haunches of my deer, invited me to dinner, and during the dessert informed me of their wish to enter into a contract with me to supply them with game during the whole year. I accepted this contract for so long as I should remain at Grass Valley, without binding myself to any particular time. As we were all of us Brétons, our words were as good as our bonds, and no written agreement was thought necessary.

"In this village, as in all the placers, gold and silver never made their appearance as coin; in all commercial transactions, goods are bought and paid for in gold-dust; thus you see two pairs of scales on every shop-counter, one to weigh the goods, and the other the price. Every miner carries about with him a leathern purse, in

the shape of a *portemonnaie*, full of gold-dust, for his small expenses.

"I passed a pleasant evening at this tavern with my friend from Nantes; there were guests from all parts of the world, and stories of every description.

"It was hard to leave such company, and the reader will not be surprised if it were not but a very little time before the rising of the sun that I started off on my mule again on the road to Grass Valley."

VIII.—DEPARTURE FOR THE INTERIOR.

"WEEKS and months thus rolled on, between work at the 'claim' and the pleasures of the chase, the latter of which, strange to say, generally brought more profit than the former. At last came the moment when I could no longer resist the imperious desire that urged me towards the deserts of the east; consequently, after having placed my cabin in the care of the Canadians, and deposited my little fortune also in their loyal hands, I made, one fine morning, my final preparation for departure. My bearskin and my hammock, folded in four, were placed on the back of my mule, and fastened with my tent ropes; on the top of these I placed the haversack containing my provisions, and, mounted on them all, I gave a last loving look at my peaceable hermitage, my flowers, too soon perhaps to wither on their stems, deprived of my tender care; gave a friendly grasp to my Canadian neighbours, and with a happy heart, eager with hope and adventurous emotion, I set forth on my way. I had contrived for myself a kind of cabin with wolf-skins, for my red woollen shirt was quite used up. With this equipage I was a fine likeness of Robinson Crusoe, all but the skin umbrella, instead of which I had a capuchin's cowl of the same stuff as my garment, which I found infinitely more convenient, whether marching or reposing, awake or asleep.

"The early part of my voyage passed without any incident worthy of report. The day was fine, a brilliant sun gilded the top of the trees of the forest. I voyaged along under a dome of natural verdure, in which myriads of birds fluttered about and sang, apparently but little frightened at my presence. I made about forty or fifty miles of my journey without meeting any Indians, under the gigantic shade of sombre and deep forests, or these vast pines (*See p. 369*), the pride of the Sierra Nevada (*Taxodium giganteum*),¹

¹ About thirty miles from Sonora, in the district of Calaveras, you come to what is called the Stanislas River; and, following one of its tributaries that murmurs through a deep, wooded bed, you reach the Mammoth Tree Valley, which lies 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. In this valley, which takes its name thence, you find yourself in the presence of the giants of the vegetable world; and the astonishment with which you contemplate from a distance these tower-like conifera, rising far above the lofty pine woods, is increased when, on a nearer approach, you become aware of their prodigious dimensions. There is a family of them, consisting of ninety members, scattered over a space of about forty acres; and the smallest and feeblest among them is not less than fifty feet in diameter. You can scarcely believe your eyes as you look up to their crowns, which, in the most vigorous of the colossal stems, only begin at the height of a hundred and fifty feet or two hundred feet from the ground.

Whether it is the enormous girth of the gray moss-grown trunks, the incredible heights, or the straight, beautiful growths, that produces so powerful an impression, it is long before you can collect your thoughts sufficiently to be able quietly to consider their peculiar characteristics, and determine to what species they belong. They are conifera of the family of the *Sequoia* (Endlicher), and many names have been assigned to them by various botanists who have seen and described them. *Wellingtonia* of Lindley,

where the calmness reigning around pervaded my spirit with a sentiment of repose and happiness such as I had never really felt until then. My very soul seemed at rest here, and to have lost every thought of the troubles of life.

"It was about six o'clock when I arrived by the side of a pleasant stream shaded with willows and young oaks. This was a charming position for camping, for, on either side the stream was bordered with a bank of grass, enamelled with flowers as fresh as the morning: so I loosened my mule to pasture in these charming meadows, and stretched myself on the grass, where I inhaled with delight the balmy odours of the forest. After sufficient repose, a bath under a natural arcade of branches and entwining flowers, just such a bathing place as a naiad might envy, recruited my strength, and restored to my limbs that suppleness a journey of such a length as I had gone through usually deprives them of; for, to ease my mule, and, still more, from the true feeling of a sportsman, I had walked the distance on foot.

Washingtonia of the Americans. Remy calls it the Mammoth tree, *Sequoia gigantea*. Most of them have blunt tops, which have been nipped or broken off by storms in winter, or by the mass of snow resting upon them; others have been injured at their base by fires made by the Indians; and others, again, have suffered from the avarice of the white population, in the restless search after everything in nature that can bring them pecuniary profit. With this motive, one trunk has been robbed to the height of fifty feet of its bark, which has been carried about and exhibited in various parts of the world; and a spiral staircase afterwards cut in it, by which visitors (paying for their admission) ascended to a considerable height. The owner of this district, who also acts as guide to visitors, had given a name to every tree according to its position, or to some circumstance about it that had struck his fancy. The tree that has been cut down was denominated "Big tree," not without reason, as it is ninety-six feet in circumference, consequently thirty two feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high; it took five men twenty-five days to fell it, and the only way this could be effected was by boring holes in it, which were then brought into connection by the axe. The stump that was left has been smoothed at the top, and offers a surface on which it is said sixteen pairs of waltzers can perform their gyrations, without interfering with one another's movements. By counting the rings it would seem that that tree must have obtained the age of 3,000 years. Another, called "Miner's Cabin," from a hollow in the trunk, is eighty feet round, and also three hundred feet high. The "Three Sisters" are three trees that appear all to form the same root, and the middle one only begins to get its branches at the height of two hundred feet: its circumference is nine feet, and its height three hundred feet. Besides these there are "Old Bachelor," "Husband and Wife," neither much inferior in size to those I have mentioned; and even more colossal is the "Family Group," consisting of father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father has fallen some years ago, has struck another tree in its fall, and has broken off in a length of three hundred feet, the entire trunk measuring four hundred and fifty feet; at the place where it broke, its circumference is forty feet, and at the base one hundred and ten feet; the mother is ninety-one feet round, and three hundred and twenty-seven feet high; and another hollow trunk, which is broken off in a length of seventy-five feet, is denominated the "Horseback Rider," because a man on horseback can ride conveniently through it from one end to the other; and there is also "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a trunk three hundred feet high, and ninety feet round, with a hollow at the base in which there is plenty of room for a party of five-and-twenty. The rent that forms the entrance to this tree is two and a-half feet broad, and ten feet high, and certainly few of the gold-diggers have such spacious dwellings as its interior presents. It is most grievous to think that these magnificent monuments of the power of vegetation should fall a prey to the destructiveness of man, when after their thousands of years of existence they are still vigorous enough to remain, if they were left untouched, as objects of wonder and admiration to generation after generation of our short-lived race.

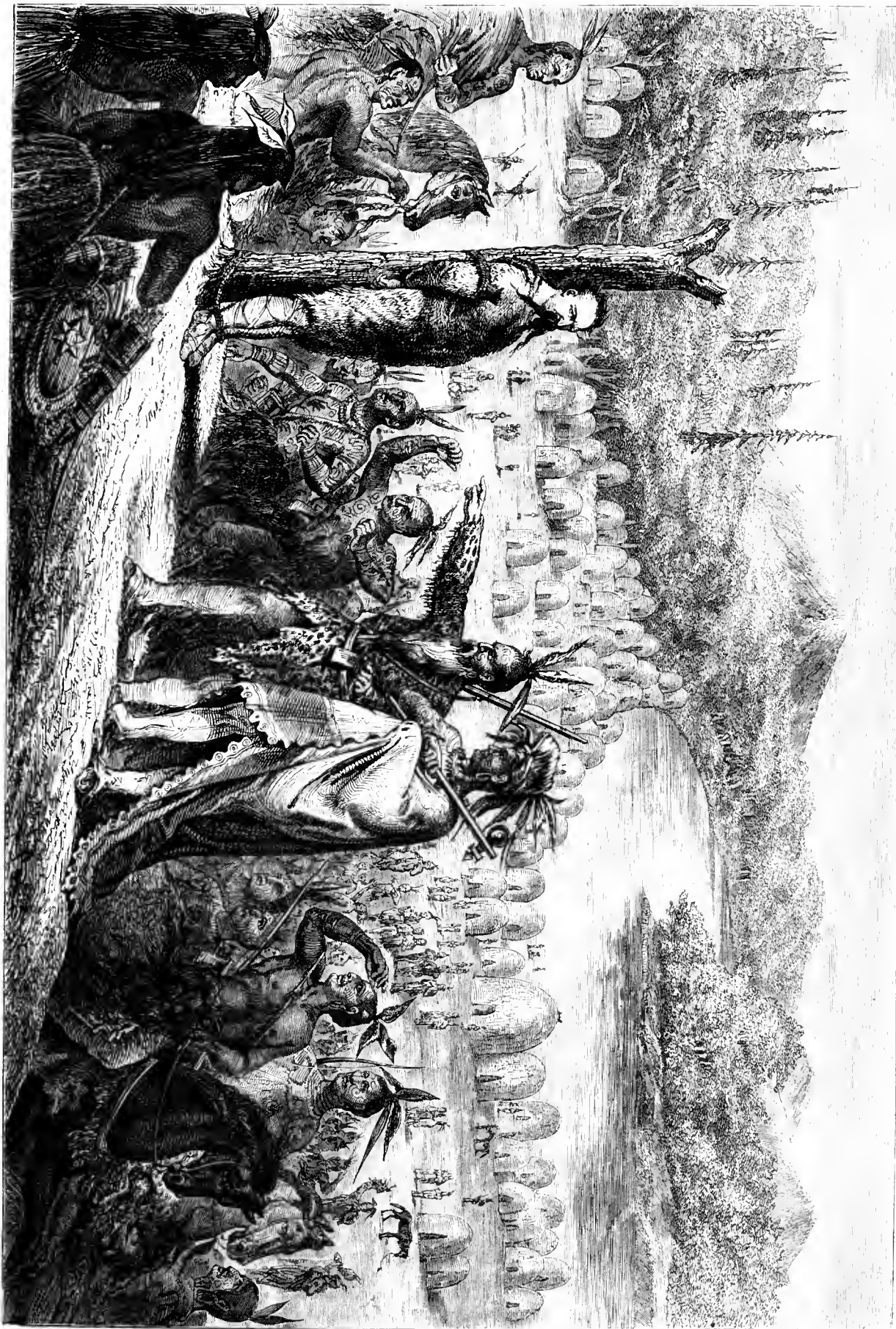
"My first care after this was to light a fire, and pluck two Californian partridges, which were spitted upon a stick resting upon two others; as they were very fat, I put my tin-plate under them to catch the gravy, and then I had a glorious repast, which only wanted a bottle of our Breton cider to make it perfect. This national nectar I replaced by the water of the brook, liquid and fresh, such as are all streams in the country of the Rocky Mountains. At night, I suspended my hammock between the branches of a pine, not feeling quite sure of the delights of a night passed on the grass by the side of a stream, but still, within hearing of its melodious murmurs. I cut down with my hatchet a large quantity of branches, which made me a magnificent couch through the night, and served me as the safeguard against the indiscreet visits of any ferocious beasts.

"I awoke with the dawn as the birds were singing in the bushes. How grateful to the heart of the traveller is such a pleasant awakening—those sweet notes that give to his heart that assurance of peace and courage so necessary to a man wandering in forests, thousands of miles from his native land. All that surrounded me then was so beautiful and so sweet, that I have often regretted not having been born in these primitive regions, that I might have lived there ever peaceful, and satisfied in the continual contemplation of the beauties of creation."

IX.—MY ADVENTURES.

"AFTER some days' travelling, and numerous dangers, increased by meeting with men and animals in regions seldom frequented by Europeans, dangers, whose constant recurrence made them a daily habit, I traversed the southern extremity of the mountains, whence the River Humboldt flows to the west, and, ascending between the Lakes Nicolle and Sévier, penetrated within that portion of the Sierra Wah, where the search for gold, and the flight of the Mormons, have caused to spring up the Great Salt Lake City and that of Fillmore, the nominal capital of the Mormon state of Utah. But, as yet, the sombre *canons* or passes of those mountains (See page 365), and the gigantic forests of their sides, had never been gone over but by panthers and the no-less savage men belonging to the numerous sub-divisions of the Pah-Utah Indians.

"While encamped one night on the bank of a water-course, which, too late, I recognised as an affluent of the Rio Verde, I was roused up by the growling of a bear, but in a particular tone that was not by any means re-assuring. As soon as it was daylight I looked to the charge of my rifle, and dropped in some iron shot in place of a leaden bullet. I do not know what was in the air, but I felt a kind of presentiment that was not ominous of good,—a spasm of the heart that seemed to say, 'mind what you are about.' I followed this advice, and about nine o'clock resumed my journey. As the river lay along in the direction of my route, I kept on its bank until the middle of the day, and was then about to plunge into the forest, when my attention was awakened by cries in the distance. Following the Indian fashion, I brought my ears in close proximity with the earth, and could then distinctly make out a hubbub of shouts. At one bound I threw myself into a clump of cherry trees and willows on the bank of the stream, and with my belly to the ground, like a fox that sees the hunter, I waited



THE BARON DE WOGAN AT THE WAR-POST.



rifle in hand. After the lapse of a few minutes I caught sight of a band of Indians, of all ages and sexes, running towards the opposite bank, and leaping into the water like so many frogs. I thought I was about to be attacked, and put myself on the defensive, but I soon recognised my error, for the Indians seemed a great deal more frightened than I could possibly suppose they would be at seeing me. Men and women were swimming as hard as they could, only as the latter carried almost all of them on their backs one or two children rolled up in their birch-work cradles, so they swam much less quickly than the men, who, as soon as they reached the bank took to flight. Three only had the manhood to halt, these encouraging the poor squaws with voice and gesture to push forward. I was all the while expecting to see a band of Indians make their appearance in pursuit from the other side of the bank, and was making ready to beat a retreat. On my own part, I heard the formidable howl that had kept me awake all night resound in close proximity, and at the same moment a mass of gray fur camerolling down the bank and tumbling into the water, showing itself to be a grizzly bear, that frightful beast, the terror of a timorous heart, and the king of beasts in these regions. He swam with such vigour that he was soon close upon the last of the squaws, a poor young mother towing behind her two little children, who cried whenever their mouths were not filled with water. The Indians, on their side, shot their poisoned arrows at the bear, but the distance between them was yet too great, and he was not hit.

"In a scene so distressing, it was not in my power to remain a calm and selfish spectator.

"I came out of my hiding-place, and after calling upon and compelling the Indians, who were strongly disposed to take to flight at seeing me, to continue firm in discharging their arrows, I placed my trusty rifle in the fork of a willow-branch, to make sure of my aim, and fired a long shot. My ball struck the horrible head of the monster, and I saw him shake it in the river, whose waters became red with his blood. His speed became manifestly slower. Then, seizing an Indian, who seemed to be the husband of the unlucky squaw, I pushed him in the water to go and help his wife, who, paralysed with fear, and impeded by her burden, could scarcely manage to swim; but I was obliged to menace him with my rifle to compel him to do so. I then brought my rifle to my shoulder, and sent another iron ball crashing into the skull of the grizzly bear, which stopped his career in just sufficient time to allow the Indian woman to regain the bank, which she had no sooner touched with her feet, than she fell almost senseless. I made a sign to the three Indians—father, brother, and husband of the unfortunate woman—to bear her away in safety to the forest. Emboldened by my first success, I was now inclined for a more intimate acquaintance with my terrible game, so quickly dropped a couple of balls into my rifle, and slinging it behind me, climbed up into one of the willows that fringe the river banks. I had scarcely installed myself, and had not yet had time to fix myself to one of the branches by means of my belt, from a fear that my feet might slip, when the monster should come crawling up the trunk of the willow, foaming at the mouth, and covering me with his fœtid breath. At this time I was still ignorant that grizzly bears do not climb trees, and so in my fear, and with the object of stopping

him, I discharged, at a yard distance, in succession, both barrels down his gaping throat, one of my balls went through his jaw and came out at his neck, the other stuck in his large chest; he uttered a terrific howl, and in a violent effort to get at me fell on his back at the foot of the willow. He was up and at me again in an instant. There was no time to reload my rifle, and my revolver that I sought to use had got stuck among the branches of the willow in my girdle in such a manner that I could not draw it.

"But I had all my senses about me, and seizing my hatchet I gave my assailant a violent cut across the head, one of his eyes was wounded, and I was covered with his blood; he fell to the earth and remained about three seconds writhing in convulsions of rage. During this time I managed to disengage my revolver, and seeing myself master of the situation, as it now became evident that the enemy could not mount to the assault, I took a deliberate aim and hit him in the other eye. After that it was easy to make an end of the terrible beast. Sightless as he was, he kept turning and turning round the tree, tearing its bark with its powerful teeth and claws. Finally a last shot from my rifle put an end to his agony, which had lasted nearly twenty minutes, during which he had lain bare the very roots of the willow, and torn away such enormous pieces that the tree was violently shaken. I cut off his claws and knocked out his teeth with my hatchet as a trophy, after the Indian fashion, and then, like a true sportsman, I cut him open to observe the course of my bullets in his body; his heart and his liver I found had been shot through three times. While thus engaged my Indians and their squaws came up, and began a wild dance round us, accompanied with a song and chorus, in which I thought I could recognise a certain gastronomic character in some particular words which they pronounced repeatedly. I let them go on, and seated on the plump sides of my bear, joined with them in the chorus. Seeing that I took it all kindly, they came up at last, took me by the hand and led me into their circle. I yielded with a good grace, and they appeared enchanted.

"When the moment came for parting, one of the Indians who knew a little Spanish addressed me in a speech emphatically sententious, which ended with an appropriate aphorism, 'Gratitude is a virtue of the red skins; ingratitude belongs only to the pale faces.' I left this gentleman, hardly knowing how to reply to such plain speaking. Two days afterwards I knew better what to say, for in two days afterwards I was thoroughly alone and abandoned in the desert, as well as robbed of all my little baggage by the very same Indian whose wife and child I had saved, and who had undertaken to accompany me in the capacity of guide. Nor was this all: at sunrise next day I was thinking, not so much of this Indian mode of gratitude, as of the country from which I was separated, I was suddenly withdrawn from these gentle thoughts by the lissing of an arrow which struck the earth within a pace of me. I turned my eyes in the direction from whence it came, and could see nothing; a few instants afterwards another followed from the same point, and then I took to a tree, peeping from behind which I caught sight of my Indian friend. The ungrateful thief had got behind a rock, and was looking out for the place of my ambuscade. The points of his arrows were red, that is to say they were poisoned. My part was now taken. I fired, and my ball hit him a little

below the right armpit. He fell over the rock, whence he remained suspended with his arms hanging down. Slings my rifle I climbed towards him, working my way up by the jutting pieces of the rock and the roots of the trees, but as the passage was a difficult one, sufficient time elapsed for him to recover himself before I had reached the top. With an agility surprising in one so grievously wounded, he gained the plateau before I could possibly send another shot into him, embarrassed as I was by the difficulty of the ground. When I reached the plateau myself he was already a quarter of a mile in advance, flying across the plain. To follow would have been folly. I sent a conical ball after him, which was all I could do, but it did not hit him, as the distance was too great.

"I came down from the rock, and passing round by the side whence my ungrateful homicide had discharged his arrows, observed the stain of his blood. All this did not give me much relish for my breakfast, and I set forth on my journey again sad, and full of thought. Next day, towards eleven o'clock, a vague and confused murmur attracted my attention. With no very comfortable feeling I put my ear to the ground, and too soon came to the conviction that a war-party of Indians were on my tracks. Flight was impossible, concealment equally useless, for I was betrayed. Confiding, therefore, in my lucky star, I waited their coming with a firm foot, my back against a tree, and my face to the enemy. A few minutes and they were within sixty paces of me. Arrows without number now fell around me, but I was protected by the trees that grew thickly on the spot. My first impulse was to defend myself with my revolver, but when I saw them coming nearer and nearer with their poisonous darts, I began to think of surrender, and a thought of my country came over my spirit—sweet thought! that counselled prudence. I laid my arms at the foot of the tree that I had chosen to back me up, and advanced towards them. They received me with their arrows on the string, and a fierce war-cry welcomed my resolve. I was at once surrounded, laid upon the ground, and tied hands and feet.

"I addressed myself to him who appeared to be the chief of the tribe, but he replied in the Indian language with some words which I did not understand. After a great many words and not less gestures exchanged between us, I thought I could understand that there was a question whether to carry me, or untie my legs. The chief, it appears, was inclined to the first plan, but others of the band, who had taken my measure and calculated my weight, had no inclination for such a burthen, so they voted for the second plan; there was an intermediate method proposed for killing me at once, but luckily the second plan carried the day. The fastenings on my legs were loosened, and I set out on a path across the forest, led along by the Indians at a slashing pace.

"Towards two o'clock we were stopped in our course by a river, which they set themselves to cross by swimming, and one of the most robust of the band was told off to carry me on his back, where I was fastened with thongs of buffalo's hide. I confess it was not without fear that I saw the commencement of this operation, the more so, because my hands, being still bound, the danger would be imminent if the Indian was not a clever swimmer. I did all I could to make the chief understand that I knew how to swim, and that if he would let them unbind me I

could swim across as well as they; but whether he did not understand my signs, or did not feel inclined to trust me, the arrangement remained as it was. My bag, my arms, all the booty taken with me, was made up into a bundle, and launched into the river at the same time as ourselves. I soon saw that my Indian was a good swimmer, and we rapidly reached the other side, where we halted in the middle of a small creek, bordered with reeds and aquatic plants. As it was very cold I was soon dry, for they had not taken the precaution to take off my skin-coat. We followed the course of the river for about an hour; then we came upon an affluent, whose course we followed, and twenty minutes afterwards came upon three Indian canoes hidden among the willows on the river's side. These canoes were an ingenious work, constructed of willow branches woven together, and covered with the skins of horses ingeniously sewn together. Seated in these, and impelled by paddles, we ascended the river, and after two hours' paddling I was able to distinguish about two miles off an immense prairie before us, covered with what I should have thought to be a great number of hay-cocks, if a little streak of light smoke across the blue sky had not sufficiently indicated them as the dwellings of a tribe of Indians. As soon as we had reached the principal creek where the fleet of canoes were moored, the inhabitants of these huts caught sight of us; cries of joy hailed our arrival, and more than a thousand children, women, and men hurried down to the river bank. Those most impatient to see me threw themselves into the river with most grotesque contortions, and surrounded the canoe, about which the children plunged and dived like so many young porpoises.

"I was seized and carried to land in the midst of a considerable crowd. Our entrance through a large street, formed by two rows of huts, was followed immediately by the arrival of the great chief, who gave orders, without delay, to keep at a distance the crowd, now become so compact that I felt as if stifled by a girdle of living beings. The road we came along was on an ascent, and I perceived before us the hut of the chief, which was much higher and larger than the others; a crowd of Indians of both sexes were mounted on the top, the better to enjoy the *coup-d'œil*, nevertheless, instead of going directly there, my escort took a turn to the right, through the labyrinth of huts, and stopped before one of them, into which I was made to enter, no one following but the great chief and three Indian inferior chiefs. The thick smoke with which the hut was filled prevented my at first distinguishing any objects within it, but having been led to the bottom, I found, lying on a mat, the Indian who I had wounded the previous evening with a rifle ball: near him was his squaw, with all his relations. The chief demanded of me, in Spanish, if I knew this Indian? I made a sign that I did. He then raised the buffalo-skin that covered the man, and pointed with his finger to the wound produced by my ball. They had applied to it a sort of plaster of bruised leaves. When interrogated on the origin of that wound, I was not inclined to conceal my being its author.

"My crime being thus verified, I was conducted to the council-hut, accompanied by a considerable crowd. Though larger than the other houses of the tribe, it differed nothing from them in construction—branches of oak stuck in the ground, and covered with beateu mud. The Indians of this tribe are of good size and



INDIANS OF THE RIO COLORADO.

stature, well made and vigorous, with aquiline noses and pointed chins. Their women possess in general the peculiar style of beauty which is found in all the Indian tribes; the old women only are subject to hard work, while, as is the case in a great part of other tribes, the younger ladies enjoy the considerate gallantry of everyone. According to my map the village belonging to the great tribe of the Timpabaches, a subdivision of the Pah-Utahs, is situated on the borders of the San Juan River, a tributary of the Rio Grande, a branch of the Colorado of the West. (See p. 405.)

"On entering the house of the chief, we found assembled there the four principal chiefs, who, seated at the end of the hut, were awaiting my coming. These fellows were a grand sight, for they were freshly painted, to judge by the brilliancy of their ferocious countenances. Each of them had his tomahawk placed by his side, and wore an eagle's feather in his hair. Their necks and wrists were adorned with human teeth and bears' claws; around their waist hung tails of the wolf or fox. The interior of the council-hut was adorned with the trophies of war. (See p. 381.)

"There were scalps and arms of every kind, taken in different combats: skins of the panther and of the bear; and one thing that struck me singularly was the meeting again, among these spoils, with the skin of a monstrous serpent that I had killed sometime before that I penetrated into the Sierra Wah; I could not be deceived, there was that dreadful head pierced through by my bullets.

"In the centre burned a large fire in a brazier, the smoke from which found its way through the opening that is always at the top of each Indian hut.

"Two Indians, armed with their tomahawks, guarded the door of the council hut, and the chiefs, apparently annoyed by the cries of the curious crowd, gave orders that the entrance should be closed with a bear-skin. At first they commenced with the ceremony of the calumet; the oldest chief having described a circle on the ground, and made certain cabalistic signs about it, took up a burning coal, and lighted with it the calumet of the tribe. This he first offered to the Great Manitou, the sun, the earth, and the four cardinal points, the other chief looking on with a very serious countenance. After this the calumet was taken round to each of the chiefs in his turn, but not one of them used it in the same manner, as each of them is pledged by an oath before the Great Spirit to smoke in one particular fashion. To my great regret, the calumet was not offered at all to me, but in its place they showed me a tomahawk, stained with blood, the weapon, I suppose, of the executioner. One of the warriors brandished it ostentatiously over my head; it was lucky he knew where to stop, for my arms were still tied behind me, and my head would have been cut into bits if he had happened to let the weapon fall upon it.

"This ceremony completed, they went and replaced the tomahawk behind a hideous picture, traced on a horse's skin, placed on the side of the hut. This painting was a coarse representation of the sun, where the Timpabaches believe the Grand Spirit to reside.

"The squaw of the Indian wounded by me was then introduced, and that one of the chiefs who had opened the sitting questioned her as to what she knew about the charge against me. I could see very well, from the first, that the poor little squaw was more inclined to pity

than accuse me, and I read in her eyes and her gestures that she would uphold my cause, as far as her position as the wife of the wounded man would permit her.

"I understood, also, that she was recounting the scene of the combat against the bear, and how I had saved them all from a certain danger. As they listened to the evidence of the squaw, a flush of good feeling lighted up the countenances of the members of the council, and after a sufficiently animated debate, the great chief addressed to me, in Spanish, the following questions:—

"'Wherefore has the Pale Face come to these regions to declare war on the Timpabaches? Let him answer. The Great Chief of that nation waits, that he may justify himself if he can.'

"'The Pale Face,' I replied, 'has not declared war; on the contrary, he was attacked and defended himself.'

"'Then,' added he, 'let him show the wound he received from his aggressor.'

"'I had no wound; but I was obliged to give one, to save my life.'

"'The Pale Face had no such rights; after his bravery before the Grizzly Bear, he should have been gentle, and fled before the arrows of the Timpabache, which did not hit him. He has shed blood; his blood must be shed. The Great Chief of the Horned Snake and his council are of opinion, that the Pale Face has deserved death.'

"At these words, the Indian woman uttered some expressions that I did not understand; and, lifting up the bearskin that covered the door of the council-tent, went forth. After her departure, a new palaver got up among the council of chiefs. I thought, at one moment, that there was a division of opinion with regard to my sentence; but, in a very short time, the principal chief cut short the dispute by taking up the tomahawk of war. This he placed on my head, pronouncing, at the same time, some words in the Indian language, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on the picture of the sun, of which I have spoken above.

"I thought of my country, and those loved beings to whom I must bid an eternal adieu.

"At the bottom of the hut stood the trunk of an oak, to which I was fastened by the neck with a strong leathern thong, fixed itself to a ring of massive gold, the polished inside of which would lead to suppose that it had served for more than one victim. A bundle of dry rushes were brought in, upon which a number of Indians laid themselves down and smoked, as they sung, in a monotonous tone, my death-song, which at last soothed me off to sleep, worn down as I was with fatigue, emotion, and hunger, which it was impossible to satisfy with the handful of dried chestnuts, cooked in the ashes, that my guards offered me.

"Two days and two nights succeeded each other, without producing any great change in my situation.

"On the morning of the third day, my attention was attracted by an unusual tumult of voices, and of comers and goers in the camp. All through the night, I had been kept awake by a sinister presentiment; it was not long before the four chiefs presented themselves, majestically equipped, followed by a hundred warriors with eagle plumes in their hair—some of them armed with bows and bucklers of hard wood covered with the skin of the grizzly bear, painted in divers colours—others with flint muskets. The tomahawk of war, of which I have already spoken, was handed to the chief,

and he placed himself at the head of my funeral procession. They untied my legs, and led me out of the hut with a cord round my neck. I felt that the hour of my death had arrived.

"Like a true soldier, I resigned myself to my fate, and marched on with all the pride and assurance that my spirit could muster out of my agitated flesh. As soon as we had got outside the hut, the Indians of my escort mounted their horses—which were magnificently caparisoned with the skins of tigers and buffaloes, and every man had, hanging round his bridle, a number more or less of the scalps of his enemies.

"The immense prairie that surrounded the wigwams of the Timpabaches was covered with Indians. I was not long in discovering, from the diversity of their accoutrements, that a great many different tribes were here collected. My escort of warriors conducted me to the centre of this meadow, a work of some difficulty from the pressure of the curious population. In the centre of the Prairie was raised a kind of hillock, on the top of which was the trunk of a young oak, with the branches lopped off. This was the War-Post, and to this I was immediately tied by the hands and feet.

"I had been in this position some time when the Great Chief came towards me, accompanied by a personage who, although he was robed and swathed in the manner of the Indians, had yet a European appearance. He was a man of about sixty-five years of age, of large stature and robust frame. He wore a very long red beard, contrary to the custom of the Indians, who are a smooth-skinned race; garments of untamed panther skins added much to his savage physiognomy, and he carried a rifle in a sling, a hatchet and a revolver in his belt.

"The Great Chief of the Timpabaches here present," said he to me in good English, 'charges me to tell you that he has condemned you to death; his sageness has counselled him to this resolution for several reasons; the first and most conclusive of which is—your American nationality; the second, is the mortal wound inflicted by you in the territory of the Timpabaches, on an Indian of his tribe. In consideration, however, of the good deeds related as done by you, he has mercifully exempted you from the cruel punishments usually inflicted, and to which I myself, an Indian in heart, and an Englishman by nation, should probably have been opposed.'

"I thank you," said I to him, 'for a feeling that does you honour; but be good enough to inform the Chief that he is mistaken in regard to my nationality; I am not an American; and if I have wounded one of those Indians it was only in self-defence, pushed as I was to the extreme by the man's ingratitude towards one who had preserved him and his family from the teeth and claws of a grizzly bear. For the rest, is it not in the nature of a man to defend his life when it is menaced?'

"Without replying directly, my strange interlocutor answered—

"Sir, your position affects me very much: have you not a family to regret, a wife, a mother, a sister, to deplore your death?'

"Yes," I replied; "and they will all feel the greatest affliction when they see me no more return to the home of my fathers; but, at any rate, they will be ignorant of where or how I have lost my existence. Apart from this, death has no terrors for me: misery has taught me to give it a welcome. When I decided

upon making this excursion to the Rocky Mountains, I had determined upon the sacrifice of my life; death is to me but a common and foreseen accident; for the rest, I am a soldier, and under this title I shall show to these barbarians that a Frenchman knows how to die as bravely as an Indian warrior.'

"At these words, I saw emotion beam from the eye of this man-hunter, who seemed so ferocious at the first glance.

"I have tried every means," said he, 'to obtain pardon for you from these Indians, but there is a powerful party against you in the council of the chiefs. The Indian whom you wounded was the brother-in-law of one of the most influential warriors of the tribe.'

"I thank you again," I replied, 'but permit me to ask from you a single and last service before I die, that you will undertake the task of abridging my punishment, and will undertake to remit a medallion which I have here on my heart to one of my compatriots whom I left behind in France, when about to depart for America. I am unwilling that this image, which recalls the traits of the dearest of women, should be profaned after my death by these savages. You will, doubtless, go some day to Sacramento, or even to San Francisco, where you will be sure to meet some Frenchman worthy to receive the sacred deposit, with the mission of announcing to this lady that I died in the placers.'

"That mission is sacred to me," he replied, 'I will make a journey expressly to accomplish your last wishes, and I promise you, on my honour as an English gentleman and an Indian chief, religiously to carry out this sacred trust.'

"Open, then, my fur-coat, and you will find this medallion.' After asking my permission to do so, he opened the coat, and, with eyes wet with tears, said to me, 'You must have been unhappy, indeed, at quitting for ever this lovely creature, whose sad look seems to presage in advance the dangers that awaited your perilous journey.'

"The tears that rolled down on the face of my garments were my only reply. In the locket that contained this picture, I had written my friend's name; when the stranger saw this, he asked me quickly, if that was my name also, and whether I was of English descent?

"Yes; and, assuredly, I am proud of it," I replied. 'My ancestors followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, and abandoned fortune and country to accompany into France their exiled king.'

"He did not suffer me to conclude.

"What then!" he exclaimed, 'are you descended from that Wogan, whose worth has been made so famous by the author of *Waverley*.¹ Then, if it be so,

¹ The Captain Wogan whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I., and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of Cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under the domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.—*Waverley*, chap. xxix.

can I, the descendant of Lennox, Duke of Richmond—no, I cannot see shed before my eyes the blood of a man whose ancestors poured out theirs on behalf of my own. Reckon on me!—on Lennox, in life and death.'

"At these words, this man, whose name came to my knowledge in so strange a manner, departed, followed by the principal warriors of his tribe. I waited probably a quarter of an hour, absorbed in thoughts of my native land, when I was withdrawn from these reflections by a sudden rumour that pervaded the camp, and reached the warriors who surrounded the war post. These were the war-cries of the tribes, who were making ready for battle. From the height on which I stood chained, I saw the brave Lennox distinctly, as he gathered round him the tribe which had adopted him as its chief, and drew them up with the forest in their rear, while the Timpabaches kept the centre of the plain.

"Some time afterwards I saw the chiefs of each tribe advance into the middle of the meadow. Their conference, this time, was not of long duration. They

advanced towards me, with Lennox at their head, who cut with his poignard the thongs that bound me, and restored me to life and liberty. I fell into his arms and pressed him to my heart, in the first impulse of my gratitude.

"In a few minutes the whole scene was changed into one of wild enjoyment. There was a general festivity among all the assembled tribes, which lasted several days.

"Nor did Lennox stop at this. Thanks to his protection, I was enabled, in safety, to descend the Rio Colorado, down to the Rio Virgin, then to go up that river, and so finally regain the region of the mines and Grass Valley, where they regarded me as one long since dead.

"Bos. DE WOGAN."¹

¹ M. de Wogan is an ex-officer of Spabis, an ex-chief of one of the battalions of the Garde Mobile, in 1848, and is now a director of the Telegraph at St. Sever (Landes).

THE CREMATION GHAT AT CALCUTTA.

BURNING AND EXPOSURE OF BODIES IN INDIA.

AN intelligent foreigner, the Hungarian Count Emmanuel Andrcasy, gives the following striking account of the scene presented, until very recent times, at the great Cremation Ghat at Calcutta. The third day of his arrival at Calcutta, the Count says, he went out as early as six in the morning to make an excursion outside of the town. Following the banks of the Hooghly, he found all the population of the town already on foot; activity reigned in every direction: the tradesmen were at their shops, the workmen at their employments. Even the classes who do not live by the sweat of their brows were up and taking the air, some on horseback, some in carriages, but all alike bent on enjoying the early morning breeze. Outside of the town the same animation prevailed; the road was crowded with comers and goers, so much so that it was almost difficult to make one's way.

He had followed the course of the river for about a mile and-a-half, when a strange smell came to affect his olfactory organs in a very unpleasant manner; a thick cloud of smoke arose from behind a very repulsive-looking wall, poisoning the air around, and what was more singular was, that a number of birds of prey were perched along the top of the wall: those were vultures with naked fleshy necks; falcons of various colours and sizes; and even small hawks, fat and dirty as they generally look after a feast, and the sight of which caused an involuntary feeling of disgust.¹

These birds did not seem to trouble themselves with the passers-by; but some slumbered, while others, disturbed by vermin, thrust their bills through their feathers.

The Count says, he stopped his carriage in order to discover the enigma of the scene, and to ascertain whence the smoke came that ascended over the wall. He was told that it was the place where they burnt the dead, and that that was the cause of the smoke and of the presence of birds of prey.

And this, he says, he found to be really the case; it was in this place that the bodies from the quarter inhabited by the natives were burnt, or rather broiled, for no sooner is the body slightly blackened by the flames than it is removed from the fire and taken away to be cast into the sacred waters of the Hooghly. The birds along the shore await this moment to do their work, so that the relatives of the deceased can actually stand by and see with what limbs these ravenous creatures begin to disembarrass the dead of their carnal envelope. The struggle had just begun with a body that lay exposed on the shore, and wishing to witness so strange a spectacle, our traveller moved towards it, passing over a heap of bones, scattered here and there, and he thus came within a few paces of where the

(*V. Indicus*). Falcons and hawks are birds of prey, feeding mostly on what they kill, although it is true that the Pondicherry eagle (*Falco Ponticerianus*) also eats the remains of dead animals. The great scavengers of India are however the adjutants, or gigantic storks or cranes, which somewhat resemble the African marabut, or holy stork (*Ardea dubia* of Gmelin, *Ciconia argala* of Vigors), and which are protected in the streets of populous cities on that account. These and the Indian vulture are the birds figured in the illustration.

¹ The only vulture that frequents the shambles and banks of rivers in India, preying on flesh, is the so-called Indian vulture

anatomical operation was going on; he wished to determine what kind of bird was most skilful in dissecting dead bodies, and he saw that it was decidedly a stork provided with a long appendage to its breast. This excellent anatomist in many respects resembles the European species, but it is stronger and taller (being four feet in height). Its bill alone is about a foot in length—it is as hard as stone, and consequently well adapted to tearing up its booty; it does not indeed give itself much trouble in the matter, for it can swallow a cat in a single mouthful. The substances taken up by this enormous bill are allowed to fall into the pouch in front, and it is only after undergoing a preliminary process of softening there that it is finally swallowed and disposed of in the interior stomach.

Thanks to these peculiarities, the bird becomes thus a member, as it were, of the privileged castes, for it can walk proudly in the streets, in the midst even of crowds, without any one disturbing it; there is indeed a fine of fifty rupees against any one who should do them an injury; to kill one would be a crime. The city of Calcutta cannot indeed be too grateful to these birds; it is they who pick up, in the midst of refuse, the remains of animals, birds and fish, and but for their presence, considering the idleness and indifference of the inhabitants, they would run the risk of enumbering the streets, and fatally poisoning the atmosphere.

These two-legged scavengers have a perfect sense of their importance and their utility, for the Count declares that the governor's palace is their favourite residence. How many times, he says, has he been witness from his window, which was directly opposite to the palace, of the irregularities which these sacred hosts permitted themselves over the head of the British lion, when early in the morning they lined the palaceterrace! These funereal and irreverent birds were from five to six thousand in number. The governor himself had the deepest respect for this guard of honour; for he never dared to put his nose out of his window to see what was taking place on the top of his residence.

Count Andreaty was disturbed from his observations by a noise which sounded like crackling, and turning round he saw that a body had just been placed upon the fire behind him. Two others were already exposed to the flames; and the fire was kept up by two men as black as ebony; around and lying on bundles of straw, and even on the naked ground, were other bodies waiting their turn; they were completely nude, although it is only the middle classes who have the bodies of their relatives burnt, the poorer order are satisfied with throwing them into the river.

It must not be imagined that this cremation has any relation to the ceremony formerly practised in Rome on similar occasions. With the ancients, it was a pious custom; children, brothers, relatives, friends, servants, in fact all those who were attached to the deceased by ties of relationship or affection, gathered round the body, mourning and in tears; the ashes were carefully collected, and deposited in an urn.

But in India no one seems to trouble himself with the dead, save those who are employed in the act of cremation itself, for as far as the Count says, he could observe, it is seldom that a relative of the deceased is seen there. Besides, nowhere in India are bodies respected; they seek to get rid of them as quickly as possible; they are indeed sometimes in so great a

hurry, that they are often deposited on the banks of the river before they are quite dead. If, as it sometimes happens, persons so exposed come to life again, they cannot return within the precincts of the city; they are obliged to emigrate to a distant district situated on the borders of the Ganges, where there are whole villages of resuscitated beings. The Hindhus despise and avoid places thus peopled. Formerly, bodies could be burnt anywhere on the banks of the Hooghly; but now-a-days the authorities have limited the accomplishment of the ceremony to one special point.

It was only when he left this sad scene, and that he found himself in the midst of a purer atmosphere, that the Count says he became fully sensible of the poisonous exhalations with which even his clothes had become impregnated.

Till within a very brief time ago Count Andreaty's description of the Cremation Ghat of Calcutta, however coloured, did not in reality exceed the truth. After quitting the European part of the city and the shipping, together with a great part of the congregated fleet of native store-boats from the provinces that crowd the bank near the northern division of the city, the first object that used to attract attention was a certain bare and dismal-looking quadrangle, open at the river side, upon the high walls of which, overlooking the ground immediately contiguous, where a certain native hide-merchant and contractor with the Conservancy Commissioners carried on his delicate operations in connection with the defunct quadrupeds of Calcutta, were perched some fifty or more hungry and expectant vultures; whilst amongst them or beneath, stalking amidst bones and rubbish, and anon scared from their object by a pack of equally hungry and disgusting-looking pariah dogs, disputants for the prize, were seen a score or so of the adjutants, or gigantic crane.

This building was known as the "Burning Ghat," a spot inclosed and appropriated by the Hindhus for the purpose of burning their dead. When the Hindhus are said, all who can afford it must be understood, which, unfortunately, not one-half of the community are enabled to do. As with a very small exception (certain classes and persons who die ascetics) Hindhus do not bury their dead, it becomes naturally a matter of curiosity to know how the poorer classes are disposed of. They are left upon the bank of the river, whither, indeed, they are often taken to die, until carried away by that river's sacred tide—that river from which Calcutta is, in a great measure, supplied with drinking water!

Some years back a very sensible proposition was published in one of the Calcutta papers, recommending the establishment of a subscription fund, in order to put it in the power of the poor, as well as of the rich Hindhus, to dispose of their dead after that manner which, with very trifling exceptions, is not less acceptable to Hindhu prejudices and desires, than advantageous in a sanitary point of view; but, unfortunately, although it was shewn that the expense could be brought within two rupees for each cremation, nothing came of it. Instead of there being a cremation fund, therefore, the police had to keep certain boats and men belonging to them, called domes, whose office it was to remove, by sinking, all offensive objects found floating on the river, which they did often, only after the spectacle had passed through the whole fleet, and found, at length, a resting-place against the chain of some ship,

or the paddle of a steamer, more luckless than the rest. So the eye was relieved at last at the expense of the stomach! for who could doubt that the evil thus cherished and confined to one spot must become a loathsome source of impurity to the water about it?

Since then the subject has been brought under the official notice of Government, the old "dismal quadrangle" has disappeared, and a new and improved building has taken its place. The hide-merchant, likewise, has shifted his ground further north, and so the present cremation ghat is being deserted also by vultures and cranes, and promises soon to be left in quiet and decency. Unfortunately many of the abominations connected with the exposure of the bodies of the poorer classes remain in full force; the fires of Delhi, Meerut, Cawnpore—and where not?—intended to wrap the European population of India in the flames of one stupendous pyre, put all lesser schemes of improvement and amelioration out of the field.

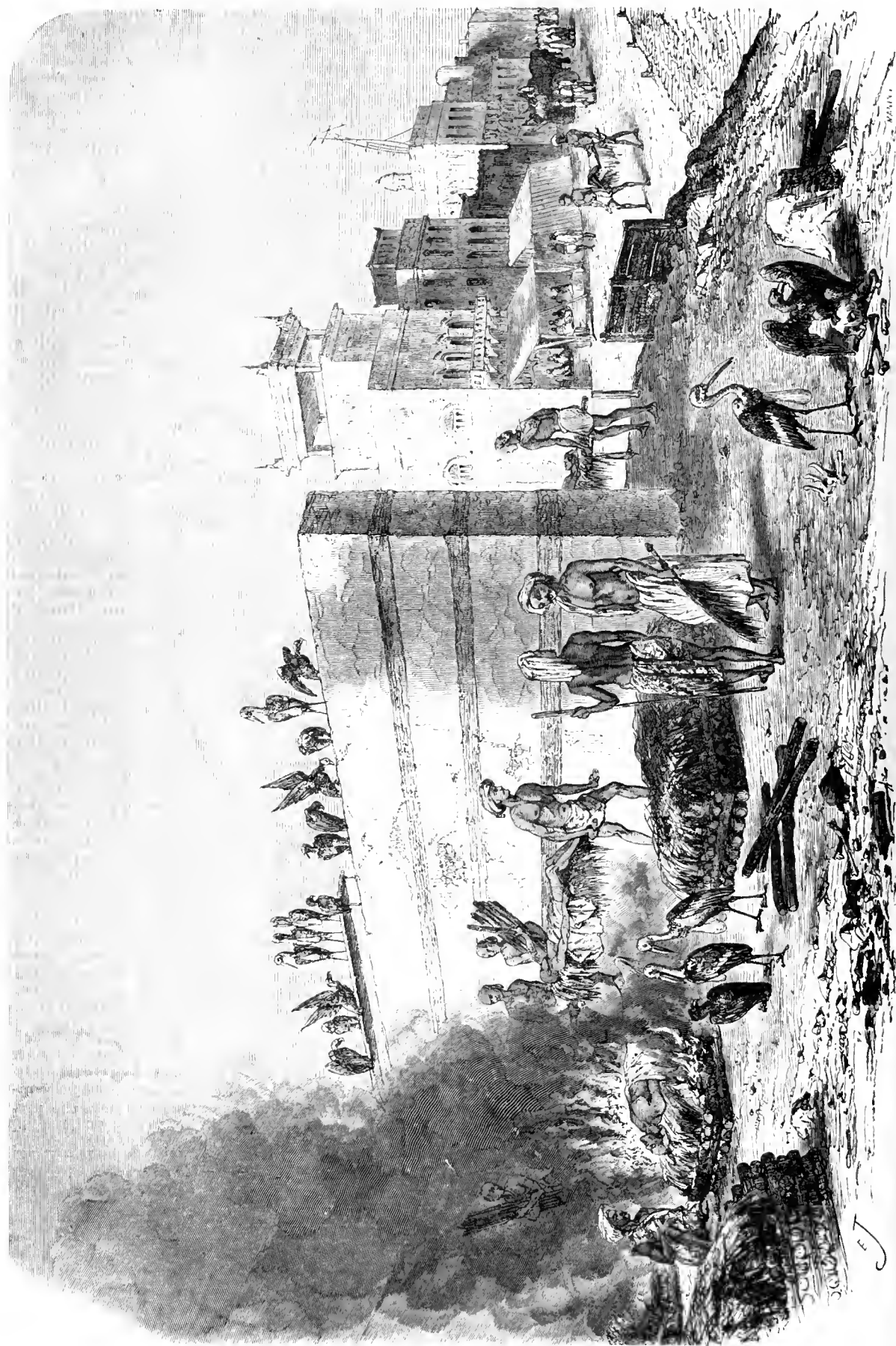
Albeit the burning of the dead, it is to be remarked, is strictly enjoined by the Shasters, and is one of the first ceremonies performed by the Hindhus for the help of the dead in a future state; there are certain persons and sects who constitute exceptions to this rule. These are—1. Stubborn children, or infants under two years of age; 2. Persons afflicted with leprosy, or other specified diseases; 3. Suicides; 4. Persons who, under certain circumstances, are killed by violence—the bite of snakes, &c.; 5. Persons guilty of certain civil or religious crimes; 6. Persons who die followers of sects of mendicants, Voistnances; 7. Persons who die ascetics, or Purrumbungohocs; 8. Jogees, a low caste of Hindhu weavers. The bodies of infants, of the mendicants, and the Jogees, are buried. The bodies of these persons referred to under other classes are, according to the Shasters, to be thrown into a forest or river "like logs of wood," without any sort of funeral ceremony. With this exception, that the bodies of ascetics are required to be put into a stone or wooden chest, or tied to two earthen jars filled with earth, and sank in the midst of the river. Beyond these cases, no other necessity exists for committing the dead to the water than that of poverty—inability to purchase the wood, oil, and other requirements for the ceremony of burning, which inability compels the relatives to be content with applying a little fire to the mouth of the deceased, and then committing the body to the river.

Much painstaking, inquiring, and argument were brought together to show the difficulty of reconciling the matter to all parties and prejudices, but with something of that impatience which disgust at the continuance of barbarous and revolting practices creates, one is almost led to exclaim—less in the words than in the spirit of Corporal Trim—"One home-thrust of the bayonet were worth it all!" The number of human bodies thrown into the river at one particular ghat at the north end of Calcutta is said to average 4000 in the year.

It is certainly to be hoped that the day is not far

distant when this most revolting and sickening custom, with all its offensive consequences, will be numbered with the diabolical, cruel Sutte, and the almost equally cruel doom of perpetual widowhood, which the courage of Lord Bentinck and the perseverance of a Rothmercus have swept from the land. It may with safety be asserted that there are no educated or intelligent natives who do not already look upon the fiery immolation of the poor Hindhu widow with much of that astonishment and horror with which Englishmen now recall the one-time burning of witches; and in like way will the Hindhu yet learn with surprise and derision the past follies of those prejudices which could add misery to misfortune, and vice to both, by compulsory widowhood; and in no less degree will they view with disgust, equally with their European friends, the barbarous, indecent, and loathsome practice of exposing their dead "like logs of wood," and dead dogs, upon the surface of that stream which they reverence, and those waters of which they drink.

The progress of conversion in the Hindhu mind upon these points has been slow, but not less certain. It is now nigh half a century since the Marquis of Wellesley issued an ordinance prohibiting the sacrifice by parents of their infant offspring to the Ganges; the edict, demurred at at first, is now not only acquiesced in, but is warmly applauded by the natives. It is much more recently that the disgraceful pilgrim-tax has been abolished. With whatever pain the worship paid in the Idol Temples may be viewed, Government are bound on the principles of toleration to leave it unmolested; but it was quite another thing to levy a tax on each pilgrim, and to receive the offerings presented on the altar. Out of this the temples were kept in repair, the salaries paid to the officiating Brahmins, and the balance went to the exchequer. It was argued that the raising of a million sterling, in seventeen years, from the four principal temples of Juggernaut, Allahabad, Gaya, and Tripetty, was a measure which would ultimately prove hostile to Idolatry; but it was justly remarked upon this, that were it not for the sanction thus afforded to idolatrous practices by the Government, and the excellent order in which the temples were kept, there would be a rapid decline of the whole system. It is true that the examples of conversion in India are so few that in a national sense they may be considered as nothing, but we do not on that account despond. Their confidence in the Shastras and the Vedas is becoming shaken: the most formidable of all obstacles, that of caste, is sensibly diminishing. Moral revolutions among every people, even after long and ineffectual exertions to bring such about, in general break forth suddenly at last. The greatest changes in history are illustrations of this great fact. That there is such a silent preparation in the Indian mind appears evident from the prevalence, among a numerous and influential class, of English habits and ideas, and the growing disposition to form themselves upon a European model.



THE CREMATION GHAT AT CALCUTTA

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.



INHABITANTS OF HAVANA.

I.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—EXTENT—HISTORY—DESCRIPTION OF HAVANA—GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—GOVERNMENT—ARMY AND NAVY—REVENUE.

"How enchanting to the senses, at least," says the Earl of Carlisle, "were the three weeks I spent in Cuba! How my memory turns to its picturesque forms and balmy skies!" and the noble lord thus poetically apostrophises the beautiful scenery of the island:—

"Ye tropic forests of unfading green,
Where the palm tapers, and the orange glows,
Where the light bamboo weaves her feathery screen,
And her tall shade the matchless ceyba throws:

Ye cloudless ethers of unchanging blue,
Save, as its rich varieties give way,
To the clear sapphire of your midnight hue,
The burnished azure of your perfect day.

Yet tell me not my native skies are bleak,
That flushed with liquid wealth, no cane-fields wave;
For virtue pines, and manhood dares not speak,
And nature's glories brighten round the slave."

Cuba, styled the "Queen of the Antilles," and the "Gem of the American Seas," or, "La Siempre Fiel Isla de Cuba," as it is grandiloquently styled in all Spanish documents, was discovered by Columbus, October 28th, 1492, in his first voyage to the west, after discovering St. Salvador, one of the Lucayos or Bahama Isles. Its figure is long and narrow, approaching that of a crescent, with its convex side looking towards the north; its west portion lying between Florida and the Peninsula of Yucatan—the north-east promontory of South America. It is supposed to have been united to this part of the continent of South America by an isthmus; but now two entrances into the Gulf of Mexico are presented, formed by the action of the

Caribbean Sea; the one to the south, between Cape Catoche and Cape St. Antonio; and the other to the north, between Bahía, Honda, and Florida.

Cuba, says Mr. Phillips in his excellent work, "The United States and Cuba," is about ninety-five miles from the nearest point of Jamaica; from Hayti fifty miles; and about one hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Tobasco and Yucatan in Mexico; and one hundred and fifty miles from Florida. Like Jamaica, and most of the other islands of the Archipelago generally, it is intersected by a chain of mountains passing east and west; which chain (called *Montanus del Cobre*, or Snake Mountains), partaking of the curvature of the island, and sloping on each side towards the coast, raises itself up in its highest elevation about seven thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea.

It is situated in 23° 9' north latitude, and 82° 2' west longitude, and is 780 miles in breadth by about 52 miles in medial breadth; containing a superficial area of 43,500 square miles, being nearly equal in extent to all the other islands united. The largest and most important island attached to Cuba is the Isle of Pines, called by Columbus, who discovered it in 1494, *Evangelista*, situated on the south side of the island, about half the size of Long Island in the United States. Cuba was originally, and is at the present time, though now almost the only one, the most flourishing of the Spanish settlements in the New World, and is the largest of those that constitute the Columbian Archipelago.

The earliest period at which anything was heard respecting this island that particularly attracted the attention of Europe was in 1518, when Cortez sailed from it with six hundred and twenty men for his expedition to Mexico, under the direction of Velasquez. The latter was one of the companions of Columbus, and the first Deputy-Governor of Cuba, under Don Diego Columbus; and it was by the authority of the latter that Velasquez effected its conquest from the natives, who for a time bravely defended the lovely isle under their celebrated *cazique* or chief, *Hatuay*. The circumstances attending this invasion were of great atrocity, especially in relation to this celebrated Indian. Being taken prisoner, he was ordered by Velasquez to be burnt alive. When tied to the stake, and before the fatal brand was thrown upon the pile that was to consume his body to ashes, *Hatuay* listened to the exhortations of a priest, who besought him to embrace Christianity.

"Are there any Spaniards in Paradise?" inquired the doomed chief.

"Without doubt there are," replied the priest.

"Ah, then, *Hatuay* has no wish to go there. Fire the stake and let me burn, for I have no desire to be seen where there are Spaniards."¹

The subjugation of the island was effected by a force of about three hundred men, sent for this object from Hispaniola, now Haiti, in or about the year 1511. It had been, however, circumnavigated by *Ocampo* in 1508, three years previously, till which time it was supposed by Columbus to have been a continent.

The population of Cuba is estimated at the present time at nearly 1,000,000 of all classes and colours, of

whom upwards of one-third are whites. According to statistics given by M. Bellou, the number of the population of the whole island is as follows:—Of whites, 603,000; of free coloured people, about 205,000; and of slaves, 442,000. But the number of slaves here given is probably underrated, as Lord Aberdeen, writing to Mr. Bulwer in December, 1843, estimated them at that time, on the authority of the most intelligent inhabitants of the island, as between 800,000 and 900,000.²

According to Senor Torre, the population is 1,500,000. Of this, about 1,009,060 are comprised in the settled population of the island. The proportions in 1853, which are derived from the latest official census that has been published, is as follows:—Whites, 501,988; free coloured, 176,647; slaves, 330,425; total, 1,009,060. This is the fixed population; add to this the transient, and the aggregate would be increased to 1,500,000.

Divided according to nationalities, the whole population is thus enumerated:—Natives of Spain, 90,620; of the Canary Islands, 25,000; of France, 3,000; of England, 1,000; and of America and other countries, 3,000; leaving more than 400,000 natives of the island. Among the latter are the copper-coloured American race of Cuba still existing in very small numbers, who are considered the true descendants of the aborigines found on the island when first visited by Columbus.

The total number thus given, estimating the area of the island in square leagues at 3,975, gives 254 to the square league, or 29 to the square mile, and shows that the population is more dense than that of the southern portion of the United States, or of any one of the Spanish-American States, including the whole of Brazil.³

On the authority of Mr. Pliny Miles, of Boston, in his pamphlet on Ocean Steam Navigation, I quote additional statistics. They are as late as 1857:—

"The total number of estates on the island is not far from 14,000, which may be divided as follows:—coffee plantations, 1,862; sugar plantations, 1,442; tobacco plantations, 912; grazing and fruits, 9,930. The annual products are valued at 600,000,000 dollars. Some of the principal are estimated as follows:—sugar, 18,669,942 dollars; fruits, 14,839,050 dollars; coffee, 6,000,000 dollars; molasses, 1,402,728 dollars; cigars, 4,267,496 dollars; leaf tobacco, 500,000 dollars. The annual imports of the island amount to 30,000,000 dollars; the exports about 28,000,000 dollars. Cuba sends exports to England annually to the amount of about 1,500,000 dollars; and to the United States, about 7,000,000 dollars. There are also already constructed railroads measuring 397 miles."

Ethnologically considered, the races of inhabitants found at present on the island, are the Caucasian, African, American, and Mongolian. The latter are chiefly Chinese, introduced into the island since 1847, amounting to about 6,000, and included in the "transient" returns. Africans were introduced into Cuba in 1524, but from causes that will hereafter appear, rather than from climate, the multiplication of the race has never

² History of Cuba; or, Notes by a Traveller in the Tropics. By M. Bellou, Boston, 1854, p. 202.

³ Compendi Geographia fisica, politica, estadística y companda de la Isla de Cuba. Don Jose Maria de la Torre Real of the Economics of Havana.

¹ A similar tragedy to the above was acted by Pizarro, in his conquest of Mexico, towards the celebrated Inca Atabalipa.

corresponded with what might have been reasonably expected. According to the clearest and most incontrovertible evidence their numbers have been greatly diminished by merciless oppression. It is well known that many thousands of Africans have been brought into Cuba since 1850, and that now its slave population is only little more than half a million.

Havana is now the capital city of Cuba. Formerly Baracoa and St. Jago de Cuba, situated on the south side of the island, claimed that distinction. Havana is built on the north-western coast, that situation being chosen because the channel between Cuba and the main land of North America was found the most convenient passage for merchant vessels bound to Europe from Mexico. The last-named cities are the more ancient, for they were founded by the first Deputy-Governor. Havana, however, is not only the principal city, but has long been the greatest commercial emporium of the western islands. It stands, as already said, on the north-west side of the island, distant from Kingston 740 miles, the course being south of Jamaica and of Cuba, round Capes Antonio and Corientes.

The shape of the town, like the harbour, is semicircular, the diameter being formed by the shore. Like many other towns within the tropics, it appears at a distance as if embosomed in a wood of palm and other trees of great novelty and beauty of form, to the European eye towering with proud pre-eminence over all the other visible objects the city contains. Its population is estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand.

It has been truly said that both the Old and the New World meet in Cuba. Havana seems like a piece of Spain that has drifted into the Atlantic. Approaching this city from Europe or America, the eye is rivetted by the variety and brilliancy of the panorama. On one side are fortifications, resembling those of Malta, hewn out of the dark gray rock, and along their parapets may be seen lines of soldiers in white uniforms, with the ancient Spanish banner, red and gold, waving in the passing currents of the air. Below these, along the shore to the right of the entrance to the harbour, towards the ramparts, spreads the town; not sombre, like London, nor white, like Paris, but party-coloured, like Damascus. The houses are blue, pink, scarlet, yellow, with masses of green palms gleaming above them, and shading the streets and squares with their broad feathery fronds; the whole city basking in the sun and resembling an immense number of showy articles of porcelain and glass on a stall of fancy wares. In the harbour float old-fashioned gondolas, not black, like those of Venice, but brilliant and beautiful. Altogether, Havana has a peculiar character, and a romantic life, unlike that of any other city either in Europe or America.

The riches and magnificence of Havana have frequently excited the cupidity of invaders, and it has been, therefore, repeatedly subject to attacks by hostile armaments. It was taken by a French pirate in 1563; afterwards by English and French buccaneers, and subsequently by the British, under the Duke of Albemarle and Admiral Pococke, in the reign of George III., after a siege of twenty-nine days; its capture involving a great sacrifice of lives, as well as producing a vast amount of treasure to the captors. It was, however, restored to Spain by England in the peace of 1763.

But the value and importance of the city, as also of the whole island, was rated so high, as already hinted, not only on account of the treasures it was found to

contain, but still more from great political and commercial considerations; as it was the key of the Spanish possessions in South America, and the harbour in which all the galleons and merchant vessels were accustomed to assemble before they departed on their voyage to Europe.

Since the loss to Spain of her South American colonies, this island has become of especial importance to England and America, whose mutual interest it is to secure its permanent possession to Spain; or, on any disruption of the tie which binds it to Europe, to recognize it as an independent state, as it commands the Gulf of Mexico by the straits of Yucatan and Florida; the navigation of the windward passage and channel of Bahamas; with all the maritime frontier south of Georgia, in the north of the new hemisphere; and, therefore, by whichsoever of these two great maritime powers it were possessed, the balance of power would be destroyed, viz.:—that equilibrium of political influence which the civilised world instinctively feels to be essential to the maintenance of order, and the due development of all resources, mental, moral, and physical, that are within its reach; and the loss of which equilibrium, it may be feared, would involve the sacrifice of the peace and amity which have so long subsisted between these nations. No one, especially who is an inhabitant of the colonies of Great Britain in this hemisphere, but must deprecate the attempts that are obviously made by our neighbours of the United States to annex this valuable and important island to their Republic, as the evil of such an accession, by perpetuating the slavery of its vassals, and by other important results, would be deeply felt throughout the whole archipelago, entailing mischiefs that can scarcely be conceived. It has been too justly observed—The Russians call the Crimea their Italy. America sees an Italy in Cuba. She has an old quarrel with the Government of Spain, and many of her people desire to satisfy their wrongs by the annexation of this "isle of beauty."

That this is the wish of many Americans is evident from their published sentiments. "The masses among us," says a late American author, "may not busy themselves with acquiring Cuba; but the States where slavery exists, aware of the political importance it has for them, do not slumber; and their prudence, and their wise measures, and their enthusiasm in the cause, are sure guarantees that the annexation will take place at an early date."

The desire for the possession of Cuba has existed ever since the days of Jefferson, who, in his letters to President Munro, in 1823, says:—"I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico and the countries and isthmus bordering it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being." At the same time, as it is natural to suppose, there is a desire on the part of Cubans themselves for annexation. This is easily understood when the immense value it would impart at once to estates and landed property in general is considered. Thus, if there are 300,000 slaves in Cuba, worth 50,000,000 dollars, and their value should equalise with those of the United States, the result would be 150,000,000 dollars in favour of the owners for that item. It is also well known that most of the influential men around the Spanish Government are

interested in this property, and that they have a secret desire for its improvement in value.¹

It is but justice, however, to say that there is a powerful party in the United States opposed to annexing it, even by purchase. A very popular writer in Massachusetts has lately published a work, in which he argues that to conquer the island would be a great crime, and to buy it an absurdity. He quotes in his favour a noble maxim of Roman law, "That a patriot will value the good name of his country far more than the treasures of the world."

Is it not time, it may be asked, that philanthropists everywhere should awaken to the fearful condition of Cuba, and use every means to free her from her present state and impending destiny? And is it not the duty of Jamaica, and the other West India islands generally, to interest themselves in this momentous question?

If Cuba became independent, a prosperous commerce might be maintained between her and the mother country, resulting from ancient associations, common language, and tastes, which would be far more productive than the best contrived system of colonial taxation.

Such, notoriously, has been the result to Great Britain of the establishment of the independence of the United States.

In Cuba, as in the parent state, literature has been discouraged, and but for the vestiges that remain among some of the older families, and the infusion of liberal principles among her youth by England and America, she would have sunk ere this into utter barbarism. Infidelity has been imported principally from France, and the people, submerged in ignorance, are carried away by a torrent of licentiousness and unbelief.

Nor does acquaintance with the community in general tend to elevate the notions of a reputable stranger as to their social state. Not to notice the unbounded and unblushing licentiousness that prevails, there appears but little social intercourse between the males and females of the same family. Their habits at meals partake little of social elegance, and indicate, even among the higher classes, an inferior state of civilisation. Their domestic comforts are evidently few. That state of domestic union towards which nature leads the human species by softening the heart to gentleness and humanity, is in a great degree unknown, and the married state is so unequal as to establish a cruel distinction between the sexes; stimulating the one to be harsh and unfeeling, and humbling the other to servility and uncomplaining submission.

Upon the surface lie many things unfavourable in their influence to domestic peace and social purity. Married women appear degraded. They are not here presiding spirits in the sanctuary of domestic life. The early instruction of their children—the regulation of the domestics—the entire policy of the household, are not committed to them. While they are by no means exempt from domestic cares, oftentimes those of business are superadded. The sweet lovely bloom of matronly modesty is wanting also in Cuba; the grace and affectionate influence of matronly character is not seen. The social ties are weakened, and domestic influence of the pure elevating kind is not felt.

The men luxuriate in the café, or spend their even-

ings in worse places of resort. It may be generally said that they pass their mornings in business, their afternoons in melting lassitude at some creole coffee-house, and their evenings in lounging on the promenade, at the opera, or in the delicious suburbs; for Cuba is a festal island, and its inhabitants are as much addicted to gaiety as to repose. Home is only a place of rest, not of enjoyment; a place of retirement, not of loving and softening influence. The marriage bond is loosely held. Not only is domestic infidelity fearfully prevalent—even female virtue is but little esteemed. In the highest circles vice of this character reigns almost unchecked, and its influence extends itself down to the lowest ranks of society. Every class is more or less tainted with the evil; both priests and people are alike. "The whole head is sick." Thus the moral condition of the masses is deplorable, and their bigotry, superstition, and vice are of no common kind.

No wonder that among the female portion of the community, even among the best of them, there should be seen an inefficient discharge of household duties.

Although, however, Spanish matrons are not generally remarkable for the social affections, nor celebrated for their domestic economy and industry, yet these virtues and qualities are not wholly unappreciated by the other sex. Hence the familiar Spanish proverb:—

"The wife that expects to have a good name,
Is always at home as if she were lame;
And the maid that is honest—her cheerful delight
Is still to be doing from morning till night."

The state of things thus detailed, it is scarcely necessary to observe, is, to a considerable degree, the effect of slavery, the greatest moral pestilence that ever withered the happiness of mankind. Like the poisonous upas, its dark shadows wither everything within its baleful influence. It is as great a curse to the enslaver as to the enslaved; it renders the one as cruel and licentious as the other is degraded and miserable; it is a crime which, if not annihilated by other means, will one day find its destruction in its excesses. Anywhere and everywhere slave-masters contract bad habits of almost every kind; they become haughty, passionate, obdurate, vindictive, voluptuous, cruel, and in general neglect all moral virtues.² Providence never permits the laws of nature to be outraged with impunity. That violence should be done to the affections of the heart, or that man should be made to serve as the instrument of vile ambition and avarice to his brother without a just retribution, is contrary to reason, and against the principles of God's moral government of the world. This slavery—the foulest blot on the escutcheon of Spain, and which has long given her such unenviable notoriety among the nations—exists here in all its horrors.

The government in Cuba is grafted on that of old Spain. Being thus an integral part of the monarchy, it is governed like the provinces of the parent state, and divided into three *intendencias*—Western, Central, and Eastern; or, as more commonly designated, the Oriental, the Central, and the Occidental, under one governor.

These grand divisions are subdivided into several governments, sub-governments, and colonies. The Central and Occidental departments form the civil

¹ 1,000 negroes, in Cuba, are estimated by some authorities at £100,000.

² See Letters of Thomas Jefferson.

province of Havana; and the Oriental, the civil province of Cuba. For ecclesiastical purposes the island is divided into two dioceses: that of Havana, which includes all the Occidental department and the Central, with the exception of the sub-governments of Puerto Principe and Nuevitas; and that of Cuba, which includes the Oriental department, and that portion of the Central not in union with the diocese of Havana.

For the judicial purposes, the Occidental department forms the Audiencia Real of Havana; and the two other departments, that of Puerto Principe.

The "Occidental department" contains the governments of Havana and Matanzas, the sub-government of Alacranes, Bahia Honda, Bejucal, Cardenas, Guanahacoa, San Julien de Guines, Jaraco, Mariel, Nueva Felipina, Santa Maria del Rosaria, San Antonio, San Christobal, and Santiago, and the colony of La Raina Amalia, or Isla de Pinos.

The "Central department" contains the governments of Trinidad and Fernandina de Jagua, the sub-govern-

ments of Cienfuegos, Puerto Principe, Nuevitas, San Juan de los Remedios, Sagua la Grande, Santa Clara, Espurito Santo, and the colony of San Domingo.

The "Oriental department" contains the government of Santiago de Cuba, and the sub-governments of Baracoa, Bayamo, Holguin, Jiguani las Tunas, Manzanillo, and Saltadero.

The island is presided over usually by one of the nobility of old Spain, in whom are associated the double offices of Cure-Governor and Captain-General. This officer resides in Havana.

There is, however, in Puerto Principe, an Audiencia or Supreme Court, having jurisdiction over the Island of Puerto Rico, as well as that of Cuba, and which is said to be in some respects independent of the local government.

The government of Cuba, though, as already said, similar to that of the parent state, is much more oppressive. It is a kind of military despotism, or rather an oligarchy, in which the love of dominion is carried to



THE VOLANTE (HIRED CARRIAGE) OF THE HAVANA.

a species of fanaticism, and degraded into meanness. As nothing is too large for its ambition, so nothing is too small for its cupidity. Its appetite is insatiable, and its digestion omnivorous. There are no limits to its rapacity. Both the legislative, judicial and executive power, is almost entirely in the hands of the governor. Indeed, the power with which he is invested is almost equal in extent to that granted to governors of besieged towns. Even the higher classes may be said to have no civil rights—neither those of personal liberty, personal security, nor personal property—immunities declared by Blackstone as the inalienable birthright of every man.

The taxation is said to exceed in variety and extent that of any taxation imposed by any government in any country of its size upon earth: viz, upwards of twenty millions of dollars collected by the order and for the uses of the Spanish government alone, independently of those appropriated to the wants of the country itself for social purposes.

The revenue of the island in 1851 was reported to be 13,821,456 dollars, which is thought to be below

the real aggregate. Other estimates affirm that the taxation for that year amounted to both the revenue and the expenses, viz, 25,291,206 dollars. The 13,821,456 dollars went to Spain, and the 11,969,150 was appropriated to the governor and the army of officials.¹

The creole population are excluded from almost all influential and lucrative offices and positions. The judges and most of the officials are from Spain, and being without salaries, like so many vultures, they prey upon the unprotected within their jurisdiction. There are no means dishonest, tyrannical, or cruel which the Spanish authorities have left untried in their apparent endeavours to ruin the colony. Bribery and corruption seem to be recognised as necessary methods of their government. Some of the officials plead the excuse of necessity, and that insufficient remuneration for their services obliges them to have recourse to every possible means for adding to their incomes. Others, whose position and the amount of whose salaries ought to place them far above such dishonourable practices, satisfy

¹ Compendi, &c. Don Jose Maria de la Torre, &c.

their consciences by alleging the custom of the island. Every man has his price, from the captain-general downwards to the lowest grade of officials. The Governor even is handsomely paid for breaking his country's plighted faith in permitting the landing of Africans; as are also all his accomplices down to the lowest unpaid official. The government is composed of dealers in ambition. The advocates of moderation to-day may become, from interested motives, the advocates of tyranny to-morrow: while, to culminate misfortune, or rather misrule, the public necessities are increasing, their impoverished treasury rapidly presents greater needs, and disregarding the best-known and most-appropriate financial measures, the rulers of the colony have resorted to plans for annihilating the little commerce that remains, and to oppress the inhabitants with most grievous and ill-calculated taxes. The whole colonial policy of Spain is nothing better than injustice, and all injustice will sooner or later end in revolution. Sad, indeed, that this fair isle should be at one and the same time the richest gem in the crown of Spain and the foulest blot on her escutcheon!

Cuba thus without toleration, without civil liberty, without liberty of conscience, how degraded! What wonder at the decay of its government, or at the deprecation of the national character?

As in all the former colonies of Old Spain, the laws are not so objectionable as the manner in which they are executed or evaded. The press of the country is under such servile censorship, that the very incidents of everyday life are often excluded at the will and caprice of one individual, who is appointed to scrutinise the most trifling article before it can be presented to the public. Hence the conventional, emphatic, hyperbolic style of words found in the Cuban journals, and which none but Cubans can understand. There are published in Havana four daily newspapers and one monthly periodical. The latter is entitled the "Anales." There are also two semi-monthlies: "La Revista de la Havana," and "El Almandares." At Matanzas there is issued daily the "Aurora." At St. Jago de Cuba there are three publications; and one or more in each of the principal towns: while there are also printed and circulated in the island some literary and scientific publications, edited principally by young men of the country who have voluntarily devoted themselves to the cultivation of letters.

"The despotism and exclusiveness of the mother country," says the Earl of Carlisle—alluding to the time of his personal visit—"were complete; everyone gave the same picture of the corruption and demoralisation which pervaded every department of the administration of justice," &c.

"The politics of the country," he continues, "are rather delicate ground to tread on just now, and are likely to be continually shifting. It appeared to me that all the component parts held each other in check, like the people who were all prevented from killing each other in the farce of 'The Critic.'"¹

Thus Cuba, after all, is neither prosperous nor happy. Heavy interest on mortgage debts is breaking down the proprietary. Her internal condition is anything but what it ought to be. The despotism of the Government—the prevailing venality and thirst of gain—the bitter dissatisfaction of the creoles—the

state of the slaves—the continuance of the slave-trade, which annually peoples the island with thousands of wild Africans—the longing glances which the American Paris casts upon his Atlantic Helen—all forebode a stormy future, and, it may be, a terrible and bloody crisis.

No wonder the Cuban proprietor is not happy—no wonder should the black be even more happy than the white—the crushed slave more happy than the master. For the latter no palm trees wave their massy fronds with music in the bland air; the delicious winds do not caress him; the mild blue heavens shine not upon him. Between him and all the glory of nature stands the bohea and the sugar-mill, with the negro slaves who dread him, and of whom he equally stands in dread. The mild heavens of Cuba give the slave-owner no peace. He sees the sword of Damocles hanging over his head, and the future is all dark and portentous before him. His end, therefore, and his only aim, is more than ever to augment his revenues with as little delay as possible; and, by whatever means, that he may leave Cuba for ever.

Her own patriots have said of her, "Were you to draw aside the brilliant mask which hides the state of the country, a lacerated and deformed skeleton would present itself."

Nor is she safe from foes within her citadels. Where the genius of man is forced from its natural channel, it will rise, like the waters of the fountain, to the level of its source in another. Liberty brought to the frontiers of States soon finds its way into the heart of the country, and then farewell to all the false sentiment which would invest an ivy and moss-covered ruin with the light and majesty of a noble modern temple, and denies to modern people modern habits and necessities, and imposes its chain on the welfare of every class of the community.

If the history of man—if past experience and present appearances do not deceive us, it may be confidently predicted that neither Cuba, Puerto Rico, nor Brazil, nor even the Southern States of America, can continue many years in the state in which they now exist.

Statistics of the Naval and Military force as existing in 1853, given on official authority, inform us that Cuba has an army of infantry seventeen thousand five hundred men; cavalry, one thousand eight hundred and eight men; artillery, fifteen hundred men; sappers and miners, one hundred and thirty:—total, twenty thousand. This estimate does not include the civic guard, which is also a part of the regular troops. In addition to the above forces, there are on the island regiments of militia, infantry and cavalry.

The naval force at the same period consisted of one frigate of forty-four guns; seven brigantines, carrying one hundred and four guns; eleven steam-vessels, with fifty-four guns; four schooners, with eleven guns; two gun-boats, with six guns; and two transports; in all, twenty-five vessels, and two hundred and nineteen guns, manned by three thousand men. Two steam-ships of war were still more recently added.

These united forces, it is understood, have been considerably augmented since 1853, or within the last three years, now amount, as it is said, to upwards of thirty thousand men, well paid and officered; together with the addition of an armed squadron,

¹ Lecture by the Earl of Carlisle.

II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—ODIOUS SYSTEM OF POLICE SURVEILLANCE—STREETS OF HAVANA—HOUSES—FURNITURE—DRESS OF INHABITANTS OF BOTH SEXES—PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF SPANISH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—PUBLIC VEHICLES AND DRIVERS—AGRICULTURE, TRADE AND COMMERCE.

THE characteristics of the original white inhabitants of Cuba (referring principally to those from old Spain) seem to have been pride and ambition. Their descendants exhibit to a still greater degree than their progenitors the Castilian sensitiveness and high punctilio, but also preserve much of that high sense of honour and integrity for which the Spanish character, among its best representatives, has ever been distinguished, and from which a singular taciturnity and hauteur would seem to have been always inseparable. The real Castilian and Andalusian hidalgos are a class of men of whom it may be said, that if they have great pride, they have but little meanness. Their Cuban descendants differ widely, however, in energy and in some other respects from their ancestors, who, whatever may have been their morals, were men of consummate enterprise and bravery.

As in every country cursed with slavery, the principal inhabitants of Cuba are enervated by indolence and love of ease. An effeminate luxury distinguishes the residents of Havana, in their houses, dress, pleasures, and occupations. Symptoms of satiety, languor, and dull enjoyment are everywhere exhibited—the expiration of the spirit, if not of the breath of existence—a kind of settled melancholy, the invariable effect of inactivity, especially of indolence coupled with vice. Like many others of our race in other countries, they seem to have drunk so deep in pleasure or voluptuousness, as to stir a sediment that renders the draught unpalatable.

All are addicted to games of chance, such as cards and lotteries, together with billiards and chess. With the love of bull-fights and cock-fights—those barbarous relics of a Vandal and savage age—they seem to be infatuated.

Although the Spaniards are a grave, yet they are a pleasure-seeking people. They may be said to be eminently a dancing nation. This favourite national amusement in Cuba, as in old Spain, is often enjoyed in the open air to the guitar and tambourine, each dancer keeping time with the castanets fastened to his hands or heels. In some shady, sequestered thicket, or near some shaded fountain or rivulet, where nature holds her holiday, such groups are often to be found. The guitar or tambourine on such occasions is seldom silent; and on moonlight evenings these revelries are often protracted to a late hour, and to the fancy of the traveller might call up the gay group of *Comus*, or that described by the Roman bard:—

“*Jam Cytheria choros ducat Venus eminente Luna
Junetæque, Nymphæ, Gratiaque decentes
Alternò terram quatiant pede.*”

Balls are a very common and favourite amusement here, as in all the West India islands; but, unlike the custom in English colonies, no invitation is required to attend them—a genteel dress is a sufficient introduction.

Music, also, is a favourite recreation; and musical instruments of various kinds, and of extraordinary

shapes and tones, are indispensable appurtenances to the boudoir of a Cuban belle. Guiltless of manual labour, in such trifling employments the life of these imprisoned beauties, these ladies of fashion, glides away with little variation; while that of the lower class is one perpetual scene of labour and exposure. But even the down-trodden slave has his seasons of amusement, few and far between as are the intervals of their recurrence; for even the broken spirit will sometimes regain its elasticity. Yes, the slave also has his concerts; but it must be confessed that no one with a musical ear, or unless he has resided many years in the country, and has discarded all European tastes and predilections, can be captivated with, or even patiently endure, their attempts at harmony.

The more simple of the social amusements among the higher classes are the soft, light, airy dance of the bayadere to the cheerful sound of the castanets, the fandango, the *sequidilla*, or the more graceful *bolero* of their fatherland. The guitar is the favourite instrument of music with the ladies; and the pauses and cadences with which the fair Cubanas so feelingly, yet so simply mark the more expressive parts of their plaintive airs, are indescribably soft and soothing; especially when sitting in their verandahs in the calm stillness of a moonlight evening,—almost the only season of diversion and entertainment in the torrid zone,—and when the music, accompanied by the dulcet voice of the performer, is conveyed to a distance on the bland air. In family concerts, which are common with the accompaniments of the tambourine and triangle, the rich notes swell upwards in their strength and sink in soft cadence to tones of melting harmony; now bursting forth in the full force of gladness, now blending together in dreamy, mellow music, and suddenly ceasing, or the soft but thrilling shake of one female voice rising upon the air, and its plaintive beauty stirring the very heart.

To a Cuban, or even to an European Spaniard, it scarcely need be said the smoking of cigars is common. Smoking would seem to a stranger to be a requisite of life to a Cuban; being indulged in, with few exceptions, from the highest to the lowest, at all hours, and in almost every place, at home and abroad. It has been said of the population of Cuba, that one-third is occupied in the preparation of cigars, and that the other two-thirds smoke them. It is a revolting practice when carried to excess, and much cannot be said in its favour under any circumstances; but when indulged in by *ladies*, it is intolerable. It is, however, very common among the *senoritas* of Havana, both old and young. Those of the more respectable classes smoke tobacco in small cigars or *cigarritos* of paper, or inclosed in the leaves of maize called *pachillos*, and contained in a case of gold or silver, which latter receptacle is usually suspended by a chain or riband from the neck of the fair proprietor, and deposited in the bosom, from which they supply themselves or friends successively by a pair of tweezers of the same metal. This practice is so habitual to some of the fair sex, that it constitutes the employment of almost every leisure moment. Groups of them may be sometimes seen indulging this plebeian taste, sitting at the unglazed, prison-like windows of their domiciles at all hours of the day.

The propensity to gambling pervades all classes—the beggar as the prince, the *duenna* as the *don*. Hence it is not only exhibited in places of public resort and fashionable entertainments, but jugglers are to be seen

in all parts of the city, seated upon a mat, on which are exhibited cards, dice, cups, balls, &c., and urging sailors, loose Spaniards, and all passers by, with considerable volubility of tongue and earnestness of gesture, to try their fortunes; to which, whoever is beguiled, is so, almost inevitably, to his serious disadvantage. These are chiefly Sabbath recreations, along with the bull-fights, which take place once a month, or more or less frequently, on that sacred day. And so deeply are

the feelings of the populace wound up and centred in this last-named Sabbath recreation, that to interdict or even to control it would probably produce a revolution in the island.

The respect and devotion with which the fair sex are treated is especially remarkable, and is a Spanish characteristic which both history, romance, and poetry have combined to celebrate. A woman is regarded as a sacred object by a Cuban as by a Spaniard, and a



AVENUE OF PALM TREES, LEADING TO A RESIDENCE IN CUBA.

true hidalgo would shrink from committing the slightest outrage on her person.

"White hands can never offend," is the universal consolation, even when feminine indiscretion becomes ungentle. The Spanish drama is crowded with incidents and beautiful sentiments founded on the extraordinary influence of women. The power of beauty and the influence of kings are the two great subjects of the Spanish stage.

Spanish courtesy or gallantry to a lady, indeed, is often, as would be thought at least in England, carried to an extreme. Hence, at an inn, or at a place of public entertainment, if in the presence of gentlemen, ladies are seldom allowed to pay their share of the charge, although the party may be strangers to each other. It is even so sometimes in the fashionable bazaars: one or more of the gentlemen present delicately signifies to the waiter, by a private sign, in order

that he may receive no thanks, his intention to satisfy the demand, so that the waiter, on a request by his fair purchaser for his account, politely replies that the repast, or entertainment, or purchased article, of whatever kind, "costs nothing."

It has been questioned by some writers, but with no sufficient reason, whether the physical influences of a tropical climate are not such as almost to preclude the probability of high literary efforts ever being made among a people subject to its enervating power. No doubt, however, but that some literary and scientific men, wherever educated, are to be found, in both the higher and middling classes of society. To expect to find literary attainment among the mass would be as unreasonable as for one to expect to "reap where he had not sown, and to gather where he had not sowed."

Out of a population of perhaps 500,000 free inhabitants, both white and coloured, about 1,000 only receive the blessing of lettered education of any kind; and more recently it has been proved, that there are only 10,000 children out of 100,000 under tuition—the remaining 90,000 being abandoned to ignorance and vice. With this indifference to education in general, it is scarcely to be expected that the city is adorned by any of those literary and benevolent institutions which add such a lustre to the cities and towns of England and America, and which diffuse around them an atmosphere of moral energy and hope; but few, if any, orphan asylums, or associations for the aged, infirm, and destitute, are to be found in Havana.

It can scarcely be said that a liberal education is anything like universally diffused even among the higher classes, while there is but little taste for reading among those who have acquired the accomplishment. How the Cuban fair, especially, contrive to pass away their time without the aid of books, or the business engagements which occupy their sex in protestant countries, is a mystery that few strangers can unravel. As before intimated, the church, the cigarretto, the guitar, and the siesta, are almost the only daily pastimes—the excitements of love and convivial entertainments are left to the twilight and the midnight hour.

If it is a truth that the order, the moral habits, the piety, and the happiness of families are more emphatically under the control of females than of the other sex,—if, apart from the indirect control they exercise over their own immediate families, they are intrusted with a moral power that hardly knows a limit,—if the practical virtue of the world, the tone of piety in the church, and the salvation of souls, are more affected, as is affirmed, by the current maxims and amusements of the day recognised by women than by the power or administration of civil government,—if, in morals, in religion, and in everything with which morals and religion are connected, females may do as much good or hurt as men ordinarily effect in the politics and government of the world—then how pitiable the condition, how degraded the character, and how awful the responsibility of the females of Havana!

Generally it may be said that the political and moral condition of a state depends upon the rank held in it, and the religious character sustained by woman.

It is asserted, however, that the question of public instruction has of late years excited much interest among the creole population of Cuba. The impetus to this seems to have been given by the same liberal portion of the population as that which originated the

establishment of the Royal Sociedades Economicas of Havana and St. Jago de Cuba.

At Havana is the Royal University, with a rector and thirty professors, as also a large edifice called the Royal College of Havana. There is a similar establishment at Puerto Principe; while both at Havana and at St. Jago de Cuba there is a College in which the several branches of an ecclesiastical education are attended to, together with the humanities and philosophy. There are, besides, several private schools, but none are accessible to the masses; they are available only to the privileged few.

Among the few charitable institutions existing in Havana, are the Infirmary or Hospital of St. Layare, and the *Caza de Beneficia* for Orphans; and it is somewhat remarkable that they are established on more liberal and equitable principles than similar institutions in the United States, in that their benefits are applicable to all classes, without distinction of caste or colour. But while the spirit of Christianity is exemplified in the conduct of these establishments, it is awfully outraged in other matters, particularly in the burial of the dead. In the great cemetery, "Campo Santo," the spirit of heathenism, or, rather, despotism, prevails. The bodies of the rich are interred within the lofty walls of this place of the dead with pompous ceremonies and gilded inscriptions;—the poor are carried to and deposited in their last resting-place without any token or memorial, in some cases without even a green sod over them, or a flower or a shrub to speak of life above the grave. In one part of this public dormitory of the dead is the burial-place of the negro slave, covered with the heaped-up mounds of bones and skulls. It is forbidden for a negro to be brought hither in a coffin; the bodies are therefore thrown wholly or half-naked into the ground, and quicklime, or some kind of earthy preparation which rapidly consumes the flesh, is thrown upon them. In the course of from eight to fourteen days the bodies are disinterred, to make room for other corpses, and the bones are cast up in heaps to dry and whiten in the sun.

As previously intimated, the first impression that strikes an Englishman on entering Havana as repugnant to his sense of liberty, is the military law and system of *espionage*, which appears to govern everything, and to influence every department of the civil and social state. An air of despotism seems to depress the whole population. Freedom exists only in imagination. Justice, equity, and integrity are discarded. The strong hand of power uppermost rules all. As a natural consequence, bribery and chicanery are tolerated and recognised, from the highest functionary to the meanest official. In all countries where the servants of Government are underpaid there is a temptation to resort to secret or open plunder as a means of increasing their emoluments: thus in Cuba, as already stated, the official guardians of law and order are the first to break them.

No passengers can land without passports and fiadors. The cost of the former is six dollars and a half. Not without these, obtained at so exorbitant an expense, can you proceed to any part of the country, or even to the environs of the city. At every ferry, wharf, stair, or stone for embarkation, in every street, lane, alley, in every hole and corner you encounter the chaco (a kind of military policeman), with his bright-barelled musket, linen coat, yellow worsted epaulettes, and saffron visage.

Nor less striking to a stranger on first entering the

city, especially to a Briton, are the houses, shops, men, women, costumes, animals, and carriages; all present a remarkable contrast to any and everything either English or American.

The streets in Havana are formed generally at right angles, and are narrow, confined, irregular, unpaved, and undrained, shaded by heavy awnings, while here and there is seen a stone-built mansion, through the arched entrance to which is visible an exquisite garden laid out with taste, and adorned with beautiful flowers. Causeways line each side of the street, but they are so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to pass on them. Many of the thoroughfares also are, in wet weather, dirty and muddy, to the no small inconvenience of pedestrians, especially on the passing and repassing of carriages. Some of the more public streets are paved, though very indifferently, and the frequent rains, or rather cataracts, washing away the soil and sand from between the huge stones, render the footing insecure, and therefore dangerous both to man and beast.

The massive houses, with their projecting parapets, as solid and heavy as if each were designed to stand a siege, together with the awnings, cast a constant shade over the narrow streets, so that during the heat of the day any unnecessary exposure to the sun may be avoided. The houses have no window-sashes, nor jalousies, but iron or wooden bars, or gratings, with loose curtains inside. By this arrangement and style of building, the interior is necessarily made gloomy, even at midday, but at the same time that light is thus excluded, its inmates are defended from the heat; an advantage which, in a tropical climate, more than compensates for the inconvenience otherwise sustained. A current of air also passes through and ventilates the lofty rooms, but during rain, and when the shutters are closed, the inmates are involved in almost total darkness.

The houses are plain in their architecture, and are after the Moorish or Saracenic model—they seldom exceed two stories in height, and are usually painted blue, green, yellow, orange, or some other bright or gaudy colour, frequently adorned with fresco painting. They are said to be tinted to avoid the glare of sunlight on the white walls, which is considered injurious to the sight.¹ The buildings in general present a great mixture of regularity and irregularity—of old and new—of splendid and dilapidated. Close beside an elegant arcade, with its gaily painted walls, stands a half-ruinous wall, the fresco paintings of which are half-obliterated or have peeled off with the decayed mortar.

All residences of the best description are built upon one unvarying plan—that of a hollow quadrangle. Flat roofs are almost universal, and are much occupied in the evening. These terraces are called *azoteon*, and are surrounded by a low parapet, ornamented with urns and other similar devices. Utility is principally studied in this arrangement of the houses, as it is unquestionably the best for promoting a free circulation of air.

A lofty portal, with solid mahogany doors from fifteen to twenty feet high, opens to the entrance hall, serving as a coachhouse for the *volante*, or as a store for merchandise. A small square court filled with shrubs, plants, flowers, and creepers, ornamented and rendered doubly attractive by a tiny *jet d'eau*, or larger

fountain in the centre, which is considered an almost necessary appendage to every respectable domicile, because of the delightfully cool and agreeable appearance they present.

The interior court is surrounded by galleries, attached to which are the sitting, public, dining, and bedrooms, with the general staircase leading to the whole; the servant's rooms and offices occupy the basement story, and frequently shops of mean appearance are seen opening to the street below a magnificent suite of apartments. There is, however, a heavy grandeur, and an antique, almost Vandal character about the whole which cannot fail to strike the stranger; but with all this magnificence, occasionally exhibited, there is a great deficiency in comfort and convenience.

The floors of the houses in general are either of hardwood, plank, terrace, or tiles. Some are in imitation of mosaics. A few are flagged with marble, but this is by no means common. A carpet is utterly unknown. The nearest approach to this European luxury is a grass mat tastefully plaited, called an "estera."

The iron bars in every window remind a stranger of a common prison or a penitentiary. These gratings are the substitute for glass, or standing venetian blinds, throughout even the inner apartments, as well as in the exterior of the buildings, so that the interior of the best houses partakes in appearance so much more of a prison than an abode of innocence as to occasion reflections as to the cause of this internal defence, this security of the domestic retreat, this fortified place of refuge, as also to suggest the obvious and natural conclusion—Slavery! pestilential slavery! fear of its consequences—terror at the chance of an outbreak—the still small voice that whispers of deep wrong inflicted, and conjures up a phantom, a dim and shadowy image, in the minds of the Spaniards, of their splendid rooms converted into citadels, valuable for their strength, yet yielding doubtful protection to the hard-hearted and oppressive taskmasters.

The bedrooms have but little privacy; the principal apartments have often bare walls, or here and there exhibit gaudy dull paintings, and are heavily, though in some instances, elegantly furnished. The furniture of others, whose tenants are less wealthy than the most privileged orders, is inadequate to the size of the rooms, and otherwise unattractive, except to the lovers of the antique; some old-fashioned, high-backed, hardwood chairs, covered with leather and gilt nails, as if made at Grenada in the time of the Moorish kings, with a profusion of tarnished gilding—a table or two in the same style, the seeming relics of the first importations of such conveniences from old Spain, with a long grass hammock slung from the ceiling, intersecting the room diagonally and nearly touching the floor.

In some of these establishments beds are never to be seen; their place is supplied by stretchers, which are simply transverse pieces of wood, covered with canvas; these, with cots and hammocks, that are folded and put aside during the day, embrace almost all the furniture of the sleeping apartments.

In the hotels (those kept by Americans and some other foreigners probably excepted) the sleeping places are cots without mattresses or coverlets, in a room with red-tiled floors, without glazed windows, but, as in private houses, with iron-barred apertures in the wall for the admission of light and air. The bill of fare, especially beyond the precincts of the city, is usually

¹ The houses in Jamaica and other West Indian islands, excepting the Spanish, are usually surrounded by jalousies or standing venetian blinds painted green, thus obviating inconvenience to the sight.

not very tempting to a fastidious palate. It consists of eggs, fried pork, and Castilian wines, with bread and vegetables—the meals only twice a day

The celebrated "olla podrida," composed of fowl, with a proportion of beef, pork, garbanzos, onions, and other vegetables, with garlic, saffron, and pepper, may here be had in true national perfection.

Havana, as to house-rent, boarding, clothing, food, as to almost everything, indeed, necessary to support life and promote its comfort, is said to be one of the most expensive places in the world.

In personal appearance the dons and hidalgos of Cuba are naturally assimilated to their ancestors of old Spain; while the character of the general population is extremely varied, both as to physical features and costume—circumstances which add greatly to the picturesque effect of the whole scene—Spanish, French, American, Italian, Dutch, African, Creole, Indian, Chinese, presenting every shade of colour and variety of countenance that can be imagined. These, with their diversified costumes, combine to form a picture of living mortality at Havana, which, to the same extent, and with equal power of pictorial expression, is not perhaps equalled in any other city in the world, not even excepting New Orleans.

The different styles of physiognomy among the natives of old Spain are also very evident in the population of the city. One has refined features, an oval countenance, a proud and often a gloomy expression—this distinguishes those of Castilian descent. Another has a round countenance, flat, broad features, and a jovial but plebeian expression—this marks the Catalanian. The former is spare in form; the latter stout. The Castilian is generally found among government officials; the Catalanian among merchants and tradespeople.

The ordinary dress of the whites, such as merchants and professional men, differs but little from that of the residents in other West India Islands, except as to the prevalence of gingham coats or coatees, with skirts flying in the breeze, and, to some extent, white jean small-clothes, with white silk stockings. Whiskered and mustachioed faces, shaded by huge broad-brimmed Panama hats, are not uncommon among the inhabitants of the English Antilles. In general the clothing is light. Neckcloths or stocks are uncommon, except at set parties. The necks of shirts are in general adorned with gold buttons or clasps; the collars are allowed to hang down loose after the manner of those seen in the portraits of Lord Byron. Some, also, within doors, wear a kind of black or white skull-cap, similar to those worn by the French, while the hair is usually worn close cut to the head. On particular occasions, however, the hidalgos appear in the costumes characteristic of the province of old Spain that gave them birth.

The full dress of a mayoral or overseer of an estate is thus described:—"A wide-brimmed straw hat; blue striped small clothes fastened to the waist; a blue embroidered shirt hanging loosely over them like a sack; a very large straight sword, with a silver handle ornamented with precious stones; the shirt collar and sleeves confined with gold buckles; an embroidered cambric handkerchief tied loosely round the neck; pumps, cut quite low, and adorned with heavy silver spurs."

Occasionally, an European-Spaniard is to be seen, with an open jacket of green velvet highly embroi-

dered, with light leggings of the same material, ornamented with a profusion of silver buttons; his linen of the purest white; his high round hat decked with beads, and carelessly or jauntily turned aside; a second jacket also richly embroidered; with dark curls carefully arranged round a high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; and a countenance of manly beauty.

A Catalanian or an Andorran cavalier is seen in his vest of blue velvet; his red silk sash and fine cotton stockings appearing over his hempen spartillas. Not unfrequently a peasant is to be seen, with a red Montero cap, with his capa over his shoulder, and with loose linen bragos or trousers. A Guigaro, with his wild, dark eye, expressive gesture, and imperturbable self-possession, is seen in a richly-worked shirt of fine linen, worn on the outside, as is usual; a long and elegantly-embroidered sash fastening to his side the silver-handled sword or marchette; silver spurs and low slippers. And sometimes Monteros or countrymen are seen galloping through the streets, each with his high-crowned straw hat with broad brim, his loose shirt over his other garments, its tail fluttering in the breeze, and his long sword lashed to his waist by a handkerchief, and dangling at his back. The Creole-Spaniard is sometimes dressed in a camisa of striped gingham, breeches of ticking, and a chequita or sleeved tunic of the same material as the camisa; half-boots or mocassins of untanned hide, a sportsman's belt, a girdle furnished with a heavy hunting knife, and a wide-flapped sombrero or hat of palm-leaf, complete his equipment. Of some of the Caballeros it may almost be said, as was reported of some of the black slaves of Darien, that their whole summer costume consists of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs.

The large black eye, and raven hair escaping in endless tresses—the dark expressive glance—the soft, blood-tinted olive of the glowing complexion, make the unwilling Englishman confess the majesty and beauty of the Spanish female. The Moorish eye is the most characteristic feature of the Andalusian. This is very full, and reposes on a liquid somewhat yellow bed; of an almond shape; black and lustrous. Their eyes have been pleasantly compared to dormant lightnings, terrible in wrath, and hiding liquid fires.

In dignity of mien and gait the fair Castilian and Andalusian are allowed to be unrivalled. Their deportment is dignified and queen-like. Their every motion is instinct with grace. In stature they are generally tall and well-proportioned; as also erect in their figures, which are generally good, no efforts being made to alter the natural shape. A finely-formed and diminutive foot is highly estimated by the Spaniards in general among the attributes of female beauty, and hence great attention is usually paid by the Spanish ladies to this part of their persons on their appearance in public.

"Excepting some rare instances of Irishwomen of true Milesian descent," says a well-known writer, "none but a Spanish lady can *walk*. French, English, and Scotch only stump, shuffle, and amble in comparison." In no other respect, however, are we willing to admit that the descendants of ancient Hesperia are rivals of the fair daughters of Albion and her colonies.

The variety of costumes which occasionally appear on the public Alamedas, as on the Prado in Madrid, renders the scene peculiarly attractive. The gentlemen in their capas mingled with the ladies in their mantillas; the white-kilted Valencian contrasts with

the velveteen glittering Andalusian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the mulcteer; all meet on perfect equality as in church; and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety.

Few Spaniards walk arm-in-arm, and still more rarely is this good old English fashion followed by a Spanish lady and gentleman, married or single. Also, in accordance with Cuban etiquette, ladies are accustomed to bow to their acquaintance in the street, but seldom make a courtesy. One of the most marked characteristics of the Spaniards, both male and female, is their love of dress. There is no self-denial to which all classes and sexes will not cheerfully submit in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. But Spaniards, even the most wealthy, only really dress when they go abroad on business or pleasure. At home they are enveloped in a *deshabills* which is far from either costly or elegant. Those whose circumstances will not admit of an expensive costume, seldom or ever leave their domiciles, except at a very early hour of the day, when they are less liable to recognition.

The full dress of the ladies, as seen on the *Alameda* and some other public places, is remarkably costly and superb—I should rather say, elegant—after the style of old Spain; beautifully embroidered; with lace mantillas or scarfs, the ends hanging down on each side, or crossing over the bosom; and in their hand the never-failing, never-to-be-forgotten companion of the Spanish lady—the expressive fan. Black is almost the universal colour, and the robe is in general tastefully worked and vandyked.

The mantilla, used also as a veil, is usually of black silk or lace, sometimes of white lace, thrown over the head, supported by a high comb of a value in accordance with the circumstances or pride of the individual, leaving the face uncovered, and displaying the flowers with which the wearer often adorns her dark tresses; the ends of the mantilla either crossing over the bosom, falling gracefully over the shoulders, or confined to the waist by the arms, or by a richly worked and ornamented zone—*la centura*;—a style of head-dress this which is said to create the graceful and dignified mien and gait for which the Spanish ladies are so celebrated. Hence those who have never worn it are said to be quite plebeian in their gait and figure in comparison.

Some wear no other head-dress than the hair variously arranged and ornamented. The most usual is to plait or roll it as a bandeau round the head, the crown of which is fastened to a knot, surmounted by a comb, after the manner of the ancient Romans. Some also wear a cap of fine linen, formed like a mitre, called *hamito*, over which is thrown a veil—that beautiful emblem of female modesty and elegance. But the most becoming ornament to the Spanish maiden is the *trensa*—an arrangement of the hair in two long, dark, shining braids.

Some are seen with a *pollera*, or thin silk petticoat, and a thin white jacket worn loose, or a short tunic when they go abroad. The richness of their dress consists of the finest linen, laces, and jewels, the latter so disposed as to occasion very little inconvenience, and to produce the most ornamental effect. In Cuba, as in old Spain, the prevalence of dark tints in costume is remarkable, black having always been the favourite national colour.

In this detail of the full dress of the Spanish lady,

the *fan* is too characteristic to have no more than a passing notice. Its use is universal; and its size or weight and splendour is the pride of the fair proprietor. Some are of the value of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars each. The most costly are of ivory set with gold, and ornamented with small oval mirrors on the outer sides. The manœuvring with the fan is a regular science, in which the Spanish lady comprehends the old language of signs, and by which she converses freely with the friend of her heart.

The morning dress of the Spanish lady, or the principal morning vestment, as already intimated, is either a loose flowing robe or a black or white silk kind of habit-skirt (*basquira*) over a white under-garment, made full from the waist upwards, plentifully adorned with frills and bows—the former appearing as if suspended by small straps from the shoulder, and either covering or supplying all minor defects and deficiencies of attire.

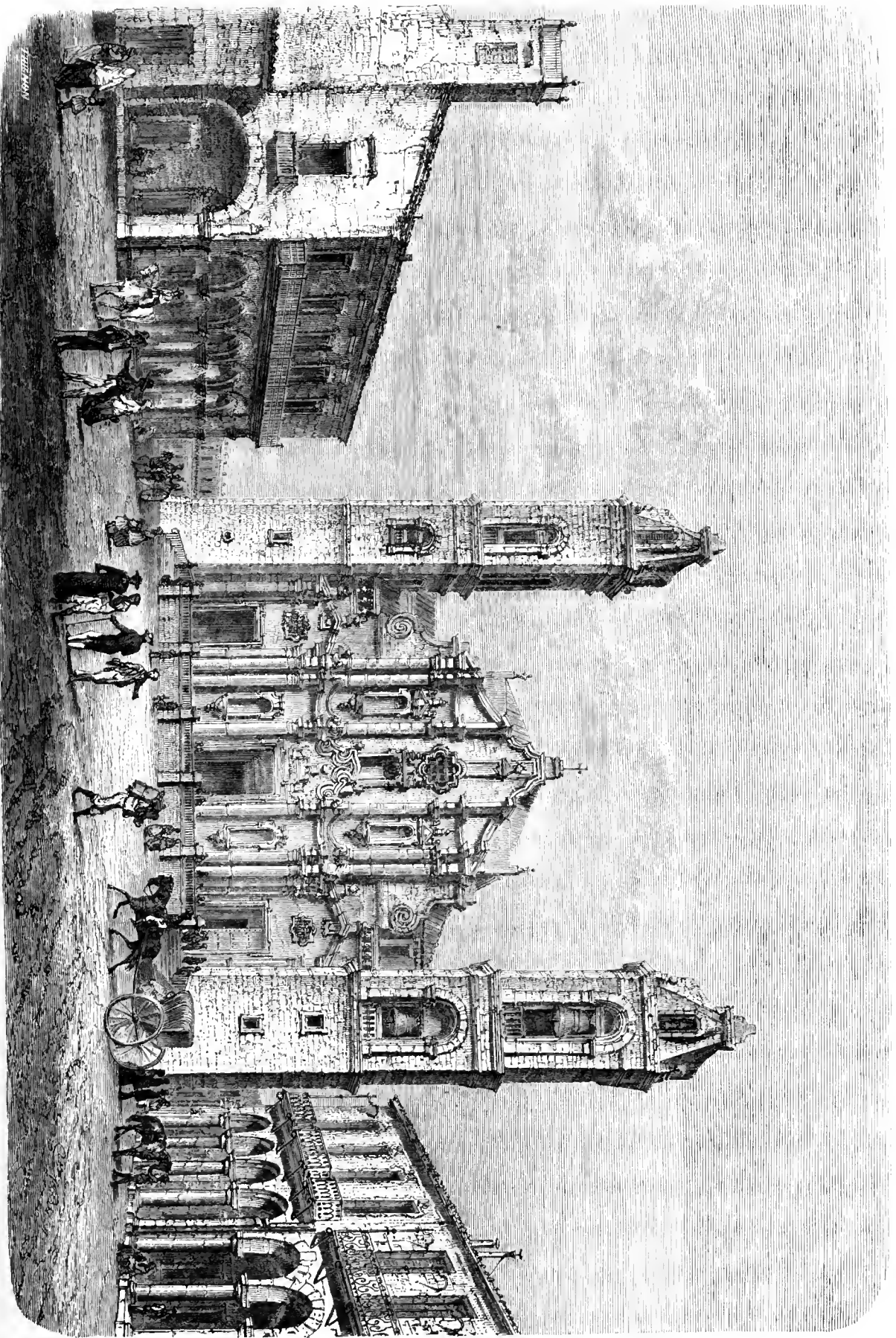
Some of the middling class and the free blacks dress very fantastically; in muslin gowns, scarlet mantillas, and light blue or violet-coloured satin shoes. Many of these women are really beautiful; and their jet-black hair, and clear, rich, olive complexions are often becomingly relieved by a gay-coloured silk handkerchief, which the French and Spaniards, and West Indians in general, know well how to arrange about their heads with good effect. Black females are occasionally seen in shining calico frocks, with silk shoes worn slipshod, red shawls, the hair arranged in fine braids, and with a bandanna or other handkerchief as a head-dress:—

“Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might bescem.”

But there are other inhabitants of Havana, and throughout Cuba generally—down-trodden slaves—who appear in the streets with scarcely a rag to cover their emaciated forms.

The carriages in use, and which stand in the great square and in different parts of the city like the hackney coaches in London, are called *volantes*. They are of the most grotesque form and clumsy construction that can be imagined—a sort of cabriolet, with four posts or uprights supporting a canopy covered with leather, with a high dash-iron or splash-board in front, and surrounded with curtains of blue or scarlet cloth, that may be let down as rain or dust require. The vehicle is supported by massive, straight, columnar shafts and two wheels, each of the wheels six feet in diameter, and placed quite behind the centre of gravity, giving the vehicle a very awkward appearance, but a very easy, agreeable motion. “They look,” says the Earl of Carlisle, “as if they had been intended to carry Don Quixote.” Of anything in the shape of a vehicle for the accommodation of human kind it bears the nearest resemblance perhaps to a sedan chair—open in front and partly on each side; suspended by springs on the eumbrous shafts described; the body resting upon the springs between the wheels and the horses, the latter being considerably in advance of the carriage itself, which for the most part is supported by them. These vehicles are drawn by mules or small horses, and driven by negro slaves à la postillion, the drivers ensconced in a grotesque livery, in one hand exhibiting a huge thong of bullock's hide, and with the other guiding their steeds. The harness of the animals is in perfect keeping with the habiliments of the drivers and the rest of the equipage.

THE CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA.





Some of the private volantes are very elegant, though in the same style, and the liveries exceedingly rich, corresponding with the rank and wealth of the owner—such as an embroidered coat, cocked hat, and large hussar boots with silver spurs, the latter seeming to have been manufactured in the time of the crusades, the rowel of them an inch or more in diameter. The driver of one of these vehicles is called a *calashero*, and both he and the horse are sometimes richly caparisoned with silver to the value of several thousand dollars.

The cabriolets or bullock cars that are in common use in the country are as rude in their construction as those represented in the illustration of the "Georgies" of our oldest Virgils.

The trade of Havana is immense. Upwards of one thousand vessels are supposed to enter it for purposes of commerce in a year. Its revenue is twenty millions of dollars, and its outward and inward trade sixty millions.

The principal products of the country—a very considerable part of which are exported from this city—are sugar and tobacco.

Among the lesser staples may be reckoned ginger, long pepper, mastic, cocoa or chocolate, coffee, bees' wax, honey, manioc, and aloes.

There are at present in Cuba 1,650 sugar plantations, 5,128 cattle farms, 13 chocolate plantations, 224 cotton plantations, 34,432 fruit and vegetable farms, 7,979 tobacco plantations, and 2,284 *colmenaries* or farms devoted exclusively to the production of honey and wax.

The circulating medium is entirely metallic. The weights, measures, and moneys are those of Spain, but the French metrical system is about to be introduced.

The number of cattle on the island is 898,199: in the Occidental department, 267,033; in the Central, 458,166; and in the Oriental, 173,000.

Notwithstanding the unsettled state of Cuba and her cloudy future, internal improvements have been progressing. Railroads have been constructed in several localities. There are at present lines of railway extending over three hundred and fifty-one miles, connecting some of the most important places. They unite Havana to Matanzas and Cardenas, and extend to Botobano, St. Phillippe, Puerto Principe, &c.

The electric telegraph is also in operation in several parts of Cuba. The wires in general follow the railroads, and may be said to intersect the country, embracing east west, and south, to Botobano, Havana, St. Jago de Cuba, Matanzas, and Cardenas.

III.

CLIMATE, SCENERY, &c.—VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS—RIVERS—MOUNTAINS—DOMESTIC AND WILD ANIMALS—MINERAL RICHES—PRINCIPAL OBJECTS OF ATTRACTION TO A STRANGER—ARCHITECTURE AND GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF CHURCHES—CATHEDRAL—CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO—VICEREGAL PALACE—CHAPEL OF COLUMBUS—PLAZAS—CONVENT AT REGLA—PLAZA DEL TOROS OR COLOSSEUM FOR BULL FIGHTS.

The climate of Cuba, especially in the suburbs of Havana, is considered the most salubrious of any of the West India Islands, with the exception of Puerto Rico. It is impossible to convey to those who have never been among the beautiful islands of these tropical seas any idea of the fragrant delightfulness of the

early dawn. The exquisite freshness of the morning, and the soft coolness of the breezy evening, when the very soul seems refreshed and strengthened, and the pulse of life beats fuller and clearer, produce sensations to be enjoyed only—never to be described.

Havana itself, however, is unhealthy, partly from a want of drainage and general cleanliness, but principally from its being situated near a wide-spreading morass, pregnant with malaria, generating fever and the other pestilent diseases so fatal to European strangers. The climate differs considerably from that of Jamaica in temperature, although the difference of position in the two islands does not exceed five degrees. In the cold season the thermometer almost every year descends in Havana to 60°, and sometimes to 55°; whilst at Kingston and Spanish Town it is seldom seen below 67° or 68°. The meridian heat in Havana is 77°; that of July, the hottest month, 84°; and that of the coldest, 70°. Ice is sometimes formed at about 300 feet above the level of the sea; while in Jamaica, congelation does not take place but at an altitude of from 7,000 to 8,000 feet. Snow, however, never, or but very rarely, falls in Cuba, even on its highest mountains. The changes of the temperature are also greater and more sudden in Havana than in Kingston and in Jamaica generally.

Cuba has thus the most temperate climate of all the West Indies. At Ubajay, fifteen miles from Havana, the thermometer has been known to go down to zero. At times, however, the heat is so excessive as to convert life into bare existence: and the tempests are terrific, the clouds being surcharged through the much greater absorption caused by a tropical sun.

The evenings are usually brilliant and beautiful, with soft, blue skies, and a freshness only to be appreciated near the equator, where the stillness of the atmosphere and the suffocating sultriness of the day well nigh exhaust all the energies of man's nature.

At the same time there is a great variety of temperature in the mountains, occasioned by their different elevation above the sea. Elevation above the level of the sea, or the general level of a country, as is well known to the intelligent reader, causes a regular variation of temperature. The first 300 feet usually makes a difference of about one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer. After ascending 300 feet, it is estimated that the thermometer falls a degree in 295 feet, then in 277, 252, 223, and 192 feet successively.

On these principles the limit of perpetual frost has been calculated. It is made a little more than 15,000 feet at the equator, and from that to 13,000 feet between the tropics, and from 9,000 to 4,000 feet between latitudes 40° and 59°. It has been found, however, that the above rule is subject to great variations, owing probably to the course and superposition of the atmospheric currents which prevail in different altitudes.

Colder currents are often found resting upon, or interposed between, those of a higher temperature, and *vice versa*. On the Himalaya Mountains in Asia, between the latitudes of 28° and 34° north, the region of vegetation has been found to extend several thousand feet above the supposed line of congelation in those latitudes.

It is also remarkable that the line of perpetual snow is found at a much greater altitude on the northern side of these mountains than on the southern side in a lower latitude. From this it may be inferred that the

temperature in high regions, as well as in lower situations, is greatly affected by the geographical course and physical condition of the currents of atmosphere which prevail in these regions; and the atmosphere of Cuba, it is well known, is particularly affected by its contiguity to the Gulf Stream.

From the great difference between the temperature of the day and night in the mountain regions, owing to the frequent calmness and stillness that prevail, added to the heat of the atmosphere and the cloudless skies, the deposition of dew is often so abundant as almost to supply the want of rain, or at least to preserve vegetation in a state of verdure, when in the plains scarcely a blade of green grass is to be seen.

The splendour of the early dawn in Cuba, as in the tropical islands in its vicinity, has been referred to. The whole sky is often so resplendent that it is difficult to determine where the orb of the day will appear. Small fleecy clouds are often seen floating on the north wind, and as they hover over the mountains and meet the rays of the sun, are changed into liquid gold, and a hundred intensely vivid dyes more splendid than the tints of the rainbow. During the cooler months the mornings are delightful until about ten o'clock, the air soon after dawn becoming agreeably elastic, and so transparent that distant objects appear as if delineated upon the bright surface of the air; the scenery everywhere, especially when viewed from an eminence, is indescribably rich and glowing; the tops of the rising grounds and the summits of the mountains are radiant with a flood of light; while the vapour is seen creeping along the valleys, here concealing the entrance to some beautiful glen, and there wreathing itself fantastically around a tall spire or groves of palm trees, that mark the site of a populous village.

The finest and most gorgeous sunsets occur in the West Indian Archipelago during the rainy seasons. The sky is then sublimely mantled with gigantic masses of cloud glowing with a thousand gorgeous dyes, and seeming to collect at the close of day as though to form a couch for the sun's repose. In these he sinks, flooding them with glory; touching both heavens and earth with gold and amber brightness long after he has flung his beams across the other hemisphere, or perhaps half-revealing himself through gauze-like clouds—a crimson sphere at once rayless and of portentous size.

The azure arch, which by an optical illusion limits our view on every side, seems here, and in the tropics generally, higher than in England—even higher than in Italy. Here is seen, in a perfection compared to which even Italian heavens are vapid and uninteresting, that pure serene, boundless sky—that atmosphere of clear blue or vivid red, which so much contributes to enrich the pencil of Claude Lorraine.

When looking out towards the sea from a high mountain-range, the water and the firmament have appeared one scene of deep and brilliant blue, reminding the student of the Bible of the beautiful interrogation of Job, "Hast thou spread out the sky strong as a molten looking-glass?" an allusion to the ancient mirrors, which were not of glass but of polished steel, and possessed, therefore, much of that brilliant, deep blue cast, which is so characteristic and striking in an Arabian sky, of whose depth of tint no one can form a correct idea who has not been in equatorial regions.

The atmosphere of Cuba, as everywhere within the tropics, except when the high winds prevail, is so unpolluted, so thin, so elastic, so dry, so serene, and so

almost inconceivably transparent and brilliant, that every object is distinct and clearly defined as if cut out of the clear blue sky. All travellers agree in praising the calm depths of the intensely blue and gloriously bright skies of the inter-tropical latitudes.

In the temperate zone, it is estimated that about 1,000 stars are visible to the naked eye at one time; but here, from the increased elevation and wider extent of the vault, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, especially as seen from a high mountain-chain,¹ there is every reason to suppose that the number is greatly augmented. If, however, these luminaries are not seen here in greater numbers, they certainly shine with greater brilliancy.

The different constellations are indeed so greatly magnified as to give the impression that the power of the eye is considerably increased. Venus rises like a little moon, and in the absence of the greater, casts a distinguishable shadow from the larger buildings or trees; while the satellites of Jupiter are sometimes distinctly visible through a telescope of ordinary power.

By night the Southern Cross, the glory of the Centaur stars, and the magnificent star *Canopus* in the ship *Argo*, so dear from its legendary associations, stand bright above the horizon in the southern heavens,² while the planets shine forth with amazing magnitude and brilliancy; and the moon, when she takes her place in the deepening blue of the sky, bathes the whole hemisphere with an exquisite light which has all the brilliancy of day without its glare.

It is even said that an occultation of Venus is not unfrequently visible in Cuba at noonday by the help of a pocket telescope.

Stars are here also seen that are not visible in an English or an European sky. There, the northern

¹ Saussure has observed that the higher we ascend on mountains, the deeper and blacker the sky becomes, so that the deepest blue ribbon is hardly deep enough to represent it.

² The Constellations of the Cross, that beautiful and expressive symbol of the Christian's faith, which, from its blessed associations and from its position, can scarcely fail to draw his thoughts as well as his eyes, from earth to heaven, is thus noticed by Baron Humboldt, when not far from Cuba:—"The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapour for some days. We saw distinctly for the first time the cross of the south, only in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the 16th degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightning, reflected a silver light. The pleasure felt on discovering the southern cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith, planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the southern cross is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a-day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend!' How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the sources of the river of Lataniens, conversed together for the last time; and when the old man, at the sight of the southern cross, warns them that it is time to separate."

Polar star is directly vertical, but here, the north and south poles are nearly in the horizon; thus many of the constellations around the arctic pole, that never set in Europe, here scarcely rise, but in their stead Orion through the north pursues the Pleiads; Sirius, or the star in the leg of Bootes, is in the zenith; in the south appears the Wolf, and the Great Bear is scarcely above the horizon. Here, also, among many other splendid

constellations unseen in an English sky, are the Ark, the Raven, or Noah's Dove, the Altar, the Cross, the Centaur, the Serpent, and the River Eridanus.

The Milky Way, which in the temperate zone has the appearance of a luminous phosphorescent cloud, and, as is well-known, derives its brightness from the diffused light of myriads of stars condensed into so small a space that fifty thousand of them are estimated to pass



CHINESE COOLIES IN THE HAVANA.

across the disc of a telescope in an hour, is here seen divided into constellations, and the whole galaxy is of so dazzling a whiteness as to make it resemble a pure flame of silvery light thrown across the heavens, turning the atmosphere into a kind of green transparency. Besides this, there are vast masses of stellar nebulae of infinite diversity and form—oval, oblate, elliptical, as well as of different degrees of density, diffused over the firmament, and discoverable through a common telescope, all novel to an inhabitant of temperate climes,

and recalling the exclamation of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, . . . the firmament showeth forth his handy work."

"The stars
Are elder scripture, writ by God's own hand,
Scripture authentic, uncorrupt by man."¹

¹ It is thought by some to be more than poetically true that the stars are "elder scripture." The original sphere was, according to some writers, a prediction of the great events of the world immediately succeeding the deluge. Mr Maurice asserts that the

An interesting phenomenon sometimes occurs here as in other islands of the West Indies, which was long supposed to be seen only in the eastern hemisphere. A short time before sunrise or sunset, a flush of strong white light, like that of the Aurora Borealis, extends from the horizon a considerable way up the zenith, and so much resembles the dawn, as to prove greatly deceptive to a stranger. As he watches the luminous track, he sees it decrease instead of becoming more vivid, and at length totally disappear, leaving the heavens nearly as dark as previous to its appearance. This is the zodiacal light. The real dawn takes place soon afterwards, but after a considerably longer lapse of time than in northern regions.

The colour of the light varies according to the state of the atmosphere, but it is in general of a pure rose tint. Its extent, from the horizon to its vertex, varies from 45 to 120 degrees. It has been conjectured that this is really a luminous atmosphere of the sun reaching beyond the orbit of Mercury, and that it derives its form—that of a long and narrow ellipse, only the half of which is perceived—from its rapid revolution with the sun on its axis. But the most eminent astronomers differ in opinion concerning it.¹

The appearance of the environs of Havana and of the island altogether—although inferior, in the opinion of many, to Jamaica—is most picturesque and beautiful; gay, beyond the power of language to express, in verdure and floral ornaments, splendid forests, highly cultivated plains, and rich savannahs.

“O gorgeous land
Where giant mountains as thy guardians stand,
Lifting their sunlit heads to yonder sky,
Where fairy clouds in softest beauty lie.
Land of delight! than which the rolling sun
A fairer, lovelier scene ne'er shines upon,—
Ne'er flings his beams to welcome brighter flowers
Than scent with fragrance all thy summer bowers.”

The trees, which everywhere adorn the lower hills, crowd in luxuriant confusion, variegated and bespangled with all the beauties of colour which the wealth of nature alone can exhibit—often canopied with fantastic wreaths of flowering foliage, as may be said of the sweeping mimosa, the arbutus, and the agave; while the cocoa-nut, the palma royal, the stately cedula,

whole of the southern constellations are a commentary on the books of Moses, and decidedly prove their truth. On the ample and recorded tablet of the skies, he says he has discovered Noah, his Altar and Sacrifice; the Raven and the Dove sent forth from the ark; the Ark itself, and the emblem of the Deity who preserved it; Nimrod, the mighty hunter, with the Dogs, pursuing his eruel vocation; and a variety of other objects referred to in the Old Testament scriptures. Montgomery has an idea of a similar kind in his Pelican island:—

“Through the calm sky alone, the ship of heaven
Came sailing from eternity; the dove
On silver pinions, urged its peaceful way;
There at the footstool of Jehovah's throne,
The altar kindled from his presence blazed;
And there all else excelling meekly shone,
The cross, the symbol of redeeming love.
The heavens declared the glory of the Lord,
The firmament displayed his handy work.”

¹ It is stated, that one of the results of the late expedition from the United States to Japan, is the discovery that the zodiacal light is a belt extending entirely round the earth, after the manner of Saturn's ring. This supposed discovery has excited considerable interest among astronomers, some of the ablest of whom are said to consider the fact established by the observations taken.—*American Almanac*, 1857.

The light appears part of the year in the morning before sunrise, and part after sunset.

and a thousand other beautiful trees and shrubs, make endless variety. These forests have for their crowning glory those giants of the vegetable kingdom nowhere to be seen but in tropical regions, and exhibit vast, exhaustless, and leafy solitudes, covering with a glowing splendour of colour vast ranges of mountains, whose summits mingle with the clouds.

As within the tropics are revealed the luminous worlds which spangle the firmament from pole to pole, so also all the vegetable forms of the earth are here found, including more especially the most beautiful productions of nature—palms, tree-ferns, bananas, arborescent grasses, and delicately-feathered mimosas, of which the puny plants that represent them in Europe, pent up in hot-houses, convey but a faint idea.

It is not only that beneath the glowing rays of a tropical sun the noblest forms of vegetation are developed, but here it is that they seem alone to flourish.

Social plants (*plantæ sociales*) which give such uniformity to European vegetation, are almost wholly unknown in the equatorial regions. The excessive variety of their rich sylvan flora, renders it vain to ask of what the primeval forests consist. Numberless families of plants are here crowded together, and even in small places, plants of the same species are rarely associated. Every day, and with every change of place, new forms present themselves to the traveller's attention.

A voyager from Europe, an admirer of natural scenery, on approaching the shores of Cuba, and for the first time in his life gazing on a West Indian landscape, would almost imagine it but lately sprung forth from the hand of the Almighty, and prepared for the abode of some happy beings who owed their existence to special divine favour; or fancy might deem it “a spot for angels to alight upon—a kind of resting-place between heaven and earth.” It was to this lovely island Columbus referred in his first communication to Ferdinand and Isabella. “The loveliness of this new land,” says he, “is like that of Campina de Cordoba. The trees are all covered with ever-verdant foliage, and perpetually laden with fruits and flowers. The plants on the ground are tall and full of blossoms. The breezes are like those of April in Castille. The night-gales sing more sweetly than I can describe. . . . Once I came into a deeply inclosed harbour, and saw high mountains which no human eye had ever seen before, from which the lovely waters (*ciudadaguas*) streamed down. The mountain was covered with firs, pines, and other trees of very various forms, and adorned with various flowers. Ascending the river, which poured itself into the bay, I was astonished at the cool shade, the crystal clear water, and the number of singing birds. It seems to me as if I could never quit a spot so delightful—as if a thousand tongues would fail to describe it—as if the spell-bound hand would refuse to write.”

Cuba is considered even more fertile than any of the other islands, with the only exception, probably, of Trinidad. Sugar-cane and tobacco being the staple productions, large establishments for the growth and manufacture of these articles are scattered over the greater part of the island, forming some of the most beautiful and picturesque features in the landscape.

The cultivated portion is not supposed to exceed one-seventieth of the uncultivated parts, the latter of which contain large prairies or savannahs, in which it is estimated that upwards of a million and a half of cattle are reared and pastured: but the greater portion is

overrun with large forest trees, some of which supply excellent timber for all useful and ornamental purposes.

Gardens in Cuba are common and extensive, but exhibit, with some exceptions, a mixture of fruit trees, vegetables, and corn patches, disposed without taste or arrangement, yet combining many pleasing elements of effect. Some of them in the country are covered with a gorgeous carpeting of heliotropes, verbenas, and scarlet salvias. Occasionally there is attached to these rural homesteads a fruit and flower garden, ornamented with groves of the lofty and graceful palta, or with avocado pear, orange, lime, lemon, and citron trees, and the delicious grandillo, or fruit of the passion flower, which hangs over the boughs in rich profusion. In the midst of this garden is perhaps a *jet d'eau*, the play of whose waters gives an inexpressible charm of melody and freshness.

The gay luxuriant views that break upon the traveller as he winds among the hills appear like scenes of fairy enchantment, or those represented in the enraptured visions of the poets. As he advances, the scenery is always diversified and new, till at length, between the receding heights, the eye catches a glimpse of the distant waters of the ocean fading into the blue and cloudless horizon.

Much of the coast of Cuba is of coral formation; and the coral tower scarcely lifts its head above the waters before it seems a basket of waving flowers. The most beautiful algae and corals, together with the most exquisitely tinted shells and flower-like weeds, are gathered on the sea-beach.

The domestic animals are the same as in Europe and the British West Indies; whilst many of the wild species, indigenous to the islands, still exist. The forests abound with wild cattle and swine, which originated in their importation by the early settlers; while very little difference exists between the inferior quadrupeds and those of the other Antilles. Among the birds existing here, which are not found in the other islands, are the canary and the linnet. The beautiful flamingo abounds on the coasts, as also the parroquet. The latter, when disturbed in their haunts, spring up suddenly in hundreds, and in their flight flash in the sun like a shower of emeralds. Of all the insect tribes, the butterflies of Cuba are the most beautiful. The most splendid is the *unaria*—of a dark green colour, with a gloss like velvet. Alligators and crocodiles infest the mangrove swamps; and other reptiles are numerous. Fresh fish are found in the blue and gleaming waters in great abundance, in rare varieties, and with all the hues of the prism;—the colours are also of an indescribable clearness and distinctness—blue, yellow, red, gold-tinted, and edged with gold and violet. In some animals, as in the humming-bird, all these colours seem combined.

No rivers of any magnitude or extent are found; but a considerable number of small streams, computed at two hundred, issue from the mountains, watering the island on its northern and southern sides. In some of these rivers or brooks, clear as crystal, rushing from the mountains to the sea, are seen by the traveller as he passes into the country, numbers of black women washing clothes. Sometimes many are grouped together with the most picturesque effect; some standing in the middle of the stream beating their linen upon the stones; others spreading them on the sunny bank; the whole presenting a scene that would deeply interest either a poet or a painter.

Salt ponds and springs of mineral water are also found in Cuba. One of the springs contains 0.64 of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, 10.5 of sulphate of lime, 1.0 of hydrochlorate of magnesia, and one quarter of carbonate of magnesia—properties which, perhaps, it is almost superfluous to say, render it of peculiar efficacy in cases of scrofula and other cutaneous diseases.

Although this island may be deficient of water, and of some other valuable products, it has been considered richer than any of the others in mineral productions.

Mines abounding in copper are found, which long supplied the other Spanish colonies with their utensils, and have for some years enriched the European market. Nor is loadstone unknown. Green rock crystal abounds in the Isle of Pines. Gold is not infrequent in the rivers. The hills in the neighbourhood of Havana are of primitive formation, containing pyrites—gold, copper, and iron. Some veins of chalcidony have been discovered among them in alluvial lands; as also coal, marbles of various kinds, serpentine quartz, and mineral bitumen. Coal is found in the neighbourhood of Havana, as well as in other parts of the island; and with the produce of Guanabacoa, in its immediate vicinity, steamships have always been supplied. It is pronounced by the Spanish engineers to be excellent in quality—superior to the best English. Analysis shows this coal to consist of the following parts:—Carbon, 71.74; oxygen, 6.32; hydrogen, 8.44; ashes, 13.50—100.00. The railroad from the port to the mine is in rapid progress towards completion. As the bed is believed to be very extensive, the enterprising proprietors anticipate handsome profits on their outlay whenever the West India steamers shall regularly call at Havana for a supply of fuel. Sienite exists in large quantities in different parts of the island; and in the west, rocks of secondary formation are common, containing various ores as well as organic remains.

On all the coasts of Cuba, but principally on the northern, are found immense deposits of salt. Only a few months since, a rich mine of lead and silver was discovered, which promises a rich reward to the proprietors. Sulphur, granite, clay, flint, and crystal abound in some districts.

The vegetable soil of the island is considered to rest almost universally on one great mass of calcareous rock, of a porous and unequal character. Comparatively little, however, is known of the geological and mineralogical structure of the island, owing to the thickness of the forests, and the ruggedness of the mountains; while it is a remarkable contrast which this island presents to Jamaica, that limestone is said to be uncommon, as also stony substances or earthy concretions in general of any magnitude.

In approaching Havana from the sea, a chain of undulating mountains runs from east to west, until lost in either horizon. To the right are two mountains at some distance from each other, apparently detached from the grand ridge, leaving between them a kind of concave shore of bright and sparkling sand. Declining from the mountains eastward, the land is comparatively low, and thickly covered with tall and stately looking trees. On either hand, as it approaches the harbour, the land is again elevated, rising in a gentle acclivity from the sea, and covered with an ever-verdant carpet of grass, scarcely equalled by the finest English lawn.

Nearly on the summit of two hills, of gently slop-

ing declivities, at unequal distances from the town, are two large Forts—Fort Cabanas and Fort Principe—leaving in their rear, to the right and left, a landscape picturesquely studded with neat villas, surrounded by gardens or green spots produced by artificial irrigation, sometimes smiling with all the charms of vegetation, amidst shrubs and flowers of mingled colours, at others embosomed in clumps of orange, cocoa-nut, palma royal, and other trees of diversified foliage and height. Directly before you is the town,—of imposing aspect and extensive dimensions; adorned with trees of attractive forms, and buildings of respectable architecture. Above the whole, several churches rear their taper spires or rugged turrets, reflecting the light of the sun, and casting long shadows on the neighbouring streets.

The whole landscape, including the spacious background, adorned with estates and villas, pens and mountain settlements, and the shining shore, with its numerous white houses inclosed in thickets of orange and cedar trees, aloes, and palmettos, presents as fine a subject for a picture as could be desired by the ablest artist. Every element of nature contributes to the joint effect—infinite affluence reigns everywhere.

And how enchanting the scene that presents itself from the harbour! On one side stands the city of Havana; on the other, the town of Regla. The latter is ornamented by some large public buildings and a church. The church appears from some points, as though situated on the brow of an inclining eminence. The shore, on either side, is skirted with several buildings that belong to the naval or other public departments. The whole town seems to stand on rising ground; and the church, situated on the part of the acclivity at a little distance from the basin, is surrounded by the richest verdure. Sometimes you see it as through a green and gently sloping vista reaching to the water's edge, and seeming as if cut through houses and woods, and originally intended to form a peculiar feature of the landscape.

When the eyes of the writer, now some years since, first looked upon the scene, it was the last hour of that day's sun which was shedding his level rays on the beautiful shore; they had fallen upon the tall spire of the church as it lifted itself up above the high trees which embosomed the dwellings, and were pouring in a stream of soft and mellowed radiance upon the gothic windows, at the same time tremulously floating through the verdant branches of the woody inclosure in all the magic glories of massive light and shade. The purple blue and glowing depth of shadow that we read of in an Alpine prospect had already settled upon the distant mountains. The clouds blushed with a thousand rich and varied splendours. The waters were like a polished mirror, dark, and smooth, and beautiful,—melting away, as it were, in the reflected light of earth and sky.

A distant mist slowly crept in one direction along the horizon, forming a striking contrast to the brilliancy above it, yet apparently covered with prismatic colours. I would compare the entire scene, in some respects at least, to the Temple Groves so celebrated in ancient story; or to that Vale of Thessaly, where all is beauty to the eye and fragrance to the sense.

But the sublimest and most beautiful features of this landscape acquired yet greater sublimity and interest from the reflection that it had been called forth from nothing by the hand of Almighty power! This

thought at once filled the mind with the sentiment uttered by the immortal Milton, with a thrill of holy aspiration and with adorning rapture overflowing in gratitude and admiration,—

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!”

So the poet sang, and how I longed for his heaven-born gifts while I gazed upon this scene! But in tropical regions there are few poets. Man here, it is said, lives in a poetry realised—he breathes the warmest air—he gazes on the most glowing light—the earth around him is gorgeously attired in its most magnificent flowers—birds of the brightest hues flit bodily before his eyes—and the genius of poetry languishes, because the imagination can add but little to the beautiful where nature has already been so lavish.

The valleys in the distance, covered with sugar-canes and fruit trees, add their charms to the landscape,—the latter producing an abundance and variety of fruits pleasing to the palate as well as grateful to the eye.

“The soil untilld
Pours forth spontaneous and abundant harvests;
The forests cast their fruits in husk or rind,
Yielding sweet kernels, or delicious pulp,
Smooth oil, cool milk, and unfermented wine,
In rich and exquisite variety.”

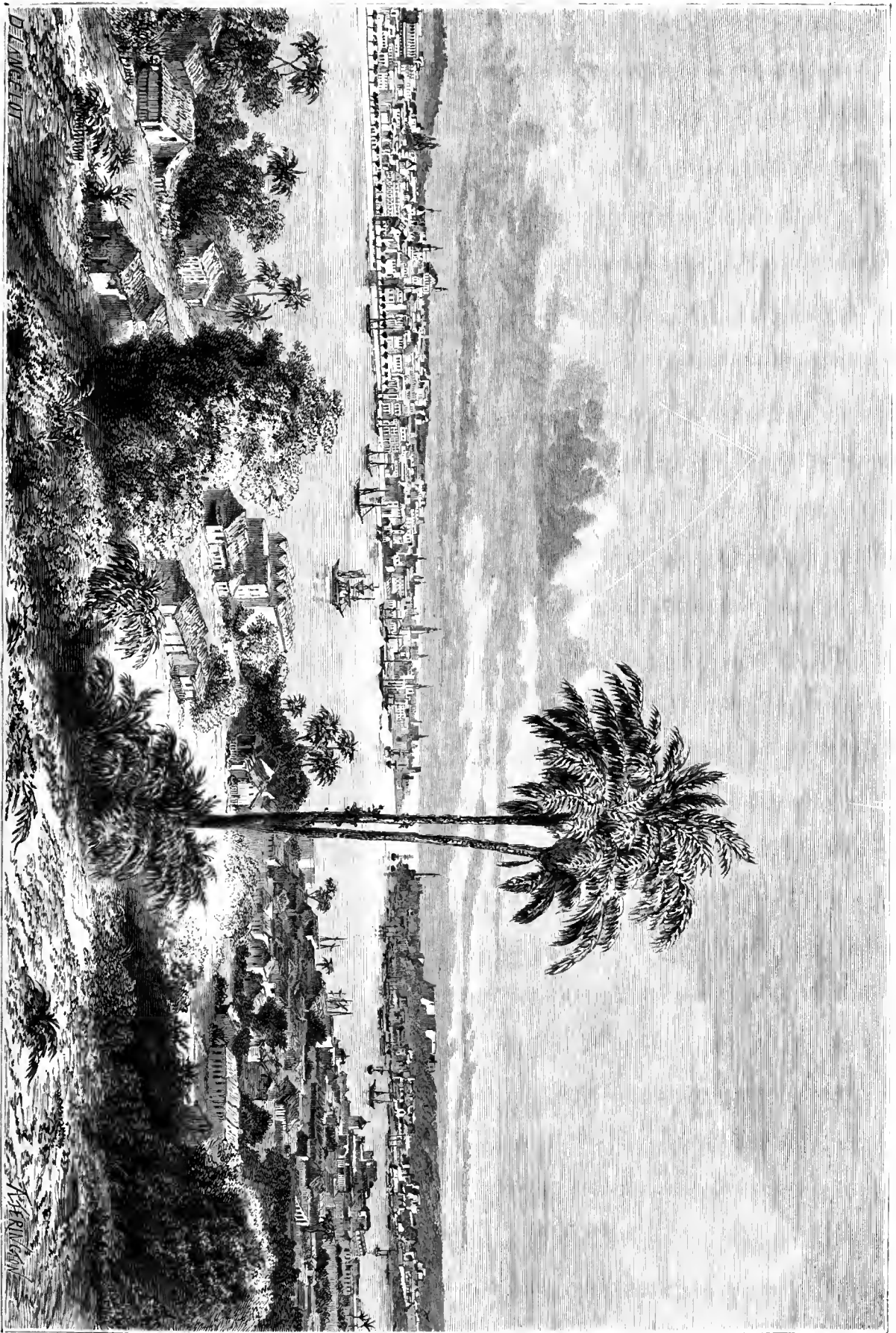
The city and suburbs of Havana, altogether, contain nine parish churches, six others connected with military orders, five chapels or hermitages, eleven convents, two colleges, a botanical garden, an anatomical museum with lecture rooms, an academy of painting, a school of navigation, and several ordinary schools for both sexes, although chiefly, if not entirely, for children of the white inhabitants.

The principal objects of attraction to a transitory visitor, are the Cathedral, the Church of San Domingo, the Vice-regal Palace, the Square, Columbus's Chapel, the Admiralty, Arsenal, Post Office, the Alamedas, the Royal Tobacco Manufactory, the Convent in honour of the Black Virgin, and the Plaza de Toros for the bull fights, the two latter situated at Regla.

The Cathedral (*See p. 425*) is supposed by some to have been coeval with the foundation of the city by Velasquez, but by others to have been founded by the Jesuits about a century since, and only on their banishment from the island to have been converted into a cathedral. It exhibits some magnificence in its general outline, and an elegance in its statuary and paintings far exceeding what might have been anticipated; indeed, it displays a rare and odd combination of gothic grandeur and ceremonial frippery. I think it must be unique in its architecture. Ovid, in describing the Palace of the Sun, informs us that the workmanship exceeded the materials, but it is not so in relation to the cathedral of Havana; here the materials are good and elegant, but the want of taste and genius in the architect is strikingly contrasted.

There is an air of grandeur about some parts of the interior of the building, with which other parts are not in unison. Indeed, no architectural rule whatever appears to have been observed either as to its interior or exterior. The building is a mixture of Gothic, Mexican, African, and Moresque; a description which applies, more or less, to the other public buildings of the city, none of them certainly exhibiting in form or construction much of the genius of a Palladio.

It is ornamented with several pictures of superior



VIEW OF HAVANA, THE CAPITAL OF CUBA.



merit, and some mosaics ; the altar is adorned with gold and silver ornaments, and a few fine marble monuments, surmounted by a statue of the Virgin. On the right of the latter an urn, containing the remains of Columbus, is inclosed in the wall, behind a fine white marble tablet bearing the bust in "basso relievo" of the Great Discoverer, of the size of life, under which is the following inscription :

"O restos é Imagen del grande Colon,
Mil signos dñad guardados in la urna,
Y'en la remembrancia de neustra a nacion."

Thus translated :—

"Oh remains and image of the great Columbus,
For a thousand ages continue preserved in this urn,
And in the remembrance of our nation."

Columbus died at Valladolid, in Old Spain, on the 20th of May, 1566, aged 70. His remains, together with the chains with which he was loaded at Hispaniola, by Francis de Bovadilla, were deposited in a brass coffin, and buried in the Carthusian Convent of Santa Maria de las Cuenas, at Seville in Andalusia. From thence, in accordance with an order contained in his will, he was removed to the cathedral of Santa Domingo, in Hispaniola, then the principal city of Spanish origin in the New World. Subsequently, in 1796, when the southern part of the last named island was ceded to the French, his descendants directed the coffin with its contents to be removed to Havana. Arrived at this city—the capital of that island which was the first of his discoveries, and now almost the last of the splendid possessions which he and his descendants secured to Spain—his remains with their appendages, appear first to have been deposited on the site occupied by the chapel that bears his name, and finally transferred to the cathedral where they now repose.

Opposite to the tomb of Columbus, there is a small but beautiful painting, probably by Murillo, and said to represent the pope and cardinal celebrating mass previous to the expedition of Columbus. One of the pictures represents the spirits in purgatory ; above the flames float the Madonna and Child glancing down with compassionate eyes. Some of the souls becoming aware of them are captivated by their beauty, and whilst they gaze upon them with involuntary prayer, they are miraculously raised out of the flames. Another represents the Virgin standing upon the globe, her eyes lifted to heaven and her feet resting upon a serpent, which glides away over the earth.

The Church of St. Domingo is the most magnificent in Havana, but that of San Francisco the most characterised by a correct architectural taste.

The Governor's Palace is a large square structure, in the lower part of which are several public offices, the gaol for prisoners, and the prisons of the Inquisition.

The Square is formed partly by the house of the Governor and the residences of the Intendente and the Great Admiral—the three dignitaries of the island thus occupying three sides of the square ; some public offices, Columbus's chapel, and a row of private houses, one of which is an English and American hotel, called the "Mansion House," complete the sides, leaving a garden in the centre, which abounds in choice plants and flowers, and is intersected by walks. This garden is wholly open to the public.

Amidst the mass of beautiful flowers and shrubs

which here attracted my attention were the red and white camellias ; the pomme rosa tree, most beautiful and of exquisite fragrance ; the beautiful *lacrymos cupido* or cupid's tears ; but these tears are not the tears of sorrow, they are rather glowing tears gushing from the fountains of an overflowing blissful heart—or they are wept by nature and winged lovers, for the humming birds pay daily court to them.

Although this beautiful oasis, in the midst of the sultry city, is uninclosed, and thus entirely exposed to all classes of the inhabitants, yet so different are the people in their habits and manners to those of England, that these delicate plants from year to year receive no injury beyond what the changes of the weather produce. Not a tree is barked, nor a plant or flower in any way injured. The trees and shrubs are of great vegetable and floral magnificence, infinitely more varied than in Europe. Numbers of them are such as are trained and nursed in the hot-houses of Europe, and but few of them have been introduced into the conservatories of France and England.

Columbus's Chapel, called "El Templetre," erected and named in honour of that great navigator, has something of simplicity and symmetry about it that is attractive, but it is by no means on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the fame of that illustrious man. This is in some measure, however, atoned for by its historical associations and deep moral lessons.

It was built by Don Dionysius Vives, an obelisk having been previously erected on the spot by governor Don Francisco Cagigal, soon after the foundation of the city, viz., in the year 1515, when it was inaugurated by the cognomen of St. Christopher, and grand mass was celebrated in order to commemorate the landing of Columbus. The ceremony took place beneath the branches of a gigantic silk-cotton tree (Bombay ceiba), at the foot of which the ashes of Columbus were deposited, prior to their being removed to the cathedral, where, as previously noticed, they now repose. Arate informs us that this enormous tree was in full bloom in 1755, which led him to conclude that it must have been 400 years old at that period. At the close of that year, however, this vegetable Methuselah showed symptoms of approaching decay, so that the government gave orders to have it removed, and the monument was erected in its place, which was eventually superseded by the present temple.

This was the very spot where the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chanted by the first conquerors of the island ; the very ground then skirted by the beautiful groves that bordered the lovely shores. Here, perhaps, stood Columbus when he first planted the royal standard of Spain in this lovely island of the New World ; here his followers prostrated themselves and embraced their mother earth ; here the wonder-stricken native chief endeavoured to propitiate the invaders by asserting his belief of a God and of a future state. How interesting, yet how solemn the reflection ! Who could forbear, on such a spot, and amid such associations, to look with interest upon the scene, or to brand with infamy the pompous names of conquest and enlarged dominion ? And what feelings but those of indignation and sorrow can any friend of his species indulge, who traverses for the first time the fields where he is assured the feet at least of the haughty Velasquez, Las Casas, and Cortez, if not those of Columbus, have trodden, and, tracing in the same

dust the footsteps of Narvaez, and the whole herd of barbarous conquerors, recollects, amidst the splendid palaces that now rise around him, the groans and blood of the unoffending Indians?

There are two promenades; one in the suburbs of the town, called the Plaza de Tacon, or the promenade "el Paseo de Isabella Secunda," which extends upwards of three English miles, between broad avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beds of flowers, marble statues, and fountains, and which is the finest promenade that can be imagined; the other is the Plaza des Armes. In the vicinity of the former is the governor's villa, with its gardens laid out in the style of those of Versailles, and presenting beautifully picturesque effects. The latter, which is near the governor's palace, is the more favourite resort, being more easy of access, and rendered more attractive by the military band that plays from eight to nine o'clock on certain evenings of the week. The centre of the latter also is ornamented with four small fountains, flanked by waving palm trees, and adorned with a statue of Ferdinand VII., which, it must be stated, to the discredit of the Cubans, is kept in good preservation, whilst the monument of the great discoverer is allowed to crumble into dust, and the tombstone of Velasquez, the founder of the city, is said to form the steps that lead to an humble dwelling in an obscure street of the city of St. Jago! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

There is besides an esplanade or lofty terrace at some distance from the city, called "La Cortine de Valdez," raised along the harbour on the opposite side of the Morro. This promenade is short, but commands a most beautiful view of the environs of the city.

These promenades are much resorted to by the Cuban fair on fine evenings, who, on such occasions, are dressed with much taste and elegance; the costumes being similar to those of the Prado, the mirror of Madrid, and the mantilla being worn in all

its national varieties. The surrounding scenery and the climate are well calculated to dispose the spectator to view them with an indolent complacency; for the balmy richness of the evenings, the gorgeous magnificence of the sunsets, and the breezes perfumed with orange scent, all enhance the pleasure; while an animating succession of carriages and crowds of gay pedestrians give a gentle excitement to the gazer's mind.

The cigar manufactory, and other public buildings, including the custom-house (*la aduana*), which is a large sky-blue structure, surmounted by a tower, surrounded by iron railings, and guarded at each entrance by mustachioed sentries, looking suspicious and fierce at every stranger, merit no particular description.

And the Blue Convent at Regla is only deserving of notice from the fact of its being devoted to the black Virgin Mary, in whose special honour fêtes are celebrated there.

The Plaza del Toros is a circular building, open-roofed, with successive tiers of seats, after the manner of the Roman amphitheatre, surrounding the arena, in which the bull contests are carried on, and capable of holding about 15,000 spectators. This is the great seminary in which the Cubans from their early youth imbibe their lessons of insensibility and cruelty; the rendezvous (as was said of that last and noblest monument of Roman grandeur and Roman crimes—the Colosseum) whither the people resorted to receive the finishing touch of degradation to their national character, and to conceal their fallen spirit under the mask of a brutal ferocity, by witnessing spectacles which, for seven centuries, corrupted and brutalised the Roman manners. The same low heathenish pastimes, added to her wanton wicked traffic in human flesh and blood, are now completing the degradation of Spain, and expose her whole population, from the monarch to his distant colonial subjects, to the opprobrium and pity of the entire civilised world.

TO CUBA AND BACK.

BY R. H. DANA.

I.—THE VOYAGE.

On Saturday, the 12th of February, 1859, I left New York, in the mail-packet *Catawba*.

The Heights of Neversink are passed. The night closes in upon the sea, dreary, cold, and snowing; our signal-lanterns—the red, the white, and the green—gleam out into the mist; the furnace-fires throw a lurid light from the doors below, cheerful or fearful as may be the mind of the person looking on; the long swell lifts and drops the bow and stern, from side to side; the sea-bells begin to strike their strange reckoning of the half-hours; the wet and the darkness drive all below but the experts and the desperate, and our first night at sea has begun.

Next day there was not a sail in sight, except the steamer *Colombia* for Charleston, and she soon disappeared below the horizon.

We are near Cape Hatteras; it is night, and soon the light of Hatteras throws its bright cheerful beam for thirty miles over a huge burial-ground of sailors. Soon after nine p.m., we stand out direct, to cross the Gulf Stream. A bucket is thrown over the side, and water drawn; its temperature is at 42°. In fifteen minutes more it is thrown again, and the water is at 72° 30'. We are in the Gulf Stream.

What can exceed the beauty of these nights at sea?—those moonlight nights, the still sea, those bright stars, the light, soft, trade-wind clouds floating under them, the gentle air, and a feeling of tropical romance stealing over the exile from the snow and ice of New England! There is something in the clear, blue, warm sea of the tropics, which gives to the stranger a feeling of unreality. Where do those vessels come from, that rise out of the sea, in the horizon? Where do they go to, as they sink in the sea again? Are those blue spots really fast-anchored islands, with men and children, and the horses and machinery, and schools, politics, and newspapers on them?—or, are they afloat, and visited by beings of the air?

On the 17th of February, after dinner, Captain Bullock tells us that we shall soon see the high lands of Cuba, off Matanzas; the first and highest being the Pan of Matanzas. It is clear overhead, but a mist lies along the southern horizon in the latter part of the day. The sharpest eyes detect the land about four p.m., and soon it is visible to all. It is an undulating country on the coast, with high hills and mountains in the interior, and has a rich fertile look. That height is the Pan, though we see no special resemblance in its

outline to a loaf of bread. We are still sixty miles from Havana; we cannot reach it before dark, and no small vessels are allowed to pass the Mazzo after the signals are dropped at sunset.

We coast the northern shore of Cuba, from Matanzas westward. There is no waste of sand and low flats, as in most of our Southern States; but the fertile, undulating land comes to the sea, and rises into high hills as it recedes. "There is the Moro! and right-ahead!" "Why there is the city too!" Is the city on the sea? We thought it was on a harbour or bay! There, indeed, is the Moro, a stately hill of twenty rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea and jutting into it, with walls, and parapets, and towers on its top, and flags and signals flying, and the tall light-house just in front of its outer wall. It is not very high, yet commands the sea about it; and there is the city, on the sea-coast indeed, the houses running down to the coral edge of the ocean. Where is the harbour, and where is the shipping? Ah! there they are. We open an entrance, narrow and deep, between the beetling Moro and the Punta; and through the entrance we see the spreading harbour and the innumerable masts. But the darkness is gathering, the sunset-gun has been fired. We can just catch the dying notes of trumpets from the fortifications, and the Moro lighthouse throws its gleam over the still sea. The little lights emerge and twinkle from the city. We are too late to enter the fort, and slowly and reluctantly the ship turns her head off to seaward. The engine breathes heavily, and throws its one arm leisurely up and down. We rise and fall on the moonlit-sea; the stars are near to us, or we are raised nearer to them; the Southern Cross is just above the horizon, and all night long two streams of light lie upon the water, one of gold from the Moro, and one of silver from the moon. It is enchantment! Who can regret our delay, or wish to exchange the scene for the common, close anchorage of a harbour.

II.—HAVANA.

BANG! goes the morning gun. We steer in under full head, the morning gun thundering from the Moro, the trumpets braying and drums beating, from all the fortifications, the Moro, the Punta, the long Cabana, the Casa Bianca, and the City walls, while the broad sun is fast rising over this magnificent spectacle. What a world of shipping—the masts make a belt of dense forest along the edge of the city, all the ships lying

head-in to the street, like horses at their mangers; while the vessels at anchor nearly choke up the passages to the deeper bays beyond. There are the red and yellow stripes of decayed Spain; the blue, white, and red-blood to the fingers' end of La Grande Nation; the union crosses of the Royal Commonwealth; the stars and stripes of the Great Republic; and a few flags of Holland and Portugal; of the States of Northern Italy; of Brazil, and of the Republics of the Spanish Main. We thread our slow and careful way among them, pass under the broadside of a ship of the line, and under the stern of a screw frigate, both bearing the Spanish flag, and cast our anchor in the Regla Bay.

The health officer then inspects the ship, another examines our passports, and, in a few minutes after, I instal myself in a *volante*, under the care of a black postilion, and am rattling through the narrow streets of this surprising city.

The streets are so narrow, and the houses built so close upon them, that they seem to be rather spaces between the walls of houses than highways for travel. It appears impossible that the vehicles should pass abreast; yet they do so. There are constant blockings of the way. In some places awnings are stretched over the entire street, from house to house, and we are riding under a long tent. What strange vehicles those *volantes* are! (See p. 417.) A pair of very long timber shafts, at one end of which is a pair of big wheels, and at the other end a horse with his tail braided and brought forward and tied to the saddle, an open chaise body resting on the shafts, almost one-third of the way from the axle to the horse, and on the horse is a negro, in large postilion boots, long spurs, and a bright jacket. It is an easy vehicle to ride in, but it must be a sore burden to the beast. Here and there we pass a private *volante*, distinguished by rich silver mountings, and postilions in livery. Some have two horses, and with the postilions, and the livery, and the long dangling traces, and a look of superfluity, have rather an air of high life. In most a gentleman is reclining, cigar in mouth, while in others is a great puff of blue or pink muslin or calico, extending over the sides of the shafts, topped off with a fur, with signs of a face behind it.

Here is the Plaza d'Armes, with its garden of rich fragrant flowers in full bloom, in front of the Governor's palace. At the corner is the chapel erected over the spot, where, under the auspices of Columbus, mass was first celebrated in the island.

We drove through the Puerta de Monserrate, a heavy gateway of the prevailing yellow or tawny colour, where soldiers are on guard, across the moat, out upon the *Paseo de Ysabel Secundo*, and are now *estramuros*—without the walls. The *Paseo* is a grand avenue, running across the city from sea to bay, with carriage drives abreast, and two roads for foot passengers, and all lined with trees in full foliage. Here you catch a glimpse of the Moro, and there of the Presidio. This is the Teatro de Tacon, and in front of this line of tall houses, in contrast with the almost uniform one-storey buildings of the city, the *volante* stops. This is Le Grand's Hotel. Le Grand is a Frenchman; his house is a restaurant, with rooms for lodgers; the restaurant is paramount; the beds are canvas sacking without mattresses—sleeping places in fact. You sleep on a canvas, with a curtain to shelter you from mosquitoes. Shut your windows at night,

for the morning air is cool; and do not walk with your feet on the floor; there are insects called *chigas*, that make nests under your toe-nails.

After dinner, walked along the *Paseo de Ysabel Secundo*, to see the pleasure-driving, which begins at about five o'clock and lasts until dark. The most common carriage is the *volante*, but there are some carriages in the English style, with servants in livery on the box. I have taken a fancy for the strange looking two-horse *volante*. The postilion, the long dangling traces, the superfluosness of a horse to be ridden by the man that guides the other, and the prodigality of silver, give the whole a look of style that eclipses the neat, appropriate, English equipage. The ladies, rich in full dress, *decolletées*, without hats. The servants on their carriages are not all negroes. Many of the drivers are whites. The drives are along the *Paseo de Ysabel*, across the *Campo de Marte*, and then along the *Paseo de Tacon*—a beautiful double avenue lined with trees—which leads two or three miles, in a straight line, into the country.

At eight o'clock drove to the Plaza d'Armes, a square in front of the Governor's house, to hear the "Retreta," at which a military band plays for an hour every evening. There is a clear moon above, and a blue field of glittering stars; the air is pure and balmy; the band of fifty or sixty instruments discourse most eloquent music under the shade of palm-trees and mangoes; the walks are filled with promenaders, and the streets around the square lined with carriages, in which the ladies recline, and receive the salutations and visits of the gentlemen. Very few ladies walk in the square, and these probably are strangers. It is against the etiquette for ladies to walk in public in Havana.

I walk leisurely home in order to see Havana by night. The evening is the busiest season for the shops. Much of the business of shopping is done after gas-lighting. *Volantes* and coaches are driving to and fro, and stopping at the shop-doors, and attendants take the goods at the doors of the carriages. The watchmen stand at the corners of the streets, each carrying a long pike and a lantern. Billiard-rooms and *cafés* are filled, and all, who can walk for pleasure, will walk now. This is also the principal time for paying visits. There is one strange custom observed here in all the houses. In the chief room rows of chairs are placed, facing each other, three, or four, or five in each line, and always running at right angles with the street wall of the houses. As you pass along the street you look along this row of chairs. In these the family and the visitors take their seats in formal order. As the windows are open, deep, and wide, with wide gratings and no glass, one has the inspection of the interior of all the front parlours of Havana, and can see what every lady wears, and who is visiting her.

The best hours of the day for an inquiring traveller are those of the early morning. We have been told of sea-baths, cut in the rock, near the Punta, at the foot of our *Paseo*. I walk down, under trees, towards the Presidio. What is this clanking sound? Can it be cavalry marching on foot, their sabres rattling on the pavement? No; it comes from that crowd of poor working creatures who are forming in files in front of the Presidio. It is the chain gang! Poor wretches! I come nearer to them, and wait until they are formed, numbered, and marched off. Each man has an iron

band riveted round his ankle, and another round his waist, and the chain is fastened, one end into each of these bands, and dangles between them, clanking with every movement. This leaves the wearers free to use their arms, and indeed their whole body, it being only a weight and a badge, and a note for discovery, from which they cannot rid themselves. It is kept on them day and night, sleeping or waking, working or eating. In some cases two are chained together.

A little to my left, in the Calzada de San Lázaro, are the Banos de Mer. These are boxes, each about twelve feet square, and six or eight feet deep, cut directly into the rock, which here forms the sea-line, with steps of rock, and each box having a couple of foot-holes, through which the waves of this tideless shore wash in and out. This arrangement is necessary, as sharks are so abundant that bathing in the open sea is dangerous. The pure rocks, and the flow and reflow, makes these bathing boxes very agreeable, and the water, which is that of the Gulf Stream, is at a temperature of 72°. The baths are roofed over, and partially secured on the inside, but open for a view out on the side towards the sea; and as you bathe you see the big ships floating up the Gulf Stream—that great highway of the equinoctial world. The water stands at depths of from three to five feet in the baths; and they are long enough for short swimming. The bottom is white with sand and shells. These baths are made at the public expense, and are free. Some are marked for women, some for men, and some for the "*gente de color*."

I was not long at Havana without noticing in the streets, and at work in houses, many an Indian complexion, with coarse black hair. I asked if they were native Indians, or of mixed blood? No, they are the coolies! (See p. 429.) Their hair, full grown, and the usual dress of the country which they wore, had not suggested to me the Chinese; but the shape and expression of the eyes make it plain. These are the victims of the trade of which we hear so much. I am told there are 200,000 of them in Cuba, or that so many have been imported, and all within seven years. I have met them everywhere; the newly-arrived, in Chinese costume, with shaved heads, but the greater number in pantaloons and jackets, and straw hats, with hair full grown.

After dinner, drove out to the Jesus del Monte, to deliver my letter of introduction to the Bishop. The drive by the way of the Calzada de Jesus del Monte, takes me through a wretched portion—I hope the most wretched portion—of Havana, by long lines of one-storey wood and mud hovels, hardly habitable even for negroes, and interspersed with an abundance of drinking shops. The horses, mules, asses, chicken, children, and grown people use the same door; and the back-yards disclose heaps of rubbish. The looks of the men, the horses tied to the door-posts, the mules with their panniers of fruit and leaves reaching to the ground, all speak of Gil Blas, and of what we have read of humble life in Spain. The little negro children go stark naked, as innocent of clothing as the puppies. But this is so all over the city. In the front hall of Le Grand's, this morning, a lady, standing in a full dress of spotless white, held by the hand a naked little negro boy, of two or three years old, resting, in black relief, against the folds of her dress.

Then we rise to the higher ground of Jesus del Monte. The houses improve in their erection. They are still of one storey, but high, and of stone, with

marbled floors and tiled roofs, with courtyards of grass and trees; and through the gratings of the wide, long, open windows, I see the decent furniture, the double, formal row of chairs, prints on the table, and well-dressed women manœuvring their fans.

As you go up the hill, a glorious view lies upon the left—Havana, both city and suburbs (See p. 433); the Mole, with its batteries and lighthouses; the ridge of fortifications called the Cabana, and Casta Bianca; the castle of Atores, near at hand, a perfect truncated cone, fortified at the top; the higher and more distant Castle of Principi,

"And poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

No! not so! young Ocean, the ocean of to-day! the blue, bright, beautiful, glittering, gladdening, inspiring, ocean! Have I ever seen a city view so grand? The view of Quebec from the foot of the Montmorenci Falls may rival, but does not excel it. My preference is for this; for nothing, not even the St. Lawrence, broad and affluent as it is, will make up for this living sea, the boundless horizon, the dioramic vision of gliding distant sails, and the open arms and motherly bosom of the harbour.

On my way back to the city, I directed the driver to avoid the disagreeable road by which we came out, and we drive by a cross road and strike the Paseo de Tacon at its outer end, where is a fountain and statue, and a public garden of the most exquisite flowers, shrubs, and trees; and around them are standing, though it is nearly dark, files of carriages, waiting for the promenaders, who are enjoying a walk in the garden. I am able to take the entire drive of the Paseo. It is straight, very wide, with two carriage-ways and two foot-ways, with rows of trees between, and at three points has a statue and a fountain. One of these statues, if I recollect right, is of Tacon, one of a Queen of Spain, and one is an allegorical figure. The Paseo is two or three miles in length, reaching from the Campo de Marte, just outside the walls, to the last statue and public garden, on gradually-descending ground, and lined with beautiful villas, and wide gardens full of tropical trees and plants. No city in America has such an avenue as the Paseo de Tacon. This, like most of the glories of Havana, they tell you they owe to the energy and genius of the man whose name it bears.

The Cubans have a taste for prodigality in grandiloquent or pretty names. Every shop, the most humble, has its name. They name the shops after the sun and moon and stars; after gods and goddesses, demigods and heroes; after fruits and flowers, gems and precious stones; after favourite names of women, in the pretty fanciful additions; and after all alluring qualities, all delights of the senses, and all pleasing affections of the mind. The wards of jails and hospitals are even known by some religious or patriotic designation; and twelve guns in the Moro are named for the apostles. Every town has the name of some apostle or saint, or of some sacred subject. The full name of Havana, in honour of Columbus, is San Christobal de la Habana; and that of Matanzas is San Carlos Alcazar de Matanzas. It is strange that this island itself has defied all the Spanish attempts to rename it. It has been solemnly named Juana, after the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel; then Ferdinand, after Ferdinand himself; then Santiago; and lastly, Ave Maria; but it has always fallen back upon the original name of

Cuba. And the only compensation to the hyperbolic taste of the race is, that they decorated it on state and ceremonious occasions, with the musical prefix of "*La siempre fidelissima Isla de Cuba.*"

III.—MATANZAS AND THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS.

(See Illustration, page 445.)

As there are no plantations to be seen near Havana, I determined to go down to Matanzas, near which the sugar-plantations are in full operation. A steamer leaves here every night at ten o'clock, reaching Matanzas before daylight, the distance, by sea, being between fifty and sixty miles. We got under weigh punctually at ten o'clock, and steamed down the harbour. The dark waters are alive with phosphorescent light. From each ship that lies moored, the cable from the bow, tautened to the anchor, makes a run of silver light. Each boat, gliding silently from ship to ship, and shore to shore, turns up a silver ripple at its stern, and trails a wake of silver behind; while the dip of the oar-blades brings up liquid silver, dripping from the opaque deep. We pass along the side of the two-decker, and see through her ports the lanterns and men; under the stern of one frigate and across the bows of another (for Havana is well supplied with men-of-war), and drop leisurely down by the Cabana, where we are hailed from the rocks; and bend round the Moro, and we are out on the salt, rocking sea. Having a day of work before me, I went early to my berth, and was waked up by the letting off of steam, in the lower harbour of Matanzas, at three o'clock in the morning.

Matanzas has about 25,000 inhabitants, and stands where two small rivers, the Yumuri and the San Juan, crossed by handsome stone bridges, run into the sea, dividing the city into three parts. The vessels lie at anchor from one to three miles below the city, and lighters, with masts and sails, line the store quays of the little rivers. The city is flat and hot, but the country around is picturesque, hilly and fertile. To the westward of the town rises a ridge, bordering on the sea, called the Cumbre, which is a place of resort for the beauty of its views; and in the front of the Cumbre, on the inland side, is the deep, rich valley of the Yumuri, with its celebrated cavern.

In my morning walk, I saw a company of coolies, in the hot sun, carrying stones to build a house, under the eye of a taskmaster, who sits in the shade. The stones have been dropped in a pile from carts, and the coolies carry them in files to the cellar of the house. They are naked to the waist, with short-legged cotton trowsers coming to the knees. Some of these men were strongly, one or two of them powerfully, built, but many seemed very thin and frail. While looking on, I saw an American face standing near me, and getting into conversation with the man, found him an intelligent shipmaster from New York, who had lived in Matanzas for a year or two, engaged in business. He told me, as I had heard in Havana, that the importer of the coolies gets 400 dollars a-head for them from the purchaser, and that the coolies are entitled from the purchaser to four dollars a month, which they may demand monthly, if they choose, and are bound to eight years service, during which time they may be held to all the service that a slave is subject to. They are more intelligent, and are put to higher labour than the negro. He said, too, it would not do to flog a

coolie. Idolaters as they are, they have a notion of the dignity of the human body, at least as against strangers, which does not allow them to submit to the indignity of corporal chastisement. If a coolie is flogged, somebody must die; either the coolie himself, for they are fearfully given to suicide, or the perpetrator of the indignity, or some one else, according to their strange principles of vicarious punishment. Yet such is the value of labour in Cuba, that a citizen will give 400 dollars, in cash, for the chance of enforcing eight years labour, at four dollars per month, from a man speaking a strange language, worshipping strange gods or none, thinking suicide a virtue, and governed by no moral laws in connection with his master—his value being not further diminished by the chances of natural death, of sickness, accident, escape, and of forfeiting his services to the Government, for any crime he may commit against laws he does not understand.

The Plaza is in the usual style, an inclosed garden with walks; and in front of the Government House. In this spot, so fair and so still in the noonday's sun, some fourteen years ago, under the fire of the platoons of Spanish soldiers, fell the patriot and poet, one of the few popular poets of Cuba, Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdez. Charged with being the head of that concerted movement of the slaves for their freedom, which struck such terror into Cuba in 1844, he was convicted and ordered to be shot. At the first volley, as the story is told, he was only wounded. "Aim here!" said he, pointing to his head. Another volley, and it was all over. The name and story of Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdez are preserved by the historians and tourists of Cuba. He is better known, however, by the name of Placido, that under which he wrote and published, than by his proper name. He was a man of genius, and a man of valour, but he was a mulatto!

Took the train for Limonar at 2.30 p.m. There are three classes of cars, all after the American model. The brakemen on the train are coolies. As we leave the terminus we rise on an ascending grade, and the bay and the city lie open before us. The bay is deep on the western shore, under the ridge of the Cumbre, and there the vessels lie at anchor; while the rest of the bay is shallow, and its water, in this state of the sky and light, is of a pale green colour. The lighters, with sail and oars, are plying between the quays and the vessels below. All is pretty, and quiet, and serene.

I am now to get my first view of the interior of Cuba (See p. 449). I could not have a more favourable day; the air is clear, and not excessively hot. The soft clouds float midway in the serene sky; the sun shines fair and bright, and the luxuriance of a perpetual summer covers the face of nature. These strange palm trees every where! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and, though tropical in fact, look to the eye as if they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and smooth, swathed from the foot in a tight bondage of gray canvas, leaving only its deep-green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by men, and it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty,—a strange fascination over the eyes and the fancy that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten.

What are these groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, a thin, soft coating half changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons? Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruit plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But that sad, weeping tree, its long, yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground, what can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbour's tenth cigarrito, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the cocoa! And that soft, green melon becomes the hard shell we break with our hammers.

Now we came to acres upon acres of the sugar-cane, looking, at a distance, like fields of overgrown broom-cane. It grows to the height of eight or ten feet, and very thick; an army could be hidden in it. This soil must be deeply and intensely fertile.

There, at the end of an avenue of palm-trees (See page 420), in a nest of shady trees, is a group of white buildings, with a sea of cane-fields about it, with one high furnace-chimney pouring out its volumes of black smoke. This is a sugar plantation; my first sight of an *ingenio*; and the chimney is for the steam-works of the sugar-house. It is the height of the sugar season, and the untiring engine toils and smokes night and day. Ox-carts, loaded with canes, are moving slowly to the sugar-house from the fields; and about the house, and in the fields, in various attitudes and motions of labour, are the negroes, men and women and children, some cutting the cane, some loading the carts, and some tending the mill and the furnace. It is a busy scene of distant industry in the afternoon of a languid Cuba day.

Now these groups of white, one-storey buildings became more frequent, sometimes very near each other, all having the same character—the group of white buildings, the mill, with its tall furnace-chimney, and the look of a distillery, and all differing from each other only in the number and extent of the buildings, or in the ornament and comfort of shade-trees and avenues about them. Some are approached by broad alleys of the palm, or mango, or orange, and have gardens around them, and stand under clusters of shade-trees, while others glitter in the hot sun, in the flat sea of cane-fields, with only a little oasis of shade-trees and fruit trees immediately about the houses.

The life of Cuba must be studied in the plantations—first, as the farm-house shows the heart of New England, and the mansion-house and cottage, the heart of Old England.

“Limonar” appears in large letters on the small building where we next stop. I inquire for the plantation of Senor C—. They point to a group of white buildings about a quarter of a mile distant, standing prettily under high shade-trees, and approached by an avenue of orange-trees. All about me is rich verdure, over a gently undulating surface of deeply fertile country, with here and there a bright hill in the horizon, and, on one side, a ridge that may be called mountains. There is no sound but that of the birds, and in the next tree they may be counted by hundreds. Wild flowers, of all colours and scents, cover the ground and the thickets. This is the famous red earth, too. The avenue looks as if it had been laid down with pulverised brick, and all the dust on any object you see is red. Now we turn into the straight avenue of orange-trees—prim, deep-green trees, and glittering with

golden fruit. Here is the one-story high-roofed house, with long, high piazzas;—there is a high wall, carefully whitewashed, inclosing a square with one gate, looking like a garrisoned spot. That must be the negroes' quarters; for there is a group of little negroes at the gate, looking earnestly at the approaching stranger. The negro carrying my luggage stops at the path and touches his hat, waiting permission to go to the piazza with the luggage; for the negroes do not go to the house-door without previous leave, in strictly-ordered plantations. I deliver my letter, and am received with cordial welcome.

The plantation in which I was, was named The Labyrinth, and was for thirty years a prosperous *cafetal* (coffee plantation). The causes which broke up the coffee estates of Cuba carried this with the others; and it was converted into a sugar plantation, under the new name of L'Ariadne, from the fancy of Ariadne having shown the way out of the labyrinth.

The change from coffee-plantations to sugar-plantations—from *cafetal* to the *ingenio*—has seriously affected the social, as it has the economic, condition of Cuba.

Coffee must grow under shade, consequently the coffee estate was, in the first place, a plantation of trees, and by the hundred acres. Economy and taste led the planters, who were chiefly the French refugees from St. Domingo, to select fruit-trees, and trees valuable for their wood, as well as pleasing for their beauty and shade. Under these plantations of trees grew the coffee-plant, an evergreen and almost an ever-flowering plant, with berries of changing hues, which twice a year brought its fruit to maturity. That the coffee might be tendered and gathered, avenues wide enough for waggons must be carried through the plantation at frequent intervals. The plantation was, therefore, laid out like a garden, with avenues and foot-paths all under the finest trees, and the space between the avenues were groves of fruit-trees and shade-trees, under which grew, trimmed down to the height of five or six feet, the coffee-plant. The labour of the plantation was in tending, picking, drying, and shelling the coffee, and gathering the fresh fruit of trees for use and for the market, for preserves and sweetmeats, and in raising vegetables and poultry, and rearing sheep, horned cattle, and horses. It was a beautiful and simple horticulture on a very large scale. Time was required to perfect the garden—the Cubans called it paradise; but when matured, it was a cherished home. It required and admitted of no extraordinary mechanical power, or of the application of steam or of science, beyond the knowledge of soils of simple culture, and of plants and trees.

For twenty years or more it has been forced upon the knowledge of the reluctant Cubans, that Brazil, the West India Islands, to the southward of Cuba, and the Spanish Main, can excel them in coffee raising. The successive disastrous hurricanes of 1843 and 1845, which destroyed many and damaged most of the coffee estates, added to the colonial system of the mother country, which did not give extraordinary protection to this product, are commonly said to have put an end to the coffee plantation. Probably they only hastened a change, which must at some time have come; but the same causes of soil and climate which made Cuba inferior in coffee-growing, gave her a marked superiority in the cultivation of sugar. The damaged plantations were not restored as coffee-estates,

but were laid down to the sugar-cane; and gradually, first in the western and northern parts, and daily extending easterly and southerly over the whole island, the exquisite cafetals have been prostrated and dismantled, the groves of shade and fruit trees cut down, the avenues and foot-path ploughed up, and the denuded land laid down to wastes of sugar-cane.

The sugar-cane allows of no shade. Therefore the groves and avenues must fall. To make its culture profitable, it must be raised in the largest possible quantities that this extent of land will permit. To attempt the raising of fruit, or of the ornamental woods, is bad economy for the sugar-planter. Most of the fruits, especially the orange, which is the chief export, ripen in the midst of the sugar season, and no hands can be spared to attend to them. The sugar-planter often buys the fruits he needs for daily use, and for making preserves, from the neighbouring cafetals. The cane ripens but once a-year. Between the time when enough of it is ripe to justify beginning to work the mill, and the time when the heat and the rains spoil its qualities, all the sugar-making of the year must be done. In Louisiana this period does not exceed eight weeks. In Cuba it is full four months. This gives Cuba a great advantage. Yet these four months are short enough; and during that time the steam engine plies, and the furnace fires burn night and day.

The sugar plantation is no grove, or garden, or orchard. It is not the home of the pride and affections of the planter's family. Thus the estates, largely abandoned by the families of the planters, suffer the evils of absenteeism, while the owners live in the suburbs of Havana and Matanzas, and in the Fifth Avenue of New York. The slave system loses its patriarchal character. The master is not the head of a great family, its judge, its governor, its physician, its priest, and its father, as the fond dream of the advocates of slavery, and sometimes, doubtless, the reality made by him. Middlemen, in the shape of administrators, stand between the owner and the slaves. The slave is little else than an item of labour raised or bought. The sympathies of a common home, common childhood, long and intimate relations, and many kind offices; common attachments to house, to land, to dogs, to cattle, to trees, to birds—the knowledge of births, sicknesses, and deaths; and the duties and sympathies of a common religion:—all these things, that may ameliorate the legal relations of the master and slave, and often give to the face of servitude itself precarious but interesting features of beauty and strength—these they must not look to have.

The process of sugar-making is that of squeezing by rollers the juice from the canes into reservoirs. The squeezed cane furnishes fuel for the furnace. The juice purges itself in defecators warmed by the waste steam of the engine. It then passes into a succession of cauldrons, where it is skimmed or skimmed with ladles. In the final cauldron it crystalises, and it is then transferred to coolers, whence to hogsheads to drain, the drippings being molasses.

The engineer I found to be an American. He is one of a numerous class whom the sugar-culture brings annually to Cuba. They leave home in the autumn, engage themselves for the sugar-season, put the machinery in order, work it for the four or five months of its operation, clean and put it in order for lying by, and return to the United States in the spring. They

must be machinists as well as engineers; for all the repairs and contrivances so necessary in a remote place fall upon them. Their skill is of great value, and while upon the plantation their labour is excessive. The occupation, however, is healthful, their position independent, and their pay large. This engineer had been several years in Cuba. He tells me, which I had often heard in Havana, that this plantation is a favourable specimen. On many plantations, on most, I suspect, from all I can learn—the negroes, during the sugar season, are allowed but four hours for sleep in the twenty-four, with one for dinner, and a half-hour for breakfast, the night being divided into three watches, of four hours each, the labourers taking their turns.

The regular and permanent officers of a plantation are the *mayoral* and *mayor domo*. The *mayoral* is under the master or his administrator, the chief mate or first lieutenant of the ship. He has the general oversight of the negroes, at their work or in their houses, and has the duty of exacting labour and enforcing discipline. The *mayor domo* is the purser, and has the immediate charge of the stores, produce, materials for labour, and provisions for consumption, and keeps the accounts.

Under the *mayoral* are a number of *contra mayorals*, who are the boatswains' mates of the ship, and correspond to the "drivers" of our southern plantations. One of them goes with every gang of negroes when set to work, whether in the field or elsewhere, and whether man or woman, and watches and directs them, and enforces labour from them. The drivers carry under the arm, at all times, the short limber, plantation whip, the badge of their office, and their means of compulsion. They are almost always negroes; and it is generally thought that negroes are not more humane in this office than the low whites.

At six o'clock the bell tolls for the ovation or prayer. The day's work is over. The distribution of provisions is made at the storehouse by the *mayor domo*, my host superintending it in person. The kitchen fires are lighting in the quarters, and the evening meal is prepared. I went into the quarters. A high wall surrounds an open square, in which are the houses of the negroes. This has one gate, which is locked at dark; and to leave the quarters after that time is a serious offence. The huts were plain, but unusually neat and comfortable in their construction and arrangement. In some were fires, round which, even in this hot weather, the negroes like to gather. This visit left a strange impression on my mind. At night, in my neat chamber, I realized that I am far away in the hill-country of Cuba, the guest of a planter under this system, by which one man is enthroned in the labour of another race, brought from across the sea. The song of the negroes breaks out afresh from the fields, where they are loading up the waggons—that barbaric undulation of sound:—"Na-nu—A-ya—Na-nu—A-ya," and the recurrence of here and there a few words of Spanish, among which "Manana" seemed to be a favourite. Once, in the middle of the night, I woke to hear the strains again as they worked in the fields under the stores.

At last came the day for departure. A quiet amble over the red earth to the station, in a thick morning mist, almost cold enough to make an overcoat comfortable; and, after two hours on the rail, I am again in Matanzas. The objects to be visited here are the

Cumbre, and the Valley of the Yumuri. As soon as the sun began to decline, I set off for the Cumbre, mounted on a "pacer," with a negro for a guide. We take our winding way up the ascent. The bay, town, and shipping lie beneath us. The Pan rises in the distance, to the height of some 3,000 feet; the ocean is before us, rolling against the outside base of the hills; and, on the inside, lies the deep, rich, peaceful valley of the Yumuri. There are several fine points of view, but it is late, and I must not pass the Yumuri; so we drove down the short, steep descent, between high, overhanging cliffs, and along the side of a still lake, and strike a bridle-path, and re-enter into the gaslight and noises of the city. We have missed the cave—abounding, they tell me, in stalactites, and resembling, though much smaller, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

In place of returning to Havana by sea, I took the railway, which unites the two cities by a journey of one hundred miles, through the interior into the country. The railway is supported by the sugar-freights, and therefore goes winding in and out amongst the plantations.

I cannot weary of gazing upon these new and strange scenes; the stations, with the groups of peasants, and negroes, and fruit-sellers that gather about them, and the stores of sugar and molasses collected there: the *ingenios*, glimmering in the heat of the sun, with their tall furnace-chimneys; the cane-fields, acres upon acres; the slow ox-carts, carrying the cane to the mill; then the intervals of unused country; the jungles, adorned with little wild flowers; the groves of the weeping, drooping, sad, homesick cocoa; the palm—which is to trees what the camel or dromedary is among animals—seeming to have strayed from Nubia or Mesopotamia; the stiff, close orange-tree, with his golden balls of fruit; and then the remains of a *cafetal*, the coffee-plant growing untrimmed and wild, under the reprieved groves of plantain and banana. How can this tire an eye that, two weeks ago to day, rested on the mid-winter snow and mud of the close streets of lower New York?

A little later in the afternoon the character of the views begins to change. The *ingenios* and cane-fields become less frequent, then cease altogether, and the houses have more the appearance of pleasure-retreats than of working estates. The roads show lines of mules and horses, loaded with panniers of fruits, or sweeping the ground with the long stalks of fresh fodder laid across their backs, all moving towards a common centre. Pleasure-carriages appear. Next comes the distant view of the Castle of Atares, and the Príncipe; and then the harbour and the sea; the belt of masts; the high ridge of fortifications; the blue, and white, and yellow houses, with brown tops; and now we are in the streets of Havana.

It seems like coming home; and I feel as if I had been an age away, when it is only eight days since I first saw Cuba. Here are the familiar signs—*Por mayor y menor*, *Posada y Cantina*, *Tienda*, *Panadería*, *Relojería*, and the fanciful names of the shops; the high-pitched falsetto cries of the streets; the long files of mules and horses, with panniers of fruit, or hidden all but their noses and tails under stacks of fresh fodder; the *volantes*, and the motley multitude of whites, blacks, and Chinese; soldiers and civilians, and occasionally priests; negro women, lottery-ticket vendors, and the girl-musicians, with their begging tambourines.

IV.—SLAVERY IN CUBA.

WITH all its social and political discouragements with the disadvantages of a duty of about 25 per cent. on its sugars paid in the United States, and a duty of full 100 per cent. on all flour imported from the United States, and after paying heavier taxes than any people on earth pay at this moment, and yielding a revenue which nets after every deduction and discount not less than sixteen millions a-year—against all these disadvantages, this island is still very productive and very rich.

There are three classes of persons in Cuba, from whom the visitor receives contradictory and irreconcilable statements—the Cubans, the Spaniards, and foreigners of other nations. By Cubans, I mean the Criollos (Creoles), or natives of Cuba. By Spaniards, I mean the Peninsulares, or natives of Old Spain. In the third class, are comprised the Americans, English, French, Germans, and all other foreigners, except Spaniards, who are resident on the island, but not natives. This last class is large, possesses a great deal of wealth, and includes a great number of merchants, bankers, and other traders.

The Spaniards, or Peninsulares, constitute the army and navy, the officers of the Government in all departments, judicial, educational, fiscal, and postal, the revenue and the police, the upper clergy, and a large and wealthy class of merchants, bankers, shop-keepers, and mechanics.

The higher military and civil officers are from all parts of Spain; but the Catalans furnish the great body of the mechanics and small traders.

It is difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion as to the number of slaves in Cuba. The census of 1857 puts it at 375,000; but neither this census nor that of 1853 is to be relied upon. The Cubans are taxed for their slaves, and the government find it difficult, as I have said, to get correct returns. No person of intelligence in Cuba, however desirous to put the number at the lowest, has stated it to me at less than 500,000. Many set it at 700,000. I am inclined to think that 600,000 is the nearest to the truth.

The census make the free blacks, in 1857, 125,000. It is thought to be 200,000 by the best authorities. The whites are about 700,000. The only point in which the census seems to agree with public opinion, is in the proportion. Both make the proportion of blacks to be about one free black to three slaves; and make the whites not quite equal to the entire number of blacks, free and slave together.

The fact that one negro in every four is free, indicates that the laws favour emancipation, and favour the free black after emancipation. The stranger visiting Havana will see a regiment of one thousand free black volunteers, keeping guard in the *Obra Pia*. When it is remembered that the bearing arms and performing military duty as volunteers is considered an honour and privilege, and is not allowed to the whites of Creole birth, except to a few who are favoured by the Government, the significance of this fact may be appreciated.

Every slave has a right to go to a magistrate and have himself valued, and on paying the valuation, to receive his free papers. The valuation is made by three assessors, of whom the master nominates one and the magistrates the other two. The slave is not obliged to pay the entire valuation at once, but may

pay it in instalments of not less than fifty dollars each.

There is another provision, which at first sight may not appear very important, but which is, I am inclined to think, the best practical protection the slave has against the ill-treatment of his master; that is the right to compulsory sale. A slave may, on the same process of valuation, compel his master to transfer him to any person who will pay the money for the purpose; he need establish no cause of complaint. It is enough if he desires to be transferred, and some one is willing to buy him. This operates as a check upon the master, and an inducement to him to remove especial causes of dissatisfaction. The children of slaves are, by law, baptised into the church, and receive Christian burial. But there is no enforcement of the obligation to give the slaves religious instruction, or to allow them to attend public religious service. Most of those in the rural districts see no church and no priest from baptism to burial.

Marriages by the Church are seldom celebrated. As in the Roman Catholic Church it is a sacrament and indissoluble, it entails great inconvenience upon the master, as regards sales or mortgages, and is a restraint upon the negroes themselves, to which it is not always easy to reconcile them. Consequently, marriages are usually performed by the master only, and, of course, carry with them no legal rights or duties.

For the rest, it is extremely difficult for a mere passenger in Cuba to attain an exact idea of the relative position of the whites and blacks.

If persons coming from the north are credulous enough to suppose that they will see chains and stripes and tracks of blood, and if, taking letters to the best class of slave-holders, seeing their way of life, and hearing the dinner-table anecdotes and breakfast-table talk of the ladies, they find no outward sign of violence or corruption, they will probably also be credulous enough to suppose they have seen the whole of slavery. They do not know that that large plantation, with its smoking chimneys, about which they hear nothing, and which their host does not visit, has passed to the creditors of the late owner, who is a bankrupt, and is in charge of a manager, who is to get all he can in the shortest time, and to sell off the slaves as he can, having no interest, moral or pecuniary, in their future. They do not know that that other plantation, belonging to the young man who spends half his time in Havana, is an abode of licentiousness and cruelty. Neither do they know that the tall hounds, chained at the kennel of the house they are visiting, are Cuban bloodhounds, trained to track and to seize. They do not know that the barking last night was a pursuit and capture, in which all the white men in the place took part; and that, for the week past, the men of the plantation have been a committee of detective and protective police. They do not know that the ill-looking man who was there yesterday, and whom the ladies did not like, and all treated with ill-disguised aversion, is a professed hunter of slaves. They have never seen or heard of the Sierra del Cristal, the mountain range at the eastern end of Cuba, inhabited by runaways, where white men hardly dare to go.

V.—FAREWELL TO CUBA.

A WORD on the material resources of this beautiful Spanish colony.

Cuba contains more good harbours than does any

part of the United States south of Norfolk. Its soil is very rich and there are no large wastes of sand, either by the sea or in the interior. The coral rocks bound the sea, and the crags and sea come down to the coral rocks. The surface of the island is diversified by mountains, hills, and undulating lands, and is very well wooded, and tolerably well watered. It is interesting and picturesque to the eye, and abounds in flowers, trees of all varieties, and birds of rich plumage, though not of rich notes. It has mines of copper, and probably of iron, and is not cursed with gold or silver ore. There is no anthracite, but, probably, a large amount of very soft bituminous coal, which can be used for manufactures. It has also marble and other kinds of stone; and the hard woods, such as mahogany, cedar, ebony, iron-wood, lignum vitæ, &c., are in abundance. Mineral salt is to be found, and probably, in sufficient quantities for the use of the island. It is the boast of the Cubans, that the island has no wild beast or venomous reptiles. This has been so often repeated by tourists and historians, that I suppose it must be admitted to be true, with the qualification that they have the scorpion, tarantula, and chiga, the wounds inflicted by which, though painful, are not dangerous to life. The chiga (sometimes called chigua, and by the English, corrupted into jigger) is troublesome; and, if it be permitted to lie long under the flesh, is ineradicable, and makes amputation necessary.

As to the climate, I have no doubt that in the interior, especially on the red earth, it is healthy and delightful, in summer as well as in winter; but on the river borders, in the low lands of black earth, and on the savannahs, intermittent fever, and fever and ague, prevail. The cities have the scourge of yellow fever; and of late years also the cholera. In the cities, I suppose, the years may be divided, as to sickness, into three equal portions: four months of winter, when they are safe; four of summer, when they are unsafe; and four of spring and autumn, when they are passing from one state to the other. There are, indeed, a few cases of vomito in the course of the winter, but they are little regarded and must be the result of extreme imprudence. It is estimated that 25 per cent. of the soldiers die of yellow fever the first year of their acclimation, and during the year of the cholera 60 per cent. of the newly-arrived soldiers died. The mean temperature in winter is 70°, and in summer 83°, Fahrenheit. The island has suffered severely from hurricanes, although they are not so frequent as in others of the West Indian Islands. They have violent thunder-storms in summer, and have suffered from droughts in winter, though usually the heavy dews keep vegetation green through the dry season.

The steamer *Catawba*, that is to convey us back to New York, is hourly expected. All day there have been earnest looks to the north-west for the smoke of the *Catawba*—we are willing and desirous to depart. The smoke of a steamer is seen in the horizon, in the line the *Catawba* would take. "Let us walk down to the Punta, and see her come in." It is between four and five o'clock and a pleasant afternoon (there has been no rain, or sign of rain, in Cuba since we first saw it—twelve days ago), and we saunter along, keeping in the shade, and sit down on the boards, at the wharf, in front of the Presidio, near to where politicians are garrotted, and watch the progress of the steamer, amusing ourselves at the same time with seeing the negroes swimming and washing horses in the

shallow water off the bank. A Yankee flag flies from the signal-post of the Moro, but the Punta keeps the steamer from our sight. It draws towards six o'clock, and no vessel can enter after dark. We begin to fear she will not reach the point in time. Her cloud of smoke rises over the Punta, the city clock strikes six, the trumpets bray out, the sun is down, the signals on the Moro are lowering. "She'll miss it!" "No, there she is!"—and round the Punta comes her sharp black head, and then her full body; her toiling engine and smoking chimney, and peopled decks, and flying stars and stripes—Good luck to her!—and, though the sig-

nal is down, she pushes on and passes the forts without objection, and is lost among the shipping.

When you come to leave, you find the strange and picturesque character of the city has interested you more than you think; and you stare out of your carriage to read the familiar signs, the names of streets, the Obra Pia, Lamparella, Mercaderes, San Ignacio, Obispo, O'Reilly, and Oficinos, and the pretty and fantastic names of the shops. You think even the narrow streets have their advantages, as they are better shaded, and the awnings can stretch across them, though, to be sure, they keep out the air. No city has finer



VIEW OF MATANZAS.

avenues than the Ysabel and the Tacon; and the palm-trees, at least, we shall not see at the North. Here is La Dominica. It is a pleasant place in the evening, after the Retreta to take your tea or coffee under the trees by the fountain in the courtyard, and meet the Americans and English,—the only public place, except the theatre, where ladies are to be seen out of their *volantes*. Still, we are quite ready to go; for we have seen all we have been told to see in the Havana, and it is excessively hot, and growing hotter.

At last the *Catawba* is ready for departure, and we hasten down to the Quay.

Along the range of piers, where the bows of the vessels run in, and in which the labour of this great

commerce is performed, there runs a wide roof, covering all from the intense rays of the sun. Before this was put up, they say that workmen used to fall dead with sun-strokes, on the wharves.

I found on board the *Catawba* my cargo of oranges from Iglesia, my sweetmeats from Dominica, and my cigars from Cabanas, punctually delivered. All the passengers assemble: the deck is covered with mountains of orange-boxes; the anchor is raised; the steamer goes out of port handsomely, with the stars and stripes at her peak. The western sky is gorgeous with the setting sun; and the evening chimes and trumpets sound from the encircling fortifications, as we pass the Casa Bianca, the Cabana, the Punta, and the Moro.

After tea all are on deck. It is a clear night, and no night or day has been else than clear, at sea or on shore, since we first crossed the Gulf Stream, on our passage out. The Southern Cross is visible in the south, and the North Star is above the horizon in the north. No winter climate of Cuba, on mountain or in plain—the climate of no land can be compared with the ocean—the clear, bracing, saline air of ocean! How one drinks it in! And then again, the rocking cradle that nurses one to sleep! Nothing but the necessity of sleep, the ultimate necessity of self-preservation, can close one's eyes upon such a night as this in the equinoctial seas.

Saturday, March 5.—Fine breeze, clear cool weather, fresh blue sea, off the coast of North Carolina; but as we keep in the Gulf Stream we make no land. We are in the highway of commerce, of all the central part of America, yet, as before, how few vessels we see! only one in three days!

Sunday, March 6.—Cooler; out of the Gulf Stream; awnings taken down. At four o'clock next morning we make the lights of Barnegat; at dawn, the heights of Neversink. The long shore of New Jersey is open on our lee; the harbour of New York is but four or five hours' off. On the low sand-beach of Long Island are the bones of the *Black Warrior*, our consort. Far in the eastern horizon, just discernible, is the smoke of the *Europa*, due from Liverpool. The water, far out to sea, twenty or thirty miles from the harbour, is dotted with little boats, fishing for the all-consuming market of New York; and steam-tugs, short and low, just breathing out a little steam, are watching, far out at sea, their chances for inward-bound vessels. We leave the twin lights of Neversink astern, and are abreast of the low, white spit of Sandy Hook, when a pilot comes bobbing over the waves. We heave-to, lower the steps, the pilot jumps aboard.

No harbour has a more beautiful and noble entrance than New York. The Narrows, Staten Island, the heights of Brooklyn, the distant view of the Hudson River Island, the densely populous outskirts in all directions, the broad bay, its rich tributaries on the north and the east, and then the tall spires and lofty warehouses of the city, and the long stretches, north and east, and south and west, of the close-packed hulls and entangled spars of the shipping.

There is no snow to be seen over the landscape, or on the house tops, yet the leafless trees, the dry grass, the thick overcoats and furs, are in strange contrast with the palm-leaf hats, white linen coats, fluttering awnings, coveted shades, and the sun-baked harvest of five days ago.

We drew into our docks as silently and as surely as everything is done in the *Catawba*. A crowd of New York hackmen is gathered on the pier, looking as if they had stolen their coaches and horses, and intended to steal our luggage. There are no policemen in sight. Everybody predicts a fight. The officers of the boat say that the police are of no use at present, for their indifference and non-intervention rather encourages the fighters.

We had been talking high patriotism to some Cuban passengers; and all the comparisons hitherto had been favourable to our country,—the style of the vessels, the manner in which the three boats, the health-boat, the revenue-boat, and the news-boat discharge their duties. But here was rather a counter-set. The

strangers saw it in rather a worse light than we did. We knew it was only a lawless fight for fares, and would end in a few blows, and perhaps the loss of a bag or trunk or two. But in their eyes it looked like an insurrection of the lower orders; they did not know where it would end. One elderly lady in particular, with a great variety of luggage, and speaking no English, was in special trepidation, and could not be persuaded to trust herself, or her luggage, to the chance of the conflict, which she was sure would take place over it.

But it is the genius of our people to get out of difficulties as well as to get into them. The affair soon calms down; the crowd thins off; passengers select their coachmen, and leave the boat; and an hour or so after we touch the wharf; the decks are still; the engines are breathing out their last; the ship has done its part in the commerce of the world; Bullock and Rodgers are shaken by the hand, complimented and bade adieu by all; and our chance-gathered household of the last five days, not to meet again on earth or sea, is scattered among the streets of the great city, to the snow-lined hills of New England, and over the wide world of the GREAT WEST.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

VI.—CIEN FUEGOS—SUGAR PLANTATIONS—CONDITION OF SLAVES.

AND now for the impressions made upon an Englishman—Mr. Anthony Trollope—one of our most picturesque writers, and at the same time, strange to say, as stout an annexationist as the most out-and-out Yankee, of this largest as well as most fertile island belonging to any European Power in the American Seas, and which, formerly coveted by the Slave Confederation, for the sake of preponderance in Congress, is still looked to by the whole Union as one more "Star" looming in the horizon.

"Cuba is the largest and most westerly of the West Indian Islands. It is in the shape of a half-moon, and with one of its horns nearly lies across the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico. It belongs to the Spanish crown, of which it is by far the most splendid appendage. So much for facts, geographical and historical.

"Cien Fuegos is a small new town on the southern coast of Cuba, created by the sugar-trade, and devoted, of course, to commerce. It is clean, prosperous, and quickly increasing. The streets are lighted with gas, whilst those in the Havana still depend upon oil lamps. It has its opera, its governor's house, its alameda, its military and public hospitals, its market-place, and railway station; and unless the engineers deceive themselves it will in time have its well. It has also that institution which in the eyes of travellers ranks so much above all others, a good and clean inn.

"My first object after landing was to see a slave sugar-estate. I had been told in Jamaica that to effect this required some little management; that the owners of the slaves were not usually willing to allow strangers to see them at work, and that the manufacture of sugar in Cuba was as a rule, kept sacred from profane eyes. But I found no such difficulty. I made my request to an English merchant at Cien Fuegos, and he gave me a letter of introduction to the proprietor of an estate some fifteen miles from the town, and by their joint courtesy I saw all that I wished.

"On this property, which consisted altogether of eighteen hundred acres—the greater portion of which was not under cultivation—there were six hundred acres of cane pieces. The average year's produce was eighteen hundred hogsheads, or three hogsheads to the acre. The hogshead was intended to represent a ton of sugar when it reached the market, but judging from all that I could learn it usually fell short of it by a hundred weight. The value of such a hogshead at Cien Fuegos was about twenty-five pounds. There were one hundred and fifty negro men on the estate, the average cost-value of each man being three hundred and fifty pounds: most of the men had their wives. In stating this, it must not be supposed that either I or my informant insist much on the validity of their marriage ceremony: any such ceremony was probably of rare occurrence. During the crop-time, at which period my visit was made, and which lasts generally from November till May, the negroes sleep during six hours out of the twenty-four, have two for their meals, and work for sixteen. No difference is made on Sunday. Their food is very plentiful, and of a good and strong description. They are sleek, and fat, and large, like well-preserved brewers' horses. And with reference to them, as with reference to the brewers' horses, it has probably been ascertained what amount of work may be exacted so as to give the greatest profit. During the remainder of the year, the labour of the negroes averages twelve hours a-day; and one day of rest in the week is usually allowed to them. I was of course anxious to see what was the nature of the coercive measures used with them; but in this respect my curiosity was not indulged. I can only say that I saw none, and saw the mark and signs of none. No doubt the whip is in use, but I did not see it. The gentleman whose estate I visited had no notice of our coming, and there was no appearance of anything being hidden from us. I could not, however, bring myself to inquire of him as to their punishment.

"The slaves throughout the island are always, as a rule, baptised. Those who are employed in the town, and as household servants, appear to be educated in compliance with, at any rate, the outward doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. But with the great mass of the negroes—those who work on the sugar-canes, all attention to religion ends with their baptism.

"The works at the Cuban sugar-estate were very different from those I had seen at Jamaica. They were on a much larger scale, in much better order, overlooked by a larger proportion of white men, with a greater amount of skilled labour. The evidences of capital were very plain in Cuba, whereas the want of it was frequently equally plain in our own island.

"Not that the planters in Cuba are as a rule themselves very rich men. The estates are deeply mortgaged to the different merchants at the different ports, as are those in Jamaica to the merchants of Kingston. These merchants in Cuba are generally Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards, from the American Republics—anything but Cubans; and the slave-owners are but the go-betweens who secure the profits of the slave-trade for the merchants."

VII.—THE HAVANA—ITS HOTELS—THE PASEO—THE HARBOUR AND THE QUAY.

"FROM Cien Fuegos I went to the Havana, the metropolis, as all the world knows, of Cuba. Our route

lay by steamer by Batavano, and thence by railway. The communication round Cuba—that is from port to port—is not ill arranged or ill conducted. The boats are American built, and engineered by Englishmen or Americans. Breakfast and dinner are given on board, and the cost is included in the sum paid for the fare. The provisions are plentiful, and not bad, if oil can be avoided. As everything is done to foster Spain, Spanish wine is always used, and Spanish ware, and, above all things, Spanish oil. Now Spain does not send her best oil to her colonies.

"Labour generally is dear, a workman getting a dollar or four shillings and twopence, where in England a man might earn perhaps half-a-crown. A porter, therefore, for whom sixpence might suffice in England, will require a shilling. A volante—I shall have a word to say about volantes by-and-by—for any distance within the walls, costs eightpence. Outside the walls the price seems to be unconscionably higher. Omnibuses which run over two miles charge some fraction over sixpence for each journey. I find that a pair of boots costs me twenty-five shillings. In London they would cost about the same. Those procured in Cuba, however, were worth nothing, which certainly makes a difference. Meat is eightpence the English pound. Bread is somewhat dearer than in England, but not much.

"House rent may be taken as being nearly four times as high as it is in any decent but not fashionable part of London, and the wages of house servants are twice as high as they are with us. The high prices in the Havana are such therefore as to affect the resident rather than the stranger. One article, however, is very costly; but as it concerns a luxury not much in general use among the inhabitants this is not surprising. If a man will have his linen washed he will be made to pay for it.

"There is nothing attractive about the town of Havana; nothing whatever to my mind, if we except the harbour. The streets are narrow, dirty, and foul. In this respect there is certainly much difference between those within and without the wall. The latter are wider, more airy, and less vile; but even in them there is nothing to justify the praises with which the Havana is generally mentioned in the West Indies. It excels in population, size, and no doubt in wealth any other city there; but this does not apply a great eulogium. The three principal public buildings are the Opera House, the Cathedral, and the palace of the Captain-General. The former has been nearly knocked down by an explosion of gas, and is now closed. I believe it to be an admirable model for a second-rate house. The cathedral is as devoid of beauty, both externally and internally, as such an edifice can be made. To describe such a building would be an absurd waste of time and patience. (See illustration, p. 425.) We all know what is a large Roman Catholic church, built in the worst taste, and by a combination of the lowest attributes of Gothic and Latin architecture. The palace, having been built for a residence, does not appear so utterly vile, though it is the child of some similar father. It occupies one side of a public square or plaza, and from its position has a moderately-imposing effect. Of pictures in the Havana there are none of which mention should be made.

"But the glory of the Havana is the Paseo—the glory so called. This is the public drive and fashionable lounge of the town—the Hyde Park, the Bois de

Boulogne, the Cascine, the Corso, the Alameda. It is for their hour on the Pasco that the ladies dress themselves, and the gentlemen prepare their jewelry. It consists of a road running outside a portion of the wall, of the extent perhaps of half-a-mile, and ornamented with seats and avenues of trees, as are the boulevards at Paris.

"The Cuban ladies may generally be seen out of doors with their hair uncovered. Though they are of Spanish descent, the manilla is unknown here. Nor could I trace much similarity to Spanish manner in other particulars. The ladies do not walk like Spanish women—at least not like the women of Andalusia, with whom one would presume them to have had the nearest connection. The walk of the Andalusian women surpasses that of any other, while the Cuban lady is not graceful in her gait. Neither can they boast the brilliantly dangerous beauty of Seville. In Cuba they have good eyes, but rarely good faces. The forehead and the chin too generally recede, leaving the nose with a prominence that is not agreeable. But as my gallantry has not prevented me from speaking in this uncourteous manner of their appearance, my honesty bids me add, that what they lack in beauty they make up in morals, as compared with their cousins in Europe. For travelling *en garçon*, I should probably prefer the south of Spain. But were I doomed to look for domesticity in either clime—and God forbid that such a doom should be mine!—I might perhaps prefer a Cuban mother for my children.

"The amusements of the Cubans are not very varied, and are innocent in their nature; for the gambling as carried on there I regard as rather a business than an amusement. They greatly love dancing, and have dances of their own and music of their own, which are peculiar, and difficult to a stranger. Their tunes are striking, and very pretty. They are fond of music generally, and maintain a fairly good opera company at the Havana. In the plaza there—the square, namely, in front of the Captain-General's house—a military band plays from eight to nine every evening. The place is then thronged with people, but by far the majority of them are men.

"It is the custom at all the towns in Cuba for the family, when at home, to pass their evening seated near the large low open window of their drawing-rooms; and as these windows almost always look into the street, the whole internal arrangement is seen by every one who passes. These windows are always protected by iron bars, as though they were the windows of a prison; in other respects they are completely open.

"Four chairs are to be seen ranged in a row, and four more opposite to them, running from the window into the room, and placed close together. Between these is generally laid a small piece of carpet. The majority of these chairs are made to rock; for the Creole lady always rocks herself. I have watched them going through the accustomed motion with their bodies, even when seated on chairs with stern immovable legs. This is the usual evening living-place of the family;

and I never yet saw an occupant of one of these chairs with a book in her hand, or in his. I asked an Englishman, a resident in the Havana, whether he had ever done so. 'A book!' he answered; 'why, the girls can't read, in your sense of the word reading.'

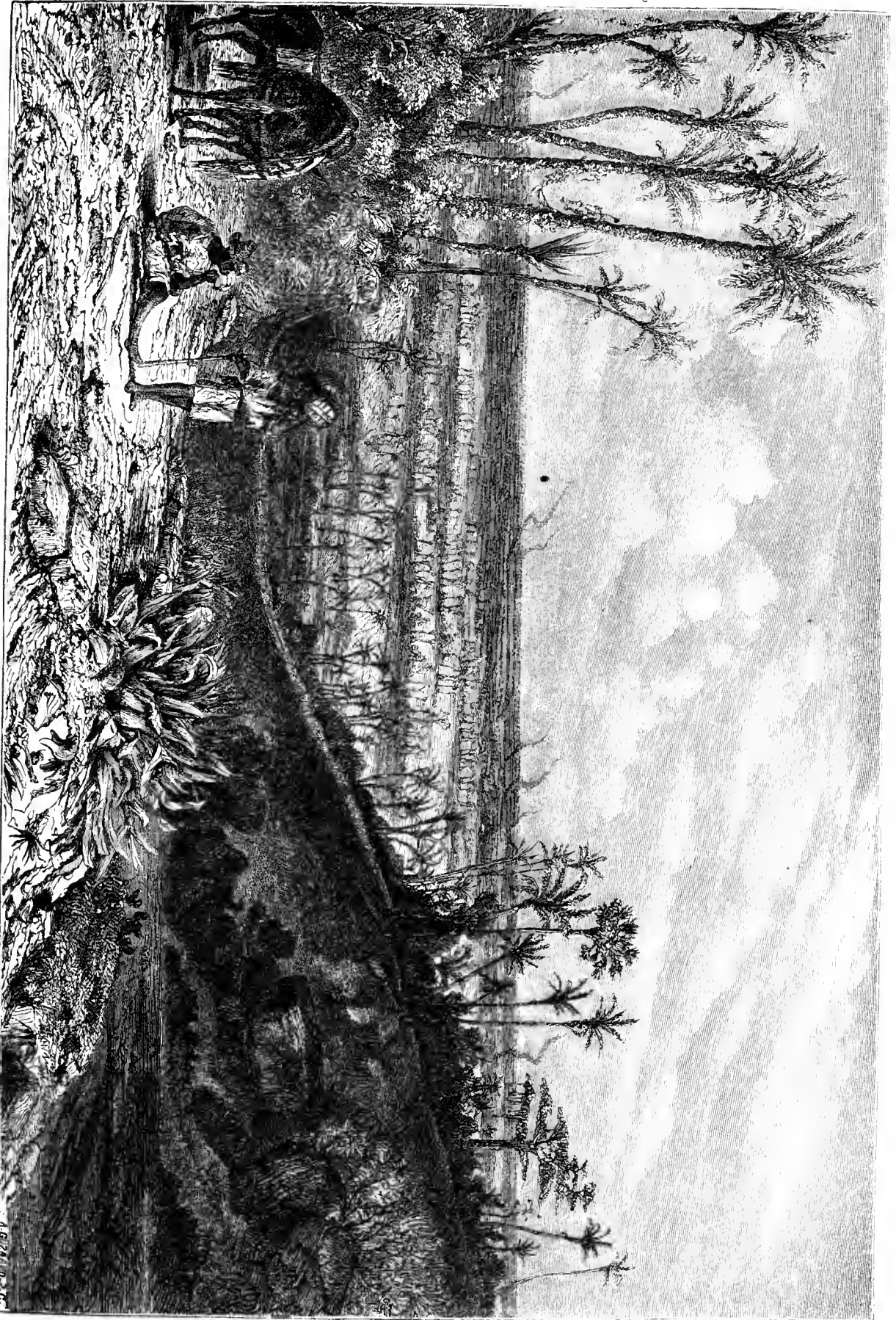
"The young men, and many of those who are no longer young, spend their evenings, and apparently a large portion of their days, in eating ices and playing billiards. The accommodation in the Havana for these amusements is on a very large scale.

"The harbour at the Havana is an interesting sight. It is in the first place very picturesque, which to the ordinary visitor is the most important feature. But it is also commodious, large, and safe. It is approached between two forts. That to the westward, which is the principal defence, is called the Moro. Here also stands the lighthouse. No Englishman omits to hear, as he enters the harbour, that these forts were taken by the English in Albemarle's time. Now, it seems to me, they might very easily be taken by any one who chose to spend on them the necessary amount of gunpowder. But then I know nothing about forts.

"This special one of the Moro I did take; not by gunpowder, but by stratagem. I was informed that no one was allowed to see it since the open defiance of the island contained in the last message of the United States' President. But I was also informed—whisperingly, in the ear—that a request to see the lighthouse would be granted, and that as I was not an American the fort should follow. It resulted in a little black boy taking me over the whole edifice—an impudent little black boy, who filled his pockets with stones and pelted the sentries. The view of the harbour from the lighthouse is very good, quite worth the trouble of the visit. The fort itself I did not understand, but a young English officer, who was with me, pooh-poohed it as a thing of nothing. But then young English officers pooh-pooh everything. Here, again, I must add that nothing can exceed the courtesy of all Spanish officials. If they could only possess honesty and energy as well as courtesy!

"By far the most interesting spot in the Havana is the Quay, to which the vessels are fastened end-ways, the bow usually lying against the Quay. In other places the side of the vessel is, I believe, brought to the wharf. Here there are signs of true life. One cannot but think how those quays would be extended, and that life increased, if the place were in the hands of other people.

"I found it difficult to learn what is exactly the present population of Cuba. I believe it to be about 1,300,000, and of this number about 600,000 are slaves. There are many Chinese now in the island, employed as household servants, or on railways, or about the sugar-works. Many are also kept at work on the cane-pieces, though it seems that for this labour they have hardly sufficient strength. These unfortunate deluded creatures receive, I fear, very little better treatment than the slaves."



LANDSCAPE IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA

A. G. 24. 10. 1. C.



THE SEARCH FOR THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

I.

THE DISCOVERY YACHT "FOX" AT THE DANISH SETTLEMENTS IN GREENLAND—BESET WITH THE ICE IN MELVILLE BAY—AN ARCTIC WINTER—DRIFTING IN THE ICE—ESCAPE FROM THE PACK—MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO MELVILLE BAY—CROSS BAFFIN'S BAY—DETAINED IN POND'S BAY—THE ICE OPENS AND THEY BEACH BEECHY ISLAND—ERECT A MONUMENT—SAIL DOWN PEEL'S STRAIT—TURNED BACK BY THE ICE—MAKE REGENT'S INLET AND BELLOT STRAIT—WESTERN END OF STRAIT BLOCKED UP WITH ICE—WINTER QUARTERS.

THE "tiny" *Fox* and her gallant crew, who were destined to find the relics of Sir John Franklin and of his companions in misfortune, left this country on their adventurous voyage on the 1st July, 1857, passed through the Pentland Firth on the 2nd, and sighted the ice-locked continent of Greenland on the 12th. Steam carried the little ship, after eighteen hours buffeting through the ice, into a broad belt of clear water which always exists between it and the land at mid-summer, and thus they were enabled to touch at the Danish settlement of Frederickshaat, Fiskernaes, and Disco, from which latter place they obtained the necessary supply of coal and sledge dogs. A young Esquimaux, named Christian, also volunteered his services as dog-driver.

It is to be remarked that all the Esquimaux along this coast have become Christians, the Danish government doing much more for them than we have within our own territories of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, supplying each settlement with a clergyman, a doctor, and a schoolmaster, whose duty it is to give gratuitous instruction and relief.

After touching at Upernivik, the most northerly of all the Danish settlements, the *Fox* stood out to sea to try and penetrate the middle ice. The edge was reached on the 8th of August, and after steaming some distance to the south, all hopes of a middle passage were given up and they steered to the northward, till on the afternoon of the 12th they were fast to an iceberg in Melville Bay. The ice covered the whole bay to the northward quite on to the steep face of the glacier.

"There is much," says Captain (now Sir F. L.) M'Clintock, in his interesting and graphic narrative,¹ "to excite intense admiration and wonder around them. One cannot at once appreciate the grandeur of this mighty glacier, extending unbroken for forty or fifty miles. Its sea-cliffs, about five or six miles from them, appear comparatively low, yet the icebergs detached from it were of the loftiest description. Here, on the spot, it does not seem incorrect to compare the icebergs to mere chippings off its edge, and the fleece-ice to the thinnest shavings.

"The far-off outline of glacier, seen against the eastern sky, had a faint tinge of yellow: it is almost horizontal, and of unknown distance and elevation.

"There was an unusual dearth of birds and seals: everything around them was painfully still, excepting

when an occasional iceberg split off from the parent glacier; then we heard a rumbling crash like distant thunder, and the wave occasioned by the launch reaches us in six or seven minutes, and made the ship roll lazily for a similar period. It can scarcely be imagined that within the whole compass of nature's varied aspects there could be presented to the human eye a scene so well adapted for promoting deep and serious reflection, for lifting the thoughts from trivial things of everyday life to others of the highest import."

As immense herds of rein-deer appear and disappear at Upernivik, it is supposed that they migrate at intervals to unexplored feeding grounds beyond the glacier.

To the infinite vexation of Captain M'Clintock and his companions, the *Fox* remained beset by the ice in Melville Bay all autumn. There was nothing for it but to prepare for wintering in the pack. Seals became more rare and timid, bears kept aloof, and even the sharks deserted them. As animal life became scarce, so the dogs became ravenous. They would even eat their own puppies, and, making charges, would actually board the ship in search of provisions. On the 1st of November the sun paid his last visit for the year, and after that they had to take their meals by lamp-light. White and blue arctic foxes remained about the ship all winter; it is surprising what they find to live upon; birds and hares were exceedingly rare. Perchance they find dovekies and the scraps of seal rejected by the bears. On the 27th of February the first seal of the year 1858 was shot; it came in good time, for the fifty-one seals shot in autumn were finished only two days before. On the 2nd of March four fat seals and some dovekies were shot.

All the time that the *Fox* was thus wintering in the ice and in darkness it was really drifting in an irregular manner to the south. They had been beset in August, 1857, in Melville Bay; on the 7th of March, 1858, without any movement on their part, they found themselves abreast of Disco Island. On the 12th of April, they drifted, in their own words, ingloriously out of the Arctic regions. On this occasion a gull and a few terns, their first summer visitors, were seen. Fulmar petrels and snow buntings followed. Polar bears abounded upon very loose broken ice, drifting into the Atlantic 120 miles from the nearest land. By the 26th of April the *Fox* had drifted into the open sea, clear of the pack, but the escape was not without danger—danger enough to bleach the face of the hardest sailor—for after that day's experience Captain M'Clintock says he can understand, how men's hair have turned gray in a few hours. During their 242 days in the packed ice of Baffin's Bay and Davis' Straits, they had drifted 1,194 geographical or 1,385 statute miles—the longest drift on record.

On the 25th of April they were once more anchored among the Greenlanders at Holsteinborg, a charming change after their position only a few days back. On the 13th of May they fetched Disco; several English whalers had preceded them. On the 18th of June the

¹ A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N., LL.D., &c., &c. John Murray.

Fox was nearly wrecked, her bows having stuck fast in a reef of rocks off Buchan Island, and which being capped with ice was not distinguishable from the floating masses around. Luckily the little vessel floated off with the night-tide unhurt, after having been eleven hours on the reef.

On the 19th of June, the *Fox* had once more made its way up to Melville Bay. On the 19th, the land-ice broke away inshore, and they were again drifting south, but on the 25th, thanks to the aid of steam, they regained the edge, and, on the evening of the 27th, they reached Cape York, where they communicated with the natives. These Arctic Highlanders have diminished lately in numbers from famine and disease.

The passage across Baffin's Bay, from Melville Bay to Cape Horsburg in North Devon, was effected without any misadventure. Jones' Sound appeared open. They spoke three families of Esquimaux, apparently the only tenants of the coast. Lancaster Sound, when sighted, was found to be crammed full of floes and icebergs. There was, consequently, no getting beyond Cape Warrender, and after much vexatious delay, on the 17th they crossed to the southern shore off Cape Hay, and thence made Pond's Bay, to await there for a change of weather. Here they communicated once more with whalers and with the natives.

At length, on the 6th of August, they steamed from Pond's Bay northward, and Lancaster Sound was found to be nearly cleared of ice—the wind, however, blowing a gale—directly up Barrow Strait. Under such fortunate circumstances, Beechy Island was fetched on the 11th of August, and then Captain M'Clintock erected a marble tablet, sent out by Lady Franklin in the American expedition of 1855, under Captain Harstein, but which had been left at Godhaven in Disco. Upon this raised flagged square, in the centre of which stands the cenotaph recording the names of those who perished in the Government expedition under Sir Edward Belcher, and where is also a small tablet to the memory of Lieutenant Bellot, the inscription ran as follows :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
**FRANKLIN,
CROZIER, FITZJAMES,**

AND ALL THEIR
GALLANT BROTHER OFFICERS AND FAITHFUL
COMPANIONS WHO HAVE SUFFERED OR PERISHED
IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE AND
THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY,

THIS TABLET

IS ERECTED, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE
THEY PASSED THEIR FIRST ARCTIC
WINTER, AND WHENCE THEY ISSUED
FORTH TO CONQUER DIFFICULTIES OR

TO DIE.

IT COMMEMORATES THE GRIEF OF THEIR
ADMIRING COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS,
AND THE ANGUISH, SUBDUED BY FAITH,
OF HER WHO HAS LOST, IN THE HEROIC
LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, THE MOST
DEVOTED AND AFFECTIONATE OF
HUSBANDS.

*"AND SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THE
HAVEN WHERE THEY WOULD BE."*

1855.

There was at this time, strange to say, no ice in Barrow Strait, and on the 16th, the discovery yacht sailed away to Cape Hotham, and on the 17th, shooting

gallantly past Limestone Island, they were steering down Peel Strait, all in a wild state of excitement—a mingling of anxious hopes and fears! But the hopes excited, were destined to early disappointment. On the 18th they came in sight of unbroken ice, extending across the Strait from shore to shore! The disappointment at this interruption to progress was as sudden as it was severe, but Captain M'Clintock never hesitated; he turned about at once for the open sea of Barrow Strait, in order, if possible, to reach Bellot Strait, by Prince Regent Inlet, before winter should set in.

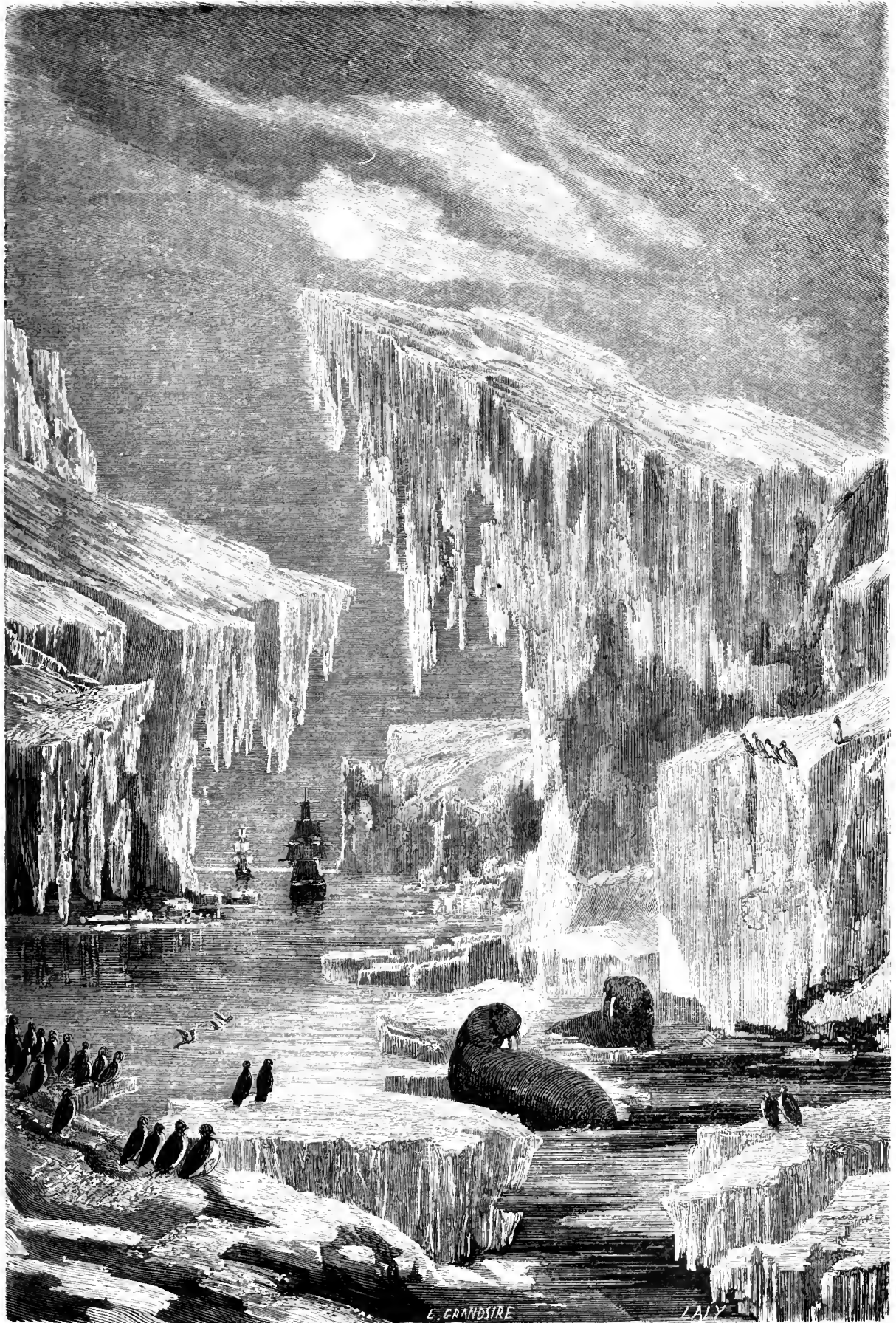
On the 19th, the yacht anchored off Port Leopold, and by the 21st, an unsparing use of steam and canvass, had forced the ship half-way through Bellot Strait.

Its western capes are lofty bluffs, such as may be distinguished fifty miles distant in clear weather. Between them there was a clear broad channel, but five or six miles of close heavy pack intervened, the sole obstacle to their progress. Of course this pack would speedily disperse; it is no wonder that they should feel elated at such a glorious prospect, and content to bide their time in the security of Depot Bay. A feeling of tranquillity, of earnest, hearty satisfaction, came over them. There was no appearance amongst them of anything boastful; they had all experienced too keenly the vicissitudes of Arctic voyaging to admit of such a feeling.

At the turn of tide they perceived that they were being carried, together with the pack, back to the eastward; every moment their velocity was increased, and presently they were dismayed at seeing grounded ice near them, but were very quickly swept past it at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, though within 200 yards of the rocks, and of instant destruction! As soon as they possibly could, they got clear of the packed ice, and left it to be hurled wildly about by various whirlpools and rushes of the tide, until finally carried out into Brentford Bay. The ice-masses were large, and dashed violently against each other, and the rocks lay at some distance off the southern shore; they had a fortunate escape from such dangerous company. After anchoring again in Depot Bay, a large stock of provisions and a record of their proceedings were landed, as there seemed every probability of advancing into the Western Sea in a very few days.

The appearance of Bellot Strait was precisely that of a Greenland fiord: it was about twenty miles long and scarcely a mile wide in the narrowest part; and there, within a quarter of a mile of the north shore, the depth was ascertained to be 400 feet. Its granitic shores were bold and lofty, with a very respectable sprinkling of vegetation for lat. 72°. Some of the hill-ranges rise to about 1,500 or 1,600 feet above the sea.

Anxious to know the real state of the ice in the western sea, upon which their hopes so entirely depended, Captain M'Clintock started on the 1st of September, with a boat party up the strait. Upon this occasion, a long narrow lake was discovered. Sir James Ross's furthest research in 1849 was at once recognised, and an impression was received of a wide channel leading southward. The *Fox* was accordingly steamed through the strait, on the return of the boat party, as far as to its western outlet, which was found to be blocked up by large stout fields of ice, of more than one winter's growth, and apparently immovable in consequence of the numerous islets and rocks which



E. GRANDSIRE

LALY

THE ARCTIC REGIONS—THE "EREBUS" AND "TERROR" IN THE ICE.

rose through it, and held it fast. There was no alternative. By the 12th, that is only six days after arriving at the western extremity of Bellot Strait, the *Fox* was already in winter quarters at the entrance of a creek previously explored, and which was designated as Port Kennedy. (See p. 464.) What rendered this detention still more vexatious, that before being finally frozen in for winter, on the 19th of September, the *Fox* steamed once more through Bellot Strait, and took up its former position at the ice-edge, off its western entrance. And this belt of islet-girt ice was found to be scarcely four miles in width, and beyond it was open sea.

II.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A SLEDGE-PARTY—INTERVIEW WITH THE BOOTHIAN ESQUIMAUX—RELICS OF FRANKLIN—ASCERTAIN THAT ONE OF THE SHIPS WAS SUNK—START OF THE EXTENDED SEARCHING PARTIES—INTELLIGENCE OF ANOTHER SHIP STRANDED—PARTIES SEPARATE—CAPTAIN SIR F. L. M'CLINTOCK EXAMINES EAST COAST OF KING WILLIAM ISLAND AND MOUTH OF BACK'S RIVER—RETURN BY SOUTH AND WEST COAST OF KING WILLIAM ISLAND—EXAMINE CAIRNS—DISCOVER A SKELETON—NOTE FROM LIEUTENANT HOBSON—THE RECORD—A BOAT AND TWO MORE SKELETONS.

ONCE established in their winter-quarters, Captain M'Clintock's chief attention was directed to preparing provisions and equipments for the travelling parties. His scheme of sledge-search comprehended three separate routes and parties of four men; to each party a dog-sledge and driver to be attached; the captain to lead one party; Lieutenant Hobson, R.N., another; and Captain Young, of the Mercantile Marine, the third. So early as on the 25th of September, Hobson started upon a journey of fourteen or fifteen days' duration, with seven men and fourteen dogs, to advance the depôts along shore to the south. He returned on the 5th of October, having been stopped by the sea washing against the cliffs in latitude $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and to which point they had advanced the depôts. It was quite evident from this that no more travelling could be accomplished until the ice formed a pathway along shore. Rein-deer were seen at this time almost daily; they, too, were waiting the freezing-over of the sea, to continue their southern travels.

On the 19th, Hobson started again on another sledge expedition, from which they did not return till the 6th of November. They had had a narrow escape for their lives:—

For the first six days they journeyed outward successfully; on that night they encamped upon the ice; it was at spring-tide, a N.E. gale sprang up, and blowing off shore detached the ice and drifted them off! The sea froze over on the cessation of the gale, and two days afterwards they fortunately regained the land near the position from which they were blown off; they had, indeed, experienced much unusual danger and suffering from cold.

As soon as they discovered that the ice was drifting off shore with them, they packed their sledges, harnessed the dogs, and passed the night in anxious watching for some chance to escape. When the ice got a little distance off shore, it broke up under the influence of the wind and sea, until the piece they were upon was scarce twenty yards in diameter; this drifted across the mouth of a wide inlet¹ until brought up

against the opposite shore. The gale was quickly followed by an intense frost; which in a single night formed ice sufficiently strong to bear them in safety to the land, although it bent fearfully beneath their weight."

On the 7th of November, Mr. Brand, the engineer, a steady, serious man, died suddenly, and was buried in a grave on shore. Game began to be scarce, and the cold unusually trying. Still they kept up their spirits, and they were all as jolly as could be expected under such circumstances, and the festivities of Christmas were kept up with due hilarity—venison, beer, and a fresh stock of clay-pipes, being the most prized luxuries. This, whilst a fierce north-wester was howling loudly through the rigging, the snow-drift was rustling swiftly past; no star appeared through the oppressive gloom, and the thermometer varied between seventy-six and eighty degrees below the freezing point. It is surprising how human nature could withstand such intense cold, yet the hearty tars welcomed in the new year with music—flutes, accordion, and gong—and merry songs.

On the 26th of January part of the sun's disc loomed, for the first time, above the horizon, and gladly did they scan the features of their returning friend. On the 14th, Captain M'Clintock and Captain Allen Young started in sledges to communicate with the Boothians in the vicinity of the magnetic pole. The expedition was successful; on the 1st of March they fell in with four Esquimaux.

Captain M'Clintock and Petersen, his interpreter, immediately buckled on their revolvers, and advanced to meet them. The natives halted, made fast their dogs, laid down their spears, and received them without any evidence of surprise. They told them they had been out upon a seal-hunt on the ice, and were returning home: they proposed to join them, and all were soon in motion again; but another hour brought sunset, and they learned that their snow village of eight huts was still a long way off, so they hired them at the rate of a needle for each Esquimaux to build them a hut, which they completed in an hour; it was eight feet in diameter, five and a-half feet high, and in it they all passed the night. Perhaps the records of architecture do not furnish another instance of a dwelling-house so cheaply constructed!

They gave them to understand that they were anxious to barter with them, and they very cautiously approached the real object of their visit. A naval button upon one of their dresses afforded the opportunity; it came, they said, from some white people who were starved upon an island where there are salmon (that is, in a river); and that the iron of which their knives were made came from the same place. One of these men said he had been to the island to obtain wood and iron, but none of them had seen the white men. Another man had been to "Ei-wil-lik" (Repulse Bay), and counted on his fingers seven individuals of Rae's party, whom he remembered having seen.

These Esquimaux had nothing to eat, and no other clothing than their ordinary double dresses of fur; they would not eat biscuit or salt pork, but took a small quantity of bear's blubber, and some water. They slept in a sitting posture, with their heads leaning forward on their breasts. Next morning, they travelled about ten miles further, by which time they were close to Cape Victoria; beyond this Captain M'Clintock would not go, much as the Esquimaux

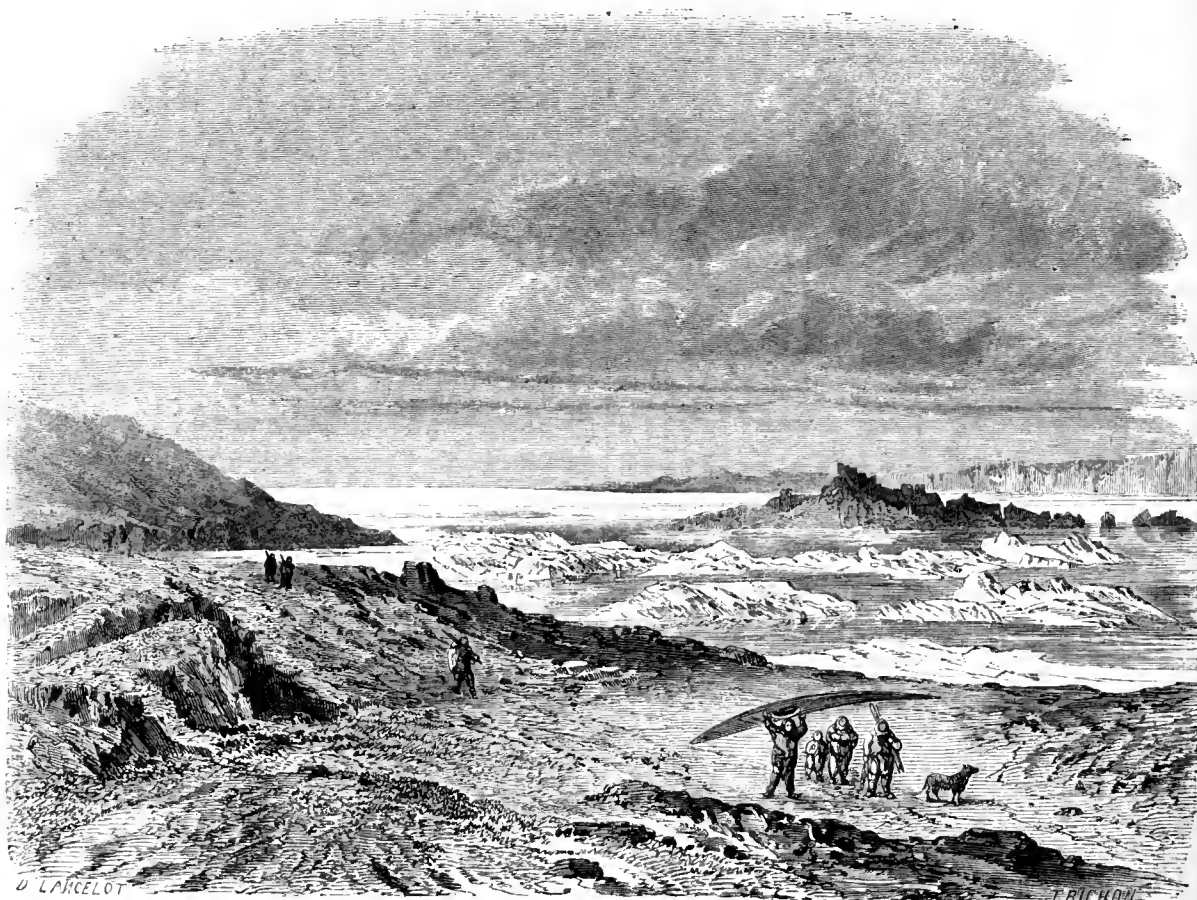
¹ Named after Lord Wrottesley, in remembrance of the support given by him to the expedition, his advocacy of it in the House of Lords, and of the facilities granted by the Royal Society, of which he was President, for the pursuit of scientific observations.

wished to lead them on; they therefore landed, and the natives built them a commodious snow hut in about half-an-hour: this done, they displayed to the natives their articles for barter—knives, files, needles, scissors, beads, &c., expressed their desire to trade with them, and promised to purchase everything which belonged to the starved white men, if they would come to them on the morrow. Notwithstanding that the weather was now stormy and bitterly cold, two of the natives stripped off their outer coats of rein-deer skin, and bartered them for a knife each.

Despite the gale which howled outside, they spent a comfortable night in their roomy hut.

Next morning the entire village population arrived,

amounting to about forty-five souls, from aged people to infants in arms, and bartering commenced very briskly. First of all they purchased all the relics of the lost expedition, consisting of six silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, the property of Mr. A. M'Donald, assistant-surgeon, part of a gold chain, several buttons, and knives made of the iron and wood of the wreck, also bows and arrows constructed of material obtained from the same source. Having secured these, they purchased a few dozen salmon, some seals' blubber and venison, but could not prevail upon the natives to part with more than one of their fine dogs. One of the sledges was made of two stout pieces of wood, which might have been a boat's keel.



MOUTH OF BACK'S RIVER.

All the old people recollected the visit of the *Victory*. An old man told Captain M'Clintock his name was "Oblooria:" the captain recollected that Sir James Ross had employed a man of that name as a guide, and reminded him of it; he was, in fact, the same individual, and he inquired after Sir James by his Esquimaux name of "Agglugga."

Captain M'Clintock inquired after the man who was furnished with a wooden leg by the carpenter of the *Victory*. No direct answer was given, but his daughter was pointed out. Petersen explained that they do not like alluding in any way to the dead, and that, as this question was not answered, it was certain the man was no longer amongst the living.

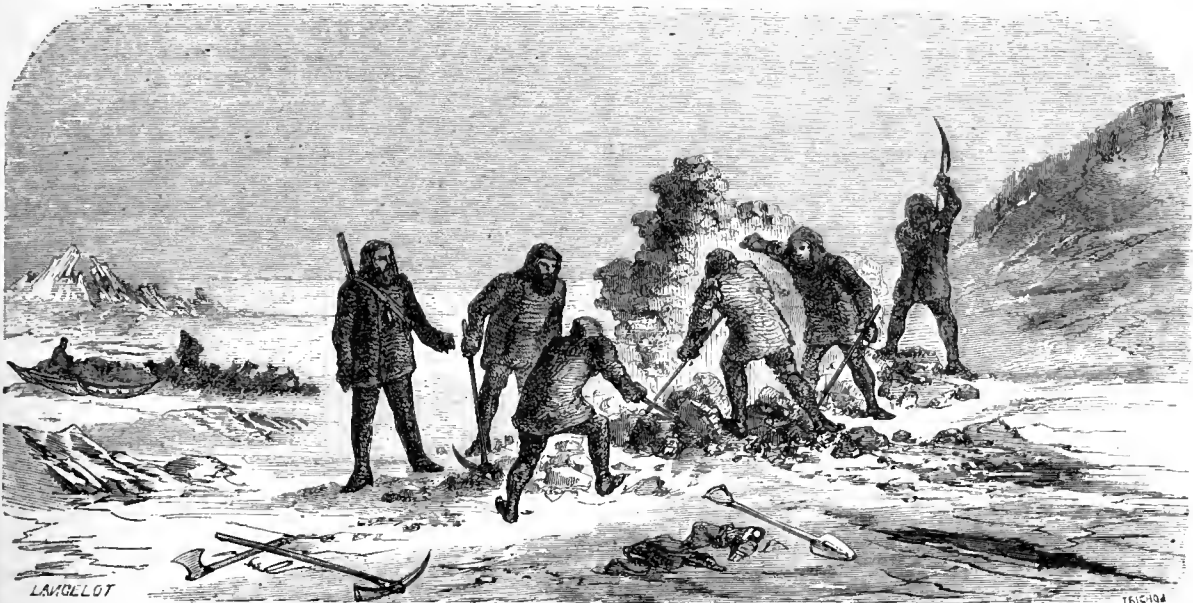
None of these people had seen the whites: one man

said he had seen their bones upon the island where they died, but some were buried. Petersen also understood him to say that the boat was crushed by the ice. Almost all of them had part of the plunder: they said they would be there when the Captain returned, and would trade more with him; also that they should find natives upon Montreal Island at the time of their arrival there.

Next morning, 4th March, several natives came to them again. Captain M'Clintock bought a spear six and a-half feet long from a man who told Petersen distinctly that a ship having three masts had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William Island, but that all the people landed safely; he was not one of those who were eye-witnesses of it;

the ship sunk, so nothing was obtained by the natives from her; all that they have got, he said, came from the island in the river. The spear-staff appears to

have been part of the gunwale of a light boat. One old man, "Oo-na-lee," made a rough sketch of the coastline with his spear upon the snow, and said it was

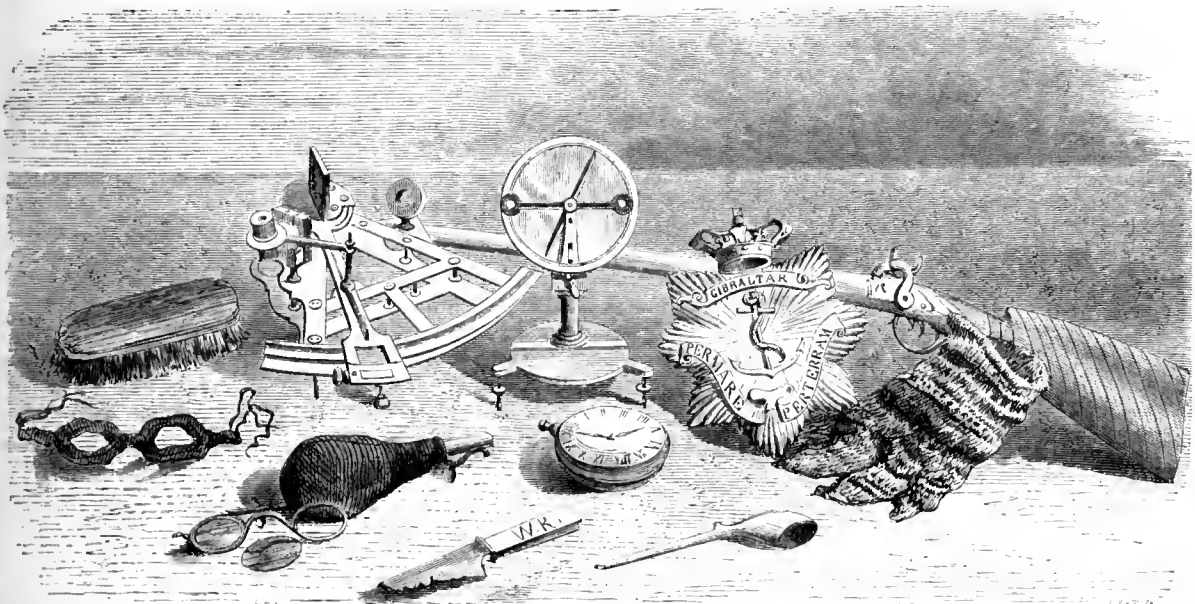


OPENING OF A CAIRN.

eight journeys to where the ship sank, pointing in the direction of Cape Felix. They could make nothing out of his rude chart.

The information they obtained bears out the prin-

cipal statements of Dr. Rae, and also accounts for the disappearance of one of the ships; but it gives no clue to the whereabouts of the other, nor the direction whence the ships came. One thing was tolerably certain,



RELICS OF FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

the crews did not at any time land upon the Boothian shore.

These Esquimaux were all well clothed in rein-deer dresses, and looked clean: they appeared to have abundance of provisions, but scarcely a scrap of wood

was seen amongst them which had not come from the lost expedition. Their sledges, with the exception of the one already spoken of, were wretched little affairs, consisting of two frozen rolls of seal-skins coated with ice, and attached to each other by bones, which served

as the crossbars. The men were stout, hearty fellows, and the women arrant thieves, but all were good-humoured and friendly. The women were decidedly plain; in fact, this term would have been flattering to most of them; yet there was a degree of vivacity and gentleness in the manners of some that soon reconciled them to these Arctic specimens of the fair sex. They had fine eyes and teeth, as well as very small hands, and the young girls had a fresh rosy hue, not often seen in combination with olive complexions.

Esquimaux mothers carry their infants on their backs within their large fur dresses, and where the babes can only be got at by pulling them out over the shoulder. Whilst intent upon bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of a few needles or a knife for each relic, one pertinacious old dame, after having obtained all she was likely to get from Captain M'Clintock for herself, pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor little creature (for it was perfectly naked) before him in the breeze, the temperature at the time being 60° below freezing-point. Petersen informed him that she was begging for a needle for her child. It is needless to say he gave her one as expeditiously as possible; yet sufficient time elapsed before the infant was again put out of sight to alarm him considerably for its safety in such a temperature. The natives, however, seemed to think nothing of what looked to him like cruel exposure of a naked baby.

They now returned to the ship with all the speed they could command; but stormy weather occasioned two days' delay, so that they did not arrive on board until the 14th March. Though considerably reduced in flesh, Captain M'Clintock and his companions were in excellent health, and blessed with insatiable appetites. On washing their faces, which had become perfectly black from the soot of the blubber lamp, sundry scars, relics of frost-bites, appeared; and the tips of their fingers, from constant frost-bites, had become as callous as if seared with hot iron.

In this journey of twenty-five days, they travelled 360 geographical miles (420 English), and completed the discovery of the coast-line of Continental America, thereby adding about 120 miles to the charts. The mean temperature throughout the journey was 30° below zero of Fahrenheit, or 62° below the freezing point of water.

On reaching the ship, Captain M'Clintock at once assembled his small crew, and told them of the information they had obtained, pointing out that there still remained one of the ships unaccounted for, and therefore it was necessary to carry out all their projected lines of search.

During this journey Captain M'Clintock says he acquired the Arctic accomplishment of eating frozen blubber, in delicate little slices, and vastly preferred it to frozen pork.

Captain Allen Young and his party returned on the 3rd of March, having placed their depôt upon the shore of Prince of Wales' Land, about 70 miles S.W. of the ship, and the gallant captain started again on the 18th with the men and eighteen dogs for Fury Beach, in search of provisions, although it was blowing a gale from the north-west at the time. On this occasion Captain Young and one of his men became blind as kittens, and the third man had to lead them. What would have become of them had he gone blind also?

The bustle of preparation for the extended searching

journeys was now going on in earnest. On the 2nd of April, Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson started each with a sledge drawn by four men, besides a dog sledge and dog driver. Mr. Petersen managed Captain M'Clintock's sledge. Captain Allen Young was to follow. The procession, Captain M'Clintock says, looked imposing—it certainly was deeply interesting. The ship hoisted the Royal Harwich Yacht flag, and the sledges displayed their gay silk banners: the captain's own was a very beautiful one, and was given to him by Lady Franklin; it bore her name in white letters upon a red ground, and was margined with white embroidery; it was worked by the sisters of Captain Collinson.

On the 20th April they fell in with two families of Boothian Esquimaux, the people whom they had communicated with at Cape Victoria, in February. Old Oo-na-lee laid his hands on Petersen's shoulders to measure their width, and said, "He is fatter now." True enough, says Captain M'Clintock. The February temperature and sharp marching had caused them both at that time to shrink considerably. After many anxious inquiries, they learned from these people that *two ships* had been seen by the natives of King William Island; one of them was seen to sink in deep water, and nothing was obtained from her; a circumstance at which they expressed much regret; but the other was forced on shore by the ice, where they suppose she still remains, but is much broken. From this ship they had obtained most of their wood and other relics, and the place where the ship had grounded was known to them by the name of *Oot-loo-lik*. Formerly, many natives lived there, but very few remained now. It is much to be regretted that Captain M'Clintock's expedition was not enabled to visit this important station, supposed to be on the coast of Victoria Island. One of the Esquimaux told them that the body of a man had been found on board the ship, that he must have been a very large man, and had long teeth, but this was all he recollected having been told, for he was quite a child at the time. They also said that this was in the fall of the year—that is August or September—when the ships were destroyed, and that all the white people went away to the "large river," taking a boat or boats with them, and that in the following winter their bones were found there.

On the 28th of April, they reached Cape Victoria in Boothia, a little south of the magnetic pole, and here Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson parted, the latter crossing the ice at Ross' Strait to Cape Felix at King William Island, and following the western shores of that island, while the former explored its eastern shores. The pack in Ross' Strait was very rough, and it was not without labour and difficulty that the sledges were got across it. Captain M'Clintock met with only one snow village and a single snow hut along the east coast of King William Island. (See p. 461.)

Captain M'Clintock purchased from the natives six pieces of silver plate, bearing the crests or initials of Franklin, Crozier, Fairholme, and M'Donald; they also sold them bows and arrows of English woods, uniform and other buttons, and offered them a heavy sledge made of two short stout pieces of curved wood, which no mere boat could have furnished them with, but this of course they could not take away; the silver spoons and forks were readily sold for four needles each.

The natives were most obliging and peaceably disposed, but could not resist the temptation to steal, and were

importunate to barter everything they possessed; there was not a trace of fear, every countenance was lighted up with joy; even the children were not shy, nor backward either, in crowding about them, and poking in everywhere. One man got hold of their saw, and tried to retain it, holding it behind his back, and presenting his knife in exchange; they might have had some trouble in getting it from him, had not one of the men mistaken his object in presenting the knife towards the Captain, and ran out of the tent with a gun in his hand; the saw was instantly returned, and the poor people seemed to think they never could do enough to convince them of their friendliness; they repeatedly tapped him gently on the breast, repeating the words, "Kammik toomee" (We are friends).

Having obtained all the relics they possessed, they purchased some seal's flesh, blubber, frozen venison, dried and frozen salmon, and sold some of their puppies. They told them it was five days' journey to the wreck,—one day up the inlet still in sight, and four days overland; this would carry them to the western coast of King William Land; they added that but little now remained of the wreck which was accessible, their countrymen having carried almost everything away. In answer to an inquiry, they said she was without masts; the question gave rise to some laughter amongst them, and they spoke to each other about fire, from which Petersen thought they had burnt the masts through close to the deck in order to get them down.

There had been many books they said, but all had long ago been destroyed by the weather; the ship was forced on shore in the fall of the year by the ice. She had not been visited during this past winter, and an old woman and a boy were shown to them, who were the last to visit the wreck; they said they had been at it during the winter of 1857-8.

Petersen questioned the woman closely, and she seemed anxious to give all the information in her power. She said many of the white men dropped by the way as they went to the Great River; that some were buried and some were not; they did not themselves witness this, but discovered their bodies during the winter following.

They could not arrive at any approximation to the numbers of the white men, nor of the years elapsed since they were lost.

This was all the information they could obtain, and it was with great difficulty so much could be gleaned, the dialect being strange to Petersen, and the natives far more inclined to ask questions than to answer them. They assured them they should find natives upon the south shore of King William Island, only three days' journey from there, and also at Montreal Island; moreover, they might find some at the wreck. For these reasons Capt. McClintock did not prolong his stay with them beyond a couple of hours. They seemed to have but little intercourse with other communities, not having heard of their visit to the Boothians two months before; one man even asked Petersen if he had seen his brother, who lived in Boothia, not having heard of him since last summer.

It was quite a relief to get away from these good-humoured, noisy thieves, and rather difficult too, as some of them accompanied them for miles. They had abundance of food, were well clothed, and were a finer race than those who inhabit North Greenland, or Pond's Inlet; the men had their hair cropped short,

with the exception of one long straggling lock hanging down on each side of the face, like the Boothians; the women had lines tattooed upon their cheeks and chins.

On the morning of the 12th of May, they crossed from King William Land to the mainland of North America, at Point Ogle, and they encamped the same evening upon the ice in Back's or the Great Fish River. (See page 456.) On the 15th, they reached Montreal, in bad weather, snowing, with much wind, and one of the men sick. No relics of the lost expedition were found on this island save a piece of a preserved meat-tin, two pieces of iron hoop, some scraps of copper, and an iron-hoop bolt. These were supposed to be part of the plunder obtained from the boat. On the evening of the 19th, they commenced their return journey; but for three weeks their route led them over new ground, as they examined the south coast of King William Island.

They were now upon the shore, along which the retreating crews must have marched. It is likely that they passed over many sad relics, for the sledges had to travel upon the sea-ice, and the beach was covered with deep snow; yet, in one place, where the winds had partially bared a gravel ridge of snow, they came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow.

The skeleton—now perfectly bleached—was lying upon its face, the limbs and smaller bones either dis-severed or gnawed away by small animals.

A most careful examination of the spot was of course made, the snow removed, and every scrap of clothing gathered up. A pocket-book afforded strong grounds for hope that some information might be subsequently obtained respecting the unfortunate owner, and the calamitous march of the lost crews, but at the time it was frozen hard. The substance of that which they gleaned upon the spot may thus be summed up:—

This victim was a young man, slightly built, and perhaps above the common height; the dress appeared to be that of a steward or officer's servant, the loose bow-knot in which his neck-handkerchief was tied not being used by seamen or officers. In every particular the dress confirmed their conjectures as to his rank or office in the late expedition—the blue jacket with slashed sleeves and braided edging, and the pilot cloth great coat with plain covered buttons. They found also a clothes-brush near, and a horn pocket-comb. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen upon his face in the position in which they found him.

It was a melancholy truth that the old woman spoke when she said, "they fell down and died as they walked along."

Captain Sir F. L. McClintock does not think that the Esquimaux discovered this skeleton, or they would have carried off the brush and comb, superstition prevents them from disturbing their own dead, but would not keep them from appropriating the property of the white man if in any way useful to them. Dr. Rae obtained a piece of flannel, marked "F. D. V., 1845," from the Esquimaux of Boothia or Repulse Bay; it had doubtless been a part of poor Des Vœux's garments.

At the time of their interview with the natives of King William Island, Petersen was inclined to think

that the retreat of the crews took place in the fall of the year, some of the men in boats, and others walking along the shore; and as only five bodies are said to have been found upon Montreal Island with the boat, this fact favoured his opinion, because so small a number could not have dragged her there over the ice, although they could very easily have taken her there by water. Subsequently this opinion proved erroneous. Captain M'Clintock mentions it to show how vague their information was—indeed, all Esquimaux accounts are naturally so—and how entirely they were dependent upon their own exertions for bringing to light the mystery of their fate.

The information obtained by Dr. Rae was mainly derived second-hand from the Fish River Esquimaux, and should not be confounded with that received by them from the King William Island Esquimaux. These people told them they did not find the bodies of the white men (that is, they did not know any had died upon the march) until the following winter.

The remains of those who died in the Fish River may very probably have been discovered in the summer shortly after their decease.

A cairn was found at Point Gladman, which was taken down stone by stone—(See p. 457.)—and carefully examined, but nothing found. A still more important cairn was examined at Cape Herschel, with similar unsatisfactory results. Captain M'Clintock, who says, "There will be few spots more hallowed by English seamen than this cairn on Cape Herschel," believes that it had been plundered by the natives, for it is not likely that the retreating party proceeding this way to Back's River would have quitted King William Land without leaving some record behind them.

About twelve miles from Cape Herschel, Captain M'Clintock's party found a small cairn built by Hobson's party, and containing a note. He had reached his extreme point six days previously, without having seen anything of the wreck, or of natives, but he had found a record—the record so ardently sought for of the Franklin expedition—at Port Victory.

That record, Captain M'Clintock observes, is indeed a sad and touching relic of our lost countrymen, and to simplify its contents he points out separately the double story it so briefly tells.

In the first place, the record paper was one of the printed forms usually supplied to discovery ships for the purpose of being inclosed in bottles and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents, blanks being left for the date and positions; any person finding one of these records is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty with a note of time and place; and this request is printed upon it in six different languages. Upon it was written, apparently by Lieutenant Gore, as follows:—

"28 of May, } H.M. ships 'Erebus' and 'Terror'
1847. } wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05'
N., long. 98° 23' W.

"Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechy Island, in lat. 74° 43' 28" N., long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

"Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

"All well.

"Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men, left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

"GM. GORE, Lient.

"CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate."

There is an error in the above document, namely, that the *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered at Beechy Island in 1846-7—the correct dates should have been 1845-6; a glance at the date at the top and bottom of the record proves this, but in all other respects the tale is told in as few words as possible of their wonderful success up to that date, May, 1847. We find that, after the last intelligence of Sir John Franklin was received (bearing date of July, 1845) from the whalers in Melville Bay, his expedition passed on to Lancaster Sound, and entered Wellington Channel, of which the southern entrance had been discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1819. The *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed up that strait for 150 miles, and reached in the autumn of 1845 the same latitude as was attained eight years subsequently by H.M.S. *Assistance* and *Pioneer*. Whether Franklin intended to pursue this northern course, and was only stopped by ice in that latitude of 77° north, or purposely relinquished a route which seemed to lead away from the known seas off the coast of America, must be a matter of opinion; but this the document assures us of, that Sir John Franklin's expedition, having accomplished this examination, returned southward from latitude 77° north, which is at the head of Wellington Channel, and re-entered Barrow's Strait by a new channel between Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands.

Seldom has such an amount of success been accorded to an Arctic navigator in a single season, and when the *Erebus* and *Terror* were secured at Beechy Island for the coming winter of 1845-6, the results of their first year's labour must have been most cheering. These results were the exploration of Wellington and Queen's Channel, and the addition to our charts of the extensive lands on either hand. In 1846 they proceeded to the south-west, and eventually reached within twelve miles of the north extreme of King William Land, when their progress was arrested by the approaching winter of 1846-7. That winter appears to have passed without any serious loss of life; and when, in the spring, Lieutenant Gore leaves with a party for some especial purpose, and very probably to connect the unknown coast-line of King William Land between Point Victory and Cape Herschel, those on board the *Erebus* and *Terror* were "All well," and the gallant Franklin still commanded.

But, alas! round the margin of the paper upon which Lieutenant Gore in 1847 wrote those words of hope and promise, another hand had subsequently written the following words:—

"April 25, 1848.—H.M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37' 42" N., long. 98° 41' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

(Signed)

"F. R. M. CROZIER,

"Captain and Senior Officer.

"JAMES FITZJAMES,

"Captain H.M.S. *Erebus*."

"And start (on) to-morrow, 26th,
for Back's Fish River."

This marginal information was evidently written by Captain Fitzjames, excepting only the note stating

when and where they were going, which was added by Captain Crozier.

There is some additional marginal information relative to the transfer of the document to its present position (viz., the site of Sir James Ross's pillar) from a spot four miles to the northward, near Point Victory, where it had been originally deposited by the *late* Commander Gore. This little word *late* shows us that he too, within the twelvemonth, had passed away.

In the short space of twelvemonths how mournful had become the history of Franklin's expedition; how changed from the cheerful "All well" of Graham Gore! The spring of 1847 found them within ninety miles of the known sea off the coast of America; and to men who had already in two seasons sailed over 500 miles of previously unexplored waters, how confident must they have then felt that that forthcoming navigable season of 1847 would see their ships pass over so short an intervening space! It was ruled otherwise. Within a month after Lieutenant Gore placed the record on

Point Victory, the much-loved leader of the expedition, Sir John Franklin, was dead; and the following spring found Captain Crozier, upon whom the command had devolved, at King William Island, endeavouring to save his starving men, 105 souls in all, from a terrible death by retreating to the Hudson Bay territories up the Back or Great Fish River.

A sad tale was never told in fewer words. There is something deeply touching in their extreme simplicity, and they show in the strongest manner that both the leaders of this retreating party were actuated by the loftiest sense of duty, and met with calmness and decision the fearful alternative of a last bold struggle for life, rather than perish without effort on board their ships; for we well know that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were only provisioned up to July, 1848.

Lieutenant Hobson's note recorded that he found quantities of clothing and articles of all kinds lying about the cairn, as if these men, aware that they were retreating for their lives, had there abandoned



SNOW HUTS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

everything which they considered superfluous. Encouraged by this important news, Captain M'Clintock's party exerted their utmost vigilance, in order that no trace should escape them. Nor was their vigilance long unrewarded. On the 30th of May they encamped alongside a large boat—another melancholy relic which Hobson had found and examined a few days before. A vast quantity of tattered clothing was lying in her, and this was first examined. Not a single article bore the name of its former owner. The boat was cleared out and carefully swept, that nothing might escape them. The snow was then removed from about her, but nothing whatever was found.

But all these were after-observations; there was that in the boat which transfixed them with awe. It was portions of two human skeletons. One was that of a slight young person; the other of a large, strongly-made, middle-aged man. The former was found in the bow of the boat, but in too much disturbed a state to enable Hobson to judge whether the sufferer had died

there; large and powerful animals, probably wolves, had destroyed much of this skeleton, which may have been that of an officer. Near it was found the fragment of a pair of worked slippers. They had originally been eleven inches long, lined with calf-skin with the hair left on, and the edges bound with red silk ribbon. Besides these slippers there were a pair of small strong shooting half-boots. The other skeleton was in a somewhat more perfect state,¹ and was enveloped with clothes and furs; it lay across the boat, under the after-thwart. Close beside it were found five watches; and there were two double-barrelled guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked, standing muzzle upwards against the boat's side. It may be imagined with what deep interest these sad relics were scrutinised, and how anxiously every fragment of clothing was turned over in search of pockets and pocket-books,

¹ No part of the skull of either skeleton was found, with the exception only of the lower jaw of each.

journals, or even names. Five or six small books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except the *Vicar of Wakefield*. One little book, *Christian Melodies*, bore an inscription upon the title-page from the donor to G. G. (Graham Gore?) A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes, and whole passages underlined. Besides these books, the covers of a New Testament and Prayer-book were found.

Amongst an amazing quantity of clothing there were seven or eight pairs of boots of various kinds—cloth winter boots, sea boots, heavy ankle boots, and strong shoes. I noted, says Captain M'Clintock, that there were silk handkerchiefs—black, white, and figured—towels, soap, sponge, tooth-brush, and hair combs; mackintosh gun-cover, marked outside with paint A 12, and lined with black cloth. Besides these articles we found twine, nails, saws, files, bristles, wax-ends, sail-makers' palms, powder, bullets, shot, cartridge, wads, leather cartridge-case, knives—clasp and dinner ones—needle and thread cases, slow-match, several bayonet scabbards cut down into knife-sheaths, two rolls of sheet lead, and, in short a quantity of articles of one description and another truly astonishing in variety, and such as, for the most part, modern sledge-travellers in these regions would consider a mere accumulation of dead weight, but slightly useful, and very likely to break down the strength of the sledge-crews.

The only provisions they could find were tea and chocolate; of the former very little remained, but there were nearly 40 pounds of the latter. These articles alone could never support life in such a climate, and they found neither biscuit nor meat of any kind. A portion of tobacco and an empty pemmican-tin, capable of holding 22 pounds weight, were discovered. The tin was marked with an E: it had probably belonged to the *Erebus*. None of the fuel originally brought from the ships remained in or about the boat, but there was no lack of it, for a drift-tree was lying on the beach close at hand, and had the party been in need of fuel they would have used the paddles and bottom boards of the boat.

In the after-part of the boat they discovered eleven large spoons, eleven forks, and four tea-spoons, all of silver; of these twenty-six pieces of plate, eight bore Sir John Franklin's crest, the remainder had the crests or initials of nine different officers, with the exception of a single fork which was not marked; of the nine officers, five belonged to the *Erebus*—Gore, Le Vesconte, Fairholme, Crouch, and Goodsir. Three others belonged to the *Terror*,—Crozier (a tea-spoon only), Hornby and Thomas. It is not known to whom the three articles with an owl engraved on them belonged, nor who was the owner of the unmarked fork, but of the owners of those that can be identified the majority belonged to the *Erebus*. One of the watches bore the crest of Mr. Crouch, of the *Erebus*, and as the pemmican tin also came from that ship, Captain M'Clintock is inclined to think the boat did also.

Sir John Franklin's plate perhaps was issued to the men for their use, as the only means of saving it; and it seems probable that the officers generally did the same, as not a single iron spoon, such as sailors always use, has been found. Of the many men, probably twenty or thirty, who were attached to this boat, it seemed most strange that the remains of only two individuals were found, nor were there any graves

upon the neighbouring flat land; indeed, bearing in mind the season at which these poor fellows left their ships, it should be remembered that the soil was then frozen hard, and the labour of cutting a grave very great indeed.

But what excited their astonishment was to find the sledge was directed N.E., exactly for the next point of land for which they themselves were travelling.

The position of this abandoned boat is about 50 miles as a sledge would travel from Point Victory, and therefore 65 miles from the position of the ships; also it is 70 miles from the skeleton of the steward, and 150 miles from Montreal Island: it is, moreover, in the depth of a wide bay, where, by crossing over ten or twelve miles of very low land, a great saving of distance would be effected, the route by the coast-line being about 40 miles.

A little reflection led them to satisfy their own mind, at least, that the boat was returning to the ships, and in no other way could they account for two men having been left in her, than by supposing the party were unable to drag the boat further, and that these two men, not being able to keep up with their ship-mates, were therefore left by them supplied with such provisions as could be spared to last until the return of the others from the ship with a fresh stock.

Whether it was the intention of the retroceding party to await the result of another season in the ships, or to follow the track of the main body to the Great Fish River, is now a matter of conjecture. It seems highly probable that they had purposed revisiting the boat, not only on account of the two men left in charge of it, but also to obtain the chocolate, the five watches, and many other articles which would otherwise scarcely have been left in her.

The same reasons which may be assigned for the return of this detachment from the main body, will also serve to account for their not having come back to their boat. In both instances they appear to have greatly overrated their strength, and the distance they could travel in a given time.

Taking this view of the case, we can understand why their provisions would not last them for anything like the distance they required to travel; and why they would be obliged to send back to the ships for more, first taking from the detached party all the provisions they could possibly spare. Whether all or any of the remainder of this detached party ever reached their ships is uncertain; all that is known is that they did not revisit the boat, which accounts for the absence of more skeletons in its neighbourhood; and the Esquimaux report that there was no one alive in the ship when she drifted on shore, and that but one human body was found by them on board of her.

After leaving the boat, M'Clintock's party followed an irregular coast line to the N. and N.W., up to a very prominent cape, which is probably the extreme of land seen from Point Victory by Sir James Ross, and named by him Point Franklin, which name, as a cape, it still retains.

It is almost needless to say that throughout the whole of the journey along the shores of King William Land, a most vigilant look-out was kept to seaward for any appearance of the stranded ship spoken of by the natives; their search was, however, fruitless, in that respect.

III.

ANOTHER RECORD FOUND—RETURN TO THE "FOX."—A NAVIGABLE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE?—HOBSON'S JOURNEY—SUFFERINGS FROM SCURVY—CAPTAIN ALLEN YOUNG'S JOURNEY—DISCOVERS M'CLINTOCK CHANNEL—THE "FOX" LIBERATED FROM HER ICE PRISON—THE EXPEDITION RETURNS HOME—GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

ON the morning of the 2nd June they reached Point Victory. A note left there by Hobson informed Capt. M'Clintock that he had not found the slightest trace either of a wreck anywhere upon the coast or of natives to the north of Cape Crozier. The same note also made mention of a second record having been found deposited by Lieutenant Gore in May, 1847, upon the south side of Back Bay, but it afforded no additional information. Captain M'Clintock remarks upon these records:—

Brief as these records are, we must needs be contented with them; they are perfect models of official brevity. No log-book could be more provokingly laconic. Yet, that any record at all should be deposited after the abandonment of the ships, does not seem to have been intended; and we should feel the more thankful to Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, to whom we are indebted for the invaluable supplement; and our gratitude ought to be all the greater when we remember that the ink had to be thawed, and that writing in a tent during an April day in the Arctic regions, is by no means an easy task.

A great quantity and variety of things lay strewed about the cairn, such as even in their three days' march from the ships, the retreating crews found it impossible to carry further. Amongst these were four heavy jets of boat's cooking stoves, pickaxes, shovels, iron hoops, old canvas, a large single block, about four feet of a copper lightning conductor, long piece of hollow brass curtain-rods, a small case of selected medicines containing about twenty-four phials—the contents in a wonderful state of preservation; a dip circle by Robinson, with two needles, bar-magnets and light horizontal needle, all complete, the whole weighing only nine pounds; and even a small sextant, engraved with the name of "Frederic Hornby," lying beside the cairn without its case. The coloured eye shades of the sextant had been taken out, otherwise it was perfect, the moveable screws, and such parts as came in contact with the observer's hand, were neatly covered with thin leather to prevent frost-bite in severe weather. (See page 457.)

The clothing left by the retreating crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* formed a huge heap four feet high; every article was searched, but the pockets were empty, and not one of all these articles was marked,—indeed, sailors' warm clothing seldom is. Two canteens, the property of marines, were found, one marked "88 Co., Wm. Hedges," and the other "89 Co., Wm. Hether." A small pannikin made out of a two-pound preserved-meat tin, had scratched on it "W. Mark."

Captain M'Clintock's search for traces of the lost ones ended at this point. Lieutenant Hobson found two other cairns, and many relics, between that position and Cape Felix. It is Captain M'Clintock's opinion, as well as Lieutenant Hobson's, that no part of the coast between Cape Felix and Cape Crozier has been visited by Esquimaux since the fatal march of the lost crews in April, 1848; none of the cairns or numerous articles strewed about—which would be invaluable to the natives—or even the drift-

wood they noticed had been touched by them. From this very significant fact it seems quite certain that they had not been discovered by the Esquimaux, whose knowledge of the "white men falling down and dying as they walked along," must be limited to the shoreline southward and eastward of Cape Crozier, and where, of course, no traces were permitted to remain for them to find. It is not probable that such fearful mortality would have overtaken them so early in their march as within eighty miles by sledge-route from the abandoned ships, such being their distance from Cape Crozier; nor is it probable that they could have passed the wreck had she existed there, as there are no off-lying islands to prevent a ship drifting in upon the beach; whilst to the southward they are very numerous; so much so that a drifting ship could hardly run the gauntlet between them so as to reach the shore.

The coast from Point Victory northward is considerably higher than that upon which they had been so many days; the sea, also, is not so shallow, and the ice comes close in; to seaward all was heavy close pack, consisting of all descriptions of ice, but for the most part old and heavy.

They succeeded in reaching False Strait on the morning of the 18th June, and pitched their tent just as heavy rain began to descend; it lasted throughout the greater part of the day. After travelling a few miles upon the Long Lake, further progress was found to be quite impossible, and they were obliged to haul their sledges up off the flooded ice, and commence a march sixteen or seventeen miles overland for the ship. The poor dogs were so tired and sore-footed, that they could not induce them to follow them; they remained about the sledges. After a very fatiguing scramble across the hills and through the snow-valleys, they were refreshed with a sight of the poor dear lonely little *Fox*, and arrived on board in time for a late breakfast on the 19th June.

With respect to a navigable north-west passage, and to the probability of their having been able last season to make any considerable advance to the southward, had the barrier of ice across the western outlet of Bellot Strait permitted them to reach the open water beyond, Captain M'Clintock thinks, judging from what he has since seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that the chances were greatly in favour of their reaching Cape Herschel, on the S. side of King William Land, by passing (as he intended to do) eastward of that island.

From Bellot Strait to Cape Victoria, they found a mixture of old and new ice, showing the exact proportion of pack and of clear water at the setting in of winter. Once to the southward of the Tasmania Group, he thinks their chief difficulty would have been overcome; and south of Cape Victoria he doubts whether any further obstruction would have been experienced, as but little, if any, ice remained. The natives told them the ice went away, and left a clear sea every year. As their discoveries show the Victoria Strait to be but little more than twenty miles wide, the ice pressed southward through so narrow a space could hardly have prevented their crossing to Victoria Land, and Cambridge Bay, the wintering-place reached by Collinson, from the west.

No one who sees that portion of Victoria Strait which lies between King William Island and Victoria Land, as they saw it, could doubt of there being but one way of getting a ship through it, that was being

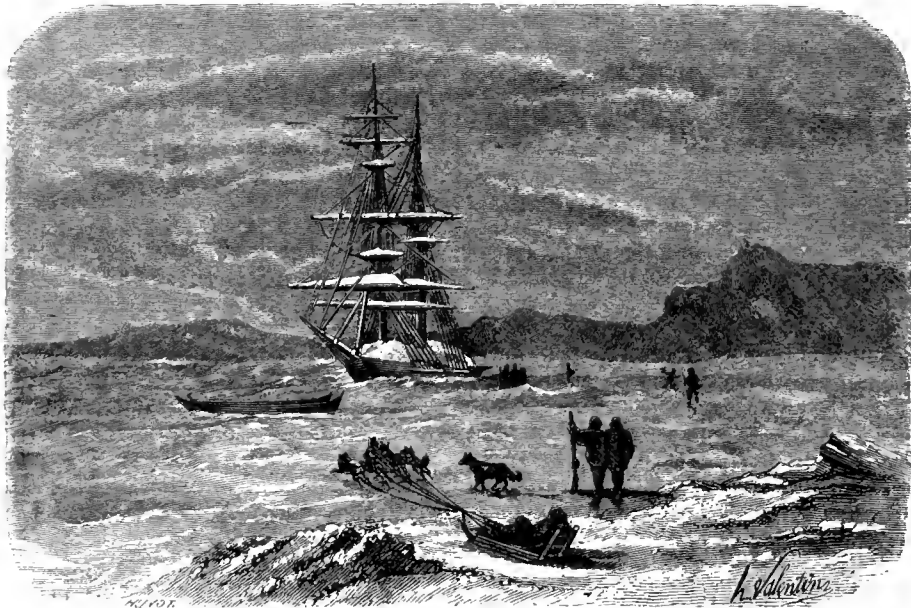
the *extremely* hazardous one of drifting through in the pack.

The wide channel between Prince of Wales' Land and Victoria land admits a vast and continuous stream of very heavy ocean-formed ice from the N.W., which presses upon the western face of King William Island, and chokes up Victoria Strait in the manner just described. The North-West Passage could never be sailed through by passing westward—that is—to windward, of King William Island.

If the season was so favourable for navigation as to open the northern part of this western sea¹ (as, for instance, in 1846, when Sir J. Franklin sailed down it), but comparatively little difficulty would be experienced in the more southern portion of it until Victoria Strait was reached. Had Sir John Franklin known that a channel existed eastward of King William Land (so named by Sir John Ross), it is not probable that he would have risked the besetment of his ships in such

very heavy ice to the westward of it; but had he attempted the north-west passage by the *eastern* route, he would probably have carried his ships safely through to Behring's Strait. But Franklin was furnished with charts which indicated no passage to the eastward of King William Land, and he supposed that land (since discovered by Rae to be an island) to be a peninsula attached to the continent of North America; and he consequently had but one course open to him, and that the one he adopted.

Captain M'Clintock's preference for the route by the east side of the island is founded upon the observations and experience of Rae and Collinson in 1851-2-4. He is of opinion that the barrier of ice off Bellot Strait, some three or four miles wide, was the only obstacle to their carrying the *Fox*, according to his original intention, southward to the Great Fish River, passing east of King William Island, and from thence to a wintering position on Victoria Land. Perhaps some



THE "FOX" IN BELLOT'S STRAIT.

future voyager, profiting by the experience so fearfully and fatally acquired by the Franklin expedition, and the observations of Rae and Captains Collinson and M'Clintock, may succeed in carrying his ship through from sea to sea; at least he will be enabled to direct all his efforts in the true and only direction. In the meantime to Franklin must be assigned the earliest discovery of the North-West Passage, though not the actual accomplishment of it in his ships.

Hobson's report is a minute record of all that occurred during his journey of seventy-four days, and includes a list of all the relics brought on board, or seen by him. He suffered very severely in health: when only ten days out from the ship, traces of scurvy appeared; when a month absent he walked lame; towards the latter end of the journey he was compelled to allow himself to be dragged upon the sledge, not

being able to walk more than a few yards at a time; and on arriving at the ship on the 14th June, poor Hodson was unable to stand. How strongly this bears upon the last sad march of the lost crews! And yet Hobson's food throughout the whole journey was pemmican of the very best quality, the most nutritious description of food that we know of, and varied occasionally by such game as they were able to shoot. In spite of this fresh-meat diet, scurvy advanced with rapid strides.

After leaving Captain M'Clintock at Cape Victoria he says—"No difficulty was experienced in crossing James Ross Strait. The ice appeared to be of but one year's growth; and although it was in many places much crushed up, we easily found smooth leads through the lines of hummocks; many very heavy masses of ice, evidently of foreign formation, have been here arrested in their drift: so large are they that, in the gloomy weather we experienced, they were often taken for islands."

¹ This channel is now named after the illustrious navigator, Sir John Franklin.

Again, at Cape Felix, he observes,—“The pressure of the ice is severe, but the ice itself is not remarkably heavy in character; the shoalness of the coast keeps the line of pressure at a considerable distance from the beach; to the northward of the island the ice, as far as could be seen, was very rough, and crushed up into very large masses.” Here was noticed the gradual change in the character of the ice as Hobson left the Boothian shore and advanced towards Victoria Strait. The “very heavy masses of ice, evidently of foreign formation,” had drifted in from the N.W. through M’Clure Strait; Victoria Strait was full of it; and Hobson’s description of the ice he passed over clearly illustrates how Franklin, leaving clear water behind him, pressed his ships into the pack when he attempted to force through Victoria Strait. How very different the result might and probably would have been had he known of the existence of a ship-channel, sheltered by King William Island from this tremendous “polar pack!”

Hobson left King William Island on the last day of May, having spent thirty-one days on its desolate shores. During that period one bear and five willow grouse were shot; one wolf and a few foxes were seen. One poor fox was either so desperately hungry, or so charmed with the rare sight of animated beings, that he played about the party until the dogs snapped him up, although in harness and dragging the sledge at the time. A few gulls were seen, but not until after the first week in June.

It has already been explained how Hobson found the records and the boat: he exercised his discretionary power with sound judgment, and completed his search so well, that, in coming over the same ground after him, Captain M’Clintock could not discover any trace that had escaped him.

The latter quite agrees with him that there may be many small articles beneath the snow; but that cairns, graves, or any conspicuous objects could exist upon so low and uniform a shore, without their having seen them, is almost impossible.

Captain Young’s report comprised seventy-eight days of sledge-travelling, and certainly under most discouraging circumstances. Leaving the ship on 7th April, he crossed the western strait to Prince of Wales’ Land, and thence traced its shore to the south and west. On reaching its southern termination—Cape Swinburne, so named in honour of Rear-Admiral Swinburne, a much-esteemed friend of Sir J. Franklin, and one of the earliest supporters of this final expedition—he describes the land as extremely low, and deeply covered with snow, the heavy grounded hummocks which fringed its monotonous coast alone indicating the line of demarcation betwixt land and sea. To the north-east of this terminal cape the sea was covered with level flees formed in the fall of last year, whilst all to the north-westward of the same cape was pack consisting of heavy ice-masses, formed perhaps years ago in far distant and wider seas.

Young attempted to cross the channel which he discovered between Prince of Wales’ Island and Victoria Land; but from the rugged nature of the ice, found it quite impracticable with the means and time remaining at his disposal. He expresses his firm conviction that this channel is so constantly choked up with unusually heavy ice as to be quite unnavigable; it is, in fact, a continuous ice-stream from the N.W. His opinion coincides with Captain M’Clintock’s, and with those of Captains Ommanney and Osborn, when

those officers explored the north-western shores of Prince Wales’ Land in 1851.

Fearing that his provisions might run short, he sent back one sledge with four men, and continued his march with only one man and the dogs for forty days! They were obliged to build a snow-hut each night to sleep in, as the tent was sent back with the men; but latterly, when the weather became more mild, they preferred sleeping on the sledge, as the constructing of a snow-hut usually occupied them for two hours. Young completed the exploration of this coast beyond the point marked upon the charts as Osborn’s farthest, up nearly to lat. 73° N., but no cairn was found. He, however, recognised the remarkably shaped conical hills spoken of by Osborn, when he at his farthest, in 1851, struck off to the westward.

The coast-line throughout was extremely low; and in the thick disagreeable weather which he almost constantly experienced, it was often a matter of great difficulty to prevent straying off the coast-line inland. He commenced his return on 11th May, and reached the ship on 7th June, in wretched health and depressed in spirits.

Directly his health was partially re-established, he, in spite of the Doctor’s remonstrances, again set out on the 10th with his party of men and the dogs, to complete the exploration of both shores of the continuation of Peel Sound, between the position of the *Fox* and the points reached by Sir James Ross in 1849, and Lieutenant Browne in 1851. This he accomplished without finding any trace of the lost expedition, and the parties were again on board by 28th June. The ice travelled over in this last journey was almost all formed last autumn.

The extent of coast line explored by Captain Young amounts to 380 miles, whilst that discovered by Hobson and Captain M’Clintock amounts to nearly 420 miles, making a total of 800 geographical miles of new coast-line which were laid down.

On Wednesday, the 10th day of August, the south wind having cleared away a passage for the *Fox* out of Brentford Bay, they started under steam, leaving behind them the graves of two shipmates, tastefully sodded round and planted over with the usual Arctic flowers: a record in a conspicuous cairn at the west point of Depot or Transition Bay, and three cases of pemmican near the east end of Long Lake, and the travelling boat near its west end, at the head of False Strait. On the 15th they passed within a mile of Ferry Beach; on the 17th Leopold Island, and on Sunday evening, the 21st, they were at sea out of sight of land! After a brief stay at Godhaven, a single week of favourable gales took the stalwart little *Fox* from Cape Farewell to within 400 miles of the Land’s End, or about 1,100 miles of distance; and on the 20th of September Captain M’Clintock landed at Portsmouth, on his safe return from this most interesting and adventurous voyage.

The battle of the Arctic regions, we may now truly say, has been fought out and out again. On the one side is man, by nature weak, sensitive, and frail; on the other, privation, gloom, and cold, stern and ever-enduring. But, on the one hand, is also mind, ever ready, like the tiny *Fox* that is fitted up for the encounter, by its workings, to penetrate into its ice-encumbered seas, or, like the Aurora, to light up into life and cognizance remote shores wrapped in the silence and solitude of death. But has mind always been victorious? How many

ships have now been abandoned to the relentless frost since the *Fury* was first stranded on the coast of North Somerset? How many gallant fellows have paid for the heroic resolution to face and overcome difficulties, sent in this instance not by man but by nature, with their lives? What a picture of helplessness is presented to us in what remained of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, dropping one by one as they made their last endeavour to leave the battle-field behind them? And is the sad picture relieved by a few daring escapes and brilliant successes, or even by M'Clintock's dauntless search for bones and relics? We fear not. The struggle is not equal. When Providence closes up a portion of the globe in ice and snow, and wraps it up in night for half of the year, leaving all around without life, or movement, or light, it sets its seal upon that region as if it was tabooed of humanity, and marks it as a land on whose outskirts even the stubborn Esquimaux can only starve on precarious seals' flesh and blubber.

Far would it be from us to underrate the gallantry and heroism of our brave and unflinching countrymen in carrying out these struggles, now renewed with what has been done by others for about the hundred and thirtieth time; we estimate it at the very highest, as requiring higher qualities of courage, fortitude, and endurance, than any amount of struggle between man and man, and we are as much carried away by the mystery and romance of untrod regions of perpetual ice, and remote lands bathed in gloom and darkness, as it is perhaps possible to be. We honour the graves of those who have died there, and weep for the memory of the unburied.

But what has this sacrifice of life and vessels, and this persistent expenditure, which would have almost sufficed to construct a railway from Constantinople to Lahore, or to have united the St. Lawrence with Fraser's River by an iron bond, been incurred for? In the first place, to solve a geographical problem; in the second, to serve the cause of humanity. Both honourable incentives, and worthy of good and true men, and of an enterprising and grateful nation. The problem was the discovery of a north-west passage; and we are now told that Sir John Franklin was the first to effect it. This is no doubt the case, viewed in the light of an open way beyond being known to the unfortunate navigator. As much cannot be said of Sir Edward Parry's first expedition, when he discovered Parry's Strait, and afterwards crossed the meridian of 110° west, for which he obtained the reward of £5,000, albeit, as far as practical results are concerned, this first expedition may be said to have determined the existence of a north-west passage as much as any that have followed it: just as much as when Sir R. M'Clure reached Melville Island from Banks' Land in 1852, or when Lieutenant Pym and Sir R. M'Clure met, one coming from the east and the other from the west, and the Atlantic shook hands with the Pacific, on the 6th of April, 1853—one of the most touching incidents in Arctic exploration. Prince Regent's Inlet has been since shown to communicate by Bellot Strait with continuous sea, and Parry's Strait—or, as it is now called, Parry or Melville Sound—to communicate with the same sea by Prince of Wales's Strait and M'Clure's Strait. Captain Sir R. M'Clure was no more successful in conveying his ship through the strait that bears his name, and which lies between Bank's Land and Melville Island, than Parry was in navigating from the east.

Captain Collinson, on his part, was no more successful in navigating his ship coming from the west by Victoria Strait, between Victoria Land and King William Island, to Lancaster Sound, than Sir John Franklin was in navigating his ships through the same strait coming from the east. The *Erebus* and *Terror* were beset in the ice in Victoria Strait in September, 1846, and were abandoned in the same ices in April, 1848. Almost all the Arctic travellers have been on the track of the north-west passage; none have effected it, even by foot or sledge, save Sir R. M'Clure and his party, to whom the reward has been justly decreed, and none have succeeded in carrying their ships through.

Sir F. L. M'Clintock says: "With respect to a navigable north-west passage, and to the probability of our having been able last season to make any considerable advance to the southward, had the barrier of ice across the western outlet of Bellot Strait permitted us to reach the open water beyond, I think, judging from what I have since seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that the chances were greatly in favour of our reaching Cape Herschel, on the south side of King William's Land, by passing (as I intended to do) eastward of that island."

It does not become us to question the judgment of so experienced an officer; but we may be permitted to say that a mere glance at the map which accompanies M'Clintock's narrative would show that, if the only chance of navigating between the two oceans lay through such a devious channel as Ross' Strait, Rae Strait, and Simpson's Strait, when the wide Strait of Victoria was right before them, it was a very small chance indeed.

That which is equally remarkable is, that Sir R. M'Clure, when he reached the Bay of Mercy, where the *Investigator* was frozen in and abandoned, was but a very short distance of the parallel attained by Parry on the 16th of August, 1820. Had he been able to effect the remaining space, the north-west passage would have been carried out, but by two different ships, one coming from the east, the other from the west, and that in the same strait. Captain Collinson, it may also be remarked, when he reached his farthest in Prince of Wales Strait, which was only a trifle beyond what M'Clure reached in the same strait, attained nearly the same parallel of west longitude as Sir Edward Parry did in the north in 1820. So that the north-west passage was on that occasion once more nearly effected by two different navigators coming in opposite directions. And that which is almost equally remarkable is, that when Captain Collinson wintered in Cambridge Bay, in Victoria Land, in 1852-3, he explored the coast of that land along the strait of the same name, and between it and King William Island, to a point northward, or beyond where the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned in 1848. It is not at all probable that, if Captain Collinson had pushed on his sledge parties to the eastward of King William Island, he would have found any survivors of the Franklin expedition, but he would have anticipated M'Clintock in ascertaining their fate, if he had not discovered the sad but interesting document brought home by the last-mentioned intrepid traveller.

Apart from these curiosities of Arctic travel and exploration, quite enough has been shown, as far as a north-west passage is concerned, that, whether attempted by the way of Banks's Straits, Prince of Wales Strait, or by Franklin or M'Clintock's Channels, and then by

Ross' or Victoria Strait, the so-called passages are seldom or ever free from ice, and that a number of contingencies are essential to a successful navigation from one ocean to another. Among the first of these is the attainment of any one of these before-mentioned straits—a task of no ordinary magnitude, and generally entailing the loss of one season; the second is to get through the ice accumulated at the entrance of the straits; and the third is, supposing the season to be one of those in which the ice breaks up, to be exactly at the spot, to move along with the floe or pack, or to fight through it or against it, as the circumstances may be. The abandonment of the *Investigator*, and of a whole squadron of ships, by Sir Edmund Belcher, and the fact that the *Erebus* and *Terror* lay two years beset in the ice of Victoria Strait, anxiously waiting for an opening which their crews were never doomed to see, show what little hope there is of an available north-west passage ever being discovered. The thing seems to be quite out of the question; and unless some change of climate should occur (and which is not impossible, for there are evidences of such a change both in natural phenomena and in the fact of the Esquimaux having once dwelt in higher latitudes than they venture to do at present), it is not likely that the north-west passage will ever be navigated.

There is one further fact connected with this question which has been eliminated by Captain M'Clintock's voyage, and which ought not to be lost sight of, and that is, that if Bellot's Strait presents a navigable channel to the west, it could be reached by Hudson Strait and the Gulf of Boothia, as well as by Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound; or, *vice versa*, if attained from the west, a ship could sail home by Hudson Strait instead of Baffin's Bay. It will remain for Arctic travellers to determine whether the pack in Baffin's Bay, which has carried so many ships, and the little *Fox* the last among them, back resistless to whence they started, is more difficult to overcome than the ice-clogged straits and narrows which intervene between Hudson Strait and the Gulf of Boothia. They are, at all events, in more southerly latitudes.

A further result of these numerous and arduous expeditions has been undoubtedly to add considerably to our geographical knowledge, to enlarge the domains of science, and to create and uphold that spirit of enterprise and perseverance which it is to be hoped will never be found wanting in the British sailor or the man of science. Hopes were held out for a time of the existence to the north of an open sea, replete with animal life, and over which benignant, if not balmy gales, were to waft even ordinary sailing vessels from the Northern Ocean to Behring's Straits, or even round the circum-polar regions to the same ocean from whence they proceeded. But these hopes, founded, as they were, upon but partial recognisances and imperfect data, arising from accidental openings and an unusual congregation of living things, have not been doomed to be substantiated.

While in the present day the line of the northern limit of the distribution of the human race makes a curve from the coast of America up and across Coekburn Island to still more northerly latitudes in Greenland (and M'Clintock found the Arctic Highlanders, as he calls them, of Cape York rapidly diminishing in numbers from famine and disease), whales of two or three kinds, narwhals, walruses, seals, dolphins, grampus, eod, and various fish; musk oxen,

reindeer, Polar bears, Arctic foxes and hares, geese, ducks, auks, divers, gulls, and snow-buntings, have all been met with in the high latitudes of Wellington Channel. But these and other evidences, as those of occasional open water, drift wood, and Esquimaux relics, are not sufficient to prove the existence of an open Arctic Ocean in the circum-polar regions.

Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock has, we believe—for the appendix to the journey of the *Fox* has not yet been published—corroborated the determination by Sir James Ross of the position of the north magnetic pole, by which we find, as in the case with the magnetic equator, or that line around the earth's central circumference upon which the magnetic needle is horizontal, and has no dip, that it does not coincide with the terrestrial equator, so the point of the vertical dip of the north magnetic pole—and the same thing has been observed of the south magnetic pole—is by no means coincident with the geographical poles. This would tend to show that the position of the magnetic poles is liable to change, and this is rendered all the more probable as the lines of greatest magnetic intensity (or isodynamical *versus* isoclinial lines) present two foci in the northern hemisphere—the one in North America, and the other in Siberia; and these appear to coincide with the two points of greatest cold—phenomena that may vary with the seasons.

Materials for forming a general conception of the geological structure of the Arctic Archipelago have been gradually accumulating, and Professor Haughton, availing himself of the additional facts obtained by M'Clintock, has condensed the whole into a judicious summary and a comprehensive map, as eloquent in its distinctive lines as the gaudily coloured saxifrages, paryyas, oxyrias, drabas, dryas, papavers, and other characteristic Arctic plants, which are so pleasantly grouped together in Dr. Sutherland's account of the searching expedition under Mr. Penny, give a general idea, and that at one glance, of the peculiarities of Polar vegetation.

Murehison Promontory, which bounds Bellot Strait to the south, has been determined now to be the most northerly point of the American continent—its Arctic Cape Horn. But, after all, Boothia is a mere peninsula, like the Melville peninsula; its isthmus is even narrower, and neither will ever be looked upon much as continental adjuncts.

Sir R. I. Murehison has attached to M'Clintock's narrative a small map representing all the lands and seas of the Arctic regions to the west of Lancaster Sound which were known and laid down previous to Franklin's last expedition, and the unknown waters traversed by the *Erebus* and *Terror* during the two summers before the ships were beset—strange to say, in the most southerly latitudes which they attained—and the novelty, range, rapidity, and boldness of the route, Sir Roderick remarks, as thus delineated, may well surprise the geographer, and even the most enterprising Arctic sailor.

Captain M'Clintock has also himself made considerable additions to the previous knowledge of the Arctic Archipelago, besides determining the course followed by the *Erebus* and *Terror*. He has more particularly explored the hitherto unknown coast-line of Boothia, southwards from Bellot Strait to the magnetic pole, delineated the southern part of Prince of Wales Island, laid down the whole of King William Island, and determined the existence of a new and capacious, but

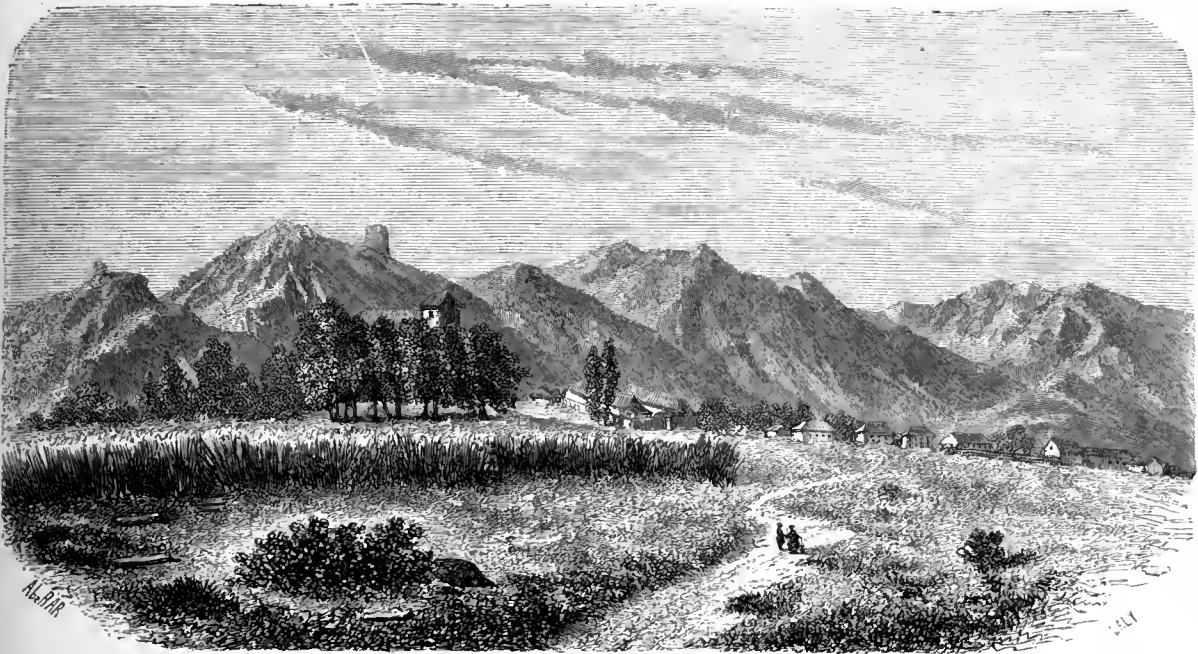
ice-choked, channel between Victoria Land and Prince of Wales Island.

An immense number of new names have been thus added to the maps—it is grievous to think they are little more than names, for few of them indicate a site inhabited by human beings, or a point of any interest or importance whatsoever, except as beacons to save the future explorer from destruction. Captain M'Clintock has, however, shown unusual judgment and good taste in the designations which he has bestowed upon places. Hitherto, all the great blocks of land, with some few exceptions, have been devoted to the Admiralty, or to those in power, from that lively sense of gratitude which is said to anticipate favours to come. The exceptions are Boothia, North Somerset, North Devon, Grinnel Land, and a few others. M'Clintock has not only rendered justice to real gratitude in affixing the names of Ackland, Murchison, Fitzroy, Pasley, De la Roquette, and other supporters of Arctic research, to various points, but he has honoured science in the persons of Brodie and Livingstone; and he has not even forgotten the claims of literature, for we have now a Point Charles Dickens and a Point Thackeray in the Arctic Archipelago, where the Melvilles, and the Dundases and the Bathursts, and the Barrows have hitherto had it all their own way. Pity it is that callous map-makers will, in future atlases, clip and crop this redundancy of Arctic nomenclature with an iron pen, and leave nothing but what has a geographical meaning and im-

port, not a mere human one. It is to be regretted that the names of the leaders of the expeditions were not attached at the onset to the discoveries originally effected by them, or by those associated with them. We should then have Parry's Land, Ross Land, Franklin Land, Richardson Land, Beechey Land, Kelley, Colliuson, M'Clure, Austin, Belcher, Osborn, M'Clintock, Inglefield, and Rae Lands; worthy monuments to the gallantry and devotion of those who, themselves and their companions, ran so many risks, and suffered so many privations and hardships in first determining their existence—results in now notorious instances achieved only by the most heroic sacrifice of life.

It is vain, however, to reflect or to moralise upon all the infinitesimal bearings of Arctic exploration. It has the deep attraction of enterprise and adventure attached to it. It is indelibly imprinted in the more noble, aspiring and humane attributes of our nature. The mere notion breathes of romance, heroism, and glory. It is, in fact, a part of civilised nature to pant after the Unknown, and in future times the Russians, as they progress in enterprise and enlightenment, will probably explore the lofty and extensive lands that have been seen north of Behring's Straits, with the same zeal, if not the same indomitable courage and power of endurance, that the British have exhibited in tracing their Arctic Archipelago amidst the snow, the ice, and winter gloom of the Polar regions.

DALMATIA.



TZETINIE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.

I.

FIRST VIEW OF DALMATIA—DALMATIAN NATIONALITY—SITUATION AND ASPECT OF RAGUSA—THE KNIGHT OF ROMANCE, ORLANDO—GUARD HOUSE AND CLOCK TOWER—RICHARD CŒUR DE LION—CHURCHES AND CONVENTS—PORTS—RAGUSAN SOCIETY.

THE Alps and the Apennines of Italy, as well as the Parnassus of Greece, are all parts of one and the same range of mountains. The chain begins in Calabria, and for a space keeps nearer to the Adriatic than to the Neapolitan waters; but, at San Marino, crosses over to the Gulf of Genoa, and sweeping round Piedmont, towers up into the Alps; then, running eastwards, passes down the other side of the Adriatic, and so onwards through Albania and Greece, till it terminates in the Ægean at the marbled steep of Cape Sunium.

The modern and Slaavic names of these Illyrian Apennines, that run down the east of the Adriatic—sometimes approaching and sometimes receding from the sea-shore—is the Vellebitch. The narrow strip of territory, three hundred miles in length, which intervenes between the Vellebitch and the Adriatic, is Dalmatia, and on the other sides are Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, provinces of Turkey in Europe, albeit the latter upholds a greater amount of independence than most other so-called Turkish provinces.

It was at Carlstadt, in Hungary, Mr. A. A. Paton relates,¹ in the month of November, 1846, that I took my place in the weekly diligence that runs from Vienna to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. As we approached the Adriatic, even the most unobservant traveller must have perceived that we were in the vicinity of a southern region. The peasants wore the classic sandal. In the midst of the faces of Slaavic form, those with the regular features, which are the rule in Italy and the exception to the north of the Alps, grew more frequent. Fresh Zara almonds were presented at a hedge beer-house; and so strong grew this feeling before crossing the last mountain-ridge, that I even fancied that all the birds flew to the southwards.

At length, just before dawn, on the third morning after leaving Carlstadt, I woke up in the diligence, which had stopped to change horses at the post-house on the top of the Vellebitch; my limbs were benumbed with cold, in spite of great coat and lined cloak, and a keen wind saluted me as I stepped out of the carriage in deep snow. The chill, clear, starry heavens enabled me to see that I had gained the summit of a pass bordered with pines and surmounted.

¹ Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic, including Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. By A. A. Paton.

with pinnacles of rock; and a square block of stone on my left attracting my attention, I held the lantern to it, and read on one side, "Croatia," and on the reverse, "Dalmatia." A thrill of satisfaction passed through me as I felt myself on the threshold of a new and interesting field of study; and the foretaste of novel scenes and strange manners renewed the illusions of youthful travel. Seeing a dull red charcoal-fire gleaming through the window of a hut on my right, in which sat a watch of frontier guards, I entered and warmed myself, the conductor preferring to make the descent by daylight.

As I re-entered the coach, the blue diamond-studded night had disappeared as a dream; and as the dawn approached, the silver icicles glistened on the dark-green branches of the mountain-pines. As we traversed the summit of the ridge, one snowy peak after another was lighted up with the break of day; and a turn of the road at length bringing us to that side of the Vellebitch which fronted the Adriatic, Dalmatia, in all her peculiarity, lay stretched before me. Here was no tantalising descent of long narrow valleys, as in Italy. To the eye, the transition from the world of the North to the world of the South was immediate. Like the traveller who, after the painful gyrations of a high tower, emerges from darkness to the bird's-eye view of a new and curious city, I had the whole space, from the hill-tops to the distant islands, before me at a single glance. A long, deep gash in the land, parallel with the mountain, was the Canal of the Morlacks, a gulf of the sea, like a wide river flowing between its banks. Zara, Bencovatz, Nona—plain and mountain, city and sea—were all before me. The sun rose apace; the mist cleared away from the distant island capes; the snow died a lingering death as we sunk to the temperature of the genial Adriatic; and the wind, combated as a bitter enemy an hour ago, blew a gentle truce, and was invited as a friend. Yesterday morning, on awaking, the carriage-wheels were rattling over a road crisped with hard frost; and the pointed spire of a Croatian church rose, clear and distinct, out of the gray and crimson distance. Obrovazzo, a small town, to which we now descended, had the campanile of the south of the Alps; and in the domestic architecture of the town I at once recognised the Venetian character: here the charm was not that of mere novelty, but sweet recognition of the features of an old and well-beloved friend, recalling days of enjoyment, mingled with instruction.

But the greatest curiosity was the road by which I had effected my descent. The Vellebitch, instead of sloping down to the coast, breaks off with an abruptness that borders on the precipitous, and must have tasked the energies of the most scientific road-maker. With the experience of the Simplon, the St. Gotha, and the others leading over the Alps, the Vellebitch is the most perfect of all, and, viewed from below the road, appears like a gigantic staircase cut in the face of a rock. One great blank in the landscape to which we descended was a scantiness of vegetation: the air was warm, the colours clear, brilliant and southern; but the scattered figs and olives, the red earth mingled with rock, and the starved shrubbery, formed a counterpoise that told me not to forget my native verdure-clad north.

Obrovazzo is situated on the lips of a yawning land-crack, through which a Rhine or Danube would have space enough to flow; but the intense green of the

motionless waters shows that there is more of salt sea than of fresh water to float those barques that lay along the quay.

Nothing in Christian Europe is so picturesque as the Dalmatian peasant's dress; for he wears not the trousers or pantaloons and round hat of Austria or Hungary, but a dress analogous to that of the old Turk. Tall, muscular, and vigorous, with red fez on his head, and huge pistols in his belt, we recognise the Slaav of the Adriatic—the brother of the Servian in blood, in language, and also, to a considerable extent, in religion; but while the varnish of civilisation in Servia is German and new, here it is much older, and has come from Venice. The graceful dialect which Goldoni has immortalised is as indigenous in the Roman races of Dalmatia as in Venice; and the High Street of Obrovazzo looks like a dry alley in one of the islands of the Lagoon, or of some of those neighbouring villages of *terra firma* with which the pencil of Canaletti has so charmingly familiarised us.

But before we proceed further let us pause to trace the antecedents of this curious social marriage that carries the mind alternately from the heights of the Balkan to the mouths of the Brenta.

A dark mist hangs over the nationality of Dalmatia previous to the Roman conquest by Augustus; but it is probable that the language was Thracian—that is to say, the parent of that dialect which formerly covered a greater part of the countries between the Black and the Adriatic Seas; a dialect which, related to the Greek, Roman, and Slaavic languages, had something of them all.

The pre-Roman period appears to have been one of free republics; and, from the mountainous nature of the territory and the unruly spirit of the people, it was long before Dalmatia was completely subjugated to the Roman power. It was in the sixth year of the Christian era, on the occasion of the levying of recruits to the legions destined for Germany, that the whole coast rose to shake off the yoke of Imperial Rome. "The Roman dominion," said Bato, the leader of the revolt, "is insupportable to the people of Illyria. To the loss of our fortunes and liberties we must add that of the blood of our children, dearer to our hearts than either. Up, then, Illyrians! and, remembering our ancient freedom, let us prefer an honourable death to the servitude of Rome."

The contest was maintained with vigour for many years; at length Germanicus and Tiberius successfully suppressed the revolt, and a large Roman colonisation gave a new character to the east of the Adriatic.

The introduction of Christianity forms the next great event in the history of Dalmatia; and the advent of Paul, who had been preceded by Titus, is thus recorded by himself: "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the gospel of Christ."¹ There can be no doubt that Dalmatia was one of the first countries that embraced Christianity; and in the time of Diocletian a majority were Christians. In no province of the Roman dominions were the persecutions of that Emperor more severe than in his own; and in 303 all the Christian bishops of Dalmatia were executed.

To the vicissitudes of the reigns of Constantine and

¹ Rom. xv. 19.

Julian succeeded the permanent establishment of Christianity; and in the year 400 we find St. Jerome, an Illyrian by birth, organising the hierarchy over all the highlands and islands of Dalmatia; and so on to his death in 420. But the political fabric of the empire was tottering to its fall. Dalmatia lying out of the way of the main armies of Attila and the invaders, was at first less exposed than Italy; but several irruptions of the Slaavs from the Carpathians took place in the fifth and sixth centuries; and in the beginning of the seventh century, the Avars, an Asiatic race, pouring in a mass over Dalmatia, joined the ruthless lust of destruction to the cupidity of wealth. But the Avars were in their turn subdued by the Croats, who have proved permanent settlers; and with the final destruction of Epidaurus and Salona, the principal Roman cities, and the subjugation of the whole coast, commences the modern history of Dalmatia, and the final adoption of the Croat language and nationality, although the Latin language, in a vulgar form, lingered in Ragusa and Zara to the eleventh century.

A patriarchal Slaavic state was now constituted, governed by Bans and Zhupans. The nominal sovereignty of Constantinople was acknowledged; but in matters of faith Dalmatia remained true to the authority of the West, and received from Rome, and not from Constantinople, her spiritual conductors. At length, in 970, Duke Dircislaav first received the ensigns of royalty from the Emperor Basil, and Croatia and Dalmatia henceforth became a kingdom.

On the death of Zwonimir, the last native king, in 1190, the Croats and Dalmatians, unable to agree among themselves on the choice of a successor, and fearing the rising ambition of Venice, turned for protection rather to the vigorous kingdom of Hungary than to Constantinople—that lean and slippered pantaloons of the great Roman empire, once so robust in arms and august in magistracy; and thence Hungary and Croatia became *sociæ regnæ*. But the Hungarian Government was of an entirely Asiatic character, they encamped, but did not colonise; the tribute was collected, and the country governed; but except a few remains of feudal castles, and a few charters generously endowing the Church, there is little in Dalmatia to record their existence.

Quite different was the impress of Venice on Dalmatia. Long and bloody were her contests with Hungary for its possession. It was on the walls of Zara, in 1346, that Marino Faliero earned his laurels by the most daring assault in the annals of the kingdom, and opened for himself the avenue to that exercise of the highest powers of the state, and experience of the last vengeance of the law, which leaves a blank in the portrait gallery of the Ducal Palace of Venice, but has furnished an immortal theme for the pen of a Byron. Everywhere the arts of Venice followed in the trace of her arms. In the public monuments, as well as in the domestic architecture, and even in the strongholds of the coast, constructed by Sammicheli, we admire the taste and genius of the artist combined with the skill of the engineer.

Dalmatia remained Venetian to the expiry of that republic in 1797, and, after various vicissitudes, is now an integral part of the Austrian Empire.

Ragusa, the chief port although not the capital—the head-quarters of the Austrian officials being at Zara—of Dalmatia, is situated on the southern side of a small

isthmus. The ancient port of the city itself was fitted only for the galleys of antiquity and of the middle ages; but, half a mile off, is the beautiful harbour of Gravosa, which, like Cattaro, further to the south, is a land-locked anchorage where a fleet of three deckers can lie safe from the accidents of the sea. Cattaro, says Paton, is sublime, but Gravosa is beautiful; and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson speaks of the valley of Ombla, which opens on the Bay of Gravosa, as one of the most beautiful spots in Dalmatia.¹ No mountains tower in the distance, but there is a steep accidented shore, along which is scattered a profusion of Italian villas, with that peculiar tone of landscape and vegetation which is seen in Gaeta and Castelmare, but which no minuteness of description can convey a perfect conception of.

Ragusa, the capital of one of the four circoli or departments of Dalmatia, is a highly interesting city, both from its history and its appearance. The houses have much the character of Venetian buildings; and there is an air of former wealth about it, which inspires a feeling of regret for its bye-gone greatness. The effect of earthquakes, visible at every turn—the melancholy records of the past—recall the dreadful sufferings endured by the Ragusans: and the streets, paved with fragments of stone, bearing imperfect inscriptions and family arms, seem intended to show the inhabitants the possibility of a recurrence of similar misfortunes.

Here, for the first time, the winged lion of St. Mark ceases to appear; and the absence of this emblem of Venetian subjugation, the boast of the Ragusans, cannot fail to inspire everyone with respect for a people who preserved their country from the all-absorbing power of Venice.

“I landed,” says Paton, “and getting porters to convey my luggage, for no carriage was to be seen, followed them up the narrow valley at the end of the bay by an excellent road, until I arrived at the top of the hill, from which the walls of the venerable Ragusa were clearly visible—but what lofty and solid masonry, having in some places sixty and seventy feet of sheer upright construction!—and the angle next the land, and overlooked by the hill above, fortified by an enormous round tower, a most picturesque relic of the interval between the rude middle ages and the modern art of fortification. (See p. 497.) After entering a ponderous gate, I found myself in the high street of Ragusa, called by themselves Stradone, the like of which is not to be seen in all Dalmatia for width and excellence of its construction. Not far from the gate is the hotel Alla Corona, where I got a good room, and was treated with great civility; but in all other respects it was deficient in the comforts and conveniences of even a tolerable hotel. Being the only one in the town, I removed to private lodgings in the house of a respectable widow lady, whose father had, some forty years before, been consul of the republic of Ragusa at Smyrna.”

Ragusa is situated upon a narrow space that intervenes between a high chain of hills and the sea; and standing on the outer side of the city, next the sea, its domes and campaniles, seen against the mountain side, have a most picturesque appearance. The space in which the city is built being so small, the houses are lofty, and the streets in general narrow, but clean and well paved; and in no city of so small a size can so many elegant edifices be seen congregated together.

¹ Dalmatia and Montenegro, &c. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S.

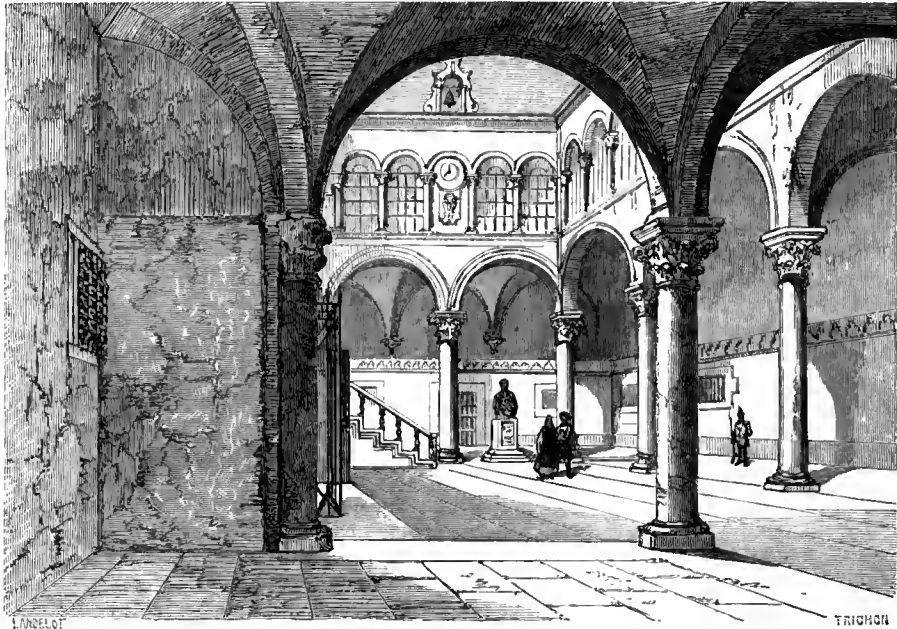
Yet do the streets look deserted ; grass grows between the stones ; and the absence of that activity, which indicates a flourishing trade, sadly contrasts with the evident signs of its ancient prosperity, in the style of its buildings.

The main street, called Stradone by some, the Corso by others, is about 1000 feet in length, extending in a straight line through the town from the western to the sea gate. It is of proportionate width, with a commodious side pavement, and the houses are regular and good, though of unpretending architecture. At the west end are the Church of the Redeemer, the Franciscan Convent, and a public fountain ; and at the other extremity are the Clock Tower, the Custom House, and a small square ; between them and the Cathedral another spacious street meets this at right angles, and extends from the Cathedral to the Palace.

The rest of the streets are narrow, and some have

steps, as at Curzola ; but they are not less clean and well paved, and some of them present very picturesque vistas. The houses are strongly built, and of excellent stone ; many have the handsome balconies, with treble windows, common in Venetian towns. Before some of the smaller houses, in the back streets, are vines, trained over lattice work, which gives them a cheerful appearance, the more so from their contrast to the ruined walls of those destroyed by the great earthquake in 1667. Many never have been built up again.

The principal buildings at Ragusa are the Palace, Custom House, Cathedral, Franciscan Convent, the Jesuits, afterwards the Schnole Pie, and many other churches and convents, which are so numerous that they occupy a very large portion of the whole city. In no place, indeed, is the profusion of sacred buildings greater than at Ragusa ; and when it is remembered that every noble family had its own chapel, we cease



PALACE OF THE ANCIENT DOGES AT RAGUSA.

to wonder at the number, or at the merit claimed by the Ragusans of being "the supporters of religion, and the authority of the clergy."

The Palace (*See illustration above*), which is in the Florentine style, is interesting from its associations, having existed during the most flourishing days of the republic. It was the residence of the chief of the state, called at different times, Priore, Conte, and Rottore, and is now occupied by the Capo Circolare or Governor of the district of Ragusa. The original building was nearly all destroyed by the great fires, which happened in 1023, 1296, and 1459, so that it does not date previous to the fifteenth century, no portion of it having been saved from the last fire, except the treasury and archives. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson refers the columns, recorded by Appendini (to which tradition grants its adherence) to have been brought from Epidaurus, and upon the capital of one of which is the curious representation of a chemist at his labours (the supposed Esculapius), to the sixteenth century. (*See*

illustration, page 480). The court within is open in the centre, and surrounded by a corridor on arches. It has a handsome staircase on one side, and round the upper corridor runs another corridor ; the whole very similar to some of the palaces of Italy.

The massive Roman arches, the curious middle-aged sculptures, the spirit of Gothic detail haunting the revival of the forms of antiquity, render it a most picturesque and original edifice, and denote the transition of taste when the beauties of antique art were perceived and admired, but approached without confidence or experience. There sat the chief in grave council or animated debate, received ambassadors, represented the state, and devised those wise measures which preserved the little commonwealth unscathed by the misfortune of the surrounding provinces, from the dark ages up to the first year of the present century.

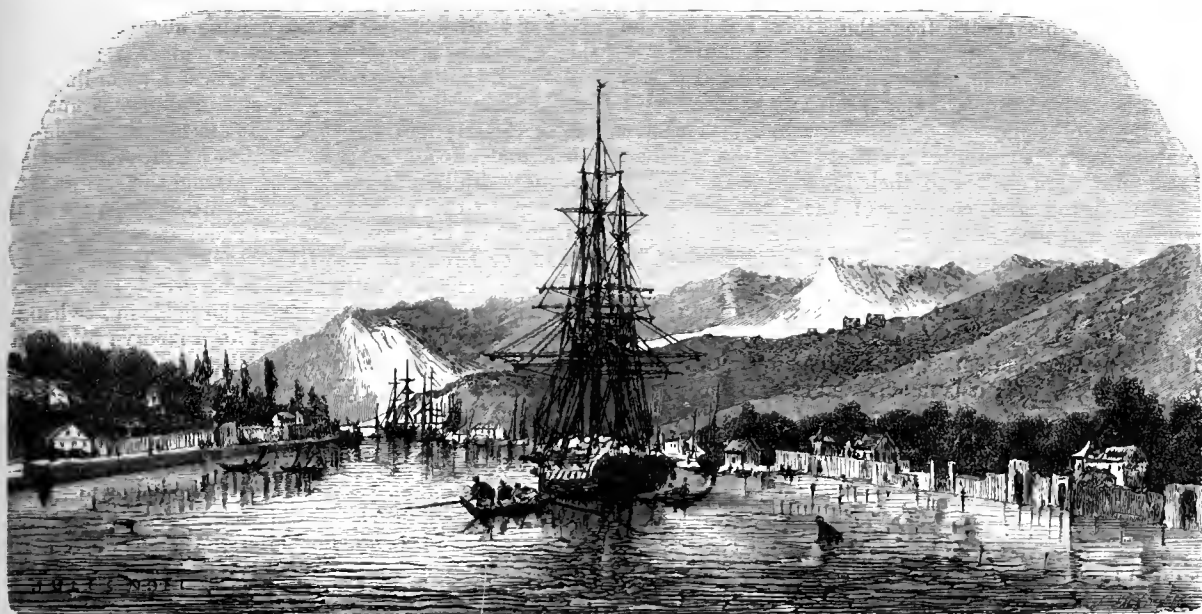
Under the colonnade of the palace is the great gate of cast bronze, its rivets and knockers the ne-

plus ultra of florid elaboration ; and beyond the deep shadows of the vaulted entrance is seen the court-yard, with a flood of light falling on the green bronze bust of Michel Prazatto, one of the merchant princes of Ragusa, and a munificent donor to the republic. Close by is a square kind of pillar, once used for supporting the flagstaff of the standard of St. Biagio, and in front is the figure of a knight in plate armour, representing Roland or Orlando, and which formerly stood on the Piazza before the Custom House and Cathedral near the sea-gate ; and round it a small space was railed off between four columns, where public edicts were proclaimed. This peculiar symbol of jurisdiction is curious, but it is still more remarkable that the favourite hero of German, French, and Italian romance should have obtained the same traditional honours in Dalmatia.

The Piazza of Ragusa is, like that at Venice, beyond all comparison the most attractive part of the town. "Ragusa," says Paton, "is the place where the mar-

riage of Slaavic vigour and Italian elegance has been consummated. The language, the nationality, and the manners of the mass of the people, are Illyrian, but Illyrian conjugated with Italy's happiest moods and tenses of embellishment. Servia and her woods call up little of the past, and the Servian awaits a great futurity. Ragusa, in the seventeenth century, from her taste, her learning, her science, her wealth, her commerce, and the long roll of illustrious men she produced in every walk of life, earned the title of the Slaavic Athens. Wealth, commerce, science, and population, have melted away, but the outward city still remains to nourish the patriotism of the Ragusan."

As the Venetian, standing in the Piazzetta of his capital, reads the history of the great republic in the monuments around him, so the concentration of edifices of various styles forming the Piazza of Ragusa record, on an humbler scale of architecture, the glorious antecedents of this meritorious republic. The



HARBOUR OF GRAVOSA, NEAR RAGUSA.

Dogana, or Custom House, an extensive pile of Gothic architecture without, and like an Oriental khan within, carries the mind to the period when the factories of the republic of Ragusa, with separate and independent jurisdictions, were spread over all Turkey in Europe, when Constantinople was as yet unconquered by Muhammad II., when Ragusa, the weak but determined opponent of Venice, was in high favour at the court of Adrianople, and boasted those capitulations with the Porte which were the germs of modern consular jurisdiction.

In most other towns one gets readily to the open quay, not so in the wall-girt Ragusa. A single archway opens to the port, which is very small, scarcely large enough for half-a-dozen square-rigged vessels ; and, indeed, all ships, including the steamer, prefer the spacious and secure bay of Gravosa. At the entrance of the port, in a niche of the rampart, is the statue of San Biagio or Saint Blasius, to whom the cathedral is also dedicated, and who succeeded St. Sergius and St.

Bacchus as protector and patron saint of Ragusa. Appendini, the chronicler of Ragusa, says, "Nothing can be more reasonable or just than the devotion of the Ragusans to this saint, for his patronage has proved most prompt and efficacious in a thousand private and public calamities."

The Custom House stands at the eastern or port extremity of the main street, close to the sea-gate. It is built in the Venetian style, with a triple window in the centre, and single side-windows on the first floor ; and before the entrance is a covered corridor on arches. The interior consists of an open court, with arches on columns on two sides, leading to several magazines, each of which is dedicated to a particular Saint, whose name is written over the door. The office of the original Custom House is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, with the motto "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and over the arch at the upper end of the court, where all the goods were weighed, is a Latin inscription, relating to just

weights, and ending "*Pundero cum mirces ponderat ipse Deus.*"

Beside the palace is one of those architectural incidents which abound in Italy, but are rarely seen in the imitative countries of the north of Europe, where the greater efforts of southern art are alone copied. The guard-house presents a lofty portal flanked with columns, and in the centre of the pediment is the colossal head of Roland or Orlando, in casque and plume, flowing over all the Piazza. Above is the Torre del Orologio, or clock-tower, crowned with an open cupola, and by a mechanical arrangement, two bronze figures, the size of life, armed cap à pic, strike the bell with maces at the evolution of each hour.

Inferior in architectural interest is the cathedral, built after the earthquake in the Italian style, or, as Paton has it, in what the northerners call the style of Louis Quatorze. The history of the original foundation of the edifice possesses an interest to all Englishmen, from its connection with the fate and fortunes of the Lion-hearted Richard. The gallant crusader was wrecked on his return from the Holy Land on the Island of Chroma, opposite the town. A church was begun from the funds with which he endowed it, out of gratitude for his deliverance, which augmented with the lapse of time, withstood the elements for five centuries, but succumbed in that dread hour when mountains were shaken to their foundations.

The church and convent of the Franciscans are spacious, and the cloisters are handsome. The library contains a collection of curious and rare books. The church adjoining it, called Chiesa del Redentore, was founded in compliance with a vow, made by the nobles of Ragusa, during the earthquakes of 1820. In style it bears some resemblance, externally, to the Cathedral of Sevenico, though it is much smaller. Before it is a fountain, supplied by an aqueduct from Gionchetto, a village distant about two miles and a-half, and having the date 1438.

The approach to the church and convent of the Jesuits is by a flight of steps, which looks like a humble imitation of the ascent to the Trinita at Rome. This church is considered the finest building in Ragusa. It is of the seventh century, in the Greco-Italian style of that period; and contains the tomb of the celebrated Boscovich, who died at Milan in 1787. After the order of Jesuits was suppressed in 1773, this building was given to the Padre Scolopi (a strange corruption of Della Scuole Pie), to whom the church still belongs, the convent being converted into a military hospital. Near it is the Piazza del Erba, or Place of Herbs; which, on market days, is crowded with peasants in various costumes.

Near the north-east corner of the walls is a tower, called Mincetto; and on the east, the fort of Rivellino, or Fortezza Pia. The fort of San Lorenzo stands on a rock in the sea, to the west, and is seen on approaching the town from Gravosa, through the suburb of Pille. The walls, with projecting towers as at Curzola, resemble those of the middle ages, and are little adapted to resist the modern improvements in military science. On the summit of Monte Sergio, 1,443 feet above the level of the sea, stands the Fort Imperiale, erected by the French during their occupation of Dalmatia, and to which a ziz-zag road leads from the town.

Ragusa has two suburbs, one on the east, called Borgo Plocce, the other on the west, called Borgo Pilla, corresponding to the two gates of the same name. Out-

side the Porte Plocce, or sea-gate, is the Lazaretto; and near it is a large space, surrounded by a wall, where the bazaar is held three times a-week. The Turkish caravan meets at Bergato near the confines of Herzegovina, about three miles from Ragusa, noticed in our account of Trebigne, and is escorted by a guard to the bazaar; whence it is reconducted in the same manner in the evening. Ragusa has neither carriages, nor draught-horses, every thing being carried by porters; and the sedan-chairs employed in former times by the nobles, are now out of use.

The appearance of the population is a complete contrast to that of Cattaro. The costumes of the men in the city and its vicinity have more of the Turkish character than those of the Morlacchi. That of Breno is the most remarkable, though the dress of the Brene women is neither peculiar nor elegant, and might be pronounced Italian. The women of Canali wear a singular costume, and often adopt the *opanche*, or sandals of the mountaineers; and this is the one most frequently seen in the town on market days. Several erect old aristocratic figures moving about show that this city has been long a seat of culture; and the toilets of the fair part of the creation, according to another traveller, with a complete absence of finery, shows a taste and elegance that are unmistakable—albeit understood, using the mode of Europe. But in the market-place, at the foot of the flight of stairs that lead up to the church of the Padre Scolopi, various costumes are to be seen. A tall ruddy-faced man from Brenno or Breno, with red bonnet, loose brown jacket, and wide breeches, with game hung over his shoulder, may be seen talking to a dame who holds in her hand a large green cabbage—a subject for a modern Mieries; he is full of natural ease and politeness, and is a complete contrast to the rude Morlack boor.

The old society of Ragusa was not without some local peculiarities which are worthy of notice. With the ease, elegance, and opulence of the eighteenth century was mingled a frivolity of manners which did not escape the satiric pen of the ruder and homelier Dalmatian, and have furnished a sketch wherein a slight deduction must be made for the jealousy of Ragusa, from which the neighbouring Dalmatian is not to this day altogether free.

The Countess sat in her drawing-room on her birthday awaiting visitors; what intoxication in her patches and high-heeled shoes! She has the very last fashions from Venice and Naples; and a universal coquetry consoles her for the marriage of convenience which she made with the old count. Her confessor is said to have a powerful quiet influence over her; and as she receives with undisguised pleasure the flatteries of that elegant young man who has just entered, there is a latent hostility between them. What a bow the dandy makes her and all the company around! You would swear that he had learned his manners at Versailles, except that he betrays too unskilfully the furtive glances which he, from time to time, casts at the large mirror to admire his own attitudinising, and the graceful disposition of his dangling sword.

The mob of Ragusan fashionables now crowds upstairs; and among them two plebians enter the room. Solomon the Jew broker (whose name stands between the wind and the Count's nobility, as owner of the ships in which he has a chief share) enters, and placing a bouquet on the table, salutes the lady, and retires forthwith. The other is a rustic priest, who in his

younger days began by household offices, but was subsequently brought up to be parish priest and chaplain, and, at the same time, steward of the Count's estate.

The mingling of voices, as a sedan chair is set down, tells of another visitor, and Monsignore the Archbishop of Ragusa is announced. This lofty personage is much less formidable on a nearer view; nothing can exceed the courtesy of the address, or the pliability of his manners. He must be a foreigner, according to the laws of the republic, and his salary is only a hundred zecchins a year, but for all that he lives in good archiepiscopal style; for he has to beg from time to time donations from the Senate, and the political powers that be are thus guaranteed against spiritual ambition.

What a kind salutation the Archbishop gives the Jesuit? Because the Senate rules the Archbishop, the Count rules the Senate by his influence, the Countess rules the Count, and the Jesuit rules the Countess. As to the poor fribble, he counts for nothing.

General Reiche, at that time commanding in Ragusa, having had the kindness to ask his Platz Lieutenant to shew Mr. Paton round the walls and military establishments, "I went next morning," he relates, "to his office, and found an intelligent middle-aged man writing at a desk in a well-warmed room. Germans from the north of the Alps keep themselves too well heated for an English taste; but, on the other hand, nowhere did I ever suffer so much from cold as in these two first days in Ragusa. No room in the hotel had a fireplace; but according to the custom of the town I dressed myself in the Ragusa manner, shivering with cold; for although the thermometer was below zero, the only source of heat was a miserable earthenware pot of charcoal, which warmed only my hands. In this office the heat was up to seventy-five Fahrenheit at least. For a moderate climate, such as that of Ragusa, our open English fires would be preferable to this intense German heat.

"Accompanied by a sergeant carrying a great bunch of keys, we now began our journey in cold clear sunshine, and about a hundred yards off, the man opening a door in the wall, we entered and went up a high flight of steps, and then another flight, and then another, and at length stood on the parapet. The walls of Ragusa have no resemblance to a modern fortification, with bastions and fosses making a mathematical figure; but are those of a rock-built city, being of enormous height, thickness, and solidity, rising irregularly, from the irregularities of the locality, interspersed with great towers, and looking just like one of those cities one sees in the prints of old bibles. Looking over the rampart, I saw the sea playing against the base of the rock; looking outwards, I saw the clear expanse of the Adriatic in the intensest of blue, the bare bold promontories of the coast to the south and the north jutting into the sea, and the intervening recesses filled with vegetation. If I turned from the sea to the town at my feet, I saw an irregular surface of reddish-tiled and yellow walled houses, with green Venetian blinds, from out of which rose a couple of blue lead enpolas; and the edifices of the Piazza. The lieutenant was for walking on, but I stopped a moment; the music of the murmuring waters, the painting of the line of coast, and the architecture of the town, formed such a union, that if a thousand troubles had infested my brain, so fair a prospect must have beaten them off.

"We now continued the tour of the walls, the sea far below us on our left, and the streets of the town also

far below us on our right; but soon we came to a large building on an elevation within the walls, no longer below us but on the same level; this was the barracks, containing 1200 Hungarians, the garrison of the town; so we entered to see the establishment. A thin cake of ice was on a little pool in the courtyard, which, from the high building, the sun could not reach, and the sergeant said that it was the first that had been seen for twelve years, which speaks for the mildness of the climate. Ascending a wide white-washed staircase, we came to the barrack room, a long gallery, furnished on each side with beds, above each of which was a shelf containing the knapsack, the hat, and the odds and ends of the soldier, and in the middle was a long black board for teaching reading and writing. It was the dinner-hour, and I had, just before entering, seen across the roofs of the houses the two mechanical figures in bronze strike their hammers twelve times on the bell of the Torre del Orologio, announcing the hour of mid-day. Each man had a basin of soup, a plate of boiled beef and vegetables, and his loaf of bread; and on tasting the soup, I pronounced it sufficiently strong and nourishing. The pay of the Austrian soldier is only twopence per day; so that he can indulge in no disorders, but almost all he needs is found him. How much better it would be with the British soldier, if he had less money for drink, and the difference made up in healthy comforts.

"When we went down stairs we found ourselves on the rampart again, and ascending an outside flight of steps, I saw some red jackets hanging out to be aired on the wall, and some uncouth dark-looking men in undress standing about. The uniform of the Hungarian regiment being white, with sky-blue light trousers, I asked what these red ones could be, and was informed that they belonged to the men I saw, who were the gipsy musicians of the regiment; so I entered into conversation with the sergeant about them, and he told me in answer to a question, that if they had any religion of their own, they must keep it a secret, for they are entered as Catholics, and attend mass with the other soldiers. Their talent and aptitude for music is unquestionable; and before I left Ragusa I spent a most agreeable hour at the lodgings of the officer who takes charge of the music here—for the regular band of the regiment, consisting of forty performers, was at Zara, and this was only a subordinate division—but although they played several opera airs, it was evident that their favourite style was the waltz.

"Continuing our walk, we now went down, inside a long flight of steps, to the level of the town, and entered the canteen, in which were two soldiers drinking beer. A tall Moll Flagen looking woman was standing at the counter, with bottles, glasses, keys, and stores of pipe-clay, which shewed that that article came out of the twopence a day. The woman looked alarmed at seeing an officer and a stranger enter with the two sergeants with keys (for the other one carried the keys of the prison), and the two poor men drinking their beer were equally flurried, and, rising up, stood mechanically in a row, as if about to be marched off handcuffed; but it was soon seen that our motive was curiosity. From the canteen we went to the barrack-prison, which was a dark apartment, and, as we entered, found the prisoners plucking sparrows for dinner, with all the feathers scattered on the floor. They were fourteen in number, and stood up in a row, some fettered, and some not; as the garrison was altogether 1,400 strong,

the prisoners formed one per cent.; the usual offences being petty thefts from their comrades, and insolence to their superiors. The rest of our promenade offered no circumstance worthy of a notice.

"The environs of Ragusa are interesting; and a few nights after the promenade which I have described, while the moon was shining with unwonted brightness, three Ragusans entered my room—Don Marco K., Signor R., and Signor B.

"We have our renowned Ragusan moonlight," said the first of these gentlemen, "which you will find neither in Venice, in Rome, nor in Milan; and we propose to take you a turn up the hill to show you the town under a new aspect." These worthy gentlemen having heard so much of the fogs of England, thought to procure me a moonlight view, such as I never had seen before, so I thankfully accepted; but, in good truth, I believe there is nothing in the world comparable to the Moyed in Cairo, when seen by the light of the full moon.

"As we went out at the northern gate we found ourselves in the alley of trees, gently ascending to a rising ground that juts out from the line of mountains behind the town; and, after a short way, we turned to the right, up a narrow lane, inclosed by high garden-walls, and then, ascending some broken steps, found ourselves on the brow of the mount, from which we overlooked the town and environs—a strange picturesque confusion of towers, cupolas, and house-tops, rising in their pale-green high lights and impenetrable shadows. A wall had partly concealed the view in the other direction, and, to my surprise, on proceeding a little further along the pathway, I saw before me such a noble villa as one might behold in the environs of Rome. Above the basement were the large Palladian windows of the Gran Piano, and a great alcove was paved with slabs of marble; but the interior was a complete ruin: hemlock and night-shade grew where nobles and senators had feasted, the spacious tessellated terraces overlooked a garden choked with weeds, around which pillars of a Byzantine style of architecture supported the rotten trellis of a shady walk; confusion and desolation were all around. Further on, another villa told the same tale of taste and elegance that had passed away: arbours, terraces, kiosks, marble pavements, sculptures, all wreck and ruin. At first I thought I was in the midst of the havoc of the great earthquake; but as every wall was standing, and every cornice without even a gutta wanting, I found that this was the Pille, the town of ruins—the mountain slope, on which every great family of Ragusa had a summer villa—which was destroyed by the Montenegrines in 1806, and showed, on a small scale, in what way the great Roman empire must have fared at the hands of Hun, Goth, and Vandal."

II.

ENVIRONS OF RAGUSA—LOFTY CAVERN SOUTHWARD OF RAGUSA—BATH OF THE DEMON MATHEMATICIAN—VILLA OF GHETALDI—TURKISH ISLANDS OF ST. MARK AND ST. BARBARA—ISLAND AND MONASTERY OF LA CHROMA—RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AT CHROMA—BAY OF ST. HILARY—RAGUSA VECCHIA.

THE coasts and islands to the south of Ragusa are full of historic interest and romantic beauty, and a little trip, in which the accomplished and erndite Professor Kalugera acted the obliging cicerone, afforded me, says Mr. Paton, two of the pleasantest days I

passed in the Adriatic. It was on one of the finest days of the *faithful* month of January, so called from the number of calm days in it which follow the blasts of late autumn, and precede the still ruder ones of February and March, that the professor and myself entered a boat at the quay near San Biagio, and were rowed across the bay to a lofty cavern southwards of Ragusa. Not a breath of air was in motion, and an English September seemed to usher in the new year of Ragusa; the Adriatic ebbcd and flowed among the fragments of rocks in the gentlest of whispers; a veil of golden gauze trembling on the dark roof of the cavern, and reflecting the sunlight playing on the sea, was the only ocular evidence of its motion; while the depths of the cavern gave back each stroke of the great bell of the city tolling solemnly across the tranquil waters.

It was in the first years of the seventeenth century, when Bacon and Shakespeare were completing the cyclopean foundations of English science and literature, that a man in middle age, with sharp visage, and those penetrating eyes which make the stranger curious to know their owner's fate and fortunes, surmounted by the broad-brimmed peaked hat of the period, might be seen in this cave. Strange instruments surround him; they show that the age of alchemy is gone, and that of sound experiment commenced. Marino Ghetaldi, the individual in question (1566-1627), was one of the first astronomers and natural philosophers in Europe; his *Promotus Archimedes* showed a dim perception of the coming discoveries of Newton; and it certainly was Ghetaldi and not Des Cartes who first applied algebra to geometry. He spent six years in travels through Europe; at Venice, Paolo Sarpi called him "Angelo di costumi, e demonio in matematica—an angel in manners, and a demon in mathematics," in allusion to his attainments and that modesty which is generally inseparable from true greatness; and he confesses in his *Promotus*, "Malim scire quam nosci, dicere quam docere." So high was his reputation, that the magistrates of Louvain in Flanders pressed him to be professor of mathematics in their university, when it was to Autwerp as the Padua of that northern Venice. But Ghetaldi had studied and travelled for Ragusa: "Patria non quia magna sed sua" was the small but powerful magnet which re-attracted him to the shores of the Adriatic. Here, in cool grot, undisturbed by the hum of the city commerce, he pursued his experiments. Strange and improbable traditions still exist of his having been addicted to magic, and more than one Ragusan captain attributed tempestuous weather to the incantations of the cavern; even the fishermen, for ages after his death, never passed without an appeal to San Biagio against the machinations of the mysterious cavern.

At one side of the cave a dark recess, about three feet deep, with which the sea-water communicates, was the bath of Ghetaldi, and all around on the rocks is the beautiful *Adiantum*, *Capillus Veneris*, with jet black stem and fine small green leaf. At one side of the cave, next the sea, is a staircase cut in the rock, and Don Marco (as the professor was usually called) informed me that it was in communication with the villa above. A door, almost rotten with sea-air and water, barred the passage; but Don Marco, applying his hands to his mouth, shouted aloud, so that the rock-vault echoed again, and in a minute a servant-girl was seen descending the stairs to the door, which she opened.

Passing over slippery rocks, we got within the door, and, ascending the steps, wound round the rock that flanked the entrance to the cave, and found that we had gained a narrow terrace in front of a villa overhanging an abrupt precipice, and looking straight across to Ragusa, with its round towers and high ramparts. Don Marco, who seemed to know everybody, ushered me into the parlour of the little villa of Ghetaldi, where pictures somewhat in the Bolognese school were hanging from the walls. Madame S., the spouse of a descendant of the co-heiress of Ghetaldi, now entered, and received us with Ragusan courtesy. She regretted that his portrait, which adorned the room, had been taken to her town-house; but Don Marco and myself joined in a prayer to see it restored to its true position.

From the revolutions of science the works of Ghetaldi are unread and forgotten, but his name blooms fresh in the memory of the Ragusans; and a large slab of pavement in the Dominican church, with three fleur-de-lis and two stars, is still regarded with veneration, as covering his remains.

When we got into the boat again, Don Marco ordered the men to row us to La Chroma, a small island about a mile from the cave, which seemed to be entirely covered with wood and shrubbery, and without any habitation, except a small modern fort which crowned the top of the hill. Other islands lay to the south, and, on asking their names, I found that they were called Marcana and Bobara (St. Mark and St. Barbara). "They are mere rocks," said Don Marco, "fit for sea-fowl, and not fit for a man, unless he be a passionate fowler; and yet they have often played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of Ragusa."

"Rather extraordinary," said I; "you churchmen are not generally fond of bleak barren positions. The clergy have capital taste for landscape-gardening in general. You see that Benedictine convent at the extremity of the bay, how snugly sheltered under the point of land, with plenty of vegetation and a fine view."

"They are both Turkish islands," said Don Marco, "in the diocese of Trebigne; and whenever the Ragusan Archbishops wished to escape dependence on the Senate, they used to hold their councils here in security."

We soon rounded the wooded point of the island, and found ourselves in a little bay, beyond which was a level plain of turf between a wood of pines and the hill on which the fort was built; and in the most sheltered part of this little valley was a ruined convent, and a church of a period much anterior, and evidently of Byzantine form. This was the island and monastery of La Chroma, at which Richard Cœur de Lion landed on his return from the Holy Land. It appears that the tempest off Albania must have been most violent, and Richard made a vow to erect a temple to the Virgin in the first place of his landing. Presenting himself to the monks, he declared his design to build a church there, for which he gave, or would give, 100,000 *nummi argentei*. No sooner did the rector hear of Richard's arrival, than he went with the senate to congratulate him on his escape, and offer him the hospitality of Ragusa, which Richard accepted, along with "magnificent spectacles;" but the rector begged him to write to the Pope, to commute the locality of his votive offering from the island to the city of Ragusa itself, the cathedral of which was small and incon-

venient; to which Richard consented, on the condition that, every second of February, being the Purification of the Virgin, the superior and monks of the convent of La Chroma would be allowed to celebrate the mysteries of that festival. It appears, however, that in the sixteenth century the Archbishop wished to resist this right, and a hot dispute was the consequence, which led to a research of the archives, and the right of the monks was confirmed by a curious decree of the rector and senate. This privilege they retained till 1667, when the earthquake threw down both the cathedral of Richard and a great part of the convent of La Chroma.

The illustrious author of *Ivanhoe* had perhaps never heard of this island, but it might well have furnished a splendid chapter to this great inventor: a tempest-tost King of England landing from Palestine; the monks giving hospitality to a stranger, to find that their guest is a king, and the taker of Acre; and the senate crossing in all the pomp of middle-age magnificence to welcome the valiant chevalier and crusading king.

"Do you know," said Don Marco, as we walked among the sequestered foliage, "that for us Britannia is a poesia; her whole history, down to Victoria, is an epic poem."

"Does not France," said I, "come up to your idea of greatness?"

"No," said he; "the French character is less phlegmatic, and with us more sympathetic than the English; but Italy began our modern civilisation, and England is completing it. France is a country of elegant writers; but for a steady, constant, and enduring succession of illustrious deeds, we must go to Albion."

"Many people on the Continent," said I, "maintain that, having arrived at her full growth, she must soon begin to decay."

"*Niente affatto*, not a bit of it," answered the professor; "if she has not extended her branches, she has been growing at the roots; if the conquests of this generation have not been so extensive as former ones, her mercantile navy, the root of all her power, has increased; a nation that perpetually wars with the elements needs never fear the corrosion of a long peace."

Leaving La Chroma, we now rode some miles to the southwards, and, passing a bluff point, a new prospect opened on us; a beach of yellow sand, glistening with white pebbles in the unclouded sun, skirted a bay, which formed a graceful semicircle. The precipitous mountains fell away inland, and broken but richly cultivated ground, interspersed with vines, olives, pastures, and occasional oak-trees, intervened between the bluff point we had passed, and the promontory of Epidaurus, some miles ahead. This was the renowned bay of St. Hilary, not less celebrated in the annals of Christianity than the bay of St. George in Syria, where the dragon was killed. Three hundred and sixty-five years after Christ, St. Hilary landed in this bay, and defied and vanquished by miraculous power, according to tradition, a terrible serpent that invested the coast; the serpent being of the family of St. George, that is to say, no other than the Greek mythology, whose death-rattle sounded in the fourth century through all the Roman world. Titus and St. Paul first preached the Gospel in Illyria, St. Hilary followed in their footsteps, and St. Jerome, a native of Dalmatia, com-

pleted the work, and speaks with enthusiasm of the reputation for piety which Hilary had left in the whole region; but, in writing the life of his predecessor, he might surely have spared us the miracle of the serpent, and the restraining of the threatening sea during the apostacy of Julian.

In the middle of the bay is the village of St. Hilary (St. Harione), with a few boats drawn upon the beach, but without the unpleasant odours, the ill-dressed children, and the untidy houses of a fishing village; behind it is the plain of Breno, the agricultural garden of the east of the Adriatic. Ombla is a wild, highland loch, fitter for a country-house than the labours of agriculture; but here, every nook is fenced and cultivated, so that the traveller might think himself in the environs of an Italian capital. The olive-trees and all the other products showed at once the traces of that superior culture which makes the berry the largest and fattest of the coast, even surpassing that of the opposite Gallipoli. The aspect of the peasantry fully corresponded with the appearance of nature; instead of the drunken, patched misery of Dalmatia, the men were all coarsely but tidily and decently dressed. The women, although sunburnt, had clear, healthy complexions, that showed the purity of the air and the results of an orderly material existence. Although I was delighted to find, in so distant a part of Europe, a region that in every respect might vie with its centres, with one exception; the vicinity of the Turks had led the Ragusan republic to the policy of having no roads practicable for artillery.

We had not walked above half an hour along the plain, when I saw approaching a middle-aged man, with broad-brimmed hat, and a collar of white linen turned down over a stock studded with little blue beads, and wearing black knee-breeches and silver buckles in his shoes. This was the clergyman of Breno, the friend of Don Marco, who had come to meet us, and conducted us to the parsonage, a neat, new house, on a rising ground a quarter of a mile off, embosomed in cypresses. He apologised for the roads as contrasted with the new ones that had lately been made in various parts of Dalmatia, and mentioned an old local proverb, "*Deus fecit Brenam, vias autem ejus diabolus.*"

The parsonage-house was a small new stone building; the folding doors being of iron, studded with bolts, like a prison entrance. Don Marco joked him on his precautions; but the clergyman reminded him that he was the banker of the savings of the parish, and that a few desperadoes might be tempted to rob the whole parish, and cut his own throat; for they were within a few miles of the Turkish frontier. During dinner the conversation fell on the comparative morality of the Ragusan peasant and the Dalmatian, which possessed much interest for me, because the clergy are best acquainted with the condition of the peasantry. Both the Ragusans and the Dalmatians are very poor in money; for a woman of Breno will carry a load of firewood six miles to gain fourpence. The peasant of the environs of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, will walk the same distance to sell a pair of fowls for a shilling; but instead of taking home the money to his wife, he never leaves the *Piazza dell' Erbe* until the half of it be squandered in liquor or disorder.

The landed proprietor of Ragusa deals more easily with the peasant than the landlord of Dalmatia. In Breno, the countryman, instead of farming the land,

divides the produce with the landlord. When cornlands are good and productive, the landlord on giving the seed, receives the half of the produce. If the peasant furnish the seed, and the land be easily worked, the landlord receives a third; but if the land be poor and inconveniently worked, he receives only a fourth, or perhaps less. In Dalmatia the peasantry are lazy and vindictive, not so in the territory of Ragusa; here every scrap of manure on the roads is carefully picked up, and put round the trunks of the olives. The cultivators are mild and fair spoken; but the proprietor must look very sharply after the division of the spoil, otherwise he will find himself short of his due. The best property is that of olives; and instead of florins, such and such a landlord is said to be worth so many barrels of oil a-year. Permanent absenteeism is almost impossible. A proprietor wished to let his lands, and live at Venice, but he could not find a middle-man or farmer of adequate capital and character willing to give him a certainty, except at a great sacrifice.

I found that tile-draining, subsoil-ploughing, and other processes, were unknown, for the enemy to be combated in the long droughts of summer; the territory of Ragusa suffering, in a minor degree, from the dryness of the neighbouring Dalmatia. In the middle ages all the seaward slope of the Vellebitch was covered with wood, mulberries below, and pines above; which not only retained the soil on the slopes by the reticulation of their roots, but, attracting and retaining the moisture, caused the rains to be more frequent, and the running streams to be more copious even in the heat of summer. But the Turkish war ruined Dalmatia, and the Venetian policy was to keep the people dependent on the republic for subsistence. Paoli Sarpi, in his report on Dalmatia, in the capacity of Consultatore, shows his narrow bigotry, by openly avowing that this kingdom, with its robust population, must be kept needy in order to remain in subjection; hence the inhuman extirpation of the mulberries, and the prohibition of the silk culture, a most impious interference with the part assigned by Nature to Dalmatia in the territorial division of labour. This was not the fault of Venice alone, but pervaded the colonial policy of all other nations—of Spain and America, as well of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and from which the history of our own settlements in India and America shows that we were not free.

By a calm pleasant evening we returned to the village of St. Hilary, which we examined more in detail; the habitations are scattered among thick-grown gardens, and mills in motion; a stream dashing over a low precipice, and glistening in the evening sun, loses itself for a short way under the willows, planes, and poplars, and re-appearing, fretted with its combat with the mill-wheel, intersects the yellow beach, and mingles its spent force with the ripple of the bay. Here we embarked for Ragusa Vecchia, at the southern extremity of the bay, where the hills again approach close to the sea. The port is small, and the modern town of Ragusa Vecchia is a mere village, forming a wretched contrast to the magnificence of Epidaurus, which covered the neighbourhood.

Each city of Dalmatia has its own sphere of action. Zara, nearest to Austria, is the military capital; Spalato is the seat of the trade of Bosnia; but Ragusa, from its literary tastes, cultivated manners, and the cheapness of living, ought to be the seat of a regular university for the formation of members of the liberal

professions, as well as the civilians and clergy, who might in time effect an educational revolution on all the coast, from Istria to Albania—in short, it is by becoming a university and a seat of learning, that Ragusa is most likely to prosper. The Bishop has perfectly understood this question. A Dalmatian by birth, he is sensible of the defects of his fellow-countrymen, of their many excellent native qualities which lie dormant or are misdirected, and of the necessity of a more enlightened class of rural clergy, as well as of the advantage of enabling the rising generation of Ragusa to have superior instruction on the spot. He is sensible of the great capacity of this people for intellectual pursuits, and has earnestly applied himself to realise the local funds for this excellent object.

III.

HAVEN OF GRAVOSA, OR SANTA CROCE—VAL D'OMBLA—SUBTERRANEAN RIVER—PIC-NIC AT THE SPRINGS DISTURBED BY A SIBOCCO.

WE have seen that steamers and merchantmen alike prefer the haven of Gravosa to the small port of Ragusa, and indeed it has been justly remarked that the city ought to have been built on this bay; and nothing but attachment to their native town, and that reluctance to abandon a place hallowed by early associations, which are common to all countries and ages, can account for the inhabitants not quitting Ragusa for this spot, particularly after the city had been destroyed by earthquakes, and had become insecure on the introduction of gunpowder and artillery.

The port of Gravosa has also the name of Santa Croce; and it was called Gravosa from the ancient *Agravonitæ*, who are mentioned by Livy as the inhabitants of this coast. The rich Ragusans had their villas here, and the gardens in which they took so much delight; and when Ragusa was in its days of prosperity, the wealth of its nobles and merchants was immense. (See page 473.)

Opening on this bay is the valley of Ombla (Val d'Ombla), before noticed as one of the most beautiful spots in Dalmatia. For though the Ragusans pride themselves on their own name, and abhor that of Dalmatians, we may be allowed to include Ragusa and its neighbourhood under the general term; and now that the Venetian Republic no longer exists, they may not regret being part of that province.

The entrance to the Val d'Ombla is a short way to the north-west of Gravosa, and an hour's row brings the visitor to the end of that picturesque valley. At the first village, on entering it, is a sulphureous spring, very similar to that of Spalato. Advancing up the estuary or loch, the beauty of the scenery increases; and, as its course is winding, a diversity of views present themselves. The lower part of the hills is covered with a variety of foliage; amidst which the dark-green of the cypress contrasts well with the gray olive that thrives here, and bears much fruit; and rock and wood, hamlet and villa, mingled together and reflected in the water, with the circle of mountains above, form a succession of beautiful pictures: a principal feature of which is the church of the Franciscan convent, standing on a point of land near the end of the valley, where the river expands into a loch.

This river is the ancient Ario or Arion, and the size of this sheet of water, and the short distance from

which the river comes before it expands into this great breadth, are alluded to in the verse of Elio Cervino:—

“Danubio, et obilo non vilior Ombla fuisset,
Si modo progressas posset habere suos.”

The sun was bright, the air was warm, the ever-verdant cypresses rose from the high grass, and the green waters, clouded like malachite with the depths and shallows of the gulf, or eddies produced by the waters of the Ombla, and clasped all around with high wooded hills, had a loneliness and a loveliness so strange and rare, that no scene of my travels, says Mr. Paton, recurs to me oftener than the vale of Ombla.

We now, says the same traveller, describing his visit to this fairy spot, entered a boat and rowed up the river, between the meadows, to its source, for which a quarter of an hour sufficed; for never before did I see such a body of water with so short a course. At the source, a river almost as large as the Thames at Richmond, bubbles and boils out of the earth, so that it looks like a giant's cauldron. Here are fuller's mills, and several women of Herzegovina were standing round the troubled waters, with a most amusing difference of costume—those who wore a brass ornament at the back of the head were married; those who wore on their temples silver Turkish five piastre pieces were unmarried.

From the arrangements that had been made, the rest of the day was spent in festivity, and never did I see the cares of life driven away with greater success than by the Ragusan philosophers; but in the midst of our gaiety, the room gradually darkened, and a cry of “Scirocco, scirocco!” was heard. Out we went, and the whole scene was in an instant black and dismal: a herd of thick clouds had invaded us, all of a sudden, from the south, and getting into a boat, as being most likely to save us from rain, we made the men row as swiftly as possible to Gravosa. Gusts and lulls of wind succeeded each other by turns, and still no rain; but I saw by the hints to pull quick, that the storm was brewing, and, long before we reached Gravosa, down it came, with such violence, that we were, in a few minutes, drenched through. How melancholy whistled the wind through the caves and detached rocks on our left! As pleasantly as I had a few hours before wandered through the cypress-groves of the Villa Sargo, so equally unpleasant did I sit in the stern of the boat, casting a glance, from time to time, on the sea boiling among the wave-worn rocks, while thick, irregular masses of clouds shot across the face of the sky.

It was black night when we arrived at Gravosa, and our boat was challenged by the Austrian corvette; but on the assurance that we were travellers, and not smugglers, we landed.

We shall show, when describing the country of Trebinitza, on the Turkish side of the Vellebitch, that the Ombla or Ario is in reality only the subterranean outlet on the Dalmatian coast, of the Herzegovinian river of Trebinitza.

Mr. Paton has also given a further graphic account of a visit paid by him to this interesting valley, with its loch or fiord and its river head. “We proceeded,” he relates, “out of the northern gate of Ragusa, and ascending the hill above Gravosa, walked on till we came to a cleft in the mountain chain, where the little gulf, overhung by high rocks, forked suddenly inwards; here we followed a bridle road, and turning sharply round

to the right, found ourselves in the Vale of Ombla, the semicircle we had described having completely shut out from our view the Gulf of Gravosa. Rich vegetation rose from the deep sea-green water, which here formed a sort of lake, inclosed by mountains, at the further extremity of which a river, gushing out of the rock, mingled its fresh water with the salt of the gulf. Here is a most unusual sight in Dalmatia, a level plain of rich meadow land, part of it planted with cypresses, and forming the grounds of the villa of the Dukes of Sorgo, to which we descended. The villa was quite in disorder, but the large gardens showed the care and expense of former occupants; for the ducal line being extinct, the place had been purchased by a retired ship-master.

"A large and open corridor in the upper floor, paved with red marble, had its walls adorned with frescoes something in the manner of Giulio Romano, and representing mythological subjects. A broad flight of steps, with a fine Italian balustrade, led down to the water's edge; and on the other side of the villa were the ruined parterres of the garden, and the groves of cypresses, beyond which appeared the lofty nook of precipitous rocks, from which the river issued. Seeing a sheaf of rye cut on the wall, I asked its story, and was informed that, in the year 1200 and odd, when a famine raged in Ragusa, a rich merchant of Albania brought a cargo of rye-grain (sorgo) and distributed it to the poor. Touched by this humane munificence, the Senate of Ragusa granted him the patriciate of the republic, and an ear of sorgo stood for six centuries on the blazon of the family to commemorate this origin. The family is now extinct, the last duke having died at Paris some years ago without issue."

IV.

THE MEN OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

MONTENEGRINES OR TCHERNAGORI.

WARLIKE CHARACTER OF THE MONTENEGRINES—A SLAVONIC RACE—THEOCRATIC FORM OF GOVERNMENT—INVADED BY THE TURKS—PROTECTORATE OF RUSSIA—DISCOMFITURES OF THE TURKS—A MONTENEGRINE IMPOSTOR—CONNECTION WITH AUSTRIA—INDEPENDENCE RE-ESTABLISHED—COMBATS WITH THE FRENCH.

FOUR Montenegrines, and their sister, aged twenty-one, going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Basilio, were waylaid by seven Turks in a rocky defile, so narrow that they could only thread it one by one; and hardly had they entered between the precipices that bordered it on either side, when an unexpected discharge of fire-arms killed one brother, and desperately wounded another. To retrace their steps was

impossible without meeting certain and shameful death, since to turn their backs would be to give their enemy the opportunity of destroying them at pleasure.

The two who were unhurt therefore advanced, and returned the fire, killing two Turks, while the wounded one, supporting himself against a rock, fired also, and mortally injured two others, but was killed himself in the act. His sister taking his gun, loaded and fired again, simultaneously with her two brothers, but at the same instant one of them dropped down dead. The two surviving Turks then rushed furiously at the only remaining Montenegrine, who however, laid open the skull of one of them, with his yatagan, before receiving his own death-blow. The hapless sister, who had all the time kept up a constant fire, stood for an instant irresolute; when, suddenly assuming an air of terror and supplication, she entreated for mercy, but the Turk, enraged at the death of his companions, was brutal enough to take advantage of the unhappy girl's seeming agony, and only promised her life at the price of her honour. Hesitating at first, she pretended to listen to the villain's proposal, but no sooner did she throw him off his guard, than she buried in his body the knife she carried at her girdle. Although mortally wounded, the Turk endeavoured to make the most of his failing strength, and plucking the dagger from his side, staggered towards the courageous girl, who, driven to despair, threw herself on her relentless foe, and with superhuman energy hurled him down the neighbouring precipice, at the very moment when some shepherds, attracted by the continued firing, arrived just too late for the rescue.

Such is the character of the Montenegrines, as illustrated in the above anecdote. Trained from earliest youth to the use of arms, which are through life inseparable from their persons, living in hereditary and perpetual hostility with the Turks, with the memory of cruelties and suffering inflicted upon their forefathers traditionally handed down, their ferocious feeling of vengeance upheld by human trophies, and considering it a grace of God to die in battle, no wonder that the Montenegrines should be brave, and that such a natural and hereditary courage even be participated in by the women; nursed in the same traditions, and companions by Christianity of man, although by custom, slaves of Montenegrine husbands. But who, it might be pertinently asked, are the Montenegrines, or Tchernagori?

Already consigned by rude map-makers within Turkey in Europe, and several times ravaged by the Turks, has Montenegro ever been really subjected or organised by the Turks? has it ever received Mussulman rulers or laws, and even if diplomatically acknowledged as subject to Turkey, has it ever considered itself so?



CAPITAL IN THE PALACE AT RAGUSA.

The Montenegrins, or Tchernagori or Black Mountaineers, who number some 11,700 families, giving a population of 107,000, of whom about 20,000 or 25,000 would take up arms in defence of their country, are identical with the Servians in blood, language, and religion, and Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire, the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower Empire.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of Lazar, who by the loss of the battle of Kossovo, in 1385 and his own life at the same time, enabled the

Turks to become the masters of Servia. "To this day," says Mr. A. A. Paton, "the heroes of Servia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them of the woes and virtues of Lazar, the last of their kings, and their eyes suffuse with tears."

Stephen, the grandson of Balsa, was the friend and ally of Seanderbeg, but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish supremacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle:



MONTENEGRINS.

Montenegro alone, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, rose, like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism. Ivan Czernojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Black Mountain, surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour worse than a thousand deaths was the reward of the man who retreated: dressed in a female garb, he was thrust with ignominy from the ranks of his own sex.

VOI. I.

Such is Paton's account of the origin of the Montenegrin principality. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in whose excellent work, "Dalmatia and Montenegro," a detailed history of the Black Mountain is given, tells us that, at the time of the Servian empire, it was called Zeta or Zeuta, and that at the fall of that empire "it preserved its independence under the rule of Prince George Balsha." According to the same authority, it was not Stephen who finally withdrew to the Black Mountain, but Ivan, his eldest son, who, being refused the assistance of Venice, abandoned, not Scutari, but Zsabliak, which had been

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the residence of himself and predecessors, and retired to the mountain, where he founded the convent of Tzeticie, the correct etymology of the Cettinge of the papers, and transferred the metropolitan see to the new capital. This took place in 1485; and Zsabliak, which has already played a part in the present campaign, has since that time continued to be the frontier town of Albania.

The family of Tzernoievich (Czernojevich of Paton) soon passed away. Pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by the Turkish influences, one brother, Andrew, surnamed the Valiant Arnaut, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan to the shores of the Tigris; while George, who had succeeded his father, Ivan, having married a Venetian lady, of the family of Mocenigo, she prevailed upon him to retire with her to her native city. He, therefore, with the consent of the people, transferred the government of Montenegro to the hands of the spiritual chiefs, and withdrew to Venice in 1516. From that time the theocratic form of government has existed in Montenegro, and the spiritual and temporal power have been vested in the Vladikas, or prince-bishops, an office now hereditary in the house of Petrovich; but as every Vladika is consecrated bishop, and cannot marry, the succession always falls to a nephew, or some other of the family. This fact, Sir G. Wilkinson remarks, of the episcopal office being hereditary, is singular, considering the doctrines of Christians in regard to apostolic succession. The late Vladika, on his return from Russia, where each Vladika is successively consecrated, read to the senate and people a note from the Russian government, to the effect that, in accordance with the wishes of the Montenegrins and of the senate, his majesty the Emperor Nicholas had consented to Prince Daniel not taking holy orders, and had further empowered him to appoint a bishop in his stead. There was formerly also a local governorship, but this was suppressed in 1832, in consequence of the then governor making an attempt to get the power into his hands, or, as some say, intending to betray the country to the Austrians.

When Sulaiman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire, all Europe quaked again. In 1523 Montenegro was invaded, Tzeticie was delivered over to the flames, and all the strongholds were stormed by the Turks, under the Pasha of Scutari. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who derived his materials for the history of Montenegro chiefly from the secretary of the Vladika, appears to have been misled by the latter to confound this invasion with one said to have been made in 1623, by one Sulaiman, Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Sulaiman, Mr. Paton observes upon this exploit, are remarkable; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrin, and the almost inaccessible nature of their rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the conquest of the small but fur from insignificant archbishopric of Montenegro. But although the more exposed parts of this country were laid waste, these hardy mountaineers so successfully harassed their formidable enemies, that they were soon obliged to abandon the country, and retire into Albania, after sustaining severe losses, with the disgrace of having conquered the Montenegrins, but the disgrace of not being able to hold their country.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the mountain—the Montenegrins continued to be allied to the Venetians rather than to the Turks and they were always ready to co-operate with the latter in their wars against the Porte. But still the Turks managed to obtain an influence in the country, not so much by force of arms, which availed them nothing, as by wily policy, and, according to Spencer, also by the seductive charms of Muhammadanism; hence, as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were also converted in the "Black Mountain" itself.

Paton justly remarks upon this that in the fifteenth century, both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out, and the very same rottenness that made Slaavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, both Slavonians, to begin the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe, one-half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now, as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that altogether the Slaaves, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century, the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians: in that year Daniele Petrovich of Nugowich, became archbishop; and from that time the spiritual power has been hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. This founder of a dynasty having been treacherously imprisoned by the Turks, he resolved to make a clean sweep of Islamism, and to that effect he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when, by his order and arrangements, a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediately baptism became the only means of escape.

In the year 1706, the Turks of Herzegovina attacked Montenegro, but this expedition met with a total defeat; and 157 Turks, who were taken prisoners, suffered the ignominy of being ransomed for the same number of pigs.

Oppressed, however, by the incessant attacks of a powerful enemy, and no longer protected by Venice, the Montenegrins soon afterwards sought the protection of Russia, and for this purpose, having declared themselves subjects of Peter the Great, they took the oath of allegiance to the Tsar, who, in return, promised them protection; while the Montenegrins on their part, engaged to co-operate with the Russians in their wars against the Porte. One writer places the era of this event in 1796; but already, in 1711, the Montenegrins took up arms by order of Peter the Great, and made several incursions into the Turkish territory. This protectorate of Russia does not, however, appear to have denied the sovereign rights of the Sultan, but rather to have been confined to the protection of the national church, towards which a considerable annual contribution has been since made. Kohl, however, estimates this contribution at only £400 a year. But Russia contributes to the maintenance of the Greek Church almost everywhere throughout Turkey in Europe, and

more especially in the Danubian province. Even the principal Greek churches of Constantinople take pride in exhibiting to the visitor pictures, plate, and other donations of the Tsar.

In 1712, the "Black Mountain" was invaded by Ahmet Pasha, at the head of 60,000 men, but the Turks were signally defeated. Another, and a still more formidable expedition, was sent in 1714, under the Grand Vizier, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, who, in concert with the Pashas of Bosnia and Herzegovina, invaded Montenegro at the head of 120,000 men. This immense force made its way to Tzetinie, burnt the convent which had been rebuilt by the Vladika Daniele, pillaged and destroyed the villages, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. The war that followed between the Turks and Venetians alone saved the Montenegrins from further calamities; the country was abandoned by the invaders, and the fugitive mountaineers, returning from their places of concealment, rebuilt their villages, and were soon in a condition to act as allies of the Venetians. Many gallant deeds of arms are recorded of the Montenegrins as performed during these Venetian wars; one of the most noted of which was in 1750, when Nickatz Tomanovich, with forty valiant companions, penetrated through a Turkish army of 20,000 men, killed the Kaiha Pasha, and succeeded, though desperately wounded, in cutting his way back, with few surviving comrades.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and, circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior-shepherd, and the republican member of a savage horde. Hence Europe, in the eighteenth century, seemed not to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the Lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's "Decline" of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. In 1767 an adventurer named Stephen Mali (little Stephen) arrived among the Montenegrins, with whom the story of Peter the Great's living at Saardam as a shipwright is a household tale, and passed himself off as the Russian Emperor Peter III., who had been strangled by order of Catherine, in 1764. The manner in which this impostor imposed upon the credulity of the brave but ignorant mountaineers, even to turning the tables against Prince Dolgorouki, commissioned by Catherine to expose the adventurer, is amusingly told by Mr. Paton in his work on the "Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic." This comedy had, however, a very tragic termination, for the Turks were induced, by that spirit of arch-diplomacy which makes mountains of mole-hills, to look upon Stephen as a real Russian agent, and to invade the country at the head of 100,000 men, under three diffe-

rent Vizirs. Pashas with three tails (mushirs), were much more common in those days than at present; and the "Black Mountain" was once more ravaged and devastated, its metropolis again laid in ashes, its people exterminated or driven to their usual rocky hiding-places. The Montenegrins were placed at further disadvantage on this occasion by the Venetians being hostile to them; and they were thus deprived of ammunition, a single cartridge having, it is said, cost during that war a sequin.

The first historical connection of Montenegro with Austria, dates back to the Russo-Austrian war against the Turks in 1787-1791, when the Montenegrins, with 400 soldiers, under Major Vukassovich, made incursions into Albania, pillaged several villages, and defied the Turks within their own territories. A writer, speaking of this epoch, says: "In 1791, it (Montenegro) still formed part of the Turkish empire, for by the treaty of Sistow, between Austria and the Porte, it was expressly stipulated that none of the inhabitants of Montenegro should be disquieted, molested, or punished for having declared against their proper sovereign." Another writer says upon this, that "the attempt which has been made to show that the territory of Montenegro was placed in absolute dependence on Turkey by the treaty of Sistow, in 1791, is, in our opinion, quite untenable. For the very same article of that treaty which touches Montenegro includes also Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, all provinces which, as is well-known, have long paid only a qualified tribute and allegiance to the Porte." The latter writer is undoubtedly quite right. Montenegro has stood, for a great lapse of time, in the unenviable position of an independent district within an acknowledged territory. It has struggled more incessantly, and with greater success, against the Osmanlis, than either Moldavia, Wallachia, or Servia, and its allegiance to the Porte has never been established *de facto*, or acknowledged by the Montenegrins.

These gallant mountaineers themselves give quite a different story of the treaty of Sistow, or Sistovo. They declare that the two powers, omitting to stipulate for their independence (indeed, it is acknowledged that they only stipulated that they should not be punished for having declared against "their proper sovereign"), left them to be invaded by the Turks, and to resist as best they could. And nobly indeed did they maintain their freedom against the overwhelming power of the Porte, after having resisted every attempt to induce them to acknowledge its authority over their country.

The battle, Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us, which was fought upon this occasion with the Pasha of Scutari, was the most glorious and decisive of all that ever took place between the Montenegrins and the Turks; it established the independence of Montenegro; and the moral effect both in that country and in Turkey has continued to the present day. The Montenegrins were commanded by their late Vladika, Pietro Petrovitch.

Having chosen a favourable spot for opposing the enemy, he posted five thousand men in a difficult pass, with orders to distribute their red fez caps over the rocks, to light numerous fires at night, and to do everything to make the Turks believe the whole army was before them, whilst he led the main body, by a forced march, to their rear. Next morning, the Turks advanced to force the pass; but the difficult nature of the ground, the narrowness of the way that led up the

steep ascent, and the firmness of those who defended it, made superiority of numbers of no avail; and the front and flanking fire of 5,000 good marksmen, kept the whole force of the enemy at bay until noon, when the Vladika, attacking them in the rear, decided the fate of the battle. The Turks, now no longer assailants, were obliged to defend themselves between their two foes, and, after an obstinate fight of three days and two nights, were nearly all cut to pieces. Thirty thousand Turks were killed, and among them the Pasha of Albania, Kara Mahmud Bushatlia, whose head was cut off, and is still kept at Tzetic as a trophy of the victory. The effect of this defeat has never been forgotten by the Turks; no similar expedition has since been sent against Montenegro; and the interest frequently made to obtain the head of the pasha shows how sensitive they are to the disgrace.

Of all the feats of arms, however, that have conferred distinction on the Montenegrins, the assistance given to Russia in the attack on Ragusa, the capture of Curzola, and their successful combats single-handed against the French under Marmont, undoubtedly stand pre-eminent. It was only when the grasping genius of Napoleon forcibly took possession of Venice and her dependencies in the Adriatic, that the allied powers became fully aware of the value and importance of a warlike principality like that of Montenegro. An eye-witness of this campaign, M. Broniewski, says "The best French *voltigeurs* on the advanced posts were always destroyed by them; and the enemy's generals found it more advantageous to remain under the cover of their cannon." Again: "Their extraordinary boldness frequently triumphed over the skill of the experienced hands of the French. Attacking the columns of the enemy in front and flank, and acting separately, without any other system than the inspirations of personal courage, they were not afraid of the terrible battalion-fire of the French infantry."

Still more interesting to us, as English, is the fact that we also occupy a page in Montenegrin history. It was in conjunction with the English that the Montenegrins succeeded in obtaining possession of the admirable port and strong fortress of Cattaro, which, according to a treaty with their Vladika, was henceforth to form a part of their territory, and which they constituted the capital of Montenegro. But this did not suit the views of Austria, and, by one of the articles of the Congress of Vienna in 1814, Cattaro, with the other dependencies of despoiled Venice, was handed over to that power; hence, when the whole of Europe enjoyed the blessing of peace, Cattaro sustained a murderous siege. And it was not till the mountaineers had expended their last cartridge against the Austrians, and saw before them the horrors of starvation, that they surrendered.

The Piesma, or Bardic Poems of the Tchernagori, according to Mr. Spence ("Travels in European Turkey," Vol. I., p. 398), describing the siege and the treachery of the allied powers, pathetically appeal to their old comrades, the Ingleski, the lions of the sea, to come to their assistance, and cause the treaty with their Vladika to be respected. England responded not, and the mountaineers had no other alternative but submission. They made, it is true, several ineffectual attempts to recover possession of a port which brought them indirect communication with the civilisation of the west, so necessary to the prosperity of their little state.

The Turks, on the other hand, were constantly trying to subjugate this unfortunate people, abandoned first by the Venetians, then by the English, bereft of their only sea-port by the Austrians, and only nominally befriended by Russia. In 1832 the Porte possessed a daring general in Reshid Pasha, the conqueror of the Kurds, Bosnians, and Albanians. He was instructed to direct the whole of his forces—tried soldiers, and accustomed to victory—against the Montenegrins. He had, however, opposed to him the late Vladika Pietro Petrovich, worthy, by his gallantry, of being placed by the side of the "Black Prince" of Tchernagora, Ivan Tchernoiévich, or of his own great ancestor, the Vladika Petrovich Niegovich, and who took his measures so effectually that he successfully defeated Reshid Pasha at the pass of the Moratsha, and Namik Ali Pasha at the defile of the Martinichi, with immense slaughter.

Since that signal disaster the Turks have not till the present day attempted a regular invasion of the "Black Mountain." Hostilities, it is true, have never ceased, the Montenegrins sometimes invading the enemy's territories, sometimes repelling inroads of the Turks; but they have all been of minor importance, except the fall of Grahovo and the capture of the Island of Vranina, which was taken by surprise, during a truce, by the Albanians.

In 1840 the Austrians forced hostilities upon the Montenegrins by endeavouring to take forcible possession of some disputed territory near Bridna. Upon this occasion the Austrians were defeated, and that, too, not in the mountain fastnesses of Tchernagora. The contest was for a piece of land which the Austrians had occupied in the neighbourhood of Kossatz, to the north-east of Castel Lastua, and the battle took place at Pastovichio near the frontier of Tzernitza.

The Vladika, however, fearful of the result of a war with so powerful a state as Austria, invoked the good offices of the Emperor of Russia, and the matter was amicably settled by the disputed territory being ceded for an equivalent in money. But in order the better to secure the coveted littoral of Montenegro, the three forts of Mount Kossatz, St. Spiridion, and Pressiek were erected; and in order still more effectually to exclude the Montenegrins from Dalmatia, the Austrians purchased from them the Greek convent of Stanievich, which had been given to Montenegro by the Venetians.

In these acquisitions lie the whole secret of the active interference of the Austrians in the affairs of Montenegro. That power never took a step to ward off the invasions and devastations of the Turks under Sulaiman, Ahmet Pasha, Duman Pasha Kiuprili, Kara Mahmud Bushatlia, or Kurd Reshid Pasha. On the contrary, after availing themselves of the hereditary hatred entertained by the Montenegrins for the Turks, in the war of 1787-1791, they left them unprotected to continue the struggle in the defence of their nationality and religion, of their very existence on the face of the earth. But the possession of the whole littoral of Montenegro has given quite a new aspect to Austro-Montenegrin politics.

"We cannot but admire," says Mr. Spence, "the heroic bravery, the constancy of purpose, and devotedness of the Christian tribes of Albania and Servia, who, on the destruction of all that is dear to a high-minded and patriotic people—their altars, and fatherland, found a secure retreat in the fastnesses of their native mountains, and continued for centuries to maintain their

wild independence, in spite of every effort of the Ottoman Porte, even in its best days, to subdue them; and now that the Turkish government has commenced the difficult task of reforming the abuses of centuries, this very circumstance tends to retard the progress of improvement, and prevents the tranquillisation of this important portion of the Turkish empire. At the same time it affords a constant pretext for Austria and Russia, under the plea of religious obligation, to interfere with the internal administration of the country. The free tribes of Upper Albania, the Muriditi, Malasori, and Klementi, who inhabit the adjoining mountains of this singular country, and profess the Latin ritual, rely on Austria, as a Roman Catholic power, for protection. On the other hand, their neighbours, the Tchernagori (Montenegrins) who adhere to the Greek form of worship, look up to the Tsar of Russia as their natural chief."

Sir Gardner Wilkinson remarks, in a similar spirit, that hemmed in as the Montenegrins are by their enemies, the Turks, it was natural that they should seek the good-will, and even the protection of some powerful state; and it must be confessed, as Colonel Vialla observes (Vol. I., p. 385), that they could scarcely doubt whether to apply to Austria or to Russia. The similarity of religious doctrines suffice to make them decide in favour of the latter. If the Vladika had preferred serving the interests of Austria, he would soon have been tormented by the ecclesiastical authorities of Vienna, who would have tried to subject him to their formidable supremacy, and, perhaps, oblige him by degrees to conform to the Roman rites; or at least to draw over many of the priesthood, allured by the favours of a jealous court. Besides, the immediate vicinity of the Austrian troops was more dangerous to the independence of Montenegro than the remote position of Russia; all which considerations could only induce the Vladika to take the measures he has adopted.

The Austrians have then no plea of religious obligation in protecting Montenegro in a war with Turkey. The close alliance established between Austria and Russia by the late war in Hungary may, however, have given ample grounds for the Austrians taking the place of the Russians in defending Montenegro from actual invasion. Their immediate proximity to the seat of war reveals the advantages of such an arrangement, while the recent acquisition of the littoral of Montenegro would give them a personal interest in such a movement quite independent of any religious feeling. Even a part of the mountain on the renowned ascent from Cattaro to Tzetinie has been ceded to the Austrians some years back for a pecuniary consideration.

V.

BOCCA DI CATTARO—EXQUISITE SCENERY—PORT OF MONTENEGRO—A CATTARO CICERONE—TOWN OF CATTARO—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—SUBTERRANEAN WATERS—MARMONT AT CATTARO—FEROCITY OF THE MONTENEGRINS.

MONTENEGRO, we have seen, forms no part of Dalmatia, but is an independent republic, of the fiercest mountaineers, who have always succeeded in defying the Porte, from the impregnable position of their country, overlooking the Bocca di Cattaro and the Lake of Scutari. It is from the formerly exquisitely beautiful haven, and not less interesting town, that Montenegro

is most readily reached, and we will anticipate our penetrating into the heart of the "Black Mountains," by a preliminary visit to Cattaro, in company with that most lively of peripatitians—Mr. A. A. Paton.

It was on a bright sunlit afternoon, in the first days of December, that the steamer entered the Bocca, every inch of the deck being covered with riflemen. At the sight of this gulf, so celebrated for its natural beauty, the wish of many a long-revolving year was fulfilled. Casotti, in his own quiet way, on arrival at Cattaro, breaks out with enthusiasm: "How imposing a spectacle is the cascade of the Kerka! how sublime an edifice is the temple of Sebenico!" and then, after a long list, he adds, "but most delicious of all is the canal of Cattaro!" And well might he give it the preference over every other scene of natural beauty in this province. The Bocca di Cattaro has all the appearance of an Italian lake embosomed in Alps, with the difference that the lake is composed of salt water instead of fresh, and is on a level and communicating with the sea, so as to form not only a secure harbour of an extent to contain all the navies of Europe, and a depth to admit of three-deckers lying close to its shores, but possessing a beauty worthy to be compared to that of Lebanon rising from the waters of Djouni (Juni), or Naples herself, with all her enchantments. From Castel Nuovo at the entrance, to Cattaro at the extremity, the whole of the gulf is lined with villages and isolated villas arising out of the water's edge. Rich vine, citron, and olive-grounds slope rapidly upwards to a considerable distance; and above the line of vegetation, tremendous bare rocks tower suddenly and precipitously up to an Alpine height, till they are crowned on the landward side by the peaks of Montenegro.

In a climate that looks across the Adriatic to the temperate coasts of Apulia, the fall of the year had laid her impress lightly on the brows of the surrounding mountains: a yellow tone on the hanging woods began to mingle with the deep-green olives; the Bocca was no longer in the heyday of verdure, but, like a well-preserved beauty, in all the pleasantness of early autumn, while the crimson of an unclouded sunset invested her barest summits with its subdued splendour. Half way to Cattaro (for the passage is long and winding), the lake grows narrow, to little more than the space between the iron gates on the Danube; and we cleave the rended precipices again to enter another wide inland basin. As the steamer swiftly advances up the smooth, land-girt waters, every soul was on deck to catch a new turn in the magic panorama. Ever and anon a shot, fired from a point of land or fishing-hamlet, signalised a party of sharpshooters on piquet; and some sad air of Bellini, played by the band, floated across the waters in sweet responses to the distant challenge.

It was night when we dropped anchor off Cattaro, the forms of the mountains being faintly visible, but enough to show me that I was at the bottom of a kettle or cauldron. Lights twinkled in the windows of the town, and the glare of torches at the quay was reflected in the water by long streaks of trembling yellow; a hubbub of boats was at our larboard; and the deck crowded, with boats disembarking, made a scene of rather dismal novelty. On landing, the customs' officers searched my baggage minutely, as I had come from the islands; the facility which their coasts afford to the smuggler being a pretext for an unavailing rigour at the ports of the mainland.

Conducted to the only hotel of the town, I found it to be miserable; for Cattaro is the *ultima Thule* of the Austrian empire. The few travellers that ascend to Montenegro are insufficient to maintain a comfortable inn, and I was fortunate in getting a room, for the crowding of troops had made quarters very scarce. Next morning after breakfast, a man of jobs and commissions presented himself in the last stage of shabby genteel, and making me a profound bow, asked me if I was an Englishman, and I admitted I was.

"This town," says he, bowing again profoundly, "is a place of very great taste for the arts, sir; of first-rate taste; and if you want a large room, sir, I think I can get you one."

"A large room!" said I, somewhat surprised; "if you suppose I am either a singer or a picture-dealer, you are under a mistake."

"A singer or a picture-dealer," continued he, plausibly, "that is horridly low; I see there is some mistake, for I was informed that you were a fire-eater."

The hallucination seemed so whimsical, that I could not avoid humouring it. "What would you say," said I, "to an advertisement of this sort: The British Wizard and Fire-Eater, desirous of having the honour of appearing before the public at Cattaro, has abandoned his engagements in Paris and London, &c., &c."

"Magnifico!" said he; "and if you need a check-taker, I am your most obedient humble servant."

"Now tell me," said I, "who told you I was a fire-eater?"

"I knew it at once, sir," said he, with a knowing wink, "when that servant informed me that you could drink boiling water, and make water boil without fire."

In a state of mystification, which the reader can more easily suppose than I can describe, the servant of the hotel being called in, I asked her what water I had boiled without a fire; and she immediately pointed out an innocent bottle of Seidlitz powders which stood on the chest of drawers, on which I repeated the wonderful experiment of adding cold water to a little powder. As it fizzed up in the glass, the servant called out, delighted beyond measure, in a hodge-podge of Illyrian and Italian, "*Gospodine Pomeloi, bolle senza fuoco!*" "Oh! Lord, it boils without fire!" But the commissioner, studying for a moment, brightened up with the ardour of discovery, and pronouncing it to be "*una medicina*," looked at the poor waitress with such contempt that she went confounded out of the room.

Finding that the only necromancy I contemplated was a trip to Montenegro, the commissioner, begging my pardon, and not to be foiled of a job, at once promoted me from plain Mister to Excellency, and then ran on with all the volubility of his tribe: "Ah, sir, you belong to the first nation of the world—a free nation, sir. You must see Albania, too; just like England, for all the world. A man does what he chooses—nothing like freedom. And if a man give you any insolence, just whistle a bullet through his gizzard; nobody says anything—just like England. I recollect my Lord Boot Brute—yes, I think that was his name; perhaps your Excellency might know him.

"Brickbat?" inquired I.

"Giusto, precisely, my Lord Brickbat: I am sure he was a milordo; for his watch-chain was of solid gold, and his waistcoat of Cashmere shawl. When the people wondered why he went to service in the Duomo, he said that God cared no more about orthodox and

schismatic than the Pasha of Scutari cared whether a Christian took off his hat or a Turk took off his shoes to him. A most distinguished man was my Lord Brickbat; and people said, 'These English are originals,' but their Christianity comes from the wrong side of the blanket. A wonderful nation! Now, when a Dalmatian has no money, he stays at home; when an Englishman wants to save money, he goes abroad. I know your Excellency is not one of that sort; but economy is not a bad thing; and let me advise you to be on your guard against all those plausible impostors and cheats that are on the look-out for travellers, and prey upon their credulity. You will pay double for everything in Montenegro, if you have not some honest man who knows the country. Now I, for instance, know Montenegro well, and to serve an Englishman would do anything for him from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again."

"I will see," said I.

"Well, notwithstanding my good wishes, your Excellency is impatient. I am sure the loan of a florin or two would not inconvenience you? You doubt again; well then, a zwanziger, to make my market."

When the zwanziger was given, there came a supplementary request for *due gotti*, two drops of rosolio to wet his whistle. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed before he came back, smelling of the liquor, and announcing, with irradiate countenance, that he had explained to the police my intention to proceed to Montenegro, and spontaneously asked for permission, &c., which called forth on my part a specimen of that national freedom of speech which he admired rather in the abstract than in the application, and which kept his officiousness within bounds during the remainder of my stay.

"What sort of a place is Cattaro?" was a question which I had one day addressed to the captain of the steamer after dinner. "There is Cattaro," said he to me, pointing to the grounds at the bottom of his coffee-cup. "The sun sets behind the mountains at mid-day," continued he, with facetious exaggeration; "and the mountain above threatens to fall over and cover the town." I had left the hotel but a very short way, when I found the place to be almost what the captain had told me. At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church, is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.

In the interior of the town I was agreeably disappointed in finding it to be a very different place from what I had anticipated. So close to Montenegro, where a row of Turkish skulls, on spikes, formed until lately a conspicuous ornament of the capital of the most insubordinate population of the Ottoman empire, I had a notion of its being a miserable place; but here was still in every street and edifice the same Italian

stamp: a solid, well-built Cathedral, of hewn stone, better than ninety-nine out of a hundred churches in England; several public piazzas; and a fine, picturesque old tower as a guard-house, with the usual Venetian lion, which will last a thousand years, unless some earthquake should shake down that uneasy-looking lump of mountain, and bray the town, lion and all, to infinitesimal atoms.

The dress of the coast-towns of Dalmatia is entirely European; that of Cattaro, as I have already stated, has more of the Oriental than of the European, black Hessian boots being added to a Turkish costume, with a very small fez.

In summer, the high mountains, excluding the north-west breeze, render Cattaro a place of stifling heat; and in winter, the clouds, breaking against the mountains, make it very rainy. The days preceding my departure for Montenegro were marked by a perfect storm of rain; for not only did the water pour from above, but in various places streams of clear water gushed up from below through the crevices of the pavement—a symptom of the overhanging rocks being pervious to springs. The Bocchese, instead of carrying umbrellas, go about with black woollen-hooded cloaks, which are as thick as a blanket, and hard and heavy like felt. I ventured out with an umbrella; and, wrapt up in a cloak, proceeded out at the gate, in order to see a stream gushing from the mountain. A rare spectacle was it to see the spring come from the earth at the foot of the precipice, a ready-formed river, twenty-feet wide, and filtered as clear as crystal. The last geological revolution of Dalmatia has left the Vellebitch a very loose and incoherent mass of limestone, for in several other places we have the same phenomenon. The river that waters the plain of Licca, in Croatia, loses itself in an immense hollow, and mingles its waters with the Adriatic, after traversing a mountain-chain 4000 feet high. Nothing could be more dismal than the rocks all around, the peak of every mountain enveloped in mist; and, along with the damp, we had a close, warm atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging between 70° and 80°, and thus for several days: but with a north wind came complete clearness and perspicuity of the atmosphere; and the sunshine on a Gothic balcony and fretted balustrade, with an orange-tree on the opposite side of the street, its golden fruit protruding over the wall, made as charming a piece of colour as a painter of local nature could desire.

Cattaro, called Dekatera by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was successively under the protection of the Greek emperors and Servian and Hungarian monarchies, but became Venetian in 1420, preserving its municipal privileges, and being governed by a Venetian, with the title of *Estraordinario*, under the *Proveditor-general* of Zara. From this time up to the fall of the Republic, it was under the banner of St. Mark. Austrian from 1737 to 1806, the decisive victory of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg, handed it over to the French empire. But Russia could view with no complacency the port of Montenegro, in which she exercised so large an influence, and which was so important a space in the chess-board of European Turkey, occupied by France, then the ally of the Porte. The fleets of Russia, aided by a fierce, undisciplined band of Montenegrins, offered a vigorous but ineffectual resistance to the French occupation. They advanced as far as Ragusa, and burned its suburbs; but Mar-

shal Marmont, at the head of 9000 well-disciplined troops, gave battle to the combined forces of the Montenegrins and a small body of Russians; and having gained a decided victory on the 1st of October, 1806, at the Sutorina, on the Bocca di Cattaro, the submission of the rest of the province quickly followed, and Russia, at the treaty of Tilsit, recognised the French possession of this part of the Adriatic.

Cattaro and its district has been, since the last Austrian occupation of one of the four circles of Dalmatia, the smallest in extent and population, but the most difficult to manage of all the four, from the neighbourhood of Montenegro; and was on that account sought after by the present occupant, a Bohemian of great talent and energy, who was previously at Spalato, as a means of meritorious advancement. The population of the town is 4000, and there is a great deal of capital in the place; for the Bocchese are excellent sailors, and although there is nothing behind Cattaro but the rocks of Montenegro, this hardy and industrious people possess upwards of one hundred and fifty vessels of long course. The products and profits of the Antilles and Brazils have built these neat villas, and laid out those gardens, that make the Bocca look like an Italian lake; and it was the well filled plate-chests and the strong boxes that tempted the hunger and rapine of the nightly bands; for the Bocchese, like the Turk, must see his property in the solid—a ship, a house, or the clinking cash—and would not trust the paper of the Bank of England.

There was a great deal of unpleasant agitation in Cattaro during my stay, in consequence of the nightly incursions of these desperadoes. Twice during the three or four days of my stay at Cattaro they attempted to rob houses on the Bocca; but the alarm being suddenly given to the detachments of Rifles, they drew off, though not without an exchange of shots. These marauders were not Montenegrins, but a mixed band of Herzegovinians from Grahovo, who shared their plunder with the Aga there; for on these three frontiers order is kept with difficulty, passage from one to the other being easy, and the authority of the Porte in Herzegovina quite nominal. The Government of Montenegro, in the absence of the *Vladika*, co-operated with the Austrian Government of Cattaro to repress the depredations; but when hunger has a share in stimulating outrage, Governments can do very little in a wild mountainous country like this.

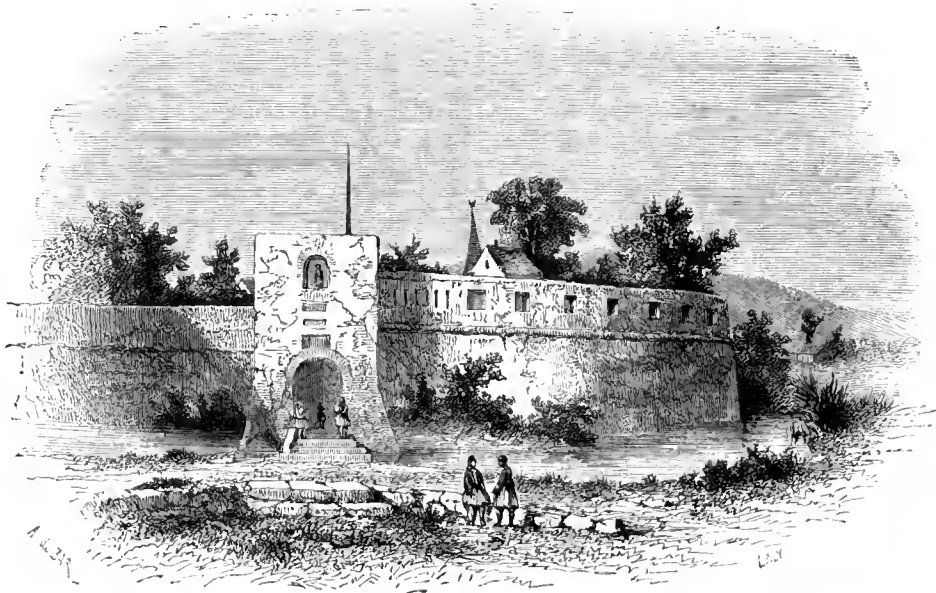
Cattaro, being strongly fortified, could resist any force the Montenegrins could bring against it, if hostilities should ever unfortunately break out between these mountaineers and the Austrian Government; but the situation of the garrison being at the foot of the mountain would become very unpleasant, and confine them to the town and castle. This did occur in 1809 during the French occupation. Some Montenegrins were drinking in the town, and two Italian soldiers, probably also in liquor, entering the wine-shop, one of them, either in sarcasm or familiarity, took hold of one of the Montenegrins by the moustache, which they regard as almost sacrilege. The Montenegrin drew his pistol, and discharged it in the face of the soldier; but the ball missing him, and other comrades coming to the assistance of the soldier, they wounded the Montenegrins with sabres. But the quarrel did not end there. On the succeeding days the heights above Cattaro were covered with Montenegrins, all armed, who infested the approaches, and broke up the

roads the French had formed; so that the people of Cattaro, knowing the excitable race they had to deal with, scarce dared to venture out of the town; but the officers continued to dine at a sort of rustic casino a short way from the gate, the front door of which opened on the road, and the back door on a small garden. The Montenegrins, determined to glut their vengeance, made up a party of nine or ten men, the half of whom presented themselves at the road, while the other half, escalading the garden-wall, entered by the back door; and, as the officers sat at dinner, fired their muskets at them, and fled. Five officers and a serjeant fell on the occasion; and this produced such an effect on the French Commandant, that he immediately sought a conference with the Archbishop, and the affair ended in a convention, greatly to the satisfaction of the citizens of Cattaro, who, during all the affair, durst not stir beyond the gates of the town.¹

VI.

MONTENEGRIN BAZAAR—THE LADDER OF CATTARO—TOWN OF NERIOUSH—MONTENEGRIN HUTS—TZETINIE, CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO—FORTIFIED CONVENT—PALAZZO DEL VLADIKA—FERCENESS OF THE MOUNTAINEERS—PRESENT POLITICAL CONDITION—MURDER OF PRINCE DANILLO.

WE must now take our way with our traveller from Cattaro, the Port of Montenegro, up the rocky Vellebitch, by the so-called Ladder of Cattaro, into the interior of the Black Mountaineers' fastnesses. Learning, says Mr. Paton, that a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, in the employ of the Vladika, was in Cattaro, I was advised to take advantage of his return to Cetigne, or Tzetinie, as Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson has it, as I should not only gain in security, but have the advantage of referring for information as I went along to a person well-acquainted with the localities. In ordinary times there is not a shadow of danger between Cattaro



CASTLE OF TREBIGNE.

and Cetigne, and the Montenegrin is as harmless as a wolf in midsummer; but pinch him sorely with hunger, and anything is welcome to his fangs; so that I thought it on all accounts safer to go in company.

My rendezvous was at the hour of eight, at the Montenegrin Bazaar, outside the gate of Cattaro. Here a rude roof, supported on pilasters of rubble-work, and an avenue of trees, just at the foot of one of those tremendous precipices around Cattaro, was the place where the Montenegrins give their eels from the Lake of Scutari, their skins, and their other products, for the salt, the oil, and the few coarse manufactures and colonials which they need. The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket, lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles,

their small butts covered with mother-o'-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weather-beaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.

We now began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebitch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock four thousand feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this

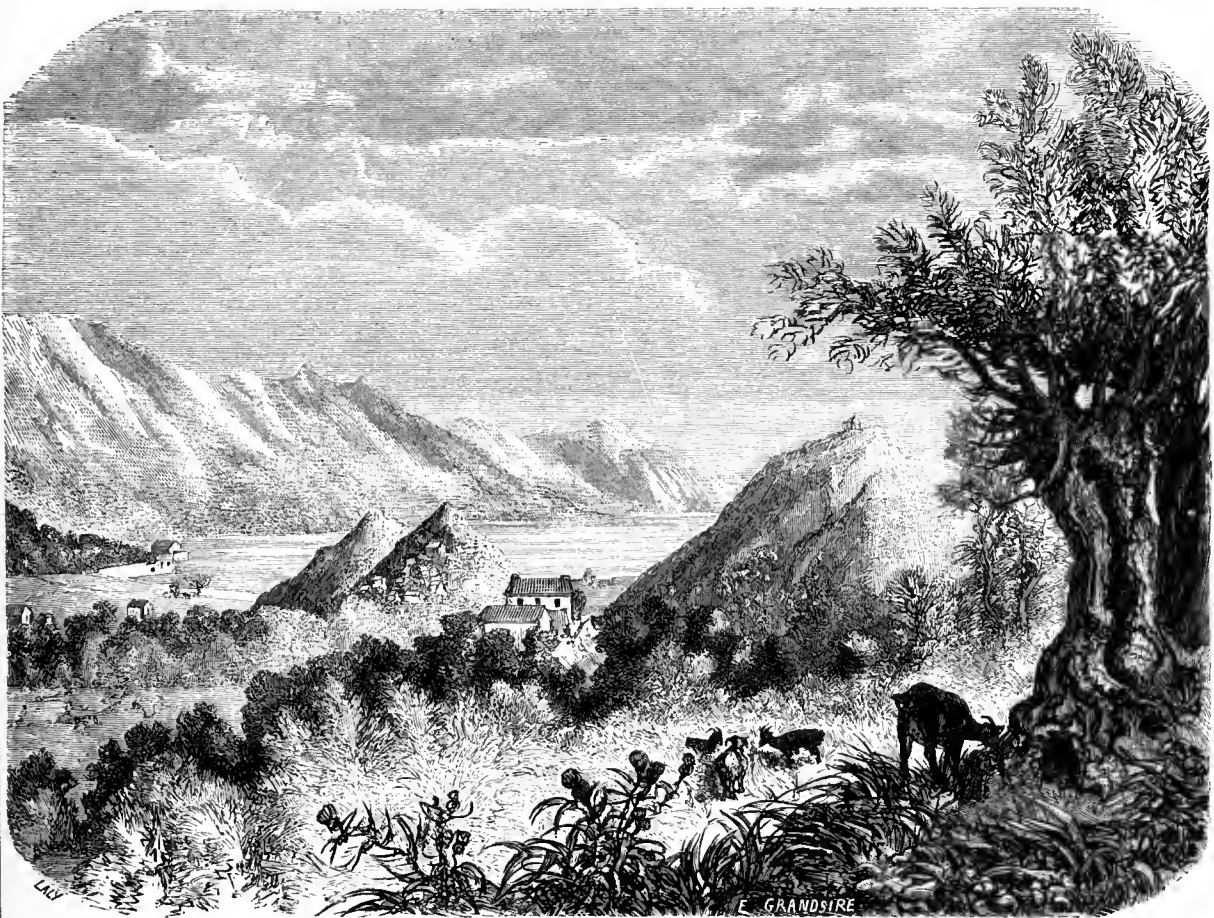
¹ Vialla de Sommières.

road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below. I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea showing how loftily I am placed.

My hired nag was none of the best, and I complained of not being able to keep up with the officer; but the dirty savage with the long locks who walked by my side told me, in a brutal sarcastic sort of way, that "as I had paid the zwanzigers, I had only to hew them out of the horse again;" and suiting the action to the word, with an inharmonious wheezing laugh, he gave the nag

such a jog with his rifle, that I cast a nervous glance over the parapet to the roofs of Cattaro. Happily there was not so much mettle in the butt of my horse as in the barrel of the rifle; so I resolved to be on good terms with the poor hack, and not to hew my zwanzigers out of him again.

Arrived safely at the top of the ladder, I was no longer in Austria, but in Montenegro; and, crossing a short plateau destitute of a blade of grass, and surmounting another ridge, found myself looking down on a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich carefully cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. A rude khan is in the middle of the plain, and a keg of newly



GRADINA.

moulded and shining bullets was the only symptom visible of entertainment for man and horse; but on alighting, the landlord produced some bread, cheese, and wine, and we passed on to Niegush. Here the dogs came out upon us in such force, and with such a ferocious demeanour, that, forgetting my resolution not to hew the zwanzigers out of my horse, I laid on the lash; but Rosinante knowing no doubt from experience that their bark was worse than their bite, took a sounder and more judicious view of the subject, and treated my whip with the same imperturbability as he had done the jog of the Montenegrin gun.

Niegush is called the only town in Montenegro; but in the worst parts of Turkey I never saw anything to equal the misery and poverty of both habitations and inhabi-

tants. It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between a Servian and Montenegrin village. Here all the inhabitants have clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria, but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a *strukah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt, like that of an Albanian, showing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready;" so predominant, indeed, is the idea of a soldier over that of a citizen, that

even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed." The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and show a poorer and more barbarous people.

While the officer transacted some business, I made an exploratory tour through the village, which is the seat of the clan Petrovich, from which the Vladika descends, and the family mansion of whom is a house built in the European style, only to form a greater contrast to the miserable Montenegrin cabins around it. The village is not in the centre of the plain, but built on the slope of the hill, so that not an inch of cultivatable soil is covered. Like the Druse villages, it is easily defensible, one roof rising above the other, and the bare rock is the best part of the pavement.

A man with the front part of his head shaved, and wearing a small black skull-cap, came out of one of the houses and invited me to enter. Chimneys not being in fashion in Montenegro, the door proved a cheap and easy substitute; and, notwithstanding my curiosity to see a Montenegrin hut, the smoke and darkness visible, and the fleas contingent, made me pause a moment; but in I went. A puff of smoke rolling out at that moment fastened on my eyelids, and I advanced groping, winking, and coughing, to the great laughter of the urchins inside, which was no sooner heard by a cow on the other side of the wattle that divided the bipeds from the quadrupeds, than she began to low. A dog, very like a little bear, now awoke from the hearthstone, and began to bark in a way that savoured very little of the honest joy of hospitality. At length I perceived a little square stone, on which I sat down; my enthusiasm for the patriarchal manners of the Montenegrins being as much damped as the handkerchief which I from time to time applied to my eyes.

At length, when a cold blast of air drove the smoke out of the door at which the cattle entered, I looked about me, and saw that the cottage was large, and divided into three distinct compartments: one for my own species, the next for cattle, and one for sheep beyond it; the separation being formed of a rude crate or basket-work, with square apertures, so that a bucket or anything else might be handed from one to the other. Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depth of the recess.

Going out of the hut, I saw women with heavy burdens of salt fish from the lake of Scutari, bound for Cattaro; and one poor industrious creature, besides carrying a heavy burden, was spinning with her distaff as she went along—a sad sight of extreme poverty and painful industry, such as I never saw in any other country. A pang of melancholy went through me as I cast a lingering look at her; but it was momentary; I remember that a scarce harvest was a feather in counterpoise to that independence which Montenegro had so nobly maintained. In Bosnia, the Christian is a slave, and the Moslem the offspring of a renegade. The Montenegrin, barbarian though he be, is a freeman; banish or imprison him far from home, and although neither hunger nor cold pinch him, he pines and dies:

"Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can ere untie this filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature; soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless. The lake of Scutari, the farther extremity of which was forty miles distant, was easy of observation from so commanding an elevation; the rich lands on its nearer borders, with their microscopic divisions, were like the tissues of tartan as given by a Daguerreotype; and immediately at my feet was Cetigne, its little verdant plain surrounded with a rampart of rocks;—the whole mountain a cloud-capped tower of Nature's sturdiest building.

My strength and spirits seemed to rise with the purity of the air, which was very sensible after breathing the atmosphere of Cattaro, close in consequence of its confined situation. M. Violla de Sommières, who lived six years as French Resident in this neighbourhood, in a memoir on Montenegro, makes a statement so extraordinary concerning the effects of the climate on the longevity of the inhabitants, as to throw somewhat of discredit on his account. He mentions that at Schieelich he met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family: the old man himself being 117 years of age; his sons, 100; his grandson, nearly 82; his great grandson had attained his 60th year; the son of the latter was 43; his son 21; and his grandchild, 2 years of age. Very wonderful, if true!

At sunset we arrived at Cetigne, or Tzetinie, the capital (*See* p. 469), which is not a town, but merely a fortified convent, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by scattered houses; and under which, in the plain, is the large new Government-house, which is styled in Cattaro the Palazzo del Vladika, or Archiepiscopal Palace. The inn is newly built, and better than I expected; for upstairs I found a clean room, furnished in the European manner, with a good bed for the convenience of travellers coming from Cattaro; the lower floor being a sort of khan for the people of the country.

While dinner was getting ready, I entered into conversation with the people down-stairs, consisting of a Christian merchant from Scutari, and several powder-manufacturers, emigrated from Albania, and carrying on their trade here. The merchant of Scutari was a very sedate, respectable-looking man; and the company, including the landlord, were joking him on his supposed wealth, the merchant protesting, like Isaac of York, that it was quite untrue, and a most calumnious imputation on him. He appealed to me as to whether he looked like a man of wealth; and I declared that his aspect was so respectable, that if I was a hayduk (robber), I would assassinate him instantly. The merchant gaped at me with astonishment; and, rising his eyelids, looked at me from head to foot, as if I might be a hayduk disguised as an Englishman; but the others laughed aloud, and he changed the subject to Muhammad Ali's recent visit to Constantinople, on which one of the powder-manufacturers began to

wonder at Muhammad Ali being so well received after his long wars with the Porte; but the Scutari man said, "This is not surprising at all; look at the splendid presents that he brought; and remember the proverb, 'A golden key for an iron door.'" "That may be in Scutari," said the powder-manufacturers, "but not in our country of the Myrdites; with you, gold breaks through iron; with us, iron commanded gold until very lately;" and they asked me as to which was the best state of things: but between rapine and corruption I had a delicate choice; and, to get out of the dilemma, declared my belief that the Scutari merchant must be a very wealthy man, on which he again got uneasy; but as I was then called to dinner the conversation dropped.

The keen mountain air and the sharp exercise enabled me to sleep soundly; and next morning the officer in whose company I had come, showed me the lions of Cetigne, regretting that the greatest one, the Vladika himself, was not visible in his den, being then in Vienna. We went first to the old Convent, which resembles a castle of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a round antique-looking watch-tower, with a number of poles, on which, until very lately, the trunkless heads of Turks used to stand in grim array; but the civilising tendencies of the late Vladika suggested the cessation of so useless an act of barbarism.

We now entered the convent, and on the second floor found the Archimandrite in his room. He is the second of the Vladika in spiritual matters, but his dress had few symptoms of the ecclesiastic; and I repeatedly met priests in Montenegro whom I could not have recognised if their condition had not been made known to me, as they wore the usual dress and arms of civilians. They reminded me of Friar Tuck, who wore his canonicals at service, and sported a long bow and short doublet when out a-field. The Archimandrite, a man of pleasing modest manners, opening a chest, displayed to us the surplices and pontificals of satin embroidered with gold, which are invariably received from Russia as a coronation-present after the accession of each Emperor.

Nothing could be plainer or humbler than the furniture of the room, the principal object of which was a small library. The dialect of Montenegro differs slightly from that of Servia, and has a small sprinkling of Italian words, in some respect analogous to that which juxtaposition has introduced of German into the dialects of the Save, the Drave, and the Danube; but the written language of Belgrade, and the profane books printed by the prince's typographer, are considered the standards by the few who can read. The books of Divine service are all of old Slaavic, printed in and imported from Russia. On the same floor is the school-room, with thirty-two urchins in drab clothes and close-clipped heads, who are taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and history, by a native of the Illyrian part of Hungary.

The Archimandrite then conducted us to the church, which has a mummy, in a gaudy dress, with crimson velvet shoes, laid out on a bier, and forming the mortal remains of the Vladika Peter, the predecessor and uncle of the present Archbishop, the veneration for whose memory greatly contributed to the power of the present incumbent. For fifty-three years, that is to say, from 1777 to 1830, he ruled by the mild sway of pious precept and virtuous example; and dying in the last-mentioned year, his nephew, the late Vladika,

when only eighteen years of age, became spiritual head of the mountain. Seven years after death his body was found incorrupt; and a canon of the synod of Moscow declared him to be a saint.

All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; bee-hives of hollowed trunks of trees, and everything betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the Vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the Pasha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder-magazine, an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result.

A hundred yards off is the new Government House, built by the late Vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the Senate was then sitting. The brother of the Vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great, in oil, a smaller one of Kara George, and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the House of Lords and Commons; but a billiard-table, on which the Vladika was said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A Senate, of course, ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod; I accordingly saw, in a corner, a bundle of these *insignia*, but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him; and the President decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.

When the case was decided, I was shown the bedroom of the Vladika, the furniture of which consisted of an Italian bed, a black leather sofa, a toilette-table, an enormous iron strong box; and above was its necessary concomitant, a long row of pegs for sabres and loaded pistols, one of which, with a crimson velvet scabbard, having been that of Kara George. Suspended from a ribbon near the bed was the medal which the Vladika gives to those who distinguish themselves in their conflicts with the Turks, on which are stamped the ancient arms of Montenegro, a double Eagle and Lion, with the inscription, "*Viera svoboda za hrabrost*"—Civil and religious liberty (is the reward) of valour. On our return to the billiard-room, tea was served in the Russian manner, with rum instead of milk, along with pipes of Turkish tobacco; after which we took our leave.

As to the relations of the Austrians with the Montenegrins, they are said to detest them. That the

Austrians, says Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, should have a prejudice against the Montenegrins, is very natural. They are troublesome neighbours, and their robberies were just cause of complaint. Besides, their wild and savage habits render them disagreeable, both as friends and foes; and during the encounter with the Austrians in 1840, that quiet, well-behaved people were justly shocked at their barbarous enemies treating them like Turks, and decapitating every soldier that fell into their hands.

The following anecdote, in illustration of their Dyak-like propensity, is related by the same authority. Two Austrian riflemen finding themselves hard pressed by some of the advancing Montenegrins, and despairing of escape, threw themselves down on the ground, pretending to be dead. The Montenegrins immediately ran to the nearest one, and supposing him to be killed, cut off his head; when the other seeing it was of *no use to be dead*, started up, and rushed headlong down precipices, thinking it better to have any number of bruises than fall into the hands of so relentless an enemy.

Vialla (vol. I., p. 145) speaks of the same mode of treating the French they killed or captured. General Delgorgues, when taken in an ambuscade outside the walls of Ragusa, was instantly decapitated; and during the siege of Castel Nuovo, four Montenegrins amused themselves by playing at bowls with the heads of four Frenchmen, exclaiming every now and then "See how capitally these French heads roll!" a cruel piece of irony, adds Vialla, "in allusion to the *légèreté* attributed to us."

Nor are the Montenegrins always very agreeable allies. Breniewski relates that, at the attack of Clobuk, a little detachment of troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrin perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and having drawn his yatagan, said: "*You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head: say a prayer and make the sign of the cross.*" It is almost needless to say, that the stout officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrin.

Several times have the Austrians contemplated invading and subduing the black mountaineers, and they have even entertained a project of employing the Tyrolese for that purpose. The protection given to the Montenegrins against the Turks is, then, that of the lion and the jackal. However unnatural the condition of the Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe, buffeted about between Turks and Russians and Austrians, still on their integrity depends the long-tottering empire of the Osmanlis in Europe. The Porte is placed in a most perplexing category. If it allows Russia, Austria, and France to rule Montenegro, it permits a first step to be taken in the dismemberment of the whole empire; if it endeavours to establish its supremacy in the mountain, it is threatened with a disastrous onslaught. For if Austria moves, Russia will be certain to follow up that movement on its own side, and it would attack Turkey in a weaker flank than Montenegro. Other European nations may interfere in supporting the long-bolstered integrity of the Turkish Empire, but this will only add to the gravity of the circumstances that must one day inevitably take place. It is impossible, indeed, to overrate the importance of any movement in Turkey in Europe or

in Asia. There is no telling, when a spark falls in a territory so long in a condition ready for combustion, what may be the results. The uprising of the whole Slavonian people would only be a local phenomenon—the interests of the world are implicated and concerned in the fact, that the present state of things should not be disturbed. A step taken in an adverse sense may not be retrieved till Turkey has fallen a sacrifice, or Europe is involved in a disastrous war.

The importance of Tchernagora, Mr. Spencer remarks, is entirely referable to its mountain character, and the ill-judged, suicidal policy of the Ottoman Porte, in oppressing and persecuting its Christian subjects for so many centuries (to whom the impregnable fastnesses of this mountain-fortress have proved a secure asylum), has been the means of adding to the enemies of Mussulman rule. At present, says the same authority elsewhere, Montenegro serves as a bulwark to arrest the intrigues of Austria, and is a point of union in the event of any future insurrection of the Rayahs (Christian subjects of the Porte), since the whole of the intermediate country, with the exception of a few Arnaut districts, is inhabited by tribes of the same race, and professing the same creed.

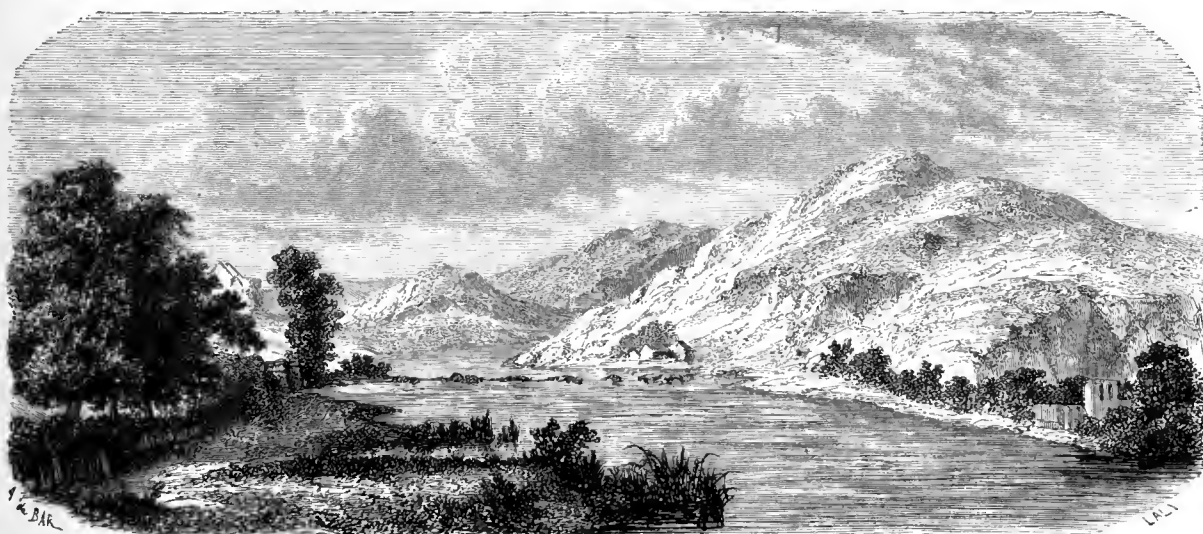
When Mr. Paton wrote in conclusion to his chapter on Montenegrin politics, that with the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity or rapidly progressive civilisation, with a population of little more than 110,000 souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic, he was not in a position to contemplate all the eventualities of the case. Possibly Mr. Spencer was far more prophetic when he said: "Let then but a single tactico of Omer Pacha invade the territory of the free mountaineers of Tchernagora, and we shall find the Haiduk and the Ouskok population of the defile and the mountain again in arms, marshalling the industrious rayah of the valley and the plain to the encounter of the hereditary enemy of their race and creed."

To understand this particular bearing of the question, which is more or less independent of either Turkish, Russian, or Austrian influences, requires some knowledge of the elements of what has been termed in modern times Panslavism—or the re-establishment of a Slavonian nationality, the faults of which system is, that it omits the most important elements of the Turco-European question—the integrity of the Turkish empire, the policy of Russia and Austria, and the interests of other European powers, and even of the United States, which are more or less concerned in any great change in Europe and the Levant. However much the civilisation and prosperity of the Christian races living under Mussulman thralldom may be at heart; however much we may wish to see the barrier removed that has so long kept the richest provinces of Europe apart from the remainder, and its populations alien to the rest of the European family; however much we may wish for the exclusion of Muhammadan bigotry and misrule from Europe, for the welfare and happiness of the whole human race, still the solution of the great question as to how that is to be brought about is beset with the greatest difficulties. No man who has even superficially weighed these difficulties will contemplate a first step taken towards such a solution without the deepest anxiety; and although he will feel that he could occupy pages in discussing contingencies, he will still arrive at only one conclusion, which is, that the very extent of the danger,

even of a partial conflagration amid such combustible materials, will induce all parties to lend a hand in putting out the fire where it is first lighted up. As to the Montenegrins, who have defeated armies of 120,000 Turks in their best days, being able successfully to defend their country, we entertain no doubt whatsoever; the danger lies in the impulse that would be given, even by the success of the mountaineers, to the long agitated question of Pan Slavism, and to which the late Vladika was an enthusiastic convert, and in the jealousy with which Austria, who rules over so large a Slavonic population, would view the ascendancy of any such a party in Turkey in Europe. Hence Austria's apprehensions of a war. Should the Porte succeed, its power on the coast of Montenegro is threatened; it cannot, therefore, permit success. But if the Montenegrins triumph, as they ever have done, they fear the ascendancy of Pan Slavism; and on that question the interests, which for the time being allied Austria and Russia, are diametrically antagonistic. As to the employment of the Slavonians to meet the dif-

ficulties of the case, they have always composed the military frontier, and they are the most available force for that purpose. But it is impossible to deny, that two other categories may have presented themselves to the Austrians. One is, that by the employment of the loyal portion of the Slavonians, they might anticipate any Pan Slavonic movement, and turn it to their own account; another is, that in case of hostilities with the Porte, the Austrians and Russians have come to an understanding, that the one takes the Slavonian, the other the Greek and Turkish provinces. Montenegro would still remain a sore in the side of Austria, even in this possible category. The interest of all other countries, excepting Russia and Austria, should Islamism be obliged by the progress of civilisation to withdraw from Europe, is to preserve the nationality of the Slavonian races—Austria and Russia absorbing already too many nationalities—and to protect the rights and independence of the long prostrate Christians of the East generally.

The latest tragedy enacted in ill-fated Montenegro



RIVER TREBINJZA.

has been the murder of the Prince Danilo—a murder of which it has been said that it reveals one of those retributions of fate which, had it occurred in ancient times, would have given rise to a fresh cycle of mythology, with all its attendant tragedies. The assassin, Signor Kadic, is said to be the same conscientious gentleman who, but a few years ago, went to Constantinople with a commission on the part of the Vladika to assassinate his uncle. Being a great proficient in that branch of the fine arts relating to homicide, the artist shot, stabbed, and otherwise satisfactorily finished off the venerable relative of his Montenegrin highness. The work accomplished, Kadic returned to the Black Mountain, where he probably anticipated that his merits would raise him to a position but one degree below that of the sovereign. However, as is usual in such cases, the man who gave the order for bloodshed felt uncomfortable in the vicinity of the executant. Kadic, after months of incessant bickering with his highness, was sentenced to exile for life and his estates confiscated.

The crime which he committed on the afternoon of

the 12th of August, 1860, was the settlement of this little difference with his former master. He had arrived in Cattaro but a few hours previous to the atrocious deed, and on this occasion, as during the time of his sojourn at Constantinople, disguised his person under the flowing garb of a priest. It was expected that the death of Danilo would be the cause for much internal dissension in the Black Mountain, there being a number of princely families to quarrel for the succession to the vacant throne. For though Nikizza, the son of Danilo's brother, and the presumptive heir to the principality, has been elected Vladika, the Niegor family and other aristocratic clans were supposed not to be unlikely to defend their claims in open contest.

The late Prince Danilo was a man of considerable intellect, and not devoid of cultivation. Having spent part of his younger days in Germany, he found himself, in the year 1852, suddenly called upon, fresh from the lecture-rooms of Vienna University, to undertake the control of his native savages. The salary of 9,000 ducats a year he accepted from Russia, and his mani-

fest devotion to the Czar, did not fail to draw upon him the instant attention of the Turks. War having been declared against him in due form, the country, in the beginning of 1853, was, as before seen, invaded by Omar Pasha at the head of 56,000 troops. The resistance of Danilo was courageous in the extreme; but the fate of his race would have been sealed but for the well-known and peremptory interference of Austria, whose eventual success galled the vanity of the Emperor Nicholas and resulted in the uncourteous dispatch of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople.

In the subsequent period of the Crimean war, Danilo lent his ear to French whisperings, and, refusing to obey orders from Russia, lost the pension which had been the price of his thralldom. The Russian priests, the advisers of his earlier days, had to leave the village representing the capital of the Black Mountains; while their place was occupied by M. Delarue, a French barber, who, engaged at first for the purpose of setting the prince's hair to rights, soon found himself promoted to the more responsible post of head adviser to his highness. From this time the influence of Louis Napoleon was paramount at the court of the Vladika. Having been flattered with the prospect of a Bosnian crown, Danilo, who was well aware of the Russian design of transforming Selavonia into a domain of the Leuchtenbergs, definitively abandoned the cause of the Tsar, and with all the impetuosity of his fiery temper, begged to be accepted as a vassal of France and of Louis Napoleon.

Accordingly two French ships of the line were stationed at Cattaro for the alleged purpose of affording protection to their impromptu ally; though, as afterwards came out, a secret mission had been superadded to survey the coasts of the Adriatic. The prince was grateful, and the war in Lombardy found him prepared to assist the plans of his imperial master at the first bidding. It is notorious that an army of 25,000 Montenegrins had been concentrated for the purpose of invading Dalmatia; but as the peace of Villafranca put a stop to the hostilities, and Louis Napoleon did not require a diversion on the flank of his enemy, the attack was countermanded, and Danilo lost the opportunity of adding a valuable bit of the coast of the Adriatic to his territories. It may be gathered from this that his death must be looked upon as an event advantageous to the interests of Austria, for although from the situation of the country the successor of the prince may be anticipated to follow the same policy, it is still questionable whether the attempt will be continued with an equal amount of talent. M. Delarue, who was with the prince at the time of the murder, immediately repaired to Tzeticine, in order to exert himself in favour of perpetuation of French influence, and it was probably owing to his representations that the death of Danilo was not succeeded by an immediate outbreak of civil war.

VII.

HERZEGOVINA.

TREBIGNO AND THE TREBENITZA.

ASCENT OF THE VELLEBITCH FROM RAGUSA—VILLAGE OF BERGATO—A DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE AGES—FORT TZARINE—VAL DI BRENO—EPIDAUROS, OR OLD RAGUSA—ESCLAPIUS AND HIS SERPENT CAVE—TRUE STORY OF THE CAPITAL AT RAGUSA.

THE great peculiarity of the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic, and which is divided in actual times into the

four departments (proceeding from north to south) of Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, and Cattaro, is that it is a mere strip of littoral country separated from Croatia and Herzegovina on the north, and from Montenegro on the south, by a rugged chain of limestone mountains, with steep and difficult passes and ascents, and whose rocky hills, farthest removed from the sea in Zara, come right down to the shore in Spalato, where the culminating point on the coast, Mount Biocovo, attains an elevation of 5,889 feet, and leaves, with the exception of the Valley of the Narenta, a very narrow band to Ragusa, with deep sea inlets in Cattaro.

Hence it is that to proceed from Ragusa to Trebigne—one of the Turkish anti-Montenegrin strongholds in Herzegovina—the traveller has to ascend at once up the mountains by a good road carried by the Austrians to the frontier fort of Tzarine, and which the Turks have wished but have not had the means or perseverance to prolong to Trebigne. The only Ragusan village on this road is Bergato, an oasis of cultivation amid arid rocks, and to which are attached the interesting historical reminiscences of its having been one of the spots where the French received a severe check, under the first empire, and of its having been the scene of a domestic drama in the epoch of the middle ages.

A poor gentleman of Bergato, Branivoi by name, died in the fourteenth century, leaving four sons, Michel, Dobrovoi, Branko, and Braiko, bold adventurers, who succeeded in conquering the whole country of Chelm, one of the most important in all Illyria. The brave Zrep, governor of Trebigne, and vassal to the King of Rascia, was defeated by them at the seat of his government and slain, and his domains were occupied by the conquerors, who did not even condescend to do homage to the legitimate sovereign.

Stephen, the blind King of Rascia and Ban of Bosnia, annoyed by proximity of these dangerous chieftains, and roused by the complaints of the Chelmese, who suffered from their exploits, and by those of the Ragusans, whose commerce was interrupted and whose domains were pillaged by the sons of Branivoi, resolved upon putting down their newly-acquired power. To this effect he caused Zagoria and Neverign to be occupied by the troops of the Voivode Reposvan Purchich, whilst he directed Nighier, another Voivode, to follow up the brothers wherever he could find them.

Their actual residence at that time was Stagno, where they dwelt with their mother, an intelligent and ambitious woman, who had brought them up to the career which they had embraced. Their castle, known as that of St. Michel, was at the foot of the mountain on the borders of the sea, and they held there their feudal court. They were brave, and looked upon their adversaries in contempt, so, notwithstanding large odds of numbers, Michel and Dobrovoi went forth to meet Nighier, and give him battle, but they were defeated and put to death. Branko upon this took refuge at the court of the King of Rascia, and asked from him an army wherewith to reconquer his country, promising fealty and allegiance. But the old chief did not allow himself to be outwitted. He had Branko placed in durance vile at Cattaro, where he was afterwards put to death. The last brother, Braiko, took refuge with his wife in the island of Olipa, but a Ragusan galley went out and fetched him away and took him prisoner to Ragusa. His wife was sent back to her family, but as to him, he was allowed to perish of hunger in his prison.

The fort of Tzarine, situated on Turkish territory, is a mere ruin, but it occupies an imposing position on a rocky height. Once upon the Ottoman territory, nothing is to be seen but this spectacle of decay upon a vast scale. Monuments and institutions are alike breaking down at an equally rapid pace. Beyond this fortress the mountain upland presents the same features as elsewhere in Illyria and Dalmatia; a stony desert, with little vegetation, a few shrubs of evergreen oak or ilex, from one to two feet in height, no water except in a few cavities, with here and there a little earth of a brick-red colour. Such are the features of this rocky land from Montenegro to Croatia, and yet, thanks to the wild escarpments here and there, it is always more or less picturesque.

At a distance of about three miles from the frontier, the road is carried along the side of a precipitous acclivity and opens upon the beautiful valley of Breno, the luxuriant vegetation in which, and the animation imparted to it by five goodly villages and their busy inhabitants, strike the traveller all the more forcibly from their contrast with the naked rocky territory amid which they are nestled. The Val di Breno forms a crescent, hemmed in by mountains, and terminates in a pretty bay—a pleasant background to a landscape quite Arcadian in its character.

The best view of this valley is, however, to be obtained on the road from Ragusa to Cattaro, at the point where it commences to descend into the vale beneath. It is true that the whole extent of the panorama cannot be there embraced, for there is to the right a height crowned by a chapel which gives to the bay the appearance of a lake, by completely masking the southern extremity, where a little town of melancholy appearance appears to slumber.

Yet is this little slumbrous town neither more nor less than the venerable and illustrious mother of Ragusa: it is the ancient Epidaurus—Ragusa Vecchia—of which only mounds remain; but wherever the earth is excavated, foundations of houses, fragments of tombs, sections of columns, and mutilated statuary are found. Encheleian Illyria, of which Epidaurus was subsequently the chief city, was the scene of the adventures of Cadmus, after his flight from Thebes; and the city itself, founded by a Greek colony in B.C. 689, as some suppose from Epidaurus in Laconia, became, like the two cities of the same name in Peloponnesus, a chief city of worship of Esculapius.

To this day, one of the capitals of the colonnade of the palace of the government in Ragusa is supposed by some to represent a scene, in *alto rilievo*, of the god seated, with a species of mitre on his head, and a flowing beard; a book being on his knee, and instruments of chemistry and pharmacy around him, taken from the ruins of Epidaurus.

Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, however, who has figured this capital in his admirable work on Dalmatia and Montenegro (vol. I. p. 366), first pointed out that the so-called Esculapius is no other than a mortal alchemist, holding a book in one hand, and resting the other on a shelf, surrounded by bottles and various appurtenances of the craft, among which is an alembic, in the very act of distilling.¹ (See p. 480.)

Epidaurus had a small port, which was much frequented in early times, and under the Romans it

became a colony, with the name of Colonia Epidaurus, or Colonia Asclepitana Epidaurensis. It passed into their hands in 168 B.C.; but no notice occurs of it until the civil war of Pompey and Cæsar, when having declared in favour of the latter it was besieged by Octavius. The opportune arrival of Vatinius relieved it; and nothing more occurred, until a revolt of the Epidaurians, against the Romans, called for the interference of the Proconsul C. Asinius Pollio; who reduced them to obedience, and obtained, as we are told by his friend Horace, the honour of a "Dalmatian triumph."

From that time Epidaurus preserved its fidelity to Rome; in the long war of Augustus and Tiberius against the Illyrians, it remained firm to the Roman cause; and it continued to be a useful colony until its destruction by the Goths in the third century.

Mr. Paton gives a pleasant sketch of the modern town, now a mere village of 521 houses, with a population of 3,102 souls, and the more wretched from the imaginary contrast to the magnificent Epidaurus which once covered the neighbourhood. "The inn was humble but cleanly, and after supper we went to the café, and had some chat with the people there assembled. Every village in Dalmatia has just such a small café; a female stands at a counter on which are large bottles of brandy and maraschino, and a brass lamp of olive oil; three or four small black walnut tables have each a tallow candle, at which are seated the principal people of the place playing at cards, and half of them smoking, so that the den is rather obscure."

VIII.

A DALMATIAN CAFE—FEUDAL TOWN OF TREBIGNE—CASTLE OF GRADINA—AN EPISODE OF MONTENEGRIN REVENGE—THE TREBINITZA, A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER—AN INTERMITTENT LAKE—THE OMBLA.

ABOUT six miles beyond where the mountain road commands so comprehensive a view of the Val di Breno and of the site of Epidaurus, is a valley, like a circus, and in the midst of which three Turkish custom-house officers were stationed at a little hut, without any other resource than that of smoking all day long, and offering coffee to "travellers of distinction." Three miles beyond this again, is the first military post, or guard house, beyond which the country begins to lower down to where a perfectly level soil without rock gives evidence of its being the dried-up bed of an ancient lake. So little alluvial deposit however does this intermittent lake leave behind it in a region of hard limestone rock, that it bears but a scanty green sward. This plain is traversed by the River Trebinitza, and is said to be overflowed in winter or in time of floods. On its eastern side, and on the banks of the river, is the little town of Trebigne. A suburb is passed, and then a draw-bridge, before the old part of the town is attained, redolent of the middle ages, and replete with reminiscences of the Servian domination, when Trebigne was at the apogee of its splendour. Within this walled part of the town is the Konak, or palace of the Turkish governor. (See p. 488.)

The walled town is also inhabited by the more prosperous portion of the population; commerce is represented by a modest bazaar, a very irregular street situated without the gates. Not only does Trebigne with its walls, towers, ditches, and ramparts, remind the traveller of the middle ages—of a feudal fortress which in the time of the Servian Kralis or Kings had its

¹ The art of distilling was introduced into Europe in 1150, by the Moors of Spain. A still in Arabic is called dist or dust. Alembic is also Arabic.

hereditary chiefs just like any old German city; but a short distance off, on the road to Klobuk, is a rocky peak, crowned by another baronial looking castle, surrounded by houses and cultivation, which indicate comfort if not wealth, and which represents those little "castels" of Bosnian feudality, when such tyrannised hereditarily over the villages built in their shade. (See p. 489.)

The site is called Gradina, and it still belongs to a family with the unmistakeable name of Disdarevich. There is a melancholy episode of recent times associated with the name, Slavonian as it be.

It was the 11th of May, 1858, the first day of the battle of Grahovo. Two young Montenegrins, brothers, had been killed that day. A man, who was returning from the battle, met their mother and informed her of the sad catastrophe that had occurred. She, a true Montenegrin, at once repaired to the bloody field, herself buried the bodies of her much-loved children, carried away their arms, and returning home cast them at the feet of her husband, apostrophising him at the same time as follows: "Your two sons are slain, and here are their guns, cursed be your soul if you do not revenge them!" The old man, without vouchsafing an answer, took up one of the guns, passed the frontier, and arrived on the field of battle at the very moment when the Turks, crushed on all sides, were doing their best to cover their defeat by a few vain efforts of individual bravery. Among others, a group of Bosnians still held together under the orders of Disdarevich, who was distinguished by his rich costume and his feats as a swordsman. The Montenegrin made his way into his neighbourhood, shot him, and cutting off his head returned with it to his hut, and then casting the bloody trophy at his wife's feet, he said: "Well! are my sons revenged?"—"Yes," she answered, "and now my heart is satisfied."

Happily, the blue Trebinitza is there, serene and beautiful, to suggest less gory ideas than those of a

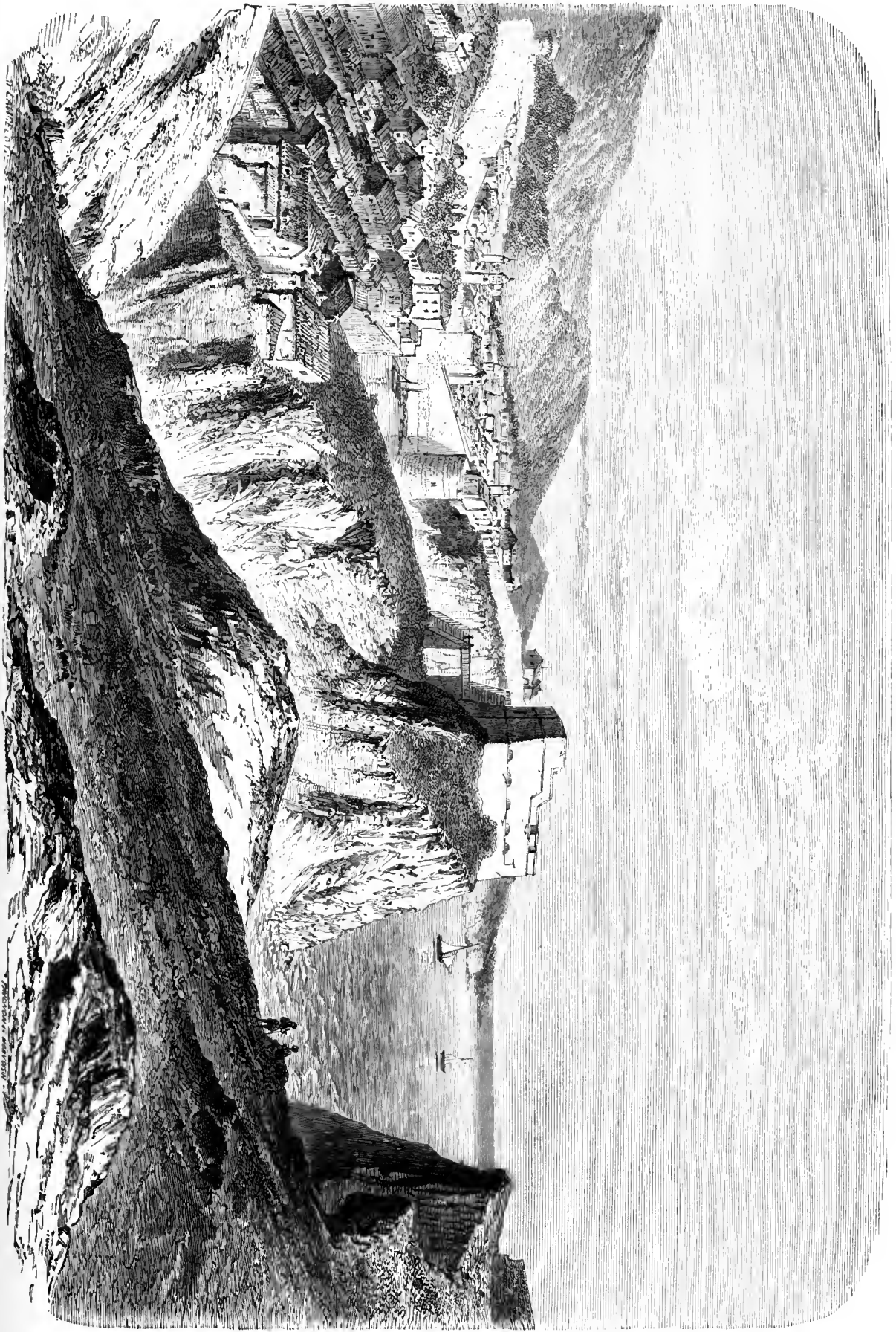
mountaineer's vendetta. This little river is still as when sung of by the Latin poet:

"*Nymphæ, cœruleæ nymphæ quæque antra Trebinnae,
Quæque lacus liquidos, Naiades, incolitis.*"

wide but shallow, it develops its transparent flood between a border of gardens and cultivation, which it waters by means of wheels like the Spanish norias. (See p. 493).

So little is this district known, that the precise history of the Trebinitza has never yet been written. A learned Illyrian describes it as issuing from a lake at Biletsehi, and says that it loses itself above Ragusa, to re-appear as the Ombla—"the king of subterranean rivers," as it is called by Pouqueville. The same writer asserts, that objects thrown into the Trebinitza have re-appeared after their subterranean course in the Ombla: "*Res in Rhizonem projectæ areano que lapsu ad Arianis latebras delatæ sanxerunt fidem antiquitatis.*" (Ign. Georg., I., 79.) Georgi has only given expression here to the common opinion entertained at Ragusa: that when the Ombla—the river-spring that pours its rock flood into the bay of Gravosa—swells, it is raining at Trebigne. Half-way between Trebigne and the Illyrian mountains, is a plain, which is the seat of a temporary lake like that so well known at Czirknitz, and which peculiar lakes are, indeed, among the characteristic features of the country. In winter time this hollow, around which are the villages of Gallich, Kotesi, and Garmian, is, on the authority of Ignatius Georgius, in his "*Rerum Illyricum*" (Part I. 148), covered with water, constituting a lake some thirty miles in extent. No sooner have these waters attained a certain height, than they are supplied from their subterranean reservoirs with an immense quantity of little fish called by the people *govitzas*, and which are so savoury as to be anxiously sought for. In summer time the soil, enriched by its winter watering, yields a fertile crop.

VIEW OF RAGUSA.



GALAPAGOS ARCHIPELAGO.

I.

CHATHAM ISLANDS—IGUANAS—LAVA ROCKS—LAND TORTOISES
—CRATERS—POST OFFICE BAY—CHARLES ISLAND—SETTLEMENT—ALBEMARLE ISLAND—CYCLOPEAN SCENE.

In the year 1825 the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty directed two ships to be prepared for a survey of the southern coast of South America, and on the 22nd of May, 1826, the *Adventure*, a roomy ship of 330 tons burthen, without guns except one for signals, lightly though strongly rigged, and very strongly built, and the *Beagle*, a well-built little vessel, of 235 tons, rigged as a barque, and carrying six guns, sailed from Plymouth, the first under Captain T. P. Parker, in command of the expedition, the second under Captain P. Stokes, who was succeeded in 1828 by Captain (now Admiral) Fitzroy.

The *Adventure* and *Beagle* touched on their way Madeira, Teneriffe, and St. Jago, and both ships anchored at Rio de Janeiro on the 10th of August; proceeding thence to the River Plata, and to the Straits of Magalhaens or Magellan, whence they returned again to La Plata; afterwards prosecuting their surveys as far as Chiloe, and ultimately returning to this country in 1830.

It was decided, from the information brought back, that the survey should be continued, and to that effect the *Beagle* was commissioned by Admiral Fitzroy in July, 1831, and he was accompanied upon this second expedition by the distinguished naturalist Mr. Charles Darwin. The *Beagle* did not get to sea till December in the same year, and it was not till a long time after, after much arduous work had been done, some valuable lives lost, and many hardships undergone, that in September, 1835, the *Beagle* left Callao in the Pacific, and steered direct for the Galapagos Islands, of which we previously possessed scarcely any knowledge whatsoever.

We shall proceed, then, to describe these remarkable islands first after Admiral Fitzroy, beginning on the 6th of September.¹

Uncertain, says the gallant navigator, of the strength, and even of the direction of the currents—though aware that at times the former is very considerable—we were anxiously looking out for land, when what appeared to be an islet was seen from the mast-head. This seeming islet turned out to be the summit of Mount Pitt, a remarkable hill at the north-east end of Chatham Island (Charles Island of Cowley, 1684). As the breeze and current carried us onwards, the tops of other hills successively appeared, and for a short time looked very like a cluster of islets.

Gradually rising above the horizon, the greater part of Chatham Island became distinctly visible. (See illustration, p. 505.) In this neighbourhood it is not often that the air near the water is clear enough to allow of very

distant high land being thus gradually raised above the horizon of an eye at the mast-head, for in general clouds hang about these islands, and the atmosphere itself is hazy. Towards evening the higher parts of the land were clouded over, but we were near enough to see that the island was very rugged—in some places barren—in others covered with a stunted and sundried brushwood—and that the heights, on which the clouds hung, were thickly clothed with green wood. The shores seemed to be bold and easy to approach, though not to land upon, because of a continual high surf.

A number of little craters (as they appeared to be) and huge irregular-shaped masses of lava rock, gave a strangely misleading appearance to the lower part of the island, and when first seen through that indistinct glimmer which is usually noticed over land on which a hot sun is shining, were supposed to be large trees and thick wood. Hood Island, small and rather low, was seen before dark, when we tacked and stretched to seaward for a few hours.

Sept. 16.—Assisted by a current running to the westward, we worked up to Hood Island during the night, and at daylight lowered a boat down and prepared her for Mr. Chaffers, who, with Mr. Mellersh, was to examine this island, and the anchorage about it. Under the land we saw two whalers at anchor, which showed North American colours. The island is small—neither high nor low—rugged, covered with small sun-burnt brushwood, and bounded by a bold rocky shore. Some small beaches of white sand were visible here and there.

As soon as Mr. Chaffers had set out, the *Beagle* steered towards Chatham Island with a moderate breeze, which allowed us to prepare a yawl for another party, under Lieut. Sullivan. At noon Barrington Island was visible from the deck, and appeared to be distant about twenty miles, when, with Messrs. Stewart and Johnson, and ten chosen seamen in the yawl, Mr. Sullivan left us to examine the central islands of the Archipelago.

In continuing our course we passed through several rippings, apparently caused by the meeting of streams of currents which set along the shores of Chatham Island from the east towards the west. If not so caused they must be the effect of currents passing over very uneven ground, but we got no bottom with fifty fathoms of line. When such appearances are created by shoals, it should be remembered that the shallowest place is generally under the smoothest part, close to the ripple. Favoured by smooth water and fine weather, we passed close to the low south-west extreme, and anchored directly that point was found to defend us from the swell.

This part of the island is low and very rugged. We landed upon black dismal-looking heaps of broken lava, forming a shore fit for Pandemonium. Innumerable crabs and hideous iguanas started in every direction, as we scrambled from rock to rock. Few animals are uglier than these iguanas; they are lizard-shaped, about three feet in length; of a dirty black colour;

¹ "Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of Her Majesty's Ships *Adventure* and *Beagle*, between the years 1826 and 1836, describing their examination of the southern shores of South America, and the *Beagle's* Circumnavigation of the Globe." 3 vols., with Appendix to vol. II.

with a great mouth and a pouch hanging under; and a kind of horny mane upon the neck and back; and long claws and tails. These reptiles swim with ease and swiftness, but use their tails only at that time. At a few yards from the water we found vegetation abundant, though the only soil seen was a little loose dusty earth, scattered upon and between the broken lava. Walking is extremely difficult. A handbarrow was lying at the landing-place, which showed that terrapin were to be got near us, though we did not then see any. The men from whalers and sealing vessels carry the large terrapin or land tortoise on these barrows.

Ascending a little hill, we were surprised to find much brush or underwood, and trees of considerable size, as large in the trunk as one man could clasp. There were prickly pears and a kind of gum tree: how their roots were able to penetrate or derive nourishment from the hard lava it is hard to say; for earth there is scarcely any. Wild cotton shrubs are numerous. This first excursion had no tendency to raise our ideas of the Galapagos Islands.

Sept. 17th.—Weighed and stood along shore, sounding. There was good anchorage until near the south-west point of Stephens Bay, off which the water was shoal, and the bottom uneven. We anchored in Stephens Bay, and found an American whaler lying there. This bay is large, and the anchoring ground generally good, but the landing is bad at low water. There is no fresh water: and it is frequently difficult to enter, as well as to leave, because, usually becalmed by high land, it seldom feels the true wind. Enderby Cove is only fit for a boat: at low water it is full of rocks. The Kicker Rock is a curious mass of stone rising almost perpendicularly from the bottom of the sea where it is thirty fathoms deep; and in the offing is another (called the Dalrymple by Colnett), which looks exactly like a ship becalmed with all sails set. Seeing a remarkable hill at the north-east side of the bay, which had not an appearance like other parts of the island, I went to it in a boat, hoping to find water near the foot, and to have a good view from the summit. Disappointed in both ways, the hill being composed of crumbling sand-stone, and almost inaccessible, I returned to the ship early next morning. Several new birds were seen by those who were on shore, and many fish were caught on board, of which the best and most numerous were a kind of rock cod, of large size.

Sept. 18th.—Weighed and stood along shore, until noon, when we anchored close to a low rugged point, near the north-east end of the island: employed two boats in examining the shore, and landed a boat to look for terrapin. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Stokes went to the top of a neighbouring hill. Throughout this day it blew so fresh a breeze that double-reefed topsails were as much as could be carried; but I think this strength of wind only prevailed under the lee of the island, where the wind rushed down in squalls, after having been intercepted and checked by the high land. All the hills appear to have been the eraters of volcanoes: some are of sandy mud, others are lava. There is plenty of wood hereabouts, though stunted and dry. On no part of this shore is there a chance of finding water; all is stony, without any soil which could either collect or carry it off.

Our party brought eighteen terrapin on board. In size they were not remarkable, none exceeding eighty pounds. This animal appears to be well defended by nature; but in truth, it is rather helpless, and easily

injured. The shell is slight, and becomes weaker (in proportion to the animal's size) as the tortoise grows older.

Sept. 19th.—Sailed round the north-east extremity of the island, and worked to the southward against a tide, or rather current, setting strongly to the north-west.

Sept. 20th.—At daylight we were off the south-east part of the island; and continued working to the south-west, during the forenoon, along a shore quite bold, excepting the small rocks above water in Middle Bay. At noon, seeing a small cove, I went in a boat to examine it and look for water. We found no sign of any in that place; but a little farther west a fine stream was seen falling from a lava cliff, about thirty feet high. Mr. Low had described this waterfall correctly; and his account of the watering-place near it was soon verified, by our discovering a cove half a mile to the westward of the cascade. We landed on a stony beach in the cove, and found a fine stream of excellent water; two others were likewise seen, but they were inaccessible. This water runs from the highest part of the island (which is almost always enveloped in clouds) down a large valley. All the southern side of the island is well wooded, and on the higher ground the wood is very green.

Continuing our course along shore, we arrived at our former anchorage in Stephens Bay soon after dark, when Mr. Chaffers returned on board, having reached the anchorage in the morning.

Sept. 22nd.—So generally cloudy is the weather here, that a day such as this proved to be, of hot, vertical sunshine, was much felt by everybody.

Sept. 23rd.—While becalmed we tried the clamms (a contrivance of Admiral Fitzroy for ascertaining the bottom of soundings), in fifty fathoms water, and brought up as much sand as would fill a bucket, but nothing curious. Afterwards we had a breeze, and passed Barrington Island pretty closely. It is not high, yet the shores are bold and fronted by cliffs; the more elevated parts appear to be level, and rather woody.

Sept. 24th.—While we were endeavouring to reach the anchorage in Post Office Bay (Charles Island)—(See p. 519)—Mr. Chaffers and Mr. Mellersh went away in a boat to visit the islets that lie near the eastern side of that island: and it was found that they had all been the summit of volcanoes. Charles Island is peculiar in its outline: for a succession of round-topped hills, precisely similar in shape, though differing in size, shows on every point of view. (See p. 505.) This exact similarity is very remarkable.

The highest and largest of these hills rises 1,800 feet, the next about 1,700; the rest are of various smaller heights. The northern sides of the island are wooded, but the wood looks as brown as that on the lower parts of Chatham Island. Post Office Bay is sheltered, easy of access, has excellent anchorage, and only wants fresh water to make it a most desirable harbour for shipping. Its name is the result of a custom established by the whalers: a box was placed on a post to receive letters, and homeward bound ships examined the directions, taking with them all which they might have means of forwarding. But since the island has been peopled, the box has been empty, for letters are now left at the settlement.

Sept. 25th.—Mr. Nicholas O. Lawson, acting for the

governor of this Archipelago, came on board. With him and me a party went to another anchorage called Black Beach Road, landed, and walked up towards the settlement. In 1832 the Republic of the Ecuador decided to use these islands as a place of banishment, and sent a small colony to Charles Island. La Floriana is the name given to this island by the Guayaquilians, though by the Spaniards it was once called Santa Maria de l'Aguada. The governor; at the time of our visit, was Don Jose Villemil. There were then about eighty small houses or huts, and nearly 200 souls upon the island, most of them were convicts.¹

After walking rather more than a mile along a good path through the underwood (which, as the ground rises, becomes very thick), we reached a small spring of water, near which are a few huts, but no cultivated ground. The water from this spring might be conveyed to shipping by means of leaden pipes, without much difficulty, but it is not of very good quality. (See p. 512.) Having ascended gradually during another half-hour's walk, we reached the ridge of that height which limited our view from the sea, when surprisingly sudden and agreeable was the change. Heated and tired by a dusty up-hill walk, through sun-dried trees and over rugged lava stones, our bodies were refreshed by a cool breeze, while our eyes enjoyed the view of an extensive, fertile, and cultivated plain. Surrounded by tropical vegetation, by bananas, sugar-canes, indian corn, and sweet potatoes, all luxuriantly flourishing, it was hard to believe that any extent of sterile and apparently useless country could be close to land so fertile, and yet wear the most opposite appearance.

It appears that rain falls very frequently on those higher grounds, and is absorbed by rich black mould of a nature sufficiently clayey to enable it to retain moisture. During the wet season this plain becomes quite muddy, while the little rain that falls on the lower ground is quickly absorbed, or finds its way so soon through the loose lava stones that its effects are not there visible.

Most of the houses are in this fertile space, but it appears that a house on the dry ground, and plantations in the moist valley, would answer better: for at Mr. Lawson's house salt cannot be kept dry, books and paper become mouldy, and iron rusts very quickly. At his table we found the welcome of a countryman, and a variety of food quite unexpected in the Galapagos Islands, but fully proving their productiveness. At the foot of a hill we saw water dropping plentifully, and from the spring, called the "Governor's Dripstone," the inhabitants obtain a certain supply throughout the year. Although most of the settlers were sent here against their wish, there are many who do not desire to return to the continent. Some are married and have children on the island.

There are goats and hogs upon this island, but they are scarce and wild, not having yet had time to increase much; they are hunted with dogs, though it would be wiser to let them alone for a few years. The settlers have abundance of vegetables, and depend chiefly upon terrapin for their meat. Many of these animals being large and heavy, the people go in search for them, kill and open them on the spot, then take out the fleshy pieces and put them in a bag. Thus one man can carry

away the useful parts of more terrapins than several men could lift.

The quantity of tortoise shells lying about the ground, shows what havoc has been made among these helpless animals. On the lower ground, near the spring, I saw an apology for a garden, in which the large terrapin shells were used to cover young plants instead of flower-pots.

Small birds are numerous on this island, and so remarkably tame, that they may be knocked down with a stick; lizards are also numerous; and there are a few small snakes, but those we caught were not venomous. Among the numerous vegetables we noticed the plantain, pumpkin, yuca, Quito orange, castor-oil plant, and melon, besides those before-mentioned.

Returning on board we met Mr. Stokes on his way from the southern parts of the island. He describes the lava thereabout as having such a form and rugged surface as the sea would present if suddenly congealed while ruffled by a very strong wind.

Sept. 26th.—After completing the necessary observations in Post Office Bay, we weighed and worked round to an anchorage off Black Beach; and at nine in the evening Mr. Chaffers returned, having been round the south side of the island, after visiting the small eastern islets. He found much difficulty in landing on them, but succeeded; and, from the top of Gardner Islet, saw a dangerous breaker about a mile to the south eastward.

Sept. 27th.—Being Sunday, many of the officers and ship's company were on shore in the afternoon; and some of the officers went to the top of the highest hill, which has a crater, as have all the hills—we examined about these islands; and these craters are all similarly broken down on the side towards the south.

Sept. 28th.—Having taken on board live pigs and a quantity of vegetables, we weighed and stood towards Albemarle Island (See p. 521). Four small islets, the remains of volcanoes, lie near the low south-east extreme of this island, and, together with Brattle Islet, are extremely useful in warning vessels of their approach to a very dangerous piece of coast. So low are the south-eastern extremities of Albemarle Island that they are not discernible until you see the surf on the shore. A heavy swell setting towards the land, and generally light winds, add to the danger of getting near this coast; but there is anchorage in case of necessity.

Albemarle Island is a singular mass of volcanic ejections. Six volcanoes have there raised their summits from two to four thousand feet above the ocean, and from them immense quantities of lava have from time to time flowed towards the sea; so that this island, large as it is, may be literally described by saying that it consists of six huge craters, whose bases are united by their own overflowed lava. The southern side, which is exposed to the trade wind, and completely intercepts it, with all the clouds it brings, is thickly wooded, very green, and doubtless has fresh water: but how is that water to be obtained where such a swell rolls upon the shore? The weather side of Chatham Island is partially protected from the great south-west swell of the Pacific by Hood Island, yet even there it is difficult to land.

We passed this night under easy sail, off the south-west extreme of Albemarle Island; and on the 29th we found a small cove, in which we anchored; but such a wild-looking place—with such quantities of hideous iguanas as were quite startling! Hence I

¹ These islands were sold in 1855 to the United States.

despatched Mr. Mellersh and Mr. King, to examine the depth of Elizabeth Bay, and rejoin us beyond Narborough Island: we then weighed, and continued our examination of this unearthly shore. Passing a low projecting point, our eyes and imagination were engrossed by the strange wildness of view; for in such a place Vulcan might have worked. Amidst the most confusedly heaped masses of lava, black and barren, as if hardly yet cooled, innumerable craters (or fumeroles) showed their very regular, even artificial-looking heaps. It was like immense iron-works, on a Cyclopean scale!

II.

NARBOROUGH ISLAND—TAGUS COVE—TIDE RIPPLES—JAMES ISLAND—SETTLERS—CLIMATE—HOOD'S HARBOUR—SHORT-BEAKED BIRDS—CURRENTS—TEMPERATURE OF WATER.

On the 30th of September, the *Beagle* passed a remarkably fine American whaler, the *Science*, carrying nine whale-boats. On the same day, smoke was seen issuing from several places near the summit of the south-eastern height of Albemarle, but no flame. Profiting by every breeze, they hastened towards Tagus or Bank's Cove.

Narborough Island is exactly like a part of Albemarle—a great volcano, whose base is surrounded by an extensive field of lava: it is utterly barren and desolate. A few mangroves on the sandy beaches near Albemarle Island are not seen in the distance; neither are there enough of them even to diminish the dismal appearance of the island.

We entered the passage in the afternoon, and entered in the little cove first described by Captain Pípon, who then commanded H.M.S. *Tagus*. This cove is the crater of an extinct volcano, and its sides are so steep as to be almost inaccessible.

October 1st.—Our first object was to find water: none could be got in the cove, but at a short distance from it a few holes were found, out of which a bottle might be filled in an hour. Around this scanty spring, draining continually through the rock, all the little birds of the island appeared to be collected, a pretty clear indication of there being then no other fresh water within their reach: yet, during the rainy season, there must be considerable streams, judging by gullies which were worn in the rock. All the heights hereabouts, and the sides of the craters, are composed of sandstone, that looks like fine sandy mud, half-baked; but the low grounds are lava. The crater in which we anchored gave me the idea of its being a mud volcano. The climate is very different from that of the Windward Islands; for winds, clouds, and rain appear to be obstructed in their northward passage by the heights on the southern part of the island. The heat is here far greater than in other parts of the archipelago, and the land is more sterile. Numbers of another sort of iguana were seen for the first time, and many were killed and eaten. In size and shape they resemble the black kind, but their colour is a dirty orange red, including the reddish-brown above, and yellow beneath. These reptiles burrow in the earth, like rabbits, and are not bad eating. Of the black kind, a vast number ran about the rocks near the sea, living either upon fish or sea-weed. As we went afterwards in a boat along the ragged irregular shore, we saw numbers of turtle. There are small sandy beaches here and there, to which these animals approach in the evenings: when, as it gets dark, they land, and usually

lie on the beach during the night, even if it is not the season in which they seek a place for their eggs.

Oct. 2nd.—We passed this day and the following night in Bank's Bay. On the third, Mr. Mellersh returned, having examined Elizabeth's Bay, and the western shore of Narborough Island. We then went round the north-western end of Albemarle Island, and passed the night under sail off the north extreme. At daybreak on the fourth, we made all sail towards Abingdon Island, which is small, rather high, and tolerably covered with stunted wood; we did not maintain a position even near where I wished to pass the night, but were carried about forty miles away, dead to leeward, during only a few hours of light wind. The current hereabout runs between one and four knots an hour to the north-westward, yet the depth of the water is unfathomable by ordinary means: excepting for which it is like a vast river in the sea.

Oct. 5th.—While working to windward, endeavouring to regain our lost ground, we saw Bindloes Island, and passed through many rippings, some of them dangerous for a boat; these were northward, and rather eastward of Abingdon. During the 6th, other indications of a strong current were noticed, besides rippings such as these, which, in very deep water, and in the open sea, are difficult to explain. We continued to work to the southward in order to reach James Island, and meet Lieut. Sullivan.

Oct. 7th.—While working to windward, we saw Towers Island, which is different in appearance from all the other islands of the archipelago, being low and flat. We passed it about noon, and Bindloes at sunset. The latter has an irregular hilly surface, partially wooded, but, like the rest, is a mass of lava, and indurated sandy mud.

Oct. 8th.—The *Beagle* was close to James Island, a high, large, and well-wooded tract of ground, or rather lava. We anchored at the northern end, and a boat came alongside loaded with fish, for there was a party of settlers here detached from Charles Island, whose employment was salting fish, and extracting oil from terrapin, which is also salted. The oil is of a light colour, and exceedingly good quality, being very like pure olive oil. Lieut. Sullivan returned with his party; and I then detached Mr. Chaffers in the yawl, accompanied by Mr. Johnson and six men, to examine Bindloes, Abingdon, and Towers Islands. As Mr. Darwin anxiously desired to see as much as possible of the productions of this central and large island, he was landed, accompanied by Mr. Bynoe, besides his servant and H. Fuller, to remain until the *Beagle's* return. Although there is abundance of water on the higher parts of this island, so broken and dry are the lower grounds that it does not arrive at the shore. At two places only can enough water for even a boat's crew be procured in the dry season; and for a ship there is scarcely hope for a sufficiency. The poor fellows who brought us the fish had been living so long upon terrapin and the produce of their lines, without anything else, that half a bag (50 lbs.) of biscuit, which we gave them, appeared to be an inestimable treasure, for which they could not sufficiently thank us. We sailed in the evening, but made very little progress towards our destination (Chatham Island). This day (9th) the winds appear to be much lighter and more variable to leeward of the archipelago, while the current is considerably stronger. We got pretty close to Chatham Island at dusk, worked to windward during the night,

and on the following morning stood along the weather-shore towards the watering place.

Oct. 11th.—How remarkably different is the climate of the windward and leeward islands of this group! There we were enveloped by clouds and drizzling fog, and wore cloth clothes. At Tagus Cove and James Island a hot sun, nearly vertical, overpowered us, whilst the south side of Albemarle, Charles, and Chatham Islands, were almost always overshadowed by clouds, and had frequent showers of rain. We anchored close to the watering-place; but it appeared strange to remain at anchor in such a spot, only three cables' length from a surf breaking high upon a steep cliff shore, with nothing but the ocean between us and the antarctic; and such was our position; yet it was a safe one, because the great south-west swell of the Pacific is interrupted by Hood Island, and the southernly trade or perennial wind is so moderate, that it has neither power to raise a sea nor to harm a vessel, if her ground tackle is not defective.

The *12th Oct.* was spent in filling water, washing, cutting some wood, and bringing thirty large terrapin on board. These animals abound hereabout, and some are very large, deserving the name of elephant tortoise. Two of our party tried to reach the higher and thickly-wooded parts of the island, but found their task impracticable in so short a time as they could spare, for the weed grows impenetrably thick, though none is straight or of a large size. The upper grounds have a rich, loamy soil, lying upon rock, in which the terrapin wallow like hogs, and may be found by dozens. This was a very hard day's work, for so few men as were then on board our small vessel. (*Oct. 13.*) We had some difficulty in casting so as to clear the land, but got out of the scrape, and were working towards Hood Island, when the man, looking out aloft, reported a breaker, which proved to have been on a rock at the west-end of MacGowen shoal. When first seen it was on the horizon, and hardly differed from the topping of a sea—once only in about ten minutes it showed distinctly. We steered for it, lowered two boats, and employed the rest of the day in examining the very dangerous shoal, and fixing its position. One rock at the west-end is just a-wash, but there is another under water, except in the hollow of a swell, about half-a-mile to the eastward, which is exceedingly treacherous. We had two narrow escapes this day; while weighing for Chatham Island, baffling rocks sent us a great deal too close to the cliff, before our anchors were up, or the ship under command; and whilst sounding along the edge of MacGowen shoal, we were drifted so close to the second rock mentioned above, that I was not sure on which side of us it lay.

Oct. 14th.—Anchored and examined Hood's Harbour, having heard there was a sunken rock in it which our boat had not discovered, but we found nothing dangerous for a ship. Shoal water and large blocks of lava lie near the shore in the harbour, but a vessel must have stood too close in if she touched thereabouts. Left Hood's Island at noon, and steered for the southern part of Charles Island. Having a fine breeze we rounded Saddle Point at eight, and anchored at nine off Black Beach.

Oct. 15th.—I went to Post Office Bay, and near the best landing-place found some excellent salt, which though but small in quantity, gives a hint that more may be got elsewhere.

Oct. 16th.—Weighed in the afternoon, having ob-

tained the necessary observations, and went to Black Beach Road, to take in wood, potatoes, and pigs. We there found a small schooner at anchor just arrived from Guayaquil, and having, among other things, a bag of letters from England for the *Beagle*. That very evening we were to leave Charles Island, not to return! In the schooner were some emigrants, who brought cattle and information that the governor, Villemil, might be expected to arrive in a few days, with a vessel laden with animals and supplies for the settlement. We stood across during the night to the four islands near Point Woodford; and at daylight next morning (*17th*) resumed our usual occupations, whilst sailing along the east side of Albemarle Island. At noon we steered for Albany Islet, to embark Mr. Darwin and Mr. Bynoe, and after our party were on board we returned towards the shore of Albemarle Island, and there passed the night under sail in order to start early from a particular position. Our landsmen had enjoyed their stay, and profited by it, though the heat was oppressive, and the sky nearly cloudless by night and by day: how different was this from the weather we had had on board! The higher grounds of James Island are extensive, and would be adapted to cultivation if the wood, which now grows thickly, were cleared. There is a fine salt spring or lake in an old crater; the salt is excellent in colour and quality, and the men employed by Mr. Lawson were using it daily for cleaning their fish and terrapin.

When at some height upon the islands, among the thick wood, it was extremely difficult to find the way. Men have been lost thereabouts, and it is said that some of the bodies never were found. The day we re-embarked Mr. Darwin, there was a man missing belonging to an American whale ship, and his shipmates were seeking for him. The master of this whaler was very obliging to our party, supplying them with water, and offering his hearty assistance in any way which lay in his power. The earnest wishes to be of use, and the attentions of North Americans to us on all occasions, have been often and gratefully remarked by many on board the *Beagle*.

Oct. 18th.—Continued our examination of Albemarle Island. When off the northern volcano, the black streams of lava, which have flowed in every direction down the sides of the mountain, looked like immense streams of ink. Thence we steered for Abingdon Island to meet Mr. Chaffers. I thought the current less strong, and setting more to the west, than when I was here on a former occasion.

On the *19th* we were close to Abingdon Island, where there is a fine bold-looking cliff, at the west side, considerably higher than any I had seen in the Galapagos. Mr. Chaffers soon came alongside after we closed the land; when, his orders being all executed, the boat was hoisted in, and we made sail to the north-west in search of Wenman and Culpepper Islets.

Next day (*20th*) we saw and steered for Wenman Islet, another crater of an extinct volcano. It is high, small, quite barren: correctly speaking, there are three islets and a large rock, near each other, which, at a distance, appear as one island, but they are fragments of the same crater. We afterwards passed Culpepper Islet, which is a similar rocky, high and barren little island. At sunset we made all sail and steered to set well into the S.W. trade wind, so as to expedite our passage towards the dangerous archipelago of the Low Islands, and thence to Otaheite (or Tahiti). Whilst

sailing away from the Galapagos, impelled westward over a smooth sea, not only by favouring easterly breezes, but by a current that set more than sixty miles to the west during the first twenty-four hours after our losing sight of Culpepper Islet, and from forty to ten miles each subsequent day until the 1st of November, I will look back at these strange islands and make a few more remarks on them.

There are six principal ones, nine smaller, and many islets scarcely deserving to be distinguished from mere rock. The largest island is 60 miles in length, and about 15 broad, the highest part being 4,000 feet above the sea. All are of volcanic origin, and the lava of which they are chiefly composed is excessively hard. Old Dampier says, in his "Voyage Round the World in 1681-1691," "The Spaniards when they first discovered these islands found multitudes of iguanoes and land turtle (or tortoise) and named them the Galapagos Islands. Again, the air of these islands is temperate enough, considering the climate. There is constantly a fresh sea-breeze all day, and cooling refreshing winds in the night; therefore the heat is not so violent here as in most places near the equator. The time of the year for the rain is in November, December, and January: then there is oftentimes excessive dark tempestuous weather, mixed with much thunder and lightning. Sometimes before and after these months there are moderate refreshing showers; but in May, June, July, and August, the weather is always very fair." I can add nothing to the excellent description except that heavy rollers occasionally break upon the northern shores of the Galapagos during the rainy season above-mentioned, though no wind of any consequence accompanies them. They are caused by the "Northern," or "Papagayos," which are so well known on the coast between Panama and Acapulco.

All the small birds that live on these lava-covered islands have short beaks, very thick at the base, like that of the bullfinch (*See page 513*¹). This appears to be one of those admirable provisions of infinite wisdom by which each created thing is adapted to the place for which it was intended. In picking up insects or seeds, which lie on hard iron-like lava, the superiority of such beaks over delicate ones cannot, I think, be doubted; but there is, perhaps, another object in their being so strong and wide. Colnett says, p. 59, "They observed an old bird in the act of supplying three young ones with drink, by squeezing the berry of a tree into their mouths; it was about the size of a pea, and contained a watery juice of an acid, but not an unpleasant taste." The leaves of these trees absorbed the copious dews which had fallen during the night; the birds then pierced them with their bills for the moisture they retained, and which I believe they also procure from the various plants and evergreens. "The torch thistle contains a liquid in its heart which the birds drank when it was cut down. They sometimes even extracted it from the young trees, by piercing the trunks with their bills." For thus squeezing berries and piercing woody fibre, or even only stout leaves, a slight, thin beak would be scarcely available. Colnett observes, in his "Voyage to the South Seas," pp. 52, 55, 57, that some of the birds which he saw resembled

a few that he had seen at New Zealand, but as he also remarks that all the dead shells which he found upon the beach were familiar to him, I think one may suspect the accuracy of his eyes, if not his memory, in those instances.

The currents about these islands were very remarkable, for in addition to their velocity, which is from two to five miles an hour, and usually towards the north-west, there is a surprising difference in the temperature of the bodies of water moving within a few miles of each other. On one side of an island (Albemarle Island) we found the temperature of the sea a foot below the surface 80 deg. Fahr.; but at the other side it was less than 60 deg. In brief, those striking differences may be owing to the cool current which comes from the southward along the coast of Peru and Chili, and at the Galapagos encounter a far warmer body of water moving from the bay of Panama, a sort of "gulf stream." The retentive manner in which such ocean rivers preserve their temperature has been frequently remarked: and must have a great effect upon the climates of countries near whose shores they flow.

III.

ISLANDS VOLCANIC—NUMBER OF CRATERS—LEAFLESS BUSHES—COLONY AT CHARLES ISLAND—JAMES ISLAND—SALT-LAKE IN CRATER—CHARACTER OF VEGETATION—ORNITHOLOGY—CURIOUS FINCHES—GREAT TORTOISES, HABITS OF—PATHS TO THE WELLS.

THE Galapagos Archipelago, it may be observed, consists in reality altogether of ten principal islands, of which five much exceed the others in size. They are situated under the equatorial line, and between five and six hundred miles to the westward of the coast of America. The constitution of the whole is, according to Mr. Charles Darwin, to whose account we now turn, volcanic, with the exception of some ejected fragments of granite, which have been most curiously glazed and altered by the heat; every part consists of lava, or of sandstone, resulting from the attrition of such materials. The higher islands (which attain an elevation of three or even four thousand feet) generally have one or more principal craters towards the centre, and on their flanks smaller orifices. I have no exact data (says Mr. Darwin) from which to calculate, but I do not hesitate to affirm that there must be, in all the islands of the Archipelago, at least two thousand craters. These are of two kinds; one, as in ordinary cases, consisting of scoræ and lava, the other of finely stratified volcanic sandstone. The latter, in most instances, have a form beautifully symmetrical; their origin is due to the ejection of mud,—that is, fine volcanic ashes and water,—without any lava.

Considering that these islands are placed directly under the equator, the climate is far from excessively hot; a circumstance which, perhaps, is chiefly owing to the singularly low temperature of the surrounding sea. Excepting during one short season, very little rain falls, and even then it is not regular; but the clouds generally hang low. From these circumstances, the lower parts of the islands are extremely arid, whilst the summits, at an elevation of a thousand feet, or more, possess a tolerably luxuriant vegetation. This is especially the case on the windward side, which first receives and condenses the moisture from the atmosphere.

In the morning (*Oct. 17th*) we landed on Chatham Island, which, like the others, rises with a tame

¹ The illustration (page 513.) represents the *Pyrocephalus nanus* at the top; the *Tenagra Darwini*, with wings extended; the *Sylvicola aureola* above to the right; *Coctarnis assimilis* on a stone. The lizard in the *Leiocephalus Grayi*.

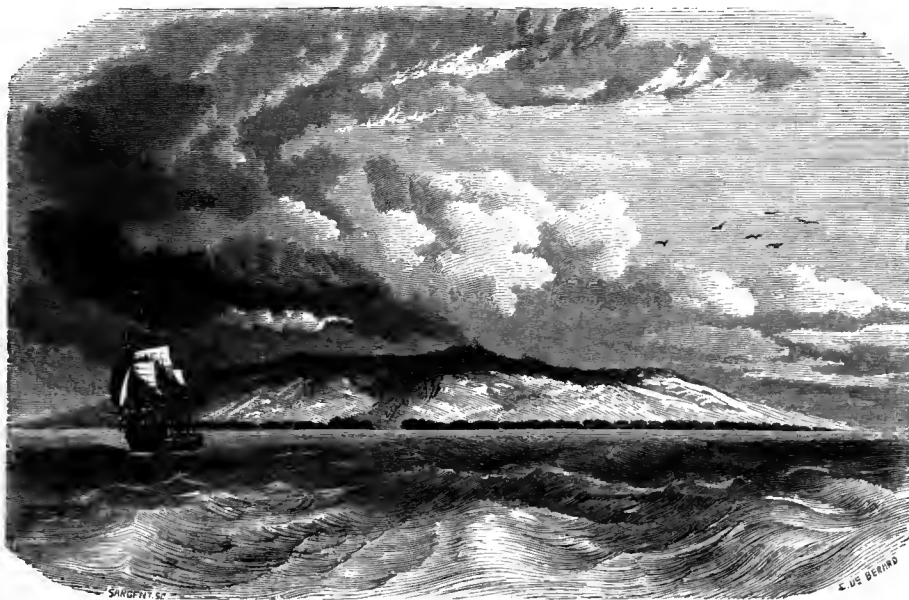
and rounded outline, interrupted only here and there by scattered hillocks—the remains of former craters. Nothing could be less inviting than the first appearance. A broken field of black basaltic lava is everywhere covered by a stunted brushwood, which shows little signs of life. The dry and parched surface, having been heated by the noon-day sun, gave the air a close and sultry feeling, like that from a stove: we fancy even the bushes smelt unpleasantly. Although I diligently tried to collect as many plants as possible, I succeeded in getting only ten kinds; and such wretched-looking little weeds would have better become an arctic than an equinoctial Flora.

The thin woods, which cover the lower parts of all the islands, excepting where the lava has recently flowed, appear from a short distance quite leafless, like the deciduous trees of the northern hemisphere in winter. It was some time before I discovered that not only almost every plant was in full leaf, but that the greater number were now in flower. After the

period of heavy rains, the islands are said to appear for a short time partially green. The only other country, in which I have seen a vegetation at all approaching to this, is at the volcanic island of Fernando Noronha, placed in some respect under similar conditions.

The natural history of this Archipelago is very remarkable: it seems to be a little world within itself; the greater number of its inhabitants, both vegetable and animal, being found nowhere else. What forms a striking character on first landing is that the birds are strangers to man. So tame and unsuspecting were they, that they did not even understand what was meant by stones being thrown at them; and quite regardless of us, they approached so close that any number might have been killed with a stick.

The *Beagle* sailed round Chatham Island, and anchored in several bays. One night I slept on shore, on a part of the island where some black cones—the former chimneys of the subterranean heated fluids—



CHATHAM ISLAND.

were extraordinarily numerous. From one small eminence I counted sixty of these truncated hillocks, which were all surrounded by a more or less perfect crater. The greater number consisted merely of a ring of red scoriae, or slags, cemented together: and their height above the plain of lava was not more than 50 to 100 feet. From the regular form they gave the country a *workshop* appearance, which strongly reminded me of those parts of Staffordshire where the great iron foundries are most numerous.

The age of the various beds of lava was distinctly marked by the comparative growth, or entire absence, of vegetation. Nothing can be imagined more rough and horrid than the surface of the more modern streams. These have been aptly compared to the sea petrified in its most boisterous moments; no sea, however, would present such irregular undulations, or would be traversed by such deep chasms. All the craters are in an extinct condition; and although the age of the different streams of lava could be so clearly distinguished, it is

probable they have remained so for many centuries. There is no account in any of the old voyagers of any volcano on this island having been seen in activity; yet since the time of Dampier (1684) there must have been some increase in the quantity of vegetation, otherwise so accurate a person would not have expressed himself thus:—"Four or five of the easternmost islands are rocky, barren, and hilly, producing neither tree, herb, nor grass, but a few dilldoe (cactus) trees, by the seaside." ("Voyage," vol. I. p. 101). This description is at present applicable only to the western islands, where the volcanic forces are in frequent activity.

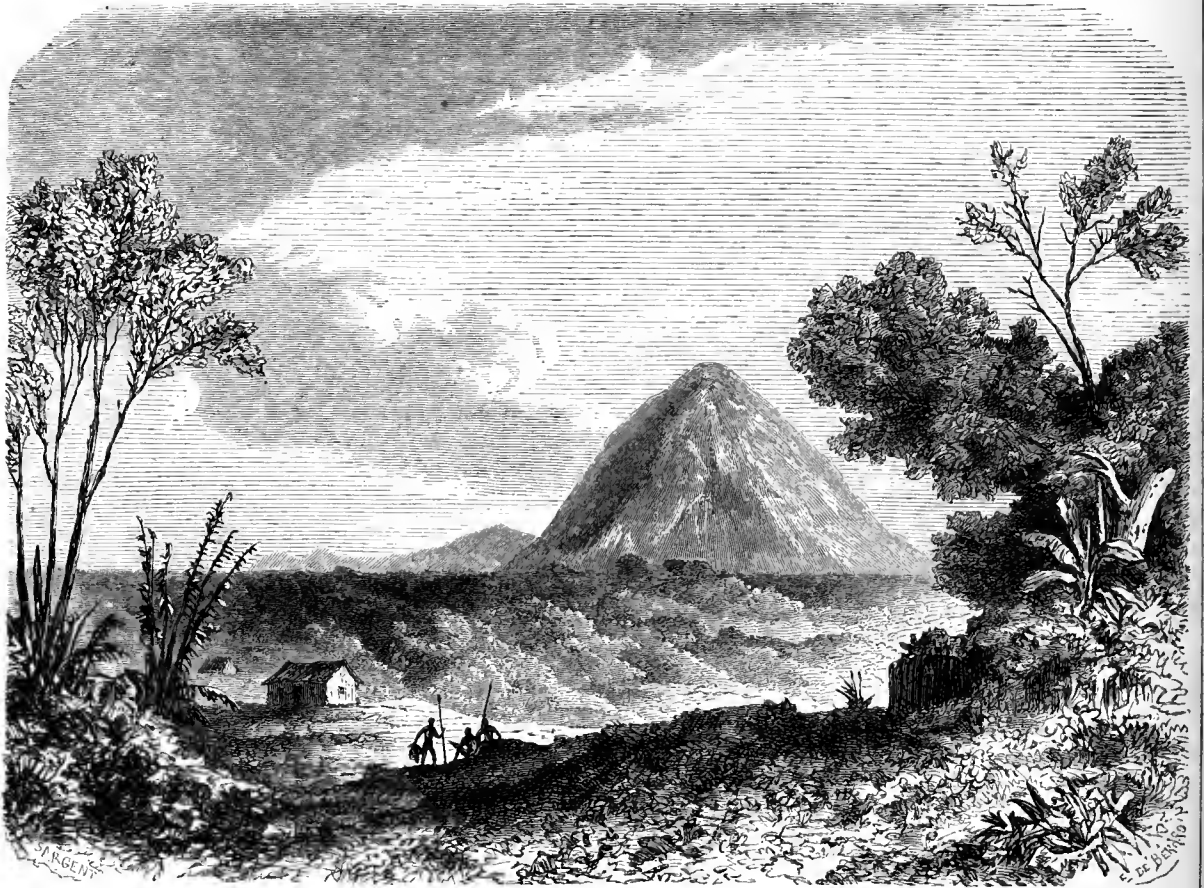
The day on which I visited the little craters was glowing hot, and the scrambling over the rough surface, and through the intricate thickets, was very fatiguing; but I was repaid by the Cyclopean scene. In my walk I met two large tortoises, each of which must have weighed 200lbs. One was eating a piece of cactus, and when I approached it looked at me, and quietly walked away; the other gave a deep hiss, and

drew in its head. These huge reptiles, surrounded by the black lava, the leafless shrubs, and large cacti, appeared to my fancy like some antediluvian animals.

Sept. 23rd.—The *Beagle* proceeded to Charles Island. This Archipelago has long been frequented, first by the buccancers, and latterly by whalers, but it is only within the last six years that a small colony has been established on it. The inhabitants are between two and three hundred in number; they nearly all consist of people of colour, who have been banished for political crimes from the Republic of the Equador (Quito is the capital of this state), to which these islands then belonged. The settlement is placed about four and a-half miles inland, and at an elevation probably of a thousand

feet. In the first part of the road we passed through leafless thickets, as in Chatham Island. Higher up the wood gradually became greener, and immediately we had crossed the ridge of the island, our bodies were cooled by the fine southerly trade wind, and our senses refreshed by the sight of a green and thriving vegetation. The houses are irregularly scattered over a flat space of ground, which is cultivated with sweet potatoes and bananas. It will not easily be imagined how pleasant the sight of black mud was to us, after having been so long accustomed to the parched soil of Peru and Chili.

The inhabitants, although complaining of poverty, gain, without much trouble, the means of subsistence



CHARLES ISLAND.

from the fertile soil. In the woods there are many wild pigs and goats, but the main article of animal food is derived from the tortoise. Their numbers in this island have, of course, been greatly reduced, but the people yet reckon on two days' hunting supplying food for the rest of the week. It is said that formerly single vessels have taken away as many as 700 of these animals, and that the ship's company of a frigate some years since brought down 200 to the beach in one day.

We stayed at this island four days, during which time I collected many plants and birds. One morning I ascended the highest hill, which has an altitude of nearly 1,800 feet. The summit consists of a broken-down crater, thickly clothed with coarse grass and brushwood. Even in this one island I counted thirty-

nine-hills, each of which was terminated by a more or less perfect circular depression.

Sept 29th.—We doubled the south-west extremity of Albemarle Island, and the next day were nearly becalmed between it and Narborough Island. Both are covered with immense streams of black naked lava, which, after having either flowed over the rims of the great cauldrons, or having burst forth from the smaller orifices on the flanks, have in their descent spread over miles of the sea-coast. On both of these islands eruptions are known occasionally to take place, and in Albemarle we saw a small jet of smoke curling from the summit of one of the more lofty craters. In the evening we anchored in Bank's Cove, in Albemarle Island.

When morning came, we found that the harbour in which we were at anchor was formed by a broken-down crater, composed of volcanic sandstone. After breakfast I went out walking. To the southward of this first crater, there was another of similar composition, and beautifully symmetrical. It was elliptic in form: the longer axis being less than a mile, and its depth about 500 feet. The bottom was occupied by a shallow lake, and in its centre a tiny crater formed an islet. The day was overpoweringly hot, and the lake looked clear and blue. I hurried down the cindery slope, and choked with dust, eagerly tasted the water, but to my sorrow I found it salt as brine.

The rocks on the coast abounded with great black lizards, between three and four feet long; and on the hills another species was equally common. We saw several of the latter, some clumsily running out of our way, and others shuffling into their burrows.

Oct. 3rd.—We sailed round the northern end of Albemarle Island. Nearly the whole of this side is covered with recent streams of dark-coloured lavas, and is studded with craters. I should think it would be difficult to find, in any other part of the world, an island situated within the tropics, and of such considerable size (viz., 75 miles long), so sterile and incapable of supporting life.

On the 8th we reached James Island—which, as well as Charles Island, takes its name from the Stuarts. Captain Fitzroy put Mr. Bynoe, myself, and three others on shore, leaving with us a tent and provisions, to wait there until the vessel returned from watering. This was an admirable plan for the collection, as we had an entire week for hard work. We found here a party of Spaniards, who had been sent from Charles Island to dry fish, and to salt tortoise meat.

At the distance of about six miles, and at the height of 2,000 feet, the Spaniards had erected a hovel in which two men lived, who were employed in catching tortoises, whilst the others were fishing on the coast. I paid the party two visits, and slept there one night. In the same manner as in the other islands, the lower region is covered by nearly leafless bushes: but here many of them grow to the size of trees. I measured several which were 2 ft. in diameter, and some even 2 ft. 9 in. The upper region being kept damp, from the moisture of the condensed clouds, supports a green and flourishing vegetation. So damp was the ground, that there were large beds of a coarse carex, in which great numbers of a very small water-rail lived and bred. While staying in the upper region, we lived entirely upon tortoise meat. The breastplate roasted (as the Gauchos do *carne con cuero*), with the flesh attached to it, is very good; and the young tortoises make excellent soup; but otherwise the meat to my taste is very indifferent.

During another day we accompanied a party of the Spaniards in their whale-boat to a salina, or lake from which salt is procured. After landing, we had a very rough walk over a rugged field of recent lava, which has almost surrounded a sandstone crater, at the bottom of which the salt-lake is situated. The water was only three or four inches deep, and rested on a layer of beautifully crystallized white salt. The lake was quite circular, and fringed with a border of brightly-green succulent plants; the precipitous walls of the crater were also clothed with wood, so that the scene was both picturesque and curious. A few years since, the sailors belonging to a sealing vessel murdered their captain in

this quiet spot; and we saw his skull lying among the bushes.

During the greater part of our week on shore, the sky was cloudless, and if the trade-wind failed for an hour, the heat became very oppressive. On two days, the thermometer within the tent stood for some hours at 130, but in the open air, in the wind and sun, at only 85°. The sand was extremely hot; the thermometer placed in some of a brown colour immediately rose to 137°, and how much higher it would have been I do not know, for it was not graduated above that number. The *black* sand felt much hotter, so that even in thick boots it was disagreeable, on this account, to walk over it.

I will now offer a few observations on the natural history of the islands. I endeavoured to make as nearly a perfect collection in every branch as time permitted. The plains have all an extremely weedy character, and it would scarcely have been supposed that they had grown at an inconsiderable elevation directly under the equator. In the lower and sterile parts, the bush, which from its minute brown leaves chiefly gives the leafless character to the brushwood, is one of the Euphorbiaceae. In the same region an acacia and a cactus (*Opuntia Galapageia*), with large oval compressed articulations, springing from a cylindrical stem, are in some parts common. These are the only trees which in that part afford any shade. Near the summits of the different islands the vegetation has a very different character; ferns and coarse grasses are abundant; and the commonest trees are the composite. Tree-ferns are not present. One of the most singular characters of the Flora, considering the position of this Archipelago, is the absence of every member of the palm family. Cocoa Island, on the other hand, which is the nearest point of land, takes its name from the great number of cocoa-nut trees on it. From the presence of the opuntias and some other plants, the vegetation partakes more of the character of that of America than of any other country.

Of mammalia a large kind of mouse forms a well-marked species. From its large thin ears and other characters, it approaches in form a section of the genus which is confined to the sterile regions of South America. There is also a rat, which Mr. Waterhouse believes is probably distinct from the English kind; but I cannot help suspecting that it is only the same altered by the peculiar conditions of its new country.

In my collection from these islands, Mr. Gould considers that there are twenty-six different species of land-birds. With the exception of one, all probably are undescribed kinds, which inhabit the Archipelago, and no other part of the world. Among the waders and waterfowl it is more difficult, without detailed comparison, to say what are new. But a water-rail, which lives near the summits of the mountains, is undescribed, as perhaps is a totanus and a heron. The only kind of gull which is found among these islands is also new; when the wandering habits of the genus are considered, this is a most remarkable circumstance. The species most closely allied to it comes from the Straits of Magellan. Of the other aquatic birds, the species appear the same with well-known American birds.

The general character of the plumage of these birds is extremely plain, and, like the Flora, possess little beauty. Although the species are thus peculiar to the Archipelago, yet nearly all, in their general structure,

habits, colour of feathers, and even tone of voice, are strictly American. The following brief list will give an idea of their kinds (*See* p. 513): first, a buzzard, having many of the characters of *Polyborus* or *Caracara*, and in its habits not to be distinguished from that peculiar South American genus; second, two owls; third, three species of tyrant flycatchers—in form strictly American. One of these appears identical with a common kind (*Muscicape coronata?*) which has a very wide range, from La Plata, throughout Brazil, to Mexico; fourth, a *sylvicola*, of American form, and especially common in the northern division of the continent; fifth, three species of mocking birds, a genus common to both Americas; sixth, a finch, with a stiff tail and a long claw to its hinder toe, closely allied to a North American genus; seventh, a swallow belonging to the American division of that genus; eighth, a dove, like, but distinct from, the Chilean species; ninth, a group of finches, of which Mr. Gould considers there are thirteen species; and these he has distributed into four new sub-genera. These birds are the most singular of any in the Archipelago. They all agree in many points: namely, in a peculiar structure of their bill, short tails, general form, and in their plumage. The females are gray or brown, but the old cock jet black. All the species, excepting two, feed in flocks on the ground, and have very similar habits. It is very remarkable that a nearly perfect gradation of structure in this one group can be traced in the form of the beak, from one exceeding in dimensions that of the largest gros-beaks to another differing but little from that of a warbler. Of the aquatic birds, some are peculiar to these islands, and some common to North and South America.

The species of reptiles are not numerous, but the number of individuals of each kind is extraordinarily great. There is one kind, both of the turtle and tortoise; of lizards, four; and of snakes, about the same number.

The tortoise (*Testudo Indicus*) is found, I believe, in all the islands of the Archipelago. They frequent in preference the high damp parts, but likewise inhabit the lower and arid districts. Some individuals grow to an immense size. Mr. Lawson, an Englishman, who had, at the time of our visit, the charge of the colony, told us that he had seen several so large, that it required six or eight men to lift them from the ground; and that some had afforded as much as two hundred pounds of meat. The old males are the largest; and these can readily be distinguished from the female by the greater length of the tail. The tortoises which live on those islands where there is no water, or in the lower and arid parts of the others, chiefly feed on the succulent cactus. Those which frequent the higher and damp regions, eat the leaves of various trees, a kind of berry (called *guayavita*) which is acid and austere, and likewise a pale green filamentous lichen, that hangs in tresses from the boughs of the trees.

The tortoise is very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The larger islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable elevation. The tortoises, therefore, which frequent the lower districts, when thirsty, are obliged to travel from a long distance. Hence broad and well-beaten paths radiate off in every direction from the wells even down to the sea-coast; and the Spaniards, by following them up, first discovered the watering-places. When I

landed at Chatham Island, I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters; one set eagerly travelling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drunk their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say that each animal stays three or four days in the neighbourhood of the water and then returns to the lower country; but they differ in their accounts respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed. It is, however, certain, that tortoises can subsist even on those islands where there is no other water than that which falls during a few rainy days in the year.

I believe it is well ascertained, that the bladder of the frog acts as a reservoir for the moisture necessary to its existence: such seems to be the case with the tortoise. For some time after a visit to the springs, the urinary bladder of these animals is distended with fluid, which is said gradually to decrease in volume, and to become less pure. The inhabitants, when walking in the lower districts, and overcome with thirst, often take advantage of these circumstances, by killing a tortoise, and, if the bladder is full, drink its contents. In one I saw killed, the fluid was quite limpid, and had only a very slight bitter taste. The inhabitants, however, always drink first the water in the pericardium, which is described as being best.

The tortoises, when moving towards any definite point, travel by night and day, and arrive at their journey's end much sooner than would be expected. The inhabitants, from observations on marked individuals, consider that they can move a distance of about eight miles in two or three days. One large tortoise, which I watched, I found walked at the rate of sixty yards in ten minutes, that is 360 in the hour, or four miles a day,—allowing also a little time for it to eat on the road.

During the breeding season, when the male and female are together, the male utters a hoarse roar or bellowing, which, it is said, can be heard at the distance of more than a hundred yards. The female never uses her voice, and the male only at times; so that when the people hear this noise, they know that the two are together. They were at this time (October) laying their eggs. The female, where the soil is sandy, deposits them together, and covers them up with sand; but where the ground is rocky, she drops them indiscriminately in any hollow. Mr. Bynoe found seven placed in a line in a fissure. The egg is white and spherical; one which I measured was seven inches and three-eighths in circumference. The young animals, as soon as they are hatched, fall a prey, in great numbers, to the buzzard, with the habits of the *Caracara*. The old ones seem generally to die from accidents, as from falling down precipices. At least, several of the inhabitants told me they never found one dead without some such apparent cause.

The inhabitants believe that these animals are absolutely deaf; certainly they do not overhear a person walking close behind them. I was always amused, when overtaking one of these great monsters as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the

instant I passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and uttering a deep hiss, fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. I frequently got on their backs, and then, on giving a few raps on the hinder part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away;—but I found it very difficult to keep my balance.

The flesh of this animal is largely employed, both fresh and salted; and a beautifully clear oil is prepared from the fat. When a tortoise is caught, the man makes a slit in the skin near its tail, so as to see inside its body, whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it is not, the animal is liberated; and it is said to recover soon from this strange operation. In order to secure the tortoises, it is not sufficient to turn them like turtle, for they are often able to regain their upright position.

It was confidently asserted, that the tortoises coming from different islands in the Archipelago were slightly different in form; and that in certain islands they attained a larger average size than in others. Mr. Lawson maintained that he could at once tell from which island any one was brought. Unfortunately, the specimens which came home in the *Beagle* were too small to institute any certain comparison. This tortoise, which goes by the name of *Testudo Indicus*, is at present found in many parts of the world. It is the opinion of Mr. Bell, and some others who have studied reptiles, that it is not improbable that they all originally came from this Archipelago. When it is known how long these islands have been frequented by the buccaneers, and that they constantly took away numbers of these animals alive, it seems very probable that they should have distributed them in different parts of the world. If this tortoise does not originally come from these islands, it is a remarkable anomaly; inasmuch as nearly all the other land inhabitants seem to have had their birthplace here.

IV.

MARINE LIZARD FEEDS ON SEA-WEED—TERRESTRIAL SPECIES, BURROWING HABITS, HERBIVOROUS—IMPORTANCE OF REPTILES IN THE ARCHIPELAGO—FEW AND MINUTE INSECTS—AMERICAN TYPE OF ORGANIZATION—SPECIES CONFINED TO CERTAIN ISLANDS—TAMENESS OF BIRDS—FALKLAND ISLANDS—FEAR OF MAN AN ACQUIRED INSTINCT.

OF lizards, there are four or five species; two probably belong to the South American genus *Leiocephalus* (*See* p. 513), and two to *Amblyrhynchus*. This remarkable genus was characterised by Mr. Bell, from a stuffed specimen sent from Mexico, but which I conceive there can be little doubt originally came through some whaling ship from these islands. The two species agree pretty closely in general appearance; but one is aquatic and the other terrestrial in its habits. Mr. Bell thus concludes his description of *Amb. cristatus*: "On a comparison of this animal with the true Iguanas, the most striking and important discrepancy is in the form of the head. Instead of the long, pointed, narrow muzzle of those species, we have here a short, obtusely truncated head, not so long as it is broad, the mouth consequently only capable of being opened to a very short space. These circumstances, with the shortness and equality of the toes, and the strength and curvature of the claws, evidently indicates some striking peculiarity in its food and general habits, on which, however, in the absence of all certain information, I shall abstain from offering any conjecture."

The following account of these two lizards, will, I think, show with what judgment Mr. Bell foresaw a variation in habit, accompanying change in structure.

First for the aquatic kind (*Amb. cristatus*.) This lizard is extremely common on all the islands throughout the Archipelago. It lives exclusively on the rocky sea-beaches, and is never found, at least I never saw one, even ten yards inshore. It is a hideous-looking creature, of a dirty black colour, stupid and sluggish in its movements. The usual length of a full grown one is about a yard, but there are some even four feet long: I have seen a large one which weighed twenty pounds. On the island of Albemarle they seem to grow to a greater size than on any other. These lizards were occasionally seen some hundred yards from the shore swimming about; and Captain Collnet, in his Voyage, says, "They go out to sea in shoals to fish." With respect to the object, I believe he is mistaken; but the fact stated on such good authority cannot be doubted. When in the water the animal swims with perfect ease and quickness, by a serpentine movement of its body and flattened tail,—the legs, during this time, being motionless and closely collapsed on its sides. A seaman on board sank one, with a heavy weight attached to it, thinking thus to kill it directly; but when an hour afterwards he drew up the line, the lizard was quite active. Their limbs and strong claws are admirably adapted for crawling over the rugged and fissured masses of lava, which everywhere form the coast. In such situations, a group of six or seven of these hideous reptiles may oftentimes be seen on the black rocks, a few feet above the surf, basking in the sun with outstretched legs.

I opened the stomach of several, and in each case found it largely distended with minced sea-weed, of that kind which grows in thin foliaceous expansions of a bright green or dull red colour. I do not recollect having observed this sea-weed in any quantity on the tidal rocks; and I have reason to believe it grows at the bottom of the sea, at some little distance from the coast. If such is the case, the object of these animals occasionally going out to sea is explained. The stomach contained nothing but the sea-weed. Mr. Bynoe, however, found a piece of a crab in one; but this might have got in accidentally, in the same manner as I have seen a caterpillar, in the midst of some lichen, in the paunch of a tortoise. The intestines were large, as in herbivorous animals.

The nature of this lizard's food, as well as the structure of its tail, and the certain fact of its having been seen voluntarily swimming out to sea, absolutely prove its aquatic habits; yet there is in this respect one strange anomaly; namely, that when frightened it will not enter the water. From this cause, it is easy to drive these lizards down to any little point overhanging the sea, where they will sooner allow a person to catch hold of their tail than jump into the water. They do not seem to have any notion of biting; but when much frightened they squirt a drop of fluid from each nostril. One day I carried one to a deep pool left by the retiring tide, and threw it in several times as far as I was able. It invariably returned, in a direct line, to the spot where I stood. It swam near the bottom, with a very graceful and rapid movement, and occasionally aided itself over the uneven ground with its feet. As soon as it arrived near the margin, but still being under water, it either tried to conceal itself in the tufts of sea-weed, or it entered some crevice. As soon as it

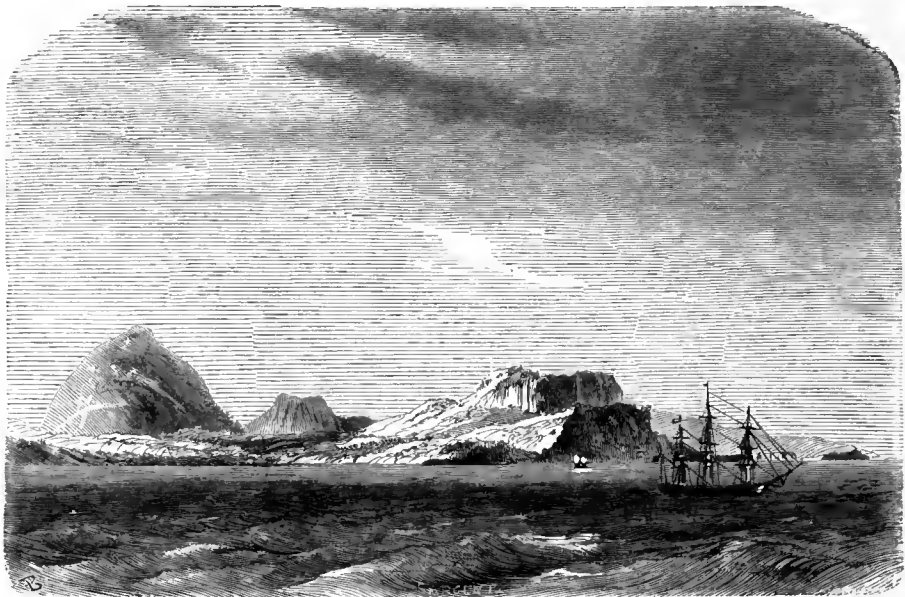
thought the danger was past, it crawled out on the dry rocks, and shuffled away as quickly as it could. I several times caught this same lizard, by driving it down to a point, and though possessed of such perfect powers of diving and swimming, nothing would induce it to enter the water; and as often as I threw it in, it returned in the manner above described. Perhaps this singular piece of apparent stupidity may be accounted for by the circumstance, that this reptile has no enemy whatever on shore, whereas at sea it must often fall a prey to the numerous sharks. Hence, probably urged by a fixed and hereditary instinct that the shore is its place of safety, whatever the emergency may be, it there takes refuge.

During our visit (in October) I saw extremely few small individuals of this species, and none, I should think, under a year old. From this circumstance it seems probable that the breeding season had not commenced. I asked several of the inhabitants if they knew where it laid its eggs: they said, that although

well acquainted with the eggs of the other kind, they had not the least knowledge of the manner in which this species is propagated—a fact, considering how common an animal this lizard is, not a little extraordinary.

We will now turn to the terrestrial species (*Amb. subcristatus*) of Gray. This species, differently from the last, is confined to the central islands of the Archipelago, namely to Albemarle, James, Barrington, and Indefatigable. To the southward, in Charles, Hood, and Chatham islands, and to the northward, in Towers, Bindloes, and Abingdon, I neither saw nor heard of any. It would appear as if this species had been created in the centre of the Archipelago, and thence had been dispersed only to a certain distance.

In the central islands they inhabit both the higher and damp, as well as the lower and sterile parts; but in the latter they are much the most numerous. I cannot give a more forcible proof of their numbers, than by stating that when we were left at James Island,



POST-OFFICE BAY, CHARLES OR FLORIANA ISLAND.

we could not for some time find a spot free from their burrows, on which to pitch our tent. These lizards, like their brothers the sea-kind, are ugly animals; and from their low facial angle have a singularly stupid appearance. In size perhaps they are a little inferior to the latter, but several of them weighed between ten and fifteen pounds each. The colour of their belly, front legs, and head (excepting the crown which is nearly white), is a dirty yellowish-orange: the back is a brownish-red, which in the younger specimens is darker. In their movements they are lazy and half torpid. When not frightened, they slowly crawl along with their tails and bellies dragging on the ground. They often stop, and doze for a minute with closed eyes, and hind legs spread out on the parched soil.

They inhabit burrows; which they sometimes excavate between fragments of lava, but more generally on level patches of the soft volcanic sandstone. The holes do not appear to be very deep, and they enter the ground at a small angle; so that when walking

over these lizard *warrens*, the soil is constantly giving way, much to the annoyance of the tired walker. This animal, when excavating its burrows, alternately works the opposite sides of its body. One front leg for a short time scratches up the soil, and throws it towards the hind foot, which is well placed so as to heave it beyond the mouth of the hole. This side of the body being tired, the other takes up the task, and so on alternately. I watched one for a long time, till half its body was buried; I then walked up and pulled it by the tail; at this it was greatly astonished, and soon shuffled up to see what was the matter; and then stared me in the face, as much as so say, "What made you pull my tail?"

They feed by day, and do not wander far from their burrows; and if frightened they rush to them with a most awkward gait. Except when running down hill, they cannot move very fast; which appears chiefly owing to the lateral position of their legs.

They are not at all timorous: when attentively

watching any one, they curl their tails, and raising themselves on their front legs, nod their heads vertically, with a quick movement, and try to look very fierce: but in reality they are not at all so; if one just stamps the ground, down go their tails, and off they shuffle as quickly as they can. I have frequently observed small muscivorous lizards, when watching anything, nod their heads in precisely the same manner; but I do not at all know for what purpose. If this *Amblyrhynchus* is held, and plagued with a stick, it will bite it very severely; but I caught many by the tail, and they never tried to bite me. If two are placed on the ground and held together, they will fight and bite each other till blood is drawn.

The individuals (and they are the greater number) which inhabit the lower country, can scarcely taste a drop of water throughout the year, but they consume much of the succulent cactus, the branches of which are occasionally broken off by the wind. I have sometimes thrown a piece to two or three when together; and it was amusing enough to see each trying to seize and carry it away in its mouth, like so many hungry dogs with a bone. They eat very deliberately, but do not chew their food. The little birds are aware how harmless these creatures are: I have seen one of the thick-billed finches picking at one end of a piece of cactus (which is in request among all the animals of the lower region), whilst a lizard was eating at the other; and afterwards the little bird with the utmost indifference hopped on the back of the reptile.

I opened the stomachs of several, and found them full of vegetable fibres, and leaves of different trees, especially of a species of acacia. In the upper regions they live chiefly on the acid and astringent berries of the guayavita, under which trees I have seen these lizards and the huge tortoises feeding together. To obtain the acacia-leaves, they crawl up the low stunted trees; and it is not uncommon to see one or a pair quietly browsing, whilst seated on a branch several feet above the ground.

The meat of these animals when cooked is white, and by those whose stomachs rise above all prejudices, it is relished as very good food. Humboldt has remarked that in intertropical South America, all lizards which inhabit dry regions are esteemed delicacies for the table. The inhabitants say, that those inhabiting the damp region drink water, but that the others do not travel up for it from the sterile country like the tortoises. At the time of our visit, the females had within their bodies numerous large elongated eggs. These they lay in their burrows, and the inhabitants seek them for food.

These two species of *Amblyrhynchus* agree, as I have already stated, in general structure, and in many of their habits. Neither have that rapid movement, so characteristic of true *Lacerta* and *Iguana*. They are both herbivorous, although the kind of vegetation consumed in each case is so very different. Mr. Bell has given the name to the genus from the shortness of the snout: indeed, the form of the mouth may almost be compared to that of the tortoise. One is tempted to suppose this is an adaptation to their herbivorous appetites. It is very interesting to find a well-characterised genus, having its aquatic and terrestrial species, belonging to so confined a portion of the world. The former species is by far the most remarkable, because it is the only existing Saurian which can properly be said to be a maritime animal. I should perhaps have

mentioned earlier, that in the whole Archipelago, there is only one rill of fresh water that reaches the coast; yet these reptiles frequent the sea-beaches, and no other parts in all the islands. Moreover, there is no existing lizard, as far as I am aware, excepting this *Amblyrhynchus*, that feeds exclusively on aquatic productions. If, however, we refer to epochs long past, we shall find such habits common to several gigantic animals of the Saurian race.

To conclude with the order of reptiles. Of snakes there are several species, but all harmless. Of toads and frogs there are none. I was surprised at this, considering how well the temperate and damp woods in the elevated parts appeared adapted for their habits. It recalled to my mind the singular statement made by Bory St. Vincent, namely, that none of this family are to be found on the volcanic islands in the great oceans. There certainly appears to be some foundation for this observation; which is the more remarkable, when compared with the case of lizards, which are generally among the earliest colonists of the smallest islet. It may be asked, whether this is not owing to the different facilities of transport through salt-water, of the eggs of the latter protected by a calcareous coat, and of the slimy spawn of the former?

As I at first observed, these islands are not so remarkable for the number of species of reptiles, as for that of individuals; when we remember the well-beaten paths made by the many hundred great tortoises—the warrens of the terrestrial *Amblyrhynchus*—and the groups of the aquatic species basking on the coast-rocks—we must admit that there is no other quarter of the world, where this order replaces the herbivorous mammalia in so extraordinary a manner. It is worthy of observation by the geologist (who will probably refer back in his mind to the secondary periods, when the Saurians were developed with dimensions, which at the present day can be compared only to the cetaceous mammalia), that this Archipelago, instead of possessing a humid climate and rank vegetation, cannot be considered otherwise than extremely arid, and, for an equatorial region, remarkably temperate.

To finish with the zoology: I took great pains in collecting the insects, but I was surprised to find, even in the high and damp region, how exceedingly few they were in number. The forests of Terra del Fuego are certainly much more barren; but with that exception I never collected in so poor a country. In the lower and sterile land I took seven species of *Heteromera*, and a few other insects; but in the fine thriving woods towards the centre of the islands, although I perseveringly swept under the bushes during all kinds of weather, I obtained only a few minute *Diptera* and *Hymenoptera*. Owing to this scarcity of insects, nearly all the birds live in the lower country; and the part which any one would have thought much the most favourable for them, is frequented only by a few of the small tyrant-flycatchers. I do not believe a single bird, excepting the water-rail, is confined to the damp region. Mr. Waterhouse informs me that nearly all the insects belong to European forms, and that they do not by any means possess an equatorial character. I did not take a single one of large size, or of bright colours. This last observation applies equally to the birds and flowers. It is worthy of remark, that the only land-bird with bright colours, is that species of tyrant-flycatcher which seems to be a wanderer from the continent. Of shells, there are a considerable

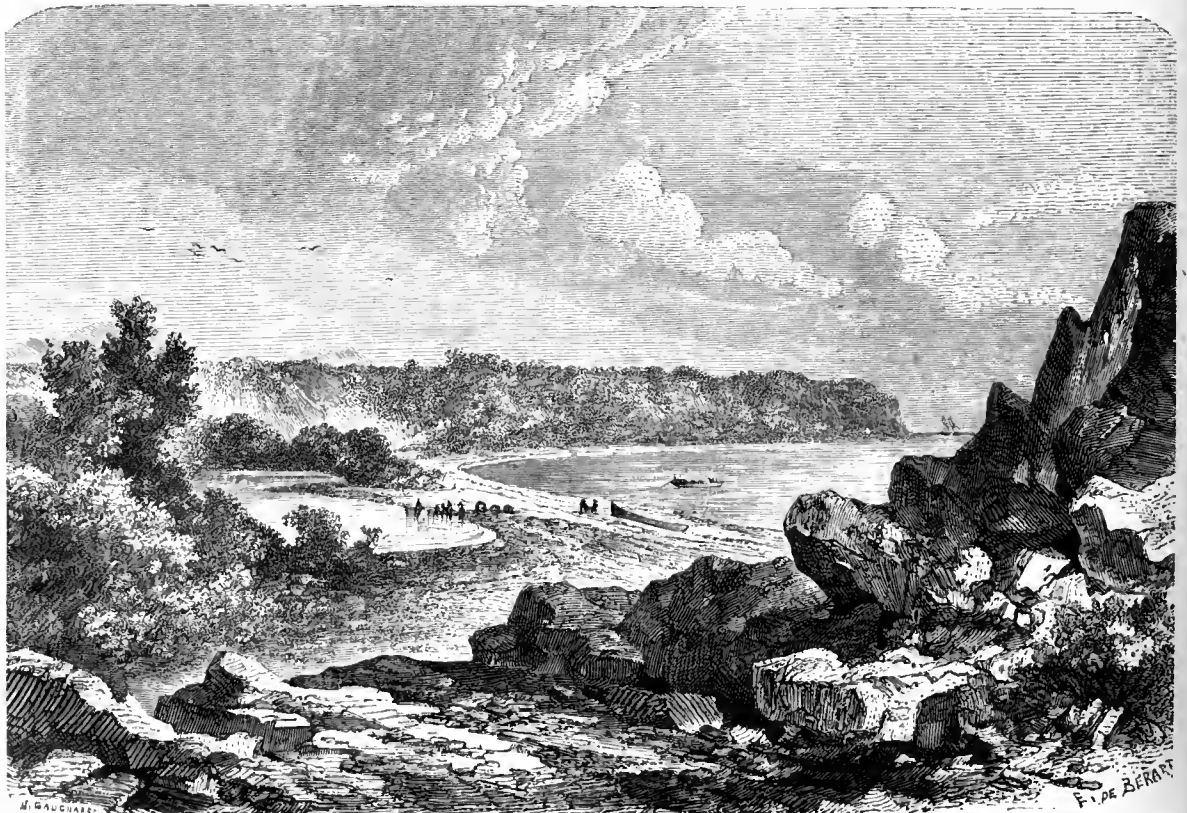
number of land kinds, all of which, I believe, are confined to this Archipelago. Even of marine species, a large proportion were not known, before the collection made by Mr. Cuming on these islands was brought to England.

I will not here attempt to come to any definite conclusions, as the species have not been accurately examined; but we may infer that, with the exception of a few wanderers, the organic beings found on this Archipelago are peculiar to it; and yet that their general form strongly partakes of an American character. It would be impossible for any one accustomed to the birds of Chili and La Plata to be placed on these islands, and not to feel convinced that he was, as far as the organic world was concerned, on American ground. This similarity in type, between distant islands and continents, while the species are distinct, has scarcely been sufficiently noticed. The circumstance would be explained, according to the views of some authors, by saying that the creative power had acted according to the same law over a wide area.

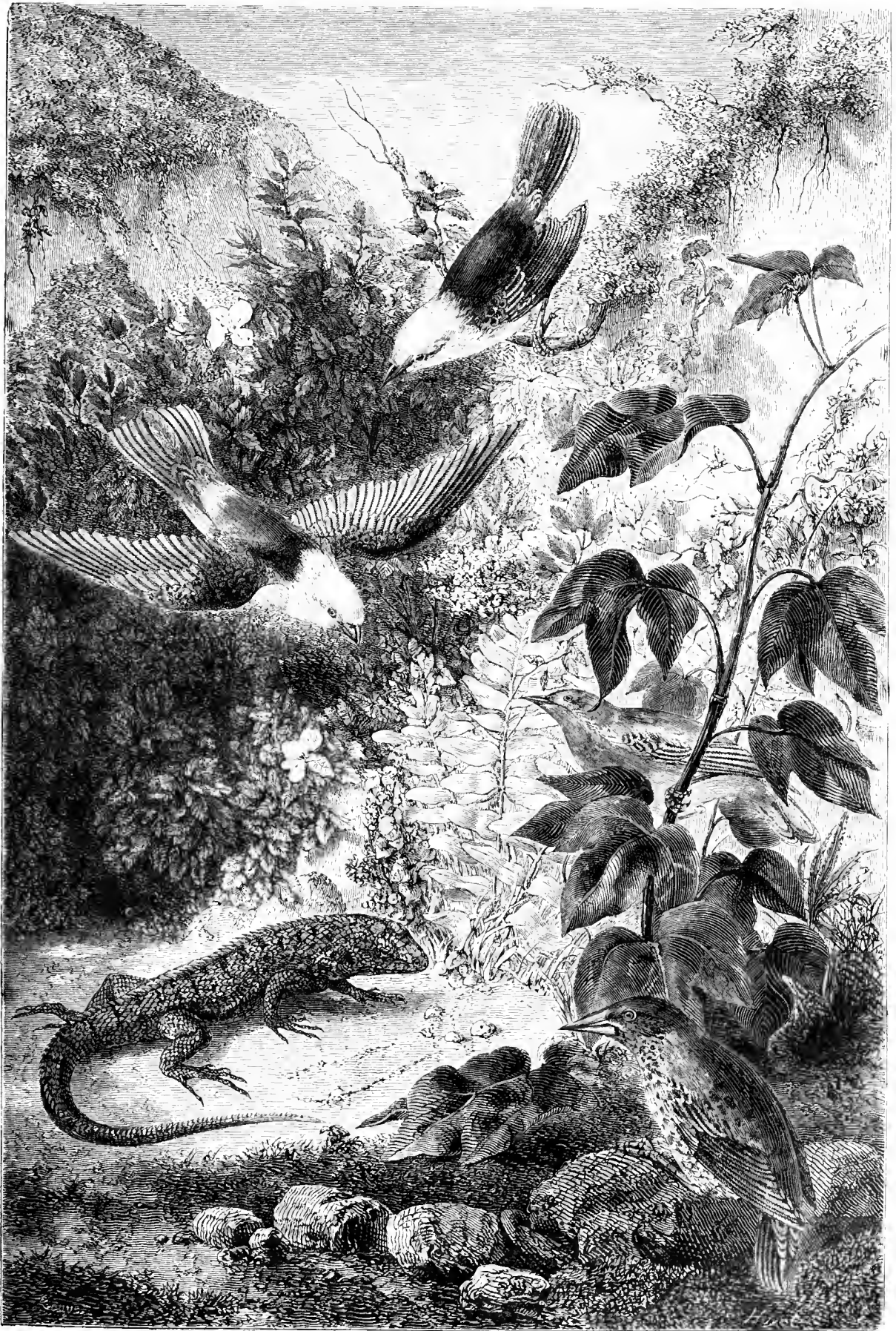
It has been mentioned that the inhabitants can distinguish the tortoises, according to the islands whence they are brought. I was also informed that many of the islands possess trees and plants which do not occur in the others. For instance, the berry-bearing tree, called Guayavita, which is common on James Island, certainly is not found on Charles Island, though appearing equally well fitted for it. Unfortunately, I was not aware of these facts till my collection was nearly completed: it never occurred to me, that the productions of islands only a few miles apart, and placed under the same physical conditions, would be dissimilar. I therefore did not attempt to make a series of speci-

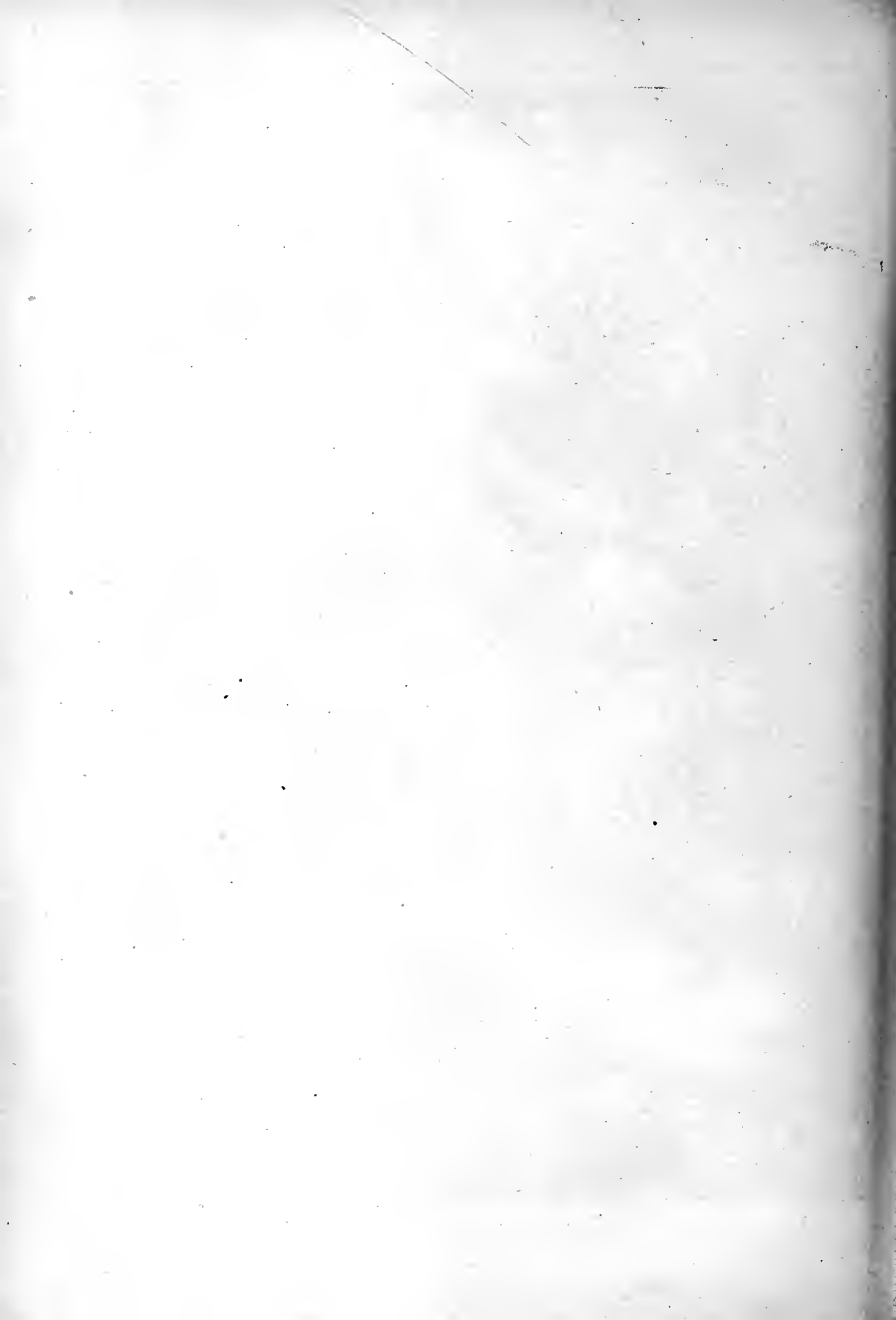
mens from the separate islands. It is the fate of every voyager, when he has just discovered what object in any place is more particularly worthy of his attention, to be hurried from it. In the case of the mocking-bird, I ascertained (and have brought home the specimens) that one species (*Orpheus trifasciatus*, Gould) is exclusively found on Charles Island; a second (*O. parvulus*) on Albemarle Island; and a third (*O. melanotus*) common to James and Chatham Islands. The two last species are closely allied, but the first would be considered by every naturalist as quite distinct. I examined many specimens in the different islands, and in each the respective kind was alone present. These birds agree in general plumage, structure, and habits; so that the different species replace each other in the economy of the different islands. These species are not characterised by the markings on the plumage alone, but likewise by the size and form of the bill, and other differences. I have stated, that in the thirteen species of ground-finches, a nearly perfect gradation may be traced, from a beak extraordinarily thick, to one so fine, that it may be compared to that of a warbler. I very much suspect, that certain members of the series are confined to different islands; therefore, if the collection had been made on any one island, it would not have presented so perfect a gradation. It is clear, that if several islands have each their peculiar species of the same genera, when these are placed together, they will have a wide range of character.

Before concluding my account of the zoology of these islands, I must describe more in detail the tameness of the birds. This disposition is common to all the terrestrial species; namely, to the mocking-birds, the finches, sylvicole, tyrant-flycatchers, doves, and hawks.



WATERING-PLACE, CHARLES ISLAND.





There is not one which will not approach sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes, as I have myself tried, with a cap or hat. A gun is here almost superfluous; for with the muzzle of one I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day a mocking-bird alighted on the edge of a pitcher (made of the shell of a tortoise), which I held in my hand whilst lying down. It began very quietly to sip the water, and allowed me to lift it with the vessel from the ground. I often tried, and very nearly succeeded, in catching these birds by their legs. Formerly the birds appear to have been even tamer than at present. Cowley (in the year 1684) says that the "Turtle-doves were so tame that they would often alight upon our hats and arms, so as that we could take them alive: they not fearing man, until such time as some of our company did fire at them, whereby they were rendered more shy." Dampier (in the same year) also says that a man in a morning's walk might kill six or seven dozen of these birds. At present, although certainly very tame, they do not alight on people's arms; nor do they suffer themselves to be killed in such numbers. It is surprising that the change has not been greater; for these islands during the last hundred and fifty years, have been frequently visited by buccaneers and whalers; and the sailors, wandering through the woods in search of tortoises, always take delight in knocking down the little birds.

These birds, although much persecuted, do not become wild in a short time: in Charles Island, which had then been colonised about six years, I saw a boy sitting by a well with a switch in his hand, with which he killed the doves and finches as they came to drink. He had already procured a little heap of them for his dinner; and he said he had constantly been in the habit of waiting there for the same purpose. We must conclude that the birds, not having as yet learnt that man is a more dangerous animal than the tortoise, or the amblyrhynchus, disregard us, in the same manner as magpies in England do the cows and horses grazing in the fields.

The Falkland Islands offer a second instance of this disposition among its birds. The extraordinary tameness of the dark-coloured *Fumarius* has been remarked by Pernetz, Lesson, and other voyagers. It is not, however, peculiar to that bird: the Caracara, snipe, upland and lowland goose, thrush, *Emberiza*, and even some true hawks, are all more or less tame. Both hawks and foxes are present; and as the birds are so tame, we may infer that the absence of all rapacious animals at the Galapagos is not the cause of their tameness there. The geese at the Falklands, by the precaution they take in building on the islets, show that they are aware of their danger from the foxes; but they are

not by this rendered wild towards man. This tameness of the birds, especially the waterfowl, is strongly contrasted with the habits of the same species in Terra del Fuego, where for ages past they have been persecuted by the wild inhabitants. In the Falklands, the sportsman may sometimes kill more of the upland geese in one day, than he is able to carry home; whereas in Terra del Fuego, it is nearly as difficult to kill one, as it is in England of the common wild species.

In the time of Pernetz (1763) all the birds appear to have been much tamer than at present. Pernetz states that the *Fumarius* would almost perch on his finger; and that with a wand he killed ten in half an hour. At that period, the birds must have been about as tame as they now are at the Galapagos. They appear to have learnt caution more quickly at the Falklands than at the latter place, and they have had proportionate means of experience; for besides frequent visits from vessels, the islands have been at intervals colonised during the whole period.

Even formerly, when all the birds were so tame, by Pernetz's account, it was impossible to kill the black-necked swan. It is rather an interesting fact, that this is a bird of passage, and therefore brings with it the wisdom learnt in foreign countries.

I have not met with any account of the *land* birds being so tame, in any other quarter of the world, as at the Galapagos and Falkland Islands. And it may be observed that of the few archipelagoes of any size, which when discovered were uninhabited by man, these two are among the most important. From the foregoing statements we may, I think, conclude—first, that the wildness of birds with regard to man, is a particular instinct directed against him, and not dependent on any general degree of caution arising from other sources of danger; secondly, that it is not acquired by them in a short time, even when much persecuted; but that in the course of successive generations it becomes hereditary. With domesticated animals we are accustomed to see instincts becoming hereditary; but with those in a state of nature, it is more rare to discover instances of such acquired knowledge. In regard to the wildness of birds towards men, there is no other way of accounting for it. Few young birds in England have been injured by man, yet all are afraid of him: many individuals, on the other hand, both at the Galapagos and at the Falklands, have been injured, but yet have not learned that salutary dread. We may infer from these facts what havoc the introduction of any new beast of prey must cause in a country, before the instincts of the aborigines become adapted to the stranger's craft or power.

CORAL ISLANDS.

I.

ATOLLS OR ATOLLONS—LITHOPHYTES OR "CONSTRUCTORS OF WORLDS"—SUBMARINE WORLD—CORAL REEFS—KEELING ISLANDS—SINGULAR APPEARANCE—SCANTY FLORA—TRANSPORT OF SEEDS—EBBING AND FLOWING SPRINGS—CORAL FORMATIONS—RESISTING POWER OF OCEAN—FIELDS OF DEAD CORAL.

OF all the phenomena that diversify the face of the earth, none are more interesting than the origin and extent of Coral Islands. The vast results produced by such apparently small causes are alone sufficient to strike and rivet the imagination. The Atolls, or Atollons (more properly A-tul and A-tullun), as the circular islets of corals, with their central lagoons, are called by the easterns, have never failed to excite the wonder and the dread of navigators of the Indian Seas and of the Pacific Ocean. As far back as 1605, old Pyrrard de Laval exclaimed, "It is marvellous to see each of these atollons, surrounded by a great bank of stone without the aid of any human artifice."

Michelet, in his remarkable work "On the Life of the Sea and Life in the Sea," graphically designates the corals as "faiseurs de mondes," that is to say, "constructors of worlds."

Already, in the north of Africa, the vegetables which reign solely in the temperate sea, begin to be rivalled by animated vegetables, that grow also and flower also. Twice a year the common sponge gives off little spheroids, which, starting from the mother sponge, and provided with a slight fin-like apparatus, enjoy a few moments' liberty and movement till they fix themselves, and a new sponge arises. This may be either an ovule, a sponge, or a vegetable seed. The same is seen in both the kingdoms of nature. As we advance towards the equator, the number, size, and splendour of the animated vegetables go on increasing. Strange trees, of elegant forms and brilliant colours, the gorgonias and isis, spread their rich fan-like shapes. The stone plants, madrepores, and the corals, appear at the same time, claimed at once by the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. "They are," says Michelet, "the real point at which life rises obscurely from its stony sleep, without entirely detaching itself from that rude point of departure, as if to teach us—proud and exalted as we are—of the ternary fraternity, of the right which even the humble mineral possesses of ascending in the scale, and of animating itself, and of the deep aspirations that lie in the bosom of nature." "Natura non fit saltus," said the old Swedish naturalist, Linnæus; and if all the steps have not yet been definitely marked out by which the transition is effected, from gaseous elements to stony compounds, from minerals to plants, and from plants to animals, we may feel quite assured it is our limited means of observation that are to blame, not the order of creation.

"Our meadows and the forests of the earth we dwell upon appear," says Darwin, "desert and void as compared to those of the sea." And not the least curious incident of the prodigious productiveness is that plants

seem to delight in assuming animal forms, whilst animals take upon themselves that of a lithophytic or stony vegetation. Others, again, perish away like flowers. The sea anemone opens its rose-coloured corolla with azure eyes, but the moment that a daughter is born it fades away and dies. The alcyonium, the Proteus of the sea, on the other hand, assumes all kinds of shapes and forms, and is one moment a plant, at another a fruit.

What a stirring sight does this submarine world present on a calm day! Look down upon the reefs of the Pacific, and you see a green carpet of tubiporas and astreas, diversified by more bright-coloured meandrinae and cariophyllæ, swiftly vibrating their rich golden stamina. Over this world beneath, as if to shade it from the sun, majestic gorgonias and the less lofty isis undulate like the willows and aspens and climbing-plants of our own forests. The plumaria sends forth its spirals from one submarine tree to another, just like the grape-vine of the south. Another world lives within this stony world. Molluscs drag their shells of pearly lustre along these labyrinths; crabs run and hunt there; strange fish of golden hues rove tranquilly about. Purple and violet-coloured annelids creep snake-like among those delicate stars—the ophiuri—that alternately roll up and then stretch forth their delicate and fragile arms to the descending sunbeams. The madrepores alone have no beauty of colour. Its perfection lies in its shape; in it, too, especially, is the individual modest and humble, whilst the republic is imposing. It is the reverse of what we sometimes contemplate in this world when the individual would be imposing and the republic appears to the contrary. In Michelet's playful fancy the complicated twistings and turnings of the madrepores have a meaning. They would seem to say something, to anticipate hieroglyphics and arrow-heads and alphabets, by a strange natural cryptography or lithography; but no Sharpe or Rawlinson has yet stood forward to decipher their secret meaning. "On sent bien qu'aujourd'hui encore il y a une pensée là-dedans. On ne s'en détache pas aisément." Pity it is a mere fancy. Such a writing would be a communication from the unknown world to the known!

The day that the microscope discovered the infusoria, they were found to have constituted mountains, and to pave the ocean. The hard silex of Tripoli is a mass of animaleules; sponge is an animated silex. Paris is built with the remains of infusoria; a part of Germany reposes upon a bed of coral. Infusoria, corals, testaceous animals, and others, contribute to form chalk and limestones. The fish that devours the tender coral restores it as chalk. The coral sea, in its great work of construction, of movements, up-risings, and subsidencies, building up, tumbling down, and rebuilding, is an immense factory of limestone. Forster, Cook's companion, was the first to point out that the circular coral islands are craters of volcanoes brought to the surface by the labours of polypi. They

are always more or less circular rings, precipitous and beaten by the waves on the outside, sloping down more gradually into the depths of a central basin. Tempests in these great seas have their multiple uses. They sweep over the old lands, tear up trees and plants, and their roots and seeds, and convey them to new territories. The cocoa-nut is an especial messenger of life; it bears long transits best. Cast upon a coral rock, it finds a little sand, the residue of corals ground down, and it is satisfied where other plants would perish. It germinates, and becomes a tree. Trees bring fresh water and soil, and other plants soon find a home. With the progress of time the coral reef is an inhabitable island. According to Sir James Emerson Tennent, also, by a kind provision of nature, salt water, percolating through coral reefs, becomes fresh.

Nor is the rapidity of this work less remarkable than the results. Boats have been known to disappear at Rio Janeiro in forty days beneath a mass of tubularia that had got possession of them. There were formerly twenty-six islands in a strait near Australia; there are now fifty; and it is anticipated that, before twenty years have elapsed, the strait, a hundred miles in width, will be no longer practicable. It will be the same with Annesley Bay with its port of Adule, so coveted by France; it will probably be barely accessible with the lapse of years. Even Sicily is becoming embedded in an outer reef. Then look at the extent of these creations. The chain of the Maldives is 500 miles long. The reefs of French Caledonia, as it must be now called, are 145 leagues in extent. The eastern reef of Australia has an expanse of 360 leagues. There are groups of coral islands in the Pacific 400 leagues in length by 150 in width. The mariner dreads these reefs. It is vexations to see a tranquil basin at a distance of a few hundred yards, and to be tempest-tost where no anchor will hold, and where corals, sharp as razors, will cut the stoutest ship into shavings. But the philosopher, utopian Michelet says, should look upon these structures with another spirit. He must look upon these polypi as constructing a world in case of the breaking up of the present one. If, as is said, every ten thousand years the sea rushes from one pole to the other, many will one day be happy to find a refuge in the coral islands of the Pacific.

One of the most elementary forms of an Atoll or Coral Island is to be seen in the illustration given at p. 533, of Oeno in the New Hebrides, after Admiral Beechey. A step in progress, where the outer reef has become covered with vegetation, is to be seen in the cut representing Whit-Sunday Island, also one of the New Hebrides, explored by Admiral Beechey,¹ and called Whit-Sunday or Whitsuntide Island, from its having been discovered by Captain Wallis on Whit-Sunday, 1767 (long. 168°, 20' E.; lat. 15°, 44' S.). Still further progress is manifest when successive barriers of reef have been converted into soil, and stretch in long lines off the shores of great islands, as in the instance of Bora-Bora (See p. 545); and finally, we see the wondrous changes wrought in coral islands by volcanic

action in most of the islands of the Pacific; but notoriously in the Galapagos (described in our last chapter), and in Albemarle Island, and still more strikingly and impressively on the sharp mountain peaks and pinnacles of Bora-Bora, one of the Society Islands (long. 151°. 52' 45"; W. lat. 16°. 27'. See pp. 540 and 545).

In few islands are the various phenomena of the coral formation and the successive steps of growth and conversion to soil adapted for vegetation and then for habitation, seen to so great an advantage as in the so-called Keeling Islands, and as these islands gave origin to those observations and generalisations of Mr. Charles Darwin, which are admitted to have thrown quite a new light upon the whole phenomena, we shall proceed with the description of them as given by Mr. Darwin, adding that gentleman's important remarks upon the formation and constitution of Coral Islands generally.

April 1st.—We arrived in view of the Keeling or Cocos Islands, situated in the Indian ocean, and about six hundred miles distant from the coast of Sumatra. This is one of the lagoon islands of coral formation, similar to those we passed in the Dangerous Archipelago. An excellent idea of the general appearance of these extraordinary rings of land, which rise out of the depths of the ocean, may be obtained from the characteristic sketch of Whitsunday Island, in Beechey's Voyage. (See p. 524.)

When the ship was in the channel at the entrance, Mr. Liesk, an English resident, came off in his boat. The history of the inhabitants of this place, in as few words as possible, is as follows: About nine years ago, a Mr. Hare, a very worthless character, brought from the East Indian Archipelago a number of Malay slaves, which now, including children, amount to more than a hundred. Shortly afterwards, Captain Ross, who had before visited these islands in his merchant-ship, arrived from England, bringing with him his family and goods for settlement. Along with him came Mr. Liesk, who had been a mate in his vessel. The Malay slaves soon ran away from the island on which Mr. Hare was settled, and joined Captain Ross's party. Mr. Hare upon this was ultimately obliged to leave these islands.

The Malays are now nominally in a state of freedom, and certainly are so, as far as regards their personal treatment; but in most other points they are considered as slaves. From the discontented state of the people, the repeated removals, and perhaps also from a little mismanagement, things are not very prosperous. The island has no quadruped, excepting the pig, and no vegetable in any quantity, excepting the cocoa-nut. On the latter the whole prosperity of the place depends. The only exports are oil from the nut, and the cocoa-nut itself. On it the pigs, which are loaded with fat, almost entirely subsist, as likewise do the poultry and ducks. Even a huge land-crab is furnished by nature with a curious instinct and form of legs to open and feed on this same fruit.

The annular reef of this lagoon island is surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. On the northern or leeward side there is an opening, through which vessels reach the anchorage. On entering, the scene was very curious and rather pretty; its beauty, however, being solely dependent on the brilliancy of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illuminated by a vertical sun,

¹ Analysis of a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Strait to co-operate with the Polar Expeditions; performed in His Majesty's ship *Blossom*, under the command of Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N., F.R.S., &c., in the years 1825, '26, '27, and '28. By W. F. Ainsworth, Esq.—*Journ. of Roy. Geo. Soc.*, Vol. 1, p. 193, et seq.

of a most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either from the dark heaving water of the ocean by a line of snow-white breakers, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned at an equal height by the tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so, in the lagoon, dark bands of living coral appear through the emerald green water.

The next morning, after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards wide; on the lagoon side we have a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which in such a climate is very oppressive; and on the outer coast a solid broad flat of coral rock, which serves to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil, the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.

I will now give a sketch of the natural history of these islands, which, from its very paucity, possesses a peculiar interest. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood; there are, however, five or six other kinds. One of these grows to a very large size, but, from the extreme softness of its wood, is useless; another sort affords excellent timber for ship-building. Besides the trees, the number of plants is exceedingly limited, and consists of insignificant weeds. In my collection, which includes, I believe, nearly the perfect Flora, there are twenty species, without reckoning a moss, lichen, and fungus. To this number two trees must be added; one of which was not in flower, and the other I only heard of. The latter is a solitary tree of its kind in the whole group, and grows near the beach, where, without doubt, the one seed was thrown up by the waves. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit trees, and imported grasses. As these islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time probably existed as a mere water-washed reef, all the productions now living here must have been transported by the waves of the sea. In accordance to this, the Flora has quite the character of a refuge for the destitute: Professor Henslow informs me, that of the twenty species, nineteen belong to different genera, and these again to no less than sixteen orders!

In Holman's Travels (p. 378.), an account is given on the authority of Mr. A. S. Keating, who resided twelve months on these islands, of the various seeds, and other bodies, which have been known to have been washed on shore. "Seeds and plants from Sumatra and Java have been driven up by the surf on the windward side of the islands. Among them have been found the Kimiri, native of Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca; the cocoa-nut of Balci, known by its shape and size; the Dadass, which is planted by the Malays with the pepper-vine, the latter entwining round its trunk, and supporting itself by the prickles on its stem; the soap tree; the castor oil plant; trunks of the sago palm; and various kinds of seeds unknown to the Malays who settled on the islands. These are

all supposed to have been driven on shore by the N.W. monsoon to the coast of New Holland, and thence to these islands by the S.E. trade-wind. Large masses of Java teak, and yellow wood, have also been found, besides immense trees of red and white cedar and the blue gum-wood of New Holland, in a perfectly sound condition. All the hardy seeds, such as creepers, retain their germinating power, but the softer kinds, among which is the manhostin, are destroyed in the passage. Fishing canoes, apparently from Java, have at times been washed on shore." It is interesting thus to discover how numerous the seeds are which, coming from several countries, are drifted over the wide ocean. Professor Henslow tells me, he believes that nearly all the plants which I brought from this island, are common littoral species in the East Indian Archipelago. From the direction, however, of the winds and currents, it seems scarcely possible that they can have come here in a direct line. If, as suggested with much probability by Mr. Keating, they have first been carried towards the coast of New Holland, and thence drifted back again, together with the productions of that country, the seeds, before germinating, must have travelled between 1800 and 2400 miles.

Chamisso, when describing the Radack Archipelago, situated in the central part of the Western Pacific, states that, "The sea brings to these islands the seeds and fruits of many trees, most of which have yet not grown here. The greater part of these seeds appear to have not yet lost the capability of growing." It is also said that trunks of northern firs are washed on shore, which must have been floated from an immense distance. These facts are highly interesting. It cannot be doubted, if there were land-birds to pick up the seeds when first cast on shore, and a soil more adapted for their growth than the loose blocks of coral, that such islands, although so isolated, would soon possess a more abundant Flora.

The list of land-animals is even poorer than that of plants. Some of the islets are inhabited by rats; and their origin is known to be due to a ship from the Mauritius, which was wrecked here. These rats have rather a different appearance from the English kind; they are smaller and much more brightly coloured. There are no true land-birds; for a snipe and a rail (*Rallus philippensis*), though living entirely among the dry herbage, belong to the order of Waders. Birds of this order are said to occur on several of the low islands in the Pacific. At Ascension a rail (*Porphyrio*?) was shot near the summit of the mountain; and it was evidently a solitary straggler. From these circumstances, I believe, the waders are the first colonists of any island, after the innumerable web-footed species. I may add, that whenever I have noticed birds, which were not pelagic, very far out at sea, they always belonged to this order; and hence they would naturally become the earliest colonists of any distant point.

Of reptiles, I saw only one small lizard. Of insects, I took pains to collect every kind. Exclusive of spiders, which were numerous, there were thirteen species. Of these, one only was a beetle. A small species of ant swarmed by thousands under the loose dry blocks of coral, and was the only true insect which was abundant. Although the productions of the land are thus scanty; if we look to the waters of surrounding sea, the number of organic beings is indeed infinite.

Chamisso has described the natural history of Roman-

zoff, a lagoon island in the Radack Archipelago. The number and kind of productions there is very nearly the same with those here. One small lizard was seen: wading birds (*Numenius* and *Scelopax*) were numerous, and very tame. Of plants, he states there were nineteen species (including one fern); and some of them are the same species with those I collected here, although on an island situated in a different ocean.

These strips of land are raised only to that height, to which the surf can throw fragments, and the wind heap up sand. Their protection is due to the outward and lateral increase of the reef, which thus breaks the sea. The aspect and constitution of these islets at once call up the idea, that the land and the ocean are here struggling for mastery; although *terra firma* has obtained a footing, the denizens of the other element think their claim at least equal. In every part one meets hermit-crabs of more than one species, carrying on their backs the houses they have stolen from the neighbouring beach. The large claws or pincers of some of these crabs are most beautifully adapted, when drawn back, to form an operculum to the shell, which is nearly as perfect as the proper one that belonged to the original molluscous animal. I was assured, and as far as my observations went it was confirmed, that there are certain kinds of these hermits, which always use certain kinds only of old shells. Over-head, the trees are occupied by numbers of gannets, frigate-birds, and terns. From the many nests and smell of the atmosphere, this might be called a sea-rookery. The gannets, sitting on their rude nests, look at an intruder with a stupid, yet angry air. The noddies, as their name expresses, are silly little creatures. But there is one charming bird; it is a small and snow-white tern, which smoothly hovers at the distance of an arm's length from your head; its large black eye scanning with quiet curiosity your expression. Little imagination is required to fancy, that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit.

Sunday, April 3rd.—After service I accompanied Captain Fitzroy to the settlement, situated at the distance of some miles, on a point thickly scattered over with tall cocoa-nut trees. Captain Ross and Mr. Liesk lived in a large barn-like house, open at both ends, and lined with mats made of woven bark. The houses of the Malays are arranged along the shore of the lagoon. The whole place had rather a desolate aspect, because there were no gardens to show the signs of care and cultivation. The natives belong to different islands in the East Indian Archipelago, but all speak the same language: we saw inhabitants of Borneo, Celebes, Java, and Sumatra. In the colour of their skin they resemble the Tahitians, nor do they widely differ from them in form of features. Some of the women, however, showed a good deal of the Chinese character. I liked both their general expression and the sound of their voices. They appeared poor, and their houses were destitute of furniture; but it was evident, from the plumpness of the little children, that cocoa-nuts and turtle afford no bad sustenance.

On this island the wells are situated from which ships obtain water. At first sight it appears not a little remarkable that the fresh water should regularly ebb and flow with the usual tide. We must believe that the compressed sand or porous coral rock acts like a sponge; and that the rain water which falls on the ground being specifically lighter than the salt

merely floats on its surface, and is subject to the same movements. There can be no actual attraction between salt and fresh water, and the spongy texture must tend to prevent all admixture from slight disturbances. On the other hand, where the foundation consists only of loose fragments, upon a well being dug, salt or brackish water enters; of which fact we saw an instance on this same island.

After dinner we stayed to see a half-superstitious scene acted by the Malay women. They dress a large wooden spoon in garments, carry it to the grave of a dead man, and then, at the full of the moon, they pretend it becomes inspired, and will dance and jump about. After the proper preparations, the spoon held by two women became convulsed, and danced in good time to the song of the surrounding children and women. It was a most foolish spectacle, but Mr. Liesk maintained that many of the Malays believed in its spiritual movement. The dance did not commence till the moon had risen, and it was well worth remaining to behold her bright globe so quietly shining through the long arms of the cocoa-nuts, as they waved in the evening breeze. These scenes of the tropics are in themselves so delicious, that they almost equal those dearer ones to which we are bound by each best feeling of the mind.

The next day I employed myself in examining the very interesting yet simple structure and origin of these islands. The water being unusually smooth I waded in as far as the living mounds of coral, on which the swell of the open sea breaks. In some of the gullies and hollows there were beautiful green and other coloured fishes, and the forms and tints of many of the zoophytes were admirable. It is excusable to grow enthusiastic over the infinite numbers of organic beings with which the sea of the tropics, so prodigal of life, teems; yet I must confess I think those naturalists who have described in well-known words the submarine grottoes decked with a thousand beauties, have indulged in rather exuberant language.

April 6th.—I accompanied Captain Fitzroy to an island at the head of the lagoon: the channel was exceedingly intricate, winding through fields of delicately branched corals. We saw several turtle, and two boats were then employed in catching them. The method is rather curious: the water is so clear and shallow, that although at first a turtle quickly dives out of sight, yet in a canoe, or boat under sail, the pursuers after no very long chase come up to it. A man standing ready in the bows, at this moment dashes through the water upon the turtle's back; then clinging with both hands by the shell of its neck, he is carried away till the animal becomes exhausted and is secured. It was quite an interesting chase to see the two boats thus doubling about, and the men dashing into the water trying to seize their prey.

When we arrived at the head of the lagoon, we crossed the narrow islet and found a great surf breaking on the windward coast. I can hardly explain the cause, but there is to my mind a considerable degree of grandeur in the view of the outer shores of these lagoon islands. There is a simplicity in the barrier-like beach, the margin of green bushes and tall cocoa-nuts, the solid flat of coral rock, strewed here and there with great fragments, and the line of furious breakers, all rounding away towards either hand. The ocean throwing its waters over the broad reef appears an invincible, all-powerful enemy, yet we see it resisted

and even conquered by means which at first seem most weak and inefficient.

It is not that the ocean spares the rock of coral; the great fragments scattered over the reef, and accumulated on the beach, whence the tall cocoa-nut springs, plainly bespeak the unrelenting power of its waves. Nor are there any periods of repose granted. The long swell, caused by the gentle but steady action of the trade-wind always blowing in one direction over a wide area, causes breakers, which even exceed in violence those of our temperate regions, and which never cease to rage. It is impossible to behold these waves without feeling a conviction that an island, though built of the hardest rock, let it be porphyry, granite, or quartz, would ultimately yield and be demolished by such irresistible forces. Yet these low, insignificant coral islets stand and are victorious: for here another power, as antagonist to the former, takes part in the contest. The organic forces separate the atoms of carbonate of lime one by one from the foaming breakers, and unite them into a symmetrical structure. Let the hurricane tear up its thousand huge fragments; yet what will this tell against the accumulated labour of myriads of architects at work night and day, month after month. Thus do we see the soft and gelatinous body of a polypus, through the agency of the vital laws, conquering the great mechanical power of the waves of an ocean, which neither the art of man, nor the inanimate works of nature could successfully resist.

We did not return on board till late in the evening, as we stayed some time in the lagoon collecting specimens of the giant Chama, and looking at the coral fields. Near the head of the lagoon I was much surprised to find a wide area, considerably more than a mile square, covered with a forest of branching coral, which, though standing upright, was all dead and rotten. At first I was quite at a loss to understand the cause; afterwards it occurred to me that it was owing to the following rather curious combination of circumstances. It should, however, first be stated, that corals are never able to survive even a short exposure in the air to the sun's rays, so that their upward limit of growth is determined by that of lowest water at spring tides. It appears from some old charts, that the long island to windward was formerly separated by wide channels into several islets; this fact is likewise indicated by the less age of the trees in certain portions. Under this former condition of the reef, a strong breeze, by throwing more water over the barrier, would tend to raise the level of the lagoon. Now it acts in a directly contrary manner; for the water, not only is not increased by currents from the outside, but is blown outwards by the force of the wind. Hence, it is observed, that the tides near the head of the lagoon do not rise so high during strong breezes as on ordinary occasions. This difference of level, although no doubt very small, has, I believe, caused the death of those coral groves, which, under the former condition of things, had attained the utmost possible limits of upward growth.

II.

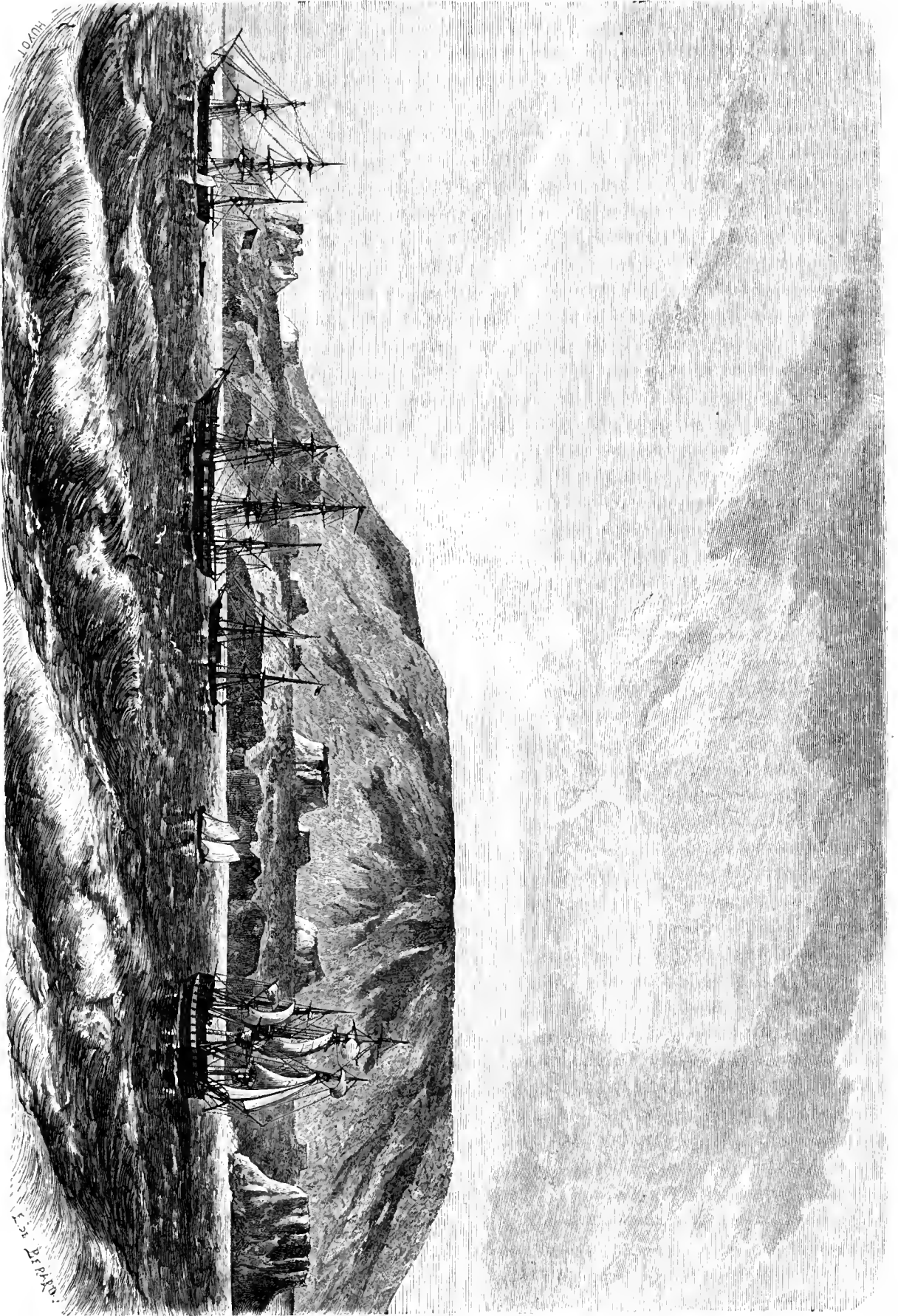
BOULDER ON A CORAL ISLAND—GREAT CRAB—STINGING CORALS—STRUCTURE OF LAGOON ISLANDS—ENCIRCLING AND BARRIER REEFS.

A FEW miles north of Keeling there is another small lagoon island, the centre of which is nearly filled

up. Captain Ross found in the conglomerate of the outer coast a well-rounded fragment of greenstone, rather larger than a man's head; he and the men with him were so much surprised at this, that they brought it away and preserved it as a curiosity. The occurrence of this one stone, where every other particle of matter is calcareous, certainly is very puzzling. The island has scarcely ever been visited, nor is it probable that a ship had been wrecked there. From the absence of any better explanation, I came to the conclusion that it must have come there entangled in the roots of some large tree: when, however, I considered the great distance from the nearest land, the combination of chances against a stone thus being entangled, the tree washed into the sea, floated so far, then landed safely, and the stone finally so embedded as to allow of its discovery, I was almost ashamed of imagining a means of transport so improbable. It was therefore with great interest that I found Chamisso, the justly distinguished naturalist who accompanied Kotzebue, stating that the inhabitants of the Radack Archipelago, a group of lagoon islands in the midst of the Pacific, obtained stones for sharpening their instruments by searching the roots of trees which are cast upon the beach. It will be evident that this must have happened several times, since laws have been established that such stones belong to the chief, and a punishment is inflicted on any one who attempts to defraud him of this right. When the isolated position of these small islands in the midst of a vast ocean—their great distance from any land excepting that of coral formation, a fact well attested by the value which the inhabitants, who are such bold navigators, attach to a stone of any kind—and the slowness of the currents of the open sea are all considered, the occurrence of pebbles thus transported does appear wonderful. Stones may often be thus transported; and if the island on which they are stranded is constructed of any other substance beside coral, they would scarcely attract attention, and their origin at least would never have been guessed. Moreover, this agency may long escape discovery from the probability of trees, especially those loaded with stones, floating beneath the surface. In the channels of Terra del Fuego large quantities of drift timber are cast upon the beach, yet it is extremely rare to meet a tree swimming on the water. It is easy to conceive that water-logged wood might be transported, when floating close to the bottom, and occasionally even just touching it. The knowledge of any result which (with sufficient time allowed) can be produced by causes, though appearing infinitely improbable, is valuable to the geologist, for he by his creed deals with centuries and thousands of years, as others do with minutes. If a few isolated stones are discovered in a mass of fine sedimentary strata, it cannot, after the above facts, be considered as very improbable that they may have been drifted there by the floating timber of a former epoch.

During another day I visited Horsburg and West Island. In the latter, the vegetation was perhaps more luxuriant than in any other part. The cocoa-nut trees generally grow separate, but here the young ones flourished beneath their tall parents, and formed with their long and curved fronds the most shady arbours. Those alone who have tried it know how delicious it is to be seated in such shade, and drink the cool pleasant fluid of the cocoa-nut, which hangs in great bunches close by. In this island there is a large bay or little lagoon, composed of the finest white sand: it is quite

ALBEMARLE ISLAND.



10001

W. J. BIRD



level, and is only covered by the tide at high water; from this large bay smaller creeks penetrated the surrounding woods. To see a field of glittering sand, representing water, and around the border of which the cocoa-nut trees extended their tall and waving trunks, formed a singular and very pretty view.

I will now briefly mention a few zoological observations which I made during our stay at these islands. I have before alluded to a crab which lives on the cocoa-nuts; it is very common on all parts of the dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It is closely allied or identical with *Birgos latro*. This crab has its front pair of legs terminated by very strong and heavy pincers, and the last pair by others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk; but Mr. Liesk assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated; when this is completed, the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eye-holes, till an opening is made. Then turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior, and narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as the crab and a cocoa-nut tree. The *Birgos* is diurnal in its habits, but every night it is said to pay a visit to the sea, no doubt for the purpose of moistening its branchiæ. The young are likewise hatched, and live for some time, on the coast. These crabs inhabit deep burrows, which they excavate beneath the roots of trees; and here they accumulate surprising quantities of the picked fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, on which they rest as on a bed. The Malays sometimes take advantage of their labour, by collecting the coarse fibrous substance and using it as junk. These crabs are very good to eat; moreover, under the tail of the larger ones there is a great mass of fat, which when melted sometimes yields as much as a quart bottle full of limpid oil. It has been stated by some authors that the *Birgos latro* crawl up the cocoa-nut trees for the purpose of stealing the nuts: I very much doubt the possibility of this; but with the *Pandanus* the task would be very much easier. I understood from Mr. Liesk that on these islands the *Birgos* lives only on the nuts which fall to the ground.

I was a good deal surprised to find two species of coral of the genus *Millepora*, possessed of the property of stinging. The stony branches or plates, when taken fresh from the water, have a harsh feel, and are not slimy, although possessing a strong and disagreeable odour. The stinging property seems to vary within certain limits in different specimens: when a piece was pressed or rubbed on the tender skin of the face or arm, a pricking sensation was generally caused, which came on after the interval of a second, and lasted only for a short time. One day, however, by merely touching my face with one of the branches the pain was instantaneous; it increased as usual after a few seconds, and remaining sharp for some minutes, was perceptible for half an hour afterwards. The sensation was as bad as that from a nettle, but more like that caused by the Portuguese man-of-war (*Physalia*). Little red spots were produced on the tender skin of the arm, which appeared as if they would have formed watery pustules,

but did not. The circumstance of this stinging property is not new, though it has scarcely been sufficiently remarked on. M. Quoy mentions it, and I have heard of stinging corals in the West Indies. In the East Indian Sea a stinging sea-weed also is found.

There was another and quite distinct kind of coral, which was remarkable from the change of colour, which it underwent shortly after death; when alive it was of a honey-yellow, but some hours after being taken out of water, it became as black as ink. I may just mention, as partly connected with the above subjects, that there are here two species of fish, of the genus *Sparus*, which exclusively feed on coral. Both are coloured of a splendid bluish-green, one living invariably in the lagoon, and the other amongst the outer breakers. Mr. Liesk assured us that he had repeatedly seen whole shoals grazing with their strong bony jaws on the tops of the coral branches. I opened the intestines of several, and found them distended with a yellowish calcareous matter. These fish, together with the lithophagous shells and the nereidous animals, which perforate every block of dead coral, must be very efficient agents in producing the finest kind of mud, and this, when derived from such materials, appears to be the same with chalk.

April 12th.—In the morning, we stood out of the Lagoon. I am glad we have visited these islands: such formations surely rank high amongst the wonderful objects of this world. It is not a wonder, which at first strikes the eye of the body, but rather, after reflection, the eye of reason. We feel surprised, when travellers relate accounts of the vast extent of certain ancient ruins; but how utterly insignificant are the greatest of these, when compared to the pile of stone here accumulated by the work of various minute animals. Throughout the whole group of islands, every single atom, even from the smallest particle to large fragments of rock, bears the stamp of having been subjected to the power of organic arrangement. Captain Fitzroy, at the distance of but little more than a mile from the shore, sounded with a line 7200 feet long, and found no bottom. This island is, therefore, a lofty submarine mountain, which has a greater inclination than even those of volcanic origin on the land. I will now give a sketch of the general results at which I have arrived, respecting the origin of the various classes of reefs, which occur scattered over such large spaces of the intertropical seas.

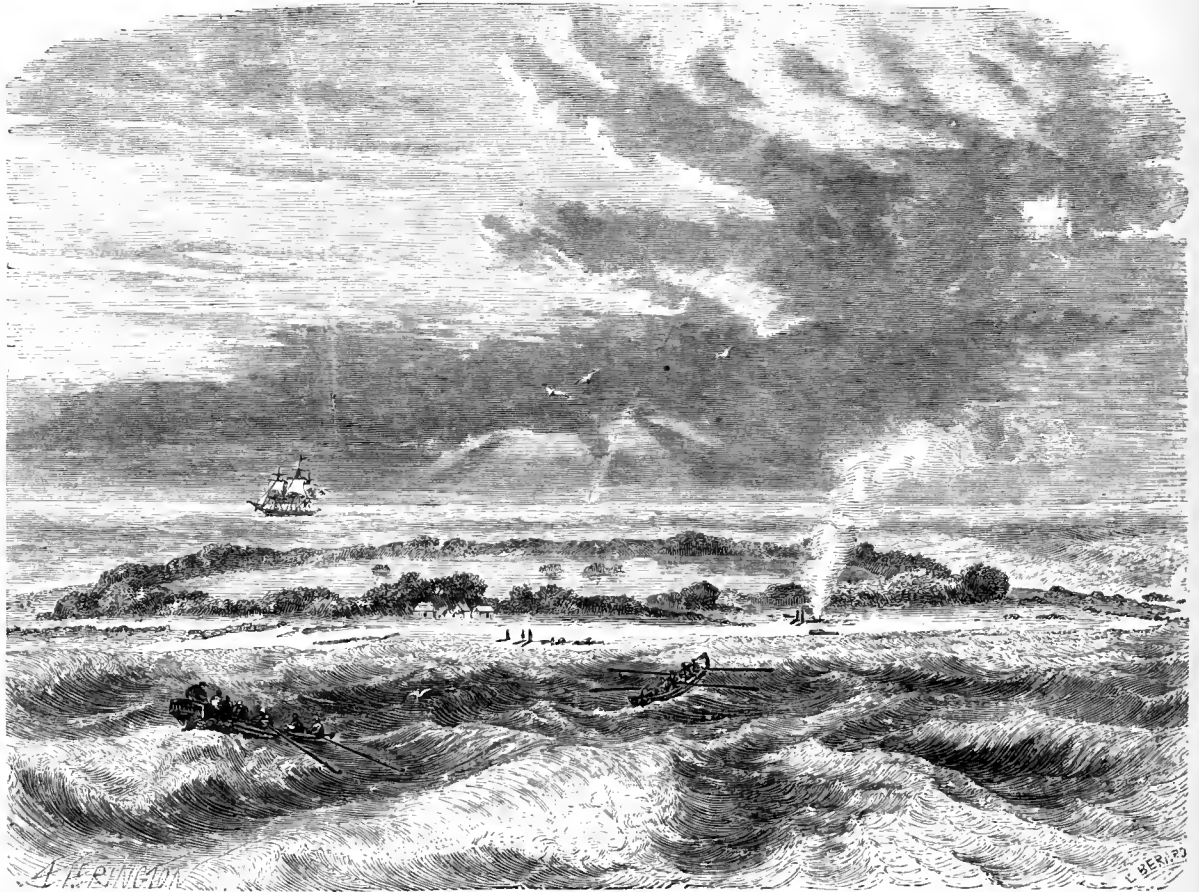
The first consideration to attend to is, that every observation leads to the conclusion that those lamelliform corals, which are the efficient agents in forming a reef, cannot live at any considerable depth. As far as I have personally seen, I judge of this from carefully examining the impressions on the soundings, which were taken by Captain Fitzroy at Keeling Island, close outside the breakers, and from some others which I obtained at the Mauritius. At a depth under ten fathoms, the arming came up as clean as if it had been dropped on a carpet of thick turf; but as the depth increased, the particles of sand brought up became more and more numerous, until, at last, it was evident the bottom consisted of a smooth layer of calcareous sand, interrupted only at intervals by shelves, composed probably of dead coral rock. To carry on the analogy, the blades of grass grew thinner and thinner, till at last the soil was so sterile, that nothing sprung from it.

As long as no facts, beyond those relating to the

structure of lagoon islands were known, so as to establish some more comprehensive theory, the belief that corals constructed their habitations, or, speaking more correctly, their skeletons, on the circular crests of submarine craters, was both ingenious and very plausible. Yet the sinuous margin of some, as in the Radaek Islands of Kotzebue, one of which is fifty-two miles long, by twenty broad, and the narrowness of others, as in Bow Island (of which there is a chart on a large scale, forming part of the admirable labours of Captain Beechey), must have startled every one who considered this subject.

The very general surprise of all those who have beheld lagoon islands, has perhaps been one chief cause why other reefs, of an equally curious structure, have

been almost overlooked: I allude to the encircling reefs. We will take, as an instance, Vanikoro, celebrated on account of the shipwreck of *La Peyrouse*. (See p. 529.) The reef there runs at the distance of nearly two, and in some parts three miles from the shore, and is separated from it by a channel having a general depth between thirty and forty fathoms, and, in one part, no less than fifty, or three hundred feet. Externally, the reef rises from an ocean profoundly deep. Can anything be more singular than this structure? It is analogous to that of a lagoon, but with an island standing, like a picture in its frame, in the middle. A fringe of low alluvial land in these cases generally surrounds the base of the mountains; this, covered by the most beautiful productions of a tropical



WHITSUNDAY ISLAND.

land, backed by the abrupt mountains and fronted by a lake of smooth water, only separated from the dark waves of the ocean by a line of breakers, form the elements of the beautiful scenery of Tahiti—so well called the Queen of Islands. We cannot suppose these encircling reefs are based on an external crater, for the central mass sometimes consists of primary rock, or on any accumulation of sedimentary deposits, for the reefs follow indifferently the island itself, or its submarine prolongation. Of this latter case there is a grand instance in New Caledonia, where the reefs extend no less than 140 miles beyond the island.

The great Barrier which fronts the N.E. coast of Australia, forms a third class of reef. It is described by Flinders as having a length of nearly one thousand

miles, and as running parallel to the shore, at a distance of between twenty and thirty miles from it, and, in some parts, even of fifty and seventy. The great arm of the sea thus included, has a usual depth of between ten and twenty fathoms, but this increases towards one end to forty and even sixty. This probably is both the grandest and most extraordinary reef now existing in any part of the world.

It must be observed, that the reef itself in the three classes, namely, lagoon, encircling, and barrier, agrees in structure, even in the most minute details; but these I have not space here even to allude to. The difference entirely lies in the absence or presence of neighbouring land, and the relative position which the reefs bear to it. In the two last-mentioned classes,

there is one difficulty in undertaking their origin, which must be pointed out. Since the time of Dampier, it has been remarked, that high land and deep seas go together. Now when we see a number of mountainous islands coming abruptly down to the sea-shore, we must suppose the strata of which they are composed are continued with nearly the same inclination beneath the water. But, in such cases, where the reef is distant several miles from the coast, it will be evident, upon a little consideration, that a line drawn perpendicularly from its outer edge down to the solid rock on which the reef must be based, very far exceeds that small limit at which the efficient lamelliform corals exist.

In some parts of the sea, as we shall hereafter mention, reefs do occur which fringe rather than encircle islands—the distance from the shore being so small, where the inclination of the land is great, that there is no difficulty in understanding the growth of the coral. Even in these “fringing” reefs, as I shall call them in contradistinction to the “encircling,” the reef is not attached quite close to the shore. This appears to be the result of two causes: namely, first, that the water immediately adjoining the beach is rendered turbid by the surf, and therefore injurious to all zoophytes; and, secondly, that the larger and efficient kinds only flourish on the outer edge amidst the breakers of the open sea. The shallow space between the skirting reef and the shore has, however, a very different character from the deep channel, similarly situated with respect to those of the encircling order.

Having thus specified the several kinds of reefs, which differ in their forms and relative position with regard to the neighbouring land, but which are most closely similar in all other respects (as I could show if I had space), it will, I think, be allowed that no explanation can be satisfactory which does not include the whole series. The theory which I would offer, is simply, that as the land with the attached reefs subsides very gradually from the action of subterranean causes, the coral-building polypi soon raise again their solid masses to the level of the water: but not so with the land; each inch lost is irreclaimably gone;—as the whole gradually sinks, the water gains foot by foot on the shore, till the last and highest peak is finally submerged.

III.

GENERAL PROOFS OF SUBSIDENCE IN THE PACIFIC—THEORY OF LAGOON ISLANDS CAUSED BY SUBSIDENCE OF THE LAND—PACIFIC AND INDIAN OCEANS DIVIDED INTO ALTERNATE AREAS OF ELEVATION AND SUBSIDENCE—POINTS OF ERUPTION LIE WITHIN THE AREAS OF ELEVATION—SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNANT ON CORAL WELLS AND THE CONVERSION OF SALT WATER INTO FRESH BY FILTRATION THROUGH CORAL.

BEFORE I explain this view more in detail, I must enter on a few considerations, which render such changes of level not improbable. Indeed, the simple fact of a large portion of the continent of South America still rising under our eyes, and abounding with proofs of similar elevations on a grander scale during the recent period, takes away any excessive improbability of a movement similar in kind, but in an opposite direction. Mr. (now Sir Charles) Lyell, who first suggested the idea of a general subsidence with reference to coral reefs, has remarked that the existence of so small a portion of land in the Pacific, where so many causes both aqueous and igneous tend to its production, renders such sinking of

the foundation probable. There is, however, another argument of much greater weight, which may be inferred from the inconsiderable depth at which corals grow. We see large extents of ocean, of more than a thousand miles in one direction and several hundreds in another, scattered over with islands, none of which rise to a greater height than that to which waves can throw fragments, or the wind heap up sand. Now if we leave out of the question subsidence, the foundation on which these reefs are built must in every case come to the surface within that small limit (we may say twenty fathoms) at which corals can live. This conclusion is so extremely improbable that it may at once be rejected: for in what country can there be found a broad and grand range of mountains of the same height within a hundred and twenty feet? But on the idea of subsidence, the case is at once clear: as each point, one after the other according to its altitude, was submerged, the coral grew upwards, and formed the many islets now standing at one level.

Having endeavoured on general grounds not only to remove any extreme degree of improbability in the belief of a general subsidence, but likewise to show that it is almost necessary to account for the existence of a vast number of reefs on one level, we will now see how far the same idea will apply to the peculiar configuration in the several classes. Let us imagine an island merely fringed by reefs extending to a short distance from the shore; in which case, as we have before remarked, there is no difficulty in understanding their structure. Now let this island subside by a series of movements of extreme slowness, the coral at each interval growing up to the surface. Without the aid of sections it is not very easy to follow out the result, but a little reflection will show that a reef encircling the shore at a greater or less distance, according to the amount of subsidence, would be produced. If we suppose the sinking to continue, the encircling island must, by the submergence of the central land but upward growth of the ring of coral, be converted into a lagoon island. If we take a section of some encircled island on a true scale, as for instance Gambier, which has been so well described by Captain Beechey, we shall not find the amount of movement very great which would be necessary to change a well-characterised encircling reef into as characteristic a lagoon island.

It will at once be evident that a coral reef, closely skirting the shore of a continent, would, in like manner after each subsidence, rise to the surface; the water, however, always encroaching on the land. Would not a barrier reef necessarily be produced, similar to the one extending parallel to the coast of Australia! It is, indeed, but uncoiling one of those reefs which encircle at a distance so many islands.

Thus, the three great classes of reef, lagoon, encircling, and barrier, are connected by one theory. It will perhaps be remarked, if this be true, there ought to exist every intermediate form between a closely-encircled and a lagoon island. Such forms actually occur in various parts of the ocean: we have one, two, or more islands encircled in one reef; and of these some are of small proportional size to the area enclosed by the coral formation; so that a series of charts might be given, showing a gradation of character between the two classes. In New Caledonia, where the double line of reef projects 140 miles beyond the island, we may imagine we see this change in progress. At the northern

extremity, reefs occur, some of which are of the encircling kind, and others almost with the character of true lagoon islands. The line of reef which fronts the whole west coast of this great island has by some been called a barrier. It is 400 miles long, and may be said thus to form a link between an ordinary encircling reef and the great Australian barrier.

I should, perhaps, have entered before into the consideration of one apparent difficulty in the origin of lagoon islands. It may be said, granting the theory of subsidence, a mere circular disc of coral would be formed, and not a cup-shaped mass. In the first place, even in reefs closely fringing the land (as before remarked), the corals do not grow on the shore itself, but leave a narrow channel. Secondly, the strong and vigorous species which alone build a solid reef, are never found within the lagoon; they only flourish amidst the foam of the never-tiring breakers. Nevertheless, the more delicate corals, though checked by several causes, such as strong tides and deposits of sand, do constantly tend to fill up the lagoon; but the process must become slower and slower, as the water in the shallow expanse is rendered subject to accidental impurities. A curious instance of this happened at Keeling Island, where a heavy tropical storm of rain killed nearly all the fish. When the coral at last has filled up the lagoon to the height of lowest water at spring-tides, which is the extreme limit possible—how, afterwards, is the work to be completed? There is no high land whence sediment can be poured down; and the dark-blue colour of the ocean bespeaks its purity. The wind, carrying calcareous dust from the outer coast, is the only agent which can finally convert the lagoon island into solid land, and how slow must this process be?

Subsidence of the land must always be most difficult to detect, excepting in countries long civilised—for the movement itself tends to conceal all evidence of it. Nevertheless, at Keeling Island, tolerably conclusive evidence of such movement could be observed. On every side of the lagoon, in which the water is as tranquil as in the most sheltered lake, old cocoa-nut trees were undermined and falling. Captain Fitzroy likewise pointed out to me on the beach the foundation-posts of a storehouse, which the inhabitants said had stood, seven years before, just above high-water mark, but now was daily washed by the tide. Upon asking the people whether they ever experienced earthquakes, they said, that lately the island had been shaken by a very bad one; and that they remembered two others during the last ten years. I no longer doubted concerning the cause which made the trees fall, and the storehouse to be washed by the daily tide.

At Vanikoro, the encircled island already mentioned, I gathered from Captain Dillon's account, that the alluvial land at the foot of the mountain was very small in quantity, the channel extremely deep, and the islets on the reef itself, which result from the gradual accumulation of fragments, singularly few in number; all of which, together with the wall-like structure of the reef both inside as well as outside, indicated to my mind that, without doubt, the movements of subsidence had lately been rapid. At the end of the chapter, it is stated that this island is shaken by earthquakes of extreme violence.

I may here mention a circumstance, which, to my mind, had the same weight as positive evidence, though bearing on another part of the question. M. Quoy, when

discussing in general terms the nature of coral reefs, gives a description which is applicable only to those which, *skirting* the shore, do not require a foundation at any greater depth than that from which the coral-building polypi can spring. I was at first astonished at this, as I knew he had crossed both the Pacific and Indian oceans, and must, as I thought, have seen the class of widely-encircling reefs, which indicate a subsiding land. He subsequently mentions several islands as instances of his description of the general structure; by a singular chance the whole can be shown, by his own words, in different parts of his account, to have been recently elevated. Therefore, that which appeared so adverse to the theory, became as strong in its confirmation.

Continental elevations, as observed in South America and other parts, seem to act over wide areas with a very uniform force; we may therefore suppose that continental subsidences act in a nearly similar manner. On this assumption, and taking on the one hand lagoon islands, encircling and barrier reefs, as indications of subsidence; and on the other, raised shells and corals, together with mere skirting reefs, as our proof of elevation, we may test the truth of the theory—that their configuration has been determined by the kind of subterranean movement—by observing whether any uniform results can be obtained. I think it can be shown that such is the case in a very remarkable degree; and that certain laws may be inferred from the examination, of far more importance than the mere explanation of the origin of the circular or other kinds of reef.

If there had been space I should have made a few general remarks before entering into any detail. I may, however, just notice the remarkable absence of the reef-building polypi over certain wide areas within the tropical sea: for instance, on the whole west coast of America, and, as I believe, of Africa (?), and round the eastern islands in the Atlantic ocean. Although certain species of lamelliform zoophytes are found on the shores of the latter islands, and though calcareous matter is abundant to excess, yet reefs are never formed. It would appear that the effective species do not occur there; of which circumstance I apprehend no explanation can be given, any more than why it has been ordained that certain plants, as heaths, should be absent from the New World, although so common in the Old.

Without entering into any minute geographical details, I must observe, that the usual direction of the island groups in the central parts of the Pacific, is N.W. and S.E. This must be noticed, because subterranean disturbances are known to follow the coast lines of the land. Commencing on the shores of America, there are abundant proofs that the greater part has been elevated within the recent period, but as coral reefs do not occur there, it is not immediately connected with our present subject. Immediately adjoining the continent there is an extent of ocean remarkably free from islands, and where, of course, there exists no possible indication of any change of level. We then come to a N.W. by W. line by dividing the open sea from one strewed with lagoon islands, and including the two beautiful groups of encircled islands the Society and Georgian Archipelagoes. This great band having a length of more than four thousand miles by six hundred broad must, according to our view, be an area of subsidence. We will at present for convenience sake pass over the space of ocean immediately adjoining it, and proceed

to the chain of islands including the New Hebrides, Solomon, and New Ireland. Any one who examines the charts of the separate islands in the Pacific, engraved on a large scale, will be struck with the absence of all distant or encircling reefs round these groups: yet it is known that coral occurs abundantly close inshore. Here then, according to the theory, there are no proofs of subsidence; and in conformity to this we find in the works of Forster, Lesson, Labillardière, Quoy, and Bennett, constant allusion to the masses of elevated coral. These islands form, therefore, a well-determined band of elevation: between it and the great area of subsidence first mentioned there is a broad space of sea irregularly scattered with islets of all classes; some with proofs of recent elevation and merely fringed by reefs; others encircled; and some lagoon islands. One of the latter is described by Captain Cook as a grand circle of breakers without a single spot of land; in this case we may believe that an ordinary lagoon island has been recently submerged. On the other hand, there are proofs of other lagoon islands having been lifted up several yards above the level of the sea, but which still retain a pool of salt water in their centres. These facts show an irregular action in the subterranean forces; and when we remember that the space lies directly between the well-marked area of elevation and the enormous one of subsidence, an alternate and irregular movement seems almost probable.

To the westward of the New Hebrides line of elevation we have New Caledonia, and the space included between it and the Australian barrier, which Flinders, on account of the number of reefs, proposed to call the Corallian Sea. It is bounded on two sides by the grandest and most extraordinary reefs in the world, and is likewise terminated to the northward by the coast of Louisiade,—most dangerous on account of its distant reefs. This, then, according to our theory, is an area of subsidence. I may here remark, that as the barrier is supposed to be produced by the subsidence of the coast of the mainland, it may be expected that any outlying islands would have formed lagoon islands. Now Bligh and others distinctly state that some of the islands there are precisely similar to the well-known lagoon islands in the Pacific; there are also encircled islands, so that the three classes supposed to be produced by the same movement are there found in juxtaposition; as likewise happens, but in a less evident manner, at New Caledonia and in the Society Archipelago.

The New Hebrides line of islands, may be observed to bend abruptly at New Britain, thence to run nearly east and west; and, lastly, to resume its former north-west direction in Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca. The figure may be compared to the letter S laid obliquely, but the line is often double. We have shown that the southern part, as far north as New Ireland, abounds with proofs of elevation; so is it with the rest. Since the time of Bougainville every voyager adduces some fresh instance of such changes throughout a great part of the East Indian Archipelago. I may specify New Guinea, Wagecoo, Ceram, Timor, Java, and Sumatra. Coral reefs are abundant in the greater part of these seas, but they merely skirt the shores. In the same manner as we have followed the curved line of elevation, so may we that of subsidence. At Keeling Island, I have already mentioned that there exists proofs of the latter movement: and it is a very

interesting circumstance, that during the last earthquake by which that island was affected, Sumatra, though distant nearly 600 miles, was violently shaken. Bearing in mind that there is evidence of recent elevation on the coast of the latter, one is strongly tempted to believe that as one end of the lever goes up, the other goes down: that as the East Indian Archipelago rises, the bottom of the neighbouring sea sinks and carries with it Keeling Island, which would have been submerged long ago in the depths of the ocean, had it not been for the wonderful labours of the reef-building polypi.

As I have remarked, the islands in this great Archipelago are only skirted with reefs; and it appears from the statements of those who have visited them, as well as from an examination of the charts, that lagoon islands are not found there. This in itself is remarkable, but it becomes far more so when it is known, that according to all accounts (and distinctly stated by Mr. De la Beche¹) they are likewise absent in the West Indian Sea, where coral is most abundant: now every one is aware of the numerous proofs of recent elevation in most parts of that Archipelago. Again, Ehrenberg has observed that lagoon islands do not occur in the Red Sea: in Lyell's *Geology*, and in the *Geographical Journal*, proofs are given of recent elevation on the shores of a large part of that sea. Excepting on the theory of the form of reefs being determined by the kind of movement to which they have been subjected, it is a most anomalous circumstance and which has never been attempted to be solved, that the lagoon structure being universal and considered as characteristic in certain parts of the ocean, should be entirely absent in others of equal extent.

I may here also just recal to mind the cases of skirting reefs mentioned by M. Quoy (to which number several others might be added), where proofs of elevation occurred. Some general law must determine the marked difference between reefs merely skirting the shore, and others rising from a deep ocean in the form of distant rings. We have endeavoured to show that, with a subsiding movement, the first and simple class must necessarily pass into the second and more remarkable structure.

To proceed with our examination: to the westward of the prolongation of the line of subsidence, of which Keeling Island is the index, we have an area of elevation. For on the northern end of Ceylon, and on the eastern shores of India, elevated shells and corals, such as now exist in the neighbouring sea, have been observed. Again in the middle of the Indian Ocean, the Laccadive, Maldivé, and Chagos line of atolls or lagoons show a line of subsidence. The best characterised of these, namely, the Maldivé Islands, extend in length for 480 miles, with an average breadth of sixty. These atolls agree in most respects with the lagoons of the Pacific; they differ, however, in several of them being crowded together—such little groups being separated from other groups by profoundly deep channels. Now if we look in a chart, at the prolongation of the reef towards the northern end of New Caledonia, and then complete the work of subsidence, so as to continue producing the same results, we should have the original reef broken up into many patches; each of which, from the vigorous growth of coral on the outside, would have a constant tendency to assume a rounded form. Every

¹ *Geological Manual*, p. 141.

accidental break in the continuity of the first line would determine a fresh circle. In the case, therefore, of the Low or Dangerous Archipelago in the Pacific, I believe that the lagoon islands were moulded round the flanks of so many distinct islands; but in the Maldives, that one single mountainous island, bordered by reefs and very nearly of the same actual figure and dimensions with New Caledonia, formerly occupied that part of the ocean.

Lastly, to the extreme westward, the coast of Africa is closely skirted by coral reefs, and according to facts stated in Captain Owen's voyage, has probably been uplifted within a recent period. The same remark applies to the northern part of Madagascar, and, judging from the reefs likewise at the Seychelles, situated on the submarine prolongation of that great island. Between these two, N.N.E. and S.S.W. lines of elevation, some lagoon and widely-encircled islands indicate a band of subsidence.

When we consider the absence both of widely-encircling reefs and lagoon islands in the several archipelagoes and wide areas, where there are proofs of elevations; and on the other hand the converse case of the absence of such proof where reefs of those classes do occur; together with the juxtaposition of the different kinds produced by movements of the same order, and the symmetry of the whole, I think it will be difficult (even independently of the explanation it offers of the peculiar configuration of each class), to deny a great probability to this theory. Its importance, if true, is evident; because we get at one glance an insight into the system by which the surface of the land has been broken up, in a manner somewhat similar, but certainly far less perfect, to what a geologist would have done who had lived his ten thousand years, and kept a record of the passing changes. We see the law almost established, that linear areas of great extent undergo movements of an astonishing uniformity, and that the bands of elevation and subsidence alternate. Such phenomena at once impress the mind with the idea of a fluid most gradually propelled onwards, from beneath one part of the solid crust to another.

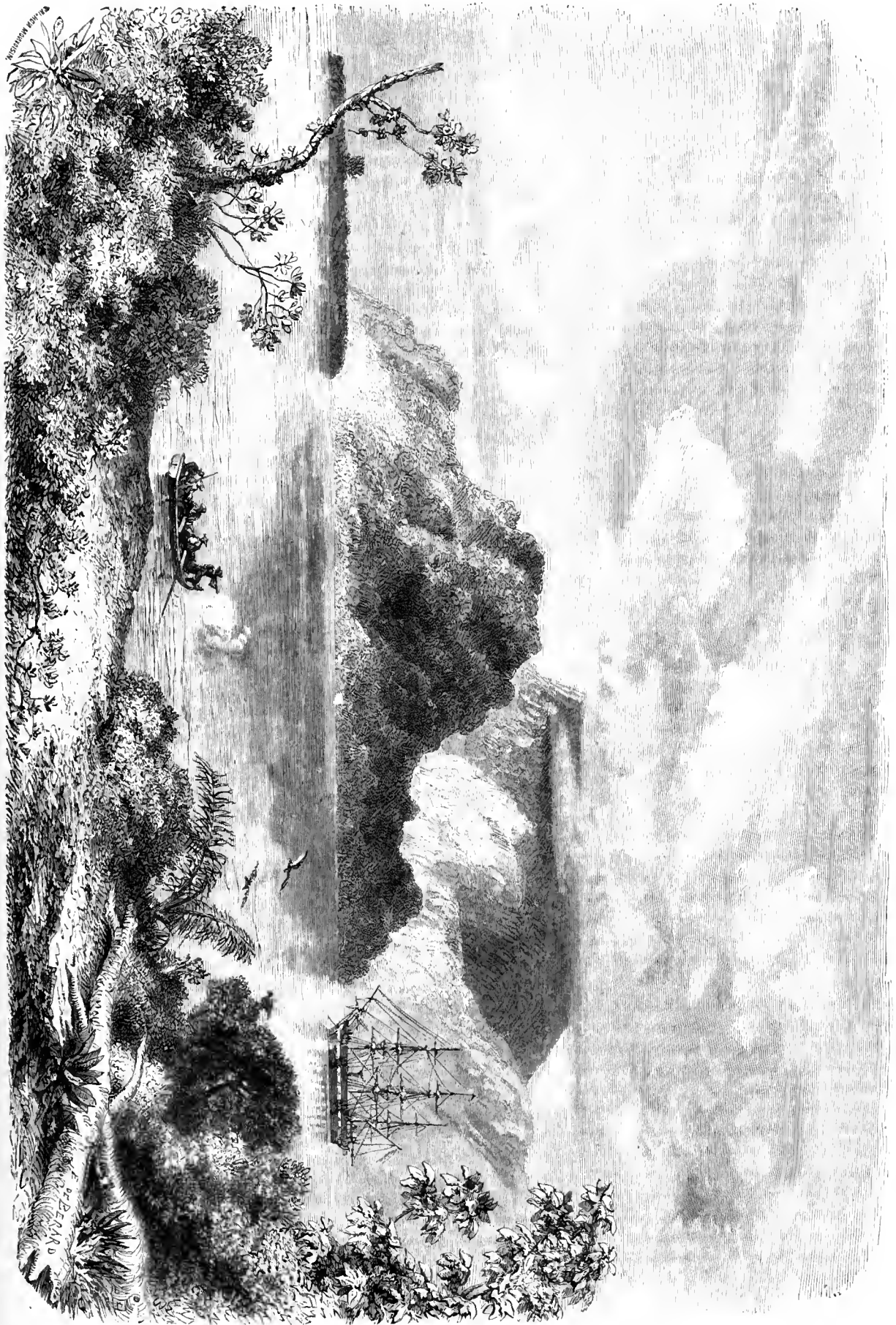
I cannot at present do more than allude to some of the results which may be deduced from these views. If we examine the points of eruption over the Pacific and Indian Oceans, we shall find that all the *active volcanoes* occur within the *area of elevation*. (The Asiatic band must be excepted; inasmuch as we are entirely in want of information of all kinds respecting it.) On the other hand, in the great spaces supposed to be now subsiding, between the Radack and Dangerous Archipelagoes, in the Corallian Sea, and among the atolls which front the west coast of India, not one occurs. If we look at the changes of level as a consequence of the propulsion of fluid matter beneath the crust, as before suggested, then the area to which the force is directed might be expected to yield more readily than that whence it was gradually retiring. I am the more convinced that the above law is true, because, if we look to other parts of the world, proofs of recent elevation almost invariably occur, where there are active vents: I may instance the West Indies, the Cape de Verds, Canary Islands, Southern Italy, Sicily, and other places. But in answer to this, those geologists, who, judging from the history of the isolated volcanic mounds of Europe, were inclined to believe that the level of the ground was constantly oscillating up and down, might maintain that on these

same areas the amount of subsidence had been equal to that of elevation, but that we possess no means of knowing it. I conceive it is by eliminating this source of doubt, that the alternate bands of opposite movement, deduced from the configuration of the reefs, directly bear on this law. I need not do more than simply state, that we thus obtain (if the view is correct) a means of forming some judgment of the prevailing movements, during the formation of even the oldest series, where volcanic rocks occur interstratified with sedimentary deposits.

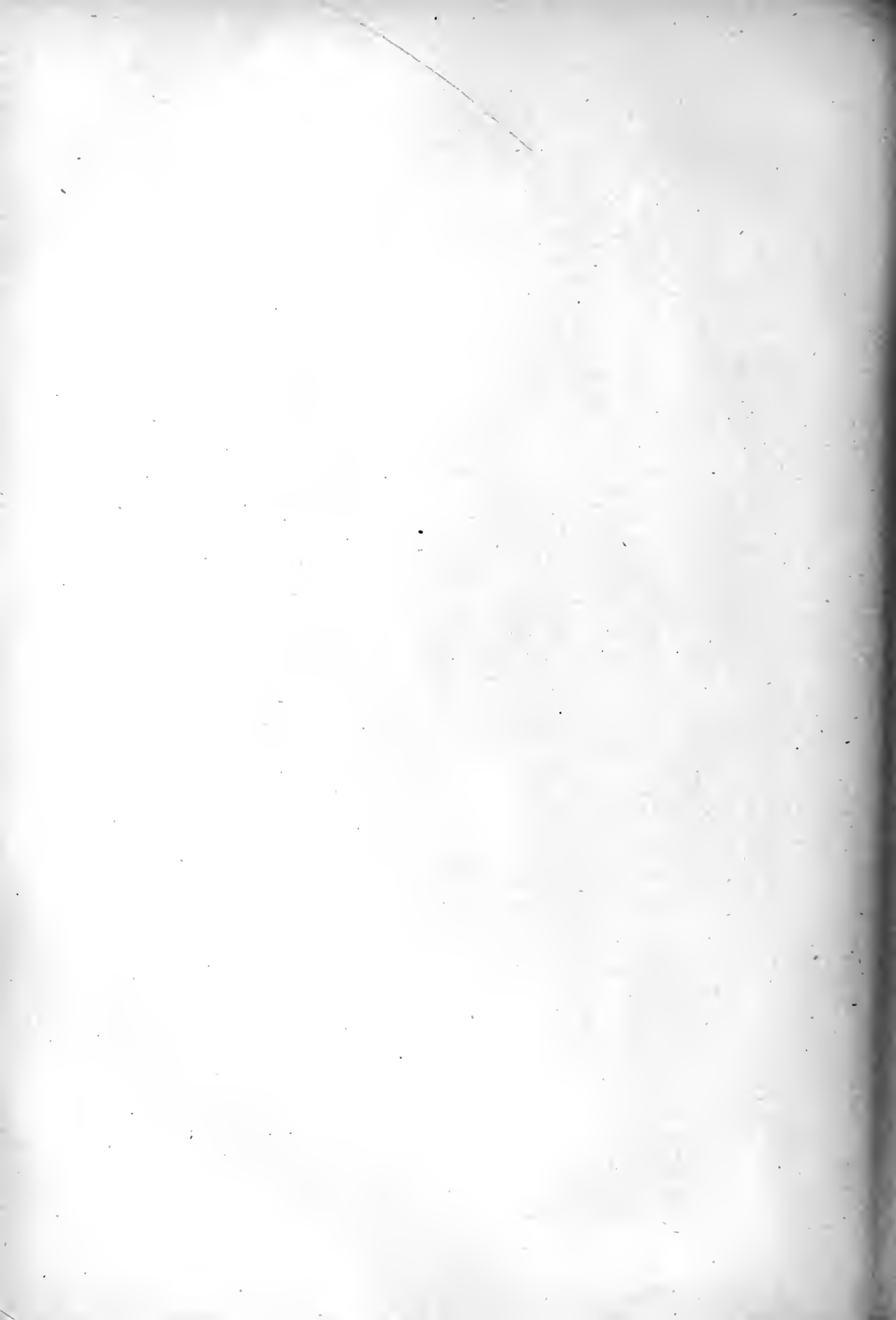
Anything which throws light on the movements of the ground is well worthy of consideration; and the history of coral reefs may, in another manner, elucidate such changes in the older formations. As there is every reason to believe that the lamelliform corals grow only abundantly at a small depth, we may feel sure, where a great thickness of coral limestone occurs, that the reefs on which the zoophytes flourished must have been sinking. Until we are enabled to judge by some means what were the prevailing movements at different epochs, it will scarcely ever be possible to speculate with any safety on the circumstances under which the complicated European formations, composed of such different materials and in such different states, were accumulated.

Nor can I quite pass over the probability of the above views illustrating those admirable laws first brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell,—of the geographical distribution of plants and animals, as consequent on geological changes. M. Lesson has remarked on the singular uniformity of the Indio-Polynesian Flora throughout the immense area of the Pacific; the dispersion of forms having been directed against the course of the trade wind. If we believe that lagoon islands, those monuments raised by infinite numbers of minute architects, record the former existence of an archipelago or continent in the central part of Polynesia, whence the germs could be disseminated, the problem is rendered far more intelligible. Again, if the theory should hereafter be so far established, as to allow us to pronounce that certain districts fall within areas either of elevation or subsidence, it will directly bear upon that most mysterious question,—whether the series of organised beings peculiar to some isolated points are the last remnants of a former population, or the first creatures of a new one springing into existence.

Briefly to recapitulate. In the first place, reefs are formed around islands, or on the coast of the mainland, at that limited depth at which the efficient classes of zoophytes can live; and where the sea is shallow, irregular patches may likewise be produced. Afterwards from the effects of a series of small subsidences, encircling reefs, grand barriers, or lagoon islands, are mere modifications of one necessary result. Secondly, it can be shown on the above views, that the intertropical ocean, throughout more than a hemisphere, may be divided into linear and parallel bands, of which the alternate ones have undergone, within a recent period, the opposite movements of elevation and subsidence. Thirdly, that the points of eruption seem invariably to fall within areas subject to a propulsion from below. The traveller who is an eyewitness of some great and overwhelming earthquake, at one moment of time loses all former associations of the land being a type of solidity; so will the geologist, if he believe in these oscillations of level (the deeply-seated origin of which is betrayed by their forms and



BAY OF MANEVAI, ISLAND OF VANIKORO.



vast dimensions), perhaps be more deeply impressed with the never-ceasing mutability of the crust of this our World.

Sir James Emerson Tennant, describing the coral formations of the Island of Ceylon, in his admirable work on that colony, says that the principal scene of the most recent formations is the extreme north of the island, with the adjoining peninsula of Jaffna—a point which indeed constitutes an outlying portion of the rocks, coral reefs, and sands which nearly obliterate the passage between Ceylon and the Main Land of India,¹ and of which the intervening space between the islands of Ramisseram and Manaar is known as Adam's Bridge. Here the coral rocks abound far above high-water mark, and extend across the island where the land has been gradually upraised, from the eastern to the western shore. The fortifications of Jaffna were built by the Dutch, from blocks of breccia quarried far from the sea, and still exhibit, in their worn surface, the outline of the shells and corallines of which they mainly consist. The roads, in the absence of more solid substances, are metalled with the same material; as the only other rock which occurs in a loose description of conglomerate, similar to that at Adam's Bridge and Manaar. The phenomenon of the gradual upheaval of these strata is sufficiently attested by the position in which they appear, and their altitude above the sea; but, in close contiguity with them, an equally striking evidence presents itself in the fact that, at various points of the western coast, between the island of Manaar and Karativoe, the natives, in addition to fishing for chant shells² in the sea, dig them up in large quantities from beneath the soil on the adjacent shores, in which they are deeply embedded,³ the land having since been upraised.

The sand, which covers a vast extent of the peninsula of Jaffna, and in which the cocoa-nut and Palmyra-palm grow freely, has been carried by the currents from the coast of India, and either flung upon the northern beach in the winter months, or driven into the lake during the south-west monsoon, and thence washed on shore by the ripple, and distributed by the wind. The arable soil of Jaffna is generally of a deep red colour, from the mixture of iron, and being largely composed of lime from the comminuted coral, is susceptible of the highest cultivation, and produces crops of great luxuriance. This tillage is carried on exclusively by irrigation from innumerable wells, into which the water rises fresh through the madreporic sand, there being no streams in the district unless those percolations can be so called which make their way underground, and rise in the sands on the margin of the sea at low water.

¹ Papers regarding the practicability of forming a navigable passage between Ceylon and the Main Land of India. 1. Minute on the subject, by the Right Honourable the Governor of Madras (S. R. Lushington, Esq.); communicated by Admiral Sir F. W. C. R. Owen, K.C.B. 2. Report on the Straits which separate the Rannad province in the Peninsula of India from the Island of Ceylon, by Major Sim, E.I.C.S., 1830; communicated by Lieut.-Colonel W. Monteith, Engineers, E.I.C.S., F.R.G.S. *Journ. of the Roy. Geo. Soc.*, vol. iv., p. 1, et seq.

² *Turbinella rapa*, formerly known as *Voluta gravis*, used by the people of India to be sown into bangles and anklets.

³ In 1845, an antique iron anchor was found under the soil at the north-western point of Jaffna, of such size and weight as to show that it must have belonged to a ship of much greater tonnage than any which the depth of water would permit to navigate the channel at the present day.

Wells in the Coral Rocks.—These phenomena occur at Jaffna, in consequence of the rocks being magnesian limestone and coral, overlying a bed of sand, and in some places, where the soil is light, the surface of the ground is a hollow arch, which resounds as if a horse's weight were sufficient to crush it inwards. This is strikingly perceptible in the vicinity of the remarkable well at Potoor, on the west side of the road leading from Jaffna to Point Pedro, where the surface of the surrounding country is only about fifteen feet above the sea level. The well, however, is upwards of 140 feet in depth, the water fresh at the surface, brackish lower down, and intensely salt below.

According to the universal belief of the inhabitants, it is an underground pool, which communicates with the sea by a subterranean channel bubbling out on the shore near Kangesentorre, about seven miles to the north-west.

A similar subterranean stream is said to conduct to the sea from another singular well near Tillipalli, in sinking which the workmen, at the depth of fourteen feet, came to the ubiquitous coral, the crust of which gave way, and showed a cavern below containing the water they were in search of, with a depth of more than thirty-three feet.

It is remarkable, that the well at Tallipalli preserves its depth at all seasons alike, uninfluenced by rains or drought; and a steam-engine erected at Potoor, with the intention of irrigating the surrounding lands, failed to lower it in any perceptible degree.

Other wells, especially some near the coast, maintain their level with such uniformity as to be inexhaustible at any season, even after a succession of years of drought—a fact from which it may fairly be inferred that their supply is chiefly derived by percolation from the sea.

Darwin, in his account of the coral productions of the Pacific and Indian oceans, has propounded a theory as to the abundance of fresh water in the atolls and islands on coral reefs, furnished by wells which ebb and flow with the tides. Assuming it to be impossible to separate salt from sea-water by filtration, he suggests that the porous coral rock being permeated by salt water, the rain which falls on the surface might sink to the level of the surrounding sea, "and must accumulate there, displacing an equal bulk of sea water—and as the portion of the latter in the lower part of the great sponge-like mass rises and falls with the tides, so will the fresh water near the surface."—*Naturalist's Journal*, ch. xx. But subsequent experiments have demonstrated that the idea of separating the salt by filtration is not altogether imaginary, as Darwin seems to have there supposed, and Mr. Witt, in a remarkable paper, "On a Peculiar Power possessed by Porous Media of Removing Matters from Solution in Water," has since succeeded in showing that "water containing considerable quantities of saline matter in solution may, by merely percolating through great masses of porous strata during long periods, be gradually deprived of its salt to such an extent as probably to render even sea water fresh."—*Philos. Mag.* 1856. Divesting the subject therefore of this difficulty, other doubts appear to suggest themselves as to the applicability of Darwin's theory to coral formations in general. For instance, it might be supposed that rain falling on a substance already saturated with moisture, would flow off instead of sinking into it; and that being of less specific gravity than salt water, it would fail to "displace an equal bulk" of the latter.

There are some extraordinary but well-attested statements of a thin layer of fresh water being found on the surface of the sea, after heavy rains in the Bay of Bengal (*Journ. Asiat. Soc. Beng.* vol. v. p. 239). Besides, I fancy that in the majority of atolls and coral islands the quantity of rain which so small an area is calculated to intercept, would be insufficient of itself to account for the extraordinary abundance of fresh water daily drawn from the wells. For instance, the superficial extent of each of the Laccadives is but two or three square miles, the surface soil resting on a crust of coral, beneath which is a stratum of sand; and yet on reaching the latter, fresh water flows in such profusion, that wells and large tanks for soaking cocoa-nut fibre are formed in any place by merely "breaking through the crust and taking out the sand."—*Madras Journal*, vol. xiv.

It is curious that the abundant supply of water in these wells should have attracted the attention of the early navigators, and Cosmas Indicopleustes, writing in the sixth century, speaks of the numerous small islands off the coast of Taprobane, with abundance of fresh water and cocoa-nut palms, although these islands rest on a bed of sand.—*Cosmas, Ind.*, ed Thevenot, vol. i., pp. 3, 20. It is remarkable that in the little island of Ramisseram, one of the chains which connects Adam's Bridge with the Indian continent, fresh water is found freely on sinking for it in the sand; but this is not the case in the adjacent island of Manaar, which participates in the geologic character of the interior of Ceylon. The fresh water in the Laccadive wells, always fluctuates with the rise and fall of the tides. In some rare instances, as on the little island of Bitra, which is the smallest inhabited spot in the group, the water, though abundant, is brackish, but this is susceptible of an explanation quite consistent with the experiments of Mr. Witt, which require that the process of percolation shall be continued "during long periods, and through great masses of porous strata." Darwin equally concedes that to keep the rain fresh when banked in, as he assumes, by the sea, the mass of madreporite must be "sufficiently thick to prevent mechanical admixture; and where the land consists of loose blocks of coral with open interstices, the water, if a well be dug, is brackish." Conditions, analogous to all these particularised, present themselves at Jaffna, and seem to indicate that the extent to which fresh water is found there, is directly connected with percolation from the sea. The quantity of rain which annually falls is less than in England, being but thirty inches; whilst the average heat is highest in Ceylon, and evaporation great in proportion. Throughout the Peninsula, I am informed by Mr. Byrne, the government surveyor of the district, that as a general rule "all the wells are below the sea level." It would be useless to sink them in the higher ground, where they could only catch

surface water. The November rains fill them at once to the brim, but the water quickly subsides as the season becomes dry, and "sinks to the uniform level, at which it remains fixed for the next nine or ten months, unless when slightly affected by showers." "No well below the sea level becomes dry of itself," even in seasons of extreme and continued drought; but the contents do not vary with the tides, the rise of which is so trifling that the distance from the ocean, and the slowness of filtration, renders its fluctuations imperceptible.

On the other hand, the well of Potoor, the phenomena of which indicate its direct connection with the sea by means of a fissure or a channel beneath the arch of magnesian limestone, rises and falls a few inches in the course of twelve hours. Another well at Navokeiry, a short distance from it, does the same; whilst the well at Tillipalli is entirely unaffected as to its level by any rains, and exhibits no alteration of its depths on either monsoon. Admiral Fitzroy, in his *Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of the Adventure and Beagle*, the expedition to which Mr. Darwin was attached, adverts to the phenomenon in connection with the fresh water found in the Coral Island, and the rise and fall of the wells and the flow and ebb of the tide. He advances the theory propounded by Darwin, of the retention of the river water, which he says "does not mix with the salt water which surrounds it, except at the edges of the land. The flowing tide pushes on every side, the mixed soil being very porous, and causes the water to rise. When the tide falls, the fresh water sinks also. A sponge full of fresh water placed gently in a basin of salt water, will not part with its contents for a length of time if left untouched, and the water in the middle of the sponge will be found untainted by salt for many days, perhaps much longer if tried."—Vol. i., p. 365. In a perfectly motionless medium the experiment of the sponge may, no doubt, be successful to the extent mentioned by Admiral Fitzroy; and so the rain-water imbibed by a coral rock might, for a length of time, remain fresh where it came into no contact with the salt. But the disturbance caused by the tides, and the partial intermixture admitted by Admiral Fitzroy, must, by reiterated occurrence, tend in time to taint the fresh water which is affected by the movement; and this is demonstrable even by the test of the sponge: for I find that on charging one with coloured fluid, and immersing it in a vessel containing water perfectly pure, no intermixture takes place so long as the pure water is undisturbed; but on causing an artificial tide, by gradually replacing a portion of the surrounding contents of the basin, the tinted water in the sponge becomes displaced and disturbed, and in the course of a few ebbs and flows its escape is made manifest by the quantity of colour which it imparts to the surrounding fluid.

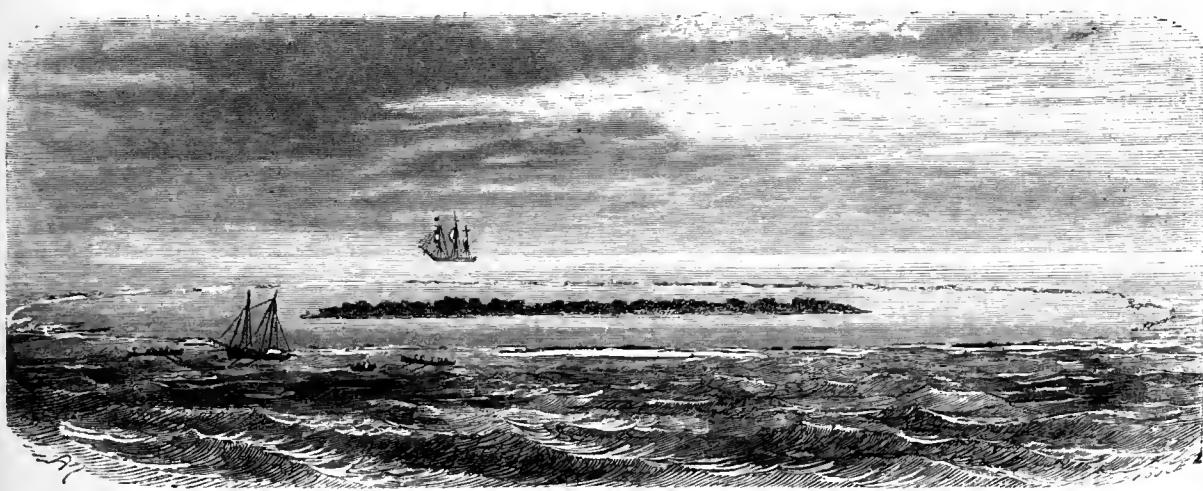
MALDIVA ISLANDS.

THOUSAND ISLANDS—PRODUCTIONS—ATOLLS OR ATOLLONS—
FISHING BLOCKS OF CORAL—INHABITANTS AND LANGUAGES—
ISLAND OF DIEGO GARCIA—COMORO ISLAND.

AFTER the numerous Archipelagoes of the Pacific, constituting in their assemblage what the French geographer calls Australasia—the germ of a future continent—to distinguish them from the existing continent of Australia, few coral reefs present greater interest than those of the Maldiva Islands, which spread out for above five hundred miles, along the western face of India and Ceylon, and which thus lie in the direct route of all ships bound thither.¹

The word Maldiva, John de Barros says, is derived from *mal*, signifying, in the Malabar language, a thousand, or uncountable number, and *diva*, an island;

and the group, he adds, “although there are openings in it from five to twenty leagues wide, is yet so crowded in other places as to give the idea of a half-drowned orchard, the depth of water in the intervals being sufficient for the largest vessel, and yet the space in them not sufficient for her yards and sails.” Their productions he also enumerates minutely, especially the cocoa-nut,² both of the ordinary kind and of that called *coco-de-mer*,³ almost peculiar to the Seychelles, the seed of which appears to have been borne thence to the Maldivas by the currents of the ocean, thus showing them to flow principally from west to east, as I found them. The beautiful cowrie-shell he also mentioned as abundant, being fished for by a curious but well known process. The branches and leaves of the



SCENE IN THE POMOTU ARCHIPELAGO.

cocoa-nut are laid together and lashed up into bundles about the size of a wheat-sheaf, two of which constitute what is called a *balsa*, formed as on the coasts of Chili and Peru, on many parts of which they are the only means by which vessels can communicate with the shore. On these *balsas* they then take a number of trot lines, baited as we bob for eels, viz., with short threads attached to them at every five or six inches distance, and each with a bit of offal meat for bait, tied by a knot to prevent its slipping off. The shell-fish swallows this, knot and all, and is hauled up with the trot line; nor is this manner of fishing peculiar for cowries only, many other shells of the most valuable sea species being procured in the same way. When the *balsas* are loaded, they are paddled ashore, and the shells buried in the earth till the fish rot out of them. They are then washed out, and are ready for exportation,

“being so much better,” adds Barros, “than copper for money, as they neither soil the hands or render offensive odours.” (And to show that these islands are not without their value in a commercial point of view, were it only for this one article, it may be added, that cowries are at this moment worth not less than 20*l.* a ton in England, and 50*l.* to 60*l.* on the coast of Africa, where the interior seems about to be opened to our commercial enterprise by the Niger, along the banks of which this money is the only currency.)

These islands, Barros further says, abound in fish, which, in his days, were salted and exported to all parts of India, with fish-oil and *jaungry*, or coarse

¹ “Some Remarks relative to the Geography of the Maldiva Islands and the Navigable Channels (at present known to Europeans), which separate the Atolls from each other. By James Horsburgh, Esq., Hydrographer to the East India Company.” On the same subject, by Captain W. F. W. Owen, R.N. *Journal of Roy. Geo. Soc.*, vol. ii., p. 72 and 81.

² In such esteem is this fruit held in this part of the world, that it is a common saying, both here and all along the Malabar coast, “as fruitful, as profitable, as beautiful, &c., as a cocoa-tree.”

³ Famous as a medicine, and once considered a better counter-poison even than the bezoar stone. When germinating it assumes a peculiar appearance; whence its meat, which is an insipid jelly, is supposed to promote fecundity, and its shell to cure venereal affections. A specimen of the fruit and a drawing of the tree are in the Naval and Military Museum. Preparations from them fetch a very high value still in India.

sugar, in exchange for which they import cotton (their weavers being considered the best in India), and rice, cattle, sheep, butter, ghee, &c., of all which trade only a most insignificant fraction yet subsists with Ceylon. "The king and the people," he adds, "are Hindhus, but the subordinate governors are Moors, attaining to their situations by little and little; being admitted as merchants, and afterwards renting the public duties from the king, they are invested with administrative powers in order to enable them to levy the taxes." I notice this, because it is a curious fact that, on the contrary, in all the Arab governments from Maskat to Zanzibar, the money-brokers and renters of taxes as subordinates are mostly Banyans and Hindhus.

A much more minute account of the Maldivas, however, is to be found in the work of François Pyrard de Laval, published in Paris, 1679, and giving an account of his voyages from 1602 to 1607, of which I shall remark by the way, that very many of his descriptions of manner, &c., in the east are correct along the east coast of Africa down to the present day; and an abridged translation of his book would, therefore, I think, be an acceptable and useful present to the mere English reader now. The portion of it which relates to the Maldivas, does not bear quite the same internal evidence of minute accuracy as the remainder; yet I shall quote from it largely—the work having become scarce.

The geographical description of the Maldivas by François Pyrard begins at his page 71, and is in brief as follows:—

"The Maldivas begin at 8° north latitude, and end in 4° south latitude, being two hundred and forty leagues in length, but seldom exceeding thirty or thirty-five leagues broad; and are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty leagues from the main land of Cape Comorin, Collan, Cochin, &c.

"They are divided naturally and politically into thirteen atollons and provinces. It is extraordinary to see these atollons environed by a great stone wall, in such wise as no space of dry ground even could be so well closed by walls as they are.

"These atollons are generally either round or oval in form, and about thirty leagues in circumference, more or less. They abut each other from north to south without touching, and between each two there are navigable channels more or less wide or practicable for small vessels. When inside an atollon this wall is seen all round to defend it from the impetuosity of the sea; and it is most appalling to behold, when near this bank on the inner side, the waves, following each other from a great distance, at length break against the said wall with a violence indescribable, each wave, particularly at high water, being higher, when in the act of curling over or breaking, than a house of common elevation, and appearing like a snow-white wall absolutely inaccessible from without.

"Within these inclosures there are an almost infinite number of islands and islets, amounting altogether to more than twelve thousand; and the king takes his title accordingly—'Ibrahim Sultan, King of the Thirteen Atollons and Twelve Thousand Isles.' The inhabitants declare that the high tides and violent currents are always *diminishing* their number; and Pyrard observes, that each atollon is a shallow bank, and was formerly a single island, since cut up into small parts by the inroads of the waters. But this is not according to the received hypothesis or result of modern observation.

"Within the atollons there is always smooth water, and seldom more than twenty fathoms anywhere, nor even so much in many parts; all the shoals are of rock, stones, or sand, with from two to three feet water on them at low water, or even less on many, so that it would not be difficult to visit all the islands of the same atollon without a boat, were it not for a dangerous large fish, called by the natives *Paimones* (probably sharks), and because the bottom, being mostly of sharp coral, cuts the feet. There is also much of the tree coral, called *aquiry* or ackerry, which being broken into a small gravel is used to make the sugar or honey of the cocoa-nut, by boiling it with its water.

"Amongst them, there are a number of uninhabited islands, some with trees and herbage, some bare banks of sand, others covered at high, and dry at low water; most of them infested with land crabs (*cacouce*), and sea lobsters; and many of them frequented by birds called pingay (*query* penguin), which lay such a prodigious quantity of eggs, that one can tread nowhere clear of them. They care little for the natives, who do not eat them; nevertheless, they are very good food, and are the size of a pigeon, with black and white plumage. The heat of the sand assists them to hatch their young easily. The sands which are thus used by the birds have no fresh water; but all those with wood on them have fresh water, though on some it is either bad or very scanty."

Pyrard then gives the names of the atollons, which it is unnecessary to transcribe here; and adds,—

"The name of the whole chain of the atollons or kingdom, is in their language *Malé-ragué*, or kingdom of *Malé*; but the other people of India call it *Male-diva*, and the people are called by other Indians 'Dives,' meaning islanders. The channels which separate the atollons cannot, for the most part, be passed by large vessels; but there are four much wider than the others, which may be navigated by the largest vessels. Nevertheless, they are all extremely dangerous, particularly by night." He says also,

"I have seen in the Maldivas, several charts, whereon the dangers and channels were very exactly marked.

"It is also remarkable, that, as I have before said, the atollons, being all in a line, and abutting each other, separated by channels of the sea, they have openings or entrances, two at each end of each atollon, corresponding to two in the neighbouring atollon; by means of which the communication between them may be carried on at all times and seasons.

"This is most providential; for if there was only one opening to each, their intercommunication could not be carried on, because of the very rapid currents which set through the channels, at times to the eastward or westward, according to the seasons and circumstances.

"Thus, when the currents run to the eastward and from the westward, the vessels or barks of the Maldivans proceed to sea by the western passage, cross the separating channel, and enter the next atoll by its eastern opening; in like manner in going and returning, so that they never return by the same opening as that by which they go forth. Notwithstanding this great advantage in the natural and providential arrangement of the openings, many of their boats are annually lost, being carried off by sudden storms, or calms overtaking them in their passage from atoll to atoll.

"Moreover these entrances differ from each other in breadth; some are tolerably wide, others are very

narrow—the widest is not more than a hundred yards, and some are not ten. These gateways or entrances are all of them guarded, as it were, by an island on each side, which, if armed, could always prevent the approach or entrance of any vessel.

“As to the channels, which are all called *candou*, and separate the atollons, there are four easily navigable, by which large ships may pass through the Maldivas, as many of all sorts do very frequently pass; but they are not without danger, and many vessels are lost every year in them. It is not by design that ships pass through these channels, but the islands are in so long a chain, that it is difficult to avoid them; and in calms, and foul winds, ships are frequently carried on them in spite of their best efforts.”

Pyrard next gives an account of these passages; but, as it is in several places contradictory, and certainly erroneous, I shall pass to his general notices of the whole group.

“The Maldivas are fertile in fruit and other commodities necessary to sustain man; they produce millet, and another small grain like it, but black like turnip seed; the first is called *oora*, and the latter *bimby*: they have two harvests of them in the year, and make flour of them, which they boil with milk and sugar of cocoa-nut; they also make cakes and pastry, and other sorts of provision with it.

“They also produce many roots, one in particular named *Itel pool*, which is gathered without being planted; it is round, and as big as the two fists. It is broken and ground down between coarse stones, then exposed to the sun on a cloth to dry, when it becomes a sort of starch or fine white flour, and will keep a long while; it makes excellent cakes or pastry, except that it is heavy on the stomach, and, to be good, should be eaten fresh.

“There are also other sorts of roots called *Alas*, some red like beet, and others white as turnips—these are cultivated and gathered in September only: they will keep nearly through the year, and form the principal article of their food; are cooked in various ways, and with the sugar or honey of the cocoa-nut they are very well tasted. Wheat is called *Godang*, and rice *Andone*, but neither of them grow on the isles. They import much rice, which enters as a main article of their food in a great variety of messes, and when boiled simply, is used as a substitute for bread. It is also boiled, dried, and then ground into a flour, which is mixed with eggs, honey, or with the milk or oil of the cocoa-nut, and thus makes excellent tarts and other dishes.

“Fowls are in such abundance that they are propagated without domestic care, and are sold commonly at less than a penny each, and three dozen eggs may be had for the same sum. They have many other land birds; their sea birds have already been noticed. Rats and mice are so numerous, as to oblige the natives to build their magazines of provisions on piles or posts, and sometimes near the sea, at a hundred yards or more from the shore. There are said to be no venomous animals, except one species of snake, which is very dangerous. There are no horses, and but few horned cattle, which belong all to the king. They are generally brought from other parts, or rather a few were brought as curiosities, and have since multiplied to four or five hundred, for their flesh is only eaten at a few particular feasts in the year. They have no dogs, and have a truly Muhammadan horror of them.

“The atollons are wonderfully abundant in all kinds of fish, large and small, which, indeed, furnish a principal article in the food and commerce of the natives. Sharks are numerous; many of the islanders are devoured by them, and many are seen who have lost legs and arms by them.

“In consequence of this great abundance of all kinds of food, it costs but little to live; four hundred cocoa-nuts are sold for sixpence, five hundred bananas, a dozen fowls, or three hundred bundles of roots, &c., &c., for a like sum.

“It is proverbial that the natives never get rich, but that strangers become so quickly; because the natives have neither care, ambition, nor avarice.

“Throughout these islands there are no close towns, but the houses are built separately, each with its own garden and ground; and the lands of different proprietors are separated by narrow lanes, generally well shaded by shrubs in hedge-rows.

“The houses of the common people are built of the wood of the cocoa-nut tree, and thatched with the leaf; but the chiefs and the most wealthy build with coral, which they fish up from different parts for the purpose; it takes a good polish, and is sawn and hewn into the shapes required. At first it is very white, but loses its colour after some exposure to the weather; and becomes quite black in time.

“The manner of fishing up the large blocks of coral is curious. There is a wood which grows on the islands, called *candou*, which, when dry, is lighter than cork; the tree is something like, and of the size of the aspen; it bears no fruit, and is not fit for fuel: but its plank is used as our fir-deals. Having noted the block of coral they want, a rope of sufficient magnitude is attached to it, even at great depths, for both sexes are extremely expert swimmers and divers; pieces of *candou* are then sunk and lashed to the block, until there be enough of them to float it, and its roots being loosened, it rises to the surface attached to its raft, and is borne by it to the place required. This wood, however, soon becomes water-soaked, when it must be dried in the sun before it can be again used for the same purpose.”

(I shall here take occasion to observe that a belief generally prevails that the blocks of coral resemble vegetables, that a root is necessary to them, that if merely broken down to the surface they continue to grow, but that they may be rooted out. And on this principle a late governor of the new colony of the French at St. Mary's, Madagascar, cleared out and made a beautiful little port at that place; and by similar means the inhabitants of the Maldivas can always secure to themselves good outlets and inlets from and to their atollons. And thus, says Pyrard—“The port of the island of St. Malé, being full of large rocks, so that vessels could not anchor in it, was completely cleared of them, and rendered navigable and safe.”)

“There are two languages in the Maldivas: the common, which is peculiar to the people, and the Arabic, which is the learned language, and much in esteem; it is to them what the Latin is to Christians.” (It appears that they have also, at this day, a peculiar alphabet, differing from the Arabic and the Sanscrit, and its derivatives in Hindhustan, Ava, Siam, and the Malay Islands. It is written like the Arabic, from right to left, and the vowels are indicated by points in the same manner. Of this sort is a manuscript in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston.)

Of the island of Diego Garcia, which is the extreme southernmost of the whole group of the Maldivas, and long considered as unconnected with any other, we have numerous notices; and Mr. Horsburgh, in his East India Directory, gives an excellent description of it. It is the place of banishment for lepers from the Mauritius and Islé Bourbon, where they make cocoa-nut oil, and catch turtle for exportation; and it is as famous in this way in these seas as Ascension in the Atlantic. Its lagoon forms one of the finest harbours in the world; but it is believed that there are many others of a similar description, and equally good, in the other atollons. When I commanded the *Baracouta*, in 1811, I entered it by the western channel, and I left it by the eastern, which, contrary to Mr. Horsburgh's notice, I found quite clear and safe, with not less than three and a half fathoms in it. And nothing would be easier than to examine the whole of these islands in the same way; for their chief is proud to claim a dependence on the British at Ceylon; whither he sends an annual embassy, bearing presents of the products of the island, and receiving others in return, with certain privileges of trade.

The word atoll or atollon, used to signify the groups into which the Maldivas are divided, means, in strictness, only, the chaplet or circle of coral on which the islands rest, and which incloses them—the sea-wall, in short, which Pyrard describes. This, in many places, scarcely attains the surface of the water; in others it forms a long sandy beach, perhaps less than six feet above the level of the sea; and the highest land in the groups does not, I should think, exceed twenty feet. The islands, indeed, are just the higher portions which have gradually become covered with soil and vegetation, and which cease to acquire additional height so soon as this takes place, when the labours of the minute insects to which they owe their formation are diverted into other directions. A remarkable circumstance characterises all the islands which have been seen or visited, and is believed to be found in the whole, namely, their circular shape, inclosing a lagoon, or what has been a lagoon; which is the more striking, as it is found to prevail, almost without exception, in all islands of the same formation. For example, the islands off Cape St. Anne, near Sierra Leone, though by no means so purely coralline in their nature as the Maldivas (and differently circumstanced, being near the mouth of a considerable estuary, whereas the Maldivas are from one to three hundred leagues from a continent in which are no great rivers), retain yet this peculiarity, down even to the smallest of them,—an isolated sand-bank before the entrance of Port Owen Tudor, with not a blade of herbage upon it, only two hundred yards in circumference, less than fourteen feet high, situate on the outer edge of the wall of coral to which it

belongs, and exposed to the full beat of the Atlantic Ocean,—which yet has on its summit two considerable pools of pure fresh water, some feet in depth. And Sherboro' Island, on the same coast, has a peculiarity still more remarkable; for on its southern shore, or sea-face, there is a lake of pure fresh water of considerable extent, just within high water mark; and inside of, and close to it, another still larger, salt.

All the Maldiva Islands of any extent are richly clothed with wood, chiefly palms; but no edifice has been seen in sailing past any of them, whence it may be concluded, that none exists higher than a cocoa-tree. As Pyrard states that most of them have abundance of fresh water on them, but that some are deficient in this article, some remark on the anomalous and extraordinary situations in which it is found and not found in different parts of the world, and on its supposed connection with the growth of the cocoa-nuts, may not be unacceptable, as having fallen under my own observation.

At Madras, which is surrounded by salt water, the purest fresh water must be sought in wells dug below the sea-mark; elsewhere, to whatever depths the wells are dug, the water is brackish; and this is a land of palms and cocoa-nuts. Again, there is a string of low coral islands in the Mozambique Channel, called the Primera Islands by the Portuguese, which have no palms, but numerous stately casuarina-trees of the largest dimensions. Pits were dug in several of them by the *Leven's* crew in 1823 fourteen feet deep, and many similar trials have been made by other navigators, but always without success; whence another fact is learnt, namely, that the casuarina pine does not require fresh water at its roots, and, indeed, I have elsewhere seen it even on reefs mostly covered with the sea. These islands, it may be also added, in every respect resemble the Sherboro' and Cape St. Anne Islands, already noticed, in character and situation, with this one exception; for they are coralline and near a great continent which produces all the palms abundantly, with many great rivers entering the sea in their immediate vicinity.

Lastly, the great Comoro Island, which is thirty leagues in circumference, and whose mountains, it is believed, rise to the height of eight thousand feet above the sea, is said to retain no water in its earth, being volcanic, though with abundance of cocoa-nuts; and it is very thinly inhabited in consequence, the natives being frequently obliged to satisfy the thirst of their cattle with the young cocoa-nut milk, and never drinking any other beverage themselves. This last circumstance, however, does not always indicate a want of water, for in all the Malayan Islands, and in many parts also of Madagascar and the east coast of Africa, if water is asked for to drink, a young cocoa-nut is always brought and presented with its end cut off.

SOCIETY ISLANDS.

I.

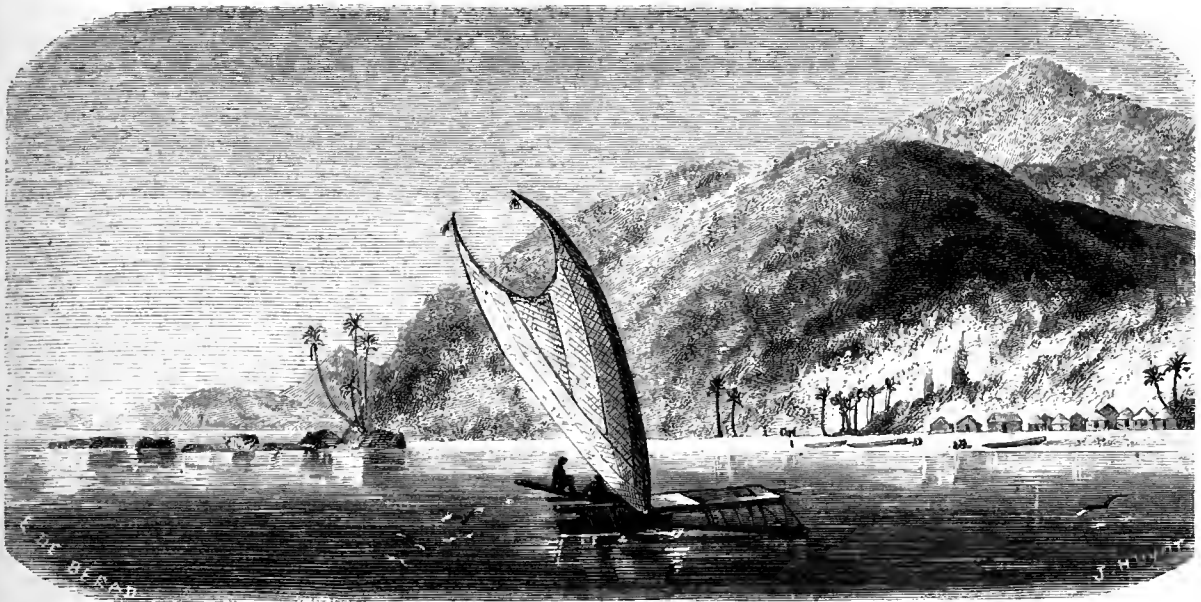
GENERAL ASPECT OF TAHITI, OR OTAHEITE—GUAVA SHRUB—
COMMERCE—LAKE OF VAIHIRIA—GREAT MORAI OF PAPARA
—ISLAND OF RAIATEA—MAUARUA—SMALLER ISLANDS.

WE should not complete the subject of Coral Islands, without some notice of the Society Islands, which are of mixed volcanic and coral origin, and are, in every instance, surrounded by a belt of coral rock. The most detailed accounts of these islands are given in Ellis's and William's Polynesian Missionary Researches, but they are too long for our purpose. We shall confine ourselves to giving some account of them from the pen of Mr. F. D. Bennett,¹ premising that we have altered the orthography of proper names ac-

ording to that which has been adopted by the missionaries, and is used by the press now established among the people.

Meatia.—*March 21st*, sighted the small but elevated² and uninhabited island of Meatia;³ and on the following morning made the island of Tahiti, about sixty miles farther to the west.

Tahiti presents an elongated and high range of land, apparently divided into two distinct islands, the low and narrow isthmus that connects the two peninsulas not being visible until closely approached. Its general aspect is exceedingly mountainous, some level and highly fertile plains or valleys intervening, whilst a broad belt of alluvial soil occupies the coast.



VILLAGE OF VANU, ISLAND OF VANIKORO.

The loftiest mountain on this island is situated towards its northern extremity, and may be estimated at between 6000 and 7000 feet elevation. It has never been ascended by an European, nor has any exact measurement of its height been given, but the summit has been gained by some natives, who report the existence of a lake of yellow water (probably an extinct crater), and the presence of wild ducks differing in plumage from the more common kind indigenous to the island. The aspect of the lowlands of Tahiti has latterly undergone a considerable change, from the extent to which the guava shrub flourishes on the soil. Scarce twenty years have elapsed since this fruit tree was introduced from Norfolk Island, and it now claims all the moist and fertile land of Tahiti, in spite of every attempt to check its increase. The woodlands and

bush, for miles in extent, are composed solely of this shrub, which bears a profusion of large and delicious fruit. The people have advanced but little in civilised habits; their dwellings are much as described by the earliest European visitors, and European clothing is adopted to but a scanty extent. Their principal improvements are in religious observances, and in the acquirements, to a great degree, of the elements of education.⁴ The commerce of the island is confined to

² Its peak 1432 feet above the sea. Beechey's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 675).

³ Osnaburg Island of Wallis in 1767; Pie de la Boudeuse of Bougainville in 1768; San Christobal of Boerecha; and Dezeina of Quiros, as being the tenth island discovered in the voyage of Mendana and Quiros in 1595. *Dalrymple's Voyages*, vol. i., p. 42. Matilda or Osnaburg Island of the Charts is in 21° 50' S. 138° 45' W.

⁴ The population is estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000, chiefly Christians, under the care of eight missionaries of the India Missionary Society. See William's *Missionary Enterprises*.

¹ *Extracts from the Journal of a Voyage round the Globe in the Years 1833-36.* By F. D. Bennett, Esq., M.R.C.S., R.G.S., &c.

the exportation of pearl-shell, and pearls, sugar, and cocoa-nut oil, and arrow-root, which is altogether conducted by foreigners, since the natives do not themselves possess any vessel larger than a double canoe. The port dues, however, and trade for supplies afforded by the numerous English and American whale ships calling at the port, yield the natives much emolument, and trade in kind has now given place to the circulation of specie. In commercial importance and civilised improvements, Tahiti, notwithstanding its priority of intercourse with civilised nations, is at least half a century behind Oahu, of the Sandwich group. A consul from the United States of America has lately been appointed to this island, so much the resort of American shipping. The British consul, whose charge includes all the principal groups of the Pacific, resides at Oahu, of the Sandwich group, a distance of five weeks' sail from Tahiti, and the communication uncertain.¹ Saddle-horses imported from South America are now in general use at Tahiti, both by natives and foreign residents; oxen are also numerous, and shipping in the port are supplied with beef, in quality little inferior to that of England, at about 2*l.* per pound.

An opinion very generally prevails at Tahiti that the interior and mountainous parts of the island are inhabited by a race of people differing from those of the coast, and of timid and secluded habits, but it seems scarcely probable.

During our stay here I made an excursion, in company with Captain Henry, to the celebrated Lake of Vaihira, the road to which commences from the coast at the district of Mairipehe, on the S.E. side of Tahiti, and distant from the settlement of Papeiti about thirty miles. The route lies along the coast, and affords numerous highly picturesque scenes. On the S.W. side of the island I noticed the numerous caverns which penetrate the base of the precipitous cliffs that form this portion of the coast. One of these caverns, which we inspected, was situated at the base of a mural cliff of about two hundred feet in height, and its face clothed with ferns and other elegant verdure. The mouth of the cavern formed a large arch; the bottom of the cavern was occupied by a sheet of fresh water produced by infiltration through the rock. I also noticed here a number of springs of fresh water that rise from the midst of the sea at greater or less distances from the shore. The situation is marked by small eddies or whirls on the smooth surface of the sea over the coral reef, and upon some of these the natives have placed bamboos with apertures in their sides, through which the fresh water flows as from a pump; when fishing on the coast in their canoes, it is not unusual for the natives to dive beneath the surface of the sea and quench their thirst at these fresh-water-springs. The cause of their existence is of course simple, although the effect is somewhat extraordinary. Without departing greatly from our route along the coast, we visited the "Great Morai of Papara," which although much ruined and reduced in its height, yet retains a great share of its original and not unornamental structure. This Morai is not, correctly speaking, in the district of Papara, but in the district of Tevauta, on a spot named "Mahiatea." Towards sunset we arrived at Atinua, where we passed the night, and early on the following morning proceeded about three miles to the coast of the

district of Mairipehe, whence I commenced an inland route towards the Lake of Vaihira on foot, and accompanied by a native guide. The greatest portion of the journey lay through level and well-watered plains, abounding in an over-luxuriant vegetation, and winding round the bases of steep and elevated mountains. A river rising inland traverses these plains with a circuitous and impetuous course to empty itself into the sea. The road to the lake follows closely the course of the mountain stream, and only departs from it to evade a circuitous bend, or to escape cascades and deep fords. We had to cross this river (which, at the fords, ran with great force, and was often both deep and broad), about one hundred and eighteen times during the day's tour to the lake and back. When half way between the coast and the Lake of Vaihira, we lost the coconut and other fruit trees, and the more usual vegetation of the coast, and entered upon lands covered with bushy ferns, elegant parasitic plants, and extensive thickets of a species of amomum, rising as distinct reed-like leaves six or eight feet above the soil, and emitting, when broken by pushing through them, a powerful fragrance, not unlike that of pimento. Numerous groves of the mountain plantain, loaded with their large clusters of ripe fruit, were also visible on the heights around. The lofty steeps, at the base of which we journeyed, presented constantly the deceptive appearance of closing upon the level path we pursued. We continued, however, along the torrent until nearly at the lake, when we ascended a steep and rugged hill, from the summit of which was visible the Lake of Vaihira, laid out in all its placid and picturesque beauty in the vale at our feet, and to which a short but steep descent conducted. The lake presents a sheet of water of nearly circular form, situated in the midst of a deep and circular valley surrounded by elevated precipitous mountains covered with a short and bright verdure, whilst numerous small cascades fall over their faces into the basin beneath. The lake does not exceed a mile in circumference; its waters are perfectly fresh, and of a dull green colour; for some distance from the shore the depth is very trifling, and it is said that in no part of the lake has it been found to exceed eighty feet. The shores of the lake are formed by the bases of the mountains in some parts, in others by a sandy beach, strewn with large boulders of black volcanic stone, or by low ledges of breccia and volcanic stone of a very friable character. Many wild ducks were visible on the water, and the plaintive note of a bird, not unlike the cooing of a dove, alone interrupted the tranquillity of the spot. Eels are the only fish known to inhabit the waters of the lake, which is rather an inland than a mountain lake, since, although surrounded by mountains, its elevation above the sea can be but inconsiderable, as no remarkable ascent is evident in the route that conducts to it from the coast, except the steep ascent in its immediate vicinity, which is merely that of its bounding hills, and is almost compensated by a corresponding descent to the lake on the opposite side.

Returning by the same route I reached Mairipehe by six o'clock in the evening. The coast here is well protected by an extension of the barrier coral reef, and the tranquil water within the reef affords good anchorage for shipping, off a native village where every essential supply can be obtained. A second natural curiosity that I visited at Tahiti was the "Ofai marama" (moon-stone) of the natives, which affords a fair example of a

¹ In February, 1837, Mr. Pritchard was appointed Her Majesty's Consul for the Society and Friendly Islands, to reside at Tahiti.

basaltic column, and is situated in a cavern at the foot of a lofty cliff at the termination of the valley of Punaro, on the western side of the island. The half-embedded column, which protrudes horizontally, is seven feet in length, three and a half in height, and six feet in breadth; dark and polished on its surface, which is marked with regular vertical fissures. Its extremity, that presents itself at the aperture of the cave, has a smooth surface, resembling the half-risen moon in shape, whence the native name.

Although, from its geographical situation, Tahiti may be deemed under the full influence of the S.E. trade winds, both N.W. and S.W. winds are not unusual, especially during the months of February and March, at which time the natives calculate upon those winds to make voyages to the islands S.E. of their own. There is reason to believe that the N.W. monsoon of the eastern hemisphere, south of the equator, extends at times to the more eastern of the Polynesian Islands. Captain T. Stavers, of the *Tuscan*, possesses on his charts a remarkable track made by that ship from the equator in 174° W. long. to the Society Islands, in an uninterrupted south easterly course of 2500 miles, the winds holding chiefly from N.E. and N.W.

Raiatea, the *Ulitea* of Cook, is situated about 130 miles to the N.W. of Tahiti, this being the direction in which the islands of the Polynesian groups usually lie, a direction that volcanic action appears very generally to follow. It is about forty miles in circumference, of mountainous character, covered with vegetation, and but too well watered, cascades, rivers, and swamps abounding in all directions. At the distance of one and a half or two miles from the shore the land is encircled by a coral reef, that also includes the adjacent island of Taha. Here are seven excellent anchorages on the weather and lee sides of the islands accessible at all times, and egress easy, except with a due south wind. Raiatea has no commerce worthy of notice; cocoa-nut oil and arrow-root are occasionally procured by small vessels from New South Wales or South America.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, exotic fruit-trees thrive vigorously, and particularly the fruit of the lime proves invaluable to foreign shipping, and affords a striking example of the important advantages that accrue from the dissemination of useful fruits and vegetables. The population appeared to me to have suffered dreadfully from disease. Accompanied by some natives, I ascended a lofty range of mountain occupying the centre of the island, extending in a direction nearly N. and S., and about 2000 feet in elevation. The summit presented a level and spacious plain of dark and bleak aspect, spread with numerous swamps and streams of water, passing over exposed rocks of a red colour, and entirely destitute of other vegetation than short grass and moss, although but a few feet beneath, on the less exposed spots, vegetation was lofty and abundant. On the eastern declivity of the mountain, a short distance below its summit, I was shown by my guides a natural excavation about forty feet deep, resembling a large well about thirty-six feet in circumference, the character of which led me to consider it as a small volcanic crater, yet few of these have hitherto been ascertained to exist in the Society Islands. It is remarkable that a stream of water flowing over the declivity of this elevated mountain abounds with eels and other fish, several varieties of which I saw sporting in the water.

Mauarua, or Maupiti, is a small and comparatively elevated island about six miles in circumference, and its highest point about 800 feet above the sea. It is situated about fifty miles to the N.W. of Raiatea, and distinctly visible from the lower hills of that island. It is surrounded by a barrier reef of coral, at a distance of about three miles, which encloses numerous low islets covered with cocoa-nut trees, but the lagoon is too shallow to admit vessels exceeding 150 tons burthen.

The island is composed of hills wooded to their summits and occasionally crested by cocoa-nut trees, but presenting rugged and mural cliffs to the sea coast, especially one rocky mass on the S.W. side opposite the opening in the reef, which rises 700 feet above the sea, resembling the ruins of a gigantic castle. Mauarua is said to possess primitive rocks, but such is certainly not its general geological character; volcanic rocks, scorie, and slag abound; its smooth basaltic stones are much prized by the natives of all the Society group, to make pestles to prepare their food. The population of the island appeared small; scattered habitations were along the coast, but the principal settlement is on the S.E. or weather side of the island, which is also the residence of the chief Tairo. It contains a Christian church, in which a native teacher officiates.

Swine, fowls, and especially yams, are abundant; water is scarce. The natives were exorbitant in their charge for supplies; and rather disposed to theft. This island is little frequented by foreign vessels; no ship before the *Tuscan*, in 1835, had visited it for two years.

Tubai, or Moton-iti, appeared small, low, and uninhabited; it is distant about thirty miles to the N.E. of Mauarua, and is the most northern island of the Society group: we here had a westerly wind.

Huahine, *March 11th*. This island is mountainous and fertile, and nearly surrounded by a coral reef; next to Tahiti it is the most frequented of the Society group; supplies are plentiful, and the bay of Fare, where is the chief settlement, on the N.W. side of the island, is safe and capacious, though not easily entered through the reef with the prevailing trade wind. Near Fare I noticed the venerable shaddock tree, covered with fruit, which was planted by Cook when he visited the island to restore Omai. It is the only tree of this species to be seen in the Society Islands, and all attempts to propagate it have failed. Coffee thrives in the gardens of the missionaries. Population is said to be 1900.

Maia-oti, or Saunder's Island, has at a distance much the appearance of a ship under sail; it is moderately elevated, and the hills are wooded to their summits. It extends in a N.E. and S.W. direction, either extremity being low and covered with cocoa-nut trees. The island was formerly celebrated for its yams; it is now used as a penal settlement from Tahiti.

II.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE NATIVES—POPULATION—PRODUCTIONS—SUGAR-CANE PLANTATIONS—COTTON—CATTLE—CHURCHES AND HOUSES—HUTS OF NATIVES—CHIEFS—TIMBER TREES—RELIGION AND MORALS.

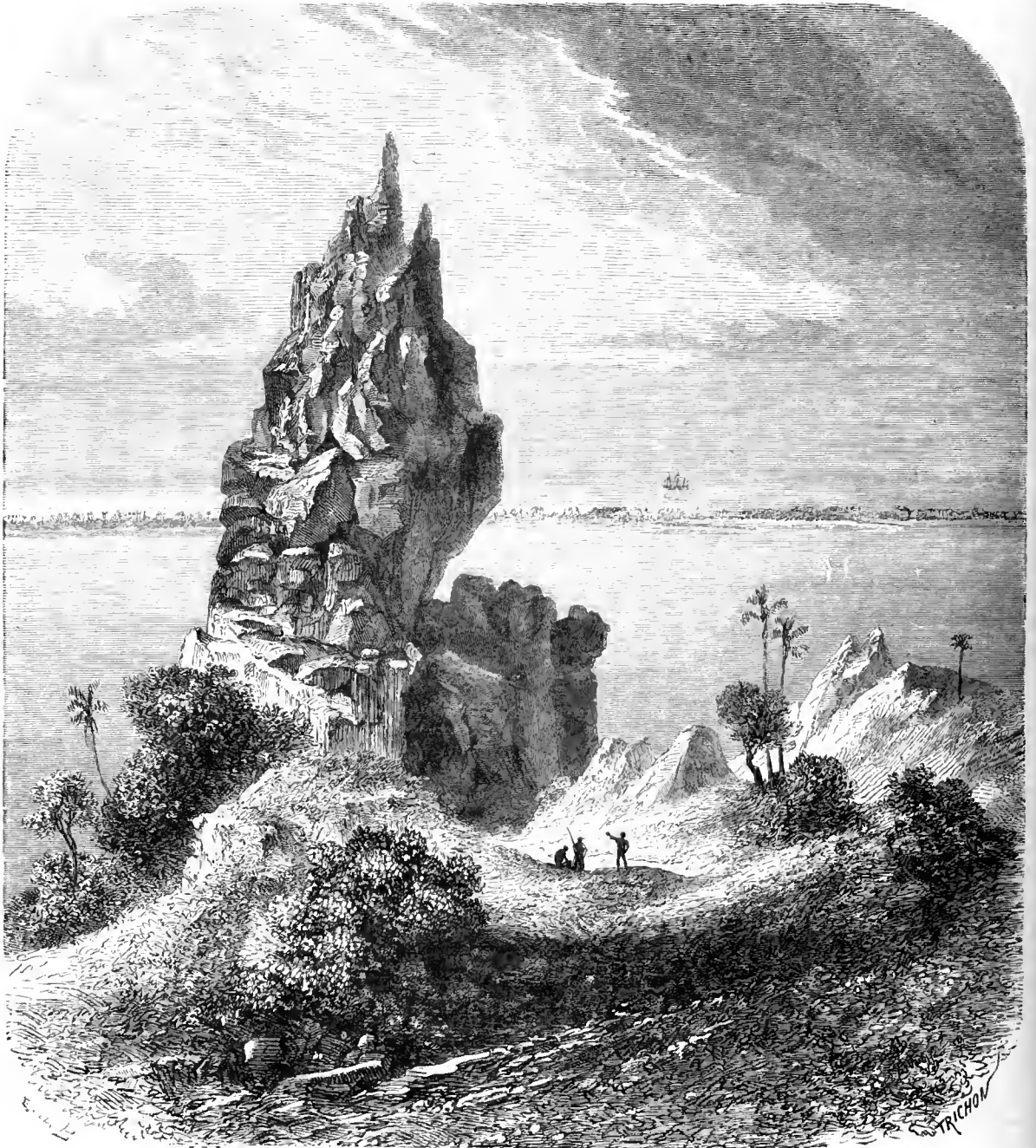
THE form of government, says Captain Waldegrave writing of the same islands¹ in the year 1830, is an

¹ Extracts from a Private Journal kept on board H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, in the Pacific, 1830.

absolute despotism, the king or queen possessing a most absolute power over the land. The islands acknowledging the sway of Queen Pomarre are Tahiti and Eimeo (Raiatea, Huahine, and Bora-Bora, being independent); her revenue consists of taxes on cloth, oil, pigs, and arrow-root. She has generally a large

retinue, and with these maintains her court; she is married, and a Christian, but has no children.

The religion is the Christian; they are ignorant of sects, and worship in the Presbyterian form; the majority, excepting the court and the inhabitants of Papeete, are strict in their observance of Christian



PINNACLE AND CORAL REEF, BORA-BORA.

duties; the queen is young and irreligious; the inhabitants of Papeete abandon themselves to the sensuality of a sea-port.

The land was always the absolute property of the king or queen; his word or order could displace and place any chief or person in any district or spot—no question was ever made of the propriety, but each obeyed;

and each chief also possessed the same absolute power over the land of each individual living in his district—he could remove, banish the occupier, and put others in his place, or take it to himself; the king having, however, a supreme power over chief and tenant.

The laws of the person and chattel property have been established since the conversion of the island to

Christianity. They were adopted in full assembly of the chiefs and people, assisted by the missionaries, who digested and wrote them. They are derived from the Pentateuch, and regard robbery, adultery, removing



THE CONFESSION.

landmarks, &c. They are headed by a declaration of the islands subject to them, of the districts and other divisions and subdivisions, the governors, judges, and constables of each district, village, and place.

An offender against the law is seized by the constable, who takes him and the witnesses before the judges, who publicly convict or acquit the prisoner. The punishments are, repairing the highways, making cloth, forfeiture of hogs, whipping, banishment—for murder, banishment. These laws have, in some measure, outrun the knowledge of the Otaheitans, but they are daily becoming better informed, and appear to be well pleased with them. No law exists restraining the power of the king over the land; a few years must pass before any law on this subject can be received, as the people are not ripe for it; but until a law passes giving a title to land in the proper owner, no great step can be made in commerce.

Population.—Tetunarea, 2,000; Tahiti, 5,000; Eimeo, 1,300; Huahine, 2,000; Raiatea, 1,700; Bora-Bora, 1,800; Tahaa, 1,000; Mauarua, 1,000; by a census made by the missionaries, 1828.

It is lamentable to compare these returns with the supposed returns of Captain Cook fifty years ago; but the vices of the people were such, that nothing but the abandonment of Paganism, and the conversion to Christianity, could have saved the remnant. The venereal disease has assisted in some small degree, but infanticide was practised to such an extent, particularly of the females, that nothing could have saved the remnant except Christianity. To a question put by myself to Hitoti the chief, about Viratoa, the chief of Tiaraboo—"Had not the chief more children than this one son and daughter of whom he is so proud?"—"Yes, tens and tens." "Where are they?"—"All destroyed." The reason usually assigned was to render the women more pleasing. Abortion also was practised. The males at Otaheite at present far exceeds the females in number. We saw many children and young persons, but very few above fifty years of age.

These islands could produce anything that will grow within the tropics, but until a change takes place in the habits and dispositions of the people, no trade can thrive. The missionaries have planted cotton, and the produce is of the first quality, but they could not command labour. The indolence of the natives was such, and they demanded a price so enormous for their work, that the culture was abandoned. The same observation applies to indigo, tobacco, and the sugar-cane; but with a tuberous-rooted herbaceous plant, which they call arrow-root, and which grows without cultivation, they are more industrious. In the beginning of May they range the country in search of this, and dig up its roots. These they wash, rasp, and dry in the sun, and carry them to the purchaser for sale. Even with this, however, their indolence makes them often hurry the preparation, so that they will offer it for sale when but ill dried; yet the root of itself is excellent, and can be exported at threepence per pound. In one year, forty-two tons were sent from Raiatea to New South Wales.

There are two plantations of sugar-cane—one on the north-side, between Paré and Papeete, owned by Mr. Bicknell, an Englishman, cultivated by natives, and growing annually from five to ten tons of sugar, which is sold wholesale at ten dollars the hundred. The other, on the south side, is cultivated jointly by Captain Henry and Tarti. This plantation was but ill attended, the owner having gone in search of sandalwood; the labourers were inhabitants of Tongataboo, who, when properly directed, will work steadily. The

sugar produced was not equal to Mr. Bicknell's, although the advantages in situation were greater.

At Eimeo, under the direction of Mr. Armitage, a missionary artisan, a cotton factory was commenced, but failed from the difficulty of instructing the natives in the detail. He has since commenced one on a more simple plan, and I trust will succeed; he induces the natives to grow the cotton, and bring it to him; they prepare, spin, and weave it under his direction, and receive the cloth for their own use. The few who have tried this plan, and received the cotton cloth, are much pleased with the possession. We saw in the spinning-house fifteen girls, and were told that an equal number of boys attended the factory.

Rope is made at Eimeo under the direction of Mr. Simpson, missionary, from the bark of the hibiscus. Accounts differed as to its qualities, some reporting its excellence, others its ill-qualities; but, after a smart discussion, I conclude that the defects preponderate, the fault lying in the indolence of the manufacturers, who do not carefully attend to select the inner bark, and lay up strips of unequal thickness. No tar or other liquid is used with it.

Two vessels have been built on the island, one for the use of the missionaries, the other for purposes of trade. They were built by European or American workmen, assisted by Tahitians, who felled the timber. I can say nothing as to their qualities, as I did not see them. The missionaries speak of the excellence of the timber. Another vessel was preparing at Mirapae for Captain Henry and Tarti.

Tappa or cloth is made, as in all the South Sea Islands, of the inner bark of the hibiscus, bread-fruit, and paper mulberry tree.

Oil is prepared from the cocoa-nuts, by letting them remain on the tree until quite ripe; then the shell is divided, the nut scraped out, put into heaps in canoes, and, after fermentation, the heap is occasionally pressed by hand, when it gives out an oil which they use for general purposes of light.

No real or profitable commerce can exist until real property is secure by law. Barter exists for hogs and fire-wood in exchange for calicoes, dungaree, spirits.

The Island of Tahiti possesses about three hundred head of horned cattle of various ages, the missionaries possessing the greater proportion, though a few chiefs are beginning to have breeds, and the stock will soon be in many hands. The cattle were imported by the missionaries from New South Wales, and are of a particularly fine sort, very fat, and well flavoured, weighing from eight to twelve cwt.

Horses are few, there being not above fifteen in the whole island, imported from Valparaiso. The queen had two very fine colts.

Goats thrive well, are numerous, and would be more so, were they not destroyed by the dogs. Sheep do not thrive so well; their wool becomes entangled in the long grass, and the lambs are destroyed by dogs; the feed also is too gross; a short bite is not to be met with, the island being understocked.

Figs thrive, living almost wild on the guavas, cocoa-nuts, and sweet potato. They grow exceedingly large and good.

The churches, with one exception, and the houses of the missionaries, are built of wooden frames, filled with wattled hibiscus, and covered with a compost of sea-sand and lime, which again is whitewashed. The doors are plain framed, and the windows are framed

with blinds, but few have glass sashes. The usual shape of the churches is a long oval, the roof of thatch, supported by two upright posts of the bread-fruit tree, placed near the extremities of the oval, on which rests a ridge pole, one end of the rafters resting on the wall, the other against the ridge pole; they are smooth, white, and when new have a very neat appearance. On the floor of bread-fruit plank are arranged seats of the same shape and size as are usual in country churches in England; some few have also a gallery at each end. The service is performed with great order and reverence, and the singing is in correct time; but the key is so high as to make it harsh and unpleasant to Englishmen.

The habitations of the natives are very simple; oval or oblong, as most convenient, according to the size of the family. The sides are made of young bamboos, placed perpendicularly, so as freely to admit the air; the side exposed to the weather is in a small degree protected by the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree interwoven. There is one door in the centre.

In few huts is there any furniture, the natives sleeping on mats placed on the ground, one mat under, one above them, covering every part of the body from insects. Cocoa-nut shells and gourds are the only vessels. Food is always dressed either in the open air or in an adjoining shed. Pigs, poultry, and vegetables are baked in a hole made in the earth, in which a strong fire has been made; when the stones are heated, the fire is removed, and the food is placed on the stones, covered above and beneath by fresh green leaves. The cooking is excellent. A few of the chiefs had plastered houses, like the missionaries, with one or two chairs, or a sofa, chests, and tables. Tarti entertained us with chicken-soup in a tureen, pancakes, plates, knives, forks and spoons. He was the most enterprising chief of the island—and this case was singular. I was in most of their houses, which are dirty and neglected.

The bridges are wooden logs thrown across a rivulet, and are so often washed away by the flood that it is uncertain, until at the bank, whether you are to wade or cross on a log.

Courts of justice are sometimes held in the open air, before the church, or a chief's house, or in a large building prepared to hold the court.

There is no currency; Spanish dollars are known, but their European or American value is unknown. For instance, a quart bottle of bad spirits, two yards of sixpenny calico, or of one shilling a yard dungaree, or a yard and a half of broad ribbon, are considered equal to a dollar, the value of which at Sydney is fifty-two pence.

The principal chiefs are—Outamun, nearest to the blood-royal; Hitoti, Parfai, brothers, the latter secretary of state; Tarti, and Viasatoa. The four first are intelligent, respectable men, and sincere Christians; they are treated with much respect and possess great influence. Hitoti had the kindness to steer my gig round the island; and to him and to the missionaries we were indebted for much hospitality and attention shown to us. He spoke a few words in English, and from him I learned the names of the villages, streams, bays, tribes, &c., which we passed. He introduced me to his own and Parfai's wife at Tiavi. Their houses were clean, and themselves neatly dressed in straw bonnets and ribbons, and European calico vests. Hitoti is a large landed proprietor, and had changed

his residence from time to time to be near a missionary. His house at Tiavi was small, and consisted of two rooms, one a sleeping-room, the other a dressing-room. His servants occupied another house. Parfai's was larger, equally clean, with a pounded coral floor, a few chests, and other furniture. The brothers were building a decked boat, of nineteen tons, of native wood; the work was good, and he was very proud of it. He showed me the frame of the new church, which was well constructed. When I remarked that I hoped soon to hear that they were building stone churches and stone houses, he replied "One step at a time—we cannot go so fast." Stone is found in great abundance, either of volcanic rock or of coral, and the coral burns into excellent lime; but a second work of such magnitude probably is too much to expect of the Tahitians. A stone octagon church was built at Papetoai, island of Eimeo, of heron coral. The labour was extreme, and it was some years in building.

The island produces excellent timber in very great abundance. It is to be found in the interior, on the south side, and all over Tiarabooa.

Raiatea is an independent island. The king, Tomatoa, is maternal grandfather to Pomarre, queen of Otaheite. The island acknowledges a political union, but does not admit of the supremacy of the latter; its population is about 1,700, and rapidly on the increase. The religion is Christian; and the spot where the king resides has been fixed as the seat of the mission. The harbour is excellent; but the situation of the village is low and swampy; it was chosen as being the central point of convenience for both sides of the island, and for the inhabitants of Tahaa. Another spot was selected, eight miles to the south, where the land was higher, drier, and the valley or low ground between the sea and the mountain much wider; but it was suited solely to the inhabitants on the east face, not to the western face, therefore it was abandoned. The outward appearance of the houses is better than at Tahiti, being white-limed and plastered; but the inside is equally filthy.

The people are indolent, yet, through the persevering activity of a missionary, Mr. Williams, they have made greater advances towards industry than on any of the three other islands. They have built seven vessels of forty tons, which are in use at this moment, but two want paint and pitch, which causes a premature decay. The vessels are entirely built of native timber; and the rope is also indigenous. The iron is imported. They export a considerable quantity of good arrow-root; one year they sold forty tons—this year, thirty tons have been already sold. When exported to Sydney, it fetches threepence per pound wholesale.

Before taking leave of the Society Isles, I shall endeavour to give my opinion as to the religion, morals, &c., of these people.

Every navigator has described them as warlike, effeminate, indolent, lascivious, addicted to thieving; and now that they have become Christians, inquiry is made in what have they improved? The answer will be, that the sum of crime is much diminished, although the tenets of the Gospel have not in many taken deep root; infanticide has ceased; wars have ceased; women are considered as equal, not inferior to men; the children are more regarded by their parents; the women possess an influence over their husbands, which causes them to be treated with attention, lest the husband should lose the wife, as she would soon find a husband

ready to receive her, and treat her with more kindness ; and the result of this is, that infidelity is more common amongst the women than amongst the men, the attachment being stronger on the male than the female side. Jealousy is felt powerfully by the Tahitians, for adulteries committed amongst themselves ; but it is supposed that a woman never receives the embraces of a foreigner, except with the consent, and for the gain of the husband. During the day all are decorous ; but after dark, women are to be met with, waiting to entice ; and husband and father are alike ready to offer their wife or daughter. At Raiatea, the queen's mother not only indulged herself in this crime, but was the common procuress, receiving the profits. The house of the queen of Tahiti was, in like manner, the scene of the most abandoned profligacy. Pomarre, the king, a large young man of eighteen, sat in the room, a witness to, and indifferent to, the addresses paid to his wife, or the open debauchery of his mother-in-law ; and every wanton and abandoned woman was to be here met with, ready to receive the embraces of any. As the offenders are young persons, encouraged by the elder, I see no human probability of improvement, unless the queen of Tahiti, her mother, and aunt, could be put aside, as they are protectors of the abandoned and profligate, in defiance of the laws.

The chiefs of Tahiti, Eimeo, Huahine, and Raiatea appeared to be sincere in their religion ; and the majority testified it by the correctness of their lives, and the support they gave to the missionaries. Their authority is much limited by the new religion ; yet, in conversation, they confess how much happier they now are, in meeting each other in peace and in friendly visits, than they were during the reign of paganism and of war.

The missionaries are men of correct lives, and much devoted to the duties of their service. To them these islands are accordingly much indebted, not only for the blessings of the Gospel, but for the good example they have shown, and the arts they have introduced. Their wives appeared also to be admirably suited to their stations—seconded their husbands by their attention to domestic duties, and the care of their children. But the missionaries are all engaged in trade, which I am afraid interferes in some degree with their usefulness. At present they have the monopoly of cattle, so that the shipping are almost wholly supplied with fresh beef by them. They also appeared to deal in cocoa-nut oil and arrow-root. To myself the natives were not very communicative ; but from the little I saw of the consequences of this, I was persuaded that it was not beneficial.

Mr. Williams has instructed them in ship-building and rope-making ; Messrs. Blossom and Armitage in cotton-spinning, weaving, carpenters' and joiners' work. Tobacco and cotton were planted, succeeded, but at present do not exist—except as specimens in gardens or for private use. A mystery hung about all these attempts, which, from my ignorance of Tahitians, I could never resolve. The missionaries for their own use make excellent soap, yet not a native can, or does make any ; the ingredients, cocoa-nut oil, wood, ashes, and lime, are in the greatest abundance. Mr. Nott broadly states that no trade or cultivation can exist, as labour cannot be purchased or commanded. Our stay was too limited to judge of the correctness of this statement ; but in idle employ-

ments, as guides, pilots, searchers for food or shells, we found many ready to assist. We met also with six carpenters, and some rope-makers, but no stone-masons or other mechanics. One trading vessel arrived while we were there—a French brig, belonging to the firm of Green and Molineux, Valparaiso ; Mr. Molineux was on board, and I conversed with him ; he was purchasing cocoa-nut oil, arrow-root, tumanu wood, and sugar, with ribands, cloth, &c. ; he appeared to have employed the missionaries as agents to collect these articles for him ; and thus again the missionaries appeared as sole middle-men between the natives and the purchaser. At Tahiti, a Spanish dollar, a bottle of rum or brandy, a fathom of shilling calico, were deemed equivalent. I proposed to the missionaries to write a letter stating what articles were equivalent at Sydney and Valparaiso ; but an objection was made, saying that the value of each article was known, but custom decided against the adoption of a better scale.

At Raiatea, clothes, not money nor rum, were desired in payment for washing, shells, or mats. The people were in general well clothed in calico shirts, the women in silk ribands, English and Chinese shawls, &c. Each missionary had a store of ironmongery and haberdashery, and all were in good circumstances, possessing property in some shape, and appearing eager and ready to trade.

The people are clean in their persons, washing twice each day or oftener, yet their huts are wretched, situated in swamps or bogs, made of cane, with thatched roofs without, and within untidy, with very little furniture. The mat spread on the plucked grass makes a sort of field-bed for the family ; few possess a bedstead or other comforts. A reason given for the inattention to garden cultivation was, "that custom permitted the idle to take a share of the crop of the industrious," so that the instant a crop was seen, a message from a chief arrived, asking for a portion ; and if this was refused, a part of the whole was openly taken from the grower.

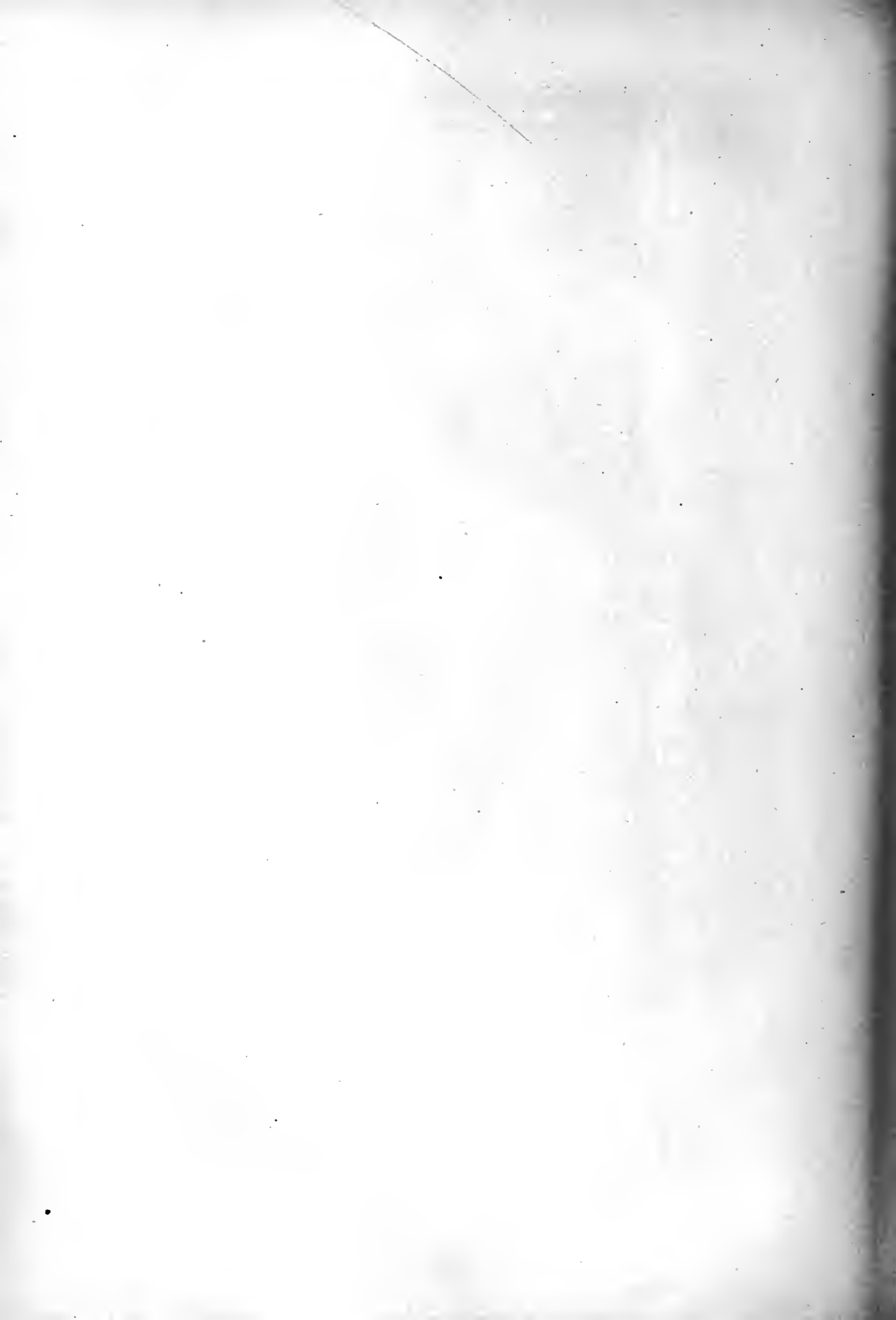
At the moment we arrived, the islands appeared to be in a middle or conflicting state between the habits and customs of idolatry and the infused but dark knowledge of their rights by the written law. The chiefs were claiming the prerogatives of the former state, which were assented to or refused, according to the ignorance or information of the vassal.

I was told that the Missionary Society in England had thoughts of withdrawing their missions from the Society Islands, because they were Christians, and ought to raise native clergy ; and that their funds might be applied to heathen countries. But at present the people are not ripe for this great change, and it would be cruel to attempt it. They are not fit to go alone ; they would not at present respect a native teacher ; neither would they maintain a native in the same manner as they build for and feed the British missionary ; nor would it be well to attempt it until the prerogatives of the chiefs, and the rights of the people, as to property and person, are well established, and acknowledged by written laws.

A strange anomaly exists in the history of Tahiti, which at first surprises and perplexes the stranger, and induces him to draw unfavourable conclusions respecting the missionaries ; but, on inquiry and further intercourse, this is found to arise from habits and circumstances over which the missionaries have no control. Thirty-four years have passed since the first missionaries



HIGH PEAK AT BORA-BORA.



landed: they were treated with every contempt which ridicule, vice, and folly could heap upon them; and the lame, the blind, the hump-backed, were brought to them, in irony, to heal; but they persevered. When their European clothes were worn out, barefooted and bareheaded, clothed in tappa, they crossed rivers, penetrated valleys, and descended mountains, to preach Christ crucified; yet, for nineteen years, their labours appeared to be in vain. In the twentieth year, however, some persons of influence listened, and declared their belief. Wars existed, and the effects were severely felt, until it was observed that the Christians did not pursue to death the wives and children of the conquered, as others did. After several defeats, Pomarre, a powerful chief, embraced Christianity, and with him, the whole island, in obedience to his will, adopted the Christian religion. It was only, however, a state-conversion, not understood, therefore not sincere. The idols were burnt, and the morais destroyed and polluted; yet, though paganism disappeared, Christianity was not felt. For a few years they were outwardly decorous; the distillation of spirits ceased, and honesty was visible—for property might be left on the shore and would not be touched, unless to restore it. Pomarre was a man of talent. He cast off all his wives but one; yet he indulged in drinking to excess. His government was strong, and he was obeyed. At his death a boy succeeded to the command: the regent was a sensible, intelligent man, who consulted much with Mr. Nott. But this prince died at seven years old; and his sister now reigns, who is married, and yet indulges in the lowest sensual gratifications. She is frequently diseased; and is obeyed, but spoken of with great disrespect. Her example is producing injurious effects, as she lives in the society of forty or fifty persons of the same taste as herself.

Thus it is that the anomaly exists. The principal chiefs are sincere in their religion, but the mass of the people are not influenced, except to an external observance of Christianity. The majority attend the church, and are attentive, sing the hymns, and show every mark of devotion. They have also destroyed the spirit-stills, but will get drunk whenever they can obtain liquor. I helped an old chief to half a pint of rum, and he drank that, and in two hours another half-pint, without any apparent effect. I inquired the cause, and was answered that the ava was an intoxicating sedative, whose effects soon ceased; that they drank spirits to produce this effect, as they cannot understand the use of spirits except to produce such an effect. Yet Hitoti, Parfai, and Tarti dined frequently with me, and drank wine as usual in Europe.

I saw every missionary in Tahiti, Eimeo, and Raiatea, and can truly affirm that they are all respected and loved, as teachers of good; and that they are considered as pastors. It has been asserted that the natives are jealous of them as cultivators of land, and destroy the crops in their gardens, lest they should possess enough to sell to the shipping; but, on inquiry, it appeared that the thefts arose from anxiety to enjoy the vegetable, and that the attack was not directed against the individual or the missionaries. Every one possesses a pig, yet he prefers selling to using it, because custom compels him to share it with his neighbours. If sold, he alone receives the price.

There is a depraved class to be found at every port, called *Toute Ouree*, or rusty iron, who observe no religion, and are very depraved.

They have no wish for wars, but appeared happy in their present peace and enjoyment.

They are indolent from disposition as well as from the little necessity for exertion, food being so plentiful: whether necessity will create a change, when a more abundant population presses upon the means of subsistence, I cannot say. Fishing they pursue with steadiness. In our excursions, the natives appeared to suffer much more from fatigue from the walk than we did. They could not understand the unceasing occupation of a man-of-war: "The mouth is always open," one said to me, "there is no rest." Corpulency is considered a beauty, and a fair complexion is much admired: both of these attainments are sought for by keeping within doors and doing nothing.

We heard no music, and even psalmody was without music; but one night I heard two women sing a ditty in a very pleasing soft style.

We saw no dancing, wrestling, or athletic exercises. I never saw a man dig or plant; but I have seen them gather the vegetable, cook, and assist to carry and eat the food. The day was passed in sleeping, lolling or talking, unless the hut required thatching or repairing. In our boat excursions, in only one instance did I ever see a native touch an oar, although the boat's crew had rowed for a considerable time. In a whale-boat, solely manned by natives, this indolence prevailed, although occasionally they would row with great vigour; of five oars, three were commonly at rest for some trifling reason.

The men dress partly in European clothes, but more frequently in tapas, of a square shape, with a slit in the centre, through which the head passes; the cloth hangs loose before and behind, and under it is a waist-girdle of many folds, passing round the loins; with a short petticoat before and behind, dropping to the knees. The women dress on gala days in a calico shift, closely buttoned to the neck, entirely concealing the figure; with a white straw bonnet, edged with red riband. The week-day dress is the same, but of native cloth. The men search for and dress the food, which consists of cocoa-nut, tara, bread-fruit, plantain, and arrow-root. The women make the cloth.

It is to be regretted that their huts are placed in low, damp spots; but custom induces them to live in the centre of their land, near the sea. The missionaries tried to have their houses built on an ascent, but found the servants would not stay, as they would not go any distance for water, and would be near their friends; so they were compelled to return to the flat.

In the missionary report we saw the names of Bogue's, Haweis', Griffin's Towns, &c. Nothing can be more absurd than thus to give names to towns that do not exist. On every level spot near the sea huts are built, but each in the centre of the owner's own land, so that no street can or does exist. The town of Utenon is the only exception to this. A town implies order in building, with a street or road through its centre; but here the houses are scattered in every direction, without a road or street passing near to them; nothing but a path, which is either wet or dry, according to the weather. They have no wheelbarrows, carts, or other vehicles, on which to carry burthens—nor will they adopt them; hence the difficulty of building stone houses, and hence also the want of

public highways beyond the width of four feet, which stop at a brook or diverge, as suits convenience.

It is but just to the islanders to add that since the above was written they have gone on improving rapidly. Most of the natives can now read and write. Their moral conduct has become more regular, and their social condition much improved; they have acquired the knowledge of various useful arts, and pro-

fitable branches of commerce have been opened. Numerous vessels of from thirty to eighty tons burden are usefully employed in trade, and in maintaining an intercourse between the several islands; and a printing press has for many years been actively engaged in supplying the natives with various publications in their own language, suited to their wants and their condition.

MOUNT ATHOS AND ITS MONASTERIES.

I.

ANCIENT ATHOS—CANAL OF XERXES—MONASTERIES—
MONASTERY OF LAVRA OR ST. LAURA—HISTORY—RULES
OF THE ORDER OF ST. BASIL—DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILD-
INGS—CURIOUS PICTURES OF THE LAST JUDGMENT—GEMS
OF BYZANTINE ART—BEAUTIFUL RELIQUARY—THE RE-
FECTORY—THE BAPTISTRY—THE ABBOT'S SAVOURY DISH—
THE LIBRARY—ASCENT OF MOUNT ATHOS.

THAT part of ancient Macedonia which extended between the Chersonesus of Pallene and Athos, was known to the ancients as Chalcidice; hence the peninsula, which is in reality formed by Mount Athos also, was called the Chalcidic Peninsula, and the Mediterranean was supposed to commence at this point, which divided the Singitic Gulf from the Ægean. The peninsula, as well as the mountains, is now called the Holy Mountain, from the great number of monasteries and chapels with which it is covered. There are twenty of these monasteries, most of which were founded during the Byzantine empire, and some of them trace their origin to the time of Constantine the Great. Each of the different nations belonging to the Greek Church has one or more monasteries of its own; and the spot is visited periodically by pilgrims from Russia, Servia, and Bulgaria, as well as from Greece and Asia Minor. No female, even of the animal kind, is permitted to enter the peninsula.¹

According to Pliny, the length of the peninsula is seventy-five Roman miles, and the circumference 150 Roman miles. In English measure it is forty miles in length, and its average breadth is about four miles. The general aspect of the peninsula is described in the following terms by a modern traveller:—"The peninsula is rugged, being intersected by innumerable ravines. The ground rises almost immediately and rather abruptly from the isthmus at the northern end to about 300 feet, and for the first twelve miles maintains a table-land elevation of about 600 feet, for the most part beautifully wooded. At this spot the peninsula is narrowed into rather less than

two miles in breadth. It immediately afterwards expands to its average breadth of about four miles, which it retains to its southern extremity. From this point, also, the land becomes mountainous rather than hilly, two of the heights reaching respectively 1,700 and 1,200 feet above the sea. Four miles farther south, on the eastern slope of the mountain ridge, and at a nearly equal distance from the east and west shores, is situated the town of Karyés, picturesquely placed amidst vineyards and gardens. A good road leads hence down a steep valley to Iveron, or Iberon, *i.e.* the Convent of the Iberians, on the east. A fine richly-wooded valley also leads in a north-easterly direction towards Pandokratora and Vatopedi; and the road to Xiropotama is good, but hilly, and the country it traverses is the most fertile and beautiful part of the peninsula, richly wooded with oak and chesnut.

Immediately to the south of Karyés (Walnuts), the ground rises to 2,200 feet, whence a rugged country, covered with a forest of dark-leaved foliage, extends to the foot of the mountain, which rears itself in solitary magnificence, an insulated cone of white limestone, rising abruptly to the height of 6,356 feet above the sea. Close to the cliffs, at the southern extremity, we learn from Captain Copeland's late survey, no bottom was found with sixty fathoms of line.²

The lower bed of the mountain is composed of gneiss and argillaceous slate, and the upper part of gray limestone, more or less inclined to white. (Sibthorpe in *Walpole's Travels, &c.*, p. 40.)

Athos is first mentioned by Homer, who represents Hero as resting on its summit in her flight from Olympus to Lemnos. (*Iliad*, xiv. 229.) The name, however, is chiefly memorable in history on account of the canal which Xerxes cut through the isthmus, connecting the peninsula with Chalcidice. (*Herodotus*, vii. 23.) This canal was cut by Xerxes for the passage of his fleet, in order to escape the gales and high seas, which sweep around the promontory, and which had wrecked the fleet of Mardonius, in B.C. 492. The cutting of this canal has been rejected as a falsehood by many writers, both ancient and modern; and Juvenal (x. 174) speaks of it as a specimen of Greek mendacity:—

Creditur olim

Velificatus Athos, et quidquid Græcia mendax
Andet in historia.

¹ Byzantine writers delight in expatiating upon the marvellous vegetation and scenic splendour of the peninsula of Mount Athos. "Those who designate Athos the Land of God," says Cautaucuzene, "are not in error." "The mildness of the temperature," says Nicephorus Gregoras, "the multiplicity of plants and trees that rejoice the sight and embalm the atmosphere, the songs of birds, the murmur of waters, the sharp flight of bees, the aspect of the great sea, the calm of the valleys, the silence and solitude of the woods, all combine to weave a tissue of voluptuousness that ravishes the senses and elevates the mind wrapt in a pious ecstasy up to God."

² "On Mount Athos, and its Monasteries; with Notes on the Route from Constantinople to Saloniki, in June, 1836." By Lieut. Webber Smith, 48th Reg. *Journal of Roy. Geo. Soc.*, vol. vii. p. 61.

Its existence, however, is not only attested by Herodotus, Thucydides, and other ancient writers, but distinct traces of it have been discovered by modern travellers. The modern name of the isthmus is *Prov-laka*, evidently the Romaic form of Προσλαξ, the canal in front of the peninsula of Athos.

The best description of the modern canal is given by Lieutenant Wolfe:—The Canal of Xerxes is still most distinctly to be traced all the way across the isthmus from the Gulf of Monte Santo (the ancient Singitic Gulf) to the Bay of Erso in the Gulf of Contessa, with the exception of about two hundred yards in the middle, where the ground bears no appearance of having been touched. But as there is no doubt of the whole canal having been excavated by Xerxes, it is probable that the central part was afterwards filled up, in order to allow a more ready passage into and out of the peninsula. In many places the canal is still deep, swampy at the bottom, and filled with rushes and other aquatic plants; the rain and small springs draining down into it from the adjacent heights afford, at the Monte Santo end, a good watering place for shipping; the water (except in very dry weather) runs out in a good stream. The distance across is two thousand five hundred yards, which agrees very well with the breadth of twelve stadia assigned by Herodotus. The width of the canal appears to have been about eighteen or twenty feet; the level of the earth nowhere exceeds fifteen feet above the sea: the soil is a light clay. It is, on the whole, a very remarkable isthmus, for the land on each side (but more especially to the westward) rises abruptly to an elevation of eight hundred to one thousand feet.

There were in ancient times five cities—Dium, Olophyxus, Aerothoum, Thyssus, and Cleonæ, to which Scylax adds Claradriæ, and Pliny Palæorium and Apollonia, the inhabitants of the latter being named Macrobiani. The extremity of the peninsula, above which Mount Athos rises abruptly, was called Nymphæum, now Cape St. George. The peninsula was originally inhabited by Tyrrheno-Pelasgians, who continued to form a large part of the population in the Greek cities of the peninsula, even in the time of the Peloponnesian war.

There are, in modern times, no less than twenty monasteries in the peninsula, and we here subjoin a list of them:—

	No. in Monastery.	In Cells.	Mendicants.
Kiliandari, Servians, and Bulgarians	120	10	40
Sphiginéou	47	—	—
Vatopédi	120	—	50
Pandokrátora	15	—	15
Stavroniketa	15	5	5
Ivëron	100	—	60
Philotéo	20	8	5
Kutlunúsi	25	25	20
Karakálo	60	26	—
Lavra or Láura	60	40	20
Pavlo (Servo-Bulgarian)	36	20	15
Dionysis	80	6	—
Gregorio	18	—	1
Sinópetra	15	5	10
Xirapotamu	40	65	20
Russiko (Russian)	45	4	—
Xenofu (Servo-Bulgarian)	30	30	—
Dokiarú	30	—	—
Kastamonítu	15	—	—
Zografu (Servo-Bulgarian)	30	—	20
	921	244	281

In all, 1446 men. In this are not included the novices

who may amount to 150 in all. There is always a disposition on the part of the superiors to reduce the number of those sent out to beg. There are also on the peninsula from ten to twelve Skitia, so called from the Skiti or Askiti (Askites or Ascetaes, small cells usually built near each other, with a catholico or common chapel near at hand) villages inhabited entirely by *caloyers*,¹ the chief of which is St. Anne, on the south-west point. These may average perhaps forty men each; making from 400 to 500 men, and from 200 to 300 scattered kellia or cells, which, with the town of Karyés (Walnuts), reckoned at 200 persons, would make the whole population of the peninsula about 2,500 persons. This is according to Webber Smith, and it would seem to be a great falling off from the number of 6,000, stated by Dr. Clarke in 1801. Webber Smith, it is to be observed, particularly described the state of the peninsula and its monasteries as they existed in his time, that is in 1836, as compared with the accounts of former travellers, as Pockocke in 1740, Dr. Hunt and Professor Carlyle in 1801, and Colonel Leake in 1806; as during the Greek revolution, the Christian tenants of the Holy Mountain had to fly before the stronger arm of the Muslim soldiers, and the monasteries suffered much. The Hon. Robert Curzon² visited the sacred peninsula at a much more recent period; and it is to his narrative and to that of M. Proust, which dates as late as 1858, that we shall chiefly refer for terms of comparison with Webber Smith's account.³

Mr. Curzon landed at the monastery of Lavra or Saint Laura; he had spent the previous night in the dirty village of the Lemnians (Lemnos), and in the clutches of the Lemnian fleas, and he relates that:—

As there was a rumour of pirates in these seas, the little brig would not sail till night, and I passed the

¹ The *caloyers* or monks belong to the first order of the Greek clergy, designated as the order of hieronomacs. The others are the papas. The first comprise the patriarchs, the exarchs, the metropolitans, the archbishops, bishops, archimandrites, and caloyers, and they are vowed to celibacy. The papas or ministers can, on the contrary, marry. All the monasteries are of the order of St. Basil, but only ten designated as cenobite monasteries have their agoumenos; the others call themselves free or distinct (diormoi), and are governed by a council of epitrophes. The four chief monasteries—Lavra or Laura, Vatopedi, Iveron and Killantari—are "imperial" by virtue of their Byzantine foundation.

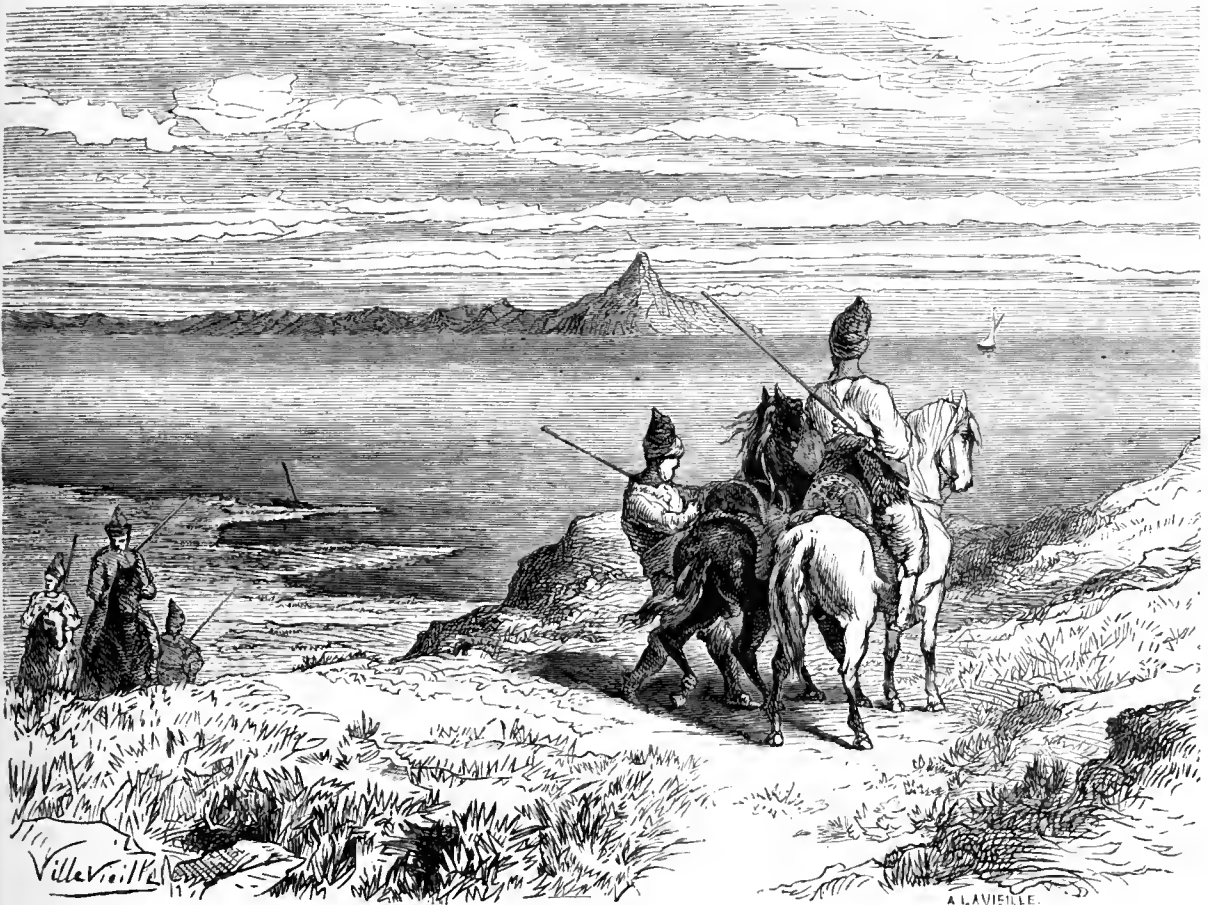
² *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*. By the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun. 1849. *Voyage au Mont Athos*. Par M. A. Proust, 1858.

³ Mr. Curzon was by no means the first to make researches among the literary and artistic treasures of the monasteries of Mount Athos. The old naturalist Belon particularly called attention to them. ("Singularités Benoist Prevost." Paris, 1555). The academicien De Vilvoison, according to Choiseul-Gouffier, resided some time in the mountain, in 1785, making researches into manuscripts and printed books. The Archimandrite Porphyry, of the Russian Monastery, published a list of the manuscripts and chrysobulls, preserved in certain of the monasteries of Mount Athos, in the Russian language, at St. Petersburg, in 1847. It was translated into German by Miklowich, in his Slavonian Bible (Vienna, 1851). The French government sent two learned archaeologists to Mount Athos: M. Minas Minoides, who brought back a few manuscripts, and M. Lebardier, of the School at Athens, who did not meet with greater success. Lastly, a M. Sevastianoff, accompanied by a French artist, M. Vaudin, has laboured quite recently in the same cause. M. Sevastianoff has succeeded in obtaining photographic copies of a manuscript of the 12th century, in microscopic characters; of the sermons of St. Gregory, the theologian; of Joannes Damascenus; of a treatise on the medical art; of the Geography of Ptolemy; of a liturgy of St. Chrysostom, on parchment; of maps in Greek and Slavie; and of fragments of the Golden Legend.

day dozing in the shade out of doors; when evening came I crept down to the port, went on board, and curled myself up in the hole of a cabin among ropes and sails, and went to sleep at once, and did not wake again till we arrived within a short distance of the most magnificent mountain imaginable, rising in a peak of white marble ten thousand feet straight out of the sea. It was a lovely fresh morning, so I stood with half of my body out of the hatchway enjoying the glorious prospect, and making my toilette with the deck for a dressing-table, to the great admiration of the Greek crew, who were a perfect contrast to my former Turkish friends, for they did nothing but lounge about and chatter, and give orders to each

other, every one of them appearing unwilling to do his own share of the work.

We steered for a tall square tower which stood on a projecting marble rock above the calm blue sea at the S.E. corner of the peninsula; and rounding a small cape we turned into a beautiful little port or harbour, the entrance of which was commanded by this tower and by one or two other buildings constructed for defence at the foot of it, all in the Byzantine style of architecture. The quaint half-Eastern half-Norman architecture of the little fortress, my outlandish vessel, the brilliant colours of the sailors' dresses, the rich vegetation and great tufts of flowers which grew in crevices of the white marble,



DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT ATHOS.

formed altogether one of the most picturesque scenes it was ever my good fortune to behold, and which I always remember with pleasure. We saw no one, but about a mile off there was the great monastery of St. Laura standing above us among the trees on the side of the mountain, and this delightful little bay was, as the sailors told us, the scaricatojo or landing-place for pilgrims who were going to the monastery.

We paid off the vessel, and my things were landed on the beach. It was not an operation of much labour, for my effects consisted principally of an enormous pair of saddle-bags, made of a sort of carpet, and which are called khurges, and are carried by the camels in Arabia; but there was at present mighty

little in them: nevertheless, light as they were, their appearance would have excited a feeling of consternation in the mind of the most phlegmatic mule. After a brisk chatter on the part of the whole crew who, with abundance of gesticulations, all talked at once, they got on board, and towing the vessel out by means of an exceedingly small boat, set sail, and left me and my man and the saddle-bags high and dry upon the shore. We were somewhat taken by surprise at this sudden departure of our marine, so we sat upon two stones for a while to think about it. "Well," said I, "we are at Mount Athos; so suppose you walk up to the monastery, and get some mules or monks, or something or other to carry up the saddle-bags.

Tell them the celebrated Milordos Inglesis, the friend of the Universal Patriarch, is arrived, and that he kindly intends to visit their monastery; and that he is a great ally of the Sultan's, and of all the captains of all the men of war that come down the Archipelago: and," added I, "make haste now, and let us be up at the monastery lest our friends in the brig there should take it into their heads to come back and cut our throats."

Away he went, and I and the saddle-bags remained below. For some time I solaced myself by throwing stones into the water, and then I walked up the path to look about me, and found a red mulberry-tree with fine ripe mulberries on it, of which I eat a prodigious number in order to pass away the time. As I was studying the Byzantine tower, I thought I saw something peeping out of a loophole near the top of it, and, on looking more attentively, I saw it was the head of an old man with a long grey beard, who was gazing cautiously at me. I shouted out at the top of my voice, "Kalemera sas, ariste, kalemera sas (Good day to you, sir); ora kali sas (good morning to you); τον δάπομειβουενος;" he answered in return, "Kalos orizete!" (How do you do?) So I went up to the tower, passed over a plank that served as a drawbridge across a chasm, and at the door of a wall which surrounded the lower buildings stood a little old monk, the same who had been peeping out of the loophole above. He took me into his castle, where he seemed to be living all alone in a Byzantine lean-to at the foot of the tower, the window of his room looking over the port beneath. This room had numerous pegs in the wall, on which were hung dried herbs and simples; one or two great jars stood in the corner, and these and a small divan formed all his household furniture. We began to talk in Romaic, but I was not very strong in that language, and presently stuck fast. He showed me over the tower, which contained several groined vaulted rooms one above another, all empty. From the top there was a glorious view of the islands and the sea. Thought I to myself, this is a real, genuine, unsophisticated live hermit; he is not stuffed like the hermit at Vauxhall, nor made up of beard and blankets like those on the stage; he is a genuine specimen of an almost extinct race. What would not Walter Scott have given for him? The aspect of my host and his Byzantine tower savoured so completely of the days of the twelfth century, that I seemed to have entered another world, and should hardly have been surprised if a crusader in chain-armor had entered the room and knelt down before the hermit's feet. The poor old hermit observing me looking about at all his goods and chattels, got up on his divan, and from a shelf reached down a large rosy apple, which he presented to me; it was evidently the best thing he had, and I was touched when he gave it to me. I took a great bite: it was very sour indeed; but what was to be done? I could not bear to vex the old man, so I went on eating a great deal of it, although it brought the tears into my eyes.

We now heard a halloing and shouting, which portended the arrival of the mules, and, bidding adieu to the old hermit of the tower, I mounted a mule; the others were lightly loaded with my effects, and we scrambled up a steep rocky path through a thicket of odoriferous evergreen shrubs, our progress being assisted by the screams and bangs inflicted by several stout acolytes, a sort of lay-brethren, who came down with the animals from the convent.

We soon emerged upon a flat piece of ground, and there before us stood the great monastery of St. Laura. It appeared like an ancient fortress, surrounded with high blank walls, over the top of which were seen numerous domes and pinnacles, and odd-shaped roofs and cypress-trees, all jumbled together. In some places one of those projecting windows, which are called shahneshin at Constantinople, stood out from the great encircling wall at a considerable height above the ground; and in front of the entrance was a porch in the Byzantine style, consisting of four marble columns, supporting a dome; in this porch stood the agoumenos, backed by a great many of the brethren. My servant had, doubtless, told him what an extraordinary great personage he was to expect, for he received me with great deference; and after the usual bows and compliments, the dark train of Greek monks filed in through the outer and two inner iron gates, in a sort of procession, with which goodly company I proceeded to the church, which stood in the middle of the great court-yard. We went up to the screen of the altar, and there everybody made bows, and said "Kyrie eleison," which they repeated as quickly and in as high a key as they could. We then came out of the church, and the agoumenos, taking me by the hand, led me up divers dark wooden staircases, until we came into a large cheerful room well furnished in the Turkish style, and having one of the projecting windows which I had seen from the outside. In this room, which the agoumenos told me I was to consider as my own, we had coffee. I then presented the letter of the patriarch; he read it with great respect, and said I was welcome to remain in the monastery as long as I liked; and after various compliments given and received he left me; and I found myself comfortably installed in one of the grand—and, as yet, unexplored—monasteries of the famous sanctuary of Mount Athos: better known in the Levant by the appellation of Αγίου Όρους, or, as the Italian hath it, Monte Santo.

Before long I received visits from divers holy brethren, being those who held offices in the monastery under my lord the agoumenos, and there was no end to the civilities which passed between us. At last they all departed, and towards evening I went out and walked about; those monks whom I met either opening their eyes and mouths, and standing still, or else bowing profoundly and going through the whole series of gesticulations which are practised towards persons of superior rank; for the poor monks never having seen a stranger before, or at least a Frank, did not know what to make of me, and according to their various degrees of intellect treated me with respect or astonishment. But Greek monks are not so ill-mannered as an English mob, and therefore they did not run after me, but only stared and crossed themselves as the unknown animal passed by.

I will now, from the information I received from the monks and my own observation, give the best account I can of this extensive and curious monastery. It was founded by an Emperor Nicephorus, but what particular Nicephorus he was nobody knew. Nicephorus, the treasurer, got into trouble with Charlemagne on one side, and Harun al Rashid on the other, and was killed by the Bulgarians in 811. Nicephorus Phocas was a great captain, a mighty man of valour; who fought with everybody, and frightened the Caliph at the gates of Bagdad but did good to no one; and at length became so disagreeable that his wife had him

murdered in 969. Nicephorus Botoniates, by the help of Alexius Comnenus, caught and put out the eyes of his rival Nicephorus Bryennius, whose son married that celebrated blue-stocking Anna Comnena. However, Nicephorus Botoniates having quarrelled with Alexius Comnenus, that great man kicked him out and reigned in his stead, and Botoniates took refuge in this monastery, which, as I make out, he had founded some time before. He came here about the year 1081, and took the vows of a kaloyeri, or Greek monk.

This word kaloyeri means a good old man. All the monks of Mount Athos follow the rule of St. Basil: indeed, all Greek monks are of this order. They are ascetics, and their discipline is most severe: they never eat meat, fish they have on feast-days; but on fast-days, which are above a hundred in the year, they are not allowed any animal substance or even oil; their prayers occupy eight hours in the day, and about two during the night, so that they never enjoy a real night's rest. They never sit down during prayer, but as the services are of extreme length they are allowed to rest their arms on the elbows of a sort of stalls without seats, which are found in all Greek churches, and at other times they lean on a crutch. A crutch of this kind, of silver, richly ornamented, forms the patriarchal staff: it is called the patritza, and answers to the crosier of the Roman bishops. Bells are not used to call the fraternity to prayers, but a long piece of board, suspended by two strings, is struck with a mallet. Sometimes, instead of the wooden board, a piece of iron, like part of the tire of a wheel, is used for this purpose. Bells are rung only on occasions of rejoicing, or to show respect to some great personage, and on the great feasts of the church.

According to Johannes Comnenus, who visited Mount Athos in 1701, and whose works are quoted in Montfaucon, "Paleographia Græca," page 456, St. Laura was founded by Nicephorus Phocas, and restored by Neagulus, Waywode of Bessarabia. The buildings consist of a thick and lofty wall of stone, which encompasses an irregular space of ground of between three and four acres in extent; there is only one entrance, a crooked passage defended by three separate iron doors; the front of the building on the side of the entrance extends about five hundred feet. There is no attempt at external architecture, but only this plain wall; the few windows which look out from it belong to rooms which are built of wood and project over the top of the wall, being supported upon strong beams like brackets. At the south-west corner of the building there is a large square tower which formerly contained a printing-press: but this press was destroyed by the Turkish soldiers during the late Greek revolution; and at the same time they carried off certain old cannons, which stood upon the battlements, but which were more for show than use, for the monks had never once ventured to fire them off during the long period they had been there; and my question, as to when they were brought there originally, was answered by the universal and regular answer of the Levant, "τι εἴβρο—Qui sa?—who knows!" The interior of the monastery consists of several small courts and two large open spaces surrounded with buildings, which have open galleries of wood or stone before them, by means of which entrance is gained into the various apartments, which now afford lodging for one hundred and twenty monks and there is room for

many more. These two large courts are built without any regularity, but their architecture is exceedingly curious, and in its style closely resembles the buildings erected in Constantinople between the fifth and the twelfth century: a sort of Byzantine, of which St. Mark's in Venice is the finest specimen in Europe. It bears some affinity to the Lombardic or Romanesque, only it is more Oriental in its style; the chapel of the ancient palace of Palermo is more in the style of the buildings on Mount Athos than anything else in Christendom that I remember; but the ceilings of that chapel are regularly arabesque, whereas those on Mount Athos are flat with painted beams, like the Italian basilicas, excepting where they are arched or domed; and in those cases there is little or no mosaic, but only coarse paintings in fresco representing saints in the conventional Greek style of superlative ugliness.

In the centre of each of these two large courts stands a church of moderate size, each of which has a porch with thin marble columns before the door; the interior walls of the porches are covered with paintings of saints and also of the Last Judgment, which, indeed, is constantly seen in the porch of every church. In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncouthness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescoes, are a very hard-favoured set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners, who, to judge from the expression of his face, must be very nauseous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench very high up in the picture; these are all old men with beards; some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, anchorites and princes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large book, and give you the idea that except for the honour of the thing they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below. This picture of the Last Judgment is as much conventional as the portraits of the saints; it is almost always the same, and a correct representation of a part of it is to be seen in the last print of the rare volume of the Monte Santo di Dio, which contains the three earliest engravings known: it would almost appear that the print must have been copied from one of those ancient Greek frescoes. It is difficult to conceive how any one, even in the dark ages, can have been simple enough to look upon these quaint and absurd paintings with feelings of religious awe: but some of the monks of the Holy Mountain do so even now, and were evidently scandalised when they saw me smile. This is, however, only one of the numberless instances in which, owing to the differences of education and circumstances, men

look upon the same thing with awe or pity, with ridicule or veneration.¹

The interior of the principal church in this monastery is interesting from the number of early Greek pictures which it contains, and which are hung on the walls of the apsis behind the altar. They are almost all in silver frames, and are painted on wood; most of them are small, being not more than one or two feet square; the back-ground of all of them is gilt; and in many of them this back-ground is formed of plates of silver or gold. One small painting is ascribed to St. Luke, and several have the frames set with jewels, and are of great antiquity. In front of the altar, and suspended from the two columns nearest to the *ικονοστασις*—the screen, which, like the veil of the temple, conceals the holy of holies from the gaze of the profane—are two pictures larger than the rest: the one represents our Saviour, the other the Blessed Virgin. Except the faces they are entirely covered over with plates of silver-gilt; and the whole of both pictures, as well as their frames, is richly ornamented with a kind of golden filigree, set with large turquoises, agates, and cornelians. These very curious productions of early art were presented to the monastery by the Emperor Andronicus Paleologus, whose portrait, with that of his Empress, is represented on the silver frame.

Mr. Curzon did not estimate the works of art in the Monastery of Laura at their just value. The French artist Papety, who landed here in 1844, although he met with an inhospitable reception, not the less succeeded in bringing away copies of paintings by Panselinos, which are now in the Louvre, and which, Prout says, exhibit the powers of the master in all their splendour, in a work which is most complete of its kind, and which comprises all the chief topics in the life of Our Saviour. Papety was, indeed, the first to make known those gems of a sublime genius, previously buried in this remote corner of the globe, and who was the founder of a particular school of art.

A complete study of Athonine and Byzantine art can, indeed, be made at Saint Laura alone, by bringing the interesting frescoes of the Trapeza, which belong to an epoch anterior to Panselinos (*See p. 559*), into comparison with the works of the latter great artist. Side by side with the master's compositions, characterised by a free and yet firm and grandiose outline, those thin figures, coarsely draped, rise out of a field of gold—patriarchs bearing their posterity—with a truly Byzantine stiffness and formality.

The floor of this church, and of the one which stands in the centre of the other court, is paved with rich coloured marbles. The relics are preserved in

¹ Ridiculous as these pictorial representations of the Last Judgment appear to us, one of them was the cause of a whole nation embracing Christianity. Bogoris, king of Bulgaria, having written to Constantiaople for a painter to decorate the walls of his palace, a monk named Methodius was sent to him—all knowledge of the arts in those days being confined to the clergy. The king desired Methodius to paint on a certain wall the most terrible picture that he could imagine; and by the advice of the king's sister, who had embraced Christianity some years before whilst in captivity at Constantiaople, the monastic artist produced so fearful a representation of the torments of the condemned in the next world, that it had the effect of converting Bogoris to the Christian faith. In consequence of this event the Patriarch of Constantinople despatched a bishop to Bulgaria, who baptised the king by the name of Michael in the year 865. Before long, his loyal subjects, following the example of their sovereign, were converted also; and Christianity from that period became the religion of the land.

that division of the church which is behind the altar; their number and value is much less than formerly, as during the revolution, when the Holy Mountain was under the rule of Abulabut Pasha, he squeezed all he could out of the monks of this and all the other monasteries. However, as no Turk is a match for a Greek, they managed to preserve a great deal of ancient church plate, some of which dates as far back as the days of the Roman emperors, for few of the Christian successors of Constantine failed to offer some little bribe to the saints in order to obtain pardon for the desperate manner in which they passed their lives. Some of these pieces of plate are well worthy the attention of antiquarians, being probably the most ancient specimens of art in goldsmith's work now extant; and as they have remained in the several monasteries ever since the piety of their donors first sent them there, their authenticity cannot be questioned, besides which many of them are extremely magnificent and beautiful.

The most valuable reliquary of St. Laura is a kind of triptic, about eighteen inches high, of pure gold, a present from the Emperor Nicephorus, the founder of the abbey. The front represents a pair of folding-doors, each set with a double row of diamonds (the most ancient specimens of this stone that I have seen), emeralds, pearls, and rubies as large as sixpences. When the doors are opened a large piece of the holy cross, splendidly set with jewels, is displayed in the centre, and the insides of the two doors and the whole surface of the reliquary are covered with engraved figures of the saints stuck full of precious stones. This beautiful shrine is of Byzantine workmanship, and, in its way, is a superb work of art.

The refectory of the monastery is a large square building, but the dining-room which it contains is in the form of a cross, about one hundred feet in length each way; the walls are decorated with fresco pictures of the saints, who vie with each other in the hard-favoured aspect of their bearded faces; they are tall and meagre full-length figures, as large as life, each having his name inscribed on the picture. Their chief interest is in their accurate representation of the clerical costume. The dining-tables, twenty-four in number, are so many solid blocks of masonry, with heavy slabs of marble on the top; they are nearly semicircular in shape, with the flat side away from the wall; a wide marble bench runs round the circular part of them. A row of these tables extends down each side of the hall, and at the upper end, in a semicircular recess, is a high table for the superior, who only dines here on great occasions. The refectory being square on the outside, the intermediate spaces between the arms of the cross are occupied by the bakehouse, and the wine, oil, and spirit cellars; for although the monks eat no meat, they drink famously; and the good St. Basil having flourished long before the age of Paracelsus, inserted nothing in his rules against the use of ardent spirits, whereof the monks imbibe a considerable quantity, chiefly bad arrack; but it does not seem to do them any harm, and I never heard of their overstepping the bounds of sobriety. Besides the two churches in the great courts, which are shaded by ancient cypresses, there are twenty smaller chapels, distributed over different parts of the monastery, in which prayers are said on certain days. The monks are now in a more flourishing condition than they have been for some years; and as they trust to the con-

tinuance of peace and order in the dominions of the Sultan, they are beginning to repair the injuries they suffered during the revolution, and there is altogether an air of improvement and opulence throughout the establishment.

I wandered over the courts, galleries and chapels of this immense building in every direction, asking questions respecting those things which I did not understand, and receiving the kindest and most civil attention from every one. In front of the door of the largest church a dome, curiously painted and gilt in the interior, and supported by four columns, protects a fine marble vase ten feet in diameter, with a fountain in it; in this magnificent basin the holy water is consecrated with great ceremony on the feast of the Epiphany.¹ (See p. 558.)

I was informed that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman's foot. That this rigid law is infringed by certain small and active creatures who have the audacity to bring their wives and large families within the very precincts of the monastery I soon discovered to my sorrow, and heartily regretted that the stern monastic law was not more rigidly enforced; nevertheless, I slept well on my divan, and the next morning at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library, and asked permission to view its contents.

The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything that the monastery contained. "But

first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest I shall prepare it with my own hands, and will stay to see you eat it; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons." "Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing;" and the fresh mountain-air and the good night's rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. "This," said he, producing a shallow basin half-full of a white paste, "is the principal and most savoury part of this famous dish; it is composed of

cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese (it seemed to be of the white acid kind, which resembles what is called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers, I believe) and sundry other nice little condiments; and now it is completed!" He stirred the savoury mess round and round with a large wooden spoon until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma which is not to be described. "Now," said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much-respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have

had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which you will not meet with everywhere."



THE AGOUMENOS OF IVERON.

¹ This Baptistry, called by the Greeks *Phiale*, reposes on thin columns in front of the gates of bronze, belonging to the Narthex, and which were presented to the monastery by Nicephorus Phocas. On the borders of the basin, by the side of the lions of mean execution, destined to support wax-tapers, groups of birds, sculptured in marble, drink from the sacred vase, image of the communion. The Virgin is painted on the vault with this monogram *η Ζωδοκος Πηγη*, "the source of life," and upon one of the pendants is Saint Athanasius striking a rock from whence issues a source.

This has reference to a legend which relates, that whilst the worthy saint was building the monastery of Laura, the emissaries of Satan dried up the fountains; Saint Athanasius had recourse in this crisis to the Virgin, his protector, who gave him an iron

wand, and bade him strike the rock with it. The wand is still shown in the diaconicon, and the spring at a few paces from the monastery. Muscular force plays a great part in the various miracles attributed to Saint Athanasius, and some countenance is given to these legends by the prodigious tibias of the Saint, which are preserved as precious relics in an exquisitely carved case.

The Baptistry of Saint Laura is called by Eusebius *Basilica lavacrum*. The early Christians used to perform in it the ablutions demanded before entering into the temple, a practice now only preserved by the Muhammadans. It afterwards, however, served as a baptistry, which was, indeed, often apart from the church, as is still to be seen in many towns in Italy. The eve of Epiphany, the water is solemnly blessed in commemoration of the baptism of our Saviour.

I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? The sour apple of the hermit down below was nothing—a trifle in comparison! Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburgh Club from meddling with libraries and books for ever and ever. I made every endeavour to escape this honour. "My Lord," said I, "it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit it, though the odour certainly is most wonderful! Truly an astonishing savour! Let me see you eat it, O agoumenos!" continued I; "for behold, I am unworthy of anything so good." "Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the agoumenos, "no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples: but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honoured friend, and eat it: eat it all, and then we will go into the library." He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other: and in desperation I took a gulp, the recollection of which still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility: not all my ardour in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My servant saved me at last: he said "That English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day." The agoumenos looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church. "I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he; "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church." So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices.

The library is contained in two small rooms looking into a narrow court, which is situated to the left of the great court of entrance. One room leads to the other, and the books are disposed on shelves in tolerable order, but the dust on their venerable heads had not been disturbed for many years, and it took me some time to make out what they were, for in old Greek libraries few volumes have any title written on the back. I made out that there were in all about five thousand volumes, a very large collection, of which about four thousand were printed books; these were mostly divinity, but among them there were several fine Aldine classics and the editio princeps of the *Anthologia* in capital letters.

The nine hundred manuscripts consisted of six hundred volumes written upon paper and three hundred on vellum. With the exception of four volumes, the former were all divinity, principally liturgies and books of prayer. Those four volumes were Homer's "Iliad," and Hesiod, neither of which were very old, and two curious and rather early manuscripts on botany, full of rudely drawn figures of herbs. These were probably the works of Dioscorides; they were

not in good condition, having been much studied by the monks in former days: they were large, thick quartos. Among the three hundred manuscripts on vellum there were many large folios of the works of St. Chrysostom and other Greek fathers of the church of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and about fifty copies of the Gospels and the *Evangelistarium* of nearly the same age. One *Evangelistarium* was in fine uncial letters of the ninth century; it was a thick quarto, and on the first leaf was an illumination the whole size of the page on a gold back-ground, representing the donor of the book accompanied by his wife. This ancient portrait was covered over with a piece of gauze. It was a very remarkable manuscript. There were one quarto and one duodecimo of the Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse of the eleventh century, and one folio of the book of Job, which had several miniatures in it badly executed in brilliant colours; this was probably of the twelfth century. These three manuscripts were such volumes as are not often seen in European libraries. All the rest were anthologia and books of prayer, nor did I meet with one single leaf of a classic author on vellum. I went into the library several times, and looked over all the vellum manuscripts very carefully, and I believe that I did not pass by unnoticed anything which was particularly interesting in point of subject, antiquity, or illumination. Several of the copies of the Gospels had their titles ornamented with arabesques, but none struck me as being peculiarly valuable.

The twenty-one monasteries of Mount Athos are subjected to different regulations. In some the property is at the absolute disposal of the agoumenos for the time being, but in the larger establishments (and St. Laura is the second in point of consequence) everything belongs to the monks in common. Such being the case, it was hopeless to expect, in so large a community, that the brethren should agree to part with any of their valuables. Indeed, as soon as I found out how affairs stood within the walls of St. Laura, I did not attempt to purchase anything, as it was not advisable to excite the curiosity of the monks upon the subject; nor did I wish that the report should be circulated in the other convents that I was come to Mount Athos for the purpose of rifling their libraries.

Webber Smith ascended Mount Athos (*See* p. 551) from the Monastery of Laura, the monks kindly furnishing him with mules and a guide. Immediately on leaving the monastery the path winds round the southern slope of the mountain, at about 600 feet above the sea. Below, perched on the cliffs, are the skiti or cells of Kerasia, and Kepsu-Kalyvia. Thence it wound round to the north-west side of the mountain by a rugged but well-wooded path, through a forest of oak, chesnut, pine, ilex, and arbutus, to where the scenery at once assumes a different character, and the ascent commences over almost precipitous rocks. There is a broad belt of foliage above, and higher up is the bare conical peak of Athos, without a tree or shrub to break its well-defined outline. After two hours and a half ascent, the path enters one of the gorges of the mountain, covered with pines, many of which had been felled and lay across the road. Twice our traveller had to throw himself from his mule, to avoid being swept off by their branches. After three hours and a half ascent he arrived at a chapel, dedicated to the Panagia (pronounced Panayea), and some cells, above the wooded region, and at the foot of the barren cone

of white limestone, which forms the summit of the mountain.¹

The road hence is no longer practicable for mules, and Mr. Webber Smith's Albanian guide refused to accompany him any further. He said it would take an hour and a half to reach the summit. Our traveller accordingly scrambled up for some distance, but finding it to be very fatiguing, scarcely safe alone, and the day being also unfortunately hazy, as is almost always the case during summer in Greece, and thus he would not have been able to see distant objects, he appears to have given up the attempt. Still, on looking to the eastward, the island of Thasos, distant thirty miles, Lemnos, distant forty, and Samotraki, distant sixty miles, appeared almost at his feet.

Turning to the westward, he overlooked the projecting peninsulas of Lingos (Limguz and Kasanderah of the Turks), and Kassandra, which compared to the peninsula of Athos may be considered as low; and from the late survey it appears that the highest point of the former does not exceed 2,596 feet, and of the latter not above 1,678 feet above the sea.

Mr. Webber Smith says he looked in vain for the shores of Thessaly, and the range of Olympus, which towering to the height of 9,754 feet, would on a clear day be distinctly visible, although at the distance of ninety miles; but the usual haze that prevails in this country, during the summer months, prevented his seeing it. A few heavy drops of rain fell, and the pealing of distant thunder gave him hopes of seeing a storm raging at his feet, but it passed away, and he was disappointed.

We do not find any account recorded of English travellers having ascended to the summit of Athos since Dr. Sibthorp and Mr. Hawkins, on the 12th of August, 1787,² now upwards of half a century ago, and whose brief but excellent account of the ascent is comprised in a few lines. It is highly probable that many other travellers have ascended the mountain since that time, but they have not, that we are aware, given any account of their exploits.

During the survey of these shores, in October, 1831, Captain Copeland, R.N., had his theodolite conveyed to the summit, and from that elevated station took the angles between Pelion, Ossa, Olympus, and Pierus, with the bearings of the mountain peaks, islands, headlands, and capes, within the radius of at least ninety miles; a glorious and beautiful panorama, such as few positions on the face of this habitable globe can offer.

II.

MONASTERY OF CARACALLA—ITS BEAUTIFUL SITUATION—
LEGEND OF ITS FOUNDATION—THE CHURCH—FINE SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT JEWELLERY—THE LIBRARY—MONASTERY OF PHILOTHES.

AFTER remaining three days at the monastery of St. Laura, Mr. Curzon, provided with mules and a guide by the monks, left the good agoumenos and sallied forth on a beautiful, fresh morning through

¹ The cells here alluded to belong to the Chapel of St. Anne, and the monks go there in procession in the month of August, to pray to the Virgin to whom the mountain is dedicated. It was here that the sculptor Demophilus projected hewing out of the rock a gigantic statue of Alexander the Great, holding a town in one hand and a spring in the other.

² See Walpole's *Continuation of Memoirs*, &c., p. 40.

three iron gates, on his way to the monastery of Caracalla. Our road, he says, lay through some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. The dark blue sea was on my right at about two miles distance; the rocky path over which I passed was of white alabaster with brown and yellow veins; odoriferous evergreen shrubs were all around me; and on my left were the lofty hills covered with a dense forest of gigantic trees, which extended to the base of the great white marble peak of the mountain. Between our path and the sea there was a succession of narrow valleys and gorges, each one more picturesque than the other; and sometimes we were inclosed by high and dense bushes; sometimes we opened upon forest glades, and every here and there we came upon long and narrow ledges of rock. On one of the narrowest and loftiest of these, as I was trotting merrily along, thinking of nothing but the beauty of the hour and the scene, my mule stopped short in a place where the path was about a foot wide, and, standing upon three legs, proceeded deliberately to scratch his nose with the fourth. I was too old a mountain traveller to have hold of the bridle, which was safely belayed to the pack-saddle; I sat still for fear of making him lose his balance, and waited in very considerable trepidation until the mule had done scratching his nose. I was at the time half inclined to think that he knew he had a heretic upon his back, and had made up his mind to send me and himself smashing down among the distant rocks. If so, however, he thought better of it, and before long, to my great contentment, we came to a place where the road had two sides to it instead of one, and after a ride of five hours we arrived before the tall square tower which frowns over the gateway of the monastery of Caracalla.

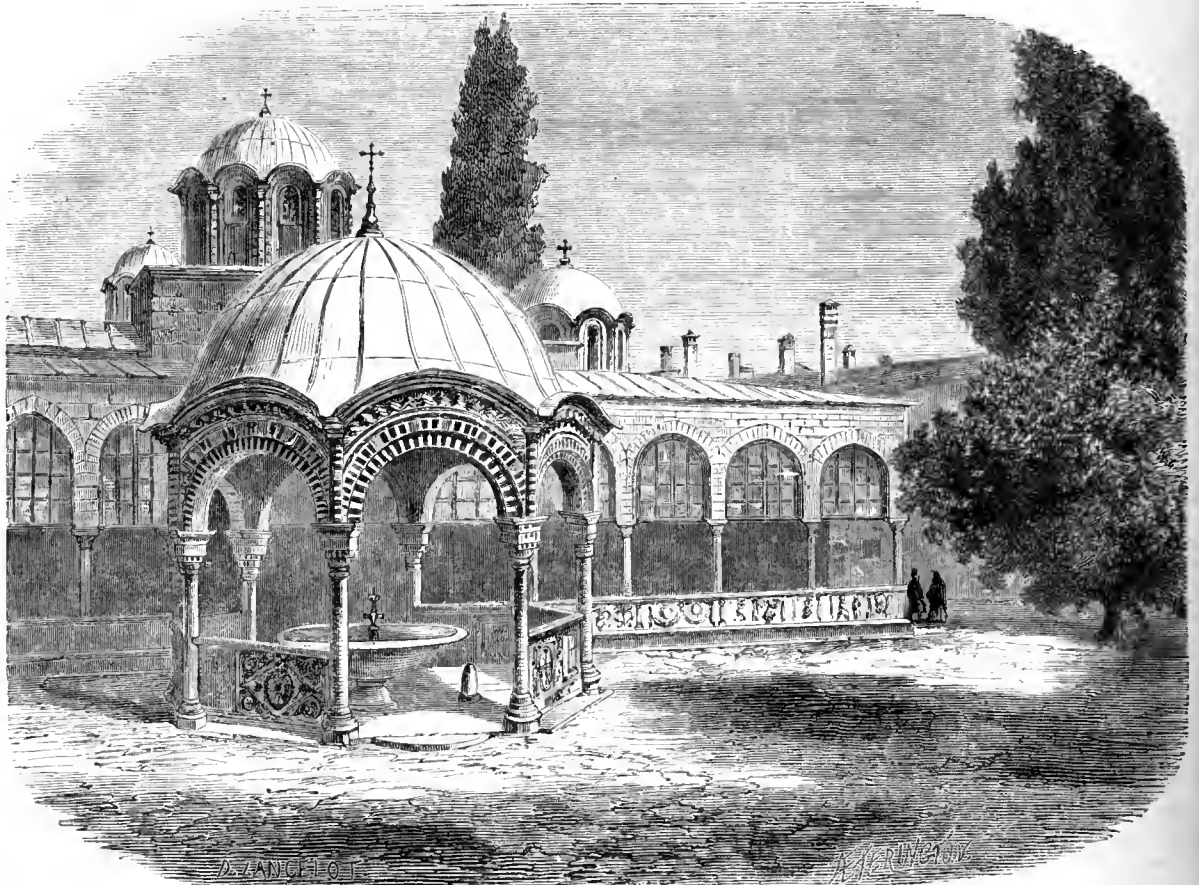
The monastery of Caracalla is not so large as St. Laura, and in many points resembles an ancient Gothic castle. It is beautifully situated on a promontory of rock two miles from the sea, and viewed from the lofty ground by which we approached it, the buildings had a most striking effect, with the dark blue sea for a back-ground and the lofty rock of Samotraki looming in the distance, whilst the still more remote mountains of Roumelia closed in the picture. As for the island of Samotraki, it must have been created solely for the benefit of artists and admirers of the picturesque, for it is fit for nothing else. It is high and barren, a congeries of gigantic precipices and ridges. I suppose one can land upon it somewhere, for people live on it who are said to be arrant pirates; but as one passes by it at sea, its interminable ribs of gray rock, with the waves lashing against them, are dreary-looking in the extreme; and it is only when far distant that it becomes a beautiful object.

I sent in my servant as ambassador to explain that the first cousin, once removed, of the Emperor of all the Franks was at the gate, and to show the letter of the Greek patriarch. Incontinently the agoumenos made his appearance at the porch with many expressions of welcome and goodwill. I believe it was longer than the days of his life since a Frank had entered the convent, and I doubt whether he had ever seen one before, for he looked so disappointed when he found that I had no tail or horns, and barring his glorious long beard, that I was so little different from himself. We made many speeches to each other, he in heathen Greek and I in English, seasoned with innumerable bows, gesticulations, and temenahs; after which I jumped off my mule and we entered the precincts of the

monastery, attended by a long train of bearded fathers who came out to stare at me.

The monastery of Caracalla covers about one acre of ground; it is surrounded with a high strong wall, over which appear roofs and domes; and on the left of the great square tower, near the gate, a range of rooms, built of wood, project over the battlements as at the monastery of St. Laura. Within is a large irregular court-yard, in the centre of which stands the church, and several little chapels or rooms fitted up as places of worship are scattered about in different parts of the building among the chambers inhabited by the monks. I found that this was the uniform arrangement in all the monasteries of Mount Athos and in

nearly all Greek monasteries in the Levant. This monastery was founded by Caracallos, a Roman; who he was, or when he lived, I do not know; but from its appearance this must be a very ancient establishment. By Roman, perhaps is meant Greek, for Greece is called Roumeli to this day; and the Constantinopolitans called themselves Romans in the old time, as in Persia and Kurdistan the Sultan is called Rumi Padishah, the Roman Emperor, by those whose education and general attainments enable them to make mention of so distant and mysterious a potentate. Afterwards Petrus, Authentos or Waywode of Moldavia, sent his protospaithaire, that is his chief swordsman or commander-in-chief, to found a monastery on



BAPTISTRY OR PHIALE OF SAINT LAURA.

the Holy Mountain, and supplied him with a sum of money for the purpose; but the chief swordsman, after expending a very trivial portion of it in building a small tower on the sea-shore, pocketed the rest and returned to court. The waywode having found out what he had been at, ordered his head to be cut off; but he prayed so earnestly to be allowed to keep his head and rebuild the monastery of Caracalla out of his own money, that his master consented. The new church was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and ultimately the ex-chief swordsman prevailed upon the waywode to come to Caracalla and take the vows. They both assumed the same name of Pachomius, and died in the odour of sanctity. All this, and many

more legends, was I told by the worthy agoumenos, who was altogether a most excellent person; but he had an unfortunate habit of selecting the most windy places for detailing them, an open archway, the top of an external staircase, or the parapet of a tower, until at last he chilled my curiosity down to zero. In all his words and acts he constantly referred to brother Joasaph, the second in command, to whose superior wisdom he always seemed to bow, and who was quite the right-hand man of the abbot.

My friend first took me to the church, which is of moderate size, the walls ornamented with stiff fresco pictures of the saints, none of them certainly later than the twelfth century, and some probably very much

earlier. There were some relics, but the silver shrines containing them were not remarkable for richness or antiquity. On the altar there were two very remarkable crosses, each of them about six or eight inches long, of carved wood set in gold and jewels of very early and beautiful workmanship; one of them in particular, which was presented to the church by the Emperor John Zimisces, was a most curious specimen of ancient jewellery.

This monastery is one of those over which the agoumenos has absolute control, and he was then repairing one side of the court and rebuilding a set of rooms which had been destroyed during the Greek war.

The library I found to be a dark closet near the entrance of the church; it had been locked up for many years, but the agoumenos made no difficulty in breaking the old-fashioned padlock by which the door was fastened. I found upon the ground and upon



FRESCO OF THE TRAPEZA AT SAINT LAURA.

some broken-down shelves about four or five hundred volumes, chiefly printed books; but amongst them, every now and then, I stumbled upon a manuscript: of these there were about thirty on vellum and fifty or sixty on paper. I picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial Greek characters, part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written in small square letters and of small quarto size. I searched in vain for the volume to which this leaf belonged.

As I had found it impossible to purchase any manuscripts at St. Laura, I feared that the same would be the case in other monasteries; however, I made bold to ask for this single leaf as a thing of small value.

"Certainly!" said the agoumenos, "what do you want it for?"

My servant suggested that, perhaps, it might be useful to cover some jam-pots or vases of preserves which I had at home.

"Oh!" said the agoumenos, "take some more;" and, without more ado, he seized upon an unfortunate thick quarto manuscript of the Acts and Epistles, and drawing out a knife cut out an inch thickness of leaves at the end before I could stop him. It proved to be the Apocalypse, which concluded the volume, but which is rarely found in early Greek manuscripts of the Acts: it was of the eleventh century. I ought, perhaps, to have slain the *tomecide* for his dreadful act of profanation, but his generosity reconciled me to his guilt, so I pocketed the Apocalypse, and asked him if he would sell me any of the other books, as he did not appear to set any particular value upon them.

"Malista, certainly," he replied; "how many will you have? They are of no use to me, and as I am in want of money to complete my buildings I shall be very glad to turn them to some account."

After a good deal of conversation, finding the agoumenos so accommodating, and so desirous to part with the contents of his dark and dusty closet, I arranged that I would leave him for the present, and after I had made the tour of the other monasteries, would return to Caracalla, and take up my abode there until I could hire a vessel, or make some other arrangements for my return to Constantinople. Satisfactory as this arrangement was, I nevertheless resolved to make sure of what I had already got, so I packed them up carefully in the great saddlebags, to my extreme delight. The agoumenos kindly furnished me with fresh mules, and in the afternoon I proceeded to the monastery of Philotheo, which is only an hour's ride from Caracalla, and stands in a little field surrounded by the forest. It is distant from the sea about four miles, and is protected, like all the others, by a high stone wall surrounding the whole of the building. The church is curious and interesting; it is ornamented with representations of saints, and holy men in fresco, upon the walls of the interior and in the porch. I could not make out when it was built, but probably before the twelfth century. Arsenius, Philotheus, and Dionysius were the founders, but who they were did not appear. The monastery was repaired, and the refectory enlarged and painted, in the year 1492, by Leontius, ο βασιλεὺς Καχέτιου, and his son Alexander. I was shown the reliquaries, but they were not remarkable. The monks said they had no library; and there being nothing of interest in the monastery, I determined to go on. Indeed the expression of the faces of some of these monks was so unprepossessing, and their manners so rude, although not absolutely uncivil, that I did not feel any particular inclination to remain amongst them, so leaving a small donation for the church, I mounted my mule and proceeded on my journey.

III.

THE GREAT MONASTERY OF IVERON—HISTORY OF ITS FOUNDATION—MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY—IGNORANCE OF THE MONKS—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY OF MOUNT ATHOS—THE MONASTERY OF STAVRONIKETA—THE LIBRARY—SELENDID MSS. OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM—THE MONASTERY OF PANTOCRATORAS—RUINOUS CONDITION OF THE LIBRARY.

IN half-an-hour our dilettante traveller came to a beautiful waterfall in a rocky glen, embosomed in trees and odoriferous shrubs, the rocks being of white marble, and the flowers such as we cherish in greenhouses in England. He says he does not think he ever saw a more charmingly romantic spot. A few miles beyond

this, is the great monastery of Iveron or Iberon, "the Georgian, or Iberian monastery," one of the largest monasteries in the peninsula, according to Webber Smith, and Mr. Curzon says of it, that it might almost be denominated a small fortified town (See p. 561), so numerous are the buildings and courts which are contained within its encircling wall.

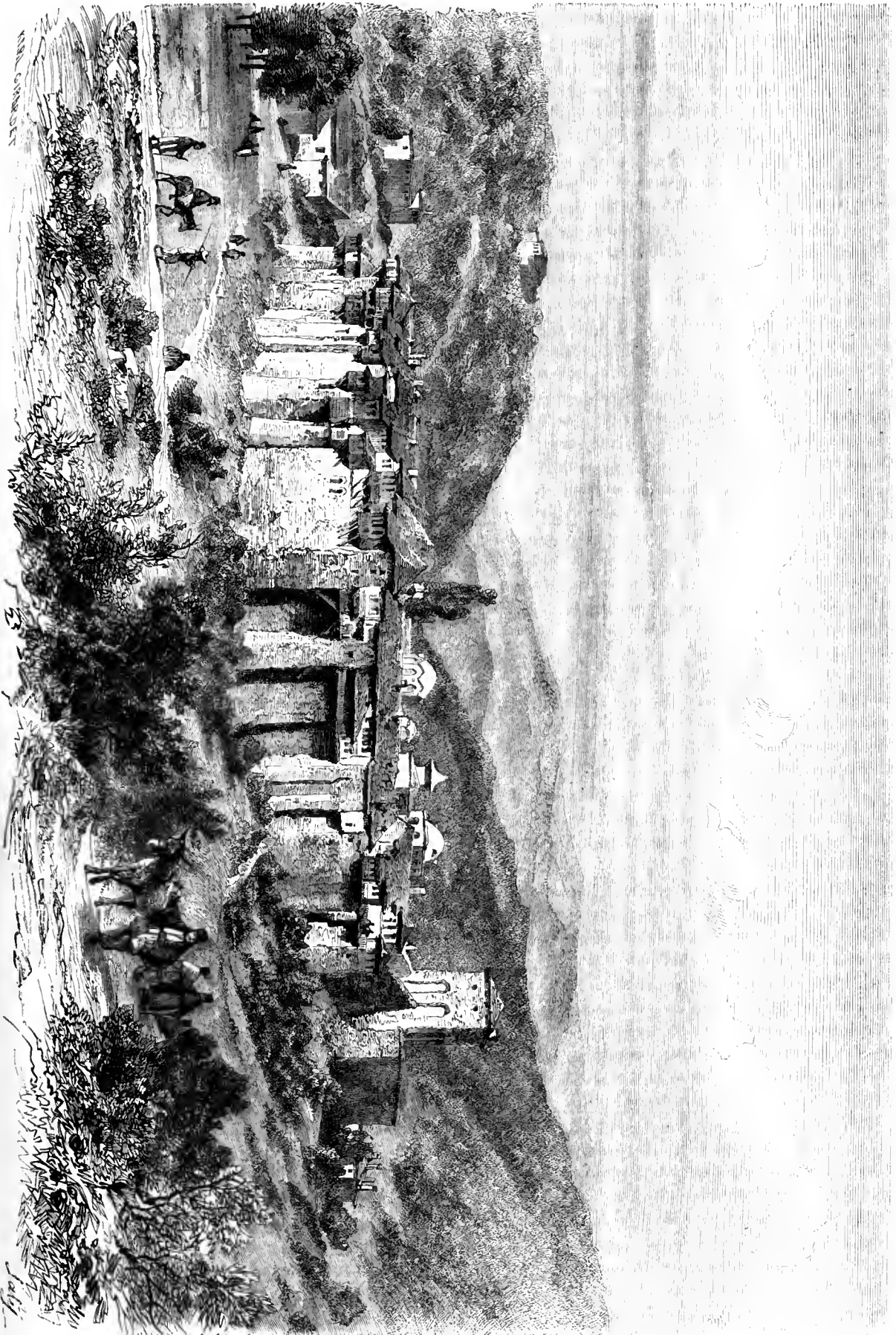
It is situated near the sea, and in its general form is nearly square, with four or five square towers projecting from the walls. On each of the four sides there are rooms for above two hundred monks. I did not learn precisely how many were then inhabiting it, but I should imagine there were above a hundred. As, however, many of the members of all the religious communities on Mount Athos are employed in cultivating the numerous farms which they possess, it is probable that not more than one-half of the monks are in residence at any one time.

The monastery was founded by Theophania (Theodora?), wife of the Emperor Romanus, the son of Leo Sophos,¹ or the Philosopher, between the years 919 and 922. It was restored by a Prince of Georgia or Iberis, and enlarged by his son, a caloyer. The church is dedicated to the "repose of the Virgin." It has four or five domes, and is of considerable size, standing by itself, as usual, in the centre of the great court, and is ornamented with columns and other decorations of rich marbles, together with the usual fresco paintings on the walls.

The library is a remarkably fine one, perhaps altogether the most precious of all those which now remain on the holy mountain. It is situated over the porch of the church, which appears to be the usual place where the books are kept in these establishments. The room is of good size, well fitted up with bookcases with glass doors, of not very old workmanship. I should imagine that about a hundred years ago, some agoumenos, or prior, or librarian, must have been a reading man; and the pious care which he took to arrange the ancient volumes of the monastery has been rewarded by the excellent state of preservation in which they still remain. Since his time, they have probably remained undisturbed. Everyone could see through the greenish uneven panes of old glass that there was nothing but books inside, and therefore nobody meddled with them. I was allowed to rummage at my leisure in this mine of archæological treasure. Having taken up my abode for the time being in a cheerful room, the windows of which commanded a glorious prospect, I soon made friends with the literary portion of the community, which consisted of one thin old monk, a cleverish man, who united to many other offices that of librarian. He was also secretary to my lord the agoumenos, a kind-hearted old gentleman, who seemed to wish everybody well, and who evidently liked much better to sit still on his divan than to regulate the affairs of his convent. The rents, the long lists of tuns of wine and oil, the strings of mules laden with corn, which came in daily from the farms, and all the other complicated details of this mighty cœnobium—over all these, and numberless other important matters, the thin secretary had full control.

Some of the young monks, demure, fat youths, came into the library every now and then, and wondered

¹ The Emperor Leo the First was crowned by the Patriarch of Anatolia in the year 459. He is the first prince on record who received his crown from the hands of a bishop.



MONASTERY OF IVERON



what I could be doing there, looking over so many books; and they would take a volume out of my hand when I had done with it, and, glancing their eyes over its ancient vellum leaves, would look up inquiringly into my face, saying, "τι ερε?—what is it?—what can be the use of looking at such old books as these?" They were rather in awe of the secretary, who was evidently, in their opinion, a prodigy of learning and erudition. Some, in a low voice, that they might not be overheard by the wise man, asked me where I came from, how old I was, and whether my father was with me; but they soon all went away, and I turned to, in right good earnest, to look for uncial manuscripts and unknown classic authors. Of these last there was not one on vellum, but on paper there was an octavo manuscript of Sophocles, and a Coptic Psalter with an Arabic translation—a curious book to meet with on Mount Athos. Of printed books there were, I should think, about five thousand—of manuscripts on paper, about two thousand; but all religious works of various kinds. There were nearly a thousand manuscripts on vellum, and these I looked over more carefully than the rest. About one hundred of them were in the Iberian language: they were mostly immense thick quartos, some of them not less than eighteen inches square, and from four to six inches thick. One of these, bound in wooden boards, and written in large uncial letters, was a magnificent old volume. Indeed, all these Iberian or Georgian manuscripts were superb specimens of ancient books. I was unable to read them, and therefore cannot say what they were; but I should imagine that they were church books, and probably of high antiquity. Among the Greek manuscripts, which were principally of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—works of St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, and books for the services of the ritual—I discovered the following, which are deserving of especial mention:—A large folio Evangelistarium bound in red velvet, about eighteen inches high and three thick, written in magnificent uncial letters half an inch long, or even more. Three of the illuminations were the whole size of the page, and might almost be termed pictures from their large proportions: and there were several other illuminations of smaller size in different parts of the book. This superb manuscript was in admirable preservation, and as clean as if it had been new. It had evidently been kept with great care, and appeared to have had some clasps or ornaments of gold or silver which had been torn off. It was probably owing to the original splendour of this binding that the volume itself had been so carefully preserved. I imagine it was written in the ninth century.

Another book, of a much greater age, was a copy of the four Gospels, with four finely-executed miniatures of the evangelists. It was about nine or ten inches square, written in round semi-uncial letters in double columns, with not more than two or three words in a line. In some respects it resembled the book of the Epistles in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. This manuscript, in the original black leather binding, had every appearance of the highest antiquity. It was beautifully written and very clean, and was altogether such a volume as is not to be met with every day.

A quarto manuscript of the four Gospels, of the eleventh or twelfth century, with a great many (perhaps fifty) illuminations. Some of them were unfortunately rather damaged.

Two manuscripts of the New Testament, with the Apocalypse.

A very fine manuscript of the Psalms, of the eleventh century, which is indeed about the era of the greater portion of the vellum manuscripts on Mount Athos.

There were also some ponderous and magnificent folios of the works of the fathers of the Church—some of them, I should think, of the tenth century; but it is difficult, in a few hours, to detect the peculiarities which prove that manuscripts are of an earlier date than the twelfth century. I am, however, convinced that very few of them were written after that time.

The paper manuscripts were of all ages, from the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries down to a hundred years ago; and some of them, on charta bombycina, would have appeared very splendid books if they had not been eclipsed by the still finer and more carefully-executed manuscripts on vellum.

Neither my arguments nor my eloquence could prevail on the obdurate monks to sell me any of these books, but my friend the secretary gave me a book in his own handwriting to solace me on my journey. It contained a history of the monastery from the days of its foundation to the present time. It is written in Romaic, and is curious not so much from its subject matter as from the entire originality of its style and manner.

The view from the window of the room which I occupied at Iveron was one of the finest on Mount Athos. The glorious sea, and the towers which command the scaricatojos or landing-places of the different monasteries along the coast, and the superb monastery of Stavroniketa like a Gothic castle perched upon a beetling rock, with the splendid forest for a back-ground, formed altogether a picture totally above my powers to describe. It almost compensated for the numberless tribes of vermin by which the room was tenanted. In fact the whole of the scenery on Mount Athos is so superlatively grand and beautiful, that it is useless to attempt any description.

Two and a half to three miles beyond Iveron is the monastery of Stavroniketa, a smaller building than the former, with a square tower over the gateway. It stands on a rock overhanging the sea, against the base of which the waves ceaselessly beat. It was to this spot that a miraculous picture of St. Nicholas, archbishop of Myra in Lycia, floated over, of its own accord, from I do not know where; and in consequence of this auspicious event, Jeremias, patriarch of Constantinople, founded this monastery, of "the victory of the holy cross," about the year 1522. This is the account given by the monks; but from the appearance and architecture of Stavroniketa, I conceive that it is a much older building, and that probably the patriarch Jeremias only repaired or restored it. However that may be, the monastery is in very good order, clean, and well kept; and I had a comfortable, frugal dinner there, with some of the good old monks, who seemed a cheerful and contented set.

The library contained about eight hundred volumes, of which nearly two hundred were manuscripts on vellum. Amongst these were conspicuous the entire works of St. Chrysostom, in eight large folio volumes complete; and a manuscript of the Scala Perfectionis in Greek, containing a number of most exquisite miniatures in a brilliant state of preservation. It was a quarto of the tenth or eleventh century, and a most unexceptionable tome, which these unkind monks preferred keeping to themselves instead of

letting me have it, as they ought to have done. The miniatures were first-rate works of Byzantine art. It was a terrible pang to me to leave such a book behind. There was also a Psalter with several miniatures, but these were partially damaged; five or six copies of the Gospels; two fine folio volumes of the Menologia, or Lives of the Saints; and sundry *ομοιολογοι* and books of divinity, and the works of the fathers. On paper there were two hundred more manuscripts, amongst which was a curious one of the Acts and Epistles, full of large miniatures and illuminations exceedingly well done. As it is quite clear that all these manuscripts are older than the time of the patriarch Jeremias, they confirm my opinion that he could not have been the original founder of the monastery.

It is an hour's scramble over the rocks from Stavroniketa to the monastery of Pantocratoras.

This edifice was built by Manuel and Alexius Comnenus, and Johannes Pumicerius, their brother. It was subsequently repaired by Barbulus and Gabriel, two Wallachian nobles. The church is handsome and curious, and contains several relics, but the reliquaries are not of much beauty, nor of very great antiquity. Among them, however, is a small thick quarto volume about five inches square every way, in the handwriting, as you are told, of St. John of Kalavita. Now St. John of Kalavita was a hermit who died in the year 450, and his head is shown at Besançon, in the church of St. Stephen, to which place it was taken after the siege of Constantinople. Howbeit this manuscript did not seem to me to be older than the twelfth century, or the eleventh at the earliest. It is written in a very minute hand, and contains the Gospels, some prayers, and lives of saints, and is ornamented with some small illuminations. The binding is very curious; it is entirely of silver gilt, and is of great antiquity. The back part is composed of an intricate kind of chainwork, which bends when the book is opened, and the sides are embossed with a variety of devices.

On my inquiring for the library, I was told it had been destroyed during the revolution. It had formerly been preserved in the great square tower or keep, which is a grand feature in all the monasteries. I went to look at the place, and leaning through a ruined arch, I looked down into the lower story of the tower, and there I saw the melancholy remains of a once famous library. This was a dismal spectacle for a devout lover of old books—a sort of biblical knight-errant, as I then considered myself, who had entered on the perilous adventure of Mount Athos to rescue from the thralldom of ignorant monks those fair vellum volumes, with their bright illuminations and velvet dresses and jewelled clasps, which for so many centuries had lain imprisoned in their dark monastic dungeons. It was indeed a heartrending sight. By the dim light which streamed through the opening of an iron door in the wall of the ruined tower, I saw above a hundred ancient manuscripts lying among the rubbish which had fallen from the upper floor, which was ruinous, and had in great part given way. Some of these manuscripts seemed quite entire—fine large folios; but the monks said they were unapproachable, for that floor also on which they lay was unsafe, the beams below being rotten from the wet and rain which came in through the roof. Here was a trap ready set and baited for a bibliographical antiquary. I peeped at the old manuscripts, looked particularly at one or two that were lying in the middle of the floor, and could hardly resist the temptation.

I advanced cautiously along the boards, keeping close to the wall, whilst every now and then a dull cracking noise warned me of my danger, but I tried each board by stamping upon it with my foot before I ventured my weight upon it. At last, when I dared go no farther, I made them bring me a long stick, with which I fished up two or three fine manuscripts, and poked them along towards the door. When I had safely landed them, I examined them more at my ease, but found that the rain had washed the outer leaves quite clean: the pages were stuck tight together into a solid mass, and when I attempted to open them, they broke short off in square bits like a biscuit. Neglect and damp and exposure had destroyed them completely. One fine volume, a large folio in double columns, of most venerable antiquity, particularly grieved me. I do not know how many more manuscripts there might be under the piles of rubbish. Perhaps some of them might still be legible, but without assistance and time I could not clean out the ruins that had fallen from above; and I was unable to save even a scrap from



BAS-RELIEF IN THE CONVENT OF VATOPEDI, MOUNT ATHOS.

this general tomb of a whole race of books. I came out of the great tower, and sitting down on a pile of ruins, with a bearded assembly of grave caloyeri round me, I vented my sorrow and indignation in a long oration, which however produced a very slight effect upon my auditory; but whether from their not understanding Italian, or my want of eloquence, is matter of doubt. My man was the only person who seemed to commiserate my misfortune, and he looked so genuinely vexed and sorry that I liked him the better ever afterwards. At length I dismissed the assembly; they toddled away to their siesta, and I, mounted anew upon a stout, well-fed mule, bade adieu to the hospitable agoumenos, and was soon occupied in picking my way among the rocks and trees towards the next monastery. In two hours' time we passed the ruins of a large building standing boldly on a hill. It had formerly been a college; and a magnificent aqueduct of fourteen double arches—that is, two rows of arches one above the other—connected it with another hill, and had a grand effect, with long and luxuriant masses of flowers streaming from its neglected walls. We

have given a portrait of the agoumenos or abbot—the Higoumène as the French call him—of Iveron, from a sketch by Pelcoq after a photograph. (See p. 555.)

IV.

THE GREAT MONASTERY OF VATOPEDE—ITS HISTORY—ANCIENT PICTURES IN THE CHURCH—LEGEND OF THE GIRDLE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—THE LIBRARY—WEALTH AND LUXURY OF THE MONKS—WRECK OF ARCADIOUS—MONASTERY OF SPHIGMENOU—BEAUTIFUL JEWELLED CROSS—THE MONASTERY OF KILIANIARI—MONASTERIES OF ZOGRAPHOU, CASTAMONETA, DOCHEIROU, AND XENOPHOU.

VATOPEDE is the largest and richest of all the monasteries of Mount Athos. Webber Smith describes it as a vast fortified monastery, seated on a height near the shore, at the south-eastern angle of a small bay, whence a rich valley leads in a winding direction between ridges, whose summits rise 1200 and 1700 feet above the sea, as far as the town of Karyes. The path from Kilianari is over undulating ground, affording beautiful glimpses of the dark blue sea. It is rough and stony, and takes rather less than three hours. From the bottom of the bay projects a small tongue of land, on which are the ruins of an old tower. Mr. Curzon describes it as situated on the side of a hill where a valley opens to the sea and commands a little harbour where three small Greek vessels were at that time lying at anchor. The buildings, he says, are of great extent, with several towers and domes rising above the walls: I should say it was not smaller than the upper ward of Windsor Castle. The original building was erected by the Emperor Constantine the Great. That worthy prince being, it appears, much affected by the leprosy, ordered a number of little children to be killed, a bath of juvenile blood being considered an excellent remedy. But while they were selecting them, he was told in a vision that if he would become a Christian his leprosy should depart from him: he did so, and was immediately restored to health, and all the children lived long and happily. This story is related by Moses Chorensis, whose veracity I will not venture to doubt.

In the fifth century this monastery was thrown down by Julian the Apostate. Theodosius the Great built it up again in gratitude for the miraculous escape of his son Arcadius, who having fallen overboard from his galley in the Archipelago, was landed safely on this spot through the intercession of the Virgin, to whose special honour the great church was founded: fourteen other chapels within the walls attest the piety of other individuals. In the year 862 the Saracens landed, destroyed the monastery by fire, slew many of the monks, took the treasures and broke the mosaics; but the representation of the Blessed Virgin was indestructible, and still remained safe and perfect above the altar. There was also a well under the altar, into which some of the relics were thrown and afterwards recovered by the community.

About the year 1300 St. Athanasius the Patriarch persuaded Nicholas and Antonius, certain rich men of Adrianople, to restore the monastery once more, which they did, and taking the vows became monks, and were buried in the narthex or portico of the church. I may here observe that this was the nearest approach to being buried within the church that was permitted in the early times of Christianity, and such is still the rule observed in the Greek Church: altars

were, however, raised over the tombs or places of execution of martyrs.

This church contains a great many ancient pictures of small size, most of them having the back-ground overlaid with plates of silver-gilt: two of these are said to be portraits of the Empress Theodora. Two other pictures of larger size and richly set with jewels are interesting as having been brought from the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, when that city fell a prey to the Turkish arms. Over the doors of the church and of the great refectory there are mosaics representing, if I remember rightly, saints and holy persons. One of the chapels, a separate building with a dome which had been newly repaired, is dedicated to the "Preservation of the Girdle of the Blessed Virgin," a relic which must be a source of considerable revenue to the monastery, for they have divided it into two parts, and one half is sent into Greece and the other half into Asia Minor whenever the plague is raging in those countries, and all those who are afflicted with that terrible disease are sure to be cured if they touch it, which they are allowed to do "*for a consideration.*" On my inquiring how the monastery became possessed of so inestimable a medicine, I was gravely informed that, after the assumption of the Blessed Virgin, St. Thomas went up to heaven to pay her a visit, and there she presented him with her girdle. My informant appeared to have the most unshakeable conviction as to the truth of this history, and expressed great surprise that I never heard it before.

The library, although containing nearly four thousand printed books, has none of any high antiquity or on any subject but divinity. There are also about a thousand manuscripts, of which three or four hundred are on vellum; amongst these there are three copies of the works of St. Chrysostom: they also have his head in the church—that golden mouth out of which proceeded the voice which shook the empire with the thunder of its denunciations. The most curious manuscripts, are six rolls of parchment, each ten inches wide and about ten feet long, containing prayers for festivals on the anniversaries of the foundation of certain churches. There were at this time above three hundred monks resident in the monastery; many of these held offices and place of dignity under the agoumenos, whose establishment resembled the court of a petty sovereign prince. Altogether this convent well illustrates what some of the great monastic establishments in England must have been before the Reformation. It covers at least four acres of ground, and contains so many separate buildings within its massive walls that it resembles a fortified town. Everything told of wealth and indolence. When I arrived the lord abbot was asleep; he was too great a man to be aroused; he had eaten a full meal in his own apartment, and he could not be disturbed. His secretary, a thin pale monk, was deputed to show me the wonders of the place, and as we proceeded through the different chapels and enormous magazines of corn, wine and oil, the officers of the different departments bent down to kiss his hand, for he was high in the favour of my lord the abbot, and was evidently a man not to be slighted by the inferior authorities if they wished to get on and prosper. The cellarer was a sly old fellow with a thin gray beard, and looked as if he could tell a good story of an evening over a flagon of good wine. Except at some of the Palaces of Germany I have never seen such gigantic tuns as those in the cellars of Vatopede.

The oil is kept in marble vessels of the size and shape of sarcophagi, and there is a curious picture in the entrance room of the oil-store, which represents the miraculous increase in their stock of oil during a year of scarcity, when, through the intercession of a pious monk who then had charge of that department, the marble basins, which were almost empty, overflowed, and a river of fine fresh oil poured in torrents through the door. The frame of this picture is set with jewels, and it appears to be very ancient. The refectory is an immense room; it stands in front of the church and has twenty-four marble tables and seats, and is in the same cruciform shape as that of St. Laura. It has frequently accommodated five hundred guests, the servants and tenants of the abbey, who come on stated days to pay their rents and receive the benediction of the agoumenos. Sixty or seventy fat mules are kept for the use of the community, and a very considerable number of Albanian servants and muleteers are lodged in outbuildings before the great gate. These, unlike their brethren of Epirus, are a quiet, stupid race, and whatever may be their notions of another world, they evidently think that in this there is no man living equal in importance to the great agoumenos of Vatopede, and no earthly place to compare with the great monastery over which he rules.

Proust relates a legend in connection with this monastery which appears to have been invented to explain the origin of its name. The sons of Theodosius, Arcadius and Honorius were coming with their mother from Naples to Constantinople when they were assailed by a tempest. Arcadius fell into the sea and was discovered by the hermits of Mount Athos lying upon a tuft of raspberries. The hermits recognised the royal origin of the child by the beauty of his eyes, and conveyed him to Constantinople, and when Arcadius succeeded to his father, he consecrated his escape by building a monastery on the spot, and which was hence called Vatopede from Batos or Vatos "a raspberry bush," and padion "a child."

Another legend relates that the monastery of Vatopede was founded by a prince, who is described as being a Roman Catholic. Proust adduces in favour of this view of the subject that the monastery has received subsidencies from Rome, and that in the face of one of the old walls is to be seen a little bas-relief, which represents the prince making a present of the foundation to the Virgin Mary. This legend, and its sculptured representation, is the subject of the illustration (*See* p. 564).

It is two hours and a half from Vatopede to the monastery of Sphigmenou. Webber Smith writes Sphigmennu, and an origin of the word has been sought in Simenu, *i.e.*, the convent of the Saint in Bonds, but Proust, who writes it Espigmenon, says what is more probable, that it is so called because it stands in a narrow valley (from σφιγγω to strangle). Webber Smith says of it, that it is a monastery within battlemented walls, forming a square, at the outlet of a narrow valley close to the sea, with good gardens and vineyards. The Igoumenos, as he calls the Lord Abbot, told him there were forty-seven caloyers, all Greeks, and added that the convent was poor, and they had been obliged to sell their books. (*See* p. 569.)

The monastery of Sphigmenou is said to have been founded by the Empress Pulcheria, sister of the Emperor Theodosius the younger, and if so must be a very ancient building, for the empress died on

the 18th February in the year 453. Her brother Theodosius was known by the title or cognomen of *καλλιγραφος*, from the beauty of his writing: he was a protector of the Nestorian and Eutychian heretics, and ended his life on the 20th of October, 460.

This monastery is situated in a narrow valley close to the sea squeezed in between three little hills, from which circumstance, according to Mr. Curzon's view of the matter, it derives its name of *σφιγμενος*, "squeezed together." It is inhabited by thirty monks, who are cleaner and keep their church in better order and neatness than most of their brethren on Mount Athos. Among the relics of the saints, which are the first things they show to the pilgrim from beyond the sea, is a beautiful ancient cross of gold set with diamonds. Diamonds are of very rare occurrence in ancient pieces of jewellery; it is indeed doubtful whether they were known to the ancients, adamantine being an epithet applied to the hardness of steel, and I have never seen a diamond in any work of art of the Roman or classical era. Besides the diamonds the cross has on the upper end and on the extremities of the two arms three very fine and large emeralds, each fastened on with three gold nails: it is a fine specimen of early jewellery, and of no small intrinsic value.

The library is in a room over the porch of the church: it contains about 1500 volumes, half of which are manuscripts, mostly on paper, and all theological. I met with four copies of the Gospels and two of the Epistles, all the others being books of the church service and the usual folios of the fathers. There was, however, a Russian or Bulgarian manuscript of the four Gospels with an illumination at the commencement of each Gospel. It is written in capital letters, and seemed to be of considerable antiquity. I was disappointed at not finding manuscripts of greater age in so very ancient a monastery as this is; but perhaps it has undergone more squeezing than that inflicted upon it by the three hills. I slept here in peace and comfort.

On the sea-shore, not far from Sphigmenou, are the ruins of the monastery of St. Basil, opposite a small rocky island in the sea, which I left at this point, and striking up the country arrived in an hour's time at the monastery of Kiliantari, or a thousand lions. This is a large building, of which the ground-plan resembles the shape of an open fan. The illustration, p. 577, is from a photograph of the principal court of this great Slavonian Monastery. It stands in a valley, and contained, when I entered its hospitable gates, about fifty monks. They preserve in the sacristy a superb chalice, of a kind of bloodstone set in gold, about a foot high and eight inches wide, the gift of one of the Byzantine emperors. This monastery was founded by Simeon, Prince of Servia, I could not make out at what time. In the library they had no great number of books, and what there were, were all Russian or Bulgarian: I saw none which seemed to be of great antiquity. On inquiring, however, whether they had not some Greek manuscripts, the agoumenos said they had one, which he went and brought me out of the sacristy; and this, to my admiration and surprise, was not only the finest manuscript on Mount Athos, but the finest that I had met with in any Greek monastery with the single exception of the golden manuscript of the New Testament at Mount Sinai. It was a quarto Evangelistarium, written in golden letters on fine *white* vellum. The characters were a kind of semi-uncial,

rather round in their forms, of large size, and beautifully executed, but often joined together, and having many contractions and abbreviations, in these respects resembling the Mount Sinai MS. This magnificent volume was given to the monastery by the Emperor Andronicus Comnenus about the year 1184; it is consequently not an early MS., but its imperial origin renders it interesting to the admirers of literary treasures, while the very rare occurrence of a *Greek* MS. written in letters of gold would make it a most desirable and important acquisition to any royal library; for besides the two above-mentioned there are not, I believe, more than seven or eight MSS. of this description in existence, and of these several are merely fragments, and only one is on white vellum: this is in the library of the Holy Synod at Moscow. Five of the others are on blue or purple vellum, viz., Codex Cottonianus, in the British Museum, Titus C. 15, a fragment of the Gospels; an octavo Evangelistarium at Vienna; a fragment of the books of Genesis and St. Luke in silver letters at Vienna; the Codex Turicensis of part of the Psalms; and six leaves of the Gospels of St. Matthew in silver letters, with the initials in gold, in the Vatican. There may possibly be others, but I have never heard of them. Latin MSS. in golden letters are much less scarce, but Greek MSS., even those which merely contain two or three pages written in gold letters, are of such rarity that hardly a dozen are to be met with; of these there are three in the library at Parham. I think the Codex Ebnerianus has one or two pages written in gold, and the tables of a gospel at Jerusalem are in gold, on deep purple vellum. At this moment I do not remember any more, although doubtless there must be a few of these partially ornamented volumes scattered through the great libraries of Europe.

From Kiliantari, which is the last monastery on the N.E. side of the promontory, we struck across the peninsula, and two hours' riding brought us to Zographou, through plains of rich green grass dotted over with gigantic single trees, the scenery being like that of an English park, only finer and more luxuriant as well as more extensive. This monastery was founded in the reign of Leo Sophos, by three nobles of Constantinople who became monks; and the local tradition is that it was destroyed by the "*Pope of Rome*." How that happened I know not, but it was rebuilt in the year 1502 by Stephanus, Waywode of Moldavia. It is a large fortified building of very imposing appearance, situated on a steep hill surrounded with trees and gardens overlooking a deep valley which opens on the gulf of Monte Santo. The MSS. here are Bulgarian, and not of early date; they had no Greek MSS. whatever.

From Zographou, following the valley, we arrived at a lower plain on the sea coast, and there we discovered that we had lost our way; we therefore retraced our steps, and turning up among the hills to our left we came in three hours to Castamoneta, which, had we taken the right road, we might have reached in one. This is a very poor monastery, but it is of great age, and its architecture is picturesque: it was originally founded by Constantine the Great. It has no library nor anything particularly well worth mentioning excepting the original deed of the Emperor Manuel Paleologus, with the sign-manual of that potentate written in very large letters in red ink at the bottom of the deed, by which he granted to the monastery the

lands which it still retains. The poor monks were much edified by the sight of the patriarchal letter, and when I went away rang the bells of the church tower to do me honour.

At the distance of one hour from hence stands the monastery of Docheirou. It is the first to the west of those upon the south-west shore of the peninsula. It is a monastery of great size, with ample room for a hundred monks, although inhabited by only twenty. It was built in the reign of Nicephorus Botoniates, and was last repaired in the year 1578 by Alexander, Waywode of Moldavia. I was very well lodged in this convent, and the fleas were singularly few. The library contained two thousand five hundred volumes, of which one hundred and fifty were vellum MSS. I omitted to note the number of MSS. on paper, but amongst them I found a part of Sophocles and a fine folio of Suidas's Lexicon. Among the vellum MSS. there was a folio in the Bulgarian language, and various works of the fathers. I found also three loose leaves of an Evangelistarium in uncial letters of the ninth century, which had been cut out of some ancient volume, for which I hunted in the dust in vain. The monks gave me these three leaves on my asking for them, for even a few pages of such a manuscript as this are not to be despised.

From Docheirou it is only a distance of half an hour to Zenophou, which stands upon the sea-shore. Here they were building a church in the centre of the great court, which, when it is finished, will be the largest on Mount Athos. Three Greek bishops were living here in exile. I did not learn what the holy prelates had done, but their misdeeds had been found out by the Patriarch, and he had sent them here to rusticate. This monastery is of a moderate size; its founder was Zenophou, regarding whose history or the period at which he lived I am unable to give any information, as nobody knew anything about him on the spot, and I cannot find him in any catalogue of saints which I possess. The monastery was repaired in the year 1545 by Danzulas Bornicus and Badulus, who were brothers, and Banus (the Ban) Barbulus, all three nobles of Hungary, and was afterwards beautified by Matthæus, Waywode of Bessarabia.

The library consists of fifteen hundred printed books, nineteen MSS. on paper, eleven on vellum, and three rolls on parchment, containing liturgies for particular days. Of the MSS. on vellum there were three which merit a description. One was a fine quarto of part of the works of St. Chrysostom, of great antiquity, but not in uncial letters. Another was a quarto of the four Gospels bound in faded red velvet with silver clasps. This book they affirmed to be a royal present to the monastery; it was of the eleventh or twelfth century, and was peculiar from the text being accompanied by a voluminous commentary on the margin and several pages of calendars, prefaces, &c., at the beginning. The headings of the Gospels were written in large plain letters of gold. In the libraries of forty Greek monasteries I have only met with one other copy of the Gospels with a commentary. The third manuscript was an immense quarto Evangelistarium sixteen inches square, bound in faded green or blue velvet, and said to be in the autograph of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus. The text throughout on each page was written in the form of a cross. Two of the pages are in purple ink powdered with gold, and these, there is every reason to suppose, are in the handwriting of the im-

perial scribe himself; for the Byzantine sovereigns affected to write only in purple, as their deeds and a magnificent MS. in another monastic library, of which I have not given an account in these pages, can testify: the titles of this superb volume are written in gold, covering the whole page. Altogether, although not in uncial letters, it was among the finest Greek MSS. that I had ever seen—perhaps next to the uncial MSS. the finest to be met with anywhere.

I asked the monks whether they were inclined to part with these three books, and offered to purchase them and the parchment rolls. There was a little consultation among them, and then they desired to be

shown those which I particularly coveted. Then there was another consultation, and they asked me which I set the greatest value on. So I said the rolls, on which the three rolls were unrolled, and looked at, and examined, and peeped at by the three monks who put themselves forward in the business, with more pains and curiosity than had probably been ever wasted upon them before. At last they said it was impossible, the rolls were too precious to be parted with, but if I liked to give a good price I should have the rest; upon which I took up the St. Chrysostom, the least valuable of the three, and while I examined it, saw from the corner of my eye the three monks nudging

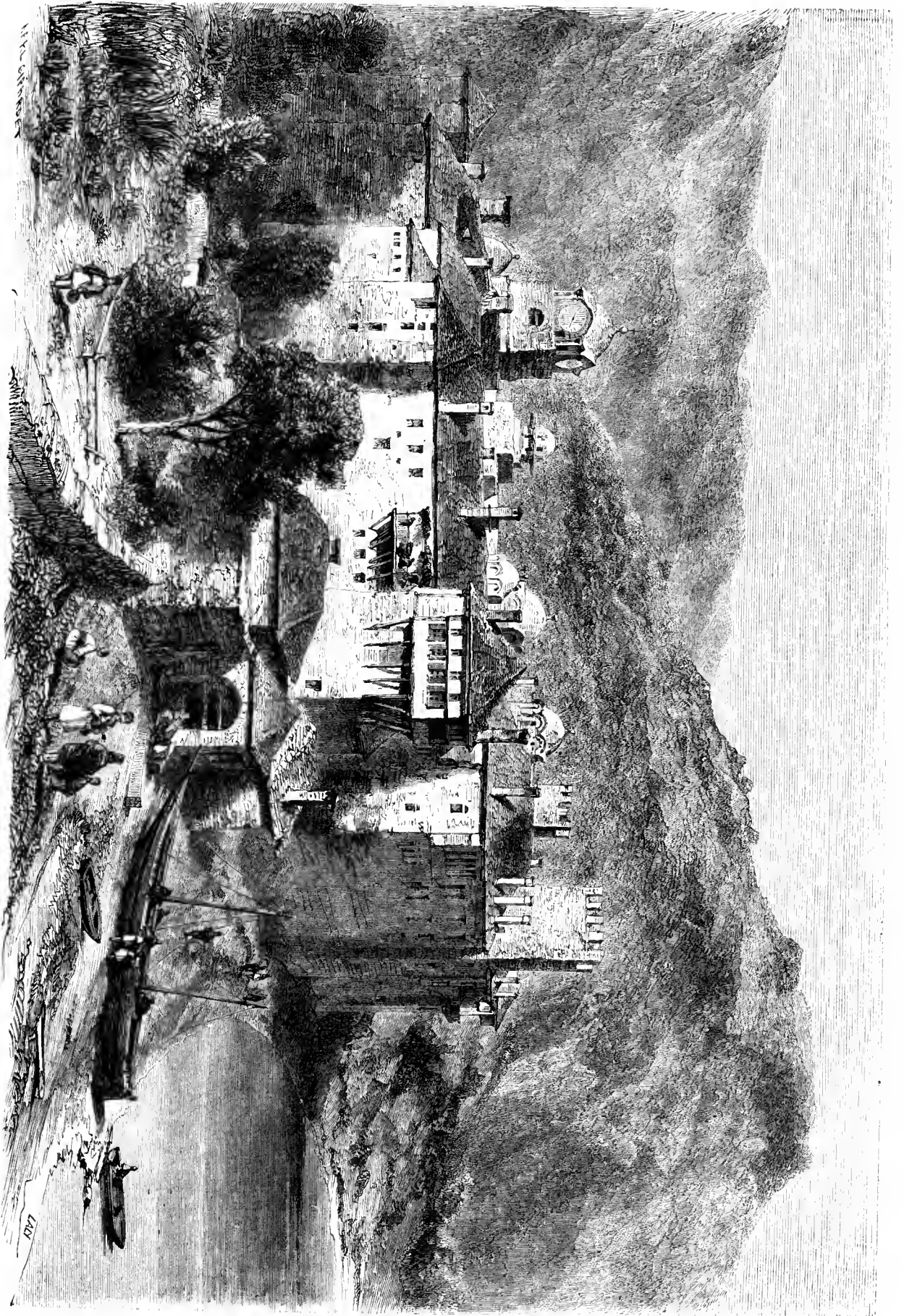


NUT-GATHERING ON MOUNT ATHOS.

each other and making signs. So I said, "Well, now what will you take for your two books, this and the big one?" They asked five thousand piastres; whereupon, with a look of indignant scorn, I laid down the St. Chrysostom and got up to go away; but after a good deal more talk we retired to the divan, or drawing-room as it may be called, of the monastery, where I conversed with the three exiled bishops. In course of time I was called out into another room to have a cup of coffee.

There were my friends the three monks, the managing committee, and under the divan imperfectly concealed, were the corners of the three splendid MSS. I knew that now all depended on my own tact

whether my still famished saddle-bags were to have a meal or not that day, the danger lying between offering too much or too little. If you offer too much, a Greek, a Jew, or an Armenian immediately thinks that the desired object must be invaluable, that it must have some magical properties, like the lamp of Aladdin, which will bring wealth upon its possessor if he can but find out its secret; and he will either ask you a sum absurdly large, or will refuse to sell it at any price, but will lock it up and become nervous about it, and examine it over and over again privately to see what can be the cause of a Frank's offering so much for a thing apparently so utterly useless. On the other hand, too little must not be offered, for it would



MONASTERY OF SPIGMENOU.



be an indignity to suppose that persons of consideration would condescend to sell things of trifling value—it wounds their aristocratic feelings, they are above such meannesses. By St. Xenophou, how we did talk! for five mortal hours it went on, I pretending to go away several times, but being always called back by one or other of the learned committee. I drank coffee and sherbet and they drank arraki; but in the end I got the great book of Alexius Comnenus for the value of twenty-two pounds, and the curious Gospels, which I had treated with the most cool disdain all along, was finally thrown into the bargain; and out I walked with a big book under each arm, bearing with perfect resignation the smiles and scoffs of the three brethren, who could scarcely contain their laughter at the way they had done the silly traveller. Then did the saddlebags begin to assume a more comely and satisfactory form.

After a stirrup cup of hot coffee, perfumed with the incense of the church, the monks bid me a joyous adieu; I responded as joyously: in short, everyone was charmed, except the mule, who evidently was more surprised than pleased at the increased weight which he had to carry.

Webber Smith does not appear to have been particularly struck by the three last-mentioned monasteries. Of Zographou, he says: This rich monastery is beautifully situated in the midst of fine woods of oak, chesnut, elm, and the Judas-tree. Nature is always bounteous in this fertile spot. The monastery contains thirty Servians and Bulgarians. Docheiru, or Dokhiariu, as he writes it, he says is a small monastery containing thirty caloyers. Near this spot is the cave of a noted recluse, who has lived here in a cell for fifty years, apart from all mankind; yet his feelings would seem not to be blunted, as he bestows the care and attention on a favourite rose-tree, which, if well directed towards the good of his fellow-creatures, might have made him a useful member of the community. Lastly, of Zenophou, or Zenope, he says, it is a moderate-sized monastery, inhabited by Bulgarians chiefly, and seated at the entrance of a valley close to the sea.

V.

THE MONASTERIES OF RUSSICO—ITS COURTEOUS ABBOT—THE MONASTERIES OF XEROPOTAMA—EXCURSION TO THE MONASTERIES OF ST. NICHOLAS AND ST. DIONISIUS—INTERESTING RELICS—THE MONASTERY OF ST. PAUL—THE MONASTERY OF SIMOPETRA—EXCURSION TO KARYÉS—THE MONASTERY OF KUTLUMUSI—THE SHE-CAT OF MOUNT ATHOS—BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURES IN WOOD—ATHONITE SCHOOL OF PAINTING—COUNCIL OF EPISTATES—ALBANIAN GUARD—REVENUE OF THE MONASTERIES.

FROM Xenophou Mr. Curzon went on to Russico, where also they were repairing the injuries which different parts of the edifice had sustained during the late Greek war. The agoumenos of this monastery was a remarkably gentlemanlike and accomplished man; he spoke several languages, and ruled over a hundred and thirty monks. They had, however, amongst them all only nine MSS., and those were of no interest. The agoumenos told me, Mr. Curzon relates, that the monastery formerly possessed a MS. of Homer on vellum, which he sold to two English gentlemen some years ago, who were immediately afterwards plundered by pirates, and the MS. thrown into the sea. As I never heard of any Englishman having been at Mount Athos since the days of Dr. Clarke and Dr. Carlyle, I could not make out who

these gentlemen were: probably they were Frenchmen, or Europeans of some other nation. However, the idea of the pirates gave me an horrid qualm: and I thought how dreadful it would be if they threw my Alexius Comnenus into the sea; it made me feel quite uncomfortable. This monastery was built by the Empress Catherine the First, of Russia—or, to speak more correctly, repaired by her—for it was originally founded by Lazarus Knezes, of Servia, and the church dedicated to St. Panteleemon the Martyr. A ride of an hour brought me to Xeropotamo, where I was received with so much hospitality and kindness that I determined to make it my head-quarters while I visited the other monasteries, which from this place could readily be approached by sea. I was fortunate in procuring a boat with two men—a sort of naval lay brethren—who agreed to row me about wherever I liked, and bring me back to Xeropotamo for fifty piastres, and this they would do whenever I chose, as they were not very particular about time, an article upon which they evidently set small value.

This monastery was founded by the Emperor Romanus about the year 920; it was rebuilt by Andronicus the Second in 1320; in the sixteenth century it was thrown down by an earthquake, and was again repaired by the Sultan Selim the First, or at least during his reign—that is, about 1515. It was in a ruinous condition in the year 1701; it was again repaired, and in the Greek revolution it was again dismantled; at the time of my visit they were actively employed in restoring it. Alexander, Waywode of Wallachia, was a great benefactor to this and other monasteries of Athos, which owe much to the piety of the different Christian princes of the Danubian states of the Turkish empire.

The library over the porch of the church, which is large and handsome, contains one thousand printed books, and between thirty and forty manuscripts in bad condition. I saw none of consequence: that is to say, nothing except the usual volumes of divinity of the twelfth century. In the church is preserved a large piece of the holy cross richly set with valuable jewels. The agoumenos of Xeropotamo, a man with a dark-gray beard, about sixty years of age, struck me as a fine specimen of what an abbot of an ascetic monastery ought to be; simple and kind, yet clever enough, and learned in the divinity of his church, he set an example to the monks under his rule of devotion and rectitude of conduct; he was not slothful, or haughty, or grasping, and seemed to have a truly religious and cheerful mind. He was looked up to and beloved by the whole community; and with his dignified manner and appearance, his long gray hair, and dark flowing robes, he gave me the idea of what the saints and holy men of old must have been in the early days of Christianity, when they walked entirely in the faith, and—if required to do so—willingly gave themselves up as martyrs to the cause: when in all their actions they were influenced solely by the dictates of their religion. Would that such times would come again! But where every one sets up a new religion for himself, and when people laugh at and ridicule those things which their ignorance prevents them from appreciating, how can we hope for this?

Early in the morning I started from my comfortable couch, and ran scrambling down the hill, over the rolling-stones in the dry bed of the torrent on which the monastery of the "dry river" (*Ξηρο-*

κοταμου—*kuru chesmé* in Turkish) is built. We got into the boat: our carpets, some oranges, and various little stores for a day's journey, which the good monks had supplied us with, being brought down by sundry good natured lubberly *κατακυμενοι*—religious youths—who were delighted at having something to do, and were as pleased as children at having a good heavy praying-carpet to carry, or a basket of oranges, or a cushion from the monastery. They all waited on the shore to see us off, and away we went along the coast. As the sun got up it became oppressively hot, and the first monastery we came abreast of was that of Simopetra, which is perched on the top of a perpendicular rock, five or six hundred feet high at least, if not twice as much. This rather daunted me: and as we thought perhaps to-morrow would not be so hot, I put off climbing up the precipice for the present, and rowed gently on in the calm sea till we came before the monastery of St. Nicholas, the smallest of all the convents of Mount Athos. It was a most picturesque building, stuck up on a rock, and is famous for its figs, in the eating of which, in the absence of more interesting matter, we all employed ourselves a considerable time; they were marvellously cool and delicious, and there were such quantities of them. We and the boatman sat in the shade, and enjoyed ourselves till we were ashamed of staying any longer. I forgot to ask who the founder was. There was no library; in fact, there was nothing but figs; so we got into the boat again, and sweltered on a quarter of an hour more, and then we came to St. Dionisius.

This monastery is also built upon a rock immediately above the sea; it is of moderate size, but is in good repair. There was a look of comfort about it that savoured of easy circumstances, but the number of monks in it was small. Altogether this monastery, as regards the antiquities it contained, was the most interesting of all. The church, a good sized building, is in a very perfect state of preservation. Hanging on the wall near the door of entrance was a portrait painted on wood, about three feet square, in a frame of silver-gilt, set with jewels; it represented Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Trebizonde, the founder of the monastery. He it was, I believe, who built that most beautiful church a little way out of the town of Trebizonde, which is called St. Sofia, probably from its resemblance to the cathedral of Constantinople. He is drawn in his imperial robes, and the portrait is one of the most curious I ever saw. He founded this church in the year 1380; and Neagulus and Peter, Waywodes of Bessarabia, restored and repaired the monastery. There was another curious portrait of a lady; I did not learn who it was: very probably the Empress Pulcheria, or else Roxandra Domna (*Domina* ?), wife of Alexander, Waywode of Wallachia: for both these ladies were benefactors to the convent.

I was taken, as a pilgrim, to the church, and we stood in the middle of the floor before the *ικονοστασις*, whilst the monks brought out an old-fashioned low wooden table, upon which they placed the relics of the saints which they presumed we came to adore. Of these some were very interesting specimens of intricate workmanship and superb and precious materials. One was a patera, of a kind of china or paste, made, as I imagine, of a multitude of turquoises ground down together, for it was too large to be of one single turquoise; there is one of the same kind,

but of far inferior workmanship, in the treasury of St. Mark. This marvellous dish is carved in very high relief with minute figures or little statues of the saints, with inscriptions in very early Greek. It is set in pure gold, richly worked, and was a gift from the Empress or Imperial Princess Pulcheria. Then there was an invaluable shrine for the head of St. John the Baptist, whose bones and another of his heads are in the cathedral at Genoa. St. John Lateran also boasts a head of St. John, but that may have belonged to St. John the Evangelist. This shrine was the gift of Neagulus, Waywode or Hospodar of Wallachia: it is about two feet long and two feet high, and is in the shape of a Byzantine church; the material is silver-gilt, but the admirable and singular style of the workmanship gives it a value far surpassing its intrinsic worth. The roof is covered with five domes of gold; on each side it has sixteen recesses, in which are portraits of the saints in niello, and at each end there are eight others. All the windows are enriched in open-work tracery, of a strange sort of Gothic pattern, unlike anything in Europe. It is altogether a wonderful and precious monument of ancient art, the production of an almost unknown country, rich, quaint, and original in its design and execution, and is indeed one of the most curious objects on Mount Athos; although the patera of the Princess Pulcheria might probably be considered of greater value. There were many other shrines and reliquaries, but none of any particular interest.

I next proceeded to the library, which contained not much less than a thousand manuscripts, half on paper and half on vellum. Of those on vellum the most valuable were a quarto Evangelistarium, in uncial letters, and in beautiful preservation; another Evangelistarium, of which three fly-leaves were in early uncial Greek: a small quarto of the Dialogues of St. Gregory, *διαλογοι Γρηγοριου του θεολογου*, not in uncial letters, with twelve fine miniatures; a small quarto New Testament, containing the Apocalypse; and some magnificent folios of the Fathers of the eleventh century; but not one classic author. Among the manuscripts on paper were a folio of the Iliad of Homer, badly written, two copies of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, and a multitude of books for the church service. Alas! they would part with nothing. The library was altogether a magnificent collection, and for the most part well preserved: they had no great number of printed books. I should imagine that this monastery must, from some fortunate accident, have suffered less from spoliation during the late revolution than any of the others; for considering that it is not a very large establishment, the number of valuable things it contained was quite astonishing.

A quarter of an hour's row brought us to the scariatojo of St. Paul, from whence we had to walk a mile and a half up a steep hill to the monastery, where building repairs were going on with great activity. I was received with cheerful hospitality, and soon made the acquaintance of four monks, who amongst them spoke English, French, Italian, and German. Having been installed in a separate bed-room, cleanly furnished in the Turkish style, where I subsequently enjoyed a delightful night's rest, undisturbed by a single flea, I was conducted into a large airy hall. Here, after a very comfortable dinner, the smaller fry of monks assembled to hear the illustrious stranger hold forth in turn to the four wise fathers who spoke unknown

tongues. The simple, kind-hearted brethren looked with awe and wonder on the quadruple powers of those lips that uttered such strange sounds: just as the Peruvians made their reverence to the Spanish horses, whose speech they understood not, and whose manners were beyond their comprehension. It was fortunate for my reputation that the reverend German scholar was of a close and taciturn disposition, since my knowledge of his scraunching language did not extend very far, and when we got to scientific discussion I was very nearly at a stand-still; but I am inclined to think that he upheld my dignity to save his own; and as my servant, who never minced matters, had doubtless told them that I could speak ninety other languages, and was besides nephew to most of the crowned heads of Europe, if a phœnix had come in he would have had a lower place assigned him. I found also that in this—as indeed in all the other monasteries—one who had performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land was looked upon with a certain degree of respect. In short, I found that at last I was amongst a set of people who had the sense to appreciate my merits; so I held up my head, and assumed all the dignified humility of real greatness.

This monastery was founded for Bulgarian and Servian monks by Constantine Biancobano, Hospodar of Wallachia. There was little that was interesting in it, either in architecture or any other work of art; the library was contained in a small light closet, the books were clean, and ranged in order on the new deal shelves. There was only one Greek manuscript, a duodecimo copy of the Gospels of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Servian and Bulgarian manuscripts amounted to about two hundred and fifty: of these three were remarkable; the first was a manuscript of the four Gospels, a thick quarto, and the uncial letters in which it was written were three-fourths of an inch in height: it was imperfect at the end. The second was also a copy of the Gospels, a folio, in uncial letters, with fine illuminations at the beginning of each Gospel, and a large and curious portrait of a patriarch at the end; all the stops in this volume were dots of gold; several words also were written in gold. It was a noble manuscript. The third was likewise a folio of the Gospels in the ancient Bulgarian language, and, like the other two, in uncial letters. This manuscript was quite full of illuminations from beginning to end. I had seen no book like it anywhere in the Levant. I almost tumbled off the steps on which I was perched on the discovery of so extraordinary a volume. I saw that these books were taken care of, so I did not much like to ask whether they would part with them; more especially as the community was evidently a prosperous one, and had no need to sell any of their goods.

After walking about the monastery with the monks, as I was going away the agoumenos said he wished he had anything which he could present to me as a memorial of my visit to the convent of St. Paul. On this a brisk fire of reciprocal compliments ensued, and I observed that I should like to take a book. "Oh! by all means!" he said; "we make no use of the old books, and should be glad if you would accept one." We returned to the library; and the agoumenos took out one at a hazard, as you might take a brick or a stone out of a pile, and presented it to me. Quoth I, "If you don't care what book it is that you are so good as to give me, let me take one which pleases

me;" and, so saying, I took down the illuminated folio of the Bulgarian Gospels, and I could hardly believe I was awake when the agoumenos gave it into my hands. Perhaps the greatest piece of impertinence of which I was ever guilty, was when I asked to buy another; but that they insisted upon giving me also; so I took the other two copies of the Gospels mentioned above, all three as free-will gifts. I felt almost ashamed at accepting these two last books; but who could resist it, knowing they were utterly valueless to the monks, and were not saleable in the bazaar at Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, or any neighbouring city? However, before I went away, as a salvo to my conscience I gave some money to the church. The authorities accompanied me beyond the outer gate, and by the kindness of the agoumenos mules were provided to take us down to the sea-shore, where we found our clerical mariners ready for us. One of the monks, who wished for a passage to Xeropotamo, accompanied us; and turning our boat's head again to the north-west, we arrived before long a second time below the lofty rock of Simopetra.

This monastery was founded by St. Simon the Anchorite, of whose history I was unable to learn anything. The buildings are connected with the side of the mountain by a fine aqueduct, which has a grand effect, perched as it is at so great a height above the sea, and consisting of two rows of eleven arches, one above the other, with one lofty arch across a chasm immediately under the walls of the monastery, which, as seen from this side, resembles an immense square tower, with several rows of wooden balconies or galleries projecting from the walls at a prodigious height from the ground. It was no slight effort of gymnastics to get up to the door, where I was received with many grotesque bows by an ancient porter. I was ushered into the presence of the agoumenos, who sat in a hall, surrounded by a reverend conclave of his bearded and long-haired monks; and after partaking of sweetmeats and water, and a cup of coffee, according to custom, but no pipes—for the divines of Mount Athos do not indulge in smoking—they took me to the church and to the library.

In the latter I found a hundred and fifty manuscripts, of which fifty were on vellum, all works of divinity, and not above ten or twelve of them fine books. I asked permission to purchase three, to which they acceded. These were the "Life and Works of St. John Climax, Agoumenos of Mount Sinai," a quarto of the eleventh century; the "Acts and the Epistles," a noble folio written in large letters, in double columns: a very fine manuscript, the letters upright and not much joined together: at the end is an inscription in red letters, which may contain the date, but it is so faint that I could not make it out. The third was a quarto of the four Gospels, with a picture of an evangelist at the beginning of each Gospel. Whilst I was arranging the payment for these manuscripts, a monk, opening the copy of the Gospels, found at the end a horrible anathema and malediction written by the donor, a prince or king, he said, against any one who should sell or part with this book. This was very unlucky, and produced a great effect upon the monks; but as no anathema was found in either of the two other volumes, I was allowed to take them, and so went on my way rejoicing. They rang the bells at my departure, and I heard them at intervals jingling in the air above me

as I scrambled down the rocky mountain. Except Dionisius, this was the only monastery where the agoumenos kissed the letter of the patriarch and laid it upon his forehead: the sign of reverence and obedience which is, or ought to be, observed with the firmans of the Sultan and other oriental potentates.

The same evening I got back to my comfortable room at Xeropotamo, and did ample justice to a good meagre dinner after the heat and fatigues of the day. A monk had arrived from one of the outlying farms who could speak a little Italian; he was deputed to do the honours of the house, and accordingly dined with me. He was a magnificent-looking man of thirty

or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many

other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favourable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians,

and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk: whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel, as ancient as the days of Constantine, or

whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.

I arranged with the captain of a small vessel which was lying off Xeropotamo taking in a cargo of wood, that he should give me a passage in two or three days, when he said he should be ready to sail; and in the meantime I purposed to explore the metropolis of Mount Athos, the town of Karyés; and then to go to Caracalla, and remain there till the vessel was ready. Accordingly, the next morning I set out, the agoumenos supplying me with mules. The guide did not know how far it was to Karyés, which is situated almost in the centre of the peninsula. I found it was only distant one hour and a-half; but as I had not made arrangements to go on, I was obliged to remain there all day. Close to the town is the great monastery of Coutloumoussi, or Kutlumusi, the most regular building on Mount Athos.



FRESCO OF SAINT GEORGE.

It contains a large square court with a cloister of stone arches all round it, out of which the cells and chambers open, as they do in a Roman Catholic convent. The church stands in the centre of this quadrangle, and glories in a famous picture of the Last Judgment on the wall of the narthex, or porch, before the door of entrance. The monastery was at this time nearly uninhabited; but, after some trouble, I found one monk, who made great difficulties as to showing me the library, for he said a Russian had been there some time ago and had borrowed a book which he never returned. However, at last I gained admission by means of that ingenious silver key which opens so many locks.

In a good-sized square room, filled with shelves all round, I found a fine, although neglected, collection of books; a great many of them thrown on the floor in heaps, and covered all over with dust, which the Russian did not appear to have much disturbed when he borrowed the book which had occasioned me so much trouble. There were about six or seven hundred volumes of printed books, two hundred MSS. on paper, and a hundred and fifty on vellum. I was not permitted to examine this library at all to my satisfaction. The solitary monk thought I was a Russian, and would

was not a Russian; but if they had seen the contents of the saddle-bags which were sticking out bravely on each side of the patient mule at the gate, they would, perhaps, have considered me as something far worse.

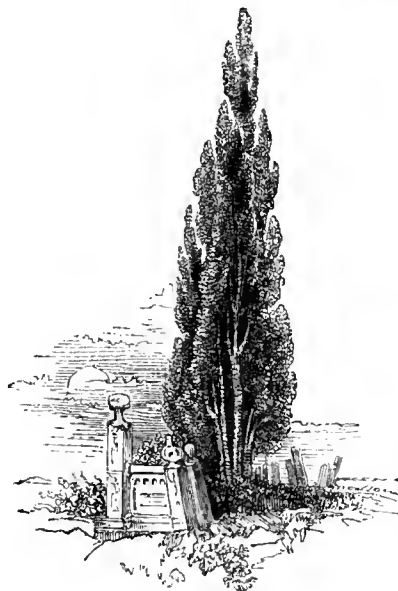
Kutlunusi was founded by the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, and, having been destroyed by "the Pope of Rome," was restored by the piety of various hospodars and waywodes of Bessarabia. It is difficult to understand what these worthy monks can mean when they affirm that several of their monasteries have been



MAHER-BOTELIN, DC.

ALBANIAN SOLDIER OF THE GUARD OF THE EPISTATES.

not let me alone, or give me the time I wanted for my researches. I found a multitude of folios and quartos of the works of St. Chrysostom, who seems to have been the principal instructor of the monks of Mount Athos, that is, in the days when they were in the habit of reading—a tedious custom, which they have long since given up by general consent. I met also with an Evangelistarium, a quarto in uncial letters, but not in very fine condition. Two or three other monks had by this time crept out of their holes, but they would not part with any of their books: that unhappy Russian had filled the minds of the whole brotherhood with suspicion. So we went to the church, which was curious and quaint, as they all are; and as we went through all the requisite formalities before various grim pictures, and showed due respect for the sacred character of a Christian church, they began at last to believe that I



CYPRESS TREE.

burned and plundered by the Pope. Perhaps in the days of the Crusades some of the rapacious and undisciplined hordes who accompanied the armies of the Cross—not to rescue the holy sepulchre from the power of the Saracens, but for the sake of plunder and robbery—may have been attracted by the fame of the riches of these peaceful convents, and have made the differences

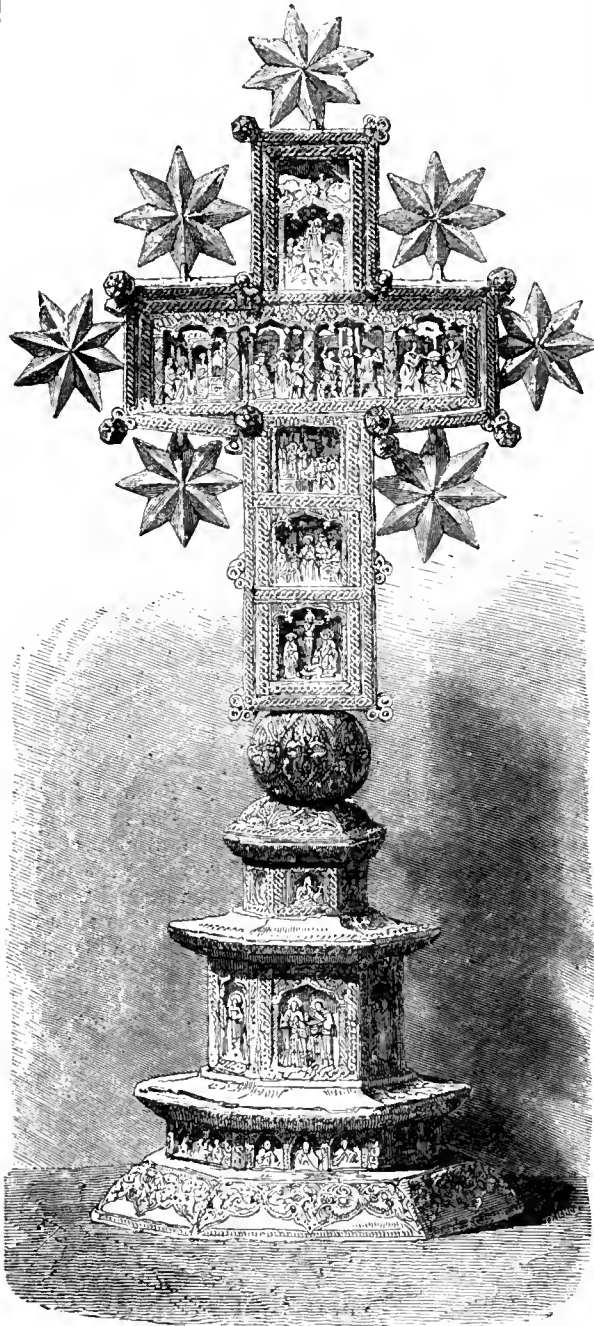


COFFEE PLANT.

in their religion a pretext for sacrilege and rapacity. Thus, bands of pirates and brigands in the middle ages may have cloaked their acts of violence under the specious excuse of devotion to the Church of Rome; and so the Pope has acquired a bad name, and is looked upon with terror and animosity by the inhabitants of the monasteries of Mount Athos.

Having seen what I could, I went on to the town of Karyés, if it can properly be called such; for it is difficult to explain what it is. One may, perhaps, say

that what Washington is to the United States, Karyés is to Mount Athos. A few artificers do live there who carve crosses and ornaments in cypress-wood. The principal feature of the place is the great church of Protatou, which is surrounded by smaller buildings and chapels. These I saw at a distance, but did not visit,



SCULPTURED CROSS IN THE TREASURY OF KARYES.

because I could get no mules, and it was too hot to walk so far. A Turkish aga lives here: he is sent by the Porte to collect the revenue from the monks, and also to protect them from other Turkish visitors. He is paid and provided with food by a kind of rate which is levied on the twenty-one monasteries of *αγιον ορος*, and is, in fact, a sort of sheep-dog to the flock of helpless

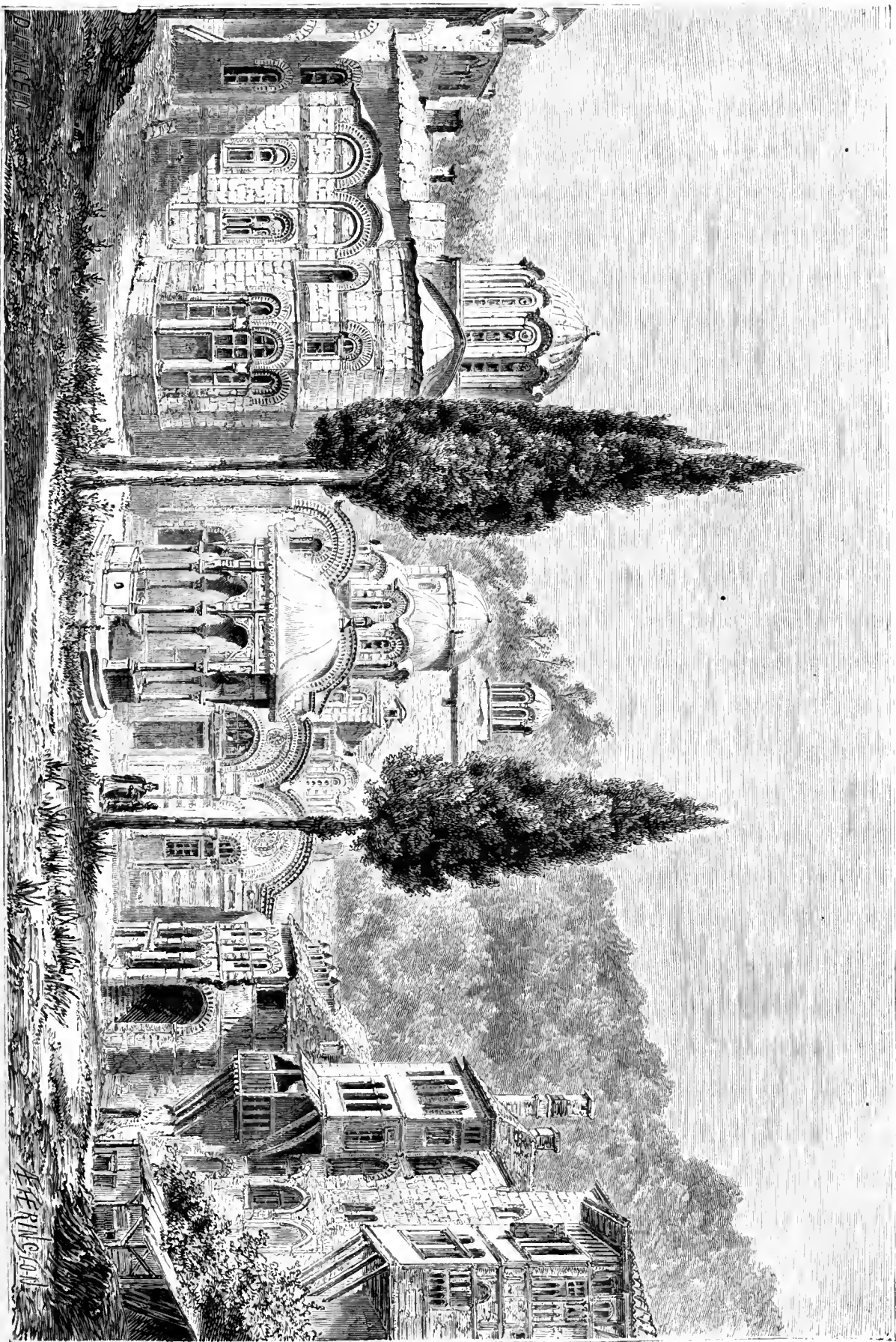
monks who pasture among the trees and rocks of the peninsula.

Karyés stands in a fair, open vale, half-way up the side of the mountain, and commands a beautiful view to the north of the sea, with the magnificent island of Samotraki looming superbly in the distance. All around are large orchards and plantations of peach-trees and of various other sorts of fruit-bearing trees in great abundance, and the round hills are clothed with green-sward. It is a happy, peaceful-looking place, and in its trim and sunny arbours reminds one of Virgil and Theocritus.

I went to the house of the aga to seek for a habitation, but the aga was asleep; and who was there so bold as to wake a sleeping aga? Luckily he awoke of his own accord, and he was soon informed by my interpreter that an illustrious personage awaited his leisure. He did not care for a monk, and not much for an agomenos; but he felt small in the presence of a mighty Turkish aga. Nevertheless, he ventured a few hints as usual about the kings and queens who were my first cousins, but in a much more subdued tone than usual; and I was received with that courteous civility and good breeding which is so frequently met with among Turks of every degree. The aga apologised for having no good room to offer me; but he sent out his men to look for a lodging; and in the meantime we went to a kiosk, that is, a place like a large birdcage, with enough roof to make a shade, and no walls to impede the free passage of the air. It was built of wood, upon a scaffold eight or ten feet from the ground, in the corner of a garden, and commanded a fine view of the sea. In one corner of this cage I sat the day long, for there was nowhere else to go to; and the aga sat opposite to me in another corner, smoking his pipe, in which solacing occupation to his great surprise I did not partake. We had cups of coffee and sherbet every now and then, and about every half-hour the aga uttered a few words of compliment or welcome, informing me occasionally that there were many dervishes in the place, "very many dervishes," for so he denominated the monks. Dinner came towards evening. There was meat, dolmas, demir tatlessi, olives, salad, roast meat, and pilau, that filled up some time; and shortly afterwards I retired to the house of the monastery of Russico, a little distance from my kiosk; and there I slept on a carpet on the boards; and at sunrise was ready to continue my journey, as were also the mules. The aga gave me some breakfast, at which repast a cat made its appearance, with whom the day before I had made acquaintance; but now it came, not alone, but accompanied by two kittens. "Ah!" said I to the aga, "how is this? Why, as I live, this is a *she* cat! a cat feminine! What business has it on Mount Athos? and with kittens too! a wicked cat!"

"Hush!" said the aga, with a solemn grin; "do not say anything about it. Yes, it must be a she-cat: I allow, certainly, that it must be a she-cat. I brought it with me from Stamboul; but do not speak of it, or they will take it away; and it reminds me of my home, where my wife and children are living far away from me."

I promised to make no scandal about the cat, and took my leave; and as I rode off I saw him looking at me out of his cage with the cat sitting by his side. I was sorry I could not take aga and the cat and all with me to Stamboul, the poor gentleman looked so solitary and melancholy.



CHIEF COURT OF THE MONASTERY OF KILIANTHAR.



Here is held a weekly fair or market on Saturday, which presents the singular spectacle of a fair without noise, and a crowd without a woman. "I should rather say," adds Webber Smith, "without anything *tame* of the feminine gender." Horses, bulls, rams, and cocks are not uncommon; but everything of the other sex is absolutely forbidden as far as man can forbid; but uncivilised nature asserts her rights, and wild pigeons, and other birds and insects, especially bees, abound, and, in spite of the monks' most absurd and unnatural regulations, afford a natural source of profit.

To this fair the neighbouring country people bring corn, and wine, and iron-work. The caloyers supply crosses prettily carved in wood or horn, beads, prints of their favourite panagia or of their monasteries, and some few shops are opened for caviar, salted fish, ammunition, &c. This lasts till the sun has risen three or four hours, when the shops are shut, the monks depart, and Karyés again assumes its wonted tranquillity.

The catholicon, or church of Karyés, has been unroofed these seventy years past, but we may add, it was decorated by Panselinos the same as Saint Laura. If the monks have neglected the study of letters, they have not the less persisted in their renowned works in sculpture in wood, of which we give two examples (*See* pp. 580 and 576), in painting, and in engraving. The catholicon of Karyés contains a series of frescoes of the very best epoch of the Athonite school. These paintings are by Manuel, surnamed Panselinos (full moon), who was born at Salonika, somewhere about the twelfth century. This eminent artist, of whom so little is known, is yet considered to be not only at the head of the Athonite but even of the whole Byzantine school. The traditions of that school have been transmitted to us in a work entitled "Guide to Painting" (in Greek), published in 1650, by the monk Denys, of the Monastery of Fourná, near Agrápha in Thessaly, and his pupil Cyrillus of Chio. The portrait of Saint Georges (*See* p. 574) was the only one which the obscurity of the catholicon of Karyés permitted to be reproduced by photography.

At Karyés there is also a house of some dimensions, but most modest appearance, where the council that rules the peninsula holds its sittings. This council is composed of twenty epistates, who represent the twenty monasteries (*See* p. 581). A president elected every fourth year by this assembly participates in the executive power with the representatives of the four monasteries of Laura, Iveron, Vatopedi, and Kiliantari. The rescripts and ordinances are all sealed by a common seal of which each representative holds a fourth part, so that it cannot be affixed without the consent or knowledge of all. The Turkish government recognizes this monachal republic on condition of its paying a tribute of 500,000 piastres annually to their aga at Karyés.

The republic also entertains a guard of twenty Christian Albanian soldiers (*See* p. 575) to protect the common property, which consists of wood, of which they export considerable quantities, nuts, and olives. The quantity of nuts produced by the peninsula is very great. The monks of Kutlumusi alone gather upon an average 200,000 okas, of 2½ lb. each, every year. One of our illustrations represents nut-gathering on Mount Athos (*See* p. 568). The monasteries hold landed property, besides, in Wallachia, on the island of Thasos, and on the coast of Turkey in Europe. They call these Metok.

VI.

CARACALLA—THE AGOUMENOS—CURIOUS CROSS—THE NUTS OF CARACALLA—SINGULAR MODE OF PREPARING A DINNER TABLE—DEPARTURE FROM MOUNT ATHOS.

It took me, says Mr. Curzon, three hours to reach Caracalla, where the agoumenos and Father Joasaph received me with all the hospitable kindness of old friends, and at once installed me in my old room, which looked into the court, and was very cool and quiet. Here I reposed in peace during the hotter hours of the day; and here I received the news that the captain of the vessel which I had hired had left me in the lurch and gone out to sea, having, I suppose, made some better bargain. This caused me some tribulation; but there was nothing to be done but to get another vessel; so I sent back to Xeropotamo, which appeared to be the most frequented part of the coast, to see whether there was any craft there which could be hired.

I employed the next day in wandering about with the agoumenos and Father Joasaph in all the holes and corners of the monastery; the agoumenos telling me interminable legends of the saints, and asking Father Joasaph if they were not true. I looked over the library, where I found an uncial Evangelistarium; a manuscript of Demosthenes on paper, but of some antiquity; a manuscript of Justin (*Iouστίνου*) in Greek; and several other manuscripts—all of which the agoumenos agreed to let me have.

One of the monks had a curiously carved cross, set in silver, which he wished to sell; but I told the agoumenos that it was not sufficiently ancient: I added, however, that if I could meet with any ancient cross, or shrine, or reliquary, I should be delighted to purchase such a thing, and that I would give a good price for it. In the afternoon it struck him suddenly that as he did not care for antiquities, perhaps we might come to an arrangement; and the end of the affair was that he gave me one of the ancient crosses which I had seen when I was there before, and put the one the monk had to sell in its place; certain pieces of gold which I produced rendered this transaction satisfactory to all parties. This most curious and beautiful piece of jewellery has been since engraved, and forms the subject of the third plate in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages," London, 1843. It had been presented to the monastery by the Emperor John, whom, from what I was told by the agoumenos, I take to have been John Zimisces. It is one of the most ancient as well as one of the finest relics of its kind now existing in England.

On the evening of the second day, my man returned from Xeropotamo with the information that he had found a small Greek brig, and had engaged to give the patron or captain eleven hundred piastres for our passage thence to the Dardanelles the next day, if I could manage to be ready in so short a time. As fortunately I had purchased all the manuscripts which I wished to possess, there was nothing to detain me on Mount Athos; for I had now visited every monastery excepting that of St. Anne, which indeed is not a monastery like the rest, but a mere collection of hermitages or cells at the extreme point of the peninsula, immediately under the great peak of the mountain. I was told that there was nothing there worth seeing; but still I am sorry that I did not make a pilgrimage to so original a community, who it appears live on roots and herbs,

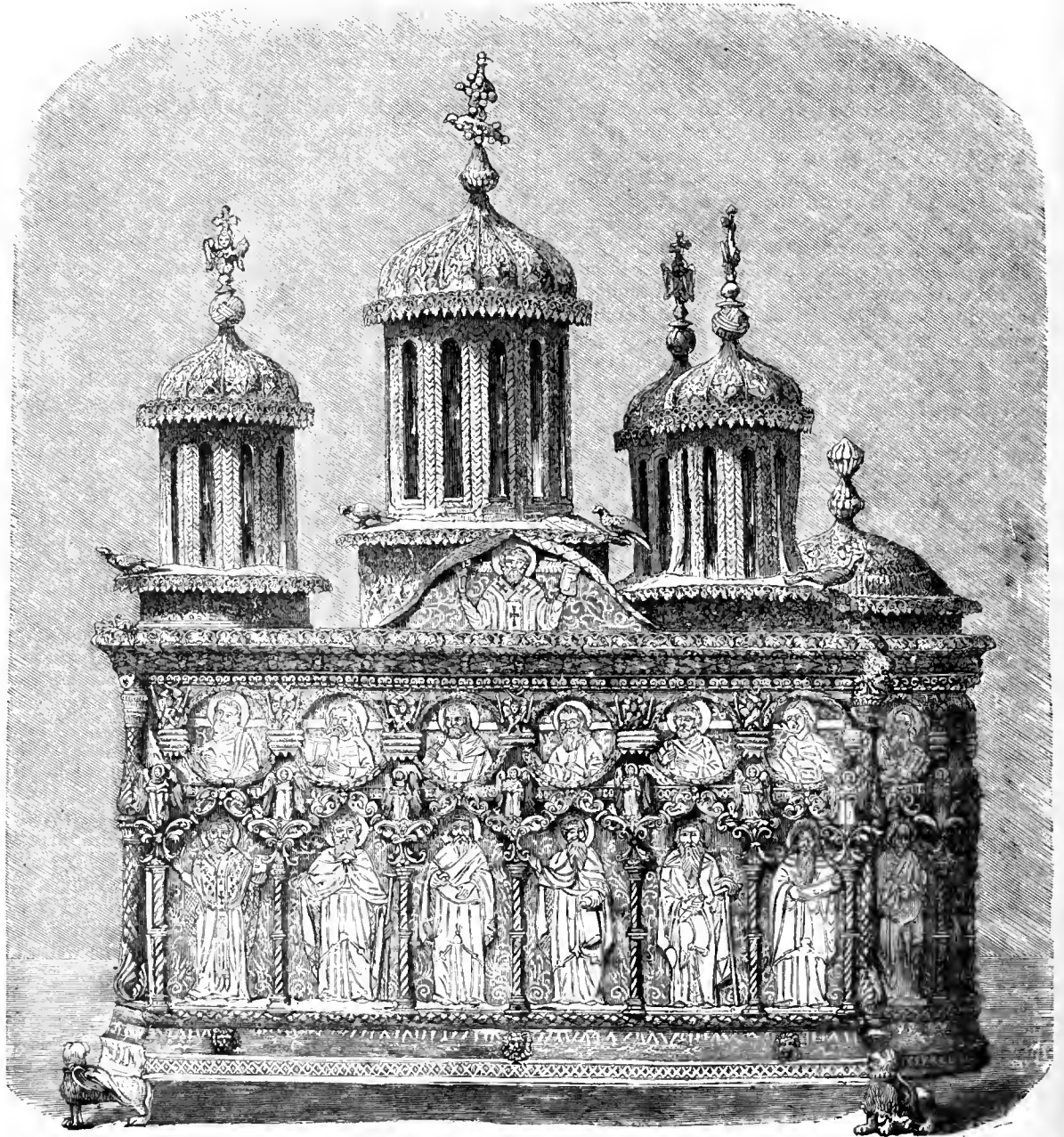
and are the most strict of all the ascetics in this strange monastic region.

All of a sudden, as we were talking quietly together, the agoumenos asked me if I knew what was the price of nuts at Constantinople.

"Nuts?" said I.

"Yes, nuts," said he; "hazel-nuts: nuts are excellent things. Have they a good supply of nuts at Constantinople?"

"Well," said I, "I don't know; but I dare say

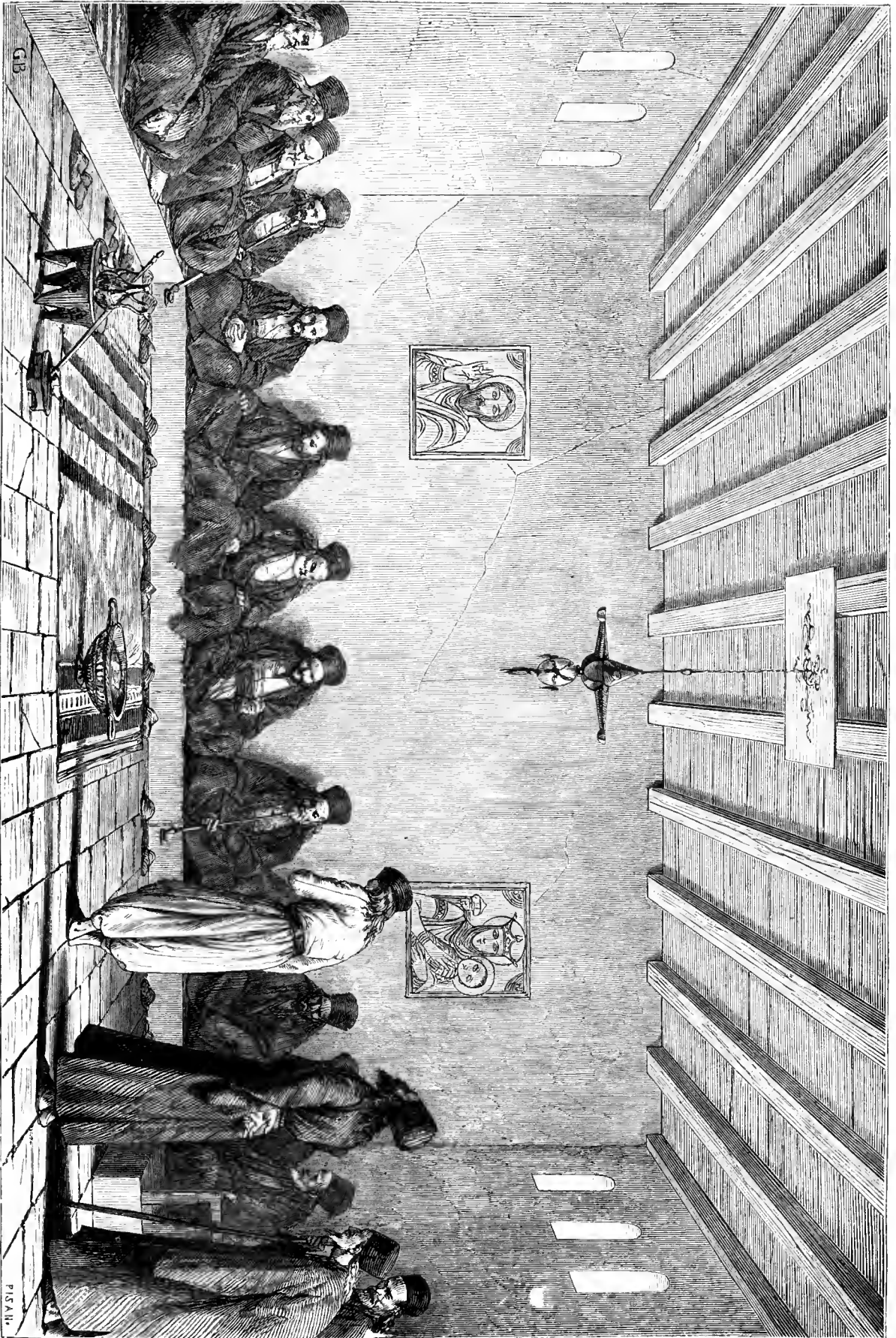


SCULPTURED CABINET IN THE TREASURY OF KARYES.

they have. But why, my lord, do you ask? Why do you wish to know the price of hazel-nuts at Constantinople?"

"Oh!" said the agoumenos, "they do not eat half nuts enough at Stamboul. Nuts are excellent things. They should be eaten more than they are. People say

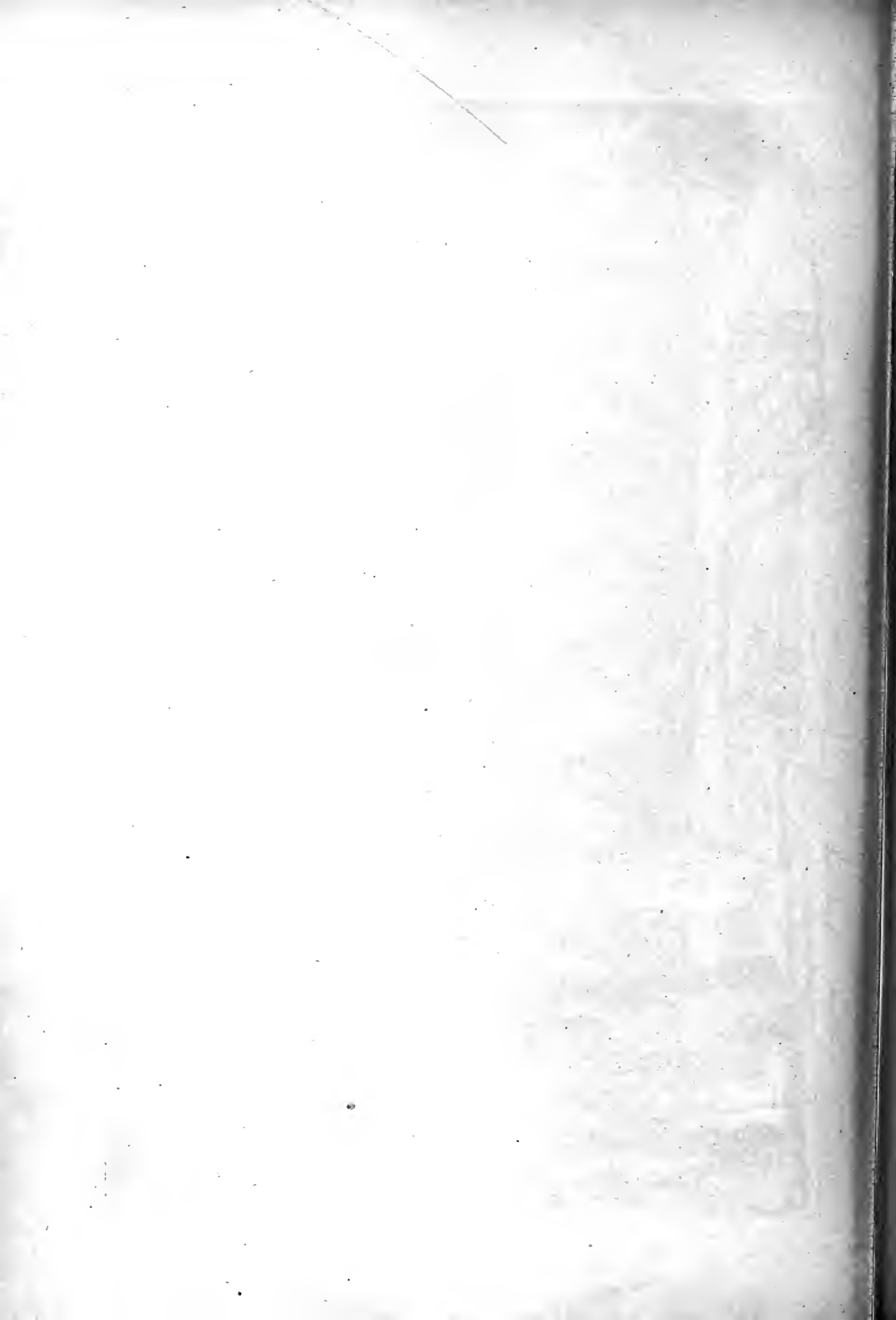
that nuts are unwholesome; but it is a great mistake." And so saying, he introduced me into a set of upper rooms that I had not previously entered, the entire floors of which were covered two feet deep with nuts. I never saw one-hundredth part so many before. The good agoumenos, it seems, had been speculating in



COUNCIL-GENERAL OF THE EPISTATES.

GIB

PISANI.



hazel-nuts ; and a vessel was to come to the little tower of the scaricatojo down below to be freighted with them : they were to produce a prodigious profit, and defray the expenses of finishing the new building of Caracalla.

"Take some," said he ; "don't be afraid ; there are plenty. Take some, and taste them, and then you can tell your friends at Constantinople what a peculiar flavour you found in the famous nuts of Athos ; and in all Athos every one knows that there are no nuts like those of Caracalla !"

They were capital nuts ; but as it was before dinner, and I was ravenously hungry, and my lord the agoumenos had not brought a bottle of sherry in his pocket, I did not particularly relish them. But there had been great talk during the morning between the agoumenos and Pater Joasaph about a famous large fish which was to be cooked for dinner ; and, as the important hour was approaching, we adjourned to my sitting-room. Father Joasaph was already there, having washed his hands and seated himself on the divan, in order to regulate the proceedings of the lay brother who acted as butler. The preparations for the banquet were made. The lay brother first brought in the table-cloth, which he spread upon the ground in one corner of the room ; then he turned the table upside down upon the table-cloth, with its legs in the air : next he brought two immense flagons, one of wine, the other of water ; these were made of copper tinned, and were each a foot and a half high : he set them down on the carpet a little way from the table-cloth ; and round the table he placed three cushions for the agoumenos, Pater Joasaph, and me ; and then he went away to bring in dinner. He soon reappeared, bringing in, with the assistance of another stout catechumen, the whole of the dinner on a large circular tray of well-polished brass called a *sinni*. This was so formed as to fix on the sticking-up legs of the subverted table, and, with the aid of Pater Joasaph, it was soon all tight and straight. In a great centre-dish there appeared the big fish on a sea of sauce surrounded by a mountainous shore of rice. Round this luxurious centre stood a circle of smaller dishes, olives, caviare, salad (no eggs, because there were no hens), papas yaknesi, and several sweet things. Two cats followed the dinner into the room, and sat down demurely side by side. The fish looked excellent, and had a most savoury smell. I had washed my hands, and was preparing to sit down, when the Father Abbot, who was not thinking of the dinner, took this inopportune moment to begin one of his interminable stories.

"We have before spoken," he said, "of the many kings, princes, and patriarchs who have given up the world and ended their days here in peace. One of the most important epochs in the history of Mount Athos occurred about the year 1336, when a Calabrian monk, a man of great learning though of mean appearance, whose name was Barlaam, arrived on a pilgrimage to venerate the sacred relics of our famous sanctuaries. He found here many holy men, who, having retired entirely from the world, by communing with themselves in the privacy of their own cells, had arrived at that state of calm beatitude and heavenly contemplation, that the eternal light of Mount Tabor was revealed to them."

"Mount Tabor ?" said I.

"Yes," said the agoumenos, "the light which had been seen during the time of the Transfiguration by

the apostles, and which had always existed there, was seen by those who, after years of solitude and penance and maceration of the flesh, had arrived at that state of abstraction from all earthly things that in their bodies they saw the divine light. They in those good times would sit alone in their chambers with their eyes cast down upon the region of their navel ; this was painful at first, both from the fixedness of the attitude required, with the head bent down upon the breast, and from the workings of the mind, which seemed to wander in the regions of darkness and space. At last, when they had persevered in fasting day and night, with no change of thought or attitude for many hours, they began to feel a wonderful satisfaction ; a ray of joy ineffable would seem to illuminate the brain ; and no sooner had the soul discovered the place of the heart than it was involved in a mystic and ethereal light."¹

"Ah," said I, "really !"

"Now this Barlaam, being a carnal and worldly-minded man, took upon himself to doubt the efficacy of this bodily and mental discipline ; it is said that he even ventured to ridicule the venerable fathers who gave themselves up so entirely to the contemplation of the light of Mount Tabor. Not only did he question the merits of these ascetic acts, but, being learned in books, and being endowed with great powers of eloquence and persuasion, he infused doubts into the minds of others of the monks and anchorites of Mount Athos. Arguments were used on both sides ; conversations arose upon these subjects ; arguments grew into disputations, conversations into controversies, till at last, from the most peaceful and regular of communities, the peninsula of the holy mountain became from one end to the other a theatre of discord, doubt, and diffidence ; the flames of contention were lit up ; everything was unsettled ; men knew not what to think ; till at last, with general consent, the unhappy intruder was dismissed from all the monasteries ; and, flying from the storm of angry words which he had raised on all sides around him, he departed from Mount Athos and retired to the city of Constantinople. There his specious manners, his knowledge of the language of the Latins, and the dissensions he had created in the church, brought him into notice at court ; and now not only were the monks of Mount Athos and Olympus divided against each other, but the city was split into parties of theological disputants ; clamour and acrimony raged on every side. The Emperor Andronicus, willing to remove the cause of so much contention, and being at the same time surrounded with difficulties on all sides (for the unbelieving Turks, commanded by the fierce Orchan, had with their unnumbered tribes overrun Bithynia and many of the provinces of the Christian emperor), he graciously condescended to give his imperial mandate that the monk Barlaam should [here the two cats became vociferous in their impatience for the fish] be sent on an embassy to the Pope of Rome ; he was empowered to enter into negotiations for the settlement of all religious differences between the Eastern and Western churches, on condition that the Latin princes should assist the emperor to drive the Turks back into the confines of Asia. The Emperor Andronicus died from a fever brought on by excitement in defending the cause of the ascetic quietists before a council in his

¹ Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, Gibbon.

palace. John Paleologus was set aside; and John Cantacuzene, in a desperate endeavour to please all parties, gave his daughter Theodora to Orchan the Emperor of the Osmanlis; and at his coronation the purple buskin of his right leg was fastened on by the Greeks, and that of his left leg by the Latins. Notwithstanding these concessions, the embassy of Barlaam, the most important with which any diplomatic agent was ever trusted, failed altogether from the troubles of the times. The Emperor John Cantacuzene, who celebrated his own acts in an edict beginning with the words, 'By my sublime and almost incredible virtue,' gave up the reins of power, and taking the name of Joasaph, became a monk of one of the monasteries of the holy mountain, which was then known by the name of the monastery of Mangane, while the monk Barlaam was created Bishop of Gerace, in Italy."

By the time the good abbot had come to the conclusion of his history, the fish was cold and the dinner spoilt; but I thought his account of the extraordinary notions which the monks of those dark ages had formed of the duties of Christianity so curious, that it almost compensated for the calamity of losing the only good dinner which I had seen on Mount Athos.



NUTS.

What a difference it would have made in the affairs of Europe if the embassy of Barlaam had succeeded! The Turks would not have been now in possession of Constantinople; and many points of difference having been mutually conceded by the two great divisions of the church, perhaps the Reformation never would have taken place. The narration of these events was the more interesting to me, as I had it from the lips of a monk who to all intents and purposes was living in the darkness of remote antiquity. His ample robes, his long beard, and the Byzantine architecture of the ancient room in which we sat, impressed his words upon my remembrance; and as I looked upon the eager countenance of the abbot, whose thoughts still were fixed upon the world from which he had retired, while he discoursed of the troubles and discords which had invaded the peaceful glades and quiet solitudes of the holy mountain, I felt that there was no place left on

this side of the grave where the wicked cease from troubling, or where the weary are at rest. No places, however, that I have seen equal the beauty of the scenery and the calm retired look of the small farm-houses, if they may so be called, which I met with in my rides on the declivities of Mount Athos. These buildings are usually situated on the sides of hills opening on the land which the monastic labourers cultivate: they consist of a small square tower, usually appended to which are one or two little stone cottages, and an ancient chapel, from which the tinkling of the bar which calls the monks to prayer may be heard many times a day echoing softly through the lovely glades of the primeval forest. The ground is covered in some places with anemones and cyclamen; waterfalls are met with at the head of half the valleys, pouring their refreshing waters over marble rocks. If the great mountain itself, which towers up so grandly above the enchanting scenery below, had been carved into the form of a statue of Alexander the Great, according to the project of Lysippus, though a wonderful effort of human labour, it could hardly have

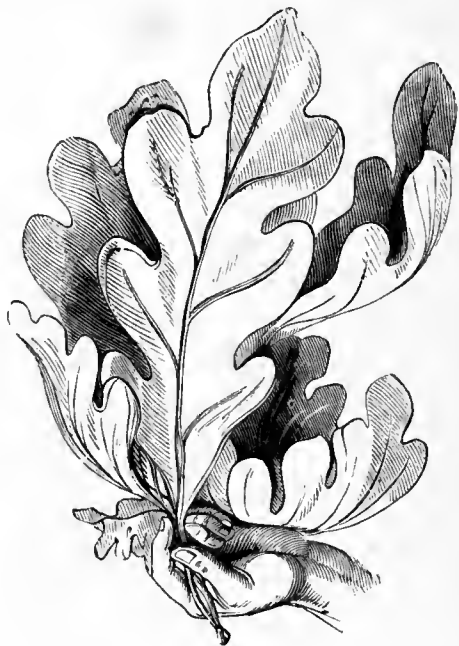


FIG LEAVES.

added to the beauty of the scene, which is so much increased by the appearance of the monasteries, whose lofty towers and rounded domes appear almost like the palaces we read of in a fairy tale.

The next morning, at an early hour, mules were waiting in the court to carry me across the hills to the harbour below the monastery of Xeropotamo, where the Greek brig was lying which was to convey me and my treasures from these peaceful shores. Emptying out my girdle, I calculated how much, or rather how little, money would suffice to pay the expenses of my voyage to the Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles, feeling assured that from thence I could get credit for a passage in the magnificent steamer *The Stamboul*, which ran between Smyrna and Constantinople. With the reservation of this sum, I gave the agoumenos all my remaining gold, and in return he provided me with an old wooden chest, in which I stowed away several

goodly folios ; for the saddle-bags, although distended to their utmost limits, did not suffice to carry all the great manuscripts and ponderous volumes that were now added to my store. Turning out the corn from the nosebags of the mules, I put one or two smaller books in each ; and, after all, an extra mule was sent for to convey the surplus tomes over the rough and craggy ridge which we were to pass in our journey to the other sea. Although the stories of the agoumenos were too windy and too long, I was sorry to part from him, and I took an affectionate leave also of Pater Joasaph and the two cats. Unfortunately, in the hurry of departure, I left on the divan the MS. of Justin, which I had been trying to decipher, and forgot it when I came away. It was a small thick octavo, on charta bombycina, and was probably kicked into the nearest corner as soon as I evacuated the monastery.

Our ride was a very rough one. We had first to ascend the hill, in some places through deep ravines, and in others through most glorious forests of gigantic trees, mostly planes, with a thick underwood of those aromatic flowering evergreens which so beautifully clothe the hills of Greece and this part of Turkey. When we had crossed the upper ridge of rock, leaving

the peak of Athos towering to the sky on our left, we had to descend the dry bed of a torrent so full of great stones and fallen rocks, that it appeared impossible for anything but a goat to travel on such a road. I got off my mule, and began jumping from one rock to another on the edge of the precipice ; but the sun was so powerful, that in a short time I was completely exhausted ; and on looking at the mules, I saw that one after another they jumped down so unerringly over the chasms and broken rocks, alighting so precisely in the exact place where there was standing room for their feet, that, after a little consideration, I remounted my mule ; and keeping my seat, without holding the bridle, we hopped and skipped from rock to rock down this extraordinary track, until in due time we arrived safely at the sea shore, close to the mouth of the little river of Xeropotamo. My manuscripts and myself were soon embarked, and with a favouring breeze we stood out into the Gulf of Monte Santo, and had leisure to survey the scenery of this superb peninsula as we glided round the lofty marble rocks and noble forests which formed the background to the strange and picturesque Byzantine monasteries with every one of which we had become acquainted.



PLANE TREE.

THE GREAT PLAINS OF NORTH AMERICA.

I.

MOVEMENT OF POPULATION OF UNITED STATES WESTWARD—DIVISION OF UNITED STATES INTO TWO HALVES, ONE HALF FERTILE, AND THE OTHER INFERTILE—LINE OF WATERSHED BETWEEN UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICA—MOST AVAILABLE LINE OF COMMUNICATION FROM EAST TO WEST BY THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, RED RIVER, UPPER SASKATCHEWAN, AND NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAINS—CAUSES OF ARIDITY OF THE GREAT PLAINS TO THE SOUTH, AND OF FERTILITY IN THE NORTH OR BRITISH AMERICA—PASSAGE OF PACIFIC WINDS THROUGH THE DEPRESSION IN THE NORTHERLY ROCKY MOUNTAINS—PHYSICAL CHARACTERS OF THE GREAT PLAINS.

THE tendency in the population of North America to move westward is not solely connected with the discovery of gold in California and British Columbia. Such a discovery has, by the secret workings of kind Providence, undoubtedly done more to hasten the movement than the dissemination of more detailed information with regard to the wondrous capabilities of the western sea-board of North America, for agriculture and industry, and for shipping and commerce, would probably have accomplished in ages. But still the movement was setting in steadily, and certainly without this tempting incentive. Astoria, whose fortunes have been so picturesquely narrated by Washington Irving, and San Francisco had arisen—the one on the Columbia, the other in California—before a speck of native gold had been discovered.

The Mormons, driven from their New Jerusalem at Nauvoo, have founded towns and cities, and occupied the whole of that extensive region to the south, which lies between the Sierra Nevada on the one side, and the Rocky Mountains on the other. The great Salt Lake City has been designated as the key-stone in the great social arch which will one day unite the Atlantic to the Pacific. The exclusive privileges of the British Fur Companies have alone interposed themselves between the destiny of man and the secret intentions and designs of Providence in British America, and have kept the tide of emigration from Vancouver and the valleys of Frazer's and Thompson's rivers.

Now that these obstacles are removed, that gold has been found broadcast in California and in British Columbia, that the fertility and availability of the western sea-board to colonisation and commerce are becoming daily better known, interest centres itself in discovering the best and easiest road from the east to the west. We have seen that Palliser's expedition has determined the existence of several feasible passes in the British portion of the Rocky Mountains—nay, it seems as that chain of mountains keeps receding in height as it is prolonged to the southward, and the deepest gaps exist where the mountains are loftiest, so it is probable that the most available pass will be determined to be in British territory. What is still more curious is that it has been determined that there exists on the northern limit of the great American desert a broad strip of fertile country, rich in water, woods, and pasturage, drained by the North Saskatchewan and its affluents, and it is a physical reality

of the highest importance to the interests of British North America that this continuous belt can be settled and cultivated from a few miles west of the Lake of the Woods to the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and any line of communication, whether by waggon-road or railroad, passing through it, will eventually enjoy the great advantage of being fed by an agricultural population from one extremity to the other.

Now this state of things does not exist with regard to the United States, and any road or railroad constructed within their limits must pass for a distance of twelve hundred miles west of the Mississippi, through uncultivable land, or, in other words, a comparative desert.

The United States of North America are indeed divided longitudinally by the river Mississippi into two halves, one of which is fertile and suitable for man, the other half infertile and generally unsuitable for colonisation. The United States, at least New England and the north-west provinces, are separated from British America, including Canada and Rupert's Land, by a very remarkable line of watershed which separates the head waters of the Missouri from those of the Red River; those of the Mississippi from the great lakes, and those of the Hudson, Connecticut, and other rivers of New England from the basin of the St. Lawrence. There is a map drawn up upon this plain attached to M. de Tocqueville's well-known work, "Democracy in America," and such would have constituted at once a natural line of demarcation, and one far less liable to excite controversy than the present arbitrary line which cuts through the South Saskatchewan, Mouse River, Red River, deviates up the shores of the Lake of the Woods, cuts off the Big Fork, and intercepts the Pigeon River line of communication with Assiniboia.

The line of the future march of civilisation, and of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, is at the same time curiously enough marked by the combined circumstances of climate, physical conformation of the land, availability of soil and course of waters, to be by the north-west States—now politically designated as Lincoln's Land—and the head waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri, previous to the Great Bend, thence by Red River and the Upper Saskatchewan, over the lowest passes throughout the whole length of the Rocky Mountains, and which occur in British territory, and thence down the valley of the Columbia or Frazer's, as future circumstances may determine. This is no hypothetical view of the matter, founded upon either study of the map or a leaning to British interests; it is the positive result of stern and imperious facts, derived from further acquaintance with the countries in question.

Along the thirty-second parallel, that is across the Mormon territory of Utah, as also in the line of New Mexico, the breadth of this desert is less, and the detached areas of fertile soil greatest in quantity, but the aggregate number of square miles of cultivable land amounts only to 2,300 in a distance of 1,210 miles.

From its mouth to the Great Bend, the Missouri

admits of almost continuous settlement on its immediate banks; thence to Fort Union, only about one-fourth could be cultivated; and above Fort Union many extensive but detached bottoms show their adaptation for small agricultural areas.

The general westward progress of settlement, a few miles west of the Upper Missouri River, is rendered impossible, by the conditions of climate and soil which prevail there. The progress of settlement must necessarily be up the Valley of the Mississippi, on the immediate banks of the Missouri, and through the Valley of the Red River of the North, to the cultivable areas in the basin of Lake Winnipeg and in Rupert's Land. The exploration for the Pacific railroad, and the meteorological investigations carried on under the direction of the Surgeon-General of the United States army, show conclusively that no settlement of any importance can be established over a vast extent of country, many hundred miles broad on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, and south of the Great Bend of the Missouri. Owing to the absence of rain, the apparently great rivers, the Platte, the Canadian, the Arkansas, &c., are often converted into long detached reaches or ponds during the summer months, and forbid extensive settlement even on their immediate banks. This great and important physical fact is contrary to popular opinion, which is mainly based upon an inspection of a map, and guided by the glowing but utterly erroneous descriptions which are periodically circulated respecting the wonderful fertility of the Far West, and its capability of sustaining a dense population. The arid districts of the Upper Missouri are barren tracts, wholly uncultivable, from various causes. The arid plains between the Platte and Canadian rivers are in great part sand-deserts. The "Sage-plains" or dry districts, with little vegetable growth except varieties of artemisia or underwood, begin on the western border of the plains of the eastern rocky mountain slope, and cover much the larger portion of the whole country westward. The sterile regions on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains begin about 500 or 600 miles west of the Mississippi, and its breadth varies from 200 to 400 miles; and it is then succeeded by the Rocky Mountain range, which, rising from an altitude of 5,200 feet in lat. 32°, reaches 10,000 feet in lat. 38°, and declines 7,490 feet in lat. 42° 24', and about 6,000 in lat. 47°. Along this range isolated peaks and ridges rise into the limits of perpetual snow, in some instances attaining an elevation of 17,000 feet. The breadth of the Rocky Mountain Range varies from 500 to 900 miles. The soil of the greater part of this region is necessarily so sterile from its composition, and, where well constituted for fertility, from the absence of rain at certain seasons. The general character of extreme sterility likewise belongs to the country embraced in the mountain region.

The only direction which remains for extensive free-soil settlement in and near the United States is northwards, partially along the immediate banks of the Missouri, about the head waters of the Mississippi, and towards the valleys of the Red River and the Assiniboine and the main Saskatchewan. The popular impression that immense areas of land, available for the purposes of agriculture, lie between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountain chain, has, as before stated, been completely refuted by the explorations and surveys for the Pacific

railroad. The now well-ascertained aridity of climate and its natural consequence, sterility of soil, both combine to confirm the title of "The Great American Desert," given by the early explorers of the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains to that extensive region of country. This important fact cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence upon the occupation of British territory north of the 49th parallel of latitude, and on the sources from which that occupation will flow.

The cause of the aridity and unfitness for settlement of fully one-third of the United States has been ably discussed by distinguished meteorologists. The arid regions, or great plains, west of the 101st degree of longitude, receive a very small amount of precipitation from the humid south winds coming up from the valley of the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico. It is too far south to be much affected by north-east winds, or the westerly winds from the Pacific. This vast treeless prairie forms, in fact, the northern limit of the great arid region of the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains; but still its humidity is greater than that of the plains south of the Missouri, in consequence of its high northern latitude.

Warm air from the Pacific, loaded with moisture, passes at certain periods of the year over the whole range of the Rocky Mountains in British America and in the United States. These Pacific winds occasion but a very small precipitation of rain or snow on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, south of the great Missouri Bend. Similar winds from the Pacific do occasion a considerable precipitation in the northern part of the Saskatchewan Valley. Whence, then, this apparent anomaly? It probably arises from the difference in the temperature of the two regions, the direction of the prevailing winds, and the lowness and comparatively small breadth of the Rocky Mountain ranges in that latitude. In spring and summer warm westerly winds, laden with moisture, in passing over the mountain range south of, say the 46th parallel, are cooled to a certain temperature, and precipitate the greater portion of their moisture in the form of rain or snow upon the mountain-ridges. On arriving at the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, their temperature rises to that of the region over which they pass, being elevated by the deposition of their moisture and continually increasing density as they descend; but the capacity of air for moisture is well known to be dependent upon its temperature within certain limits; hence the westerly Pacific winds become more warm and more dry as they descend the eastern Rocky Mountain slope, until they meet the moist winds from the Gulf of Mexico, passing up the valley of the Mississippi, towards and through the region of the great Canadian Lakes, and over the low height of land separating the waters flowing into Lake Winnipeg from the Mississippi Valley.¹

There is no doubt that the south-west Pacific winds, passing through the depression in the Rocky Mountains near the 49th parallel, and over the narrow plateau on which they rest, without losing the whole of their moisture, give humidity to the large portion of Rupert's Land they traverse.

The great plateau in which the Rocky Mountain ranges rest, has an average elevation of 4,000 feet near the 32nd parallel of latitude, the lowest pass in the most easterly range being there 5,717 feet above the

¹ *Meteorology in its Connection with Agriculture*, by Professor Joseph Henry.

ocean. Along the 35th parallel the vertical section across the mountain system is of greater width and elevation. The mean height above the ocean is 5,500 feet, and the lowest pass 7,750 feet. Between the 38th and 40th parallel the section has an elevation of 7,500 feet, and the lowest pass is 10,032 feet above the level of the sea. Beneath the parallel of 47° the base of the plateau is narrow, and has an average altitude of 2,500 feet, the lowest pass being 6,044 ft. above the ocean. Within British territory north of the 49th parallel, the passes in the eastern range are still lower. The recent admeasurement by Captain Palliser's expedition show that the height of the Kutanie pass in latitude 49° 36' is nearly 6,000 feet above the sea level; the Kananaski pass, 5,985 feet; and the Vermilion pass, traversed by Dr. Hector, in latitude 51° 10', only 4,944 feet above the ocean.

Not only has the depression in the Rocky Mountain range, north of the 47th parallel of latitude, a remarkable effect upon the climate of the valley of the north Saskatchewan, but its bearing upon means of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of the Rocky Mountain range is of great importance.

The physical geography of the arid region, which extends over a portion of the American continent within the limits of the United States, of more than 1,000,000 square miles in area, has been very admirably described by Dr. Joseph Henry.

The general character of the soil between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic is that of great fertility, and, as a whole, in its natural condition, with some exceptions at the west, is well supplied with timber. The portion, also, on the western side of the Mississippi, as far as the 98th meridian, including the States of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, and portions of the territory of Kansas and Nebraska, are fertile, though abounding in prairies, and subject occasionally to droughts. But the whole space to the west, between the 98th meridian and the Rocky Mountains, denominated the Great American Plains, is a barren waste, over which the eye may roam to the extent of the visible horizon with scarcely an object to break the monotony.

From the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, with the exception of the rich but narrow belt along the ocean, the country may also be considered, in comparison with other portions of the United States, a wilderness unfitted for the uses of the husbandman; although in some of the mountain valleys, as at Salt Lake, by means of irrigation, a precarious supply of food may be obtained sufficient to sustain a considerable population, provided they can be induced to submit to privations from which American citizens generally would shrink. The portions of the mountain system further south are equally inhospitable, though they have been represented to be of a very different character. In traversing this region, whole days are frequently passed without meeting a rivulet or spring of water to slake the thirst of the weary traveller.

We have stated that the entire region west of the 98th degree of west longitude, with the exception of a small portion of western Texas and the narrow border along the Pacific, is a country of comparatively little value to the agriculturist; and perhaps it will astonish the reader if we divert his attention to the fact that this line, which passes southward from Lake Winnipeg to the Gulf of Mexico, will divide the whole surface of the United States into two nearly

equal parts. This statement, when fully appreciated, will serve to dissipate some of the dreams which have been considered as realities as to the destiny of the western part of the North American continent.

Very great misapprehension has indeed prevailed with regard to the region west of the Mississippi, as well as of the valley drained by the Saskatchewan. Sanguine enthusiasts have laid out new states and territories on the broad map of the Federation, and peopled them in imagination with bustling, industrious and wealthy communities. Other visionaries have converted the 400,000 square miles drained by the Saskatchewan into a region of unbounded fertility and inexhaustible resources. Whereas a proper appreciation and use of facts will convince the most sanguine, that the larger portion of this area is, in its present state, unfit for the permanent habitation of man, both on account of climate, soil and absence of fuel.

The opinions entertained upon this subject by Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, United States, and by Professor Hind, of Toronto, Canada, are confirmed, and indeed emphasised, by Major Emery, of the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission. It will at once occur to the reader, that a knowledge of these facts gives great additional value to the truly fertile valleys of Red River, the Assiniboine, part of the Qu'Appelle, and portions of the south and north branch of the Saskatchewan. It determines, also, the direction in which efforts should be made to people this great wilderness, and guide the progress of settlement in such a manner as will render the country available for that great desideratum—a route across the continent.

In the fanciful and exaggerated descriptions given by many, of the character of the western half of the continent, some have no doubt been influenced by a desire to favour particular routes of travel for the emigrants to follow; others, by a desire to commend themselves to the political favour of those interested in the settlement and sale of the lands; but much the greater portion, by estimating the soil alone, which is generally good, without giving due weight to the infrequency of rains, or the absence of the necessary humidity in the atmosphere, to produce a prolific vegetation. But, be the motive what it may, the influence has been equally unfortunate, by directing legislation and the military occupation of the country as if it were susceptible of continuous settlement from the peaks of the Alleghanies to the shores of the Pacific.

Hypothetical geography has proceeded far enough in the United States. In no country has it been carried to such an extent, or been attended with more disastrous consequences. This pernicious system was commenced under the eminent auspices of Baron Humboldt, who, from a few excursions into Mexico, attempted to figure the whole North American continent. It has been followed by individuals, to carry out objects of their own. In this way it has come to pass, that, with no other evidence than that furnished by a party of persons travelling on mule-back, at the top of their speed, across the continent, the opinion of the country has been held in suspense upon the proper route for a railway, and even a preference created in the public mind in favour of a route which actual survey has demonstrated to be the most impracticable of all the routes between the 49th and 32nd parallels of latitude. On the same kind of unsubstantial information maps of the whole continent have been produced and engraved

in the highest style of art, and sent forth to receive the patronage of Congress, and the applause of geographical societies at home and abroad, while the substantial contributors to accurate geography have seen their works pilfered and distorted, and themselves overlooked and forgotten.

"The plains and basins," Major Emery says, "which I have described as occurring in the mountain system, are not the great plains of North America which are referred to so often in the newspaper literature of the day, in the expressions, 'News from the Plains,' 'Indian Depredations on the Plains,'" &c.

The term "plains" is applied to the extensive inclined surface reaching from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Valley of the Mississippi, and form a feature in the geography of the western country as notable as any other. Except on the borders of the streams which traverse the plains in their course to the valley of the Mississippi, scarcely anything exists deserving the name of vegetation. The soil is composed of disintegrated rocks, covered by a loam an inch or two in thickness, which is composed of the exuvie of animals and decayed vegetable matter. The growth on them is principally a short but nutritious grass, called buffalo grass (*Syleria dyctaloides*). A narrow strip of alluvial soil, supporting a coarse grass and a few cotton-wood trees, marks the line of the water-courses, which are themselves sufficiently few and far between. Whatever may be said to the contrary, these plains, west of the 100th meridian, are wholly unsusceptible of sustaining an agricultural population, until you reach sufficiently far south to encounter the rains from the tropics.

The precise limits of these rains I am not prepared to give, but think the Red River (of Louisiana) is, perhaps, as far north as they extend. South of that river the plains are covered with grass of larger and more vigorous growth. That which is most widely spread over the face of the country is the grama or marquita grass, of which there are many varieties. This is incomparably the most nutritious grass known.¹

It is worth while mentioning here that a late competent French traveller and naturalist—M. Remy—describes the territory of Utah—the Mormon State—as pre-eminently the country of the *ERIOGONUM*—a tribe of plants so called from *erion* "wool," and *gonu* a knee, the stem being very woolly at the joints, and of which he collected no less than eighty different species between the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. M. Remy remarks that this tribe of plants, which is not met with in the Old World, luxuriates, especially between the Pacific and the Rocky Mountains on one side, and the 30th and 42nd degrees of latitude on the other, embracing California, Utah, and New Mexico. It has a far more extended growth in both North and South America, but nowhere are these species so numerous, and the growth of individuals so extensive and so characteristic, as in the above-named districts. M. Remy, it is also to be observed, identifies the "Saga-Bush" of the Americans with the *Artemisia tridentata* of botanists.²

II.

ROUTES ACROSS THE "PLAINS"—SCENERY OF THE ARKANSAS—FORT SMITH—BILL SPANIARD—TAMING THE MULES—SCULLEVILLE—CHOCKTAW INDIANS—NATIVE COUNCIL—BALL PLAYING AMONG THE CHOCKTAW—CHICKSAWS AND CREEK INDIANS—THE SHAWNEES AND THEIR CHIEF TECUM-SEH.

WHAT we have said of the peculiar conformation of North America, including British America and the United States, will give further interest to details of travel across the great American Plains west of the Mississippi to the southward, where communication with the newly acquired territory of New Mexico is a matter of positive necessity; and we shall select as examples the account given of the United States Government Expedition from the Mississippi to the coasts of the Pacific under Lieut. Whipple in 1853, as related by Baldwin Möllhausen, topographical draughtsman and naturalist to the expedition, and the account given of a nearly similar journey (in its first part) made by Julius Froebel.

Möllhausen's route lay along the Arkansas, and thence, by Canadian River, across the southerly prolongation of the Rocky Mountains, the upper valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, the Sierra Madre, and the Rio Colorado, and thence, by the territory of the Pah-utah's, to Pueblo de Los Angeles on the Pacific. Froebel's journey also lay at first along the Arkansas River, and thence by the Cimaron instead of the Canadian branch, but by the same pass of the Rocky Mountains, thence along the edge of the plateau on the eastern side of the Rio Grande, and down the valley of the same great river to El Paso, and thence to the Mexican province of Chihuahua. Froebel also, on another occasion, travelled from El Paso on the Rio Grande to Santa Cruz in New Mexico, and by the Gila River to the Colorado, and thence to Los Angeles, the terminating point on the Pacific of Möllhausen's expedition, of Froebel's and of Remy's travels in the territory of the Mormons—Utah—and whence it is reached by a more northerly route. There is steam communication between Los Angeles, Monterey, and San Francisco; and the place seems destined, from its relations to Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Utah (the country of the Mormons), and New California, with California and the Pacific, to become one of importance.

M. Möllhausen left Cincinnati, so celebrated for its pork, on the Ohio, by steamboat, on the 4th of June, 1853; and he descended that river beyond its junction with the Mississippi, to the Arkansas, and thence up that river to Fort Smith, where he joined the other members of the expedition. Our traveller thus describes his impressions on first advancing into the Far West, but this, it must be remembered, is where nature is still luxuriant, and the lower valley of the Arkansas, and that of the Mississippi, as far as vegetation is concerned, still as one.

The banks from the mouth to Little Rock, the capital of the State which derives its name from the river, have the same imposing character. Throughout this extent of about 320 miles, the primeval forest may be seen in all its grandeur and glory. For thousands of years has this magnificent work of the Creator stood there untouched in its sublime repose,—what pen could describe it, or number the myriad species of grasses, herbs, shrubs, and parasitical plants, whose gorgeous blossoms delight the eye?

¹ Report on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, made under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, by William H. Emery, Major First Cavalry, and United States Commissioner. Washington, 1846, pp. 43-47.

² Voyage au Pays des Mormons: Relation, Geographie, Histoire Naturelle, Histoire, Theologie, Mœurs et Coutumes. Par Jules Remy. Paris, 1860.

Who could even name all the kinds of trees, the various families of which are here crowded together, and whose foliage, varying from the lightest to the darkest shade of green, enriches the landscape with a superb and complete scale of colour?

Ancient gray mossy trunks, of perhaps a thousand years old, still raise their leafy crowns high above the impenetrable underwood, as proud in their fresh and youthful verdure as the slender descendants that have but lately sprouted forth from their seeds, but have already attained to considerable height.

The first settlers have shrunk from this impenetrable wilderness, and avoided these thickly wooded and marshy grounds swarming with animal life; very seldom does the appearance of even a small clearing betray the presence or neighbourhood of man.

The stag stands gazing wonderingly, and without attempting to fly, at the great disturber of the place as it goes foaming by—the parrot climbs chattering from bough to bough, the turkey lifts its blue head up through the leaves, to get a better view of the new spectacle, and the black bear lying cooling his sides in the water, rears on his hind legs, and looks mistrustfully at the swimming monster and the long wreath of smoke it leaves behind. The high swell of the water, however, soon reaches him and disturbs his meditations, and he shakes his rough hide and goes off grumbling into the thicket.

The first settlers of the West felt themselves compelled to leave the dread magnificence of nature here behind them, and lay the foundations of their new home beyond the forest, where the rocks announce a gentle rising of the ground. There they felled the trees—there opened the bosom of the earth, and compelled the luxuriant vegetative power of the soil, which hitherto had followed what may be called its own caprices, to employ itself in bringing forth such productions as the wants of its new masters required—and there they afterwards blasted and chiselled the rocks to build their government house, when the territory of Arkansas, favoured by nature and circumstances, had attained to a sufficient amount of population and prosperity to be received as a State into the Union.

Little Rock, it is to be observed, is indebted for no small part of its rapid rise to the hot sulphureous springs that have been discovered a little way south of it, and concerning the almost fabulous curative powers of which the most extravagantly exaggerated accounts found their way into the newspapers.

Further up the stream appear the Bee Rocks, a range of precipitous wall-like cliffs, whose rents and chasms have served, perhaps for thousands of years, as the resort of the enormous swarms of wild bees, which have given a name to the whole range. A few miles beyond the Bee Rocks, the valley of the Arkansas opens and displays the blooming prosperous town of Van Buren, surprising you as much by its pleasant appearance, as by the solitude of the wild region in which it lies.

Four miles above Van Buren, and near the little town of Fort Smith on the right bank, the river passes from the territory of the United States, and enters that of the Indians. The actual fort, under whose protection the town lies, is within the limits of the Choctaw Indian territory. Immediately above this fort, the Poteau river falls into the Arkansas, and not only gives the settlement an extremely pretty aspect,

but also, since the fort lies at the eastern angle which the Poteau forms with the main stream, an extremely advantageous position. (See p. 598.¹)

Fort Smith, like every other town in America, had begun to think of establishing railroad communications before it had well come into existence. Previous to starting, the members of the expedition accustomed themselves to a camp life by bivouacking in a forest-clearing not far from the town. They also had the pleasure of making acquaintance with one another, the party consisting, with military escort, of above seventy persons. The character of some may be judged of by the following:—

One day there lay at a little distance from the tents, two men stretched out beneath a sassafras bush, who were carrying on a very animated conversation, and apparently not at all incommoded by the heat of the sun. The peculiar cut of their features, their dark skins, the lank hair falling on their shoulders, and their expressive gestures, would have stamped them as Indians, had not their thick rough beards afforded them some apparent claim to a European descent. They were very carelessly dressed in a garment of rough red flannel confined by a broad leathern girdle, which served at the same time to hold the knives and pistols, which their owners evidently took great pains to preserve from rust. They had only been engaged to accompany the expedition a few hours before; and after a few glances had convinced them that there was much resemblance in their origin and circumstances, they had made acquaintance, and at the time I speak of seemed about to enter on some reciprocal confidences. "My name's Bill," began one of them—a gloomy looking man, with a deep scar in his forehead, of low stature and very thick set, and giving evidence in the breadth of his shoulders of gigantic strength—"my name's Bill, but they mostly call me Bill Spaniard, because my father came from Spain, over the great water. My mother was a Cherokee woman, and I am, as far as I know, her only son. I don't know how nor where my father and mother died, but I grew up in the wigwams of the Cherokees, and I managed when I was quite young to earn enough among the whites to buy myself a pair of pistols, and powder and ball. At first I used to amuse myself with the sound of them, but afterwards I thought it better fun to shoot the cattle belonging to the pale faces, and bring home the tongues and as much meat as I could carry to my people. The settlers used to call me a thief, but I didn't think so. I'm half an Indian, and have been always among Indians. I've stolen many a horse and been proud of it, but I never took anything from my friends and brothers."

After a short pause, Bill resumed. "There was a great villain down there among my people; he used to steal from his friends and from his own brother, and then he always said Bill Spaniard, the light Cherokee, had done it. He was a liar, and I showed them that he was, and he wanted to stop my mouth, and swore he would be the death of me. He used to follow me with his double-barrelled gun loaded—I've counted the bullets he put in; and one day he met me on the other side of the Arkansas, and called me a red-skinned rascal, and pointed his gun at me; but my hand's

¹ See also Map p. 624. Our readers will observe that the present issue of this work is illustrated with a very full series of Maps, many of them specially engraved for this publication. These Maps will assist the reader to an intelligent perusal of every narrative of exploration, travel or adventure here recorded.

pretty quick and my eye quicker, and I hit him with one of these little pistols just between the eyes. It wasn't for nothing I had bought pistols and learned the use of them. My enemy lay at my feet." He was silent again, but he snapped his pistols in a sort of caressing manner, and stuck them again into his belt, then pulled a roll of black tobacco out of his pocket, cut off a piece, pushed it between his white teeth, and went on. "A relation of my enemy accused me of murder, and I was sent to prison, and there I was kept for six years; but then my accuser died and I was set free. I shall get out of this country, for I hate all the people here, and go to California and dig for gold. I can work well, and I shall get rich."

"Bill," replied his companion, a half-Indian like himself, and no less strong a fellow, "you must mind and keep out of harm's way. I'm going to California, too, along with this party. I aint comfortable here. People say I have stabbed a white man and a Choctaw Indian, and I don't like such talk."

"You're a great villain, you are," said Bill, "and they'll hang you yet—but there come our mules, we must go to work." At these words both rose and went off in the direction where a loud trampling announced the approach of the still wild mules, in taming and breaking which the two half-breeds were to show their strength and skill.

One of the most difficult tasks in the preparations for a journey through these steppes is the breaking and shoeing these animals, whose strength and power of enduring fatigue, even under a scarcity of food and water, is incomparably greater than that of the horse. Mexicans and Indians drag the reluctant animals with the lasso under a sort of scaffolding, with four upright posts. The animal is then lifted, by means of cleverly contrived tackle, about three feet from the ground, its legs are attached by leathern thongs to each of the four posts, and before it can look round or guess what is going to be done, four smiths standing ready with iron and tongs have completed a work which even with a quiet horse usually takes ten times as long. As soon as the shoes are in their places, the frightened creature is delivered over to the waggon-driver, the exhortations to obedience are repeated with illustrative remarks, with the whip and lasso, until his fits of rage become less frequent, and he is declared fit for service.

On the 15th of July, 1853, the expedition left the camp at Fort Smith, crossing the Poteau and following the marshy bottomlands on the sharp angle formed by the Arkansas and the last-mentioned tributary. Passing a solitary hill where the copper-head snake, rolled up in a ball, watched their passage, stretching out his head as if preparing for a spring, they reached a fort named after its founder, the American General Koffee. It is beautifully situated on a hill about eighty feet high, that rises abruptly from the waters of the Arkansas, and on the land-side slopes gently down; and the white building gleams out pleasantly from the dark cedars. After the building of Fort Smith, however, Fort Koffee lost its garrison, and was, twelve years ago, transformed into a missionary school-house, and the buildings erected for a warlike purpose have since then been turned to account for peaceful ends. Well-cultivated fields of maize and wheat lie close round the gardens, in which negro slaves are sometimes diligently at work and sometimes loitering leisurely about; while groups of dark-coloured children at play peep out

curiously with their black eyes at the passing wanderer. The school is supported by the American government, and under the guidance of a married Methodist preacher. On an average about fifty of the young Choctaws are receiving their education here, and a similar institution for girls was a few years ago established nearer to the Agency, and is now apparently very prosperous, and producing good fruit. The way from the Mission to the Agency leads along the side of a spacious prairie, sometimes crossing parts of the grassy plain, sometimes cutting off small tracts of light wood, and at last, when near the Agency, turning into the deep forest, when after proceeding for a short distance you come again upon fields of maize and wheat, and log-houses, surrounded by flourishing young fruit trees, which announce the commencement of the rising Indian town.

The town itself consists of a kind of broad street, formed of log-houses and gardens, and does not differ much in appearance from many other thriving villages; Indians, Negroes, and Europeans are seen moving about—domestic animals of all sorts enliven the farm-yards, gardens, and streets; the sound of the threshing machine is heard, and the regular fall of the smith's hammer upon the anvil, and in general there is an appearance of lively industry about the place, called by the Indians Hei-to-to-wee, but by the American population Sculleville, or simply the "Agency."

The nation of the Choctaws is stated by Catlin at 22,000, who now occupy the territory southward of the Arkansas and Canadian rivers—bordering to the east, on the state of Arkansas, to the south on the territory of the Chickasaws, and to the west on that of the Creeks. The northern neighbours of the Choctaws are the Cherokees, who stand at about the same grade of civilisation, and differ but little from them. The differences that exist are chiefly to be found in some ancient customs and traditions, which appear to depend upon their origin. Before their settlement on the Arkansas, the Choctaws occupied the rich hunting grounds of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, which they sold to the United States, agreeing that the payment should be made by regular instalments in the course of twenty years. This term is now nearly expired, and most of the money has found its way back into the hands of the whites, having done the Indians little good by the way. If we compare the current traditions still to be found in these regions with one another, we shall easily come to the conclusion that this tribe must at one time have lived in the Rocky Mountains, to the north-west of its present territory, as neighbours of the Flat Head and Chinook Indians. These are the only tribes who disfigure the natural form of the skull, by squeezing the heads of the newborn infants between boards; and old Choctaws state that they have heard from their forefathers of the former prevalence of this custom among them. This is confirmed by the tradition of their great migration, which as related by an Indian runs thus:—

"Many winters ago, the Choctaws lived far away towards sunset, behind the great flowing water (westward of the Missouri), they lived behind the mountains with snow (the Rocky Mountains). They then began to wander, and they passed many winters and many summers in wandering. A great medicine man was their chief; he led them the whole way, and he went always first, carrying a long red pole in his hand.

"He walked always foremost, and wherever he

struck the red pole into the ground, they pitched their camp; every morning they noticed that the red pole was inclined towards sunrise, and the medicine man declared this signified that they were to go on till it remained standing upright, by which they would know that there was the place that the Great Spirit had destined for their home. They wandered on and on for a long while, until at last, at a place called *Nah-ne-wa-ge* (preecipitous hill), the pole remained perpendicular. They then established themselves on the spot, and made a camp a mile long and a mile broad; and the men lay down around it, and the women and children in the midst; and *Nah-ne-wa-ge* is still regarded as the centre of the Choctaw nation."

Christianity has found its way to these people, but still many of them remain attached to the faith of their fathers, which promises them the continued existence of their souls after death, and is in its main points nearly the same as that of the Northern Indian races.

The deceased Indian has, according to them, a long journey to take towards the West, until he comes to a deep rushing river, which separates him from the happy hunting grounds. The two shores of this river are connected by a long pine trunk, stripped of bark and polished, which must be used as a bridge. The good man passes with a firm and secure step across this slippery bridge, reaches the happy hunting grounds, and enters on the possession of eternal youth and strength. His sky is always clear, a cool breeze is perpetually blowing for him, and he passes his time in sailing, hunting, dancing, and boundless felicity. The bad man, when he steps upon the bridge, sees the two overhanging shores totter, he attempts to escape, and falls into the abyss below, where the water is rushing with the sound of thunder over rocks, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations from dead fish and other animal bodies; and the water, whirling round and round, brings him always back to the same point, where all the trees are withered; where it swarms with lizards, snakes, and toads; where the dead are hungry and have nothing to eat; where the living lead a diseased life and cannot die. The shores are covered with thousands of these unhappy beings, who climb up to get a glance into the happy hunting grounds, which they can never enter.

There is among the Choctaws a tribe called the Crawfish Band, of whom the following strange history is told:—

"They lived formerly in a great cavern, where for miles and miles round there was no light. They used to crawl out to the daylight through a marsh, and return in the same way. They looked like crawfish, went on hands and feet, did not understand one another, and were very shy and fearful. The Choctaws watched for them a long time, to try and speak to them, but they would not speak to anyone, and vanished again into the marsh. At last the Choctaws found means to cut off their retreat to it, and then they escaped to a neighbouring rock, and disappeared somehow in its crevices. The Choctaws then brought fire to the entrance of the cavern, laid grass and green boughs upon it, and drove in the thick smoke, by which means they at length drove out these crabmen to the light of day, but treated them kindly, taught them to speak and to walk upon two feet, instead of on all-fours, cut their long nails, plucked the hair from their bodies, and afterwards incorporated them with

their own tribe; but many of them, after all, went back to burrow in the earth, and are still living in the great dark cave."

We will now turn to the Council of more civilised Indians, and admire the eloquence displayed in it.

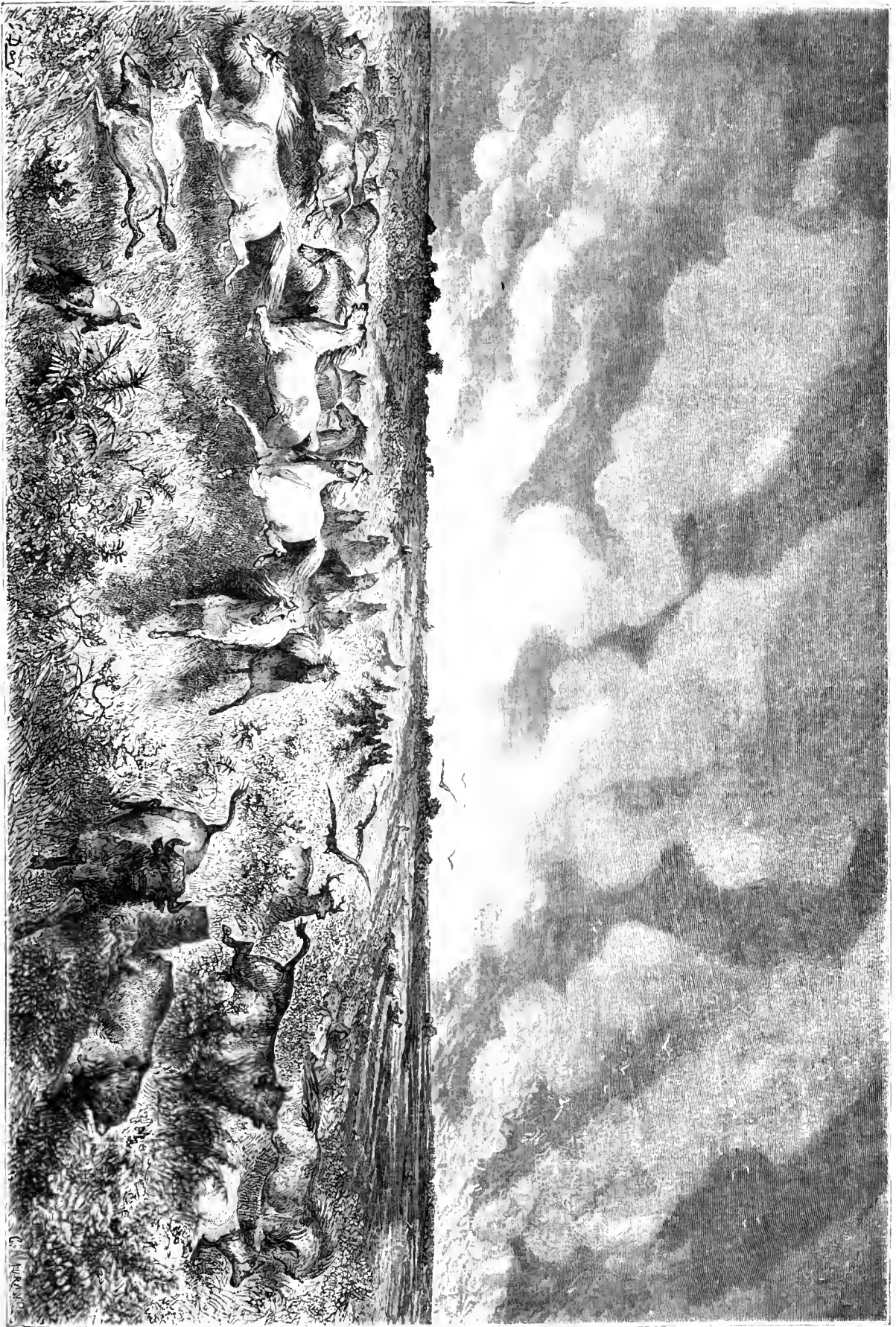
At the western end of Sculleville lies a small warehouse (with a somewhat raised corridor), which is the rostrum of the Choctaw orator, and the open sky the ceiling of his hall. "The Indian orator," I was told, "finds his speech flow freely when his eye falls on the swallow shooting through the air; when he sees before him the tree with its beautiful green leaves, his words grow together like the fresh leaves, and form one whole, for there are many leaves on one branch, and many branches on one tree; the tree throws a shade so that many men can stand in it, and his speech falls like a shade upon the hearers, and every one says the speech is good. The wild bee goes murmuring past with her honey, and the speaker takes the honey and mingles it with his words. Honey is sweet; the Red-skin likes to eat it; and the hearers of his words suck them in like honey, and every one can understand the words, and listen to them sharp-eyed and motionless, like the antelope in the prairies and the stag in the thicket."

On a magnificent summer evening, the whole masculine population of Sculleville was assembled before this rostrum, and of the camp of Lieutenant Whipple very few were wanting. The Indians had mostly brought their wives with them, but the ladies were too modest to approach the Council, and remained at a distance; for although the wives of the Choctaws have now assumed something like their rightful place, and are no longer slaves to their husbands, as among most uncivilised nations, they are themselves reasonable enough to see that the interference of a single woman in political affairs would sometimes do more harm than the men of the whole tribe could make good again. It will probably be a long time before the emancipation of the sex is to be looked for amongst the Choctaws.

The first orator who presented himself, though a great chief, was no painted and plumed warrior. He wore a cotton hunting-shirt of rather fantastic cut, a brown low-crowned hat shaded his copper-coloured physiognomy, he looked dusty, as if from a long ride, and his horse, still saddled and bridled, stood a little way off.

From his first word the most breathless stillness reigned, and every one listened with profound attention, even those among his auditors who were entirely ignorant of the language in which he spoke. He had no time for preparation, but he knew what he wished to say; there were no theatrical gestures, or attempts to excite the passions of his hearers, but merely a light movement of the hand occasionally accompanying the most emphatic words, which although uttered in deep guttural tones, were distinctly audible to the most distant of the assembly. He spoke with ease and freedom, and was interrupted neither by applause nor contradiction; only a unanimous *Hau!* followed on certain questions that he asked, and when he had ended there was a short murmur of remarks among his auditory, and then another orator took his place.

The questions in discussion were, first, a proposal for running the railroad across a part of the Choctaw Land, to which it is probable that the circumstance of our party being encamped on the spot had given rise; and, secondly, a change in the form of govern-



THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.



ment, as it had been proposed that the power now distributed among several chiefs should be delegated to one.

The judicial business is conducted in the same manner; and the Choctaws are strict and inflexible in the administration of justice. The punishment of death is sometimes inflicted, in which case the delinquent is seated opposite his judge, cross-legged on the same blanket, and when he is condemned receives his death by a bullet on the spot.

The sitting on the present occasion was prolonged to a late hour of the night, one speaker following another without any interruption, and the same attention being paid to the last as to the first; even those who did not understand a word were not tired, and the effect of mere tone and gesture upon them was such, that an American exclaimed, "I used to think English was the finest language in the world, but now I doubt whether Choctaw does not equal it."

Some of the larger of the prairies, which lie apart from others, are often made the place of rendezvous for thousands of Indians, who come together to carry on their ancient games, which are coeval with the existence of their tribes, and which will only be forgotten when they perish. No matter how far they may have advanced in civilisation, the Indian gentleman educated in the Eastern States is as ready as the still wild hunter of the same tribe to throw aside all the troublesome restraints of clothing, and, painted from head to foot in the fashion of the "good old times," to enter the lists with unrestrained eagerness for a grand national game of ball.

This ball or ring playing is practised more or less among all the North American Indians, and even among the lately discovered Mohave and Pah-Utah Indians, on the Great Colorado river, it is equally in favour. The ball-playing of the Chocktaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Cherokees, is, however, carried on with such grand formalities, and has such a great charm or "*Medicine*" ascribed to it, that it deserves more particular mention.

The first occasion for a festival of this kind is generally given by a challenge between two men who have gained a high reputation as ball-players. The day is then fixed for the contest, and both parties send out their recruiting officers, painted cavaliers armed with an ornamental ball-stick, and themselves fantastically decorated. They ride on from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, through the whole tribe, announcing to every man the names of the champions and the appointed day, as well as the spot where the contest is to take place, and calling on him to join the side of the player by whom they are sent. Assent is signified by a simple touch of the decorated ball-stick, after which the word is irrevocably pledged. Since each champion brings into the field as many men as he can get together, half the nation is sometimes assembled, some to take part in the game, others, and especially the women, to bet. The two parties pitch their tents opposite one another, on the two sides of a prairie adapted to the purpose; and the preparation then goes on. The middle of the ground between the two camps is measured and marked, and 250 paces back from it, each party drives two poles into the ground, six feet from one another, and then connects them by a cross pole sixteen feet long, so as to form a kind of gate; the two gates being placed exactly

opposite to one another. Four impartial old men are commissioned to watch the accuracy of the measurements, and they have subsequently to act as umpires. Scarcely has the middle line been drawn, before an eager throng rushes from either camp, to choose their respective antagonists, and begin to bet across the line, every one being quite sure of the victory of his own party, and offering to bet the most valuable article he can afford. The prizes consist of horses, weapons, blankets, articles of clothing, household utensils, in short, of all imaginable chattels, which are brought to the line and placed before the four umpires, who have the duty of watching the valuables the whole night through, and who from time to time manifest their watchfulness by a howling song, to the accompaniment of the Indian drum, or smoke pipes in honour of the Great Spirit, that he may bring the great game to a happy conclusion. The time till sunset is passed by the players, not exactly in dressing, since every article of clothing, except a small apron, is laid aside, but in preparing and adorning themselves. They put on an embroidered girdle with a long streamer or tail of coloured horsehair attached to it, round the hips, in such a manner that the tail may flutter out behind; no player is allowed to wear shoes or moccasins of any kind to protect his feet, which, like all the rest of his person, are painted in all imaginable colours; and except the ball-stick used on the occasion, no weapon or implement whatever must be carried. These sticks are made of light wood, and provided at one end with a ring, large enough to hold the ball, but not to allow it to fall through, for the ball must be touched by no hand.

Accustomed from their childhood to manage these sticks, these people display astonishing dexterity both in flinging the balls to an immense distance, and in catching them as they fly through the air. Only one ball is used in the game, and the possession of this, so as to be able to throw it through the gate of his party, is the object of every one's exertions, for the side which first does this for the hundredth time gains the victory and wins the prizes. As the sun sinks behind the trees, and their shadows fall longer and longer on the grass and then vanish in the twilight, the players advance in long lines with torches towards their respective gates, and dance round them singing, howling, drumming, and playing with and rattling their ball-sticks; the women also advance in procession to the line of demarcation, place themselves in two rows between the gates, and dance and rock themselves and shuffle from one foot to the other on the same spot, raising their voices at the same time in a wild chorus, the umpires sitting at the same time on the frontier line and sending up clouds of tobacco smoke to propitiate the Great Spirit. In this manner the night passes; the songs and dances are repeated every half-hour, and no other pauses are allowed than such as are necessary to renew their strength for making a noise. The rising sun finds every one in readiness, thousands sometimes waiting for the given signal; soon a shot is fired, and then one of the "impartial," standing on the frontier line, flings the ball high up into the air. The players instantly rush madly forward and become mingled together in one wild struggling mass of human bodies and limbs in which no individual or group can any longer be distinguished. The turf is trampled into dust—the crowd sways this way and that—now one has the ball,

but it is immediately torn from his grasp—the next moment another has snatched it, and it is seen flying through the air towards the goal; but it does not reach it, for it has been arrested in its progress by a watchful eye and a sure hand; the struggle begins again, and at last it is really pushed through one of the gates. A momentary pause follows, and then the ball is again thrown into the centre of the field, and the contest has to be renewed, until it has taken the same course a hundred times; and it is seldom that the end of this rough exciting game is announced before sunset. (See p. 601.)

As soon as the Pine Grove and Sansbois Mountains are left behind, the character of the country becomes entirely changed. Hitherto it had been woods interspersed with prairies, now it was prairies varied by occasional patches of wood. Beyond Gaines Creek running streams and gushing springs were sparkling all over among the rich grass of this beautiful country, except where the exuberant climbing plants and wild grapes had absorbed all the moisture and nourishment of the soil to themselves. In this district the Chickasaws and Choctaws live in a peaceable manner together; for the former, who were originally found more to the south, have come to an amicable agreement with the Choctaws concerning the possession of certain lands, so that it is now often difficult to distinguish one tribe from the other. Their territory extends as far as the Canadian, whilst the paradisaical tract between the Canadian and the Arkansas is occupied by the Creeks or Mus-ko-gees. It is as yet but thinly settled; but well-managed prosperous farms are rising under the hands of the Indians, and the inexhaustible fertility of the soil repays the smallest labour with a superabundant harvest.

Not only competence, but even wealth, is to be found among these agricultural tribes; and where but a short time since the painted warrior was endeavouring to express his vain thoughts and wild fancies by hieroglyphical pictures drawn on a tanned buffalo hide, you may now see the civilised Indian reading a newspaper printed in his mother tongue, and an Indian mistress directing the work of her negro slaves—who certainly enjoy milder treatment than she did herself when she was the slave of her lord and master in his savage days.

The Creek Indians, who number about 20,000, formerly inhabited large tracts of the States of Alabama and Mississippi; but after they ceded their lands to the government of the United States, they moved further to the west, and became the southern neighbours of the Cherokees, the River Arkansas forming the boundary between them. The Cherokees, who are reckoned at 22,000, were not readily to be induced to quit their extensive lands in the state of Georgia, and abandon the graves of their forefathers. By a former treaty with the United States, they had been recognised as a free and independent nation, with full right to make and administer their own laws; but as it was found that the existence of this separate sovereign state within the limits of Georgia was productive of great inconvenience, the United States government had since made many attempts to induce them to move westward, and found a new settlement; but all these efforts had been frustrated by the iron will of the Cherokee chief, John Ross, an extremely well-educated man, who, in addition to his authority as chief, possessed great influence with his nation.

At last, however, a small number of them were induced to migrate to the Upper Arkansas, under the

guidance of a chief named Jol-lee; and the accounts they sent back of the beauty and fertility of the new country, united to the persuasions and urgency of the United States government, had so much effect, that even John Ross finally gave way, and a few years ago followed, with the whole remainder of the nation, in the steps of Jol-lee.

Beyond Coal Creek the prairies became still more flat, and after a few marches they arrived at the first settlement of the Shawnee Indians, who dwell in the Canadian.

Scarcely was the arrival of the white party made known, than friendly Indians came trooping on horseback and on foot into our camp, bringing with them large quantities of maize, sweet melons, most refreshing water melons, and juicy peaches for sale. Such visitors were of course exceedingly welcome, more especially as the deportment both of men and women was remarkably orderly and modest, and they moved about in their cleanly European costume with as much ease and decorum as if they had worn it from their birth.

The regularly featured faces of the men were moreover adorned by a handsome moustache, of which, as of an ornament very rare for an American Indian, they were not a little proud. The women were all what might be called handsome, and the roses visible on their cheeks, despite the dark colour of their skins, spoke of health and cheerfulness. In pleasant quarters does the weary wanderer find himself, when, resting before the cottage of one of these hospitable Indians in the shade of the roughly-made protecting corridor, refreshing himself with new milk and fresh bread, or gathering juicy peaches in their cottage gardens, or finding out the water-melons hidden in their cool shady bowers. The few families settled in this district appear far more happy and contented than the larger portion of their tribe, who have proceeded northward to the Kansas and the Missouri, and have seen many of their number succumb to their cruel foes—small-pox and brandy.

Of the great and powerful tribe of the Shawnees, or *Sha-wa-nos*, there are not now left more than 1,400 souls; and the time is not far off when even these few will have become scattered in all directions, and nothing but the memory remain of this once powerful nation.

As neighbours of the Delawares on the coasts of the Atlantic, in the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the Shawnees were among the first who felt the pressure of the victorious civilisation that advanced upon them from the east across the ocean. Many trace the origin of their tribe to the peninsula of Florida, grounding their conjecture on the name of the River *Su-wa-nee*; but it is certain that the Shawnees played a part in the history of the civilisation of Pennsylvania, and that their wigwams stood on the shore of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bay. The Delawares, who had always been their neighbours, fought with them as allies against the common enemy, and marked with the blood of their pursuers the path towards the Alleghany mountains, along which they were driven. Those mountains protected them for a time from their insatiable foes, and for sixty years they maintained themselves in Ohio; but then they had to give way again and move further west, but fighting boldly as they went, till they at last found a permanent home beyond the Mississippi. Still there is now but a poor remnant to be found, and if you ask one of them where is the great brave nation of the *Sha-wa-nos*, the answer will be, "The graves of our fathers are to be sought by the salt water towards sunrise;

then follow the road to the west which is marked by whitening bones, and you will pass over the remains of the brave Shawnees and their fallen enemies."

The chiefs of this people seem to have been without exception great men, and in the struggles of the whites with the Indians, Te-cum-seh, besides being a most dreaded warrior, showed himself the most enlightened and influential politician of his race. His early death probably alone prevented the execution of a deeply-laid plan, which had in view nothing less than the burying the war hatchet among the tribes, and uniting the whole race of the aboriginal inhabitants of the North American continent in one common effort against the whites. The history of Te-cum-seh is written in that of America, and one scarcely knows whether to regard his being cut off so early as a cause of sorrow or satisfaction.

From Shawnee Village to Shawnee Town is a distance of twenty miles; the way lies near the Canadian River, and is entirely shaded by thick woods. A little to the west, on the there high bank of the Canadian, stand still some wigwams or rather log-houses of Quappa Indians, who may boast of not having yet quitted the lands of their forefathers. But they have shrunk to a small band that cannot furnish above twenty-five warriors, and it would scarcely be supposed that they are all who are left of the once powerful tribe of the Arkansas, whose hunting-grounds extended from the Canadian to the Mississippi, and who carried on sanguinary and successful warfare with the mighty Chickasaws. It is related that on one occasion a war-party of the Quappaws fell in with a troop of Chickasaws, who, as they had no powder, drew back and avoided the encounter. When the Quappaw chief was informed of the cause of their retreat, he called his warriors about him, and desired them to empty their powder-horns on a blanket spread out for the purpose. When they had done so, he divided the stock into two equal halves, and keeping one for themselves, he desired the Chickasaws to come and take the other, and then a furious battle began; in which the Quappaws lost one of their number, but had the satisfaction of hanging up the scalps of eight of their enemies to dry in their wigwams.

III.

OLD FORT ARBUCKLE—BLACK BEAVER—DELAWARE INDIANS—A BURNING PRAIRIE—WAKGS INDIANS—BUFFALO HUNTING.

At the western end of a sea of grass, our travellers came upon Old Fort Arbuckle, the residence of Si-ki-to-ma-ker, the Black Beaver, a chief of the famous tribe of the Delawares, who have settled in this neighbourhood, and besides their principal occupation—the chase—carry on a little cattle-breeding and agriculture. Old Fort, or as it is sometimes called, Camp Arbuckle, served but a very short time as a residence for a garrison, which was afterwards moved thirty miles southward to the new fort of the same name. The abandoned post was then given to a Delaware chief, named Si-ki-to-ma-ker (the Black Beaver), who had done the United States good service in the Mexican war as a hunter and guide. The position was quite in accordance with his wishes; others of his race settled near him, and they now live very happily under the protection of the astute and experienced "Beaver."

The fort itself is such as one might expect to find in these wild regions, consisting of a number of log-houses

built in a right angle at the edge of the forest about a mile from the Canadian, which formerly served as barracks for soldiers; and there is also a separate court surrounded by a high palisade, that is intended as a place of refuge for cattle in case of an attack. Several Delaware families have now taken possession of the abandoned barracks, and are continuing the cultivation of the rice fields laid out by the former garrison. Domestic animals of all kinds increase here without any care, and the thievish Pawnee or Comanche, who should venture to meddle with any of the Delaware possessions, might lay his account with having to a certainty, sooner or later, his scalp hanging out to dry on a peach tree before the door of the Black Beaver; for few as are these descendants of their great and powerful race, the blood and spirit of their fathers is living in them still, they are a terror to their enemies, and faithful self-sacrificing companions to their friends.

The Delaware Indians, who do not now number more than 800, inhabited originally, to the number of 15,000, the eastern parts of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. Like the Shawnees, they were destined to be continually conquering new hunting grounds, only that they might again resign them to the United States Government. Further and further west they were driven, and on every spot where they rested they had first to use their weapons in self-defence against powerful enemies, before they turned them against the wild animals, so as to obtain food and clothing.

Much labour has been expended to bring this tribe within the pale of Christianity, but always in vain. By Christians they had been cheated and betrayed—driven from the graves of their fathers and cut down like wild beasts—and for this reason they have repelled missionaries with displeasure and contempt, considering that as the pioneers of civilisation they would bring in their train the ruin of the legitimate owners of the American continent.

Here, on the extreme frontier of civilisation on the borders of the boundless wilderness, the Delawares can gratify to their hearts' content their love of adventure. They carry their hunting expeditions to the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and sometimes do not return to their settlements for years together. The long chain of the Rocky Mountains has scarcely a pass through which a troop of these bold hunters has not made its way, nor a spring whose waters they have not tasted. The Delaware fights with the gray bear in California, and pursues the buffalo in the steppes of the Nebraska; he follows the elk to the sources of the Yellowstone River, and throws the lasso over the maned head of the mustang in Texas; and it must be added that he does occasionally take a scalp when he can find an opportunity, from a hunter or an enemy's race that he may meet with in the desert, or from the midst of a village that has kept insufficient watch.

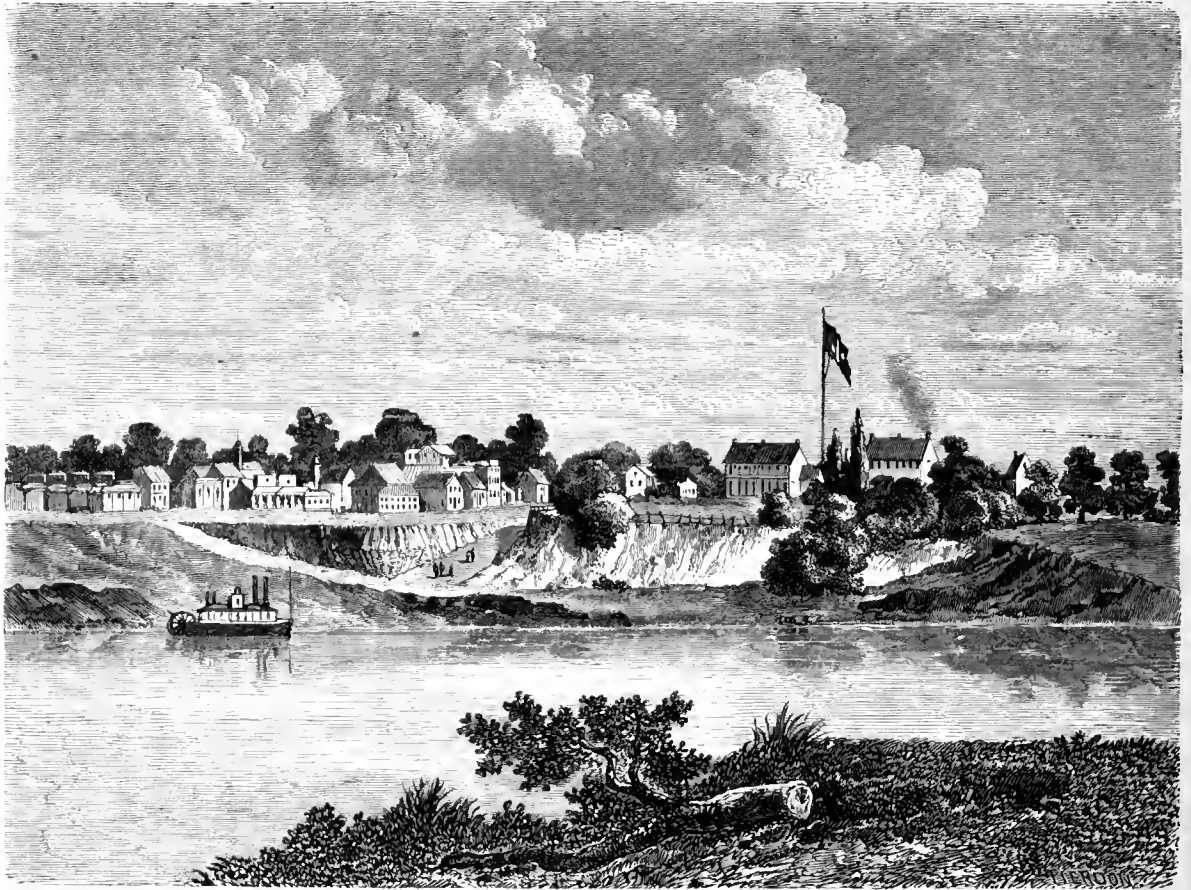
From the mode of life followed by these people, it is not surprising that very few men are usually to be found in their settlements, and travellers may therefore consider themselves fortunate who are able to engage some of this race as scouts and hunters. Any at all remarkable feature of a country that a Delaware has seen but once in his life, he will recognise again years afterwards, let him approach it from what point he may, and tracts of country that he enters for the first time, he needs only to glance over, in order to declare with certainty in what direction water will be found.

If the beasts of burden, so indispensable in this journey, have strayed away during the night, and have been given up for lost by every one else, having left apparently no trace behind, or because hostile Indians make it dangerous to attempt it, the Delaware will not fail to find their track, and will follow them for days or even weeks together, and return at last with the fugitives. These are the qualities that make them so desirable for guides, and their services, upon which the very existence of a whole party of travellers often depends, can hardly be paid too highly.

The Black Beaver was renowned as a guide, and every means in their power were used to induce him to accompany the expedition, but in vain. Seven

times, he said, he had seen the Pacific Ocean at various points, and he should have liked to see the salt-water for the sight; but he was old and sick, and he would like to be buried by his own people. The bed of the Canadian River was at this point already broad and sandy; it was difficult to find places deep enough to bathe and fish in, its banks were desolate and willow-clad, and the only game were horned frogs and little lizards with steel-blue tails! But if Black Beaver declined to accompany the expedition, he was not chary of his advice and information.

The expedition left the fort on the 22d of August, journeying on in the neighbourhood of Walnut Creek; now over far-stretching grassy uplands, now through



FORT SMITH, ON THE ARKANSAS.

deep wooded ravines; it was still the "rolling" prairie that we were travelling on; but the rolling waves had now become mighty billows, and the beds of rustling brooks had changed into deep chasms, at the brink of which we often had to stop and consider how we should get to the other side. Willows and oaks shaded the scantily flowing streams: the last kind of tree, especially, is widely diffused over the neighbouring chains of hills, though it is no longer so lofty and vigorous as when it drinks its nourishment from a cool fertile soil, but a low, gnarled trunk that struggles in vain to keep the burning sunbeams from drying up its juices.

The wind, which was from the west, had been all

day driving towards us clouds of smoke, which slowly floated before the breeze, or were more rapidly dispersed before a stronger gust. It was evident that, as far as we could see from north to south, the prairie was in flames, and the fire was driven rapidly by the increasing wind over the high grass towards the east. Under these circumstances it was necessary to be exceedingly careful in our choice of a camping place for the night; and we thought we might count on being tolerably safe if we pitched our tents between two ravines not far from one another. These ravines were broad and deep, and their precipitous walls, down which poured several streams of water, were destitute of any vegetation that could offer nourishment to the flames; so that the

westerly one might fairly be considered as a natural limit to the advance of the fiery tide.

Our cattle were driven down into the one lying eastward, to withdraw them from the sight of the fire, and obviate the danger of the panic, terror, and wild flight called a *stampede*; and when they were safely disposed of, the greater part of our company betook themselves to the other side, in order to watch the fire from the edge of the ravine, and extinguish in time any sparks that might be driven that way.

Although these fires in the prairies frequently arise from accident, or the carelessness of travelling or hunting Indians, it does sometimes happen that they are intentionally kindled by the inhabitants of the steppes, who burn great tracts of the plains to favour the growth of young vigorous grass. From among the singed stubble, fine blades shoot up in a few days, and the whole surface is soon clothed again in bright green, and has the appearance of a well-cultivated corn-field where the young corn is just springing up; and then the Indians proceed thither with their herds of cattle, after they have first kindled a fire in another district.

It is, nevertheless, a matter of no unfrequent occurrence that one of these intentionally kindled fires proves the destruction both of the cattle and of the Indians themselves; for though anyone can light the fire, at almost any part of the waving grassy plain, it is often beyond any human power to control it after it is lit, when a storm wind arises to drive it over the boundless surface.

As we sat thus at the edge of the ravine calmly watching the whirling clouds of smoke, and the flames that were now just visible in the distance, or observing the movements of the terrified animals that were hurrying through the high grass and seeking shelter in the ravine, we were suddenly startled by a cry of fire from the camp.

The effect of such a cry upon minds already excited by the scene we had been witnessing may be imagined, for everyone knew that not only the success of the expedition, but the lives of those concerned in it, were imperilled by such an accident. We all rushed down to the camp, where, through the carelessness of the cooks, the nearest grass had been set on fire, and under the influence of the violent wind, the flames were spreading terrifically. Fortunately, the accident had happened on the east side of the tents and waggons, so that the chief danger was blown away by the wind, while on the other side the prairie-fire counteracted the current of air, and approached the camp but slowly. Our whole company now formed a close rank, and following the rapidly spreading fire, stifled the flames by a brisk application of blankets, sacks, and articles of wearing apparel; and with considerable exertion the danger was at last overcome. Only a spark was to be seen here and there, whilst on the other side of the ravine the conflagration raged unchecked.

The flames had now advanced in a diagonal line to the western edge of the ravine, but the space was too wide for them to cross; the flying sparks went out when they had reached not more than half way, and we were now able to give our undisturbed attention to the majestic phenomenon before us, and watch the fire as it moved across the plain; first, while yet afar off, withering up the tracts of juicy grass before it, and then, at a touch, converting them into ashes.

The night as it came on showed us a sublime picture—a picture that can be adequately described by neither pen nor pencil. The vivid colours of the flames made the sky appear of the most intense black, while they shed a glowing red illumination on the gray clouds of smoke that were rolling away, and changing their hue every moment as the fire was driven before stronger gusts of wind, or nourished by more or less luxuriant vegetation.

A peculiar disquieting sort of sound accompanies these prairie burnings; it is not thundering, or rushing, or roaring, but something like the distant hollow trembling of the ground when thousands of buffaloes are tearing and trampling over it with their heavy hoofs. It sounded threateningly to us in the camp, and it was with a thrilling kind of admiration we contemplated this awe-inspiring spectacle.

The hunter, accustomed to be on his guard against all chances, when he sees the black clouds of smoke rolling over his head as harbingers of the fiery tide, composedly kindles a new fire in the high grass before him, and having cleared of all combustible matter a spot large enough to ensure his safety, looks calmly from it on the threatened danger passing harmless by. But woe to him who is caught unprepared by a prairie fire, for he will in vain try to save himself by the swiftness of his horse. The tall grass whose ears lash his shoulders, entangle the hoofs of the animal as he flies on his rapid course, and horse and rider become the prey of their terrible enemy.

The red natives of the steppe, who are ready to meet with haughty defiance enemies the most superior in strength, tremble at the thought of the swiftly advancing fire, and the proudest warrior among them will droop his decorated head when you speak of it and whisper, "Do not awaken the anger of the Great Spirit, he is in possession of a terrible *medicine*." (See p. 593.)

Shortly after this incident, they met some Indians belonging to the tribe of Wakos—two tall, slender young men, their limbs almost girlishly delicate, so that when they compared the strong bows they carried, with the small hands and slender wrists that had to manœuvre them, you could not help wondering that they should be able to draw the strong sinew and the feathered arrow to the ear.

Two horsemen, says Möllhausen, of our party might generally be seen pursuing their march at some distance from the noisy train of waggons, now following the course of a stream, now scrambling down into a ravine, riding over some naked hills, or working their way through shrubs and underwood. This pair consisted of the worthy old Doctor, our botanist, and the German naturalist, with whom he was fond of going on these excursions. An intimate friendship had sprung up between the two; they fished together in various waters, and crawled together through damp chasms and marshes,—the one in search of reptiles, the other of plants,—but they spiced their conversation with many a wrangle nevertheless; the Doctor scolding when the German passed a deer that might certainly have become his prey, to follow some unknown kind of snake; and the German, in his turn, rating the Doctor soundly for shooting at the game a quarter of a mile off, and so just driving it away. The unlucky sportsman would listen very patiently to the lecture, plucking at his gray beard, and modestly suggesting that a quarter of a mile was not too far for a rifle if

you kept it at an angle of forty-five degrees. These little differences did not, however, at all interrupt the good understanding between the two; and when the squabble was over, the conversation was generally taken up again just at the point where it had been interrupted. Others of the expedition were also frequently induced to join them, and listen to the talk and story-telling that went on between them.

One of the long stories was one day suddenly interrupted by the appearance of buffalo in the distance.

"Doctor," cried the narrator, here suddenly interrupting himself, and seizing his companion by the shoulder, while he pointed with the other hand to some distant object, "look over the first hill there, and you will see a wood. Run your eye along that dark streak, and at the end of it you will see some black specks, like bushes standing apart—those are buffaloes!" The old Doctor's sportsmanlike ardour was aroused in a moment, especially as he saw some horsemen from the front of the cavalcade spring forward and gallop in the direction indicated, where a small herd of buffaloes was quietly reposing in the high grass.

"Hurrah! buffaloes!" exclaimed the eager old gentleman, cocking his rifle, and, like his companions, making vigorous use of his spurs. To overtake a herd of frightened buffaloes with mules would, however, not be very possible; and it was therefore determined to approach them unperceived, and get within range under cover of a hill. But each of the twelve or sixteen enthusiastic hunters was animated by a natural desire to be the first to fire a successful shot at this superb game, and each, therefore, endeavoured to push before his comrades. Nobody paid any attention to the wind, or thought of the sharp scent of the shy bison; and when the party at last turned the corner of the wood, they beheld the herd in full flight, about a quarter of a mile off. Everybody looked indignantly at the heavy galloping giants, thundering away—their short tails, with their long tufts, stretched out, and trampling the ground beneath them to dust. The Doctor broke silence first by firing off his rifle, and exclaiming; "Well, if I didn't hit the buffaloes, at any rate I fired the first shot;" and a loud laugh, in which the good-natured old gentleman joined with all his heart, was the reward of his facetiousness, as turning their smoking animals, the disappointed hunters rode slowly towards the train of waggons, now just visible in the remote distance, and for a long time their talk was only of buffaloes.

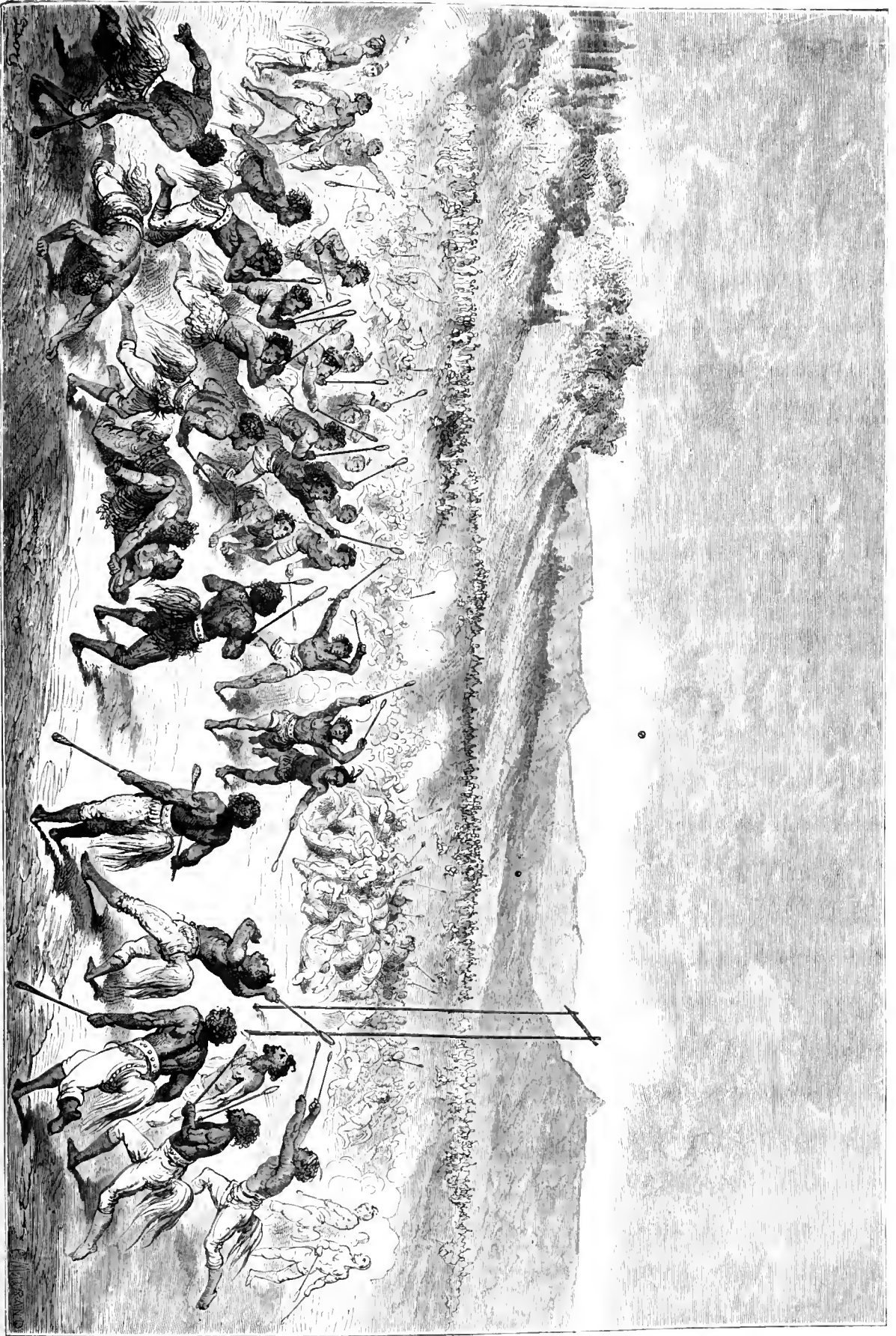
Numerous herds of these animals still animate the boundless prairies to the west, and extend their wanderings from Canada to the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. It is probable that the great mass of them regularly proceed northward in the spring, and in the autumn return to the warmer regions; but a few may be found scraping away the snow from their food near the sources of the Yellow Stone, and even further north; and there are also others that contrive to subsist through the summer in Texas, on the grass, burnt up as it is by the heat of the sun; but these are but few, and usually old bulls, which have been too stiff, or too lazy, to follow the black columns of their comrades.

In the months of August and September, the herds, fat and well fed from the fresh spring herbage, come together in such numbers, that often, as far as the eye can reach, the plains are blackened with them; and a

rough estimate of their number may be made by calculating the number of square miles they cover. Thousands upon thousands often crowd together in a wild confused mob—the dust rising in clouds from their scraping and stamping hoofs, and the bulls attacking each other, and fighting desperately till their bellowing is heard far off like the sound of distant thunder. At this season a hunter might wander over great tracks of the prairies without finding the track of a single buffalo, and might be tempted to think them entirely deserted, unless he should happen to fall in with one of these immense herds, which would bar his way for days together. A few weeks, however, bring a change; the great herds disperse in all directions, and again carry animation into the lately desolate solitude of the wilderness. You meet sometimes a single buffalo grazing quietly by himself, and sweeping the ground with his long beard; sometimes a small group lying on the grass, engaged in the pleasant occupation of chewing the cud; or playing with great agility, and throwing themselves into the most comical attitudes; or going lounging after one another along an old deeply-trodden path, which leads to a river, or to some opening in the mountains, where they are most easily passed; or to marshy meadows where they may find old "wallows," or make fresh ones. For this purpose the leading bull will search, with a droll business-like earnestness, in a low spot for a place adapted to his views; and when he has found one, kneel down, and begin to rout up the earth with his short thick horns, and then to scrape it away with his feet, until he has made a sort of funnel-shaped hole, in which water soon collects. The creature, tormented by the mosquitoes and the heat, then pushes himself down deeper and deeper into the morass, stamping with his feet, and working his body round and round. When he has revelled in this mud-bath to his heart's content, he does not look like any living thing; his long beard and his shaggy mane have become one huge mass of dripping, clammy mud; and only by his rolling eyes can you recognise in this moving heap of mire what a short time since was a stately buffalo. No sooner has he quitted the pleasant hole, than another takes his place, to resign it afterwards in his turn to a third; and the operation is repeated by every member of the company, until each bears on his huge shoulders a thick muddy plaster, which soon dries into a hard crust, that has to be gradually rubbed off by rolling in the grass, or washed off by heavy rains.

In former days, when the buffalo was a kind of domestic animal among the Indians, no decrease was perceptible in the countless herds; on the contrary, they increased and multiplied in the luxuriant pastures; but when the whites found their way into these regions, the thick soft skin of the buffalo pleased them; they found some parts of its flesh to their taste, and both articles promised to yield abundant profit in civilised countries. In order to obtain them, a desire for the intoxicating and glittering productions of the whites was excited amongst the dwellers in the prairies, and small quantities of these tempting articles offered in return. Then the devastation began; thousands of buffaloes were killed for their tongues only, and still more frequently for their shaggy hides; and in a few years there was an evident falling off in their numbers. The careless Indian never thinks of the future, but lives only for the present and its enjoyments; and he now no longer needs to be urged to the chase, but

BALL PLAYING AMONG THE CHOCTAW INDIANS.





will pursue this noble animal while there is one left. The time perhaps is not far distant when these imposing herds will live only in remembrance, and 300,000 Indians, as well as millions of wolves, deprived of their chief support, and wild with hunger, will become the scourge of the civilised and settled parts of the country.

Buffalo hunting is not only the chief occupation of the prairie Indian, but also his highest enjoyment. Mounted on a swift, strong horse, itself probably but just caught, he can overtake almost any animal that shows itself, and delights in sending his deadly arrows among the flying herd while at full gallop.

When the Indian proposes to overtake a herd of buffaloes, he strips himself and his horse of every article that can be dispensed with; leaves saddle and clothing behind, and takes with him only a raw leather thong, forty feet long, which is fastened to the jaws of the horse, and then, being thrown over his neck, drags at its full length behind on the ground. This serves to recover the horse in case of his getting loose by the fall of his rider or any other accident.

The hunter carries his bow, and as many arrows as he can conveniently hold in his left hand, and in his right a heavy whip, by the merciless use of which he urges his horse among the flying herd, and up to the side of a fat cow or young bull. The docile steed soon understands the intention of his rider, and needs no further urging, but places himself near the chosen prey, so as to give the hunter an opportunity of burying his arrow up to the feather in some soft part; but scarcely has the arrow whistled from the bow, and the sharp iron found its way through the curly hide, than the horse springs away as far as he can go, to escape the horns of his now furious enemy, and seek out another victim. Thus the hunt proceeds with the rapidity of a storm-wind, until the exhaustion of the horse warns the wild hunter to put some restraint on his ardour. The wounded animals in the meantime have been left by the herd, and are lying exhausted or dying on the route over which the wild hunt thundered but a few minutes before. The wives of the hunters follow in their track, and are soon busily employed in cutting up the game, and conveying the best pieces and the skins to their wigwams, where they cut the meat into thin strips, dry it, and tan the skins in their simple manner.

The greater portion of the animals slaughtered is left to the wolves, which are always found in considerable numbers in the train of the buffalo.

The chase is, however, not the only mode in which the Indian carries on his endless war with the buffalo. Another plan is to draw a wolf's skin over his head and the upper part of his body, and go crawling on his hands and knees, pushing his weapon before him, and approach the game in a zig-zag line. The long hair that hangs over the buffalo's eyes prevents his being very clear-sighted, and as long as his keen olfactory organs give him no warning of the presence of the Indian beneath the disguise, the enemy will often succeed in getting near enough to kill him without disturbing the rest of the herd. Even the sound of a shot does not alarm them, as long as they do not scent a human being; and though many of their number fall, and the death-rattle is heard from those who die, it creates no further sensation than that the shaggy heads are turned inquiringly for a moment, and then peaceably continue the pleasant business of grazing.

The poor buffalo is persecuted at all seasons of the

year, even when snow storms have drawn a covering over the hollows, and rendered a hunt with horses impracticable. The herd at these times can only work its way slowly through the deep snow; but the Indian has contrived broad plaited snow-shoes, which he fastens to his swift feet, and so skims over the uncertain ground after the laboriously wading giant, and kills the now defenceless animal with the lance. More buffaloes, however, are sacrificed to the uncontrollable passion for the chase than to real necessity, and the war of extermination against this fine ornament of the prairie is carried on in the most unmerciful manner. There will probably be no thought of forbearance till the last buffalo has disappeared, and, shortly afterwards, the last red-skin, and with them the only native poetry of the great North American continent.

IV.

THE CROSS TIMBERS—ROCK MARY AND THE NATURAL MOUNDS—GREAT GYPSUM REGION—PRAIRIE DOGS—COMANCHE INDIANS—A POWERFUL AND INDEPENDENT TRIBE—CATCHING MUSTANGS, OR WILD HORSES.

THEIR camp was pitched between the sources of the Walnut Creek and the Deer Creek, about the middle of the Cross Timbers, a strip of forest which forms a remarkable feature in this region. These strips begin at the Arkansas, and extend in a south-westerly direction to the Brazos, a length of more than four hundred miles, with a breadth varying from five to thirty. These Cross Timbers, chiefly dwarf oaks, with wide spaces between them, so that waggons can drive with ease, and a sandy barren soil, form, to a certain extent, the boundary between the lands adapted for cultivation and the barren steppes.

Westward of the Cross Timbers stretch the great plains in their sublime monotony; no hill there appears to the weary wanderer, at the foot of which he might hope to find a spring; the wide surface is unbroken, except by isolated fragments, apparently the remains of an ancient plateau, which stand up here and there like pillars, serving the traveller as landmarks, and showing how powerful Nature can be in the destructive operations that she carries on through thousands of years. No group of trees affords refreshment to the eye that wanders over this vast space; unless sometimes on the banks of a river, there is no promise of cool shade; the waters that flow over the strata of gypsum are mostly impregnated with bitter salts, the few springs that do afford good drinkable water, give but a very scanty supply of their treasure, and the last drop of them is soon sucked in by the sand.

Passing Deer Creek, where the expedition stumbled upon some fat deer and strutting turkeys, and the popping went on all day in every direction, they came to Rock Mary and the Natural Mounds, a chain of conical hills, lying separate, but scattered in a direction from north-west to south-east; they are all about equal in height, namely, about eighty feet, and covered with a horizontal stratum of red sandstone. They appear to be the remains of a former elevated plain, which has been preserved from complete destruction by the upright masses of rock contained in it; and this seems the more probable, because on the flat plain to the west, you find what looks like a range of columns; consisting of blocks of sandstone lying so regularly one upon another, that it is not easy at first

to be convinced that these—not perhaps imposing, but certainly surprising structures, have been formed solely by the hand of nature, or left thus after a comparatively recent convulsion.

There are twelve or fourteen of these columns still standing, and more that are gradually being worn away; the largest attain a height of about twenty-five feet; some consisting of vast square blocks of free-stone, whilst others, of the same height, have not a diameter of more than two or three feet, and sooner or later will fall.

This was the boundary between the sweet and the salt waters, and on the following day they entered on the great gypsum region. This tract begins at the Arkansas, where it has a breadth of fifty miles, and it extends in a south-westerly direction across the Canadian to the sources of the Red River south, then over a part of the elevated plain, touches on the Colorado, and then stretches out beyond the Brazos and Pecos, to a length of at least 400 miles. The Indians use the transparent plates of gypsum for windows.

The journey through this gypsum region lasted five days: towards the end of the time the want of good water was much felt, and every one had to quench his thirst with a bitter draught. Unfortunately it was found not only that the thirst became more troublesome than ever, but a general feeling of indisposition prevailed throughout the party, and the food, which seemed also affected by a disagreeable flavour, became quite distasteful to us. Under these circumstances it will not seem surprising that much of our accustomed good humour and cheerfulness disappeared, and that we jogged along, with as much patience as we could, but in a very dull mood.

When we got to within two day's journey of the Antelope hills, the land of the gypsum region, and at the same time the boundary between northern Texas and the lands of the Indians, the formation appeared to be undergoing a change, for the small elevations were no longer covered with fragments of gypsum, but with fossil oyster-shells. This continued, however, only for a short time, and then the plain resumed its former character.

The mules and the small herd of cattle we had with us were well content, for the salt taste of the water was to them an agreeable condiment, and the grass was plentiful though not high. Scarcely watered as the district was, we could manage every evening to reach a brook, which offered sufficient for our necessities, while our cattle found food on its banks. All these streams, including the most considerable of them, the Gypsum Creek, hastened in various windings to the Wichita and Canadian. They were swarming with fish of many species, amongst which we particularly distinguished the *Chaetodon rostratus*, armed with its tremendous row of teeth; this creature appeared to share the dominion of the waters with the soft-shelled coriaceous turtle.

The Kioway Indians hunt these regions, but the boundary between their grounds and those of their western neighbours, the Comanches, is not determined. The great tribes of the Comanches and Kioways live on a friendly footing with one another, and extend their ravages and their hunting expeditions from the settlements of the Shawnees to the Rio Grande, and from the Nebraska or Flat River to the colonies on the Mexican Gulf.

Once more they reached the Canadian River at

Antelope or Boundary Hills, but the waters were scant and no longer potable, and the region they were now in abounded in prairie dogs or marmots. A small species of burrowing owl (*Athene hypogrea* of Bonaparte, according to Möllhausen, but *Stryx hypogrea* according to M. Remy), is often found as a joint tenant of their subterranean dwellings, but our author declares that if the rattlesnake is also found there, you may be sure he has either driven away the marmots or devoured them. Travelling along, they came suddenly to a hollow upon some low vines laden with delicious grapes, nor were they long in throwing themselves down among the twining branches, and revelling in the blue juicy fruit to their hearts' content.

A sudden cry of "The Comanches!" however, roused us pretty quickly from our epicurean indulgences; we were immediately in our saddles again, and hastening up to our advanced guard, who it seemed had met with two scouts or spies of this tribe, but their companions were seen prancing about their horses at a distance without showing any special desire to meet with the whites, and they soon in a mysterious manner vanished in the direction of the Canadian.

The visitors were two gloomy-looking, elderly warriors; mounted on magnificent horses, which obeyed in the most graceful manner the slightest touch of the rein fastened to their lower jaw, and seemed to form one body with their riders, who rode without saddles. A blue blanket formed the only clothing of these savages, and they held their bows and arrows in readiness for immediate use, while the wildness of their appearance was much increased by the very long hair that fell round and partly covered their bronze faces. (See p. 620.) According to their declaration, we were not likely to be troubled with many of their tribe, since only a small division of them had a camp about a day's journey off on the Canadian; a larger party was at this moment engaged in a predatory expedition to the southern settlements of the whites, and the greater number had followed the buffalo to the northern regions, and would only return with them late in the autumn.

The warlike and far-spreading nation of the Comanches is divided into three great tribes, the northern, southern, and middle; which are again subdivided into various bands, led by distinguished warriors, medicine men, or by petty chiefs, with whom they traverse the prairie in all directions. The northern and middle Comanches constantly follow the wandering buffalo, whose juicy meat forms almost their sole support, and who are thence appropriately named by their neighbours the "Buffalo-Eaters." The wide steppe is their home, and their unconquerable love of wandering carries them from place to place over these desolate inhospitable regions, where the pure invigorating atmosphere alone compensates for the scarcity of wood and water. Their territory is free from morasses, stagnant pools, or thick woods, where any unhealthy and fever-breeding miasma might be generated; the currents of air find no obstacle on the boundless plain, and as they blow freely across it they seem to strengthen both the body and mind of the dwellers on the steppe. Kind mother Nature often affords men some compensation for the adverse conditions of life to which they are exposed, and she has here bestowed on them some of her best gifts—health, cheerful spirits, and all-enduring strength. The flexible nature of man soon accommodates itself to the hardest conditions of climate and soil, and the tribes who inhabit

this wilderness, are quite convinced that their country is to be preferred to the whole world. There are, indeed, white settlers enough to be met with in the far west, who are a good deal of their opinion; who shrink from the advances of civilisation and the increasing population that accompanies it, preferring the wilderness with its dangers to the personal security, convenience, and pleasures of social life; it may, therefore, well be imagined that the wild children of the steppe are attached to their grassy plains.

The Comanche Indian knows of no wealth but the buffalo and the antelope, and the horse that enables him to overtake them; with these he has food, clothing, and shelter, and he desires no more; he is not troubled by cares for the coming day; and in his wars with his enemies and his management of his horse he finds the means of gratifying his own ideas of honour. From his earliest childhood to the latest day of his life he is continually on horseback, indeed he makes but an awkward figure enough on foot, though he is no sooner mounted than he seems transformed; and when, with no other aid than that of the rein and a heavy whip, he makes his horse perform the most incredible feats, he considers himself the greatest and most independent gentleman on the face of the earth. You may often see troops of Comanches dashing about in all directions, and playing the wildest tricks, hanging now on one side of the horse, now on the other, and throwing lances or shooting arrows under his neck with the most astonishing accuracy at a given mark; though one cannot help thinking, while admiring their feats, that this wonderful skill in horsemanship must make them so much the more dangerous when they come on their plundering or hostile expeditions.

Every Comanche Indian keeps a special war-horse, in the choice of which more regard is had to swiftness than to any other quality. As among the Arab tribes, the horse is the best friend, the most sacred possession of his master, who would not part with it for any treasure that could be offered him, and mounts it only for war, or peculiar festive occasions, such as a buffalo hunt; and when he returns he finds his women awaiting him at the door of his wigwam, to receive the beloved steed, and pay him every attention. (See p. 607.)

With the exception of a few cooking and domestic utensils, the sole possessions of these Indians consist of horses and mules, many of which have evidently, from the brands upon them, been stolen from the settlements of the whites; but the appropriation of other people's goods is considered creditable, and a young man is not thought worthy to be counted in the list of warriors, till he has returned from some successful plundering expedition into the Mexican provinces, so that the greatest thieves are not only the most opulent, but the most respectable members of society. A gray old warrior, who was heard praising his two sons, and declaring them the joy and support of his age, did not fail to add that they understood horse-stealing better than any young fellows in the whole nation. It is not therefore surprising, that some particularly meritorious persons have accumulated a herd of from two to three hundred of these testimonies to their prowess.

Parties of from one to thirty young men are in the habit of associating for the execution of these predatory enterprises, which, on account of the dangers and privations connected with them, are placed in the same rank with those of a directly warlike character. Every one provides himself with a horse, weapons, and what

is necessary for a journey of hundreds of miles through the desert, where the game is but sufficient to afford them a very scanty support. They will travel this way sometimes for months before they approach a settlement, and lie in ambush waiting for an opportunity of falling with wild cries and yells on the keepers of some solitary herd, and either drive them away, or, in case of resistance, kill them, drag away their women and children as prisoners, and ride off with their booty to their wigwams. In some cases they are absent as much as two years from their camp before finding an opportunity of executing their plundering plans with success, and every man dreads the disgrace of returning with empty hands to his people. Sometimes, of course, the Comanches fail in these attempts, and are beaten. Alexander von Humboldt mentions having seen, at the beginning of the present century, in the prisons of the city of Mexico, whole bands of these Indians, who had been sent southwards from Taos and Santa Fé, in New Mexico.

Another way by which the prairie Indians increase their herds, is by catching the mustangs, or wild horses of the American steppes; small but powerfully-built animals, and unquestionably the descendants of those brought into the country by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest of Mexico, which, having escaped into the desert, and become wild, have since increased to herds of thousands, and animate the prairies from the borders of Texas and Mexico to the Yellow Stone, a confluent of the Northern Missouri.

The Indians soon learned to estimate the useful properties of the new animal in bearing burdens, and they also had recourse to them for food in seasons when the buffalo was difficult to obtain; at present the catching the wild mustang is an occupation or a sport, to which they give themselves up with all the wild passion of which these untamed children of nature are capable.

With a lasso forty feet long, they follow the flying herd, and having, by the most unmerciful use of the whip, brought up the horse they are mounted on near enough to use it, they send it whirling and flying out of their hands, and with unerring aim right over the head of the victim selected. After a short struggle, the mustang falls half-suffocated; a leathern thong is quickly passed round his fore legs, and then the lasso round his throat so far relaxed as to avoid quite choking him. The Indian then fastens a rein to the lower jaw of his prisoner, breathes several times into his open nostrils, takes the fetters from his neck and feet, and jumps upon his back. Then follows a ride for life and death, but at last the creature is mostly brought in tamed, and placed among the herd; and wildly and cruelly as the Indian appears to go to work on such occasions, he is extremely cautious not to break the spirit of the mustang in taming him, for in that case the flesh would be all he would get by his dangerous and exhausting labour.

The two Comanches accompanied the expedition but a short way, and then went off in a northerly direction; possibly after having satisfied themselves that as the party was a well-organised and armed force, it would not be possible to levy tribute from it.

V.

A DISCOVERY IN THE DARK—THE DRY RIVER—A CENTENARY COTTON WOOD TREE—THE KIOWAY INDIANS.

As our travellers advanced on the Great Plains, the many dry beds of rivers or brooks, with their reddish sands, contributed much to the mournful and desolate

character of the scenery, and from time to time horizontal masses of wall, the remains of a portion of the Llano Estacado or gypsum arids, stood out like the ribs of a mighty skeleton. They had now travelled 424 miles over these plains since they left Fort Smith, and the Antelope Hills had disappeared in the blue distance. When they started they were all longing for the vast sublime prairie with all its wonders, and now there were few who would not have preferred the shady forest, with its rich decoration of autumnal leaves, to the hard ground and short grass over which they were slowly toiling under an oppressive September sun. The Canadian, delineated in the maps as a great river west of the Antelope Hills, had a bed of moist sand but not a drop of water in it. But there was water it appears in holes and in unexpected places.

Before sunset the dusty waggons were drawn up in a circle, the airy tents ranged side by side, the campfires were blazing, and all around them was bustle and animation. Some of the company went out to seek for water, and possibly to make prize of a turkey or two, but soon returned with unwelcome intelligence. The bed of a stream certainly wound beneath the high trees, but as far as the moist sand of the Canadian, there was not a drop of water in it, much less a good place for watering the cattle, so at last they had to be driven down to the shallow bed of the Canadian, and since no better was to be had, its sandy water had to serve for cooking, and then the company dispersed to engage in various occupations.

A cry of "Supper ready, gentlemen," from the sooty cook, soon brought them all with their camp stools to the several tables; but one seat remained empty. "Where's the German?" cried one of the young men. "I met him on the other side of the wood," was the answer; "he was following the track of a panther; but as it seemed to be leading him further and further from the camp, I left him and the panther to settle it." Just then a shot was heard. "There he is, most likely," said some one, and there was no further anxiety about him.

The meal was nearly finished, when from the dark shadow of the wood issued a strange-looking figure, which was seen to advance hastily towards the camp, and was recognised immediately as the lost one—but in what a pickle! At every step the water trickled out of his boots, and his wet clothes clung to his body; but on one shoulder he carried his rifle, and on the other a mighty turkey.

"What in the world has happened to you?" was heard from all sides. "Why you've got more water in your clothes than can be found in the Canadian in a day's journey."

"What should have happened?" replied the hunter; "here have we been for days together looking in vain for water, and now in the night, just as we have managed to do without it, I go plump into such a deep pool that I find it no easy matter to get out again. Just let me get off these heavy clothes, and get something to eat, and then while I dry my rifle I will tell you my adventure. It had very nearly cost me my fine rifle, and, perhaps, my life into the bargain."

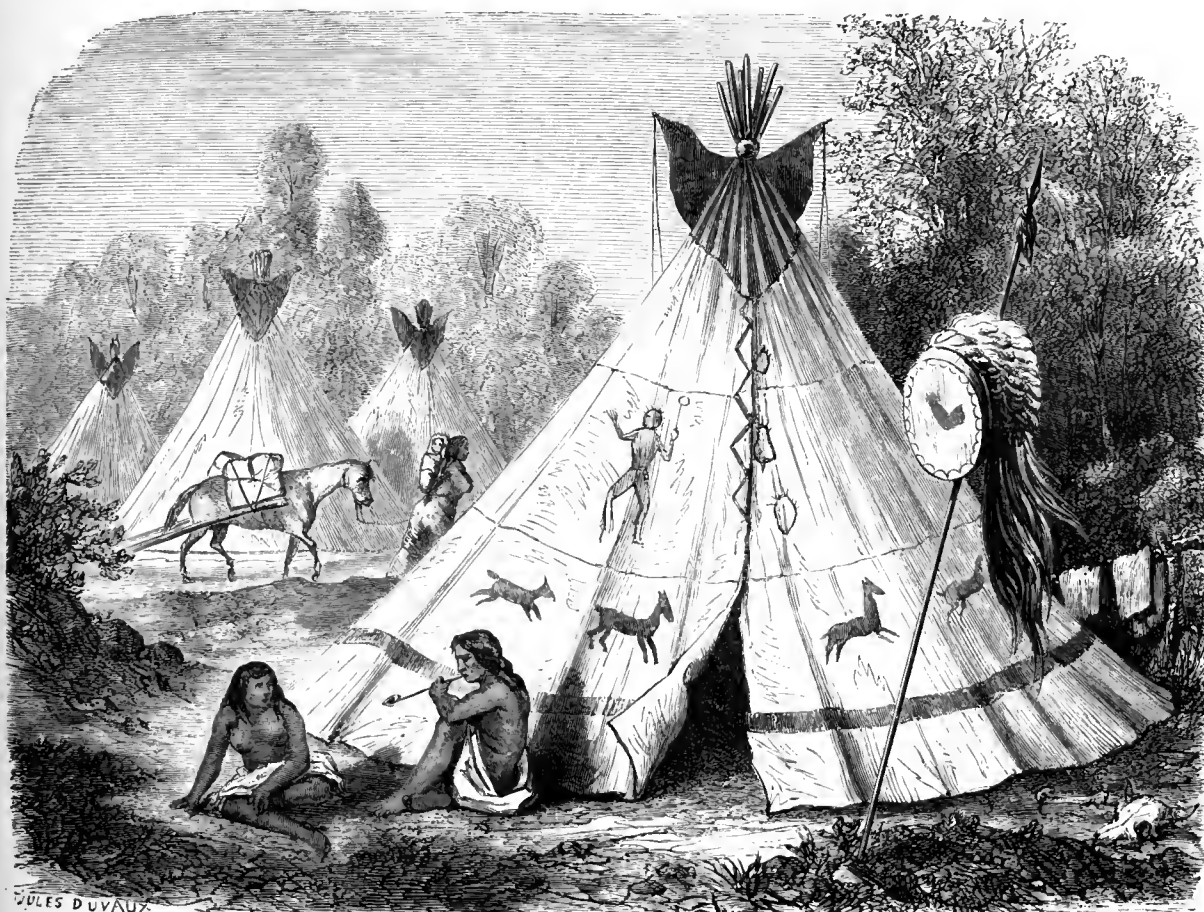
After these preliminaries, the adventure was thus related: "As I was wandering about the wood, looking for water, I discovered on the sand in the dry bed of a stream, fresh traces of a fine-grown panther, which I supposed to be still lurking about the wood, and I cautiously followed where they seemed to lead. The fellow must have been in the wood when we arrived, for his

track crossed it in all directions, as if he had not been able to make up his mind what to do under the circumstances. I followed his broad footsteps patiently, till they led me out on the other side of the wood (where I met Mr. Campbell), and then straight to the Canadian, where the crafty animal had turned to the eastward, creeping along the high bank, under shelter of the scattered trees and bushes. I hoped to be able to rout him out, and so went on and on, till at last the setting sun warned me that it was time to turn back; and though I was vexed enough to give up the chase, I shouldered my rifle, and turned round, when at that moment, not ten steps from me, there was a rustling in the bushes, and I beheld—no! not the panther, as you are all thinking, but a fine fat turkey, which just fluttered heavily to the next tree, where my bullet soon reached him. The shot awakened not only the echo on the high bank, but also a whole flock of these birds, from some hiding-place among the boughs, and they went flying in all directions. I hit a second with my left barrel, and then slinging the two over my shoulder, as soon as I had reloaded, I trotted back, tolerably content, the same way by which I had come, as nearly as I could tell. But by the time I had reached the mouth of the ravine, it was quite dark, and I could hardly make my way through the thick bushes. Presently I was startled by a sound among the leaves, but it was only a sleepy turkey, probably one of the flock I had frightened away, which just moved a little further, and placed himself on a withered branch immediately before me, as if he had really been inviting me to shoot him. I had fastened one of the two I had killed to my belt, and was carrying the other in my hand, but this I now laid down gently to have a try for a third. I was a long while taking aim in the dark, but at last I fired, and the bird fell, flapping his wings, but I did not think by the sound that I had killed him; so in order to catch him before he recovered himself, I gave a great jump, and down I went over head and ears in deep water. How deep I sank I cannot exactly say; but I could feel no ground under my feet. I was in an awkward case, for I would not let go my rifle, and I had the heavy bird fast to my belt and my shoulder. I do not think, however, that it made me sink, on the contrary I believe it helped me to swim. Fortunately, I had instinctively caught a branch with my left hand as I fell, and this enabled me, by a desperate effort, to place myself, as well as my rifle and my turkey, once more upon dry land. Had I lost my rifle, I should have been inconsolable; but as it was I had to mourn the loss of two turkeys, for I could not tell in the darkness where to look for them, and I should not have liked to try for fear of tumbling into another hole; so I worked my way through to where I could see the light of your fire, and here I am with one turkey instead of three, but with the satisfaction of having discovered in the dark the water that you could not see in the daylight." "It is well you saved that one," said one of the party; "he will make us a capital roast to-morrow." "Yes," answered the sportsman; "but I would gladly give him to be able to make out how such a hole as that, a hole of small circumference, and seemingly shaped like a funnel, could remain full of water, in a place where the wet quicksand seems to fill immediately any hole you can dig."

The march of the following day brought them to Dry River, which presents some remarkable peculiarities. It is near 600 feet broad at its mouth, and its

bed is at times several miles in width, yet is it supposed to owe its origin merely to a buffalo path, which wild mountain torrents transformed into a brook. Deep runs and clefts, formed in the same manner, opened into it, bringing fresh streams of water, so on till the newly formed river widened its valley to its present extent. A characteristic of most of the flowing streams of this region is peculiarly striking in the Dry River. When the water is low, the river is dry at its mouth, but has water in places further up: in some of these the water collects only during the night, and as the sun rises and gathers strength it dries up again. The same thing happens with respect to the tributaries

of the great Colorado of the West. Deer and antelopes, and other wild animals, are aware of this fact, and they come down in the morning hours to take the refreshment that has to last them a whole day. In the same neighbourhood was a tree that rose solitarily on the plain, and was remarkable both for its gigantic growth and for its strangely twisted and entangled boughs and branches. It was a cotton-wood tree, centuries old, and had a diameter of twelve feet; at the height of about six feet from the ground it divided itself into two mighty arms, which stretched themselves far out, and with numerous boughs shaded the arid ground. Young shoots, hanging down, had become



CAMP OF COMANCHE INDIANS.

trees, and supporting themselves with their whole weight on the ground, raised again their leafy crowns to mingle with the foliage of their venerable parent, and increase the grandeur of his appearance. The red-skins had respected this patriarch of the plains, and carved rude figures of rattlesnakes and long-necked horses on its bark.

Whilst looking at this monarch of the plain, one of the party recognized traces of travelling Indians. "Fresh tracks of Indians are fresh reasons for caution," said one of the more experienced, addressing the party which lay at their ease under the shade of the giant tree; "our waggons and their escort are a long way on before; there are but few of us here, and it would

seem by their marks that a considerable troop of Kioways or Comanches must be somewhere in the neighbourhood. Our mules have got enough for the present, and they will be certainly of our opinion." The loiterers, therefore, saddled their patient beasts, climbed leisurely into their saddles, threw one parting glance upon the beautiful tree, and then turned into a freshly broken Indian path, which led in the direction taken by the main body. Soon they passed the waggons, and were in advance of the cavalcade. The Indian path they were following wound across bald hills, ornamented only by a low cactus, and made short turns, so that they could not at any time see far before them.

On a sudden, Möllhausen relates, we found ourselves in the midst of a herd of superb horses, which, startled by our approach, dispersed in all directions, with raised tails, and open, snorting nostrils. They were tame horses, but without keepers; so that we inferred that there must be an Indian camp in the neighbourhood, and that it would consequently be advisable to ride with caution, and in closer order. At a new turn of the road we came in sight of a small river, shaded by cotton-wood trees and shrubs, on the western bank of which was an Indian camp of eighteen large tents. (See p. 616.) The population seemed as yet to have no idea of the approach of such a considerable body of whites, since the women and children, mounted on horses without saddles, were cantering carelessly about, among a numerous herd that was grazing peacefully at the river side. The sudden appearance of pale faces so near them produced, however, a change of scene, and the feminine guardians of the herds were replaced by young men, who drove away the cattle towards the Canadian, to place them beyond the reach of visitors whose intentions were as yet unknown to them. In the meantime the foremost of our party had reached the stream, and seemed to be making preparations to cross it, when some Indians appeared on the opposite bank, and made some very intelligible signs that our company was, for the present, not at all desired in the village, but that they would come over and make our acquaintance. We signified our assent to this arrangement, and waited whilst the chief and some of his warriors threw the blankets in which their limbs were wrapped over their shoulders, and waded through the water.

When the party reached us, one of them presented himself as *Ku-tat-su*, chief of the Kioways, and asked, partly by signs, and partly in broken Spanish, for our *Capitano*.

As Lieutenant Whipple had remained behind with the surveyors and the waggons, a young American who was with us took it into his head to point out Dr. Bigelow as our chief; but *Ku-tat-su*, after contemplating attentively the mild-looking, little old gentleman, mounted on a small mule, and without any kind of warlike decoration, seemed to have some suspicion that he was hoaxed, and inquired of the by-standers whether that was really the capitano. He was assured that the doctor was not only a chief, but a most powerful medicine man; and thereupon the Indian advanced to perform his salutations in due form. He threw back his blanket, opened his arms wide, stepped before the doctor, and embraced him in the most affectionate manner, rubbing his painted cheeks against the other's whiskered ones, according to a custom that seems to have been transplanted from Mexico. The worthy doctor was quite affected by these demonstrations, and leaned tenderly towards the savage from Billy's back, patting him on the head and the bronzed-coloured shoulders, and exclaiming repeatedly, "Good old fellow!"

This sentimental scene, in which the botanist looked as if he were receiving caresses from a bear, amused us greatly; but it was cut short by the arrival of Lieutenant Whipple, who, after he had been announced as the great chief of all, had to submit to the same compliments. Friendship was now formally established between the high contracting powers, and no further obstacle was opposed to our passage of the river.

A crowd of warriors, old and young, hastily rouged

and decorated for the occasion, came out to meet us, whilst others, as we could see through the half open tents, were still busily engaged with their toilets, beautifying their faces with the indispensable streaks of paint. There was a gray-headed old man among the first comers, who particularly attracted our attention; his costume consisted merely of an American blue blanket coat, much too large for him, but in which, nevertheless, he evidently took no little pride; and besides the blanket coat, he possessed a wonderful fluency of tongue, which he exerted to the utmost to make a good impression on the Americans. As he had probably heard of the war between the United States and Mexico, he endeavoured in every possible way to make us understand that the Kioways were sworn friends of the former, and that only a small portion of his tribe was here encamped, the rest having gone to Mexico to steal horses; and the orator repeated in the most emphatic manner, "Steal heaps! horses! much horses!"

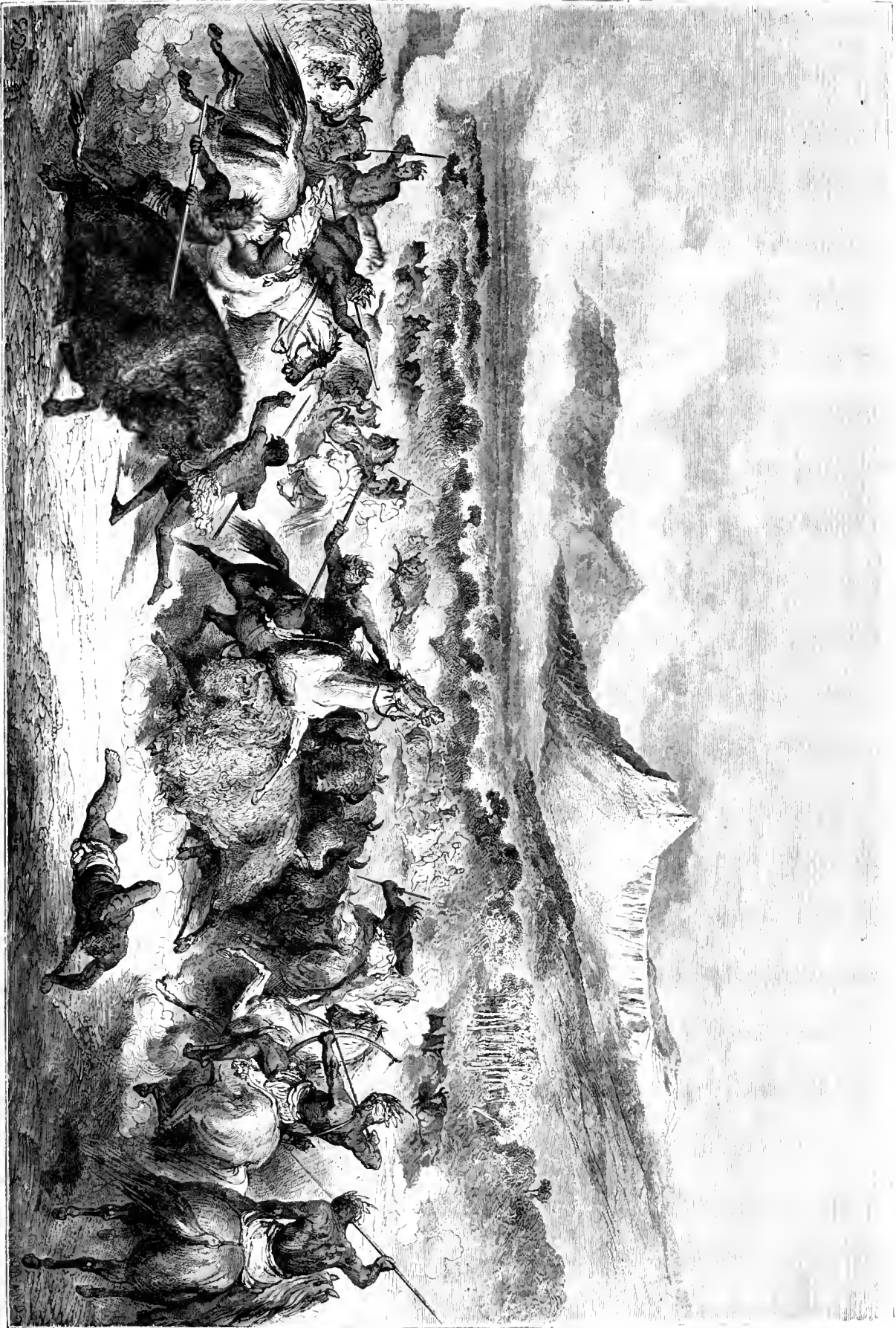
In compliance with an invitation to that effect, the chief climbed into a small waggon that served for the transport of the instruments, and drove on first with it, in order to make his entry into the village in this triumphant manner; showing great anxiety that all his people should see him; and they did not fail to testify the due amount of admiration at the imposing figure he made.

They stayed only a short time at the Indian village and then betook themselves to a spot some hundreds of yards further west, where according to their agreement with the Indians, they were to pitch their camp for the night. The next day there was a grand diplomatic conference, at which the most distinguished warriors assisted in their gala dresses, and tried to levy a small tribute by coaxing and begging, as they saw there was nothing to be obtained by force.

The Kioways are little distinguished in external appearance, character or manners, from the Comanches, their nearest neighbours, with whom they have their territories in common: and yet there is not the smallest likeness to be discovered in the language of the two nations, and they can only understand each other by means of interpreters, unless they have recourse to the speech of the Kaddo Indians, a tribe living further south, or to what may be called the general prairie language. The first is generally understood sufficiently by both to serve as a medium of communication; and the second consists almost exclusively of signs, but is intelligible to all the Indians of the steppes; while at the same time it enables the white traders to hold intercourse with them.

The Comanches, as well as the Kioways, greatly resemble in their manners and customs the nomadic nations of the Old World. They are governed by a chief, whose authority lasts no longer than the general consent. He is the leader in war and the chief in the council; but should he be guilty of any act of cowardice or of bad administration, he is immediately deposed from his supremacy, and another more capable chief chosen in his stead. The laws of the Kioways correspond entirely with their peculiar position, and are made valid by the will of the whole tribe, and exactly and rigidly put in force by the subordinate chiefs.

Their ideas on the rights of property are very peculiar, theft being regarded as not only allowable but highly honourable; so that it is not surprising if more deter-



BUFFALO HUNTING AMONG THE DELAWARES.



mined thieves cannot be met with anywhere than among these tribes. To punish them for these robberies would be a very difficult task indeed; for as the prairie Indians are accustomed from their earliest youth to the use of arms and horses, and have no settled villages or fixed place of abode, it does not occasion them the smallest inconvenience to be suddenly compelled to transport themselves and their whole possessions from one end of the buffalo region to the other. They are in possession of immense numbers of stout horses, so that they are able to move with the greatest rapidity; and their exact knowledge of the locality, and of the places where water is to be found, of course affords them great advantage and facility of escape from pursuit. A war would by no means entail the same misery on them as on tribes with more settled habits; and it would even be of little use to try to cut off their usual supply of food, since their herds of horses and mules would afford them subsistence for a long time. They know perfectly well too, that they are very difficult to get at, and the knowledge only renders them bolder and more dangerous. They are, like all Indians, very superstitious, believing much in dreams, carrying medicine-bags and amulets, and endeavouring to propitiate the favour of invisible spirits by sacrifices, dances, and music. The existence and power of one great Supreme Being, the guide and ruler of all things, is acknowledged by them as it is by the Comanches, and they worship the sun as his symbol. They believe also in the continual existence of the soul; but they assume that the future life will be precisely like the present; and bury with the deceased warrior his weapons of war and of the chase, that he may make his appearance in a creditable manner in the fields of the blessed.

No attempts have yet been made to raise these savages to any higher degree of physical or moral culture, so as to lay the foundation for civilisation and Christianity; for the pious men of America look with indifference on the heathens before their own doors, but send out missionaries to preach Christianity in the remotest parts of the world. When, through the covetousness of the white civilised races, the free inhabitants of the steppes shall have been ruined and exterminated, Christian love will find its way to their empty wigwams, and churches and meeting-houses rise over the graves of the poor, victimised, legitimate owners of the green prairies.

VI.

A REVEL IN THE GREAT PLAINS—PUEBLO, "TOWN OR VILLAGE" INDIANS—EL LLANO ESTACADO OR THE MARKED-OFF PLAIN—INDIAN PAINTINGS.

For several days subsequent to this interview with the Kioway Indians, their route lay along the so-called Canadian River, with its moist sands, in which Dr. Bigelow, the botanist of the expedition, was nigh being engulfed one day, himself, his mule and his party, all in the same tremendous quicksand, until at length the wearisome sand-hills were succeeded by a valley expressively designated as Shady Creek, and where a rich and lively landscape rejoiced their eyes. A deep tranquillity, that was in no way disturbed, brooded over wood and stream and meadow, a tranquillity that was in no way disturbed by the presence of hundreds of leafy bowers, which had been constructed with boughs by the Comanches for their summer dwellings. They

were now empty and forsaken, but not desolate, for the mocking-bird was sitting between the dried leaves and singing merrily to the world in general; the prairie cocks were hopping about through the dry twigs, and ravens playing with gnawed bones and bits of leather in front of the huts. Among the latter were the medicine huts with the fire-place for heating the stones, by means of which the Indians extemporise a kind of vapour bath.

Four Mexicans, who had joined the party at the camp of the Kioways, and who had not experienced the best treatment from the Indians, having even lost some of their weapons, were now travelling under the protection of the expedition. A few Pueblo-Indians from St. Domingo and the Rio Grande, crossing the Great Plains for purposes of barter, had also joined and kept pace with them, intending to separate from the expedition at Shady Creek, and proceed in company with the Mexicans, in longer marches towards their homes in the Rio Grande. The two helped to get up a grand fandango before the separation took place.

About a hundred yards from the waggons, the goods of these Mexicans and Pueblo-Indians were lying scattered about in a semicircle; the moon shone brightly down on the vast plain; all was still, except that there now and then came from afar the howl of a prairie wolf, faintly heard in our camp, where men of various races were sauntering negligently about. The beauty of the night seemed somehow to awaken the music in the soul of an American waggoner of our party; and having found himself the highest and most convenient place he could on the top of the luggage, he brought out an old cracked fiddle, which he had laboriously conveyed from his distant home, and began to draw from it some extraordinary sounds. The shrill notes, however, no sooner reached the ears of the company, than a crowd gathered round the amateur, who, proud of the sensation he was producing, worked away more and more vigorously upon the dusty jangling strings, negro melodies alternating with "Hail Columbia!" and "Yankee Doodle." Those were tunes that found their way straight to every man's heart.

Logs of wood were flung on the fire to make a fresh blaze, and bearded Americans, yellow descendants of Spain, and half-naked Pueblos, all armed from head to foot, and in attire that bore the marks of long and painful travel, began to foot it as if possessed.

Here two long Americans seized each other, and jumped and whirled round together in mad circles; there a Mexican was seen waltzing with an Indian; on one side were two Kentucky men performing an energetic jig, and a little way off two Irishmen, in the uniform of the United States infantry, were working away energetically at a national dance, and shouting "Ould Ireland for ever!" and "Oh if we had but plenty of whisky!"

Even the sentinel leaning on his musket grew sentimental and musical, and murmured to himself,

"J'aime à revoir ma Normandic."

while the musician, from his lofty throne, looked calmly down on the commotion, and fiddled away unweariedly, triumphantly remarking, that all the dances in the world might be danced in time to his tunes; and the songs of every nation on the earth carried on amicably together. He played through half the night, till a thick cloud of dust hid his face and his violin, and the exhausted dancers sank down beside their luggage,

or betook themselves to their rest, to try to gather, from a few hours' sleep, strength and spirits for the march of the following day.

A more peaceful race of people than the Pueblo-Indians, who joined so merrily in this mad revel, is hardly to be imagined. They are always friendly and obliging to strangers, wherever they may meet them, and show the greatest hospitality to those who visit their dwellings. Many populous Indian towns still flourishing in New-Mexico contain but a remnant of this once powerful and wide-spreading race, traces of which are to be found in all directions, from the Rio Grande to the great Colorado of the West. Having been now for some time in habits of frequent intercourse with the Mexicans, their manners as well as their costume have become much modified, and the greater part of them have mastered the Spanish language. Industry is one of their leading virtues; they cultivate their fields and gardens, and often take journeys to visit the wild Indians of the steppe, in order to exchange their wares for skins and furs; and travellers approaching the borders of New Mexico often meet little caravans of Pueblo-Indians, driving their well-laden asses and mules briskly over the plains.

Beyond Shady Creek the expedition no longer followed Canadian River, but kept upon desolate and dead plains, the unfruitful soil of which was scantily grown with gramma-grass, and the beautiful cactus, which takes thankfully the poorest food and hardest fare, was found blooming alone. A new species of cactus, the *Opuntia arborescens*, now first showed itself, growing in great luxuriance. The short stem rose from the ground like a dwarf-tree, and then separated into branches and boughs, which spread themselves out into a crown, bearing, besides innumerable thorns, a quantity of yellow seed-vessels. No living thing, except the prairie-dogs and the burrowing owl, was to be seen. Along the edge of the prairie (*Llano Estacado*) the country was broken into picturesque cliffs and chasms which, filled with cedar, penetrated far into the plateau, and cut off from it masses like gigantic walls and fortresses. There were also more living things. Antelopes were springing about on the dry hills, deer lurking behind the blue-green cedars, eagles and kites wheeling their flight through the air, and lively little prairie dogs peeping out and giving tongue from the opening of their dark abodes.

Since leaving Fort Smith they had traversed 564 miles in a tolerably straight line, over smooth and rolling prairie, and had imperceptibly risen to a considerable height. Fort Smith lies only 460 feet above the level of the sea; the second remarkable point, the Antelope Hills, or boundary hills of Texas, 2100; while in this camp, at the foot of the lofty plateau, they found themselves at the height of 4278 feet. The lofty plain called *el Llano Estacado*, or Marked-off Plain,¹ which extends over four degrees of latitude and four of longitude, reaches, at certain points, a height of 4707 feet, and the average elevation is reckoned at 4500, therefore 222 feet reckoned above the base. The soil is sandy, and horizontal beds of red

and white sandstone extend from one end to the other. A very small part of this vast plain is yet known, for travellers shrink from penetrating into regions where they would be liable to perish from want of wood and water, and the ascent to it is so troublesome, that they are not very willing to cross a corner of it, to avoid a wide and laborious circuit. The tract which Lieutenant Whipple and his party had to pass was twenty-seven miles across, consequently a good day's march; and though Encampment Creek was to be touched on in the course of the day, it was easy to foresee that it would be dry; and they therefore determined to make the ascent of the plateau on the following morning before sunrise, to rest for an hour at Encampment Creek, and then, with renewed strength, to hasten on to Rocky Dell Creek, the western boundary of Texas, and at that point to descend again from the dreary plain.

Water failing at the next station called Encampment Creek, they had to pursue their way to Rocky Dell Creek by night. If in the daytime, says Möllhausen, the prairie often reminds you of the ocean, it requires at night still less imagination to fancy yourself on the wide sea-shore, or on some small island in the watery waste. There was no continuous stream at Rocky Dell, but there were deep basins full to the brim both of water and fish of many species. There were also many grottoes around tenanted by diamond rattlesnakes, and the men killed several of an extraordinary size as they rambled about. The overhanging rocks were richly adorned with small swallows' nests, which adhered to each other and hung in complete garlands over them. In one of the larger caverns were some rude Indian paintings and engravings, apparently made in the soft stone with pieces of iron on the points of arrows. Some of these curious representations doubtless owed their origin to the sportive caprice of Indians or Mexicans, but the majority of them bore a character that could only be explained by reference to the superstitions of the Pueblo-Indians.² The most striking was the fantastic sketch of a large animal, half-dragon, half-rattlesnake, with two human feet. This monster, which took up half the length of the cave, was evidently a sort of divinity of the descendants of the Aztecs, and it was explained to us in the following manner by two Pueblo-Indians who came in. The power over seas, lakes, rivers, and rain, has been assigned to a great rattlesnake, which is as thick as many men put together, and much longer than all the snakes in the world; it moves in vast curves, and is destructive to wicked men. It rules over all water, and the Pueblo-Indians pray to it for rain, and reverence its powers. The representations of two misshapen red-haired men were rather boldly declared by the same Indians to be meant for Montezuma, to whose reappearance the inhabitants of the Pueblos, although they call themselves Christians, still secretly look forward.

The sun, as the symbol of supreme power was not wanting among these pictures, but otherwise they consisted merely of childish attempts to represent animals of the country, Indians, and their modes of warfare. (See p. 623.)

¹ On this plateau there is nothing whatever that could serve the traveller as a landmark; and the Mexican traders of former times have planted long poles in the ground, at certain distances, to show the best way across it. Thence the name, *el Llano Estacado*. (See Map, p. 624.)

² The natives of the country who live in towns or regular villages, are called by the Americans Pueblo-Indians, from the Spanish word Pueblo,—town or village; as we speak of those of the steppes as Prairie-Indians.

VII.
NEW MEXICO.

CERRO DE TUCUMCARI—WATER-SHED BETWEEN THE PECOS AND THE CANADIAN—ENORMOUS FLOCK OF SHEEP—MEXICAN SHEPHERD—FRONTIER MEXICAN TOWN OF ANTON CHICO.

HAVING crossed the Rocky Dell Creek the expedition found itself beyond the western boundary of Texas. They had traversed the entire extent of that state from the Antelope Hills, a distance of 180 miles, and were entering upon New Mexico. From Rocky Dell to Fossil Creek, a distance of forty-five miles, the direction of the road was determined by the table-land, and no variation in the scenery was perceptible. The road, however, bore marks of some not inconsiderable traffic, carried on probably for centuries past, between the Indians and New Mexico. The Great and Little Tucumcari, between which their route lay, were displayed before them, and the end of the plateau was attained; that is to say, the place where it breaks off from the westerly direction it has hitherto kept, and turns towards the south.

At noon on the following day, the train of waggons was moving slowly past the Cerro de Tucumcari, a hill of an imposing aspect, which rises, like an impregnable fortress, 600 feet above the plain. Its circumference at the base may be about four miles; and since the rocky walls rise nearly perpendicularly, it cannot be much less at the platform. The thick bed of white sandstone which lies everywhere close beneath the surface, here frequently crops out, and is for a long way intersected at regular distances, by deep perpendicular cells formed in the course of time by the dripping of water; so that the whole appears as if the huge walls and ramparts, provided with long ranges of port-holes, rendered it exceedingly strong. Wherever there is a little earth to afford them nourishment, cedars have sprung up; but under such unfavourable circumstances, they do not attain anything like their full proportions, but remain dwarfed and crippled, though even thus they adorn the declivities and ravines in a picturesque manner with their dark fantastic shade.

This, then, was the Tucumcari; in comparison with the picturesque shores of the Hudson, or the stately summits of the Alleghanies, not much worth mentioning; but here on the wide plain rejoicing the eye by the regularity of its structure, and setting one to calculate how many thousands of years Nature must have been at work chiselling and dressing these stones, before she could have brought the original rough mountain mass to its present form.

Here, as amidst the wilderness of waters, in the dark primeval forest, among the giant mountains, Nature builds a temple that awakens feelings not easily to be expressed; but the pure joy we feel in the works of the Almighty Master may well be called worship. Even the savage on his war-path is not wholly insensible to such impressions, and he does not bow only before the works themselves, but before Him who has placed them there as a token of His power, and whom he calls his Manitoo. The fact that clear springs so often gush out amongst the rocks amidst these grand scenes, inviting the wanderer to rest near them, may even suggest the idea that the hard rock has been thus smote and the water made to gush forth, to detain man the longer before these natural altars.

The Indian, as he lingers there, recalls the vague traditions that have come down to him from a remote antiquity, and which are often to be found amongst different races, and in regions far remote from one another. We find, for instance, the Manitoo Rock on Lake Erie, the Great and Little Manitoo on the banks of the Missouri, the "Chimney Rock" and the "Court House" in the Rocky Mountains, and many other remarkable points in the American continent, which the Great Good Spirit, the Indians say, placed there when his Red Children had forgotten him, to lead them back to him; and when they come to these places they are fond of decorating them with such images as their wild fancies suggest.

The country on the Upper Pass, which we had entered through the defile of Las Vegas, is a succession of wide and narrow clefts and valleys, between table-shaped sandstone mountains which they encompass, and larger mountain plateaus, which these valleys intersect, from the strata of the Jurassic formation down to that of the new red sandstone. A thin forest of pines and juniper trees, with an underwood of dwarf oaks, spread over hill and valley, here and there interrupted by pasture land, whilst there is occasionally seen on the sandy or stony soil, amongst trees and bushes, a low yucca, a small *opuntia arborescens*, a white flowering aster, a delicate crimson phlox, or some other plant flowering in that season.

A considerable breeding of sheep is carried on in this part of New Mexico, as well as in other sections of the territory; and we met in these deserts large flocks of sheep, under the care of shepherds, armed with bow and arrow. They are driven for the night into sheep-folds, to protect them against the wolves; but whenever the Indians have an appetite for roast mutton, flocks and shepherds are pretty much at their mercy.

We paid a dollar a piece for some sheep purchased for our caravan. The breed is a small one. I do not venture to judge of the value of the wool, but the meat has an excellent flavour.

There had been a storm and rain during one of the nights we spent in this part of the country, and at daybreak the guard mentioned that a valuable horse had disappeared from the *corral*, and at the same time one of our Mexican muleteers was missing, who, probably, had decamped with the animal. The recent rain enabled us to track and follow him. Arrangements were made for the pursuit of the deserter, who, as we discovered on a closer examination, had also broken open the boxes of some of his companions, and taken part of their contents. The nearest human dwellings were distant about a day's journey, with the little village of Anton Chico not far off; but the thief, in order to secure himself and his booty, had taken the road to Las Vegas; and here we discovered our horse the next day, although nearly destroyed by an incessant gallop of forty to fifty miles. We could not catch the thief; he had sold the animal, which was worth several hundred dollars, for five dollars and a blanket.

Whilst we were busied with the pursuit of the thief, the attention of the party was drawn to a Mexican lad, one of our muleteers, the same who, at the nocturnal "stampede," on the Arkansas, had been dragged along. We thought it probable that the theft might have been committed whilst he was on guard at the *corral*; and according to the mode of

dealing practised toward Mexicans by the Anglo-Americans, this suspicion was sufficient to justify inquisitorial violence. My heart revolted at the sight of the boy tied to a waggon-wheel; it was out of my power to interfere; and when a stout American driver advanced with a heavy mule-whip, I stepped aside to avoid witnessing any further proceedings. I, however, heard the lad called upon to confess, and his repeated assertion of his innocence. Then the lash descended. "For the love of God, sir, do not beat me! for the sake of your mother's life, sir, do not strike me!" "Speak! confess!" A third stroke followed. "For the sake of the beautiful eyes of your wife, stop! I will confess." The lad now confessed the thief had threatened him with death should he betray him; that hereupon he had let the horse pass out, and the thief ride off while he was on guard, without raising an alarm; but he knew nothing more, and was no further implicated in the theft. Such occurrences frequently happen in the North American trading-caravans, in whose service Mexicans are engaged: and these people are, indeed, under the Anglo-Americans, in a position quite unprotected by law. The conductors of the caravans subject them to penal discipline, which is allowed neither by laws of the United States nor by those of the Mexican Republic; for in Mexico the law gives the master no right to the corporal chastisement of his peons. The Mexican victim of Anglo-American violence there has, commonly, no legal protection; the most distant attempt to deal with an Anglo-American, who has hired himself out as a labourer, as is so frequently done with Mexicans on the journey and in the frontier places, would doubtless result in the instant death of any one who should venture the attempt; and not until the Mexicans, in their intercourse with Anglo-American masters, venture their lives in resisting attempts against their honour and liberty, in the same decided manner, will they be secure from such treatment. He who can assert his rights will always be treated by the Anglo-Americans with consideration; but woe to the weak who are unable to defend themselves. The general consent of public opinion in the United States adjudges the rights of man to him only who has the power to assert them. Whatever laudable qualities the Anglo-American may possess, he wants one of the essential graces of man—generosity of the strong towards the weak. No observant person can regard the gallantry shown to ladies in the United States in this light, inasmuch as, if for no other reason, the female sex has here assumed the position of the stronger part, on account of the smaller number in which it exists at the beginning in every colony.

Rough, uneven country, small, pleasant prairies, naked rocks, cedar-wooded hills, and rounded fragments of sandstone—these were the features of the landscape on either side as we pursued our way in the old direction towards the west.

We found ourselves now on the dividing ridge or water-shed between the Pecos and the Canadian, and at a height of 5,550 feet above the level of the sea. The Hoorah Creek, at which we rested for a day, was the first stream we had crossed that carried its waters towards the Pecos, and the immediate connection with the Canadian, that had so long served our engineers as a guide, was cut off. (See Map, p. 624.)

There was now a difficult tract of country to be examined, measured, and topographically surveyed. The difference of level between Fort Smith and the

above-mentioned water-shed amounted to 5,000 feet; but the ascent was distributed over a surface of 700 miles, and, with the exception of a single place at the Llano Estacado, was so gradual, that it would form no obstacle to the laying down of a railroad. Our expedition was, however, still at a distance of 150 miles from its place of destination, Albuquerque on the Rio Grande, and in this short tract, up to the water-shed of the Pecos and the Rio Grande, it would have to work up to a height of 7,000 feet (the average elevation of the high table-land eastward of the Rocky Mountains above the sea), and then down again to the Rio Grande, whose level at Albuquerque, or Isleta, is 2,000 feet below that water-shed, or 4,945 feet above the sea. (See Map, p. 624.)

In order, if possible, to discover a suitable pass, one part of the expedition was to have followed the Pecos, perhaps to its source, thence proceeded to the source of the Galisteo, and afterwards followed the course of this stream to its mouth in the Rio Grande; but this plan was given up when it appeared that the Pecos, further up, breaks its way through a narrow rocky valley. Our party, therefore, remained together as far as the pass of Canon Blanco—two days' journey westward of the place where we crossed the Pecos.

The inequality of the ground was especially striking when, on the 25th of September, our expedition reached the Gallinas, a few miles above its union with the Pecos, and had to descend a considerable depth into a valley, and then toil up again as high on the opposite side. The sources of this river are not far from those of the Pecos, therefore only a little eastward from the foot of the Santa Fé mountains. As both rivers run through this tract in the same direction, increase at nearly the same rate, and unite in an acute angle, the Gallinas might fairly be considered as a branch of the Upper Pecos.

The banks of the first are low and bare, and this is, perhaps, why travellers are apt to regard it as a mere brook; but if you stand by the side of it, and see that its breadth varies from twenty to fifty feet, and that its clear flood rolls briskly along over its smooth pebbles, dashing vigorously against projecting banks, rebounding from the hard walls, and throwing up foam and bubbles on its surface, you will wonder how such a pretty river comes to be wanting in the ornament of a luxuriant vegetation—why no rich foliage is reflected in its bright waters, and no stately trees protect the lonely Mexican shepherd from the almost perpendicular rays of the sun. On the arid gold-bearing sands of California there are trees that tower to the skies, and gigantic cacti draw their nourishment from the black trap rock, and the cold lava of extinct volcanoes; but on the fruitful soil of the rivers of New Mexico there is seldom so much as a solitary cotton-wood tree to be seen.

The closely-cropped grass now told us, almost as plainly as the sight of the flocks and herds at a distance, that we were approaching the settlements; and we had scarcely reached the high western shore of the Gallinas valley, when the air seemed filled with a confused murmur, that became louder as we advanced, and the sound of thousands of animal voices was mingled with the tinkling of many bells from an enormous flock grazing in a valley that we were passing. A flock of sheep would certainly not have attracted much attention from any one of us at home; but now it was such an unwonted sight, that probably

there was not a single member of the party that did not turn to gaze with interest at the five or six thousand sheep and goats that were bleating and baa-ing in chorus, while the stately bearded rams and he-goats made, with their horns, threatening demonstrations at the waggons.

A young Mexican lad, with wild black hair hanging over his brown face, stood leaning on a knotted stick. His naked limbs were covered with weals, and the few rags that served him for clothing were the very symbols of destitution; a lean wolf-dog that lay at his feet glanced suspiciously towards the strangers, but the ragged Mexican politely raised his remnant of a straw hat, and held it in his hand, saying, "Buenos dias, Senores!" The salutation was courteously returned, and as some of the party appeared desirous of asking him some questions about the character of the country, he threw his tattered blanket across his shoulder with the stateliness of a hidalgo, and modestly stepped forward to meet the strangers.

According to his account, it might be about six miles to a spring, where the Expedition could pass the night, and then on the following morning we should have six miles further to reach Anton Chico, the first settlement. Many rather unmeaning questions were put to the lad, most of which he answered with a *Quien sabe?* (Who knows?) and when we left him again to his solitude, we could not help grieving over the lot of these poor fellows. With no other provision than a bag of maize-flour, they leave their customary shelter, under the rough wooden verandah of the first house they come to, and follow their flocks for weeks, or even months, without seeing a human creature, unless, perhaps, at a distance, another shepherd, with whom they are forbidden to join company, to avoid the mixing of the flocks under their respective charge. Their only amusement is afforded by a surly dog, or some pet lamb of the flock, and the only interruption to the dreary monotony of their existence is the occasional unwelcome one of an attack by wild Indians, who rush down and plunder their flocks, even if they do not murder them.

After a short march over stony heights covered with pine woods, the country opened, and afforded us a view over a valley inclosed by high rocks, with the Pecos winding through it. Here the road divided; one way turning off in a north-westerly direction to the table-lands on the Upper Pecos, and then crossing the river at San Miguel, led towards Santa Fé; whilst the other lay immediately along the Pecos in an opposite course. By this last the Expedition travelled conveniently down the river; and after crossing it, we found ourselves at only a short distance from the frontier town of Anton Chico, which looked, as it lay before us in the plain, uncommonly like a collection of brick-kilns. A suitable place was soon found for the encampment; and after the cattle had been driven away to pasture in some grassy ravines (for the immediate neighbourhood was like a dusty threshing-floor), everyone arranged his domestic establishment under a waggon tilt, or in his tent, and then set off to walk to the town, and find means, between broken Spanish and whole English, to scrape acquaintance with the Dons and Senioritas; as well as to ask some interesting questions about the prices of fowls, eggs, milk, butter, and of some drink a little stronger than water.

Anton Chico, though an old settlement, has never

counted more than three hundred inhabitants. The situation is not happily chosen, since, whatever commerce goes to Santa Fé—the chief commercial town of the West—can only reach this town by a circuitous route; and the environs are too little favoured by nature for agriculture ever to become a chief source of maintenance to the inhabitants. The few houses, which are inhabited by herdsmen and shepherds, are built of large square masses of unburnt brick (*adobes*), and make not the smallest pretension to beauty without, or convenience within. There is a church in the same style of architecture, and near it a *fundango saloon*,—*fundango* being the name here given to every kind of dance or ball. The space between the houses and the Pecos is laid out in gardens and maize fields, which require artificial irrigation; and this is effected by little trenches, or ditches, that run near one another through the fields, and answer the double purpose of bringing water from the river to the fruit-trees in the dry season, and carrying the superfluous moisture down to it during the heavy rains. These precautions are indispensable if any harvest is expected from the heavy clay soil, which, in the dry season, is as hard as a rock, and in the wet reduced to a toughly tenacious paste. The River Pecos has considerable resemblance, in character, to the Gallinas, though it is somewhat broader and deeper. The high table-lands which inclose the valley to the north keep off the cold stormy winds; and the chief trouble of the inhabitants proceeds from the wild Indians, who from time to time make their appearance and levy a forcible tribute on them.

The arrival of our party drew the entire population of the adobe houses to their flat roofs, or out of their doors, whence they contemplated the strangers with much curiosity. Our inquiries about shops were soon answered, and our men swarmed about them like bees, to get rid of the few shillings in their possession as quickly as possible.

Froebel describes Anton Chico as a small place of wretched appearance resembling Las Vegas; but which has a still more death-like aspect from its distance from the high road. The stony heights of the surrounding country, dotted here and there with single juniper-bushes, impart to it a desolate and gloomy character; and the dilapidated mud-walls, against which, wrapt in the old shabby serape, a man is occasionally seen leaning, to thaw his stiffened limbs in the sun, with groups of women and children seated on the ground, all present a concentrated picture of North Mexican misery.

VIII.

THE EXPEDITION DIVIDES—VALLEY OF CUESTA—CANON BLANCO—GALISTEO—ORGAN ROCK—VALLEY OF THE RIO GRANDE—PUEBLO OF SANTO DOMINGO—HOUSES WITH LADDERS—PUEBLO INDIAN CHURCH—BLENDING OF CHRISTIAN AND AZTEC TRADITIONS—THE SACRED FIRE.

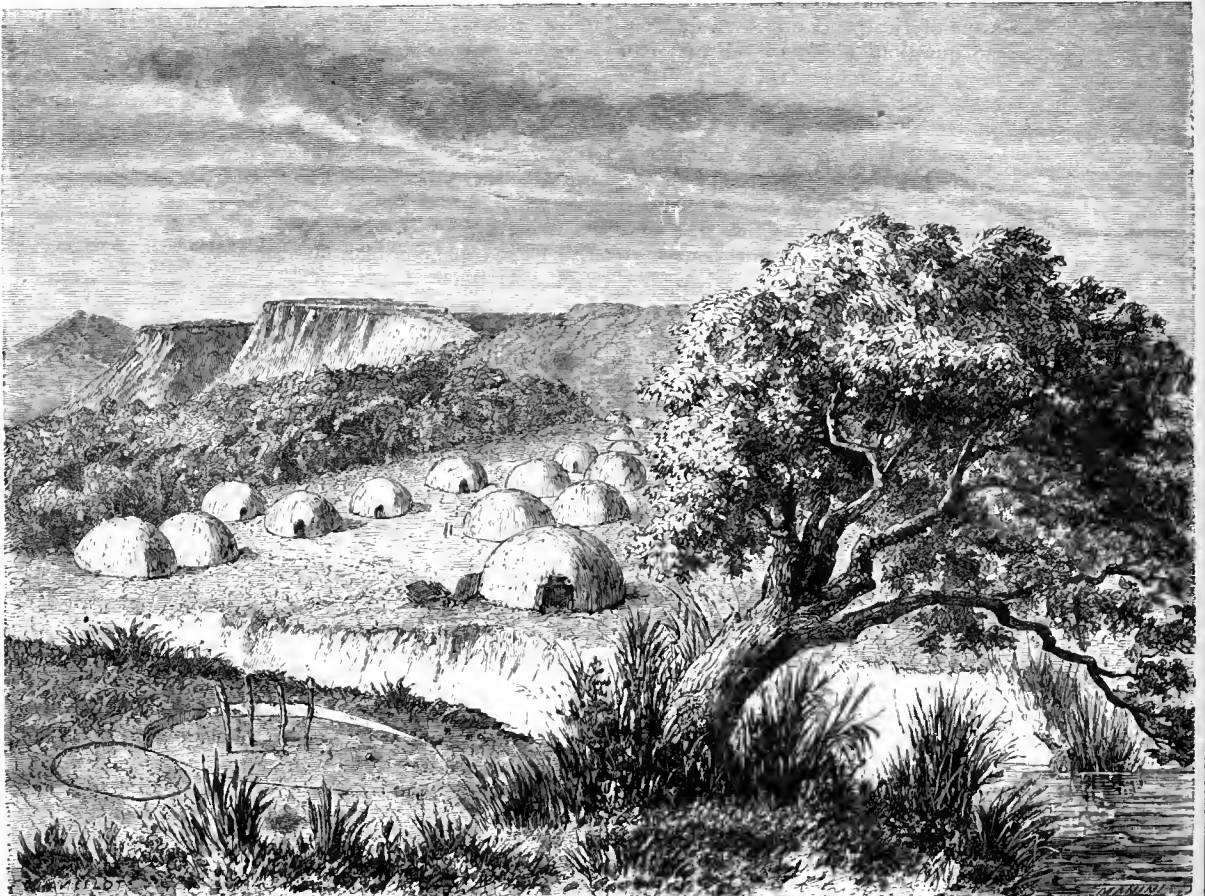
THE expedition was divided into two parties at Anton Chico, in order to examine two routes thence to Albuquerque. One was to proceed by Galisteo and San Domingo down the Rio Grande, while the main party proceeded by the San Antonio and the San Pedro pass. What may be designated as one of the southerly prolongations of the Rocky Mountains, the other being the Sierra Madre, which divides the head waters of the Rio Grande from those of the Colorado, now lay between them and the valley of the Rio

Grande. The valley of Cuesta, being of formidable depth and inclosed by high rocks, presented a very imposing aspect. The River Pecos or Puercos flows through it, and hence to the Rio Grande, by a great longitudinal valley in the Rocky Mountains, which are here known as the Sierra del Sacramento, Guadalupe, Hueca and Organ Mountains. The town of Cuesta lay like a little fortress, on a lower step of the plateau. The view over the valley and the neighbouring mountain ranges convinced them that it would be vain to follow the course of the Pecos any further, with a view of discovering a suitable line for a railroad, and they therefore returned to the main road, in order to follow

the remainder of the party through the pass of the Canon Blanco.

Froebel describes this so-called Canon Blanco, or "White Defile," as a dry rocky valley, passing from the Pecos valley, through the plateau of white sandstone, of the Jura formation, which separates the Pecos from the Rio Grande. The valley forms an open forest of pines and juniper trees, between sandstone rocks. The party were overtaken by a storm in the same pass; and the description given of it is as picturesque as usual, but less defined. The next day they reached Galisteo.

The sun had not yet set when our troop crossed the



CAMP OF KIOWAY INDIANS.

River Galisteo, and approached the first houses of the town of the same name.

Lying on the slope of a gently rising ground, it is prettily situated, and makes, from a distance, an agreeable impression, which, however, vanishes as soon as you enter its dirty streets, showing signs everywhere of extreme poverty, and find yourself regarded by every one you meet with mistrustful glances. Most of the male population, with their bearded faces and dirty blanket-wrappers, looked like banditti; and there was an impudent and profligate expression on the faces of the women, who greeted us besides with looks of mocking defiance.

We determined to pass the evening at a small inn, which looked somewhat more inviting than the other

buildings, and entered an apartment that served at the same time as sitting, sleeping, and reception room, where we were welcomed by the host and his family, and some American officers then on their way to Santa Fé.

The plateau between the Pecos and the Rio Grande is, according to the accurate Froebel, bordered on the west, along the Rio Grande, by a line of isolated mountain groups, of interesting Alpine forms, between which the defiles lead down into the valley. They are the Placer Mountains, Sandilla Mountains, Manzana Mountains, and other groups whose names he could not learn. The Placer Mountains of Froebel appear to be the same as the Gold Mountains of the American expedition. (See Map, p. 624.)

The River Galisteo trickled through deep ravines at the foot of the Gold Mountains, so Möllhausen's party desisted from following its course, and describing a wide arch round the mountains they turned into the valley near the Rio Grande. They had now got into a black and recent volcanic region, and springs as clear as crystal gushed forth in every direction to fertilise fields and gardens. What a change when once the great plains are crossed! Hence they proceeded down the Canon Boca, numerous squirrels springing about among the loose stones, and the chapparal cock (*Geococcyx Mexicanus*) hiding himself behind projecting rocks, till on turning from the ravine into the plain they came upon such wonderful formations of white sandstone that Möllhausen says they all involuntarily halted to gaze upon the spectacle.

From out of the bed of the Galisteo rose a close range of elegant columns, growing shorter and thinner towards the end, and beautifully notched and ringed, which, at a short distance, had such an astonishing resemblance to the pipes of a mighty organ, that I believe we should have scarcely felt surprise to hear tones of solemn music issuing from them. But they lay there in majestic stillness, though the listening ear caught various sounds of another kind. The stately buzzard, as he hovered on high, sent his piercing cry down to earth; the swallows twittered as they described, far below him, their zig-zag lines in the air; grasshoppers hung on the dry blades, and made as much noise in the world as they were able; merry crickets chirped from the cracks in the ground; and near the great silent organ, where an ancient tree bent down its decaying head, the woodpecker hammered away briskly to the no small alarm of the less noisy inhabitants of the time-worn trunk. All these various tones blended into a chorus that sounded like a hymn of praise; and when other travellers stand still to admire the spectacle, and wonder at the results of a cause so simple as that of falling drops of water, to which it owes its origin, the devout Mexican bares his head, crosses himself, and kneels down to repeat an *Ave Maria*. (See p. 630.)

When they had once obtained firm footing on the plain, they proceeded at a rapid trot. The valley of the Rio Grande was beckoning them, and every one was longing for the first sight of that much-talked-of river and its banks. At length the way wound down a steep declivity of hard clay, and the Rio Grande lay in full view; but under what a different aspect from what we had anticipated! We had been dreaming, perhaps, of luxuriant vegetation—of lofty palms and giant ferns—of umbrageous groves and navigable waters: and now there lay before us a treeless, clay-coloured flat, and a shallow, muddy river—a desert rather than a populous valley. At the foot of the hills the road turned towards the south, and the gloomy impression made on us by the first sight of this landscape became somewhat softened when we suddenly saw before us a peculiarly built town, surrounded by fields and gardens.

This was Saint Domingo, an ancient settlement of the Pueblo Indians, which reminded us, at first, of the Casas Grandes on the Gila, and further south in Mexico. (See Map, p. 624.)

Here, as in most of the towns of Mexico, unburnt brick was the chief building material, and it gave an old and ruinous aspect to the houses; which was increased by the various stories lying in terraces one over the other, so that part of the flat roof of the

lower story served as a little court to the upper, and the highest was considerably the smallest. By this plan, as the houses are built close to one another, there are formed upper, as well as lower, streets, which lead past the doors of the dwellings on the second and third stories, and establish an immediate connection between them. There are no doors on the ground-floor; but the ascent from the street is by ladders, which can be drawn up when the security of the inhabitants is supposed to require it. An opening in the flat roof of the first story gives access to the interior, while other ladders lead from the platforms of the lower stories to the second and third.

The rooms on the ground-floor seem to be exclusively employed as store-rooms, sufficient light being afforded by small square openings, glazed with plates of transparent crystalline gypsum.

There is little life in the lower streets, but a great part of the population was assembled before the doors, the men smoking, the women working, the children at play; and all showed great excitement at our approach, and leaned eagerly over their parapets to look down on us as we passed. The noise that so peculiarly characterises the towns and settlements of the whites was wanting here; there was no shouting, or bawling, or loud laughing, but the various groups conversed in low tones; and half-veiled figures, bearing on their heads parti-coloured earthen vessels, hastened with light steps through the streets, or nimbly ascended the broad rungs of the ladders without even putting a hand to their burden, and without spilling the smallest fraction of its contents.

In the meantime we had reached an open quadrangular square, two sides of which were formed by houses, and the remaining ones by the church and other public buildings; but we did not then take much time to look about us, but followed an Indian, who led us to a green meadow beyond the town, where we pitched our tents as quickly as possible, in order to get back the sooner to the town. The entire population of Saint Domingo did not consist of more than 800 persons; and since the masculine part of it at least was familiar with Spanish, it was easy, when they came flocking out to the camp, to enter into conversation with them.

The peculiarity here described, of houses built with no doors on the ground-floor but an ascent from the street by ladders, is an Aztec mode of building, and adapted to a kind of communistic life, something like that advocated by Owen. The celebrated *Casas Grandes* are so called, on account of their numerous floors, and they form the residence of several families. The system is now said to be best represented at the Pueblo of Saint Domingo, where we are now describing it. But Möllhausen says, it exists equally remarkably in the ruins of Zuni, as well as those of other Aztec cities in the Colorado Chiquito. The profound peace in which the present Pueblo or town-dwelling Indians live, have rendered perseverance in the system a most superfluous precaution. But often a particular system adopted for a particular purpose, is persevered in from the force of habit and custom.

The stay of the party at St. Domingo being limited to one night, they resolved upon visiting these Pueblo Indians in their ladder-houses this same evening, in order to make what use they could of the time, to learn as much as possible of this interesting people.

They ascended, therefore, the first ladder that they

came to, and, says Möllhausen, we found ourselves in a clean little court surrounded by a parapet; and we then entered, without ceremony, an open door through which we could see the light of a fire. When the occupants, a young man and two girls, became aware of our presence, the former took several blankets out of a corner, spread them on the floor, and invited us in the most friendly manner to be seated.

The two girls, who were busy cooking, immediately presented each of us with a warm *tortilla*, and placed before us a dish with another kind of baked cake, looking uncommonly like a large wasp's nest, inviting us by very intelligible signs to eat.

The apartment in which we found ourselves was very small but clean, even in its darkest corners, and had an air of comfort from the piled-up store of furs and blankets. The smooth walls were covered with articles of clothing, household utensils, and weapons, which were arranged with much attention to order. After we had, to the great satisfaction of the good-natured host, not only done ample justice to the viands set before us, but put the remainder into our pockets, as well as satisfied our curiosity by a minute examination of all the objects lying or hanging around, we bade "Good night" to our Indian friends, and continued our exploring expedition along the roofs of the lower stories. We entered many dwellings, found everywhere the same domestic arrangements, and were received with the same obliging hospitality; and at a late hour we returned to our temporary homes on the green meadow.

Early on the following morning we visited the town again, especially to see the interior of the church; for which the Gobernador had given us the permission, and the key, besides offering us his company.

The church was not externally distinguished from most others in the smaller Mexican towns; it had rough walls inclosing a simple hall, and the chief gable was turned towards the square and, projecting a little, was supported by two square clay columns. Between these two was the entrance, and over it a gallery communicating with the choir. On the roof was a kind of stone scaffolding, or belfry, containing the small bell, and surmounted by a cross. Some subordinate buildings in the same style, and an inclosed churchyard, completed the Pueblo church, which evidently owes its origin to Catholic missionaries. The interior was in the same style; there was a kind of altar; and the walls were of smooth clay, on which hung some old Spanish pictures,—the sole decoration, with the exception of some rude Indian paintings, amongst which we remarked the figure of a man on horseback riding over a troop of men: a *Conquistador*, therefore, and evidently an allusion to the Spanish conquest. The Catholic and Aztec religions were evidently blended in these representations; the Holy Virgin is often found in company with an Indian figure denominated Montezuma by the ignorant people of northern Mexico, and under the cross is seen a picture of the caves where the sacred fire was kept burning. In the populous Indian towns on the Rio Grande, and westward of the Rocky Mountains, this "everlasting" fire has long been extinguished; but it appears from tradition (a very uncertain authority, of course), that the holy flame was last cherished near the sources of the Pecos, where ancient ruins still attract the traveller's attention. It is also stated that Montezuma planted a young tree on this spot, and declared that as long as it stood, the

descendants of the Aztecs, the present Pueblo-Indians, should form an independent nation; but that when the tree had disappeared, white men should come from the east and overrun their country. The inhabitants of the Pueblos were then to live in peace with these white men, and patiently await the time when Montezuma shall return and unite them again into one powerful race.

IX.

ARRIVAL OF THE EXPEDITION AT ALBUQUERQUE—THE AMERICANS IN NEW MEXICO—OUTRAGE OF THE WHITE-SKINS—OLD FITZWATER, COMMANDANT AT ALBUQUERQUE—BRUTALITY OF AMERICAN WAGGONERS—VILLAGES OF MEXICAN GIRLS.

BEYOND San Domingo came the little Pueblo of San Felipe, on a plain inclosed by naked rocks, and with anything but a pleasant aspect. Immediately after this they crossed the River Tuerto, near its mouth, passed through the Mexican town of Algodones, and went on along the foot of the Sandia range, between which extensive chain and the Rio Grande, they kept about midway.

The neighbourhood of settlements, says Möllhausen, and cultivated lands was recognisable long before by the canals and ditches which intersected the low lands in all directions, and were destined to convey the water of the Rio Grande to the plants and seeds; for without such measures it would be scarcely possible to raise the most scanty harvests under the arid climate of New Mexico. Flocks of marsh and water birds animate the fields thus irrigated: and under shelter of the close stalks of the Indian corn some of the sportsmen got a few very effective shots among them. This part of our journey was quite like a pleasure tour, and so much the more so as thriving settlements and pretty *ranchos* continually lay smiling before us. We could have been only a short day's journey from Albuquerque when we determined to pass the night in the neighbourhood of Bernalillo, also an Indian town, and to wait for morning to continue our journey.

Twilight was still resting on the valley of the Rio Grande, though the peak of the Sandia range had begun to glow in the morning sunshine, when the impatient company was already in the saddle, and urging on the cattle to all possible haste. The environs had now lost all their interest for us, and all eyes were looking out for the distant church towers of Albuquerque.

Every passer-by, whether Indian or Mexican, was asked about the distance to the place, and the usual answer was, "*Quien sabe!*" with which we had, perforce, to be content.

We had come so far that we found ourselves opposite the southern point of the Sandia mountains, when our way was crossed by a broad road, which, coming from the east, led to an apparently great settlement on the Rio Grande. Here some Mexican women, whom we saw at work, were again questioned concerning the town of Albuquerque, and they laughingly pointed to the river, where a row of low houses and two small towers indicated the presence of a town. We turned immediately into the cross-road; the horsemen spurred on, the waggons followed briskly, and we soon found ourselves between fences and long buildings, from the doors and windows of which looked

out men wearing the uniform of the United States' dragoons.

Passing these buildings, we went on to a green sward beyond the town, with white tents gleaming from it, and there checked our mules, and received a hearty welcome. There was as much hand-shaking, and eager questioning, and talking amongst us, as if we and our comrades of the expedition had been separated for three years instead of three days; and suddenly, by some enchantment, bottles and jugs, filled with the excellent wine of El Paso, made their appearance, and our joyful reunion was celebrated by a festive banquet in the open air. After the first burst of our jollity was over, we hurried into the town to get our letters that had been forwarded to us by the government in Washington through the Sante Fé post to Albuquerque; and in the evening many of us might have been seen in our tents reading over, for the third or fourth time, the news from our distant homes.

A few days after a pompous announcement appeared in the *Amigo del Pais*, the weekly paper of Albuquerque, to the effect that a railroad expedition had arrived at that fortunate city, naming its members and anticipating its success with that enthusiasm so characteristic of southern blood, that there must have been some poor ignorant people who would have expected the railroad itself to follow in the van, only a few days after. (See Map, p. 624.)

So far then, however, their appointed task of exploring the country between the 35th and 36th parallels of north latitude had been performed; but there remained for their investigation the entirely unknown regions westward of Zuni, to the coast of the Pacific. This, as they were informed, was likely to be the most troublesome part of their undertaking; and, as a protection against hostile Indians, an additional military escort of twenty-five men, under the command of Lieutenant Fitzball, was ordered to join them at Fort Defiance. The winter was now at hand, and must add much to the difficulties they should have to contend with; but they enjoyed some days of most welcome rest, and exchanged reciprocal good wishes for a safe and speedy arrival at their ultimate destination, the Mission of Pueblo de los Angeles on the Pacific Ocean. (See Map, p. 624.)

Before, however, starting upon this adventurous expedition, it may be as well to introduce here an incident or two relative to the present relation of the Anglo-Saxons to their recently acquired territory of New Mexico. There is no doubt that they have done much towards establishing order in the country, and that with the indomitable spirit of enterprise characteristic of their race, they will ultimately succeed in introducing and in firmly establishing a system of colonisation and civilisation which will supersede the equally effete Aztec and Spanish superstition and disorganisation. But the means of intercommunication are as yet almost worthless, and the Great Infertile Plains, with their tribes of unsubdued and tribute-exacting Indians, of which we have given some idea in the previous pages, intervene like an almost insuperable barrier between the civilisation of the East—especially that of the non-slavery states—and the corruption and degradation—physical and moral—of the extreme West. The towns of New Mexico are still the theatre of violent scenes which have not always their origin in Indian savageness, for the great evil attached to these congre-

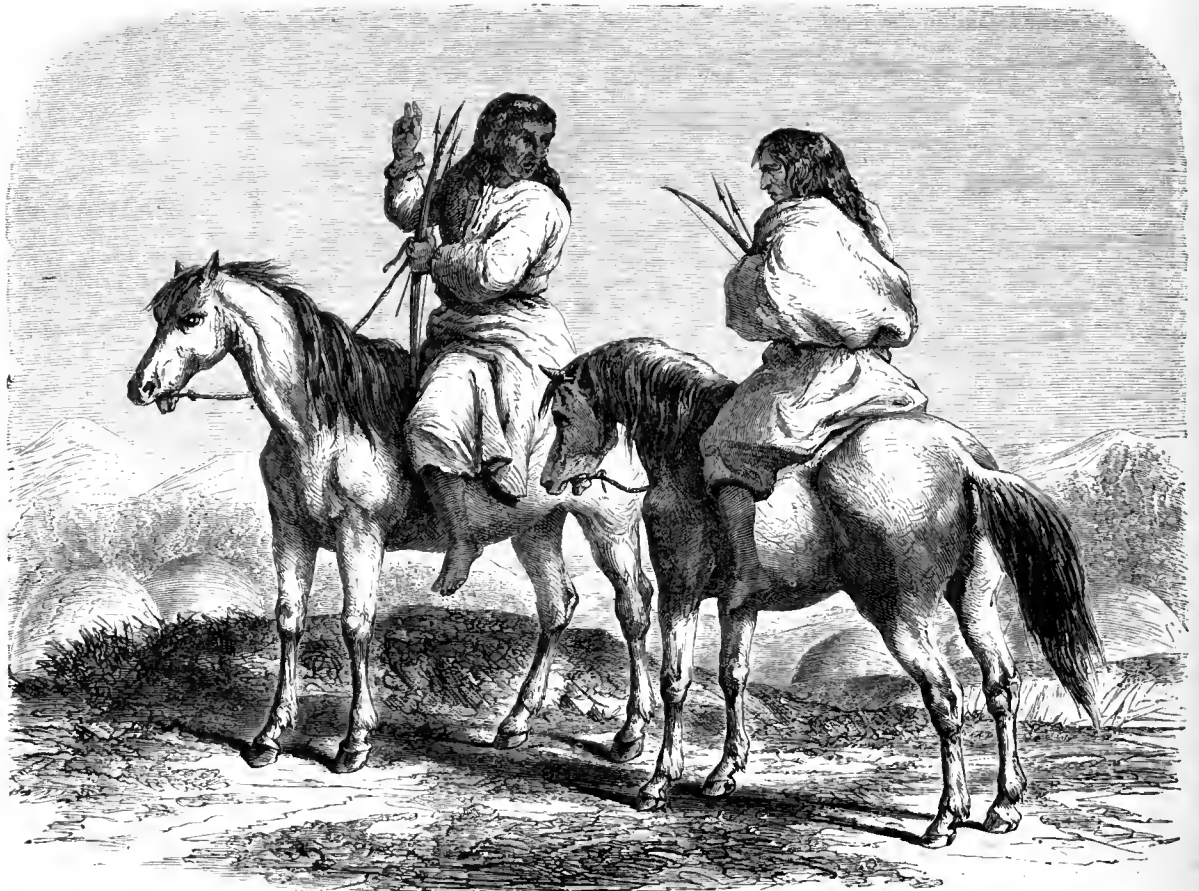
gations of people is, that they are composed of the most heterogeneous elements come from all quarters—a point of union of persons who come with the caravans, acting often as guides or even as muleteers, and who, expelled from one place to another on account of their bad conduct, wander about living not merely by their wits, but too often by the red hand of crime. We will quote one example given by Dr. Bigelow, to whom we have already referred, to Mr. Möllhausen. The events related happened at Socorro, a town situated in the valley of the Rio Grande, some distance to the south of Albuquerque, and of which Froebel says, "One of the many interesting scenes of landscape which the valley of the Rio Grande presents to the traveller, is the view from the hills below Parida, on to the opposite side of the valley, with the town of Socorro lying at the foot of the high mountains."

"Well, we shall be soon in the promised land now," began Mr. Garner, an American, who was riding in the midst of a group of comrades, letting his mule take its own course; "in the land of fandangos and bowie knives, of lassos and red pepper, of *Quien sabes* and *senoritas*. Many a pleasant day have I passed there already; for I, too, like Dr. Bigelow, belonged to the Boundary-surveying Commission; I hope, though, we may not have to witness such scenes of horror on this journey as on that." At these words he turned to the doctor. "Do you remember," cried he, "at Socorro your driving a troop of murderers with an unloaded musket out of your room, into which a dying man had been brought, a victim of the lawless barbarians?" "Ay, well do I remember those times," answered the doctor; "terrible they were, and it does seem incredible that such things as these you allude to could have happened in the nineteenth century." "In order," continued Mr. Garner, turning to the rest of us, "to make you understand how these things happened, I must go a good way back. When the Boundary Commission landed on the shores of Texas in 1850, about fifty waggons and other workmen had to be engaged for it. The quartermaster, on whom the difficult task of engaging them devolved, found no great choice, and was obliged to take the men pretty much as they came. It is not strange, therefore, that a collection of the most worthless and depraved fellows were thus taken into the service of our Government; and on our arrival at El Paso and San Eleazario, it was found necessary to dismiss some of the worst subjects. Some companies of emigrants making their way to California, as well as several trading caravans, had done the same thing at this very same place; so that some of the very scum of the human race were collected together in these little settlements, with no means of honest livelihood, even if any of them had been inclined to reform their way of life, and no money; for such of them as had had any to begin with, had soon lost every cent in gambling.

"The peaceable inhabitants of Socorro, a place where caravans usually halt for a short time, were especial sufferers from this circumstance; their lives were no longer safe, not only out of doors, but even by their own hearths; for the audacious robbers made their way everywhere, leaving too often a dwelling stained with the blood of its unoffending inmates. Many of the Mexicans, conscious of their impotence to withstand the brute force of their enemies, packed up their goods, left their homes, and migrated to distant settlements. This was the position of affairs when our Commission

arrived, but the appearance of an armed, well-disciplined force alarmed the company of gamblers, horse-stealers, and murderers, and made them more cautious in their proceedings. Hardly, however, were the various surveying parties sent off in different directions, when the former atrocities recommenced. Houses were mercilessly broken open, in order to satisfy the most disgraceful and criminal passions, and every new deed of violence increased the temerity of this terrible gang, by convincing them of their power and impunity. After several murders had been committed, the well-disposed inhabitants of Socorro associated themselves for the purpose of putting an end to these outrages, and requested assistance from the military post of San

Eleazario; but the assistance was refused by the commanding officer, on the ground that it should have been first asked from the civil authorities; and so things went on in the old way, and it seemed likely that the little town would be entirely depopulated, as all the inhabitants who could leave it were hastening to do so. One evening a ball was to be given—a very frequent diversion in all Mexican towns. These fandangos, as they are called, are open to every one; and, as may be supposed, the band of robbers above-mentioned did not fail to enliven the meeting with their company. Their brutal behaviour soon attracted attention; pistols were fired over the heads of the women; but when they fled in terror to the door, they found it blockaded by some



COMANCHE INDIANS.

of the ruffians, who compelled them to remain. The excitement in the confined space then became greater, and at last bowie-knives were drawn and used. A Mr. Clarke, the assistant of our quartermaster, who happened to be present, was the first victim, four of the villains attacking him at once with their bowie-knives, and he fell mortally wounded near the door.

“He was hastily carried to the quarters of our friend Dr. Bigelow here, who, after he had examined nine or ten wounds, gave up all hope of saving him; and the murderers actually pursued him even hither to complete their work. Dr. Bigelow, however, enraged at their brutality, seized a double-barrelled gun, and pointing it at the blood-thirsty miscreants, threatened to shoot them instantly if they did not leave the room.

The gun was not really loaded; but as, fortunately, they were not aware of this fact, the cowardly assassins retired.

“When the news of the murder of a member of our commission reached our camp, of course we all got into a state of great excitement; and the question was how to get hold of the perpetrators of the deed.

“There was no help to be looked for from the military station; and the alcalde of the town was a weak, sickly man, who had delegated his authority to another still greater coward than himself; so that no very energetic measures could be hoped from him. All that could be done, therefore, was for all the members of the commission to unite, and do what was necessary for public security. We despatched messengers to San

Eleazario, where our chief division lay, to mention the occurrence, and request their assistance; they all obeyed the summons instantly, and a troop was collected of Americans and Mexicans, who armed themselves, and hastened to Socorro, where a number of the townspeople were awaiting them. Our force was then separated into two divisions, charged to institute the closest search after the murderers.

"We all went to work zealously, every house was searched, and eight or ten of the banditti arrested; though the leader, a fellow of the name of Young, had it appeared, made his escape early in the morning from the place. Our prisoners were carried by an armed party to the house of a magistrate named Berthold, and there kept in close custody while we got together a jury consisting of six of our own people, and six Mexicans. An advocate was offered to the criminals, but declined; probably because they considered the whole affair a mere form, and thought they could easily swear themselves free again. The examination was conducted in the most serious manner, though without any loss of time, as it was rumoured in the place that a plot was forming for the rescue of the villains, and only watching for a favourable opportunity. A more peculiar-looking court of justice can certainly hardly be imagined; all who took part in the proceedings, as well as the spectators, who also undertook to preserve order, were armed from head to foot, and composed, in their various costumes, a scene that seemed to belong to the middle ages. The light-complexioned, but sun-burnt faces of the American jurymen, who sat calmly smoking their pipes, contrasted strongly with the dark Mexicans wrapped in their striped serapes, with their broad hats in their hands, and their little *cigarillos* between their lips. The judge sat before a rough wooden table, on which, instead of legal documents, there lay a pair of pistols; and the prisoners on a bench, in the midst of the stern determined-looking assembly, had lost nothing of their hardened, indifferent manner, but looked about them with a defiant scowl.

"The trial lasted two days, and an attempt was made by the friends of the prisoners to delay it still longer, evidently with the view of gaining time to effect their rescue in one way or another. These attempts were fruitless, however, and three out of the four were declared guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon them, which was ordered to be executed the same evening. A priest was appointed to accompany them to the place of execution, but they rejected his consolations with contempt, and died as hardened villains as they had lived. The setting sun saw three human bodies dangling from the branches of a cotton-tree; and then all who had taken part in the proceedings, as well as the spectators, retired quietly to their respective abodes.

"In order to get hold of the leader of the band, our society determined to offer a reward of 400 dollars to any one who would produce him, and the reward was tempting enough to send people searching for him in all directions. In a few days the murderer was sent to us in fetters, by the people of Guadeloupe, and we had now the unpleasant duty of inflicting his well-deserved punishment. His trial was short, and he died on the same tree as his accomplices.

"Order and security were now re-established in Socorro; all whose characters were doubtful, and who were entirely unconnected with the commission, and

without occupation, were ordered to leave the place in twenty-four hours; but the order was scarcely needed, for after the execution of the four most dangerous of the banditti, the rest did not deem a longer stay in the place advisable, and before the end of the second day they had all vanished. Our proceedings were fully approved by the civil and military authorities, and the inhabitants of Socorro thankfully acknowledged that such an example had been long wanting. They could now again sit peacefully before their doors of an evening, and were not obliged to retire and barricade themselves in their houses as soon as it began to grow dusk. It is not from the wild Indians, New Mexico has most to fear, but from villains of the white race, who have thrust themselves into the country, and become the scourge of the peaceful inhabitants.

"The Mexicans have great, and some of them, unpardonable faults, but they are now generally inclined to an orderly and peaceful way of life."

"I suppose," said one of the party, "we need hardly fear any affairs of that kind in Albuquerque? As Santa Fé is the capital of the Far West, most of the rascality will probably be drawn in that direction."

"I am convinced," said Mr. Garner, "that we have some neat specimens of that kind among our own men. They look innocent enough now, but when we get to Albuquerque, they will most likely be beginning their tricks. You'll see that when once they are dismissed and find themselves their own masters, you will hardly know them again. We shall have to look sharp after our mules, if we do not wish to lose some of them every night, and have them some days afterwards sold in Santa Fé, by persons unknown."

The history of Fitzwater, the actual United States' commandant at Albuquerque, at the time that the expedition was at that place, as related by Lieutenant Whipple to his travelling companions, was not a little characteristic of the social condition of the country:

"Old Fitzwater," began one of the officers, "whom you most likely know by name, has been appointed by our government to be the Commandant for life of the military station of Albuquerque. This old soldier is about the greatest curiosity that you ever saw in your life. I believe he has not a bone in his body that has not been shot or hacked through, and patched together again, and his left leg is kept stiff by an iron rod, so that he has to mount his horse on the right side. Most of his wounds have been received in skirmishes with the Indians, but the severest in our war with Mexico. He was an old serjeant then, but could bear all the hardships and privations with the youngest man in the army. In some battle, I forget which, this old Fitzwater was posted with a party near a mass of rock, so that the rear was covered by a granite wall. He and his men kept up a brisk-fire with their muskets upon the enemy's fusiliers, who answered to the best of their ability, and were occasionally supported by a whiff of grapeshot from their artillery. Just while Fitzwater was loading, a bullet went through the neck of the man next him with such force as to strike the granite rock behind and send the splinters flying out. One of these entered Fitzwater's left eye; but he only turned his bleeding face to his comrades, saying, 'Well, I never met with anything like that before. I never believed a bullet, already past, could wound in the rebound! It's well it was not my right eye;' and he then proceeded to take aim at a Mexican. After the war he undertook

regularly to escort the post from Texas to Santa Fé, and back again, and it was only on these journeys that he so frequently met with hostile Indians. The astonishing coolness that he always displayed in moments of danger never once forsook him, and to these qualities he owes his present position in Albuquerque. His worst enemies were the Apache Indians, who were constantly following and endeavouring to get hold of him. One morning, when he was not far from El Paso, old Fitzwater was sitting by a fire preparing breakfast for himself and his only companion—a pretty substantial breakfast, too; for, however the old fellow has been cut and hacked about, his excellent appetite has never been injured. He was devoting himself with his whole soul to the cookery of a savoury roast and the making of some capital coffee, when he suddenly saw himself surrounded by a party of Apache Indians, evidently with a hostile purpose. He saw in a moment the impossibility of resistance, for the very instant he had stretched out his hand to a weapon a tomahawk would have shattered his skull. He did not, therefore, take the slightest notice of the threatening gestures of the savages, but proceeded with his cookery, and carelessly told them to sit down and help themselves to some bits that were already done while he made some coffee and put some more meat to roast. This unaccountable coolness, united to the friendly invitation, so completely took the Indians by surprise, that they involuntarily obeyed, and squatted down to satisfy their appetites on Fitzwater's dainties, and afterwards went off without doing him any harm, or even touching any of his things. Fitzwater declares that, though he would much rather have given the Apaches a taste of his long knife than of his coffee and sugar, he was heartily glad to find himself and his companion with a whole skin after their visit."

When Froebel was on the Rio Grande not far from Socorro, he was also witness of gross excesses on the part of the Americans. "Our next night-encampment," he relates, "was below Sabino. Some of our people begged to be allowed to return to the village, and join in a dance. On this occasion a North American so excited the jealousy of a native peasant, that he was surrounded, and a general attack was made upon him. At this he drew a small pistol from his pocket, and, like Don Juan, fired into the crowd of people in the room; fortunately, however, the affair turned out quite as harmlessly as in the opera—no one was hurt, and the culprit was unheded. I have before observed the Mexicans living on the borders suffer much from the insolence and violence of the North Americans. The next night one of our North American drivers found one of our Mexican muleteers asleep at his post, and to arouse him, he gave him a blow which laid open his head with a wound about two inches long; it nearly killed him, and the driver openly boasted that this had been his intention." Froebel describes many other causes of just discontent on the part of the inhabitants, and of the failure of unsuccessful military colonies. When on the frontier-river, Mora, he relates, "that his people gave themselves up to enjoyment, after their fashion; some got intoxicated, and began quarrelling: others disappeared from the camp, and did not return till the next morning—when he heard that this frontier locality, but just reclaimed from a perfect desert, was inhabited by a number of Mexican girls, who made a trade of selling their favours to passing travellers. Small cottages, situated here and there in some corner, are the dwell-

lings of these girls." He was told that even larger establishments devoted to this traffic, are connected with certain settlements in this country. Thus, says the philosophical Teuton, "Here, on the western edge of the Great North American Desert, are found the counterpart of African caravan stations. It would seem as if a similar social discrepancy arose in two totally different portions of the globe, simply from the existence of the same physical circumstances—the necessity in both cases of a long extent of travel, away from all the ordinary conveniences of civilisation."

X.

SOCIETY AT ALBUQUERQUE—ROBBER RACES OF APACHE AND NAVAHOE INDIANS—PUEBLO OR VILLAGE INDIANS—DESCENDANTS OF THE AZTECS?—HISPANO-INDIAN BREEDS—TRACES OF EARLY EUROPEAN CIVILISATION—ANGLO-SAXON SETTLERS—VALLEY OF THE RIO GRANDE—THE RIVER IS NOT NAVIGABLE—PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE—EL PASO WINE—MEXICAN FANDANGOS.

THE state of things at Albuquerque itself did not belie what has been said of other portions of New Mexico. Even among the better classes there was the same characteristic thoughtlessness and love of pleasure. The evenings, Möllhausen says, were passed by most of our party in the houses of public entertainment, or in the hospitable abodes of the officers; and when the church bell summoned us to the fandango, most of the party might be seen streaming towards the spacious hall where smiling and dance-loving Mexican fair ones were awaiting us. Thus every hour was occupied either with work or play; days and weeks flew by, and every one began to feel himself quite at home; but I believe, nevertheless, there was not a single member of the expedition who was not quite willing that this kind of life should come to an end.

Very few towns in New Mexico have a picturesque appearance. They are generally built in broad valleys bounded at a distance by naked rocks; the houses are one-storied, partly concealed indeed by trees, but these, with the exception of a few alamos,¹ are the only trees to be seen. Albuquerque lies about five hundred yards from the Rio Grande, and has a rather ruinous aspect; the only building at all conspicuous is the church, which, with its two towers, might lead to the expectation of a more important settlement. Church, houses, barracks, and the stables of the garrison are all built of the same material, namely *adobes*, or bricks dried in the air in the usual Mexican fashion. They are made of the earth of the valley, mixed with straw and small stones to give them greater firmness. Both inner and outer walls are from two to three feet thick, and, except the doors, very sparingly provided with openings for light and air. These habitations are all built on the flat ground, or at the most only slightly raised on a bed of clay, and the interior is as rudely simple as possible, though not altogether without convenience; and among the more opulent inhabitants, apartments may be seen to which, by means of whitewash, a neat and pleasing appearance has been given. Boarded floors are an unknown luxury, and both rich and poor content themselves with hard stamped clay, which only the wealthy cover with straw mats and carpets.

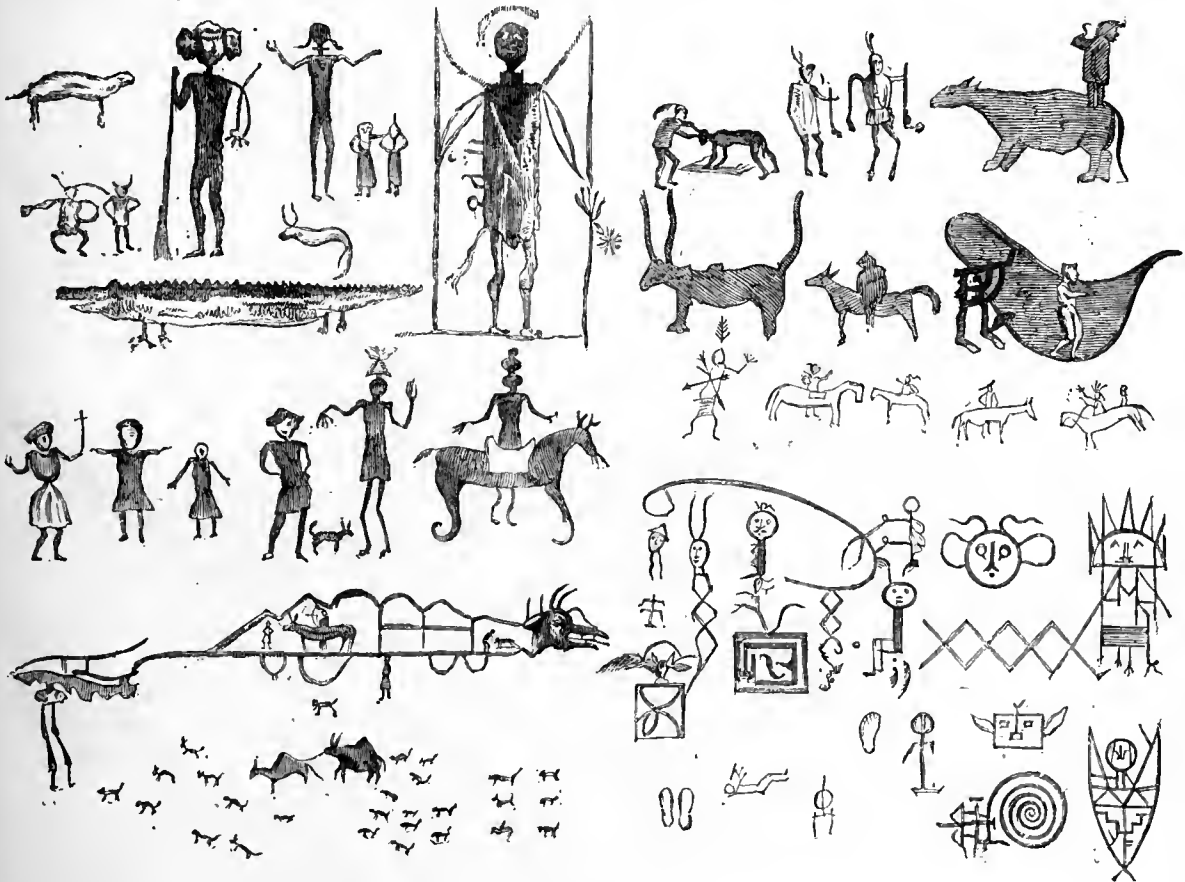
Albuquerque has increased both in importance and

¹ The Spanish name of the cotton-wood tree (*Populus angulata*).

extent, since it has boasted a military garrison; but it is still by no means on a level with Santa Fé or El Paso, which have been for a long time the chief commercial places of these regions. It is a kind of offshoot from Santa Fé, and the number of its inhabitants does not now exceed 700 or 800, most of whom are engaged in trade or cattle breeding, though there are among them many most worthless fellows; gamblers, who are always on the watch to relieve the soldiers of their pay, as soon as they get it; and robbers, who not only never miss an opportunity of making off with a horse or a mule, but have not the least objection to commit a murder, to secure their booty. These villains are a dreadful plague to the peaceable part of the population; but since the military garrison has been established

here, the town is no longer so much troubled by the attacks of wandering troops of the Apache and Navahoe Indians, though hordes of them do still roam about in the neighbourhood, and lie in wait to steal cattle or make prisoners. It is by no means an uncommon case for a horde of these savages to be under the guidance of a Mexican rascal, who takes his share of the plunder.

The nation of Apache Indians is one of the greatest and most widely diffused of New Mexico, and comprehends numerous tribes scarcely known even by name. According to the accounts of settlers in the country, as well as of travellers, the Apache territory extends from 103° to 114° longitude west from Greenwich, and from 30° to 38° north latitude; but they are found roaming



INDIAN HIEROGLYPHS.

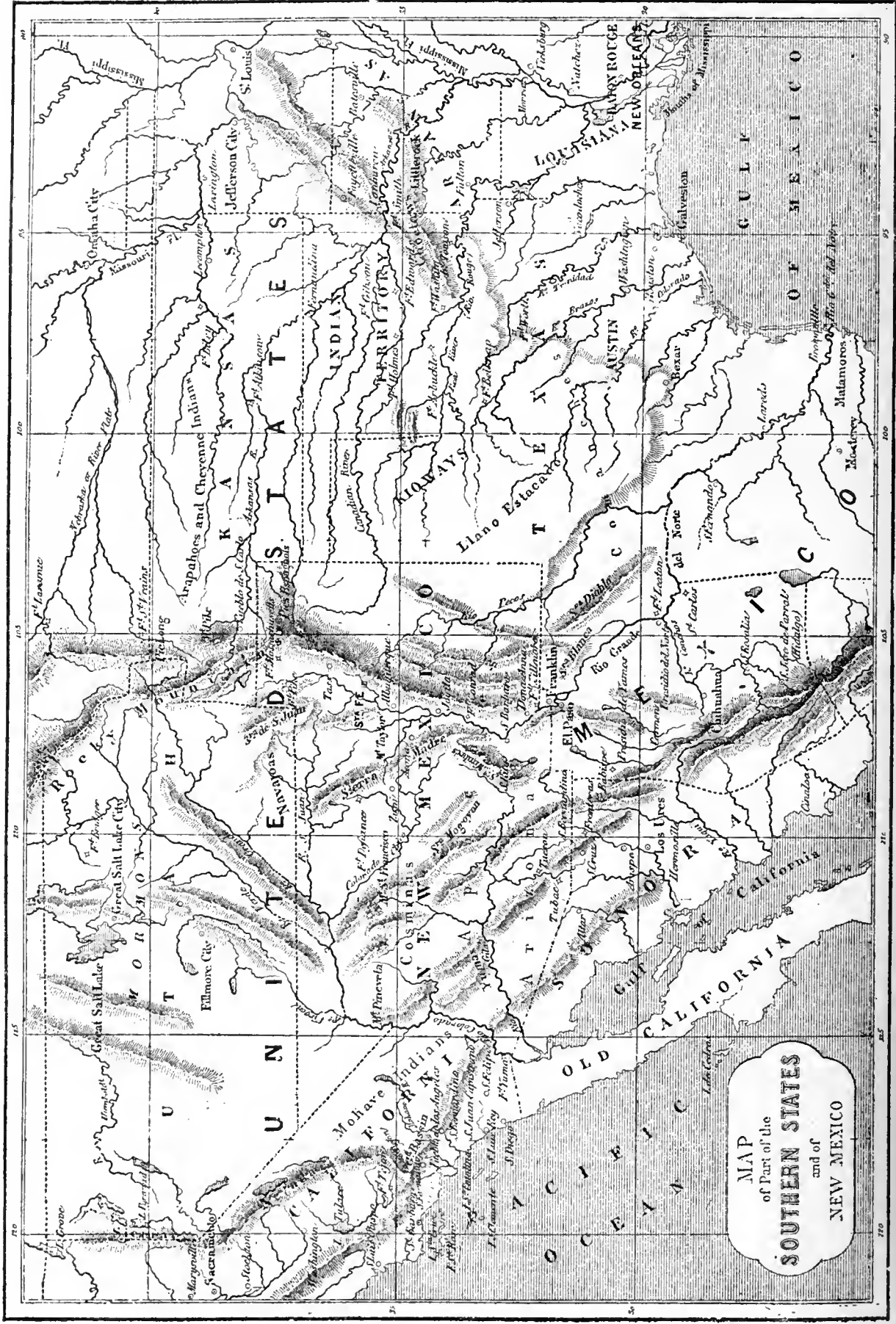
far beyond these limits, though they have no villages beyond them, and are carried by their love of plunder even to the states of Sonora and Chihuahua.

It is possible that in some parts of this wide territory Indians may be found who do not belong to the Apache race; but this can only be ascertained by a comparison of their languages. The tribe of the Navahoe or Navajoe Indians, by far the most numerous westward of the Rocky Mountains, also belongs to this family, and it is more than probable that kindred tribes may be found much further north.¹

¹ See Bartlett's *Personal Narrative*, vol. i. p. 326. In an essay read before the Ethnological Society, by Professor Wm. W. Turner, he has shown that a close analogy exists between the languages of the Apaches and the Athnascans, a tribe on the Polar Sea.

A certain touch of the chivalrous in the character of the American Indian east of the mountains is entirely wanting among these tribes: even their exterior is far less prepossessing, and there are very few fine forms among them. Their food consists, in a great measure, of the flesh of the horses and mules with which they provide themselves from the Mexican settlements; but the Navahoës are almost the only Indians of New Mexico who keep large flocks of sheep, and lead with them a nomadic life. They know, too, how to spin the wool, and weave from it very close blankets of various colours, of a quality seldom surpassed by those manufactured in the civilised world.

These parti-coloured blankets, in which the Navahoës envelop themselves, have a peculiar and rather agreeable effect, when a troop of them are seen together.





MOUNTAINS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Their costume in other respects resembles that of other tribes,—unless indeed, of such as wear no costume at all. A cotton shirt is considered a garment of rather superfluous elegance; but the Navahoes devote much care to the manufacture of their deer-skin *chaussure*, being very anxious to have strong soles, turning up into a broad peak at the toes, on account of the *cacti* and other thorny plants that occupy large tracts of those regions, and in which they could not take a single step without this precaution. They wear on their heads a helmet-shaped leather cap, usually decorated with a gay bunch of eagle, vulture, or turkey feathers. Besides bows and arrows, they carry a very long lance, in the management of which they are extremely skilful, and when thus armed, and mounted on their swift horses, are antagonists not to be despised.

The most striking contrast to these robber races, against whom the New Mexicans have to be constantly on their guard, is seen in the Pueblo or village Indians, whose settlements lie on the Rio Grande, and in the fertile valleys of its tributaries. They are the best part of the population of New Mexico, living on friendly terms with all their neighbours, and diligently pursuing their avocations of cattle-breeding and agriculture. In observing the patriarchal customs and manners of these people, and comparing their terraced houses with the ruins of the Casas Grandes on the Gila, and in Chihuahua, the probability of their being descendants of the ancient Aztecs involuntarily suggests itself; but how far such a conjecture may be depended on, and how nearly it approaches the truth, can only be determined by making these Indians the objects of close study, and following from north to south the traces that the Aztecs have left behind them, in their great migration. These Indian tribes,—generally, though incorrectly, called copper-coloured, for, unlike the nations living further to the north, they are of a brownish-yellow complexion,—constitute, with the descendants of the Spaniards, the present inhabitants of New Mexico.

The valley of the Rio Grande del Norte is closely cultivated in many parts from the mouth up as far as Taos, and among the population of this district the Spanish physiognomy is so mingled with the Indian, that the closest examination can hardly discover the pure Andalusian blood. It seems, however, that from generation to generation, the Indian sloth has gained ground on the old Spanish energy, and prevented either colonisation or civilisation from advancing beyond a certain point; but the recent constant intercourse with the Americans, and their example, does nevertheless appear to be animating the people of New Mexico to greater exertions. And yet long before the first settlers had landed in New England, or any colonies been planted in Virginia, Christianity had found its way into the heart of the American continent, and was no longer strange, even to the Indians of New Mexico; the steppes where the shaggy bison grazes, had been visited by Europeans, and the foreign intruders had made their way east and west, through the narrow passes of the Rocky Mountains: the Gila, and the Colorado, which as unknown rivers have lately awakened so much interest, had been several times crossed, and the bold Spaniards had already established on the Pacific Ocean the missions or colonies which were the long enduring memorials of their former greatness.

In the regions south of the 36° north latitude—to

which the attention of the government of the United States has been specially directed, and to which many well-equipped expeditions have been sent—travellers frequently come upon the traces of an earlier European civilisation, which could only have existed for a short time and must have subsequently passed into oblivion, but the re-discovery of which now attracts much attention. At the sight of these vestiges, a comparison between the colonisation of the Spaniards on the one hand, and of the Dutch and English on the other, involuntarily suggests itself. In the first, missionaries advanced bearing the cross, followed by the standards of their country, and surrounded by haughty warriors; the natives were baptized, missions established at suitable spots, and the population compelled to labour for the benefit of their new masters, and the maintenance of the Church. Up to this point, these undertakings appeared to flourish, but centuries passed without any perceptible progress, or any increase of the Christian community; on the contrary, many descendants of the first Christians are now dragging on a wretched existence in remote districts of New Mexico, the sport of the neighbouring tribes of Indians, who have remained deaf to the Christian doctrines.

The Dutch and Anglo-Saxon settlers, on the coasts of the Atlantic, came with the plough and the rifle; they cleared forests, broke up the ground, cast seed into it, and the thousandfold produce that rewarded their industry soon enabled them to build churches under the shadow of the mighty trees, beneath which their first prayer-meetings were held. On the path thus broken, civilisation advanced towards the west, and the axe and the rifle were followed by trade, industry, art, science, and religion.

The inexhaustible wealth of nature which rendered, and still renders, the colonisation of the North American continent so comparatively easy, is not in so high a degree characteristic of New Mexico, and in some places there are even deficiencies, but the fruitful valleys of the Rio Grande and its tributaries, as well as its mountains, rich in iron, coal and gold, are profuse enough in their gifts, not only to maintain, but to enrich whole nations, and carry them to the highest point of civilisation. No other advantage, however, can be obtained from the Rio Grande than that of irrigation, for its depth of water bears no sort of proportion to its breadth, and there can be no idea of ever rendering it navigable. Its breadth, from the neighbourhood of Santo Domingo to Santa Fé—therefore, throughout its entire upper course—varies from 400 to 800 feet, whilst the depth is on an average scarcely as much as two or three; though here and there deeper spots are to be found. Even near the Gulf of Mexico, the Rio Grande increases very little in depth, and from its mouth to its source, it has not been found necessary to unite its shores by a single bridge. Waggon can drive through its shallow bed at almost every part; but it is necessary, nevertheless, to be careful in choosing the fording place, to avoid having your wheels sunk in the quicksand, from which it is often extremely difficult to extricate them, and this can indeed be in some cases only effected by taking the waggons to pieces, and dragging them out bit by bit. The water in this river is thick and sandy, except during the inundations from the melting of the snow in the Rocky Mountains.

These inundations mostly occur every summer, and

when they do not, the bed of the Rio Grande becomes almost dry, for the amount of water furnished by its tributary springs is drawn away through ditches and canals (*acequias*) by the settlers and Pueblo Indians, for the irrigation of their fields. The advantages of a regular artificial irrigation over an irregular natural one, are lost if the rising of the river in the summer does not take place. In February and March, indeed, there is abundance of water to freshen and fertilise the fields, but if the supply is not kept up by contributions from the masses of snow in the mountains, it soon becomes insufficient, and the plants, which have shot up rapidly, wither away on the arid soil before the ears or seed-vessels have been formed. In such cases, the farmer not only sees his hopes of a harvest annihilated, but finds that his labours and expenses in clearing his canals have been in vain. Such an entire failure as this, however, is very rare, and in favourable years the product is very abundant. It is calculated, that of the area of the valley of the Rio Grande, which varies from a quarter of a mile to four miles in breadth, one eighth cannot be cultivated from the deficiency of water; but thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of settlers, might find room and occupation in the remaining seven-eighths of this thinly-peopled region. Maize, wheat, and of late even barley, have been successfully raised here, but the attempts to introduce the potato have never prospered, so that only very small fields of this root are to be seen; rather a remarkable circumstance, as the American continent is its native home. Onions, pumpkins, and melons thrive remarkably well in New Mexico, and attain an enormous size, and magnificent fruit is grown in the gardens. To the vine particular attention is paid, and at El Paso we saw vineyards containing the most exuberant crops of the grape, from which the well-known El Paso wine is made. The Spaniards are said to have introduced this grape; but that it prospers so well tends to contradict the common opinion, founded on recent experience, that the European grape never thrives so well as the native American when improved.

The people of New Mexico have a very simple method of cultivating their vines; they do not train them either round poles or edges, but in the autumn cut them off close to the ground, so that new shoots strike out every spring. The more careful growers cover the vines during the winter with straw, to protect them from the dangerous night frosts, and at the beginning of spring they are placed under water, and kept so until the ground is sufficiently saturated for the moisture to last, in most cases, through the summer.

In July the first grapes begin to ripen, and the last are only cut towards the end of October. They are then thrown into large vessels, trodden out by men with naked feet, and afterwards pressed in sacks of raw ox-hide. By this rude method is produced the excellent El Paso wine, which has some resemblance to Madeira.

As Albuquerque is a western frontier town, the stores of the traders exhibited a curious variety of all imaginable articles in ordinary use, &c. Clothes and medicines, dried fruits and iron goods, linen and pastry, brandy and prayer books, coffee, hams, shoes, blankets, and hundreds of other articles were to be had in abundance for hard cash, literally hard cash, for paper money is not taken. We found, therefore, every facility for fitting up the gaps in our wardrobes or other possessions; and as we were, above all things, anxious

to make, at the numerous balls of Albuquerque, a rather less ragamuffin appearance than we had done at Anton Chico, many a good dollar belonging to our party found its way into the shops, and was joyfully exchanged for an article of a tenth of its value, which happened to be wanted at the moment. When the evening bell of the old church began to sound, the best dancers of the company hastened, as I have said, with exemplary punctuality to perform their devotions to the fair and gaily-dressed Mexican ladies. We found that, though all the balls were public, the company consisted of two distinct classes; the one formed by the more cultivated inhabitants of Albuquerque, which was joined by the officers of the garrison and the members of our expedition; the other of a wild throng of very rough fellows, who, in their own circle, might dance, shout, quarrel, and swear to their hearts' content; and they had just as little desire to submit to the restraints of our more decorous society, as we had to mingle in theirs. One of the most indefatigable visitors of the ball-room was the commandant, "Old Fitzwater," who, though his stiffened limbs could no-how be induced to permit his dancing himself, was all the more zealous in encouraging others to sedulous exertion, and he also contributed much to the amusement of the company by humorous tales of his youthful adventures. Even Dr. Bigelow, too, was actually tempted, for a brief interval, to forsake his beloved herbarium and take part in a fandango.

After we had enjoyed several of these pleasant evenings, it was unanimously resolved among us to invite the officers, citizens, and especially the lovely *citizenesses*, to as splendid a ball as we could manage to get up. For this purpose, we hired the most spacious *locale* that was to be found in the town, and then sent out invitations to all the good folks of Albuquerque whom we could regard as at all educated and presentable. The next business was to collect all the good things in the way of meats and drinks that the country round could furnish; we even sent for them to Santa Fé, and, in short, exerted ourselves to furnish, regardless of expense or trouble, such a *fête* as Albuquerque had not often seen. There were oysters that had made a journey of a thousand miles in hermetically closed cases to do honour to our "solemnity," and champagne from the other side of the world, and all in such profusion as would have sufficed for a still more numerous party. Among our guests was General Garland, who happened to be then on a journey of inspection to the various military stations, and who, with a squadron of dragoons, had pitched his camp near Albuquerque. He mingled in the dance with as much frolicsome activity as the youngest lieutenant, and showed very clearly that his long journeyings through the steppes had not tended to render him a less lively and agreeable companion. Our ladies were all natives of the country, who looked very charming in their white dresses and simple but tasteful ornaments.

In order not to be disturbed by any objectionable individuals of the population, Lieutenant Johns had taken the precaution to place several sentinels at the door, with the strictest orders to allow no one but the invited guests to pass; and with this precaution we gave ourselves wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour, and the day had dawned before the company left our "festive halls," and sought, tired enough, their respective beds.

Often enough afterwards, as we lay round the flickering camp-fire in the high snow regions of the San Francisco mountains, or toiled through the lonely arid wastes to the west of the Colorado, we thought of that pleasant night of revelry in Alluquerque: and every weary wayfarer brightened up a little as he called it to mind, and told of some remarkable anecdote connected with it.

XI.

THE BACKWOODSMEN—THE INDIAN TOWN OF ISLETA—PUEBLO LAGUNA—POUNDING MAIZE WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT—A TOUCH OF NATURE—THE MORO ROCK—INSCRIPTIONS—THE RUINS OF NEW MEXICO AND THEIR ORIGIN.

ONE of the great objects at Albuquerque was to procure a guide or guides, such persons were indispensable on their way through tracts of country hitherto untrodden by any but Indians or trappers, and there were very few sufficiently acquainted with those regions to undertake such a responsibility. The three oldest backwoodsmen at this epoch were Leroux, Fitzpatrick, and Kit Carson. Fitzpatrick, says Möllhausen, has spent half a century in the steppes and wildernesses of North America, and all three are gray-headed old fellows, whom one cannot avoid looking at with a certain feeling of respect and admiration, when one remembers how often during their long wanderings death in many forms has threatened them; by hunger and thirst, by wounds and disease, by the scalping knife of the red skin, or the fangs of wild beasts, or a thousand perils in which they have seen many of their comrades fall and perish by their side, and have yet dauntlessly persevered in a mode of life that has kept them vigorous, and one may say young in mind and body, though they have reached an advanced age.

As I had myself, through a similar concurrence of circumstances, for some time led the life of a trapper, and held frequent intercourse with the fur-hunters of the west, I felt great interest in adventures of this kind, and was always ready to listen to their stories, of which I may here take the opportunity of mentioning one or two.

Many years ago, when the white men who had seen the Rocky Mountains might still have been counted, and only very few of the prairie Indians knew the use of fire-arms, Fitzpatrick had one day got separated from his companions, and was pursuing his game alone in the wilderness. As ill-luck would have it, he was seen by a war party of Indians, who immediately prepared to give chase. There was not the smallest chance of escape for him, but the young hunter made a feint of running away, in order, if possible, to gain time. He happened to know that these savages, who as yet were little acquainted with the use of fire-arms, had several times, when they had taken white hunters prisoners, put the muzzle of their rifles close to their breasts, and fired them by way of experiment, to see what would come of it. He therefore thought it prudent to extract the bullet from his, and then continued his flight. The Indians followed, and very soon overtook him, and then they disarmed him and tied him to a tree. One of the warriors, who, it appeared, understood how to pull a trigger, then seized the rifle, placed himself a few paces in front of the owner of it, took aim at his breast and fired; but when the Indians looked eagerly through the smoke

towards Fitzpatrick, they saw that he was standing safe and sound in his place, and he quietly took out of his pocket the bullet he had previously placed there, and tossed it to his enemies, who were all amazement. They declared he had arrested the bullet in its flight, was invulnerable, and a wonderful conjuror, and what was more, that some great misfortune would most likely befall the tribe, if they did not set him free immediately, and they therefore cut his bonds, and made off as fast as possible, leaving Fitzpatrick free to go where he pleased. The three old backwoodsmen had hundreds of such anecdotes to relate, but they never talked of them in a boastful style, but told quite simply and truly, even the most terrible adventures, merely as interesting reminiscences of bygone times.

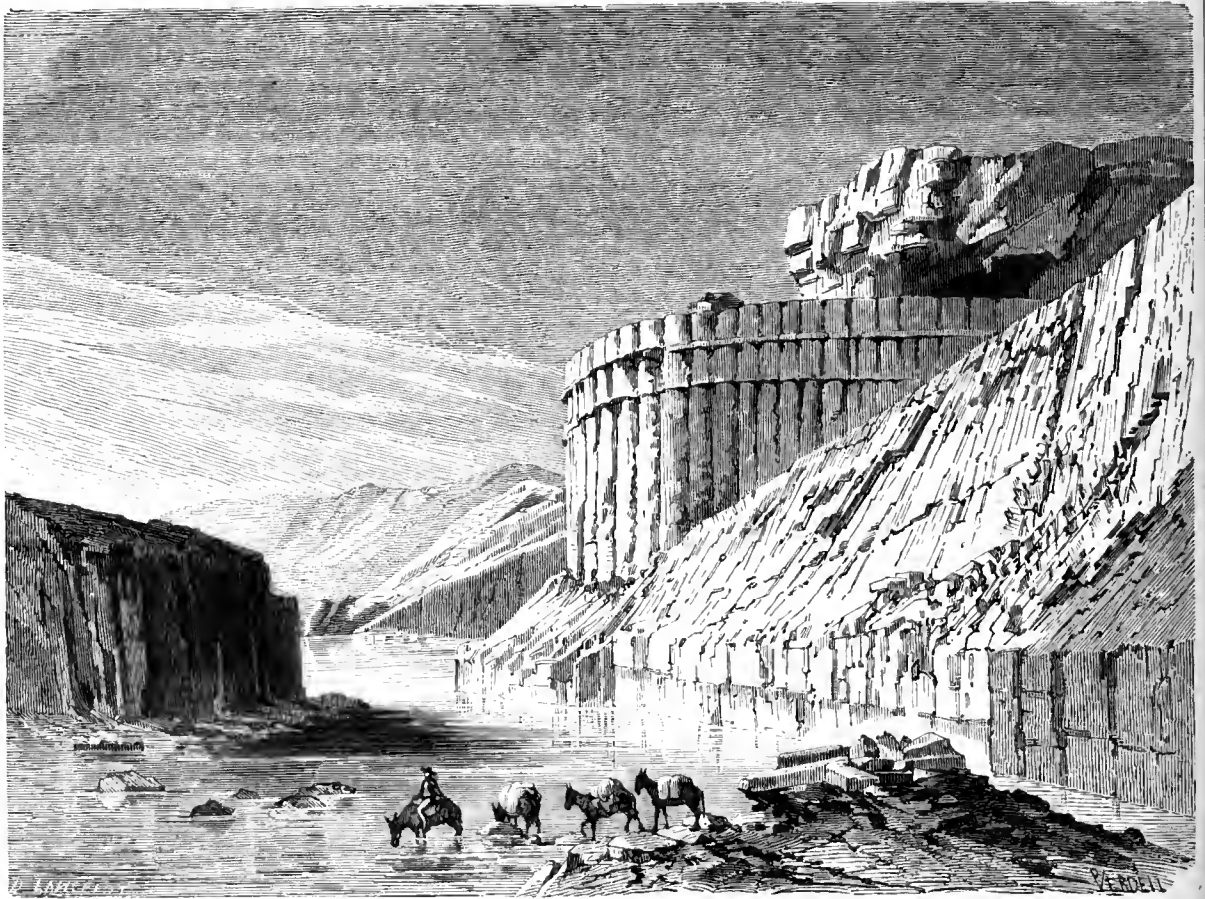
The renowned Kit Carson had stood, as faithful friend and companion, by the side of Colonel Frémont in his laborious journeys and valuable investigations in the Far West. He is the son of a Kentucky man, who also in his time distinguished himself as a hunter, and in the wars with the hunters gained a considerable reputation. Young Kit or Christopher Carson, when a boy of fifteen, found his way to Santa Fé, and through New Mexico to the silver and copper mines of Chihuahua, joining a trading caravan, in which he afterwards engaged himself as waggon driver. At seventeen he undertook his first excursion as a trapper, proceeding with a party of fur hunters up the Rio Colorado of the west; and the success that attended his first adventure redoubled his ardour for this kind of life, in spite of its many perils and hardships. He returned to Taos, and then accompanied another trapper party to the sources of the Arkansas, and thence southward to the Rocky Mountains to the rise of the Missonri and the Columbia. In these regions he remained eight years, and gained the character of an excellent shot, a skilful trapper, and a most trustworthy guide. His courage, sagacity, and perseverance became so well known, that in all attacks on the Indians, and other dangerous undertakings, his services were always in requisition. He was once, for instance, engaged to follow with twelve companions the trail of a band of sixty Crow Indians, who had stolen some of the trappers' horses, and he overtook them, creeping up unperceived with his comrades to where the Indians had halted at an abandoned fort. The horses were tied up only ten feet from the fort, but the determined little party cut the thongs, attacked the Indians, and returned in triumph with the recovered booty, and moreover, with a Crow scalp, which an Indian who accompanied Carson had helped himself to. In another skirmish with the savages, Carson received a bullet in his left shoulder, which shattered the bone; but that was the only serious accident he ever met with, though so continually in danger. As the trappers pass their lives in a country where there are no laws but such as people make for themselves, the most peaceable man cannot always keep out of quarrels which, not unfrequently, come to a bloody termination, and Carson once had a difference of this kind with a Frenchman. In the course of some squabble that had arisen, as such things mostly do, about a mere trifle, the Frenchman declared that he had horsewhipped many an American, and that, in fact, they were good for nothing but to be horsewhipped. Carson, hearing his nationality thus insulted, answered, as he himself was but a poor specimen of an American, the Frenchman had better get his whip and

try it upon him. A few violent words followed, and then each seized his weapons, mounted his horse, and prepared to put an end to the dispute by a peculiar kind of duel. At the moment agreed upon, they rode furiously at one another, the Frenchman armed with a rifle, while Carson had only a pistol; but he was too quick for his antagonist, and when the horses' heads nearly touched, delivered his fire, and sent a bullet into the other's brains before he had time to take aim. Another moment and he would infallibly have fallen by the better weapon of the Frenchman.

Carson became acquainted with Colonel Frémont by mere accident on a steamer, when the other was about to undertake his first expedition to California, and im-

mediately joined the young officer, and accompanied him on all his subsequent enterprises; and in the midst of hardship and danger a friendship grew up between the men which still exists in all its original warmth. In the year 1847, when Carson visited Washington, the President of the United States appointed him lieutenant in the same regiment of chasseurs in which Frémont was serving as lieutenant-colonel.

Of these three old weather-beaten and bullet-proof backwoodsmen they were luckily enabled to retain the services of one—Leroux—and the confidence which he inspired—a confidence that had been earned by thirty years' toil in primeval wildernesses—made them all



ORGAN ROCK, NEAR SAN DOMINGO.

rejoice not a little at having secured his services. They also engaged a Mexican, who had already visited the Colorado, as a second guide. The arrival of Lieut. Ives and his party enabled them to cross the Rio Grande with a considerable increase of strength, for the *personnel* of the expedition, which before numbered only seventy persons, now amounted to 114, including an addition to the military escort of twenty-five men, who were to join them from Fort Defiance on the western declivity of the Rocky Mountains; the meeting to take place at Zuni.

Möllhausen, taking a kind and cordial leave of his friends in Albuquerque, started with Dr. Kennerley on the 8th of November, 1853, in advance of the rest,

along the western shore of the Rio Grande, to the Indian town of Isleta. In the valley, says Möllhausen, we had to contend with canals and ditches; but the heights were covered by a deep loose sand, that obstructed the progress of our animals, and compelled us to return to our companions on the road. Here we got on pretty well, and passed what were called the towns of Arisco, Pajarito, and Padillas, though they certainly had no claim to be considered more than villages, meeting on our way persons of various ages, sex, and race, often strikingly contrasted in appearance. Now came prancing by on a fine horse, a showy-looking Mexican, in embroidered jacket, thickly studded with ornamental buttons, and wide-laced trousers,

taking care that his spurs and chains should clatter imposingly as he raised his hat in a stately style and gave us a *Buenos dias*. Then followed a quiet Pueblo Indian, trotting along on a modest little ass, and holding up his feet as he rode, that his toes might not come into unpleasant contact with stones, or the irregular surface of the road. Faces of the feminine sex peeped curiously at us as we passed from the gardens of the farms; but neither age nor youth, beauty nor ugliness could be discerned through the mask of chalk or the blood of cattle, with which they had seen fit to bedaub themselves.

Whether the ladies of New Mexico have borrowed this custom from the Indians, or adopt it as a protection against the rays of the sun, or with the view of whitening complexions that nature has made somewhat dark, we could not learn; but the handsomest women are frightfully disfigured by it. The fair ladies themselves seemed conscious that their present appearance did not gain much by this attempt to improve their charms, for many of them at our approach hid their faces so completely in their veil-like wrappers (*rebosos*) that nothing of them could be seen but the flashing black eyes. Further on we met small caravans, with laden mules, journeying to Albuquerque, and Pueblo Indians, coming down from the mountains with clumsy two-wheeled carts, carrying loads of wood.

In the afternoon we came to Isleta, a town that in its style of building, as well as its situation, reminded us of Santo Domingo, except that some one-storied houses of Mexican settlers were interspersed among the two and three-storied dwellings of the Indians. As we approached the town, we saw numbers of the latter busily at work in their vineyards, and talking in loud cheerful voices as they cleared the ground of its seed-bearing weeds, whilst the lazy Mexicans were lounging before their doors smoking cigars. We stopped as we passed through the town to buy some fruit, and then pitched our camp on the north side of it, near the bank of the river, on some fields where the last remains of a fine harvest were still to be seen, and in whose loose, well-cultivated soil, we had great difficulty in fixing our tent-pegs firmly enough to hold the canvas extended.

Scarcely had we completed the task when we saw a crowd of Indian women hastening towards us from the town, bearing pitchers of milk, and baskets of fruit. They offered us their wares in a very good-humoured manner, and we bought as much as we could use, and amused ourselves till the evening with these harmless people, who came thronging about us.

The night was pretty far advanced when the sound of drums and of a wild kind of singing reached our camp from the town, and awakened our curiosity. The weather was cold, but very fine, and several of us set off for a walk in the direction whence the noise proceeded. The streets were empty and silent, and we met but a single Indian, whom we saw, when he had passed us a few yards, let fall a stone. It was evident that he had caught it up at our approach as the nearest defensive weapon at hand, and the circumstance indicated that even these peaceful Indians do not feel themselves quite secure even in their towns. Little as they possess that could, one would think, tempt the cupidity of Indian, much less of white robbers, they are occasionally exposed to the attacks of vagabonds and villains of this sort.

Guided on our way by the tones of the wild concert,

we reached the house whence the music proceeded, and looking through a small window, or opening in the wall of the lower story, beheld a singular spectacle. By the light of some burning logs we could see a number of men sitting on the ground beating the Indian drum most vigorously, by way of accompaniment to a howling song, while a throng of women and girls were kneeling around, pounding maize, or grinding flour between two stones, and keeping time with their work to the music. We stood for a long time watching them, but the entrance, or rather the climbing, into the house was not allowed to us. We returned at a very late hour to the camp, but found Lieutenant Ives still engaged in astronomical observations, for which the transparent atmosphere of Mexico offers peculiar facilities.

On the following morning, two dragoons were sent to them from a neighbouring military station to serve them as guides to the Zuni road. They seem to have been of little use, however, for the next day they took a road through the cedar woods which divided into paths for the Isleta people to fetch wood, and they had to make their way back and bivouac at the entrance of the wood. Next day, crossing the Puerco, they discovered a rocky pass, on the smooth walls of which the Indians sometimes cut their rude hieroglyphs, at others painted them in bright colours.

Where in scenes like this the inquiring traveller stands in silent awe to contemplate the sublime architecture of nature, and, it may be, devoutly raises his thoughts to its Almighty Creator, and bows in adoration before his all-embracing power: the uncivilised inhabitant of the inhospitable wilderness also feels impelled to some attempt to express the emotion awakened even in his mind by the grandeur of the scene. The savage could give no account of feelings originating in the divine spark implanted in every human breast; but without knowing why, he thinks of his Manitoo, and attempts to give utterance to his confused ideas, in hieroglyphical signs, and symbolical figures cut in the hard rock; and accordingly, the smooth walls of this natural rocky gate bore many such, sometimes merely cut, and sometimes rudely painted in colours.

They next reached an elevated plain from whence they had a view over the valley of the Rio San José, stretching out far up the stream towards the west, where it appeared to be shut in by high rocks. On a rocky range to the south, they visited the ruins of a town which must have resembled in its construction, the still-inhabited Pueblos. At Puebla Laguna, a little beyond, they joined the rest of the party. Most of the Indian towns are so like one another, that the only choice between them is in the difference of situation, and the greater or less agreeableness of the environs; but Puebla Laguna, with its gray terraced houses, rising one above another, the numerous ladders leading to the different stories, and the Indian forms moving in various directions or standing about on the roofs, had not only an interesting, but even a picturesque and beautiful effect.

Some Americans and Mexicans saluted them at their approach. They had built themselves habitations almost adjoining the town, and apparently opened shops there: a missionary whom they also saw, had preached there on the preceeding Sunday.

The next day's march lay through a broad fertile valley, intersected in all directions by canals, and the agricultural settlers, by guiding the water through the smallest runnels, had completely softened every part of

the land. The immense flocks of water-birds which, tempted by the spacious lake in the middle of the valley (and whence the name of the place), covered every large or small pool, enticed many of the party to leave the road in hopes of a lucky shot, but they got so entangled among the canals and ditches, that it cost them much toil and trouble to get back to the waggons. The chase was not altogether fruitless, for they got a sight of the countless flights of birds that hovered screaming and chattering over the lake, or circled with vigorous wings high in the air above the valley. This is doubtless not so very uncommon a sight, yet is one that is possessed with no small interest, to those who can sympathise with God's works, whether in the four-footed and feathered creatures, as well as in the more noble work—man. For our part, we can quite enter into the feelings of the German naturalist, on contemplating such a scene, and we have no doubt many others will too.

The traveller who is himself far from his native home, has a kind of sympathy in their doings, and easily persuades himself that they are communicating with and understanding one another. There, for instance, stands a group of snow geese, apparently listening with respect to the remarks of an old experienced gander, who is giving them good advice about this and that, and very likely pointing out to their notice that there is a man watching them. The more sober of his hearers stand motionless, only showing their attention by quick knowing turns of their heads; whilst the younger and more conceited are at the same time attending to their feathers, and putting every ruffled one in exact order. Long-legged strand-snipes stalk past unnoticed by the geese, stop for a moment to hear what the gander is saying, and then, as if it was in their opinion nothing worth attending to, turn their backs upon him, spread out their pointed wings, and shoot swiftly across to the opposite shore. On the lake are groups of various kinds of ducks, wrangling and quarrelling, and then going off altogether to another party, as if they meant to appeal to them to settle their dispute. It appears that a judicious decision has been given, for the assembly is now dissolved, and the members of it disperse to indulge in a little recreation, perhaps in anticipation of a pleasant journey—now diving down into the water, now trying the strength and suppleness of their pinions by flapping them with all their might.

Apart from all this vulgar noise and bustle, some stately swans are floating tranquilly along, occasionally bending down their long necks to gaze thoughtfully into the flood, and possibly meditating on the long and wearisome journey that lies before them. Whoever observes attentively the ever-varying spectacle of busy animal life, and sees, in every movement, in every coincidence, not mere accident, but the wise ordinance of nature, will enter into the pious spirit of those words of Goethe:—

“Thus does Nature speak to known, unknown, and mistaken senses, to herself and to us, through a thousand phenomena; and to the attentive observer she is nowhere dead or dumb.”

A few miles beyond the lake, the road turned north into a mountain pass, at the western side of which they saw a Mexican settlement, the town of Covero, to the foundation of which a spring, that now came gushing out in a thick stream from a cleft in the rock, had given rise. As we rode, says Möllhausen, through

the narrow pass, we could see that the houses were stuck to the rocky walls like swallows' nests, and the settlers, partly no doubt out of idleness, but partly with a view of giving their houses greater solidity, had turned every smooth surface and every hollow of the rock to account in their buildings. Near the spring the houses, crowded closely together, presented a melancholy picture of poverty and dirt, and such of the population as we saw about gave the impression of people who would only work just as much as was necessary to keep them in existence, and enable them to dance an occasional fandango.

We set up our tents in an open space in the middle of the town, where there gushed out just before us the above-mentioned spring of excellent water; and on the broad sandstone rock which opened to pour forth this welcome supply we saw a remarkable stone in the form of an immense urn, with a somewhat feeble foot, that rose ten feet high, and formed so conspicuous an object that it could not fail to attract the attention of every passer-by. What made it the more remarkable was, that instead of being, as might have been supposed, a mass of rock rolled from above, which the atmosphere and the rains had worn into this form, it was itself a part of the sandstone deposit on which it rested, and the weak foot, by which the whole burden was supported, was so hollowed out that a man could conveniently crawl through it.

Hence they entered upon the black districts which outlay the chief furnace of an extensive volcanic district, some days' journey to the south of Mount Taylor. The valley of the San Jose still leads up towards the Sierra Madre, where that principal and most central ridge of the Rocky Mountains could be traversed by three openings, one by the Camino del Obispo, a second by the Canon del Gallo and the Zuni Pass, and a third by Campbell's Pass and Fort Defiance. The expedition proceeded by the second while Mr. Campbell went to explore the third. On the 19th they crossed the summit of the ridge of the Sierra Madre, the watershed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and at that point 8,250 feet above the level of the sea. (*See Map, p. 624.*)

Thence they descended into an extensive valley, into which, says Möllhausen, here and there, ran spurs from various ranges of mountains, and which included a level highland with horizontal strata, and wild hills that gave a picturesque character to the landscape. Where the roots of trees could by possibility find room between the masses of stone, there were sure to be seen dark woods of pine and kindred species; and at rare intervals the black line of this forest was broken by the withered foliage of a solitary oak. In the plain itself, which passed towards the west into wave-like undulations, trees of the coniferous order were scattered sparingly about in the hollows. Our way led, in a westerly direction across the plain, towards a range of mountains running north and south, and then northwards along their base. After some time the range again turned to the west, and when we had passed the angle formed by this turn we came in sight of Inscription Rock, rising like a gray giant before us, at the distance of about two miles. The precise form of the rock could hardly be ascertained at this distance, but it evidently rose perpendicularly to a great height, and had very much the figure of an obelisk.

The spring at this rock had been fixed on as the goal of this day's march; and as we all wished for an opportunity of examining the inscriptions and ruins, of

which we had heard so much, and were aware that we should have to continue the journey on the following day, we urged on our mules to their utmost speed, and trotted up and down hill, over the frozen ground, at a brisk pace. Several hours before dark our tents were already pitched, and we were setting out to find a path by which we might climb the rock. From our camp, which was placed immediately at the base of the eastern point of the Moro, as the rock is called by the Mexicans (*See below*), it appears inaccessible, rising for 200 feet from the ground, as smooth and abrupt as a mass of masonry; but this point was one angle of a triangle, of which one side ran towards the west, and the other to the south-west. The southern wall, at

the distance of some hundred yards from our camp, where it had a perfectly smooth surface, was covered with incisions and irregular low formations, whilst the northern, for the extent of nearly half a mile, appeared to maintain the same height and the same direction, but was nearly covered by lofty pines and cedars.

The spring was at the south side, in a small ravine, at the place where the smooth rocky wall came to an end; but it had only a scanty supply; and the water, which formed a little pool, was hardly enough for our expedition.

A large pine stood alone in the dark corner by the water; but the remainder of the southern side of the



INSCRIPTION ROCK OR "MORO."

rock was covered by dwarf cedars, reaching up to the summit of the plateau, and adding greatly to the picturesque effect of the scenery. The formation of the rock showed gray sandstone, lying in immense, closely-connected strata, which inclined a little towards the west, so that the eastern peak of the rock was the highest point, and we had to go round to the west, to seek a method of access to it. Before ascending Inscription Rock, however, we sought out the inscriptions of which Lieutenant Simpson had already spoken in his report to the Secretary of War, in the year 1850. On the north, as well as the south side, where smooth vertical walls of yielding sandstone rock offered the most convenient opportunity for such a purpose, names

and inscriptions had been cut, that, with few exceptions, were in the Spanish language, and in an antique character, affording the most convincing proof of the extent to which the Spaniards had carried their researches and enterprises.

There is a strange and even solemn feeling in standing thus before these mouldering and half-illegible, but still venerable, relics of past times. There are, indeed, to be seen in many parts of the world more striking memorials of former ages, but they are mostly known, and we have been prepared for the sight of them by historical records. But the impression was more powerful, and we were more immediately carried back in imagination to those long-departed generations,

when we stood face to face with these newly-discovered tokens of the presence of the mail-clad Spaniards who also once stood here laboriously carving those inscriptions, and look around us on the objects that have ever since remained untouched, and tried to decipher the characters on which hardly a human eye had since then rested.

The names, which form various groups, have been cut at different times, as chance directed, or as it pleased successive travellers to place them, here and there, among the former ones. In one place, for instance, you find, "In the year 1641, Bartolome Romelo," and then some words no longer legible. Further on "In the year 1716, on the 26th day of August, came past this place Don Felix Martinez, Governor and Captain-General of this kingdom, in order to subject and annex the Moquis," and again some illegible words. Then, "On the 28th day of September, in the year 1737, came past this place Bachelor Don Juan Ignacio de Arrasain." "Diego Belasquez came past this place." "On the 28th day of September, of the year 1737, reached this place the famous Doctor Don Martin de Liza Cochea, Bishop of Durango, and left on the 29th for Zuni."

"Joseph Dominquez and others came past this place in October, with much caution and some fear."

"Juan Garica de la Révas, chief Alcalde, and the first one chosen for the town of Sante Fé, in the year 1716, on the 26th of August."

"By the hand of Bartolo Fernandez Antonio Fernandez Moro. Bartolomo Narrso, Governor and Captain-General of the province of New Mexico, for our lord the king, came past this place on his return from Pueblo de Zuni, on the 29th of July, of the year 1620, and restored it to peace, admitting the people, on their request, to the favour of becoming subjects of His Majesty, and they were again obedient; and they did this out of their own free will, considering it as more wise and Christian,***" "a so renowned and valiant soldier * * *" the rest is entirely decayed.

"There passed this place with despatches (some words effaced) on the 16th day of April, 1606."

This last seems to be the oldest of the inscriptions, of which there are some hundreds, covering the smooth face of the rock, and among which are many names of men who played an important part in the conquest of New Mexico.

The presence of these inscriptions, and of Indian figures and hieroglyphics along with the Spanish names, is, as Möllhausen justly remarks, easily explained from the fact that, as this is the only spring for many miles which the old Zuni road passes, travellers, whether European or Indian, usually rested here, and were tempted by the smoothness of the sandstone rocks to make inscriptions and drawings on them. Towards the end of the afternoon we reached the south side of the rock, where the less steep position of the masses of stone made the ascent of the Inscription Rock easier, and after frequent slips on the slanting surface of the blocks we at last reached the highest point, whence we obtained a wide and magnificent prospect of the surrounding country. Looking north or east we could see the Sierra de Zuni or Madre, covered with dark cedars and pine woods, running from north-west to south-east; and towards the south the horizon was bounded by blue mountain peaks and ranges, rising high above the neighbouring wooded hills and table-lands which adjoined Inscription Rock.

Towards the west we saw the horizontal lines formed by the highlands and table-rocks, and immediately around us lay small prairies, scattered over with trees, singly or in groups, that afforded a most pleasing contrast to the wall-like rocks, and displayed a beautiful fresh green colour instead of the prevalent autumnal gray. But what attracted our attention more strongly than either the inscriptions or the prospect was the sight of the decaying ruins of two old towns, the dwellings of a people now passed away, that crowned the heights of the Moro.

The plateau of the rock formed by no means an uninterrupted surface, but was cleft by a ravine that opened towards the middle into a sort of court. The sides of this ravine were, however, so steep as to be inaccessible without artificial assistance: lofty pines grew at the bottom of it, but though they reared their heads to a considerable height, they did not reach the level of the rock where we were standing; only a solitary cliff, that shot up like a column and stood apart from the rocky wall, attained an equal height. On every side of the ravine, which nearly cut the rock into two halves, could be traced ancient foundations, and remains of architectural works; the actual ruins formed a rectangle of 307 feet long by 206 in breadth, and the foundation walls showed that the apartments must have run round the sides, leaving a free space in the middle; the principal ones forming the side walls, but there were also traces of architecture visible in the inclosed courts. The chief walls appeared, judging by their remains, to have been carefully built of small blocks of sandstone, cemented together; and, like all the ruins of New Mexico, these were surrounded by an immense quantity of fragments of pottery, so that the idea unavoidably suggested itself of their having been in former days many more pots broken than the ordinary accidents of domestic life would account for. Possibly such a custom may have prevailed in connection with religious ceremonies or festivities,—at all events the present Pueblo Indians, though they use earthenware vessels of the same kind, exhibit no such accumulations of fragments.

What could have induced the long-departed inhabitants of these ruined towns to build their habitations upon almost inaccessible rocks can now only be guessed at.

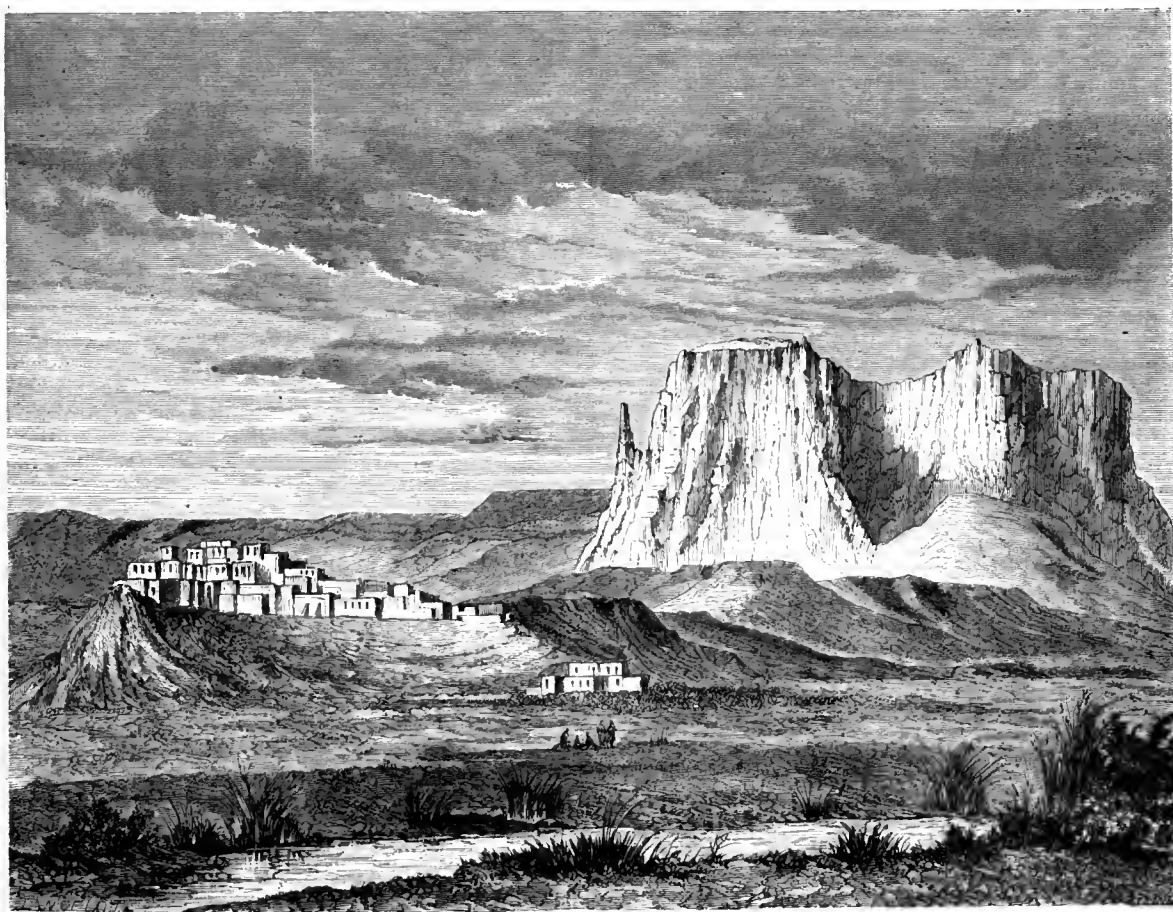
Leaving the Rio Grande, and proceeding westward, between the 34th and 36th degrees north latitude, the ruins that you pass are so numerous, even in fertile and well-watered regions, that you are continually led to speculate upon the past history of these countries. How richly cultivated must once have been these desolate regions, now only occasionally traversed by bands of Apache and Navahoe Indians intent on plunder. Nearer to the Rio Grande and the Gila, there may indeed be seen a few gray Indian Pueblos scattered among the Mexican settlements, but their number is quite insignificant in comparison to the mass of ruins. Many conjectures have been formed concerning the relation of the Pueblo Indians to the Aztecs and Toltecs that once overran the whole country, and scarcely a traveller passes through Mexico who has not his own hypothesis to offer on the subject, but no one has yet succeeded in penetrating the deep obscurity that hangs over the history of these vanished races. Only the most learned and diligent inquirers have been so far successful as to decipher the hieroglyphics, and bring the results they have obtained into such connec-

tion as to fill up most of the chasms in the ancient history of Mexico. In this manner we learned how well-founded were the conjectures of the migrations and the three halting-places of the Aztecs or ancient Mexicans, which Bartlett, in his nevertheless excellent work, designated as idle traditions, founding his opinion on the total want of resemblance between the language of the ancient Mexicans and that of any tribe of Indians existing further to the north.

The laborious and elaborate works of a great philologist, Dr. Buschmann, prove how bold is the assertion of such a total want of resemblance. The diffusion of the Aztec names of localities, from the interior of the

Mexican Highlands—Coahuila, Chihua-hua, and Michuacan to Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica, the numerous Aztec words to be found in the primitive language of Sonora, as well as in that now spoken on the island of Omotepec in the great lake of Nicaragua, declare how extensive were the wanderings of the ancient inhabitants of Anahuac.

Might there not be then, besides the indisputably genuine hieroglyphical writings of the calendar-keeping Aztecs, other marks left of their migrations? Might they not have left traces on the road that would also serve as tokens of their passage? Among the ruins that are found at various parallels between the valley



TOWN OF ZUNI.

of the Rio Grande and the Pacific, it is very obvious that the further south they lie, the more culture and artistic skill they exhibit. The ancient towns of the south have not fallen so completely to decay as the more northerly, and the unlearned observer cannot but ask amongst whom should these ruins have originated but amongst the ancient races, who, during a journey that lasted for centuries, were doubtless making progress in civilisation; and when they left one halting-place to build new dwellings elsewhere, applied the experience they had gradually acquired to the improvement of their mode of architecture. In this manner may perhaps be explained the difference between the mere heaps of ruins on the Little Colorado, the better

preserved Casas Grandes on the Gila, and the temples and other highly artistic structures found in Mexico.

The towns of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico differ, indeed, in many respects from most of the old ruined ones; but there is, on the other hand, a great resemblance in the foundations to the plan of their terraced many-storied dwellings, and in the employment of ladders as the means of access to the interior of the houses. The variations of the newer mode of building, from the more ancient, are very trifling in comparison with the length of the period during which they have arisen; the earthenware fantastically-painted household utensils of the present inhabitants of the Pueblos, give, when they are broken, fragments that

are not distinguishable from those found in the ancient heaps of ruins; and the practice of taming birds, namely, eagles and wild turkeys, one that in these countries dates from the remotest antiquity, still exists among the Zunis, Moquis, and in most of the Pueblos. If it is proved, then, that the ruins of New Mexico may be ascribed to the ancient Aztecs, Toltecs, and Chichimeks, there can be no doubt that the present Pueblo Indians, if not pure descendants of the above races, are at all events nearly akin to them, though a considerable mixture must certainly have taken place. The variations among the languages of the present town-building Indians, and their difference from that of the Aztecs is indeed, according to Bartlett, opposed to such a conjecture; but it is nothing uncommon to find, on the American continent, tribes of the same race, living at a very short distance from each other, who can no longer understand each other's language: as Germans, Frenchmen, in short, representatives of all the nations of Europe, when they emigrate to America, learn English, which is itself the language of an immigrant race, and their children mostly forget their mother-tongue. The individuals and tribes left behind in the great Aztec wanderings may have joined the races already existing there, learned their speech, and either compelled them to turn town-builders, or themselves have adopted the nomadic life, as the element of the original population, or of the newly-arrived one, predominated; a point determined, perhaps, by their numerical strength.

Thence, too, might be explained the difference that so strongly marks the two great divisions of the browned population of New Mexico, the peaceful Pueblo Indians, with their patriarchal manners and customs, and the nomadic Apaches, with their kindred robber races. The Aztecs may thus be said to exist still more or less in all the Indian races of New Mexico; but you look in vain among them for the large aquiline nose and retreating foreheads, which appear from their sculptures and paintings to have characterised the Aztecs and Toltecs. In one part only of the American continent are you strongly reminded of them, namely, among the Flat Head and Chinook Indians, in the north, near the Rocky Mountains; though, in fact, this peculiar conformation of face is not among them a characteristic of race, but the effect of the practice of compressing the heads of their infants between two boards. By this proceeding, the back of the head is rendered long and peaked, the nose excessively projecting, and the whole physiognomy assumes a bird-like expression; but the more the natural features are distorted, the handsomer they become in the estimation of the tribe. The custom is said to have formerly existed also among the Choctaw Indians, on the Arkansas, amongst whom there are traditions of a great migration having taken place.

XII.

THE DESOLATE CITY—THE CAMP BEFORE ZUNI—THE SACRED SPRING—RUINS OF OLD ZUNI—PLACE OF SACRIFICE—PUEBLO OF ZUNI.

AFTER a march of twenty miles from this remarkable mountain district of Moro, they reached the no less interesting and remarkable region of Zuni, at the springs of the Rio del Pescado, or Fish River, and which are called *Los Ojos del Pescado*. Beautifully clear water trickled at various places from the basaltic rocks, and

united into a rivulet that flowed westward through a valley, on either side of which table-lands and lofty masses of rocks towered up. Close by were the remains of an ancient settlement or town, but it was covered with turf, and so hidden beneath its grassy mantle that they only discovered it after close examination, by the foundation walls, and the numerous fragments of pottery lying about. Towards the west, about 1,000 yards from the camp, there were more ruins, but of tolerably well-preserved houses, lying close together, and forming a kind of town, on the banks of Rio del Pescado. Mr. Möllhausen at once proceeded to the examination of the forsaken town. It rose on the northern bank of the stream, which here attains a considerable breadth, and which he had to cross by stepping-stones.

The space, he says, covered by this old Indian settlement appeared to be not more than 200 yards by 150; the houses were quite close together, two stories high, and built of flat stones cemented with clay. They inclosed a rectangular space, in the midst of which were the remains of a single building; the Pueblo did not seem to belong to the oldest time, for the roofs and walls were still standing, and even the fireplaces and chimneys recognisable. I got down into some of the dwellings, it was easy to do, notwithstanding the want of ladders, as they were sunk several feet below the surface of the ground. A cold damp air came from the desolate apartments, and rents and chasms in the walls admitted a partial daylight that enabled me to search for any article that might have been forgotten, or intentionally left behind. But all was empty, except that here and there in a corner lay a little straw, indicating that the shepherds of the neighbourhood had sought shelter there, and probably made use of the inclosures as stables for their cattle.

The rather mournful thought involuntarily suggested itself, that perhaps the place had been depopulated by infectious diseases, for the drying up of water, that in many cases has occasioned the abandonment of Mexican towns and settlements, could not be the cause here, since the crystal stream of the Rio del Pescado flowed through a fertile plain, and far and wide around were to be seen the unmistakeable signs of former cultivation by careful and industrious hands. I could trace the paths by which in former days the women and girls bearing earthen vessels on their heads had tripped over it, and the men had plodded along to their labour in the fields. On the small hills adjoining the houses had the gray old men of the town doubtless warmed themselves in the sun, and the boys carried on their noisy games; but now all was desolate and dead, no sound was to be heard within the forsaken walls, and no living creature was to be seen but two wolves, which left the ruins as I entered them, and remained prowling about outside. I sent a bullet after them, and the brutes disappeared, but ducks and snipes, startled by the report, rose screaming from the rivulet, and the sound echoed through the desolate buildings, and more slowly among the distant mountains, and then all was as drearily still as before. I went back by a circuitous path through the fields, which bore the marks of harvests reaped not long before; and I subsequently learned that the people of Zuni come at certain seasons every year to the forsaken town to sow and reap on the fruitful lands around. It is not impossible that the last inhabitants may have gone over to the Zuni Indians, and have preserved the custom of annual visits and pilgrimages to the graves of their forefathers, which they would be more likely to do.

as the fields hereabout are of richer soil than those in the neighbourhood of Zuni.

Hence they travelled to where the valley narrowed, and the ranges of mountains that lay to the north and south approached and appeared to touch, forming a kind of gate. Beyond this the country opened again, but was as rocky and rugged as before, and more or less overgrown with cedars, and now watered by the Zuni river, which, as well as the Pescado—one of its affluents—is a tributary to the Rio Colorado.

No sooner had the expedition arrived near Zuni, than its more active and intelligent members set forth to ramble all over the place in search of anything remarkable. They were soon rewarded upon this occasion by discovering a spring that formed a pool, or holy well, twenty-five feet in diameter.

The pool received its tribute from veins lying concealed, and sent its superfluous water through a little hidden runnel to the nearest brook, and through this to the Zuni river. The tiny lake had been carefully inclosed by the Indians with a wall, probably to prevent the incursions of cattle. The cultivated fields that surround the spring appeared to be exclusively watered from it, although there was a rivulet so near; for numerous urns and vessels that had served for drawing and carrying water stood ranged at the top of the wall. Some of our party, attracted by the peculiar form of these vessels, wished to take some of the lighter ones with us; but the Indians would not allow even the order in which they stood to be disturbed, so that the idea occurred to us that the spring was in some way venerated by the Zuni. (*See p. 641.*)

The news of the arrival of the expedition soon reached the Indian town of Zuni itself, and before they could get their camp in order, it was so filled with the brown forms of the natives that there was not a single tent or fire without some of them. In appearance they were very like the Pueblo Indians they had met with. The next day a battue, in which the Indians assisted, was made in the dark ravines to shoot the gray bear, but without success. They were only led to a spring which the bears frequent, and where the Indians kill them by placing a large stone on the well, which when the thirsty animal sets to work to remove with his fore paws, he gives an opportunity for so deliberate an aim as to be killed with a single shot. They were joined at this place by Mr. Campbell, who had been exploring the Pass through the Sierra Madre, which is designated by his name, and which was declared to be the most available.

On the 25th of November, the expedition left the camp before Zuni, and, accompanied by a number of Indians, proceeded towards the Pueblo, whilst Möllhausen and several of the party, with Lieutenant Whipple at their head, went off for an excursion to the ruins on the rocky plateau.

An Indian, he relates, was soon found to serve us as a guide, without whom it would have been very difficult to find a way up the precipitous walls of rock that rise sheer 800 feet above their base. The path, which was not practicable even for mules, exhibited many of those remarkable formations that the weather and the atmosphere will often effect in the course of time in a yielding kind of rock. Sometimes there appeared dome-like cupolas or regular arches, sometimes strange chasms and columns, the latter not unfrequently showing a striking resemblance to the human form. Two of them were, indeed, pointed out by our Indian guide as petrified

human beings, and he accounted for their presence in the following manner. In ancient times, when the Zuni still lived in the city on the heights, it was noticed one day that the waters in the valley were beginning to rise. Higher and higher they rose till they began to wash the surface of the rock on which the town was built, and threatened to wash away it and its inhabitants. Thereupon, by the advice of certain wise men, they took a young man and a maiden, and flung them from the rock into the waters, which immediately began to retire, and at last had entirely run off; but the two young sacrifices were found standing between the rocks and turned to stone.

It does not require much imagination to trace the resemblance to the human form in the columnar fragments to which this old myth refers; and, indeed, it was probably this resemblance that gave the first occasion to the story.

The platform itself was not so dreary as it looked from below, for cedar bushes managed somehow to grow on the sterile stony ground, and partly hid the ruins, which consisted chiefly of remains of walls and foundations. We also found some places of sacrifice or altars, which had the appearance of being still in use, as neatly-cut boards were fixed in the ground around them in a certain order, as well as little sticks decorated with feathers, and very curiously-made articles and figures of wicker-work. Heaps of things of the same kind in a decaying state also lay about, and seemed to indicate that the decorations were from time to time renewed by Indian visitors. (*See p. 645.*)

We could learn no further particulars concerning them; but the opposition made by our Indian guide to our proposal of carrying some of them away as memorials showed us the importance attached by the Zunis to these relics. Just as we were going away our guide took a little flour out of a bag, placed it in the hollow of his hand, and then turning towards the place where we had been standing, blew out the flour into the air, as if by way of effecting some kind of purification of the spot. He stated that he did it to prevent disaster to the corn.

The present Indian town—Pueblo de Zuui (*See p. 635*)—rises from a little height above the Zuni river, which carries its waters to the Colorado Chiquito. Its houses are built like those of Santo Domingo, in the terraced style, with from three to seven stories, one above the other, each smaller than the one below it, so that each possesses a small fore-court or gallery; but the streets between the houses are very narrow, and sometimes entirely covered by building over. There is a Roman Catholic church in the town, built, like the houses, of white bricks, and very simple in its interior decorations, having only a few bad pictures and worse statues round the walls.

The number of inhabitants may be reckoned at from 1,800 to 2,000, but the small-pox has committed such terrible ravages amongst them, that it is difficult to make any close estimate. It is said that there are some Albinos among the Zuni Indians, but we could not obtain a sight of them for fear of the small-pox, for though some of our party had already been attacked, and we had of course to carry them with us in the waggons, it was still thought advisable for us to keep clear of the Indian dwellings, from which the malady threatened us in its most fearful form.

The Zuni Indians are more favourably disposed to civilisation than those of any of the other Pueblos.

They breed sheep, keep horses and asses, and practise agriculture on an extensive scale. The harvest was over when our expedition passed, but in all directions fields of wheat and maize stubble, as well as gourds and melons, bore testimony to their industry, and they also raise in their gardens beans, onions, and capsicums; the latter especially, immense quantities of which were hanging to dry in garlands all over the houses. Besides agriculture and cattle breeding, they, or rather their women, are skilful in the art of weaving, and, like the Navahoes, manufacture durable blankets. The grinding of the corn to flour is also regarded as women's work, and is performed with no other machinery than one stone to rub against another placed aslant, and there is a forge in the town, at which Indian hammers and tongs are seen at work.

The Pueblo—with its terraced houses, elevated streets, numerous ladders, and the figures climbing up and down them, the tame turkeys and the eagles sitting about on the walls—presents an interesting picture,

and appeared still more attractive when we looked back on it across the wide plain now stripped of its harvests, and with the background of grand masses of rock and blue distant mountains.

The Rio Zuni coming from the south-east, attains a breadth of 200 feet in the neighbourhood of the town. They did not, however, follow the course of the stream, but turned more to the north, as they intended to pass the night near a spring at a low rocky chain that the Indians had pointed out to us. They had now the great chain of the Rocky Mountains behind them, and the country appeared to open and promise more convenient travelling, but still they sought to obtain guides from the Zunis, as the services of natives who possessed an intimate acquaintance with their own hunting grounds would be of more avail to them than the general knowledge of the most experienced trappers. This they at length succeeded in doing; it was determined by the Indians in council that the enterprise of the



PUEBLO OR TOWN-DWELLING INDIANS.



ALCALDE OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Americans, which tended to establish more direct and rapid communication between the Pueblos and the white settlements, were by all means to be promoted; and one of their number, José Hatché by name, was appointed to guide the expedition by the shortest and best route to the Little Colorado, whilst another, José Maria, was commissioned to proceed, in company with another Indian, in a north-westerly direction to the Moqui Indians, in order to obtain from them guides for the next portion of the journey, namely, from the Little Colorado to the San Francisco Mountains.

XIII

DEEP-LYING SALT POOL—CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF PRECIOUS STONES—THE RIO SECCO—PETRIFIED FOREST—SMALL-FOX AMONG THE INDIANS—RUINS ON THE COLORADO CHIQUITO—COMPARISON OF THESE RUINS WITH THE CASAS GRANDES ON THE RIO GILA, RIO SALINAS, AND IN CHIHUAHUA.

On the 28th of November the expedition broke up its second encampment westward of Zuni, and followed

a circuitous path through the woods in a continually ascending country, with rugged and steep acclivities of a very desolate aspect, till they came to a curious pond of brackish water, hence called "the Salt Pond." Without a guide, says Möllhausen, we should never have found it, for there was not the smallest swelling or sinking of the ground, or any richer vegetation by which the presence of water might have been surmised. The pond was more like the crater of a volcano than anything else, for it lay at the bottom of a deep funnel-shaped hole, where, looking over the precipice, we could see it gleaming below. It could not be less than two hundred feet below the surface, and while the top of the opening was about two hundred feet in breadth, it contracted so much as it went down that at the surface of the water it was scarcely sixty. A narrow path wound round the inside of the steep clay sides of the funnel down to the water, and offered the only possibility of a descent, and even by this great care was required, as a slip or a stumble might have been dangerous. The animals could only be driven

down in small numbers at a time, for the water was only accessible to them in one place, and there they sank up to their knees in a morass.

It was not possible to make even an approximate estimate of the depth of this mysterious looking lake, but the dark colour of the water, in which some few crippled cotton-wood trees were reflected, showed that it was deep; and of the long reeds that grew but a few feet from the bank, we could see only their tops above the surface. The water had exactly the same taste as that found eastward of the Rocky Mountains in the gypsum region, and seemed to be so much the more agreeable to the animals. Herds of black-tailed deer and antelopes showed themselves in the twilight, and alarmed our people, who took them for a troop of Navahoe Indians. Probably the creatures wished to get down to the lake, but, being disturbed by our presence, passed on further to the west.

From this remarkable lake or pond, they passed on in a more northerly direction, and they had scarcely gone six miles before they came to a fresh spring, and they immediately made preparations for resting and passing the night there. This spring is called Navahoe Spring, from the Indians inhabiting the region around. There were ruins of an old town around, and they were visited by two of the tribe, who would not, however, hold intercourse with them, because they came from a place infested with small pox, and had some cases in their camp. It is very possible indeed, says Möllhausen, that we may have had our small-pox patients to thank for remaining unmolested by the Navahoe Indians during our whole journey through their hunting grounds.

On the 30th of November they left Navahoe Spring, and crossed an undulating country, which, by its barren sands and almost total absence of vegetation, well deserved the name of a desert.

Deep ravines and dry beds of streams intersected our path, and greatly obstructed our progress; woods and trees retired further and further from our sight, and at last disappeared altogether, and the prospect on every side became most forlorn. Before us, in the blue distance, we could distinguish the peaks of a range of high mountains, which we ascertained to be those of San Francisco,—gigantic extinct volcanoes,—towards which lay our route: but we had many a long and weary day's march before us, and many an obstacle to overcome, before we could hope to slake our thirst at the cool waters of the spring that gushes out at the foot of the principal mountain, Leroux Spring as it is called, from our guide, who was its first discoverer.

We had been much struck by seeing many of the Zuni Indians wearing precious stones, especially fine large garnets, as ornaments in their ears; but all we could learn about the matter was that they got them from the region of the setting sun, and we had been in a great state of excitement to make out the precise locality of the ground that bore this harvest of gems. Now at length this good fortune fell to our lot, and we discovered the spot about which these stones, as well as those showed to us in Albuquerque, were probably found. We came to a tract of lowland, scattered over with a number of hillocks, made by large ants, and consisting entirely of small stones. As the ants had withdrawn themselves deeper into the ground on account of the cold, we could scrape away these hillocks without being annoyed by them, and the bright sun-

shine favoured our search. Wherever a ray fell on a precious stone it showed a red or green sparkle, and we needed only to stoop to pick up a garnet, an emerald, or a ruby; but none of them larger than a pea; probably because those of more considerable size had exceeded the power of the ants to move.

We had little time, however, for this treasure-seeking, for stern necessity compelled us to move on, that we might be able to get water again before night; and to linger behind, and perhaps lose sight of the train of waggons, was by no means advisable, as we could not know whether the Navahoes were not lying in wait for the opportunity of plundering and even murdering stragglers.

On the 2nd of December, as we were toiling along, over or through the loose sandy soil, having just quitted the dreary valley where we had passed a very uncomfortable night, we found our progress arrested by a broad ravine that it was impossible for the waggons to cross, so that the whole procession had to turn to the south to seek for a way down, though it extended north and south as far as the eye could reach. Some antelopes that had leaped down by a shorter way tempted Mr. Campbell, Dr. Kennerley, and myself, to follow them, though that was certainly no easy task, for the banks were excessively steep and composed of red sand mingled with masses of gypsum, and rent in all directions by the rains. The loose earth gave way continually beneath the hoofs of our mules, but between slipping and scrambling we got somehow to the bottom, where we found the ground so much broken by torrents of rain that our progress became still more difficult. Immense masses of water must sometimes rush through this valley, though at the time of our arrival we found only the narrow dry bed of a stream, showing here and there a pool of bitter brackish water, where the sandstone rock had prevented its trickling through. The valley is called by the Americans the Rio Secco, or Dry River, though at this part it might deserve the name of the Petrified Forest.

As we proceeded further we really thought we saw before us masses of wood that had been floated hither, or even a tract of woodland where the timber had been felled for the purposes of cultivation. Trees of all sizes lay irregularly scattered about, and amongst them stumps with the roots that had been left standing; some of them were more than sixty feet long, and of corresponding girth, and looking as if they had been cut into regular blocks, whilst broken branches and chips lay heaped up near. On a closer examination we found they were fossil-trees that had been gradually washed bare by the torrents and had broken off by their own weight, and that, singularly enough, in logs of from one to three feet in length. We measured some of the largest trunks, and found one of five feet in diameter. Many of them were hollow—many looked as if half-burnt, and they were mostly of a dark colour, but not so much so as to prevent the bark, the burnt places, the rings, and the cracks in the wood from being clearly discernible. In some of the blocks appeared the most beautiful blending of agate and jasper colours; and in others, which had yielded to the influence of the weather and fallen to pieces, there were bits so brilliantly tinted, that if polished and set they would have made elegant ornaments; others, again, had not yet lost the original colour of their wood, and looked so like decaying beams of deal that one felt tempted to convince oneself, by the touch, of their petrification. If you pushed these they

fell into pieces that had the appearance of rotten planks. We collected small specimens of all these various kinds of fossil-trees, and regretted that as our means of transport were so small we had to content ourselves with fragments, which certainly showed the variety of the petrification, but not the dimensions of the blocks.

We sought in vain for impressions of leaves and plants, and the only thing we found besides the trunks and blocks were the remains of some tree-like ferns, that we took at first for broken antlers of stags.

The expedition had to renounce its intention of making their way further to the south, along the Rio Secco, for they found its bed piled up more and more wildly with masses of earth and stones, and saw new chasms opening across their path. At length they reached the Colorado Chiquito, whose course was to indicate the direction of their route for some time. Here, again, they came upon ruins, which, though now barely recognisable, clearly showed that this region must at one time have been thickly peopled. The Colorado Chiquito is but a small river, but rolls on a considerable quantity of water with great rapidity towards the Rio Colorado of the west; it rises on the northern declivity of the Sierra Mogoyon, and, flowing at first towards the north-east, receives the two small streams of Dry Fork and Burnt Fork. At the point where it is joined by these, it suddenly changes its course, and turning to the north-west, forms a confluence with the Zuni River, and the Puerco of the west, and then keeps this direction till it reaches the Great Colorado. (*See Map, p. 624.*)

Fertile soil, quite capable of cultivation, lay on both sides of the river, and more and more ruins, in such quantities as to afford ground for the conjecture that wandering races of a remote antiquity had possessed extensive settlements in this valley, where there was to be found every requisite for human subsistence, fine wholesome water, and fruitful soil, as it indisputably was, being several times in the year overflowed by the Colorado Chiquito.

On the 5th of December the guides returned from the Moquis with the sad intelligence that the small-pox was raging in a frightful manner among their tribes, so that, according to the account of Jose Maria, the Zuni Indian, whole households had been swept away, the survivors were no longer able to bury the dead, and wolves and coyotes were feeding on their flesh. Possibly there may have been some Indian exaggeration in this, but even with this allowance it was a mournful story. An adverse fate certainly seems to pursue the original inhabitants of the American continent in every way, but nearly all that they have suffered, and are still to suffer, may be laid, directly or indirectly, to the charge of the white population. And how few are the attempts to make this poor deceived race any amends for the harm that has been done them! In the judgment of all travellers who have come into contact with the Pueblo-Indians, they well deserve the help of the missionary, since they show already such a tendency to civilisation. They are peaceable, industrious, and domestic in their habits; but remote as they are from any centre of civilisation, they can proceed no further than to provide for their own maintenance, and some few of the conveniences of life. Yet they might be made skilful mechanics, and even trained to become conscientious teachers of the young; the benefit of in-

structing them in the method of vaccination would be incalculable, and had they once attained to a certain grade of civilisation, they would, of their own accord, advance from step to step, until they could enter the rank of cultivated nations. Unfortunately, however, most missionaries think, that when they have built a church, and entered certain tribes in their reports as Christians, they have done all that is required of them: as other nations have passed away, leaving scarcely a name behind, so will the lost descendants of these once renowned warrior races, and these pious men will be perfectly satisfied with such a result if they can only say that when the Indians perished they were no longer Pagans.

They proceeded hence on their way towards the extinct volcanic mountains of San Francisco. Sometimes they journeyed through the valley, and sometimes crossed small hills, where the valley made a curve, and they thought they could cut off a bit of the road. Their sport was improved by the presence of black-tailed deer (*cervus Richardsonii*), which showed themselves in the neighbourhood of the water; and from time to time they saw porcupines (*cercolabes novæ*), lazily climbing the trees. From the passage over the watershed of the Sierra Madre, at an elevation of 7,750 feet above the level of the sea, to the point where they touched the Colorado Chiquito, they had made a considerable descent, and they now found themselves at no greater height than 5,525 feet. The distance between these two points being 137 miles, gives a depression of 18 feet per mile.

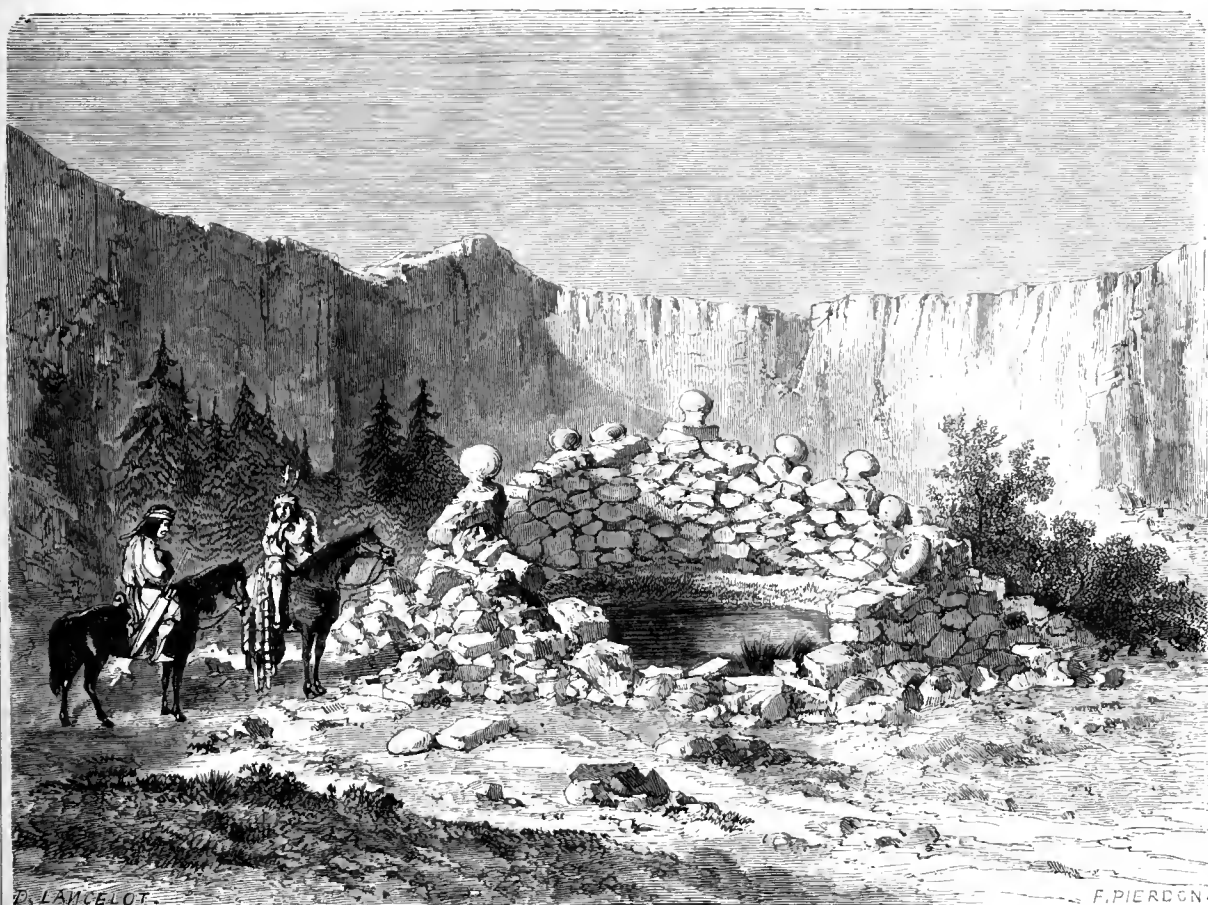
They had now arrived at the mouth of Chevelon's Fork, a stream that, rising in the Mogoyon mountains, flows almost due north to the Colorado Chiquito. It owes its name to an unfortunate trapper, who, urged by hunger, one day dug out some poisonous roots on its banks, and died a few hours after eating them. A few beavers had erected their dams on the banks of the river.

After a stampede, as a panic and general flight of the beasts of burthen is designated, in this instance occasioned by wolves, and entailing no slight delay, and being joined by Lieutenant Fitzball with five-and-twenty wild daring-looking fellows, whose physiognomies and entire bearing were strongly indicative of their having been long in remote uncivilised territories, they proceeded along the river towards the west, and pitched the tents in a meadow that offered some food for their beasts, nearly opposite to a spot where on a small height there were to be seen obvious traces of a former Indian settlement.

The rounded elevation, says Möllhausen, on which the ruins lie, rises separately from the hills that inclose the valley, and stands apart, so that at times of inundation it must have been quite surrounded by water, and there is little doubt, that at the time when the town was flourishing, the hill was surrounded by a trench connected with the river, and that the access to it was by bridges. The area of the hill, and consequently of the town, was but small, not more than a few hundred yards; but if, as is probable, it was once entirely covered with terraced many-storied buildings, like those of the present Pueblos, the number of inhabitants could not have been so very insignificant. It appeared to us to have been built not exclusively with adobes, but also in part with stone; for besides the foundations, heaps of roughly-hewn stones were lying about, that had evidently belonged to masonry,

which, in the course of time, had fallen in. There were even traces of arches recognisable, besides the usual masses of broken pots, and we were fortunate enough to find some stone arrow points among the rubbish. Several days' journey further to the west, near the river, but above the falls, at a point that we were not to touch upon, Captain Sitgreaves discovered some better preserved ruins, and it is probable that between here and the Colorado, the traces of a half-civilised race will be found still more frequently. These ruins, described by Captain Sitgreaves in his report, lie at a short distance from the river, on a projecting crag of a plateau covered with lava, and they consist of fragments of houses of considerable extent, many of

them of three stories. They are obviously the remains of extensive settlements, that must have lain scattered over an area of from eight to ten miles about the valley of the Colorado Chiquito, and which must have rendered it at one time a thickly-peopled district. That no water is found near the ruins that lie farthest from the river, the natural reservoirs and springs being choked with volcanic dust, is considered by Captain Sitgreaves sufficient to account for their abandonment. It is, however, scarcely conceivable that in the vicinity of a river that is never dry, there could be a want of water, or that industrious people could allow their reservoirs and cisterns to become thus choked. It is surely far more probable that a general emigration



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occasioned the abandonment of these numerous towns; when the valley became too narrow for their habitation, they may have been tempted by the better soil and wider space offered them further south, on the Gila, and in Chihuahua, where they built their Casas Grandes—but only to leave them again as soon as they had obtained knowledge of the paradisaical districts southward again of those.

The Casas Grandes on the Rio Gila, and at Chihuahua, have been mentioned by every traveller who has ever passed that way, from the Spanish missionaries of the 17th century to the officers of the most recent expedition sent by the United States; and the numerous reports that have been collected, offer abundant material for study to the inquirer into Mexican history.

It must strike every one that the more southerly ruins manifest greater culture and experience in the builders, and also indicate that the towns and settlements so situated were more thickly peopled, and inhabited for a longer time, than those lying further north, which also are in a state of far more complete decay. Among the former are some remains of buildings that might be restored with no great expenditure of time and trouble. Mr. Bartlett, in his *Personal Narrative*, has given us an excellent description of the Casas Grandes, and alluded also to those of other travellers—old and new. He first mentions the Casas Grandes on the Rio Salinas, whose broad valley shows evident traces of former cultivation, though now thickly overgrown with mezquit bushes.

Old canals, often of considerable length, for the irrigation of the neighbouring lands, as well as ditches for the same purpose, are clearly recognisable, although mostly choked up and overgrown. The ruins themselves, which at a distance looked like rugged hills, lie on a kind of elevated plain or plateau, and consist of the remains of an ancient adobe building, that must have been two hundred feet long, and eighty broad, with its four sides fronting towards the four cardinal points. Portions of the walls are still standing in many places, namely, at the highest point on the south side, where there must have been four stories, rising one above another; and again at the north end of the west side. These fragments of walls, however, scarcely rise above the wildly luxuriant shrubs that grow about them. One round heap, overtopping all the rest, appears to have been a kind of tower, and the masses of adobes are still so hard, that it is no easy matter to break them. On the western side are visible the remains of a long wall, that must have stretched out far beyond the building, and probably served as an inclosure. Towards the north-east, at a distance of three or four hundred feet from the principal building, are the remains of a circular inclosed space, of which it is not easy to make out the purpose. It is much too small for a courtyard, and again much too large for a well, and the vicinity of the canal also makes this supposition unlikely. From the highest point of these ruins, which may be about twenty-five feet above the surface of the plateau, other similar heaps of ruins are visible in all directions, and especially at a distance of a mile towards the east, where a whole range of them may be seen extending from north to south. The entire plain is covered with painted fragments of pottery, some of which are in such good preservation, that you might draw the whole outline of the vessel of which they have formed a part. There are, also, many green stones found on the surface of the ground, where they have been washed free of earth by the rains, and they are always eagerly sought for by any natives who may happen to be present. These stones also have been mentioned by all travellers from the Missionary Coronado, who crossed the Gila in 1540, to the latest visitor.

Bartlett's description of the Casas Grandes is so accurate, that a comparison may easily be made by means of it with the ruins on the Colorado Chiquito, but unfortunately the latter are so much decayed that there is little more left than foundation walls. Even in these the resemblance is perceptible, but these buildings must have been of smaller extent than those on the Gila and in Chihuahua; and the dimensions of the masonry also, and of the rooms, must have been less considerable. Apart from the consideration that for this very reason the buildings on the Colorado Chiquito would have been more quickly destroyed, everything appears to indicate that if the northern and southern ruins originated, as can hardly be doubted, with the same people, the northern must be older than the southern; but that greater experience, and the wish to erect more durable abodes, occasioned the construction on the Gila, the Salinas, and Chihuahua, of larger, more commodious, and more solid edifices.¹

¹ Lieut. J. W. Albert, in his Report concerning New Mexico made in the years 1846, 1847, p. 49, says, "We were surprised by the great resemblance between the Casas Grandes and the

XIV.

DEPARTURE FROM THE COLORADO CHIQUITO—VOLCANIC CONES—FIRST FALL OF SNOW—THE WOODS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS—SUBTERRANEAN ABODE OF THE NATIVES—CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE FOUR CHIEF SUMMITS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS—SQUIRRELS—LEROUX SPRING.

WINTER was approaching, a hard frost had drawn an icy covering over the waters of the Colorado Chiquito, and thrown its white mantle on all prominent objects. New cases of small-pox had occurred, notwithstanding the favourable change in the weather, but of nine cases that occurred in the camp all recovered, though the most severe illness prevailed in the high mountains, where there was little protection from the cold and snow, and an interruption of the journey was not to be thought of.

The waggons rolled along easily over the frozen ground, the hoar-frost sparkled and glittered in the sunbeams, and, as the sun rose higher, gradually disappeared; further and further westward we journeyed, mile after mile was passed, and at last the snowy mountains of San Francisco could be distinctly seen with all the details of their scenery: and numerous volcanic hills, ravines, and lofty woods, were clearly distinguishable. We now found ourselves passing over rough stony ground, that formed the inclosure of a valley, then through the valley itself; sometimes we saw the glassy river gleaming close to us, sometimes only the trees on its banks, and that at a considerable distance, according to the windings of the streams, and as it approached or retired from our course, which we endeavoured to make as straight as possible. Large red-tailed buzzards (*Buteo borealis*, Sws.) sat thoughtfully on the projecting branches of cotton-wood trees, and small partridges hopped about among the thick shrubs, and nothing hindered our progress, until we found ourselves so hemmed in among volcanic rocks that we were compelled to take the only way open to us, namely, the way back.

On the 22nd of December they bade farewell for ever to the Colorado Chiquito. They were now 1182 miles from Fort Smith, and 348 from the Rio Grande del Norte, and they found themselves at a height of 4775 feet above the level of the sea. From the time they quitted the river, they began to ascend. A more dreary country, says Möllhausen, than we travelled through on this day can hardly be imagined. The way went up hill and down hill, over rugged volcanic ground, the shoes of our mules and the iron hoops round the wheels of our waggons leaving lead-coloured marks on the sharp lava-like rocks; and the journey was so much the more toilsome as we had to contend against an ascent of forty-seven feet to the mile, and an icy north wind which was driving the volcanic dust in our eyes. We had provided ourselves

buildings of Acoma and Pueblo de Taos. We need no further proof of the common origin of the New Mexicans (Pueblo-Indians) and the Aztecs; and Clavigero also says, on the subject of the nations of Anahuac having come from the north, "Besides the testimony of Torquemada and Bezanecourt, we have other proofs; on a journey that the Spaniards, in 1606, made from New Mexico to the Tizon River, six hundred miles towards the north-west, they found there great buildings, and met with Indians who could speak the Mexican language."

The most important observations on the subject of the Casas Grandes, however, have been made by Professor Buschmann, in his copious, elaborate, and excellent work *On the Aztec Local Names*, pp. 59-67, 1853, already cited.

with water for our own use, as the first spring we expected to meet with lay at two days' journey from the Colorado Chiquito, but our cattle were obliged to do without it, which was so much the harder on them that they could find only a very scanty supply of food, so thinly scattered about the stony ground that it was hardly worth their search. There was little choice with respect to a camping-place, so, after jogging on till towards evening, we pitched our tents at the foot of a heap of lava, where a few shrubs offered a supply of fuel; the sky clouded over, a bitter wind came howling between the naked hills, and everything indicated the approach of snow and bad weather.

After a few miles the next day they came to a group of small extinct volcanoes, the only ornament of which was the cold black streams of lava, which could be clearly discerned on the gray surface of the hill; and towards the north-west rose more and more hills, one seeming to hide behind another. The ascent was now fifty feet to the mile, and the snow was falling so thick that we could no longer see round us, and had to be very careful not to miss the track, for a very few minutes served to cover it completely with snow. We met herds of forked antelopes, who appeared to be hastening away from the snowy regions towards the plains, and with every mile some change took place in the scenery. Single cedars began to emerge from the white covering, and, becoming thicker and thicker, at last formed woods, which increased in height as we advanced into them. We had to make many a round to avoid impenetrable thickets and deep ravines, that would have been impassable for our waggons. Our guides, amongst whom might now be reckoned those who had made the journey but a few days before, were scarcely able to make out the way we were going, through the falling snow; but, fortunately, the wind that raged above in the mountains did not reach us, sheltered as we were by both mountain and forest.

Although we suffered a good deal from cold in the feet, we could not but rejoice in the fine spectacle of nature that surrounded us, and I believe that to all who shared in the expedition this first day's march in the depth of winter—this sudden transition from the dreary volcanic waste to vast forests and sky-piercing mountains—will not readily be forgotten.

Most picturesque was the effect of the wild ravines and beds of torrents, with their huge blocks of stone covered with snow, and the black caves and chasms beneath, in which many firs and cedars had struck root. The slender trees hung perfectly still from the declivities, and allowed the snow to rest on the dark green needles that thickly clothed their boughs, only bowing their heads gently when a gust of wind rushed down the mountain to die away among their trunks. A solemn stillness reigned through all nature, for the deep snow hushed the sound of the waggon-wheels and mules' hoofs, and the wolves, lurking here and there in the woods, indulged us only now and then with a broken howl.

There wanted now only one day to Christmas, and still the eye could feast on richly-clothed trees; in every one's baggage were to be found some well-preserved bottles of that which makes glad the heart of travelling man; and the marvellous combination of wood and mountain and valley must have tended to remind every one of their great Creator, and awaken feelings of devout gratitude. This feeling is closely allied to those of love to one's neighbour, and compas-

sion for the brute creation; and there was no one, says Möllhausen, I imagine, in our whole expedition who did not at this time sincerely grieve for the hardship suffered by our poor beasts, who for their Christmas cheer had to scrape away snow a foot deep to get at the scanty grass and moss beneath.

A little beyond they came to the edge of a rocky ravine, where wildly rushing waters had worn a deep hollow in the rock, and, as in this chasm they were protected on all sides, they halted to pass the Christmas.

The northern bank of the above-mentioned ravine consisted of a steep wall of lava, which in cooling had formed nearly horizontal rents that ran far in below the surface of the ground. These chasms had offered the Indians facilities for constructing tolerable dwellings with very little labour, not certainly a very eligible residence, but one that to a wild Tonto or Yampay, who is accustomed to make his house out of the bark of a tree, probably had its recommendations. The sharp points of the lava on the floor had been covered by a bed of hard stamped clay, on which they could stretch their unclothed forms in great comfort, and then clay partitions had been built up to form chambers, sometimes entirely separate, sometimes communicating with each other by small openings; but these, as well as those which led into the open air, were only just large enough for a man to creep through. It did not appear that these chasms had been recently inhabited, at least we found not the smallest article that could indicate such an occupation, but it is true that the persons likely to inhabit them have so very small a stock of worldly possessions, and those few so indispensable to them, that they are very little likely to leave anything behind them. Most probably they are only inhabited in the summer, and as the winter is very severe in these elevated regions, the natives withdraw at that season, and seek a refuge in the somewhat milder climate of the plains. The entrances to these dwellings were in such awkward places on the rocky wall, that now, when the path was rendered still more slippery by the snow, we had to take the greatest care, in scrambling out again, not to glide down into the abyss below.

Christmas-eve was duly celebrated, but of Christmas day, Möllhausen says it was passed in perfect quiet, in thinking over past times and our distant homes, where the church bells were now summoning all to the religious celebration of the season. We heard no pleasant solemn bells, but he must have been, indeed, a dull clod in whom the scenery around awakened no feeling of devotion. While deep in the woods the woodpecker hammered away at the decaying trunks, and the small birds seemed to warble their thanks for the lovely sunny day, and the shelter afforded them by the thick cedar boughs from frost and snow, we looked up at the sublime summits of the San Francisco Mountains, and needed no temple made with hands wherein to worship our Creator.

On the 26th of December we broke up our encampment at an early hour, and set out again, directing our course towards the southern point of the San Francisco Mountains. (See p. 625.) As soon as we had the wooded hills behind us, and were following an opening towards the west, we saw the mountain displayed in all its beauty. We were about ten miles from the base of the principal one, and could clearly distinguish its formation. Four great peaks, covered with dazzling snow, rose high above the rest, and though numerous summits thronged around and seemed connected with

them—perhaps had grown out of them—that only tended to complete their unmistakably volcanic character, which would have struck us even if we had not been for days past travelling on volcanic soil, and obviously not far from the great centre of action. The deeply hollowed-out beds of the ancient lava streams now formed wooded ravines, that cleft the mountain from summit to base, and increased in width as numerous small streams issuing from the sides poured into them. The dense pine and cedar woods reached about half way up the mountain, and thence became lighter and lighter, leaving about one third of it lying in spotless purity of white, on which the inequalities of ground were marked only by very light shadows.

When near the foot of the mountain we turned to pass round it to the south the way leading between lofty pine woods and small treeless plains. We saw herds of antelopes and black-tailed deer, but they were so wild and shy that we could seldom get a shot at one. Of the magnificent squirrels, native to these woods, we got several; but, unfortunately, these pretty creatures took refuge at our approach on the tops of the highest trees, so that we could only reach them with our rifles, and on this account we had to kill several before we got one whose skin was not torn by the bullets, but fit to be stuffed. Those that were shot were, however, not lost, for they made a very well-tasting dish for our somewhat frugally-supplied table. The length of this squirrel (*Sciurus dorsalis*) is two feet from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail, which alone measures eleven inches. The ears are broad and almost round, furred inside and out, and with long tufts of hair at the tips. The colour, dark gray, with the exception of a stripe of fine red brown along the back and behind the ears. The belly is white, and the white part is marked off from the gray by a black line along the side. The tail is gray at the top with long white loose hair, but quite white underneath.

On the evening of the next day they reached a level ravine which soon led them into a spacious valley, bounded on three sides by woods, but on the north by the real San Francisco Mountains, two of which rose like enormous colossi before us, whilst the snowy peaks of the two others only peeped over from the west. We passed, diagonally, across the valley towards an angle formed by the hills and the spur of the great mountain, and halted near Leroux Spring.

We had now reached our highest point since crossing the Sierra Madre, and found ourselves at 7,472 feet above the level of the sea, but 278 feet lower than on the Sierra Madre. Reckoned from the base, the principal mountain rose 4673 feet, which gives, as the total height of the peak, 12,145 feet above the sea level; and we therefore still wanted nearly 200 feet to the line of perpetual snow, which in this latitude is at 14,000 feet. The number of miles we had travelled from Fort Smith to this point was 1239, and from Albuquerque 405. (See Map, p. 624.)

On the former occasion when Leroux had passed through these regions, he had had no waggons to think of, but travelling only with mules, and trusting to their sureness of foot, he had always taken the straightest way. But the case was otherwise now, since it was our business to get the waggons on at least as far as the Colorado of the west, for to carry them across that broad rapid river, with the few means at our disposal, we did not hope.

As none of our reconnoitring parties had proceeded

beyond Leroux Spring, it was considered advisable to stop the expedition at this spot, in order to send forward another division which should examine, as thoroughly as possible, the ground to be traversed, and send back messengers to indicate the best route for the waggons.

XV.

BILL WILLIAMS' MOUNTAINS—GRAY BEARS—THE NATIVES OF THESE REGIONS—PARTRIDGE CREEK—TURKEY SPRING—WARMTH OF SNOW—PASS OF THE AZTEC MOUNTAINS—YAMPAY AND CANON CREEKS—IMPRACTICABILITY OF THE GROUND—PRESENCE OF NATIVES IN THE RAVINE.

THE days passed at the foot of the San Francisco Mountains were very cold and had they not been so much protected by them, they would have suffered considerably. They were seldom able to see far around them, and the snowy masses that rose up on every side, left them very much in doubt concerning all that exceeded the distance of twenty-five miles. Due west, however, there arose a blue peak above the rugged landscape, which they determined must be Bill Williams' Mountain, and it subsequently appeared that they were not deceived. The mountain, or rather group so called, were extinct volcanoes covered with pines and cedars. On the first of January, 1854, Lieutenant Whipples' party in advance bivouacked at 'New Year's Spring' at the foot of the mountains, the rest of the Expedition came up the day following.

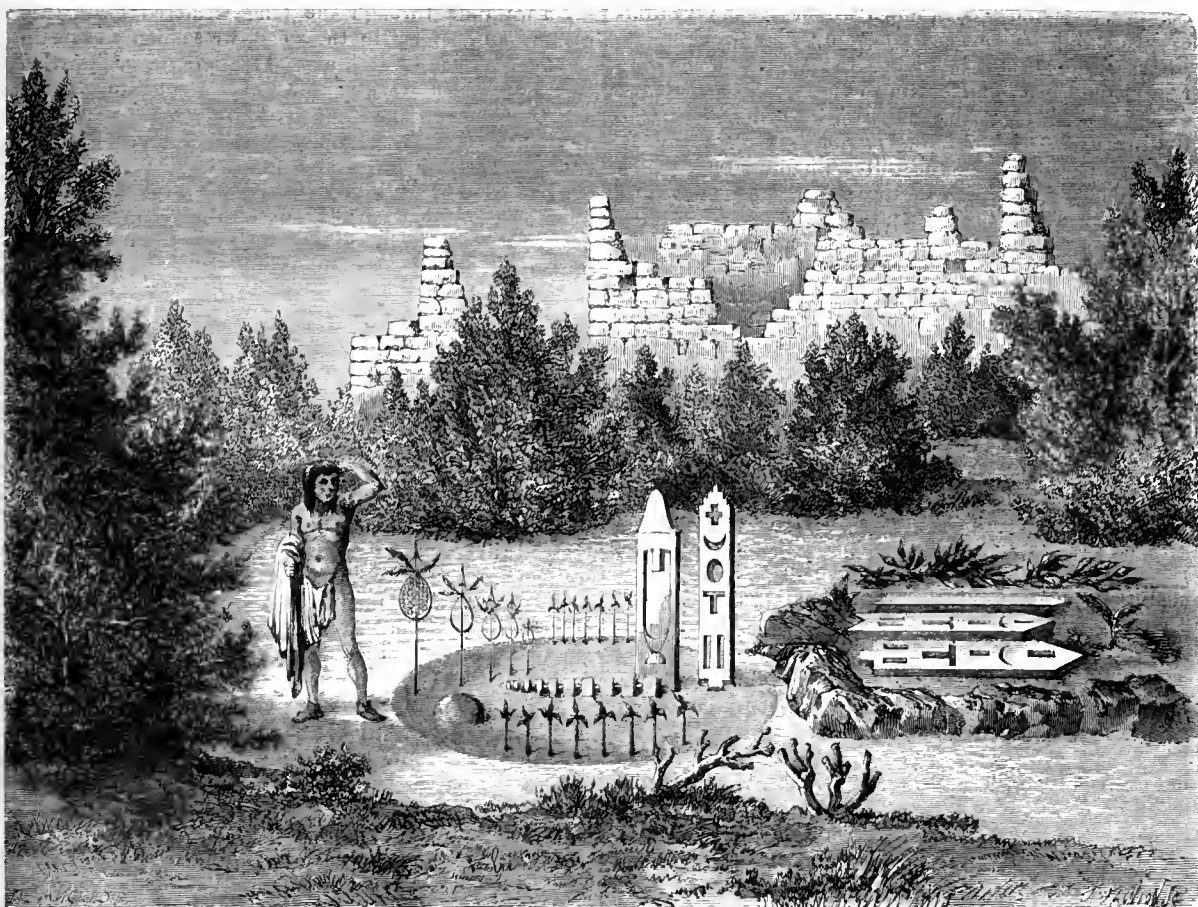
The numerous footprints of the gray bear, which traversed the forest in all directions, Möllhausen says, tempted us to follow them. We examined the forest that lay to the south of us, as well as that at the foot of Mount Sitgreaves and the neighbouring hills, and we found dens in such numbers that if they had been tenanted we should have had a bear to every acre of land. The declivities and ravines of Mount Sitgreaves are, it seems, a particularly favourite residence with them, and even Leroux, old trapper and hunter as he was, did not remember to have ever met with signs of such numbers living together on so small a space; but, unfortunately, the whole company had emigrated but a few days before our arrival. Probably the freezing of the water had occasioned this move, for we found on the ice marks of their having tried to break it. They seemed to have made their journey to the south in troops of eight or more, and their path was plainly recognisable on the glittering snow. They walk one behind another, each stepping in the footprints of his front rank man, and in this way broad trampled impressions had been made, in which the snow, melted by the heat of the fleshy foot soles, had afterwards frozen again to smooth ice. They had probably left with reluctance a region that had afforded them in superfluity their favourite food, the sweet nuts of the cedar; but the want of water had driven them all away, and our bear hunt consisted in nothing more than running about looking for the prints of their huge paws, and then, from their breadth, estimating the size of the individuals who had made them. Every day, as long as we remained at this spot, we searched the woods, climbed the neighbouring hills, and scrambled down into the ravines, but no creature but the gray squirrel enlivened the solitude, and it fled at our approach to the top of the highest trees.

There can be scarcely any human beings in existence who stand on a lower grade than the Indians between the San Francisco Mountains and the great

Colorado of the west. They are generally reckoned as belonging to the race of the Apaches, or, at all events, as akin to them; they are equally shy and mistrustful, and have the same thievish propensities, and all attempts to establish anything like a friendly relation with them have hitherto failed. The very sight of a white man seems to strike them with terror, but they will go creeping after him whenever they can, to watch for an opportunity to shoot a few arrows at him and his steed from a safe hiding-place. Were they in possession of anything that might be turned to advantage by the whites, better-considered attempts would have been probably made for the civilization of these savages, but they are utterly destitute, and distinguished from the

beasts of the forest only by the faculty of speech. Their forms are dwarfed and ugly, and can hardly be otherwise, considering the kind of food they subsist upon, chiefly the berries of the cedar, the edible nuts of a kind of pine (*Pinus edulis*), grass seeds, and the roots of the Mexican agave.

They have a great desire for flesh meat, indeed; but, as they are very bad sportsmen, notwithstanding the superfluity of game in their forests, they very seldom get any, unless they can succeed in stealing a beast from the people of New Mexico, or when a party of travellers are passing, wounding some straggling animal with their arrows, so that it has to be left behind. Captain Sitgreaves suffered several losses from a tribe



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of these natives known under the name of *Cosninos* or *Cochnichnos*, who used to slink about his herd, and at last send a whole flight of arrows among them. On one occasion, when three of his mules were killed, he ordered the soldiers to fire on the savages, but they were already almost beyond range, though a track of blood showed that at least one of them had got a lesson. We were now passing through the territory where Captain Sitgreaves had been so continually tormented by them, but we never so much as caught sight of one, or even came upon any fresh traces of them; the cause of the difference being doubtless that his journey was made three months earlier than ours, at the season when the natives were getting their harvest of nuts in the

woods, instead of being driven away by frost and snow.

The expedition was delayed eight days at New Year's Spring shooing the mules and making excursions to discover a way through the mountains. On the ninth a start was effected, and they bivouacked in a deep crevice of black lava, or "Lava Creek," as they called the place. We had now, says Möllhausen, for a considerable extent the same scenery, the same rough ground, the same deep ravines, lava fields, and volcanic hills. Here and there we saw solitary specimens of the black-tailed deer and the antelope, and more frequently wolves and cayotas announced their presence by howling and chattering as they prowled around us in

the scanty cedar woods; there was a dreary character in the whole landscape that gave us little hope of any better pasture for our cattle, but we plodded on, paying what attention we could to the objects that fell within our several departments, and the viameter marked with unvarying fidelity the number of miles traversed.

After leaving Lava Creek, the next place that deserves any mention is Cedar Creek, a tolerably broad valley, richly grown on either side with cedar woods, whence the small river or brook, which seems to contain water only in the rainy season, has received its name. Four miles before Cedar Creek the country begins to decline so rapidly, that there is a difference of 700 feet in this tract, namely, 183 feet to a mile; the fall also is not equally distributed over the whole extent, but includes some very steep descents, down which it was very difficult to bring the waggons safely to Cedar Creek.

After this we still continued to descend at the rate now of only forty-one feet to the mile, till on the 11th of January we reached the dry rocky bed of a stream that turns in many windings towards the south-west. At first we took it for the Bill Williams' River, which rises in the mountains of the same name, and flows towards the Great Colorado; but we became convinced afterwards that we were mistaken, and called it Partridge Creek, from the numerous pretty creatures of that kind, with their splendid head ornaments, that adorned its steep rocky shores. It was not easy, however, to identify a river of which we knew only the mouth, and presumed to have its source in the Bill Williams' Mountains. All else that we knew concerning this river rested on the narratives and the testimony of a certain trapper denominated Bill Williams, who, coming down the Great Colorado, had discovered the mouth of a river near some village of the Mohave Indians, and had followed it up to the neighbourhood of some mountains, which were also called after him by the western hunters, until at last his name found its way to the newest maps. At present, it would be no easy task to determine the exact geographical position of the Bill Williams' Fork. (*See p. 665.*)

The banks of Partridge Creek were high and abrupt, but the adjacent ground looked so unfavourable for our purposes, that when we found a tolerably suitable place for getting down into the bed of the stream, we pitched our camp there at a spot where the water was not quite dried up. This was as far as Lieutenant Whipple had come, so that it was now necessary to stop and ascertain the possibility of continuing our course along the bed of the stream, or of leaving it conveniently if we could not, which appeared a more uncertain matter than the first, from the towering height to which the banks now rose.

The pretty little partridge that abounded so here was the *Callipepla Californica* of Gould; *Callipepla squamata*, if the feathers of the crest are long and pointed. It is about the size of a common tame pigeon, is distinguished by its beautiful gray and brown plumage, and especially by six or eight feathers, two inches long, upon its head, which are broad at the top and narrow below, so that when pressed together they assume a club-like form. When the bird is frightened or on its flight, it carries this crest forward towards the beak, but at other times falling over the back of the head. These pretty creatures are as agreeable to the taste as to the sight, and we found them in such masses in Partridge Creek, that very few shots served to serve us all with an abundant dish.

We also saw the large gray wolf (*Canis lupus*, L.—*Var griseus*, Richardson) crossing along the edge of the ravine, but he was very shy, and knew exactly how to keep out of the reach of our rifles.

The sun shone brightly over the hard frozen ground and the frosted vegetation, as we pursued our way along the foot of the mountains, up and down the hills connected with the mountain chain; and we had not gone many miles before our attention was powerfully attracted by a row of cotton-wood trees; and on coming nearer we discovered the dry bed of a stream that appeared to proceed from the mountains. Some closely-growing willows that we saw in a ravine led us to infer the neighbourhood of water; and we accordingly turned the steps of our mules in that direction.

As we rode through the long withered grass that covered an opening in the wood, we suddenly came in sight of a numerous flock of wild turkeys, which, startled at our approach, were running at a great rate towards a hiding-place. The shots fired among them were eminently successful; but when several of them fell, the rest spread their wings and flew away as fast as they could. The birds killed had fallen in the neighbourhood of water that gushed out of the ground over an area of some acres in extent, and turned it into a kind of marsh, with occasional pools; only at one place did it flow bright and clear, towards the above-mentioned bed, and was there lost again after a short course. The turkeys we had shot suggested a name for the newly-discovered spring, which was forthwith entered in everybody's journal as Turkey Spring. At the place where we watered our cattle, and where natives appeared to have encamped only a few days before our arrival, we filled our leathern flasks; and then, after a short rest, continued our journey. By our visit to Turkey Spring we had got deeper into the mountains, which much increased the difficulty of our progress. The heights that we had to cross were more abrupt, the ravines deeper, and as the chain of mountains ran in an easterly direction, and we had not changed our course, we were soon surrounded by them, though those lying towards the east might certainly rather be called hills.

We were now no longer on volcanic ground, but metamorphic rocks, and stupendous masses of granite lay piled up around us, seeming to look down proudly like castles on the dark low forest beneath them, and blocks of white quartz with yellow veins reminded us of the gold-bearing quartz of California.

The whole scene appeared beautiful to us after our long journeying over the dreary, desolate, volcanic region, and our eyes rested with great pleasure on the lofty peaks, the dark-green pines and cedars, on the fantastic forms of the masses of granite, and on the long range of hills, vanishing at last in the blue distance.

Hence they came to another row of leafless cotton-wood trees, but this time not on the banks of a dry river bed, but, to their great satisfaction, by a swiftly running stream, and which they followed upwards to a gently-ascending, almost treeless hill, where they found ancient ruins, from which they named not only the stream but the whole range.—Pueblo Creek.

Who could have imagined, says Möllhausen, that even in such a remote, secluded spot as this, traces of the Aztecs would be found? But it was so, for we had before us the foundation stones of small buildings, that still lay in the order in which they had been placed by their builders. The walls, indeed, had entirely dis-

appeared and left not a trace behind, from which we concluded that they had been built of Adobes, which in the course of time would be dissolved and washed away. The foundation stones lay in circles and ovals of from fifteen to twenty feet diameter, as if the walls that had stood on them had formed towers; and there could be no doubt about the place or the origin of the masonry, as we found about the usual painted fragments of pottery—though in no great quantity, as if only a small part of the town-building nation had inhabited this fruitful district; but the place was admirably adapted for a settlement, for the Pueblo Creek watered a charming little valley, that, by its situation and its fertility, might well have tempted the former inhabitants of these ruins to plant a town in it.

Beyond Pueblo Creek they had before them what our traveller designates as the primeval wilderness, untouched, unchanged as it came from the hands of the Creator.

It was not, however, the grand primeval forest such as may be seen more to the east, nor the dreary deserts characteristic of this mountain chain; but low cedars, and scattered oaks and pines, growing as irregularly as if they had been flung there at random among fantastically formed rocks, and masses of rolled stones, that had much the appearance of masonry. The utter death-like stillness of this solitude, where every word spoken and every footfall were distinctly re-echoed, had something in it strangely oppressive. Even the animals appeared to shun the place, and to betake themselves in preference to the pleasant valley of the Pueblo. The only creature we saw was a skunk, which looked very cross at us, holding up its shaggy tail, and threatening us with the weapon wherewith nature has armed it; but two of our Mexicans, disregarding its menaces, killed it from a distance with stones. A shot might have injured the bladder, and allowed the overpowering fluid it contains to escape, by which the skin would have been rendered utterly useless for my collection.

It is not generally known that wet garments placed over night in dry snow, that is when the frost is severe, will dry ere the morning, nor is it generally known that a bed in the snow is a very warm one, and a protection against cold, although everyone is aware that the covering the earth with snow in winter is a bountiful provision of Providence to shelter and protect vegetation. Here, however, is a curious instance related by Möllhausen when bivouacking in the mountains:—

Towards morning I was awakened by a feeling of intolerable heat; the blankets lay so heavy upon me that perspiration was bursting from every pore; and at the same time I had such a sensation of oppression at the chest that I was alarmed, and thought I was certainly going to be ill. I threw back the covering that I had drawn over my head when I fell asleep, and then the matter was explained by the falling of loose snow on my face, and though it was still dark I perceived that I was completely snowed up. The wind was whistling around us, roaring through the ravines and breaking down and tearing up decayed trees, and furiously shaking the strongest trunks and closest thickets; and the snow was falling heavily, and was drifted by the wind in great quantities towards our hiding-place. Our whole company was soon awake, but no one ventured to get up; for as the snow had nearly stopped up the air-hole that each had left in

his wrappings, and more than doubled the weight of his coverings, every one was as much overpowered by heat as myself, and it was thought better to avoid sudden contact with the cold air.

At length, after many tedious searches after a way, the expedition undertook, on the 23rd of January, the march up what they designated the Aztec or Pueblo Pass, and at first Möllhausen relates all went smoothly enough, but very soon all hands had to be summoned to clear away obstacles with pickaxes, axes, and spades. Very slow work it was, and when within about half a mile of the watershed, we were compelled to stop from utter exhaustion, as well as from the coming on of darkness. There had been a slight thaw during the day, but it froze again at night, and so arrested the melting of the snow.

On the 24th we prepared for crossing the highest point that lay before us before reaching the Pacific; and heavy work we had with the last mountain, but, as every one was in full vigour after a night of undisturbed repose, we set to work with a will, and in a few hours the last waggon rolled, and the last rider trotted, down the western declivity of the Aztec Mountains. I could not leave the spot without taking a sketch of the scene that presented itself as I looked back over the way we had passed. I could see along the whole length of the ravine, and, quite clearly, the distant blue mountains that rose far away on the eastern side of the Val de Chino. The ravine, seen from above, looked like a long strip of pine-wood inclosed on both sides by high rocks and mountains. The snow, that still lay all around, enabled us to distinguish far off the trees and shrubs that adorned the plateau here, covered with horizontal strata of stone, and the grotesquely-shaped towering masses of rock. Even in its wintry robe the scenery was beautiful, but must be far more so when the now leafless cotton-wood trees that border the Pueblo Creek wear their rich spring decorations, and a bright green serpentine line winds along the tops of the dark pine-woods. Towards the west nature wore a totally different aspect. When from the San Francisco Mountains we had beheld the chain of the Aztec, we had hoped, from their summits, to be able to discern the Colorado and its valley; but instead of that we had now again before us only wild mountains, intersected by dreary plains. North and south, as far as the eye could see, stretched the range that we had just crossed; in a south-westerly direction we saw extinct volcanoes, and due north elevated plateaus; due west, in the remotest distance, snow-covered regions seemed to approach each other. It is scarcely possible that the foot of a white man ever trod this pass before us, and years may elapse without anyone finding his way through it again; yet probably before ten years have gone by the panting and snorting locomotive will waken the echoes of these wild mountains!

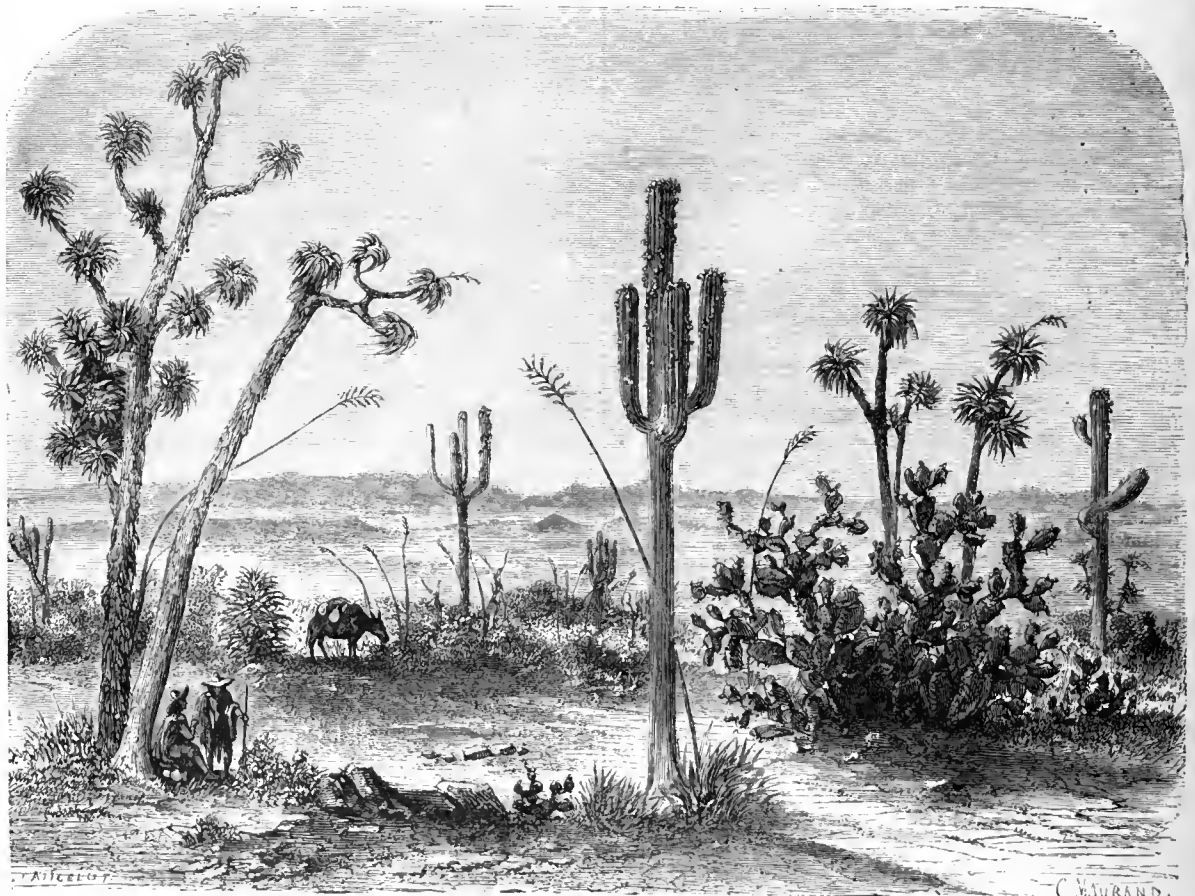
We have every faith in the ultimate establishment of at least two railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific—one, as we have before explained, by the fertile belt of the main Saskatchewan and the low northerly passes of the Rocky Mountains, the other in the south through the Mormon territory of Utah, or still more likely through New Mexico; but it will in all probability be many decades before either of these most desirable results are brought about, and when they are, it is strongly to be opined that some far more favourable line will be found in New Mexico than that

explored by Lieutenant Whipple's party. To judge of the time necessary to carry out railway communication, we need only refer to this fact, that owing to the want of completion of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, for nearly six months of the year there are no means of communication between Great Britain and Canada, except through the territory of the United States, and yet the thing is not done.

The way lay downwards after crossing the Aztec mountains, and with the fall of the ground the snow began to melt away, and the ground became soft and slushy; and what they had taken at a distance for hilly country proved to be rugged mountains, which were rendered still more toilsome and dangerous to

travel over, by the numerous and deep ravines by which they were intersected. The expedition took two days' rest in this wild country, at a place called Yampay Creek, where were cliffs of red sandstone, rising perpendicularly in blocks, slabs, columns, and whole colonnades, with numerous clefts and caverns—a whole labyrinth of chambers, corridors, and spacious saloons—some of which had evidently been inhabited by Mezeal or Agave-eating Indians.

We remained so long, says Möllhausen, scrambling about in these caves, that, though we did not seem to have gone far, we could not find our way back; and though we came often enough to openings that led into the open air, we could see no way of either getting



THE GIANT CEREUS.

down into the valley or up to the plain. The height of the opening from the ground made a jump out of the question, and the rocks were too steep for even a Tonto or Yampay Indian to climb down. After long wandering about, however, we discovered a narrow opening like a chimney, through which we managed to climb up to the plain above; and then we found that the place where we had emerged into the upper world was a very little way off the camp. To return into the valley, we must again have made the same wide circuit as before; so, after all, our researches in the valley of Yampay Creek were limited to a very small portion of it.

From one creek the road lay to another. One day

it was Tampay, the next Canon, so called from its being the deep rocky bed of a river, to get out of which they had to harness twelve mules to every waggon. The environs were more wild and rugged than at any point of our previous journey. Northward, at the distance of about two miles, rose stupendous table-shaped rocks, that made any advance in that direction impossible; and southward, also, lay mountains of an irregular form, but equally inaccessible: to the west, only, the mountains fell back a little, and seemed to leave, at all events, a possibility of a passage; but the ground between them was rugged and broken, and furrowed by a perfect network of chasms and old torrent beds.

In what direction we were to make our way to

Lieutenant Whipple we could not even guess, though, in hopes of saving time, we made an attempt to get along the shore of Canon Creek towards the south; but we were compelled, after a short march, to return to the place we had left, and there wait for further information from our reconnoitring party; for, in the



MOHAVE INDIANS.

direction we had seen, we could not even travel with unladen mules, far less with waggons, so rent and broken was the ground.

As on the sand, that covered most of the hollows,

there were many traces of large hares, Dr. Kennerly and I went out in search of sport. We had tethered our mules on an open piece of ground, and then proceeded up the ravine, and a sudden turn in it soon hid from

me both the mules and my companion ; but the circumstance did not seem worth notice, and I was going along examining the ground closely in order to distinguish the old marks of hares from new ones, when I suddenly perceived that in one place the track of the hare had been trodden out by an Indian sandal evidently only a few hours before. I jumped as if I had seen a poisonous snake, for I knew that I might be surrounded in this place by enemies who did not know the meaning of compassion, and who might, from behind any of the masses of rock or chasms about, salute me with a shower of their dangerous arrows. Cautiously peeping into every corner, and getting my rifle and revolver ready for instant use, I commenced a retrograde movement ; and when I turned round the corner perceived, to my great fright, that Dr. Kennerley's mule had vanished, and that mine, though still in her place, was giving unmistakable signs, by snorting and throwing up his tail, that he felt uneasy in his mind. I stood still, and was endeavouring to make out whether there were any savages lying in ambush, when I heard Dr. Kennerley's voice calling out to me from a neighbouring hill—"Mount and come away directly." I obeyed, and was very soon by his side ; and keeping our arms in readiness, we made as quickly as possible for the heights, where there were no treacherous lurking-places whence the savages might rush out upon us.

My comrade, I found, had, like myself, lost sight of the mules, but was called back by hearing their violent snorting. Thinking they had been frightened by a wolf or a panther he went to them, but found out his mistake when he discovered the traces of Indians, who must have hidden themselves the moment before his return behind some of the rocks. He mounted his mule immediately, and rode to a height whence he could see the ravine into which I had turned, and also cover with his rifle the approach to my mule ; but the savages were probably alarmed by finding us so well on our guard, for a more cowardly race than these Indians does not exist.

When we were once more on open ground our anxiety vanished, for we were too well armed for them to show themselves. We had forgotten, in our eagerness for sport, the insuperable obstacles that opposed the progress of the expedition ; and when we got on the track of the waggons were much surprised to find that they had returned to the old camp.

XVI.

TONTO INDIANS—CACTUS PASS—BILL WILLIAMS' FORK—THE GIANT CACTUS (*CEREUS GIGANTEUS*)—THE BEAVER VILLAGE.

THEY had just finished a meal at the camp when a loud shrieking noise that sounded like laughter reached their ears, and immediately after some of the Mexicans, with two Indians whom they had caught, issued from the cedar thicket. The prisoners trembled under the firm gripe with which they were held, and passively allowed themselves to be dragged towards the watch-fire, where the commanding officer of the escort, Lieutenant Johns, ordered some men to mount guard over them. They had been found by two of our muleteers in a cave, from which there was no way of escape, so that they were easily taken ; but of course they were not detained with any cruel or hostile intentions, but only in order to make them show us the springs hidden in these mountains.

More repulsive-looking physiognomies and figures

than those of our two prisoners could hardly be imagined. They were a young and an older man, somewhat below the middle size, but powerfully made ; with large heads, projecting cheekbones and foreheads, very thick noses, swelled lips, and little slits of eyes with which they looked about as fierce and cunning as wolves. Their skins were darker than I had ever seen those of Indians, and their hair hung in wild tangled masses round their heads, though the usual Indian topknot, tied round with some pieces of stuff and leather, was not wanting.

The younger was dressed in a kind of cotton shirt, and wore torn moccasins and leggings ; but the other had only some rags of a Navahoe blanket, which he had fastened round his body with thorns for pins. His legs and feet had no kind of protection from the sharp stones, thorns, and cactus prickles, unless the thick indurated skin, like buffalo leather, that covered them, might count for such, and render other covering superfluous. Their weapons consisted of bows five feet long, and reed arrows measuring three feet, and furnished with neatly-cut stone points.

The savages were brought to Lieutenant Johns' tent, and many questions put to them, but they could not or would not understand the signs made to them, but chattered and moaned continually, and snatched at everything that was offered them, or lay near them, and stuck it into a kind of pouch or girdle made of woven bast. One could hardly help asking oneself whether these two wretched creatures, who seemed to have no other intelligence than a sort of monkey-like curiosity, and no other feeling than selfish fear, could be really human beings in whom glowed a divine spark that only needed to be fanned for them to become useful members of civilised society. One cannot but feel some doubts about it, though their appearance certainly excites compassion.

After many vain attempts to get out of these Tonto Indians information about the character of the country, they were taken back to the watch-fire, and given into the charge of a soldier and two Mexicans, who were to prevent their escaping, but not to fire upon them if they attempted it. As the evening wore on, the curious spectators who had collected round them gradually dropped off, so that at last only the sentinels were left with them. The captives had been sitting quite passive, without manifesting the smallest inclination to move—probably in order to lull the vigilance of their guards—but now the moment they took their eyes off them, they sprang up like lightning, and rushed to the neighbouring thicket. The younger had made such an immense leap that it had carried him out of reach, but the other was brought back, and since it was a very important point for us not to lose sight of him, we fastened him, by means of a long chain and a padlock, to a strong stake in the ground ; a bayonet was then held to his breast, so that the sharp point touched the skin, and he was given to understand that it would be driven into his breast if he again attempted to escape. Of course this was only said to frighten him, and he contemplated our proceedings merely with a kind of vacant curiosity, and gave us to understand, by occasional moaning sounds, that he did not enjoy being in our company ; but he ate the food offered him, put the presents into his pouch, and then curled himself round like a dog, and lay down before the fire and slept till the next morning.

The attempt to obtain some information from him

was then repeated, but completely frustrated by his obstinacy, or his real stupidity; but the arrival of two Mexicans, sent back by Lieutenant Whipple to guide us to his camp, put an end to his examination, and the savage was dismissed with some small presents, and the sign for breaking up given.

Under the guardianship of the Mexicans they traversed two miles of wild impracticable sort of country, and then entered upon a plain which ended in high rocks till they came to a ravine, where they bivouacked. The next day the road lay from one ravine to another, between cedar-wooded hills, and thence by a pass which was called Cactus Pass, from the abundance of the gigantic *Echinocactus Wisizeni*, many of which stood among the rocks looking like huge casks or barrels. Many were four feet high and seven feet round. The dreary wilderness beyond this assumed so repulsive an aspect that they were forced to give up the plan of a direct course west to the Colorado, and to submit to a new reduction of the luggage, and leave behind some more of the articles not absolutely necessary.

Since leaving the San Francisco mountains, they had travelled 150 miles, but they could still see clearly their ice and snow-covered summits. It was for the last time, however, for their way now led down into a valley, and so steep a one, that all hands were in requisition to get the waggons down. When they got to the foot of the mountains they turned south, till they came to a brook, called "White Cliff Creek," which enlarged further on to what they designated "Big Sandy," and hence they soon joined the Canon Creek, the main branch of Bill Williams' Fork, which burst here clear and bright from the eastern mountains, and showed them in its valley a way that soon led them to the Bill Williams' Fork, and thence proceeded to the Great Colorado.

Where we first struck the Canon Creek, its breadth varied from ten to twenty feet, some cotton-wood trees stood here and there upon its banks, and mezquit and withered bushes partly covered the valley. As far as we could see, towards the south-west, its inclosure was formed by rocks, and high stony mountains or low hills, whose vegetation consisted solely of scattered mezquit bushes and cacti. The fine fresh water of the river was too inviting, and the thirst of the animals too great, for us to think of moving on immediately; but as the day was not far advanced, we passed into the valley, and travelled five or six miles further, without much hindrance. When we stopped and looked about for a suitable camping-ground, however, we were much annoyed to discover, instead of a swiftly flowing stream, only a dry river bed and drifting sand, and we had to send back some mounted messengers to fetch as much water as was positively necessary.

A mild spring breeze was blowing here, which, though the trees and shrubs were still bare, had covered the ground with fresh grass, that was eagerly cropped by our cattle. We were now only 2,000 feet above the sea, and the ground was declining rapidly towards Bill Williams' Fork. A march of a few miles brought us, on the following morning, to a place where the river suddenly made its appearance again, gushing out of the sand, and watering the valley over its whole breadth, moistening the roots of the cotton-wood trees and willows, and sending forth new green shoots from amongst the dried reeds. We rested in this pleasant spot some hours, and then went on again till late in the evening. This day we saw, for the first time, the

giant cactus (*Cereus giganteus*), specimens of which stood at first rather widely apart, like straight pillars ranged along the sides of the valley, but afterwards, more closely together, and in a different form—namely, that of gigantic candelabras of six-and-thirty feet high, which had taken root among stones and in clefts of the rocks, and rose in solitary state at various points. (See p. 648.)

This *Cereus giganteus*, the queen of the cactus tribe, is known in California and New Mexico under the name of Petahaya. The missionaries who visited the country between the Colorado and the Gila, more than a hundred years ago, speak of the fruit of the Petahaya, and of the natives of the country using it for food; and they also mention a remarkable tree that had branches, but no leaves, though it reached the height of sixty feet, and was of considerable girth. We touched, on our journey, the northern limit of this peculiar kind of cactus, which from there extends far to the south across the Gila, and is also frequently found in the state of Sonora, and in Southern California. The wildest and most inhospitable regions appear to be the peculiar home of this plant, and its fleshy shoots will strike root, and grow to a surprising size, in chasms and heaps of stones, where the closest examination can scarcely discover a particle of vegetable soil. Its form is various, and mostly dependent on its age; the first shape it assumes is that of an immense club standing upright in the ground, and of double the circumference of the lower part at the top. This form is very striking while the plant is still only from two to six feet high, but as it grows taller, the thickness becomes more equal, and when it attains the height of twenty-five feet, it looks like a regular pillar; after this it begins to throw out its branches. These come out at first in a globular shape, but turn upward as they elongate, and then grow parallel to the trunk, and at a certain distance from it, so that a cereus with many branches looks exactly like an immense candelabra, especially as the branches are mostly symmetrically arranged round the trunk, of which the diameter is not usually more than a foot and a-half, or in some rare instances a foot more. They vary much in height; the highest we saw at Bill Williams' Fork measured from thirty-six to forty feet; but south of the Gila they are said to reach sixty; and when you see them rising from the extreme point of a rock, where a surface of a few inches square forms their sole support, you cannot help wondering that the first storm does not tear them from their airy elevation.

Inside the fleshy column, however, it is provided with a circle of ribs, each from an inch to an inch and a-half in diameter, reaching to the summit, and of as close and firm a texture as the wood of the cactus usually is; and these enable it to defy the storm. When the plant dies, the flesh falls off from the woody fibres, and leaves the skeleton of the giant standing sometimes for years, before it too becomes the prey of corruption. The trunk of the cereus, as well as its branches, is notched from the root to the tip, at regular distances, and the structure of the outer surface gives it a certain resemblance to an organ. The edges are closely set with tufts of grey prickles, at equal distances, between which gleams out the bright green colour of the plant itself; in May or June, the tops of both branches and trunks are adorned with large white blossoms, which are replaced by pleasantly tasting fruit in July and August. When dried, this fruit

strongly resembles a fig, and is a favourite kind of food with the Indians, who also prepare a syrup from it, by boiling it in earthen vessels.

If the smaller specimens of the *Cereus giganteus* that we had seen in the morning, excited our astonishment, the feeling was greatly augmented, when, on our further journey, we beheld this stately plant in all its magnificence. The absence of every other vegetation enabled us to distinguish these cacti columns from a great distance, as they stood symmetrically arranged on the heights and declivities of the mountains, to which they imparted a most peculiar aspect, though certainly not a beautiful one. Wonderful as each plant is, when regarded singly, as a grand specimen of vegetable life, these solemn, silent forms which stand motionless even in a hurricane, give a somewhat dreary character to the landscape. Some look like petrified giants, stretching out their arms in speechless pain, and others standing like lonely sentinels, keeping their dreary watch on the edge of precipices, and gazing into the abyss, or over into the pleasant valley of the Bill Williams' Fork, at the flocks of birds that do not venture to rest on the thorny arms of the Petahaya; though the wasp and the gaily variegated woodpecker may be seen taking up their abode in the old wounds and scars of sickly or damaged specimens of this singular plant.

The capricious river soon vanished again in the sand, but before evening they reached a group of trees which had been invisible to them the greater part of the day, and where the stream, in all its abundance again, forced itself through a narrow bed. The trees and shrubs were already pushing forth fresh buds, and the patches of green grass were becoming more frequent. There was also now an abundance of excellent water, but their cattle had suffered too much to be able to recover themselves in a short rest. Not a day, says Möllhausen, went by without our having to shoot, or leave behind, some of them; and one waggon after another was abandoned, and its load distributed, as well as might be, on the sore backs of our poor beasts, so that we were every moment reminded to lose no time. We were threatened also with another trouble: our flocks of sheep were diminishing rapidly, for 116 men had to get from them daily rations of meat, which it would not do to lessen, since the rations of flour had been diminished one half, and we could only calculate on using the mules for food in cases of extreme distress, that we might not diminish the means of transport for our papers and collections. Game, with which we could have made an acceptable addition to our dietary, was almost entirely wanting. Partridges, indeed, hovered daily around us; and the fowl that covered the broader parts of the river, and the neighbouring marshes and flooded meadows, made us many a savoury dish; but these resources were trifling in proportion to the numbers of our company, and our appetites unluckily seemed to increase as our supplies diminished. There were sheep in the neighbouring mountains, and we caught sight of one occasionally, but they were excessively shy, and if pursued would frequently plunge, head over heels, down a precipice; we could not boast of the capture of one of these interesting animals, for we could never get even within rifle-range of them. There were, therefore, reasons enough why we should get on as fast as we could, if only in short marches, towards our destined goal.

Their start, on the 6th of February, was favoured by

fine weather, and they took their way slowly along the bed of the river itself; and, our traveller relates, at first the sand was firm, but gradually it became unsteady, the valley closed in, and even if we had left the river, and endeavoured to force our way through the thick tangled growth of underwood, we should have gained little in the firmness of the ground, for the whole valley was standing in water. We soon found that this was an artificial inundation, for we came to a number of dams, constructed with so much sagacity and forethought that the water could not rise above a certain height, and, at the same time, that in the ponds could not decrease. We were now in a beaver settlement, and as my mule stepped cautiously through the deep water, I was amused by listening to the remarks of some soldiers, who imagined they saw, in the ingenious structures before them, the work of human hands, and rather hastily inferred, that they would now have no more half-rations.

It is scarcely possible, indeed, for any one who sees these dams for the first time, to believe that they are the works of any but rational creatures, for nowhere is there the slightest indication of ignorance of the power of water, and the strength required for a wall that is to resist its pressure. No single dam is exposed to it along its whole breadth, but the structure is placed diagonally to the stream, and raised till the water collecting before it is found sufficiently deep. Quite at the end of the dam an opening is left, just large enough to prevent the superfluous water from flowing over the dam and injuring it, yet not so large as to allow the water to get too low for building the separate dwellings.

The beaver is unfortunately so shy, that he can very seldom be seen at work, and the untiring industry of the builders can only be inferred from their works. In a beaver republic there are, it appears, two classes of works—namely, the public ones, which are necessary for the welfare of the whole community,—such as the building of new and the repair of old dams, and the construction of the houses, which are built in stories, and so that the upper one rises above the surface of the water.

In the first, the whole population, without distinction of sex or age, takes part, and their united strength will effect what at first would seem incredible. Overhanging trees, of more than a foot in diameter, are skilfully gnawed off so far that they must break and fall in; and fresh relays of workers are then at hand, to gnaw away the branches and any part of the trunk that may remain attached to the shore, so that it may be easily floated down to its place of destination. Other labourers are there awaiting it, having gone on before with sticks, mud, and earth, in order to secure the floating logs without loss of time, and fresh materials are continually brought and constantly added and secured, till at length the dam rises like a wall above the water; and the clever little builders, creeping along the top, smooth it with their broad tails, and so render it more solid, at the same time that they improve its appearance. Not till these public works are finished do the individual members of the community set about the erection of their private houses, in which no one concerns himself with the affairs of his neighbours, but consults his own wishes in the erection of his dwelling, and constructs a sleeping apartment above the surface of the water, where he can take his ease, while at the approach of danger he can slip below un-

perceived. These sagacious creatures also watch closely the height of the water; should it, through rains or any other cause, be increasing, some of the beavers go to the opening of the dam made to carry off the superfluous water, and enlarge it; or should a long drought occur, they close it partly or altogether, as circumstances may require.

They appear, in all things, a peaceful, industrious community, perfectly understanding each other's actions; and in the whole proceedings of these harmless creatures, and of animals in general, as well as in the mysterious irresistible power by which the plant shoots forth from the germ, we are continually led to admire the wise laws of nature, and bow before the great all-controlling creative power to which it owes its birth.

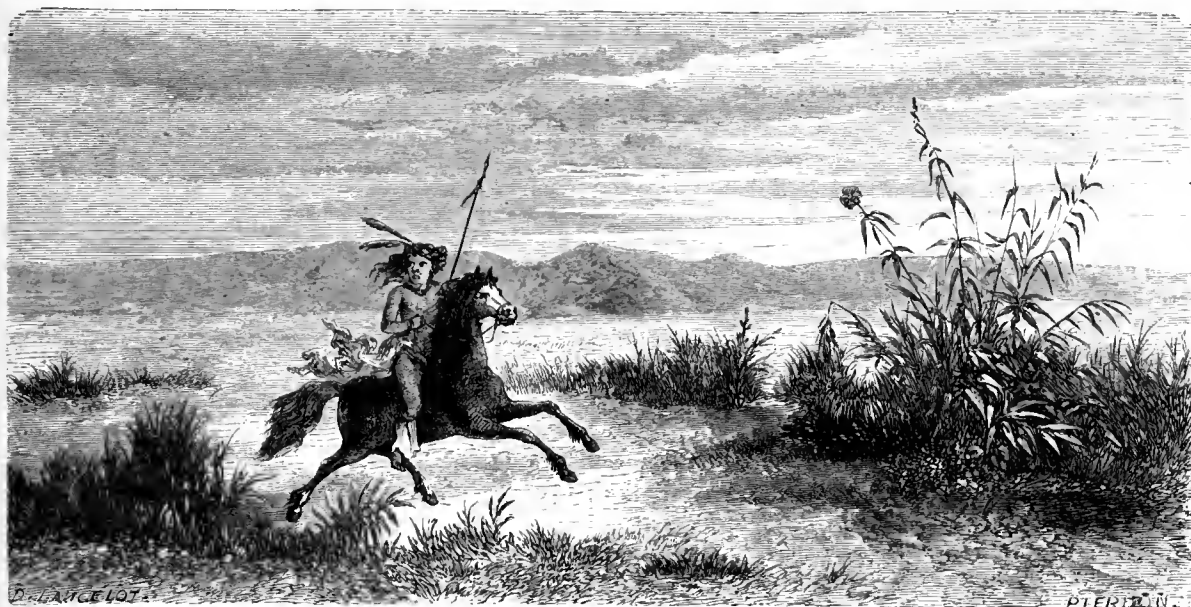
After passing the beaver village the valley of the river narrowed so much, and made so many short windings, that they were compelled to seek for a way across the spurs of the nearest mountains, till they were again enabled to join the winding of the river, and

which they followed over a stony waving tract, beyond which stretched a chain of black eruptive rocks, through which they could see, as through a gate, the place where Bill Williams' Fork forced its way through them.

XVII.

VALLEY OF BILL WILLIAMS' FORK—MOUNTAIN SPRING AND INDIAN PAINTINGS—ARRIVAL AT THE RIO COLORADO—THE LAST WAGGON ABANDONED—NATIVES IN THE VALLEY OF THE COLORADO—THE MOHAVES, CHIMEHWIWEBES, CUTCHANAS, AND PAH-UTAHES.

On the 9th of February they passed through the Rocky Gate, and found a small plain on the other side, through which the river flowed in a deeper stream, and here they obtained a considerable number of ducks and snipe, besides innumerable trout and large frogs, which, we are told, added a very agreeable dish to their modestly-supplied table. On the 11th they passed round the southern base of an old volcano, which, for



MOHAVE HORSEMAN.

some trivial reason, had received the name of Artillery Peak, and after this the valley became broader, and they came to a ravine with spring, surrounded by Indian paintings of various kinds.

The paintings, says Möllhausen, that covered the smooth rocky walls were of the very rudest kind; they consisted chiefly of stars, suns, or mere streaks, and sometimes of figures that had not the remotest resemblance to any object known. Single hands, previously smeared with colour, appeared to have been pressed on the stone; but the attempt to represent the human figure was such a total failure, that it was only just possible to make out what it was meant for. On the side of the rock, at whose foot lay the little basin of water, a broad curved line was drawn with red and white paint, which seemed to mark the limits of the spring from the dry rock. In all these artistic attempts we saw nothing more than the childish amusement of savages standing at a very low grade of culture, and I do not believe that any signification whatever is to be ascribed to them.

The same evening they reached a small valley, at the end of which lay the Bill Williams' Fork, and along whose course their way lay amidst wells and marshes. For four weeks, says Möllhausen, we had now been looking out in vain for the Colorado, the great Colorado of the West, and we had rejoiced in the anticipation of the advantages we should enjoy in the broad valley of a river of the first rank; but still we could see from the heights, day after day, nothing but an endless wilderness, and we did not imagine, on the 19th of February, that the chain of rocks before us lay on the western shore of the Colorado, so that when (on the 20th) a sudden turn of the valley brought us in full view of the broad majestic river, the sight was as unexpected as welcome. For some miles before its mouth, the Bill Williams' Fork waters a beautiful valley varied by meadow, woods, and ponds or small lakes, and the clear waters of the stream, passing the rugged mountains, take their way to join the flood of the Colorado, which at this place violently breaks its way between the naked gray rocks, which, with the

broad river, make a fine, though not exactly pleasing scene. The total absence of vegetation always seems like a want of health in nature, and though you may admire her other combinations, you have not the joyful feeling inspired where a rich vegetable mantle clothes the soil, and thousandfold life seems bursting from it.

The Mexicans saluted with shots, and the Americans, with a hearty hurrah, the appearance of the long-sought river, and though we had gone but a few miles, preparations were immediately made for indulging in a good rest by the side of the Colorado, and then pursuing our way with renewed strength up the stream. At the mouth of the Bill Williams' Fork in the Colorado, we found the latitude to be $34^{\circ} 17'$ N. and the longitude $114^{\circ} 06'$ W. from Greenwich, the height was 208 feet above the sea, and we had therefore descended 6,073 feet, since crossing the Aztec Pass, a fall distributed rather unequally over a distance of 154 miles. We were now 1,522 miles from Fort Smith, and 668 from Albuquerque.

The expedition was obliged, on arriving at the Colorado, to proceed northwards to where they might find, perhaps, among the Mohave Indians, a suitable place for crossing the river. Up to this time, says Möllhausen, we had still two large travelling waggons, so that we had proved that it was possible to penetrate with waggons as far as the Colorado.

To get them across the river, however, would have been a mere waste of time, especially as before us, to the north, there lay a group of steep craggy mountains, that appeared quite impassable for waggons. It was considered necessary, therefore, to leave them behind, and distribute their loads upon pack-saddles and the backs of mules; and it was while our people were engaged in this labour in the afternoon, that the first of the natives made their appearance and approached our camp confidently.

They were four very tall, finely-grown young men, whose powerful forms and perfect proportions we had a full opportunity of admiring, as, except a narrow white apron, they had not a particle of covering, and even their feet were bare.

They were entirely unarmed, and as this manifested their peaceful intentions, they were of course received with the utmost friendliness. The colour of their skins was a dark copper, but the faces of all four were painted in a really terrific manner, coal-black, with a red streak passing from the forehead over nose, mouth, and chin: a style of decoration that must be very fashionable among these Indians, as I afterwards saw it frequently. Their thick black hair hung far down their backs, but was then cut off blunt, and by means of softened clay twisted into stiff rods—a custom prevalent among the male natives of the valley of the Colorado. A thin cord of bast was passed round the hips, and the above-mentioned narrow strip of stuff drawn through it, so as to hang down to the knee in front, and at the back almost to the ground.

This must form some kind of distinction among the tribes there, for I afterwards noticed that the wearers were always anxious to have it seen; and when one of those young men had been presented by some of our people with a pair of trousers, and with their assistance put them on, he manifested great embarrassment because this train or tail was no longer visible. After some meditation, he tore a hole in the middle of the garment aforesaid, and with an expression of great

triumph in his own sagacity, pulled the favourite appendage through it—contriving thus to combine the Indian and European costume, in an indescribably comic manner.

Our visitors had rats, squirrels, and frogs dangling to their girdles, and wished to roast them at our fires, but as they were new specimens we exchanged them for mutton, and added them to our collection.

We had now before us, in great numbers, three different tribes of the natives—Chimehwhuels, Cutchanas, and Pah-Utahs, who, however, did not differ at all in appearance, and we were never tired of admiring the vigorous, powerful race, amongst whom a man of less than six feet high appeared to be quite a rarity. We were especially struck by the difference of such as we had seen of the Yampays and Tontos, who lead the lives of wolves in the mountains, and these vegetable-eating inhabitants of the valley of the Colorado, with the small hideous figures of the first and the cunning repulsive expression of their faces, and with these real masterpieces of creative nature. It was a real pleasure to see these finely-developed forms, as they came bounding towards us in immense leaps over stones and bushes, with the agility of black-tailed deer, and their pleasant, almost open looks, which even their frightful style of decoration could not disguise; and to watch the perpetual good-humour that seemed to prevail among them, their playing and romping with each other, and the shouts of laughter that followed their reciprocal jokes, the whole day long. Towards evening they always disappeared, probably to procure for their naked bodies some shelter from the cold that then set in.

The women of the Colorado were unlike the men in growth, being short, thick-set, and so fat as to border on the comic. Round their hips they wore an apron, or rather petticoat, made of strips of bast, fastened at one end to the girdle, and hanging down to the knee like a deep fringe. At a distance, these women looked very much like our ballet-dancers, even to the swinging of the petticoat and affected movements that may be noticed among those ladies. Both sexes wore the hair cut short over the eyebrows, but the women never have it twisted into tails. They have fine black eyes, and their somewhat broad faces have a cheerful and far from unpleasing expression, though they cannot be called handsome. They go more carefully to work with their painting than the men, and tattoo themselves more; their lips are mostly coloured quite blue, and their chin, from one corner of the mouth to the other, is adorned with blue lines and spots. They carry their babies about with them, up to a certain age, wrapped in pieces of bast. (*See p. 656.*)

On the third day of our stay at the Colorado, we had an opportunity of entering into a barter trade with the Cutchanas, who came streaming into our camp bringing beans, maize, wheat, fine flour, gourds, and melons; in exchange for which we gave old clothes and strips of our blankets. They also brought us some bows of five feet, and arrows of three feet, long; the first consisted merely of bent pieces of tough wood, strung with some firmly-twisted animal sinews; the arrows were made of three pieces,—a hard stick thrust into a cane, with a feather fastened to it, and a neatly-shaped stone point. In what way these Indians manage to cut and barb these arrow points is to me inexplicable. They are fixed to the shaft with a mixture of resin, but so that they may remain in the body when the shaft is with-

drawn. Besides these weapons of attack, these Indians carry a short club or mallet, cut out of a single piece of wood, whence they have received from the Americans the name of "Club Indians."

This club is a foot and a quarter long, made with much labour out of light but very firm wood, rounded at the handle or stem, and with a sharp edge at the extremity, and a hole in the handle, through which is passed a leathern thong, so that at the moment of striking a blow, though it may slip it cannot escape from the hand. The force of the blow is thus more than doubled, and clumsy as the weapon may be it is certainly not one to be despised when in the hands of a brave and gigantic Indian. Of their courage Captain Sitgreaves had a signal proof some years ago, when, on going down the Colorado, he was attacked by a party of them, for they stood a fire of musketry for twenty minutes long without flinching, though they lost four of their number, besides having others wounded, whom they dragged away with them. Their behaviour towards us was perfectly friendly, and they even seemed to have some notion of the purpose of our Expedition, and to desire more intimate connection with the whites. Had they been hostile they might have given us much trouble, or possibly even frustrated the whole design and dispersed the expedition.

We now frequently passed well-cultivated corn-fields, and always found a number of Indians near them, who begged us by signs not to trample down their corn. Of course every care was taken not to cause the smallest damage, especially as with the slender resources at their disposal the cultivation of even a small field must cost them much labour.

On the 25th of February we received, for the first time, a formal visit from the Cutchanas, Pah-Utahs, and Chimehwhuebs, who brought us maize and beans in elegantly-plaited baskets and dishes. All was taken from them in the way of barter, and not only did we ourselves now obtain enough to satisfy our sharp appetites, but our mules also were supplied with small rations of maize, to restore a little the strength that had been so much exhausted. Red flannel, were it ever so old and worn out, proved to be a very acceptable article to these Indians, whilst they looked with contempt on the fine red paint that had been so successful as an article of commerce among the nations east of the Rocky Mountains. In general we found that the Indians of the Colorado differed widely, not only in their manners and customs, but also in their inclinations, from all others that we had known; and if in former times Spanish missionaries ever came among them, it is wonderful that the civilisation to which they have so obvious a tendency should not have taken root.

In their whole behaviour towards us, and in the circumstance that they seemed to understand and approve the purpose of our expedition, we thought we discovered a spark that needed only to be fanned in order to bring them at least to the level of the Pueblo-Indians of New Mexico, even apart from the consideration that to an agricultural people civilisation always finds more ready access than to nomadic tribes. Unfortunately, however, the experience of past centuries, as well as of the present, has shown that the insolence and injustice of the whites, when in close and frequent intercourse with at first innocent savages, will soon stifle any germ of confidence that may be springing up, and transform their friendliness into bitter hostility. The native, who seeing himself trampled upon, revolts against the domi-

nion of the white race, is then at once treated like a noxious animal, and the bloody strife never ends till the last free inhabitant of the wilderness has fallen. I may cite, in proof of this assertion, the example of the murderous war of the Californians against the warlike tribes of the Chauchiles Indians in the year 1851, the sole cause of which was the brutality of a dealer in cattle.

Far in the Mariposas Mountains, there lies a district called the Four Creeks, generally acknowledged to be an Indian paradise. Numerous springs gush out at the foot of the snow-covered mountains, and form streams that wind through fragrant clover plains, shaded by broad umbrageous oaks or lofty pines; and amongst them was one sacred tree, a mighty oak, that was justly regarded as the monarch of the whole region. Under the shadow of this tree the Indians held their councils, worshipped their Manitoo, and buried their great chiefs and wise men, and the passing caravans of emigrants had always respected this sacred tree, until one day a cattle-dealer made his appearance with a great herd. The Indians came to him in a friendly manner, and even offered to help him in putting up a fence for his cattle: but it happened that the fellow had taken a fancy to the sacred oak, and he chose to drive his beasts under it. He paid no attention to the remonstrances of the Indians; but answered that he had a fancy for putting up his oxen for the night in the "Indian church," and that nobody should hinder him. The result was, that when the Indians witnessed the desecration of the graves of their most distinguished warriors, they fell on the cattle-dealer and murdered him, and seized on his herd. War was then declared between the whites and the Indians, and numerous victims fell on both sides, before the strife, awakened by the flagitious conduct of one man, could be completely appeased. How long will it now be before a reason is found or invented for beginning a war of extermination against the hitherto peaceful Indians of the valley of the Colorado? On the whites alone can the reproach justly fall, if whole races have vanished from the face of the earth; for nearly all the errors, nay the crimes, of the copper-coloured aborigines against their oppressors, have arisen from faults peculiar to uncivilised men, and those who punish savages according to the laws of civilisation have themselves no claim to be ranked among the civilised.

On the 22nd of February they continued their journey northward, at some distance from the Colorado, and towards noon reached the river, along whose banks they travelled till towering masses of rock, stretching far into the country, seemed to bar their way. They pitched their camp, therefore, in order to debate on the course they were to take, for they had not yet reached the actual village of the Mohave Indians, although numerous parties from it had visited them. As far as we had hitherto seen, says Mólhausen, of the Colorado, dry stony ground and bare rocks alternated with valleys, fertile, though of small extent. In these valleys or lowlands, the Indians live hidden in mezquit woods, and appear to obtain from the fruitful soil all that they desire or need, for besides those fruits of the earth, for which they have partly to thank their own industry, they have the mezquit tree itself.¹

¹ The mezquit tree (*Algarobia glandulosa*) belongs to the family of the acacias; the leaves are delicate, the wood of a hardness that, did the tree attain a larger size, would render it admi-

which, in years of bad harvest, affords them valuable help.

Many Indians visited us this day in our new camp, watched curiously all our doings, and laughed and shouted at all that appeared extraordinary. Now that they were at peace, they were the most innocent, well-meaning fellows in the world. While we were talking, as well as we could, with some of the men, we became aware of the approach of a whole troop of others with women and children, who were advancing from the rocky chain towards us in solemn procession. They were Mohave Indians, who came in a spirit of commercial enterprise to enter on a barter trade with various articles; and though they were little, or not at all

dressed, the troop had a very gay appearance, as, led by a chief, it entered our encampment. The berculean forms of the men, with their hair dressed with white, blue, red, and yellow paint, and hanging down to their feet, their brilliant eyes flashing like diamonds—looked even taller than they were from the plumes of swans', vultures', or woodpeckers' feathers that adorned their heads. Some wore as their sole garment a fur mantle, made of hares' or rats' skins, thrown over their shoulders; but one outshone all the rest of the company, having picked up an old waistcoat that had been thrown or bartered away by some of our people, and now displayed it for the completion of a costume that had hitherto consisted only of paint. The women all



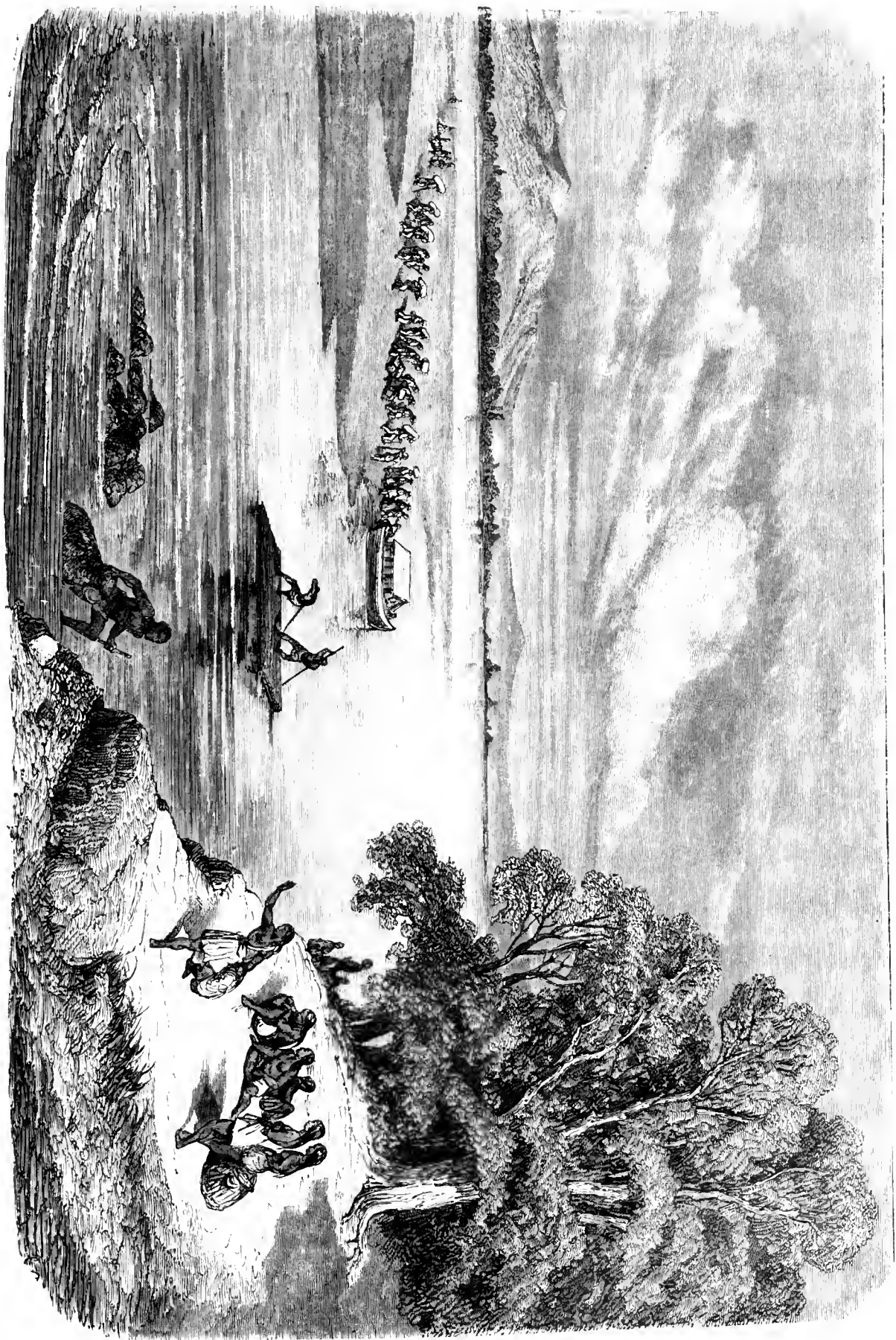
HUT OF CHIMEHWHUEB INDIANS.

wore the peculiar petticoat above mentioned, the front of which the ladies of most distinction had made of strips of woollen cords, instead of strips of bast. They carried on their heads clay vessels, bags made of bast, and water-tight baskets filled with the productions of

rably adapted for turning. The long narrow seed-shells are a favourite kind of food with horses and mules, and the beans are ground by the natives, and made into cakes, either alone or mixed with maize or wheat flour. The name *Algarobia* is used by De Candolle for one division of the species *Prosopis*; but by George Bentham for a species belonging to the tribe *Parkia*, of the natural order. The *Algarobia glandulosa* was first mentioned by Torvey, and drawn and described for the *Annals of the Lyceum of New York*, vol. ii., p. 192.

their fields and of their own industry. When they reached the camp, the women knelt down in rows on the ground, and placed their full baskets before them, while the men who had accompanied them scattered themselves about the camp, challenged our people to trade, and sometimes watched the fulfilment of a bargain. This went on till late in the evening, when most of the Indians were, for the sake of security, required to quit the camp and the watch-fires; but many of the number had retired to their huts and caves as soon as it began to grow cool. (See p. 649.)

Only a few of the Indians appeared on the morning of the 23rd of February, to witness our departure, but among them was one of our first acquaintances.



FERRY ON THE RIO COLORADO.



This man had contrived to mount upon his person every morsel of stuff of any kind that he had received from our company, and now bore on his shoulder a useless old rifle that had been bestowed upon him; his satisfaction in his own appearance when thus accoutred seeming boundless. This man was to serve us in some measure as a guide, and he led us to the rocky chain, where the path divided into two, one leading along the rocks close to the river, and the other eastward towards the mountains.

Late in the afternoon, our traveller goes on to say, we reached a plain formed by the low banks of the Colorado. It was covered by woods of stunted trees, underwood, and rushes, and numerous lines of smoke were rising from it in all directions, pointing out the spots where lay the simple habitations of the Mohave Indians. The valley of this river must be thickly peopled, for, on both shores, as far as we could see, appeared these signs of human habitation. We had not ridden far in this plain, when two Indians, mounted on magnificent stallions, came galloping towards us, and we were even more struck by the beauty of these evidently well-kept steeds, perfect models of horses as they were, than by that of the young riders who guided them merely with a hair-cord. With the exception of these two, we never saw but one horse during our stay on the Colorado, and all three seemed to be regarded rather in the light of things sacred than as intended for use. They were petted and fed by every one who came near them, so that it was no wonder if they appeared in good condition; and when I tried to persuade the Indians to sell me one, they only laughed at me, and overwhelmed their darling with caresses. The horses were young, but appeared to have belonged to this nation from their infancy. The two young Indians seemed to understand very well our inquiry after a pasture for our cattle, and making signs to us to follow them, led us to a grassy meadow, bordering on a little wood, where we immediately made preparations for our bivouac.

XVIII.

REST IN THE MOHAVE SETTLEMENTS—SPORTS OF THE MOHAVES—GAME OF THE RING—SHOOTING AT A TARGET—VILLAGE OF THE MOHAVES—PASSAGE OF THE COLORADO—AN INDIAN FAMILY—SERVICES OF NATIVES.

THE expedition took up its quarters for a day or two among the Indians. The motive for this delay was twofold; on the one hand, it was a matter of great interest for the expedition to acquire as much information as possible concerning these hitherto almost unknown Indians of the Colorado, and we should thus also afford more time for the inhabitants of distant villages to bring us corn and other provisions. As the Indians have seldom any inducement to raise more than they require for their own consumption, they could not, though they came to us in crowds, spare more than a very small quantity of their produce for barter, and many a basketful of maize had to be poured out on our outspread blankets, before our whole herd of mules, diminished as it was, could get a single feed.

There was soon a lively bustle going on around our camp, but within its precincts only chiefs and distinguished warriors were admitted, as we had to be careful that, in case of any sudden outbreak of hostilities, our party should be all together, and with a sufficiently clear

space for action. The Mohaves were in hundreds about us, but in their gala attire; for only on festive occasions are they so extravagant with their paint in the decoration of their naked persons. I cannot undertake to describe the various fashions, but any one seeing the swarms of red, white, blue, and black forms, in continual motion, and horribly beautified with rings, and lines, and figures, which they contemplated with much complacency as they leaned on their long bows, might have rather taken them for a troop of demons, about to begin some infernal rites, than for the good-tempered creatures they were.

But merry shouts of laughter were heard from all sides, usually indicating the amusement they found in watching our doings. I busied myself in trying to sketch the most striking figures, and I was not a little surprised that they looked on quietly, and even seemed to take a pleasure in my work, and brought their women and little children to me to draw, watching attentively, as I gradually produced a representation of them on paper. The mothers were even specially anxious that I should not omit one of the coloured lines which they had described on the persons of themselves or their offspring.

Several of the men carried poles sixteen feet long in their hands, the use of which I could not make out, till I saw the brown forms leave the crowd two by two, to begin a game, which remained somewhat obscure to me, though I looked on at it for a long time. The two players placed themselves near one another, holding the poles high up, and one of them having in his hand a ring made of strips of bast, of about four inches in diameter. Lowering the poles, both rushed forward, and at the same time the one who held the ring rolled it on before him, and both threw the poles, so that one fell right and another left of it, and arrested its course. Without stopping a moment, they then snatched up the ring and the poles, and repeated the same movements back again, over the same spot, a piece of ground about forty feet long, and so on again and again, until the indefatigable players had trampled a firm path on the loose soil of the meadow. They continued this game for hours without stopping a minute or exchanging a single word, and though some of the Indian spectators joined them, they were just as much absorbed in the game, as the players themselves, and would by no means allow me to come nearer, to try and make out the meaning of it. They gave me to understand by sign, that an important affair was going on, which my presence would interfere with, and when I attempted, disregarding their prohibitions, to come nearer, they even made threatening demonstrations, with their clubs towards my skull. Whether these poles ought to have gone through the ring, or were intended to fall by the side of it, did not become clear to me, but it was evident here and elsewhere, that these Indians were as passionately in earnest about this game, as the most enthusiastic chess-player could be amongst us. (*See p. 667.*)

The chief food of these Indians consists of roasted cakes of maize, or wheaten flour, which they prepare by grinding it between two stones. Many of our visitors brought these cakes with them, which they ate with great apparent appetite in the course of the day; but I cannot say that the sight of this very dirty pastry, which they carried fastened on a convenient part of their bodies, at all tempted us to taste it. The Indian flour, however, when prepared by our

own cooks, made very good bread, and their beans and dried slices of gourd extremely savoury dishes.

In the afternoon we got up a shooting match with revolvers, in which the Indians took part with their long bows. They were very much surprised to see our shots send a bullet every time through a strong board, and we wondered no less at the skill and certainty with which their arrows hit the mark. We then took our rifles, to let them see at what a distance the lives of our enemies were in our power; but the revolvers remained the greatest marvel to them, as they believed we could go on shooting with them, without ever reloading, and we left them in the belief, which it was so much the easier to do, as they knew scarcely anything more of fire-arms than that some of their number had on a former occasion been killed with them by the whites. At sunset our guests, or rather our hosts, took their leave of us and retired quietly as before.

On the 25th of February, the first Indians who came to the camp found us busied in our preparations for departure, as we intended to proceed through the low woods, to the Colorado, and endeavour to discover a suitable place for a passage across it. Riding towards the woods we soon saw a path that turned into them and led in a north-westerly direction, but was so narrow, that we had to ride in a long line, one behind another, passing small clearings, cultivated fields, and Indian dwellings, not standing together in a village, but scattered about on the sides of little hills, which indeed formed part of the dwelling itself, being hollowed out for the purpose. Before the opening, a broad roof was erected of the same height as the hill or earth-wall, and rested on strong stakes, so as to make a kind of verandah; under these were standing large earthenware vessels for keeping corn and flour, as well as the household utensils in daily use, which consisted of prettily plaited water-tight baskets and dishes, and some hollowed-out gourds. Near each dwelling we noticed a small edifice of peculiar appearance, the purpose of which we could not immediately guess. Poles four or five feet long were placed upright, in a circle of from three to five feet in diameter, and then woven together with wicker-work, so that the whole had the appearance of a very large basket, fitted at the top with a round roof-like lid. At a distance they did not look unlike small Chinese houses, but they turned out to be corn magazines, which the proprietors had now crammed to the top with mezquit pods, and small spiral-shaped beans.

These are not the customary food of the Mohaves, but are stored up from year to year to form a resource against hunger in times of bad harvests, or unforeseen misfortune. The peculiar nature of the productions, and the careful packing they receive, causes them to keep for many years without spoiling, and this is very desirable, as there are many seasons when the harvests are not rich enough to form or add to a store of this kind, and the people, with the best will, are unable to fill their magazines. This provident care for the future, and preparation for unforeseen and uncertain contingencies, I had never seen among Indian tribes east of the Rocky Mountains—a difference that may, perhaps, be accounted for from the fact that the prairies, and the woods and mountains bordering on them, are richer in game than these regions; but in any case the care and forethought of the people of the Colorado is not to be placed on a level with the instinctive storing up of food of marmots and bees.

Our appearance in the settlements and villages of these savages created no little sensation,—though only of a pleasant and good-humoured kind. The hills and roofs were quickly covered with natives of every age and sex, who enjoyed thence a full view of the long procession of strangers; and our copious beards, which had now had the benefit of nearly a year's undisturbed growth, and with most of us reached down to the breast, seemed particularly to amuse the ladies. In the encampment that we had left, one or another had occasionally ventured to touch these somewhat tangled decorations, in order to convince herself of its genuineness, but when at a distance, they gave us to understand, in an unmistakable manner, that they did not consider these appendages at all attractive, though we were rather proud of them, as testifying to the length of our journey. Whenever one of us bearded fellows rode past them, the women burst into a fit of laughter, and put their hands before their mouths, as if the sight of us rather tended to make them sick.

It was curious enough that they should be of that opinion, as their own men had evidently by nature a great deal of hair on their faces, a thing almost unheard of elsewhere among the copper-coloured race; but they have some method of scraping, singeing, or plucking out the hair, so that, though the beard was perceptible, they appeared to be as clean shaven as possible.

We travelled for many miles through these variously peopled woods, troops of curious Indians flocking to us from both sides, and bounding and leaping through and over the bushes, with the swiftness and agility of panthers. As we were jogging along through the close willows, quite unable to see around us, an accident happened, that deprived us of one of our mules, and might easily have cost us a man also. A Mexican, who had fastened his rifle on his saddle in the customary manner, was driving his mule along carelessly through a thick part of the wood, when a twig somehow caught the trigger of the rifle, discharged it, and lodged the contents in the body of the nearest mule. It was necessary to put the poor animal out of its pain with a second shot, and transfer its load to another mule.

In a very few minutes more the dead one was literally torn to pieces by the Indians, and a most hateful spectacle they made, as they hurried past us to their dwellings, carrying the still bleeding limbs of the animal upon their naked shoulders, smeared from head to foot with its gore, and looking like genuine cannibals. The eager appetite for flesh meat which this action betrayed, created some misgivings amongst us for the safety of the expedition, for in these woods it would have been no difficult matter to rob us of many of our mules, or even to steal away our whole flock of sheep. A Comanche or Sioux Indian would assuredly not have allowed such an opportunity to pass, but no Mohave showed the slightest intention of stretching out an unlawful hand towards our property; on the contrary, if a mule or a sheep wandered away from us, there was sure to spring up a band of Indians to yelp and shout after it, and drive it back.

We made a halt at some sand banks close to the river, to pitch our camp for the last time on the east side of the Colorado, and found ourselves opposite a sand mound, which rising in the middle of the stream promised to facilitate our passage across it. On each side of this island it flowed on rapidly, in a breadth of 200 yards, and was, from the many whirlpools, evidently of a considerable depth.

We set about our preparations this evening, in order to get across in better time in the morning. Lieutenant Ives had brought with him from Texas a canvas boat, which being packed with the greatest care, had now travelled in safety to the place of its destination, the great Colorado of the West. The craft consisted of three long canvass bags, connected together, and lined inside with gutta percha, so as to be perfectly air-tight. By means of a bellows fitted to them, and some ingeniously contrived screws, it was pumped full of air, the frame of a small waggon, which exactly fitted it, placed on it, and the sacks drawn up at each end, so that the whole had very much the appearance of a Venetian gondola, and even the awning was not wanting, as the waggon furnished one. The boat was immediately launched, and to our great joy, not only swam admirably, but proved to be of great capacity. A mattress made of the same material was also filled with air, to carry over all our lines and cordage, as well as some of the people; and Lieutenant Fitzball, having proceeded rather further up the stream to collect drift wood, constructed a raft, upon which he meant to carry over the men under his command. These labours were all completed before twilight, and we had then leisure to attend to the Indians, the population of a whole village having come out to us, under the guidance of an aged chief, *Mc sik-eh-ho-ta*, a venerable looking man, with an immense plume of feathers on his head, and a thick spear in his hand, who walked at the head of his people, they following in regular order, bearing baskets of various wares on their heads.

Business commenced without much preliminary ceremonial; the blankets and pieces of cotton stuff that we had brought with us for the purpose were cut and torn into strips, and bartered with beads and knives for provisions. We also purchased some of the weapons and ornaments of the savages, and even the elaborately worked little petticoats of the ladies found admirers amongst some of the party, who had ethnological collections, and were willingly exchanged by the Indians for half a blanket each. This branch of the barter trade gave occasion to some rather comic scenes; but we were all struck with the modest propriety of behaviour of these primitive savages, which not only surpassed that of any Indians we had hitherto known, but of many whites who claim to be considered civilised persons.

The Mohaves had now been acquainted with us several days, and having brought everything they could think of to barter, at last hit on the notion of offering us fish. The first that they produced, being a rare as well as favourite dish with our company, were extremely well paid; but when the rumour spread among the Indians that we did not disdain this article of commerce, the camp was immediately overwhelmed with them, and, of course, from the glut of the market the price of the goods fell considerably. This the sellers could by no means understand; they, it seems, had calculated that our appetites would increase by what they fed on, and with the appetites the price we should be willing to pay. Among the fish brought in were some distinguished by a large hump on the back behind the head, and of this, as well as of all other distinct species, we added specimens to our collections. Towards evening, as we stood watching the course of the swift stream that we had to cross, and looking over to the opposite shore, we perceived groups of black heads bobbing up out of the water; which heads we

found belonged to families of Indians, swimming back to their dwellings with their wives and children. One group especially attracted my attention. It consisted of a young woman, who had very quietly and innocently disencumbered herself of her petticoat in our presence, and folding it up laid her baby upon it in a little flat but strongly made basket, and with this under her arm, a little thing of about four years old held by the hand, and two elder children of seven or eight following her, had taken to the water, pushing the baby's basket before her, and giving a glance backward occasionally at the two youngsters, who were romping and splashing about as they followed in the track she made on the surface of the water. I watched them as they landed on the small island, walked quickly across it, and then plunged into the river again on the other side. It was a pretty family picture: even among heathen savages the sweet and holy affections of nature bear witness to its divine origin!

The brightest of skies and the most lovely sunshine favoured our laborious work on the 26th of February. One of the men lying stretched out on the air mattress, rowed himself over to the island, carrying with him the end of a rope held by some of the people on the bank. Being thus secured the simple vessel was drawn back and a second and third man put across in the same way; and the united strength of the three being then sufficient to draw a heavier burden, the rope was fastened to the large boat, which three men entered together. A second line, long enough to stretch across the arm of the river, was then fastened to the other end of the boat, so that it could be pulled back again, and also be prevented from drifting away in the strong current. The first attempt having succeeded perfectly it was repeated, and as there was soon a sufficient number of men on the island to unload the things and carry them over to the other side, the regular transport of the baggage of nearly a hundred mule-loads began. Lieutenant Fitzball, too, got afloat with his men on the raft, and moved slowly towards the island; but the water was so shallow that the heavy raft could not be brought near enough, and the men had to wade for a considerable distance through it with their things, whilst the flat gutta-percha boat could be drawn up quite high on the sand. Measures had also to be taken for the security of our goods, and one part of our escort was left at the place where the goods were being shipped, and another with their weapons equally ready on the island, so that we could not be attacked by the savages with effect on either side. Our people now worked with a will. The boat flew backwards and forwards, the heap of goods on the island rapidly increased, and that on the shore diminished. As the sun rose higher and warmed the atmosphere, the Indians came streaming by hundreds towards us; and the river swarmed with brown swimmers gazing at the marvellous doings of the whites. Some of them came floating down on little rafts made of bundles of rushes (the only species of craft I ever saw among the inhabitants of the Colorado valley), and landed on the island on the eastern shore. It was so gay and ever-varying a picture that we were never tired of looking at it. Every time the boat came in or went off, the Indians hailed the event with wild yells of glee. By degrees they learned the simple mechanism in use, and placed themselves in a row to pull at the rope, making the empty boat fly back like lightning over the water, in the performance of which feat it several times happened that it upset, and arrived

bottom uppermost. Once this occurred when it had a full cargo ; but as it was near the shore little was lost, and the tilt of the waggon kept it from sinking. When the last load of goods had been carried across, the men left on the bank had to assemble in full force to drive the mules and sheep into the river, and compel them to swim over ; no easy task, for they shrunk back at the sight of the broad stream and the cold feeling of the water. When the mules had all been got down to the edge of the stream, Leroux and some Mexicans mounted theirs and rode in, the men at the same time pushing others in by main force : others again were induced to follow by the cries and howls of the Indians ; and as the river was deep at this part they soon got into the current, and were carried by it towards the island, where even the weakest of them landed safely. The getting the sheep over was a more troublesome affair still, for they had no sooner wetted their feet than the whole flock, seized by panic terror, rushed back between the legs of the men, and away to the woods, where they vanished. The exulting delight of the savages at this incident knew no bounds, and off went the whole yelling band, more swift-footed than the sheep, and plunged into the thicket after them. Certainly at that moment few of us expected to taste mutton again till we got to the Pacific Ocean ; and imagining that the Indians would be sure to help themselves to our sheep, and we should never see them again, we were beginning to console ourselves with the thought that mule meat was almost as good ; but we were mistaken. In a short time the gigantic brown fellows made their appearance again, each carrying a sheep, and proceeding towards the shore every man plunged headlong into the water with his burden. Even those for whom no sheep was left jumped into the water and joined the noisy throng that came swimming towards the island.

They had never had such a jubilee apparently ; and they swam round the flock, supporting the weaker animals which the current threatened to carry away, turning back those that seemed inclined to turn out of the right direction, and all with the frolicsome pleasure of a troop of children at play. They came dripping to us on the island without having lost a single sheep, and their eyes sparkling at the fun they had had with these almost unknown animals of the whites, and seeming to look forward eagerly to the continuation of the joke in getting them over to the further bank of the river. The Indians who came floating by on their rush rafts amused almost as much by the tricks they played tumbling each other into the river ; and the gambols of the nobly formed fellows, who seemed as much at home in the water as on land, formed really a pleasing spectacle. (See p. 657.)

The passage of the second arm of the river was effected in the same manner, and just as safely as the first ; and in the evening the whole expedition assembled on the western side, and fortunately with only a few trivial accidents. We had some narrow escapes, however. In the western channel the current is much more rapid than in the eastern ; and among other little disasters the boat in which I and a young American, Mr. White, with two servants were seated, turned over in the middle of the stream. I was the only one of the party who could swim, and I had to make great exertions to get Mr. White to where he could lay hold of the tow rope ; the two servants, a Mexican and a German, clung fast to the boat and managed to scramble up on the bottom of it, so that they were

drawn safely ashore. Very fortunately I had taken the precaution before entering the boat to fasten my rifle to one of the supports of the waggon frame, that no unforeseen mischance might deprive me of this faithful companion of my travels ; and it was well for me that I did, or heavily clothed and armed as I was, I must have let it go when I was swimming. As it was we suffered no other harm than getting very wet, and that was too common a thing to concern us much ; but our poor Dr. Bigelow had very nearly met with a worse accident.

He was sitting in the boat when some soldiers got in and laid their muskets at the bottom of it, so awkwardly that one of them went off just under where Dr. Bigelow was sitting, carrying away part of his stocking, but luckily only leaving a red mark on the skin. We were all pleased with the coolness of the doctor, who, without moving a muscle, said, "It's just as well as if the ball had gone into the air ; a miss is as good as a mile !" Besides that the doctor had remained uninjured, it was particularly fortunate that the ball had not made a hole in one of the air bags, in which case our craft would have become perfectly unserviceable, and much time must have been lost in repairing it.

We lost none of the mules in the water, but one or two of them died afterwards from exhaustion, and two or three sheep were drowned in crossing the second arm of the river ; these were all the sacrifices that the dangerous stream cost us. Three sheep and a goat were presented by Lieutenant Whipple to the Indians, in return for their friendly services, and at the same time they were strongly advised not to eat them, but to begin sheep-breeding. Flesh meat is, however, such a rare and highly prized dainty to them, that it is not very likely the advice was taken.

XIX.

THE RIO COLORADO—EARLIEST ACCOUNTS OF THE RIVER, AND ATTEMPTS TO NAVIGATE IT—MOHAVE GUIDES—DESERT BETWEEN THE COLORADO AND THE MOHAVE—DRY SALT LAKE—VALLEY OF THE MOHAVE RIVER—MURDER OF A MULETEER BY THE PAI-UTAHS—PURSUIT OF THE SAVAGES—THE EMIGRANT ROAD—MURDER OF CAPTAIN GUNNISON—ARRIVAL AT PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES—A NATURALIST IN DISGUISE.

It is fitting, ere we leave this great river—the Rio Colorado—that we should say a word or two upon its history as known to Europeans, and that of the inhabitants of its long and remote valley. On the old maps of California and New Mexico are often found the names of Indian tribes, whose existence has in modern times been doubted. Missionaries who travelled on the Colorado more than a century and a half ago, first mentioned their names and gave a slight sketch of the geographical position of their territories, though for a long time very little credit was given to their statements ; but the more these countries are examined, the more highly we estimate the accuracy and historical value of the accounts of these old Spanish monks. Bartlett, in his excellent *Personal Narrative*, vol. ii., p. 178, mentions "the Geniguch, Chemeguaba, Gumbuicariri, and Timbabachi Indians as tribes of whose existence we know nothing ;" but the Chimehwhuebes, whom we met on our journey to the Colorado, are doubtless the same as the above-mentioned Chemeguabas, and it is probable that the other tribes mentioned may be found higher up the Colorado or in the

neighbouring regions. Father Kino, who travelled on this river in the year 1700, mentions the Quiquimas, Coupas, Baiopas, and Cutganes. Of these tribes we found the latter, or Cutchanas, who were the first natives who met us on the Colorado. Of the Mohaves Bartlett speaks as of a great nation consisting of athletic warriors, who live a hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the Gila, on the Colorado, and this statement we found to be correct, though ours was not the first regularly organised expedition that had come in contact with them; for Captain Sitgreaves had been there with a smaller party two years before us; and from the visits of the fur-hunters no corner of these western regions is secure. He had not, as I have said, met with a very friendly reception from them, but his energetic proceedings had at least inspired the Indians with respect for the arms of the whites.

One of the oldest descriptions of the natives on the Lower Colorado and the Gila, is probably that of Fernando Alarchon, who, in the year 1540, at the command of Antonio de Mendoça, viceroy of New Spain, explored the Gulf of California, and on this occasion discovered the mouth of the Colorado, and, under great hardship, sailed a considerable distance up that river. He speaks of the natives of the country as large, finely built men, who carried as weapons not only bows and arrows, but wooden axes hardened in the fire. He describes further their grindstones and earthen vessels, as well as their maize and mequiqui (probably mezquit beans); and, according to his testimony, they worshipped the sun, and burned their dead. Padre Gonzago, who travelled up the Colorado in 1746, describes the dress of the Indian women in those regions: "Their dress consists of three pieces, of which two make a kind of petticoat round the hips, and the third a sort of mantle. These pieces are not woven, but the strings are fastened together at the top, and fall down over the body like thick fringes. The women of the more northerly parts are dressed with less cost, being only covered from the girdle to the knee."

Lieutenant Whipple, who travelled on the Gila with Mr. Bartlett, describes the Yuma Indians living at the mouth of the Gila in the following manner:—"When we reached the Colorado, we met with Santiago, one of the chiefs, who led us into the village of his tribe, where we were saluted by a great number of natives. The women are mostly fat, and their clothing consists of a fringe petticoat made of strips of bast, fastened round the loins. The men are large, muscular, and well formed, and the expression of their faces is pleasing and intelligent. The warriors wear a white apron, and their hair is twisted into cords, and hangs down the back, adorned with eagle's feathers. They are admirable riders, and use the bow and the lance with inimitable skill. While we remained there the Indians were very friendly, and brought us grass, beans, and melons."

In this description, with the exception of the subsequently mentioned wealth in horses, the resemblance of the Yumas to the Mohaves, or rather to most of the tribes on the Colorado, is not to be mistaken. Whether any relationship really subsists between them will soon appear, from a comparison of their several languages, on the publication of the vocabularies made by the officers who have travelled among them by command of the government of the United States, which is always foremost to promote the cause of science.

From the mouth of the Bill Williams' Fork to the place where we effected the passage of the River Colorado, we had gone thirty-four miles, and in this distance had risen a hundred and sixty feet, and we now found ourselves at a height of three hundred and sixty-eight feet above the level of the sea. As far as we had become acquainted with the valley of the stately river, it was quite well adapted for cultivation, but not altogether to meet the expectations of white settlers; for besides that the Colorado can probably never be navigable by steamers far up, and for that reason cannot, like the rivers in the eastern part of the North American continent, open a way for colonisation into the heart of the country, there is not, on its banks, land enough adapted to agriculture and cattle-breeding on a grand scale, and there is a want of the woods that are so advantageous to colonists.

The Rio Grande also is not navigable for any great distance, and the woods that crown its banks are somewhat scanty; but on either side of the river, from its source to its mouth, extend vast fertile tracts where whole nations might maintain themselves by agriculture and cattle-breeding. Had the Colorado offered any special advantages to settlers, the first Spanish missionaries, who so long explored the territory of this river, would certainly have taken care that colonies and towns should be founded in its valleys, as well as on the Rio Grande. They refrained, however, from any such attempt, and left to our time only descriptions of the lands they visited. On the River Gila alone are found the remains of an old Spanish mission. Should a railroad ever be carried across the valley of the Colorado, there will be no want of settlers on its small plains; and the defects for which it is now shunned will be easily remedied, or vanish of themselves. The journey through the arid deserts that extends far on both sides of the Colorado will be performed in brief space, and the then cultivated valleys of this river become welcome stations for tourists and commercial travellers. The river may also be navigated in part by light steamers, though all attempts made with sailing vessels have completely failed. The great obstacle is the unmanageable violence with which the tide forces its way in and out again—a violence that has induced almost all who have explored the Gulf of California, and wished to become acquainted with the Colorado, to desist from their intention. As it now is, so was it three hundred years ago, when the bold Spaniards traversed the Gulf to ascertain to a certainty whether California, of which they knew only the coast, was connected with the main land, or separated from it by the prolongation of the Gulf; and it was not till the year 1700 that they were convinced, by Father Kino, that California was connected with the continent of America, and that only the River Colorado flowed between. When the Father made known this discovery, he received public thanks from the commandant of Sonora, in the name of the king; and the superiors of his order followed this example.

We know, as I have said, of an attempt made in the year 1540, at the command of Antonio de Mendoça, viceroy of New Spain, when Ferdinand Alarchon discovered the mouth of the Colorado, and he describes the dangers to which the vessels were exposed there, and how they were only rescued with difficulty from a situation of the utmost peril. He mentions, also, that he attempted to perform the navigation in boats, and had them dragged for fifteen days and a-half up a

portion of the river, that on his return he passed in two and a-half.

In the year 1746, Padre Gonzago, when on an exploring journey he reached the mouth of the Colorado, made another attempt to enter it, but the current was so strong that he had not ropes and lines enough to drag the boats up against it, and had to give up the plan. In recent times, before California belonged to the United States, the mouth of the Colorado was visited by Lieutenant Hardy, of the English navy, and his account of it has been found quite correct, except that he committed the error of placing the mouth of the Gila in the Colorado, only ten miles above the mouth of the Colorado in the Gulf of California, though subsequent explorations have shown it to be 100 miles above it. The part of the Colorado that we saw was deep and swift, and certainly navigable by steamers, if a sufficiently deep canal were made to lead past the falls that we saw by the Needle Rocks; but below the mouth of the Bill Williams' Fork, where the Colorado forces its way through narrow ravines, the obstacles to navigation are probably of a more serious character.

The expedition left the spot where they had made this passage of the Rio Colorado, to proceed up the river to the Mohave, the bed of which they purported following, till they joined the Spanish trail and emigrant route near San Bernardino. Two of the Mohaves kindly accompanied them as guides. The first part of the journey was not propitious. With the earliest dawn of morning, on the 1st of March, our guides, the two gigantic Mohave warriors, presented themselves in our camp, and warned us that it was time to depart, as we had a long way to go to the spot where we should find water. We were soon ready, and turned out of the valley of the Colorado due west, where a bare unfertile country rose rapidly before us. Many Indians accompanied us on this day, and gambolled noisily about the procession, whilst our guides, who had fastened on their feet thick sandals that enabled them to walk comfortably over the rough stony ground, marched on at its head in silence. We passed southward towards a rugged mountain chain that stretched far towards the north, and for a considerable time a dry river bed, which we took for that of the Mohave, proved of great service to us, as we could travel along it, without being so continually hindered by rents and chasms as on the higher ground. Westward of the mountains the river bed turned to the north, and we, keeping still to the west, were led by the Indians to the declivity of a small hill, where there was a good and clear, but not very abundant spring. As we had scarcely gone six miles, we refreshed ourselves hastily by a draught from it, and then pursued our way in a north-westerly direction.

The mountain chain that we had passed round to the south, now lay between us and the Colorado, and the last group of trees that adorns the valley of the stately river had soon vanished behind craggy masses of rock. To the west a mountain chain ran parallel with that now eastward of us, from south to north, and the Indians led us in a diagonal course across the plain that stretched between the two ranges.

It was a dreary, dead-looking country; naked, arid rocks rose in the distance, and a dry wind swept over the stony, sandy surface, where scarcely a trace of vegetation was to be seen. The expedition followed in a long line the two stately Mohaves, who walked on

silently, with long steps, and without once looking round.

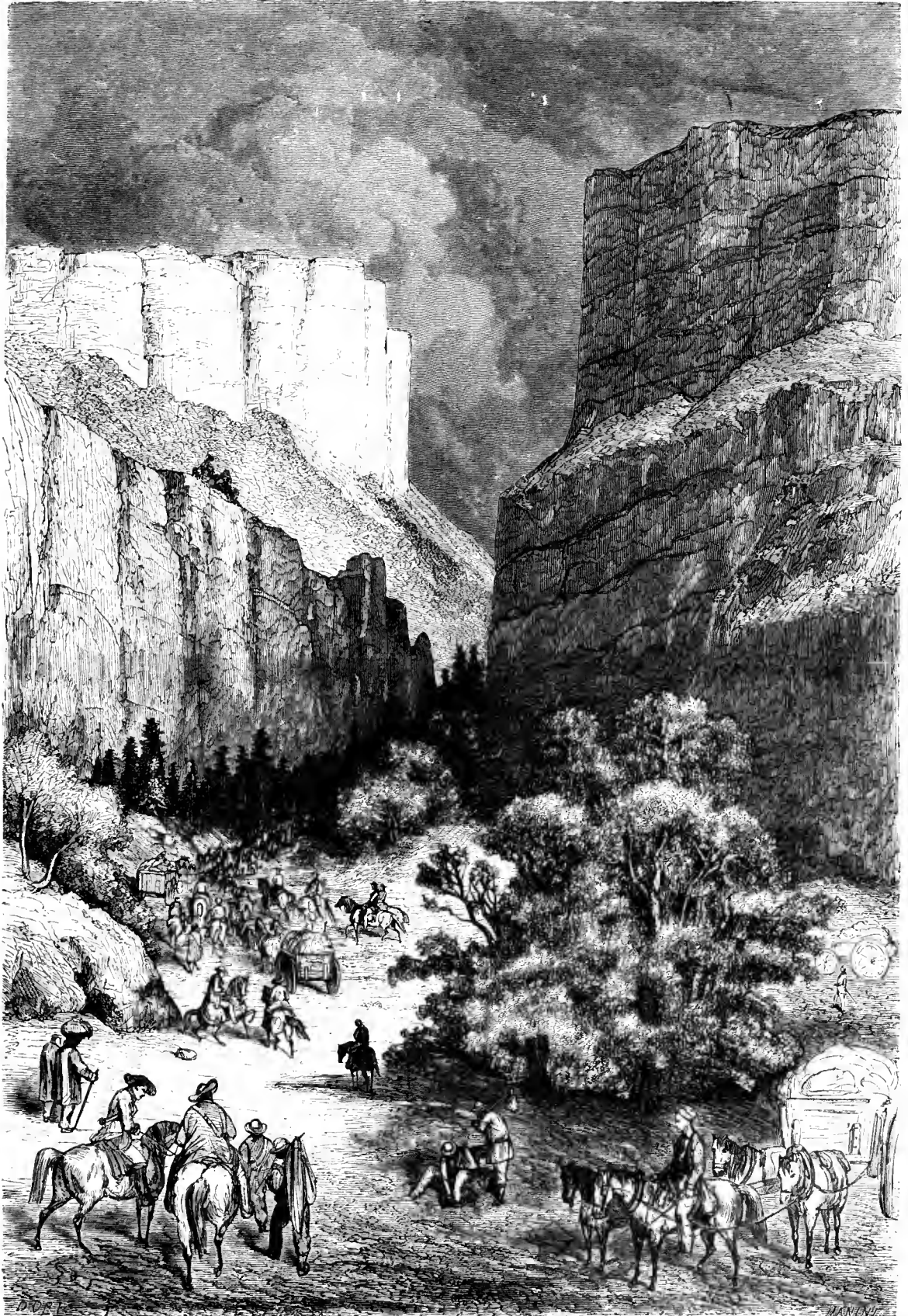
The country was level, but not quite without hindrances, for it was intersected from east to west by long clefts or chasms, that had been gradually worn by the rains, and which often checked our progress. We were now on the edge of the broad waterless desert which stretches from the Gila, beyond the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito, for more than 100 miles. One part of it we had travelled through on the eastern side of the Colorado, though in the valley of the Bill Williams' Fork we did not so much notice it; but now its desolate monotony, and frightful arid character, showed itself on all sides.

All but two or three of the Indians, besides our guides, had turned back at the spring, as if they dreaded the parched wilderness, which is indeed avoided even by the wolves and foxes. It is, however, by no means unknown to the Mohaves, for before we left their village they made to us very intelligible signs that we should only find water four times in the whole tract between there and the Mohave river, and advised us to travel as quickly as possible.

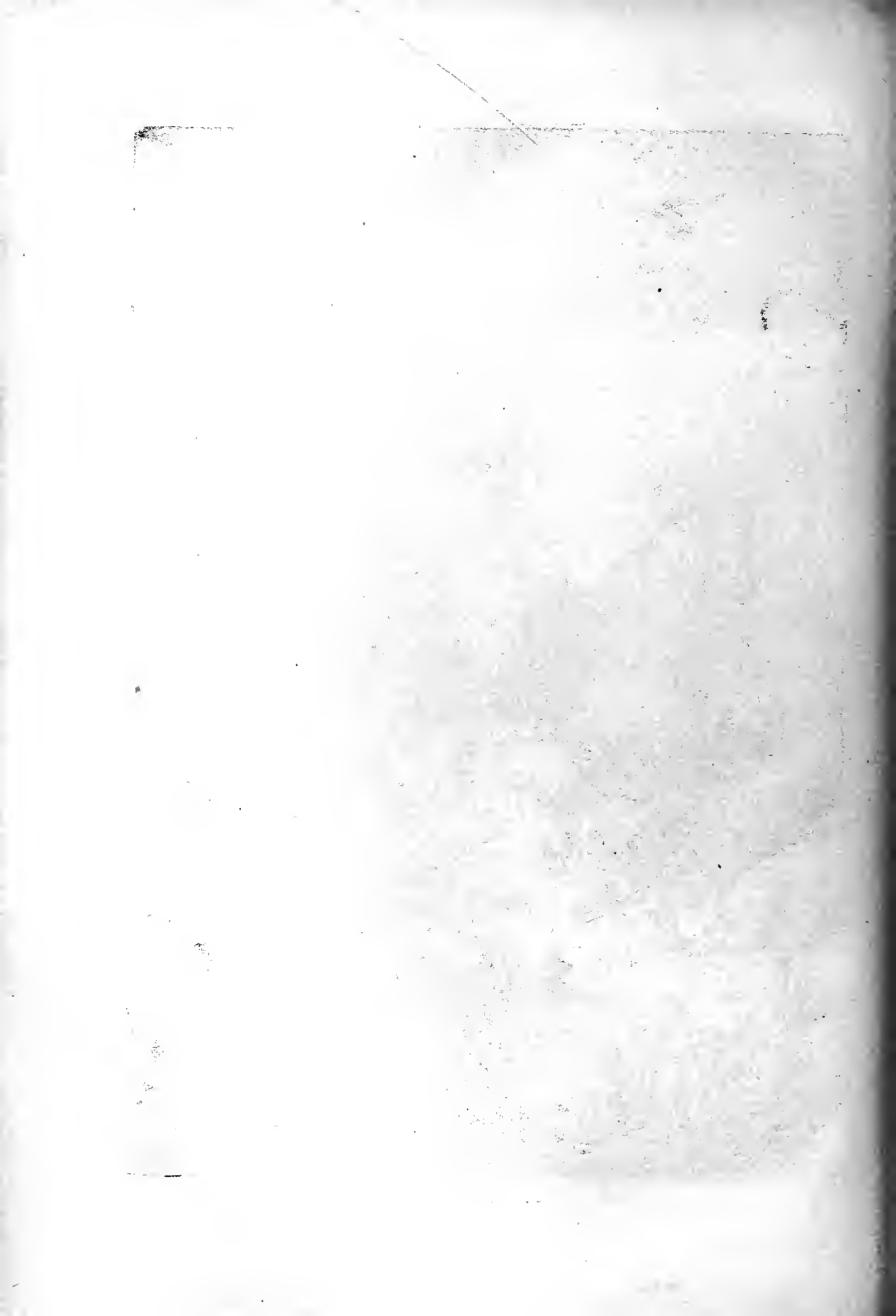
As it subsequently appeared, these springs were so hidden in the mountains, that had it not been for our guides we should certainly have passed them, and our doing so would in all probability have led to our destruction. The services of the Indians were therefore of inestimable benefit to us, and without their guidance we should, perhaps, never have taken the way that led us by the shortest route to the Pacific. As we approached the western chain of rocks, the desolation of the prospect was sometimes relieved by the presence of a solitary yucca, mournfully stretching out its naked branches with their crowns of leaves over the bare ground. The Indians had intended to guide us this day to another mountain spring, but they had overestimated the strength of our animals, which were so exhausted as to be scarcely able to move, having had to ascend 1,500 feet in the twenty-two miles we had travelling since the early morning.

The sun was declining towards the western mountains, when our guides pointed to a promontory still five miles off, which we should have to pass round in order to reach the promised spring, and we would willingly have gone on, but Lieutenant Whipple, in consideration of the state of the cattle, decided that we should remain where we were, and not seek the ravine where the water was till the following day. We fed our fires this evening with the dead stems of yucca that were lying about, and which gave a peculiar oily kind of smell, and little heat. Our couch was very hard and inconvenient, for besides that there was scarcely level space enough to stretch ourselves out upon, there were sharp stones sticking up everywhere through our blankets, which militated considerably against the luxury of our accommodation. We therefore saluted with great joy the rising sun, though it was impossible not to grieve at seeing our poor cattle standing dejectedly about, after seeking in vain for food, and we therefore made what haste we could to set out towards the spring.

Three of the Mohaves who had hitherto escorted us took leave of us on this day, and returned to their own people, apparently contented with the treatment the guides received from us, and prepared to tranquillise the minds of their brethren on the subject—for it had not escaped our notice that the tribes on the



BILL WILLIAM'S FORK.

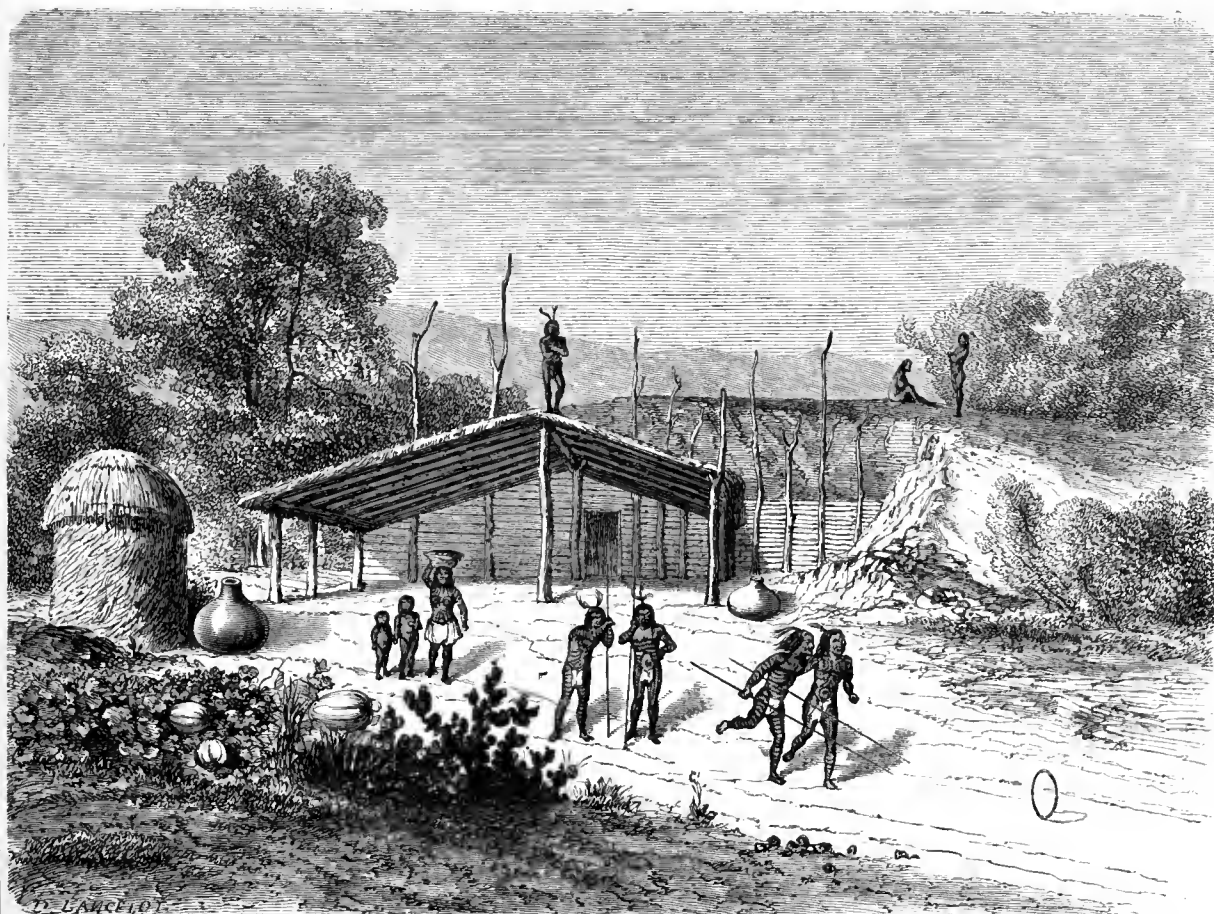


Colorado had felt some anxiety concerning the fate of the two guides whom they furnished to us, and that the other Indians had probably attended us so far with a view of watching us.

The next day they came to a ravine with a rivulet, where the Indians cultivated maize and millet. There were also numbers of turtle-shells lying about, the mode of preparation of which is very cruel, for the savages lay the living animal on its back in the glowing embers, and roast it in its own shell.

A dreary and inanimate plain now lay before them, the monotony of which was not much relieved by the yuccas that stood pretty thickly towards the west. Springs became so scanty that the expedition had to

divide, so that one party should arrive some sixteen hours after the other, by which time the water-hole emptied by the first would be full again for the second, and so on for the third—the number of companies they had to form into. On the 6th of March they reached the watershed between the Colorado and the Mohave, and this was also the highest point, Möllhausen remarks, on which they touched on the latter part of their journey. The whole distance from Fort Smith was now 1,647 miles, from Albuquerque 813, and from the Rio Colorado of the west 97 miles. When we left the Colorado, we found ourselves 368 feet above the level of the sea, but on this watershed no less than 5,262; so that in the last 97 miles of our journey we must



GAME OF RING AMONG THE MOHAVE3.

have ascended 4,294 feet. Our latitude was $35^{\circ} 11'$ north, our longitude, $113^{\circ} 21'$ west from Greenwich. The fall of the country from this point is so rapid that for every mile of distance we found ourselves on an average 101 feet lower.

The path along which the Indian led us was an old one, and we saw on our way little heaps of ashes, amongst which embers were still glimmering, while around them on the sand were tracks not only of men, but of women and children; so that even in this desert, it appeared, human beings could exist. I scarcely know how I can give an idea of the desolate character of the scene through which we had now been passing for several days. We were continually going down,

sometimes gradually following the course of rocky ravines, sometimes winding round terrific precipices, or scrambling down abrupt descents, where the loose stones came rolling after us at every step. I found it a dreadfully fatiguing march, and the more so as I was on foot; for in order to spare my mule, I had let it run with the herd, without anything to carry but the saddle and the things I had got by barter from the Indians. Our guide, however, seemed to possess muscles and sinews that knew no fatigue, for he followed with the most perfect indifference any road that presented itself, without ever altering his long swinging pace. The mountain ranges that we had seen from the heights towered up higher on both sides as we descended, and

towards evening we found ourselves in a rocky hollow, that led into a gradually widening ravine, and following this, a sudden turn brought us unexpectedly to the edge of a valley, stretching from north to south. But, what a valley! A frightful waste of sand extended for full twenty miles, and intersected by a range of volcanic rocks and hills, as dreary as the arid sand steppes by which they were surrounded. Through this desert the Indian told us we must pass to come to water, and he showed us in what direction it was to be found. We saw, or thought we saw, the red beams of the setting sun reflected in a lake or river, and we could distinguish a white streak like a strip of snow at the end of the valley; but the distance was too great, and men and cattle too fatigued for us to attempt to reach it this night, so we stretched ourselves on the sand, to await the following day.

On the 7th we were early on the way, through loose sand, in which our heavily-laden mules sank in above the hoofs at every step, and the fatigue was increased by the ground being now heated by the full power of the sun, and no cool draught of air refreshing the atmosphere. As we passed the volcanic hills and sand downs, we saw here and there fine blades of grass sprouting out of the ground, and were induced, for the sake of our cattle, to make a short halt. From this point we had a view over the second half of the sandy valley, and it looked like a field of snow. At first we supposed this white appearance to be some delusive atmospheric effect, but we soon found that we were on the bank of the spacious bed of a lake from which every drop of water had been dried up; but the salt with which the water had been impregnated, had been deposited in a crust half an inch thick upon the loose earth, into which we broke to the ancles, so that a deep path was formed as we walked or rode after one another.

Through this white plain, which we named Soda Lake, we proceeded in a south-westerly direction, and when we had reached the middle of the bed of the lake, I stepped out of the rank, to take a leisurely view of the scene, and impress it on my memory, though it was of too uniform a character to be adapted to a picture. East, south, and west the limits of the lake could be distinguished by the strip of yellow sand that lay between the white surface and the bordering ranges of rocks; but towards the north the rocks advanced so as to form a wide gate, through which I could see in the remote distance the bed of the lake blending with the horizon, while isolated rocky islands rose like obelisks from the dry salt surface. Whether I really saw the end of the lake, or that it stretched still farther towards the north, I could not tell; but as the base of the rocky islets appeared as rounded as their summits, and the atmosphere over them quivered continually, I could not doubt that the forms of objects were much altered by refraction, and the same phenomenon was perceptible till noon on the following day.

On the afternoon of that day we reached the end of the Soda Lake, but we were scarcely yet in the middle of the valley, which extended far to the south, where the sandy ground began to rise a little: the Indian pointed to it, and gave us to understand that there was much water in it. We saw, in fact, some hollows, containing water as clear as crystal, and stooped eagerly to relieve our painful thirst, but our lips had no sooner touched it than every one started back in disgust at the intolerably bitter taste. It was almost undrinkable for human creatures, but it was all we had, for the

little stock brought to us had been used up in the morning, and we were compelled to prepare our food with this horribly unpleasant stuff. We dug in various places, and water soon collected in them, but it was all the same, and even our mules turned away from it two or three times before they could resolve to drink it. As soon as they had drank, the salt in it began to produce its effect in increasing their thirst, so that they had to return again and again to the pools, which, bitter as they were, cooled their mouths.

It had struck us all that, after leaving the Colorado, we had met with no living creature but some horned lizards. I had found a dead humming-bird that lay with outstretched wings, and quite dried up upon the sand, as if it had been suddenly struck by death while on its flight. I picked up the pretty little creature, and afterwards put it into a letter that I sent from California to Europe. The absence of animal life in regions so unkindly treated by nature was not surprising; but the presence of natives was, and by the tracks it appeared that they had lately been crossing the sandy plain in many directions, and at no great distance; probably they had been observing us, and had scraped themselves a hiding-place in the sands (a practice of the natives of these regions when they wish to remain concealed), in order to fall like wolves on any straggling mule they could find—tear it to pieces, and eat it up. If they had this design they would have thought it better not to present themselves openly in our camp, even for the sake of begging. What these people—contemptuously called by our Mohaves, Pah-Utahs—live upon, remained long a puzzle to us, until our guide explained that they subsist somehow on snakes, lizards, frogs, and roots. He advised us to be on our guard against the Pah-Utahs, as they were very likely to come in the night and kill some of our mules with arrows.

According to the description given us of these people, they are a little distinguished from the lower animals in their character or mode of life; they are as wild and shy of man, as fierce after prey, as the beasts of the forest; and they hovered about us continually, and committed many acts of petty mischief, without our ever catching sight of any one of them. We paid all due regard to the warning given us by our guide at the Salt Spring, and since our company consisted only of thirty men, we divided them, in case of any night attack, into four watches, one of which had to remain constantly on their post; and since no one of us desired to shirk this duty, we could all feel secure when we slept of being watched by a strong and well-armed guard.

At length, on the 8th of March, they reached, to their inexpressible joy, the flowing water of the Mohave, which rippled as a clear stream over smooth, well-washed pebbles. Before continuing their journey next day, Möllhausen relates, we were once more warned by our Indian guides against the evil-disposed Pah-Utahs, who, according to them, harboured in the caves and holes in the rocks on both sides of the Mohave. There were many traces of them, but we saw nothing of the savages themselves, and it seems that they were fleeing before the expedition, so that our people were thrown off their guard, and received, in consequence, a melancholy lesson.

Before the ravine from which the Mohave river flowed the expedition was once more divided, in order that the waggon with the viameter, with the young men in charge of it, and a sufficient escort, might take

the more convenient way through the narrow valley of the river, whilst the pack mules and the rest of the riders should cut off a bend, and follow a path over the mountains, the two parties meeting again higher up the river. Dr. Kennerly and I, in the hope of finding some sport on the water, had joined the waggon party, and we soon found ourselves surrounded by steep rocks, which sometimes pressed closely on the river, sometimes retired and left it ample room for its windings. On both sides of the stream, which was nowhere more than sixteen feet wide and frequently not more than five, there was room enough for the light waggon, drawn by four mules, to make its way conveniently. Tempted by the appearance of some ducks we rode on ahead, rejoicing in the sight of every patch of green grass, after having so long seen nothing but dreary barren mountains and sandy steppes. The reeds and rushes, which had at first grown scantily, soon became so thick that at a turn where we expected to meet with our companions we had great difficulty in making our way through; but we reached the rocky path nevertheless before the others, who had loitered in the camp after our departure, had begun to descend it. Proceeding slowly and occasionally resting, the two Mohave Indians, the advanced guard of the party, at length came up with us; and it was now evident how greatly the mules had suffered from the fatigues of the journey, for more and more of them had had to be relieved of their burdens and were driven slowly along by the muleteers. The latter had orders never to lay aside their weapons, for we came so frequently upon traces of the natives that we were convinced they were hovering continually about us, and in all probability, themselves unseen, were looking down from every rocky cleft and hiding-place, watching for an opportunity of cutting off any straggler, whether man or beast, that they could perceive. For a short distance we all went on together through the widening valley; but when the Mohaves turned up another rocky path, for the sake of a short cut, we parted again, I and a few companions following the little waggon. The river, or rather rivulet, here described such short windings, and its banks were so thickly overgrown with bushes, reeds, and rushes, that we had to make our way sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; and for nearly two miles we travelled along the sandy bed itself, as the water here made its way through beneath the surface of the ground. The right bank after this formed a kind of narrow plain, slightly sinking, so we worked our way up to it, and keeping a straight course on it, saved a considerable turn that the river made at this part, and struck it again where it wound through a grassy meadow. Here we halted for the chief train, which did not come up for a few hours, having stopped to rest in the mountains, and we then settled ourselves together for the night. We were talking comfortably round our fire, when the quartermaster's major-domo came up and reported that one of the muleteers, who had been in the rear with three tired animals, was missing. By inquiry among the Mexicans we found that several of them had passed and seen him sitting on the banks of the river, while the three mules were grazing quietly near him; and to the warning of one of his countrymen that he ought to keep his rifle, which he had carelessly thrown across the back of one of the pack mules, ready to his hand, the thoughtless fellow had answered that the fear of the Indians was all nonsense, and that they might take

his rifle if they liked, he would follow with his mules. Leroux, when informed of this, said indignantly, that if he had not been too lazy to carry his rifle he would not have been murdered, as he certainly must be, or he would have arrived long ago. "I know these Indians," he added; "where they see a rifle they will not venture. It is of no use now to make any search for him or his mules, we cannot bring them to life again." We all thought it likely that the search would be vain; but four armed Mexicans were sent back on the following morning, to endeavour to gain tidings of the missing man, as there was a bare possibility of his having merely lost his way.

The whole expedition waited anxiously for their return, and for the intelligence they would bring; but it was noon before we had any sign from them. At last we saw a dense smoke rising and rolling away in black clouds from a ravine overgrown with thick reeds, and this we immediately concluded to be a signal; and in less than ten minutes a dozen of us were mounted and hastening towards the eventful spot. I chanced to ride near Leroux, who as we were galloping along put another bullet into his rifle; but said at the same time, "It is all of no use! The Mexican is dead and his mules too, and the Indians are sitting there among some of those jagged peaks, and laughing to see us riding ourselves and our mules to death. If we want to catch them we must try it at night; and even then what could we do but shoot a few of them through the head in their camp."

We had soon reached the ravine through which the Mohave river flowed, and the first thing we saw was one of the missing mules, shot dead with arrows, lying at the foot of a rock, and then the tracks of the others, which had been driven towards the mountains; but they were soon no longer recognisable upon the flinty ground. The reeds had been burnt down over a considerable space, and we carefully sought over the whole blackened field of ashes for the remains of the unfortunate Mexican, of whose death there could be now no doubt. We found a place where a great heap of bleached horse-bones pointed out what was probably the scene of many a festal banquet of the savages of these regions, when they had succeeded in stealing a horse from Mormons travelling on the emigrant road, from the San Bernardino settlements to the Utah Lake; but we discovered no further indications of what might have been the fate of the Mexican, and as night came on we were compelled to go back without having effected anything. The four Mexicans had got back before us; but they had seen nothing of the natives, and had only set fire to the reeds to search the better for the remains of their comrade (of whose end they were quite convinced), as well as to drive out any of the treacherous savages who might be lurking among them. Discontented with the failure of our attempt, when on the following morning Lieutenant Whipple set off with the half of the expedition to wait for the rest a day's journey further on, nine of us, amongst whom were Lieutenant Ives, Dr. Kennerley, Lieutenant Stanley and myself, set off on foot, to make one effort to pursue the savages to their den; and at least to avenge on the murderers, by a few effective shots, the treacherous slaughter of our companion. We went first to the carcase of the mule, and then searching for the traces of the other two, pursued them towards the mountains.

It was a difficult task to follow the track over this

rocky ground, where we could only be guided in our search by pebbles that had been displaced; but uphill and downhill we went, through the dreary desert, and never lost the track, though for this we were chiefly indebted to an old Mexican, the same who had formerly taken the two Tonto Indians. In a steep rocky ravine, which probably one of the wearied animals had not been able to climb, the savages had shot it dead with arrows, cut it in pieces, and so dragged it along with them. We found there only a clean gnawed leg-bone and the contents of the entrails; even the blood the Indians appeared to have drunk, or if not, to have carried it with them. These signs showed, at all events, that we had taken the right way, and moving with the utmost possible silence and caution, we continued to follow the path we had found.

We at last reached a narrow ravine that led round a sharp-peaked rock, isolated on three sides; and we felt sure that we could be at no great distance from the Indian camp, but we scarcely imagined we were quite so near, when suddenly, as we turned the corner, we came in sight of the smoke of a small fire rising from a hollow before us, which the Indians had evidently left that moment, for they had not even had time to take their bows and arrows with them.

We distributed our party instantly, and rushed towards the nearest heights to get, if possible, a shot at them, but nothing met our eyes on all sides but hopeless, naked rocks. The forsaken Indian camp was a true picture of a detestable murder-hole. A small fire, that had been fed with dry twigs, glimmered among the ashes, and upon these lay the entrails of the animals, full of blood. The heads and the limbs of the mules, which had been gnawed by the savages, lay scattered about and completed the disgusting character of the scene; and among the bloody remains we saw weapons and utensils, the latter mostly of very skilfully plaited wicker-work, thrown about in confusion. A little apart from these things lay the cap and the trousers of the murdered Mexican. Poor fellow, he must have suffered a most painful death, for the trousers were covered with blood and pierced in many places with arrows;—the victim had evidently fled before his murderers, and been gradually shot down;—and it was very possible that his blood was mingled with that of the mules in the disgusting receptacles we had seen.

We sought long in vain for the body of the murdered man, that we might at least give him decent burial; and we had, indeed, brought spades with us for the purpose; but we never saw anything more of the poor fellow, who had left a wife and five young children in New Mexico, to wait in vain for the return of their husband and father. As I climbed the rocks, at the foot of which the Indian camp had been placed, it became clear to me how they had been able so suddenly to make their escape. Near the summit, from which a wide prospect could be obtained over the surrounding country, a natural cavern was formed, where some of the savages had evidently lain, and, as they consumed their sanguinary meal, they had been able to cast a glance down into the ravine. Their immoderate indulgence in this meal of flesh had probably hindered them from saving their possessions, and by this means the property of the troop, of from twelve to sixteen men, had fallen into our hands. The weapons, and some of the prettily plaited baskets we kept, but all else, with the remains of the mules, we threw into the

fire, scraping together the glimmering ashes, and adding all the combustibles we could find, and so confiscated and burnt the entire possessions of the ferocious troglodytes.

The melancholy fate of the poor Mexican went to all our hearts, and we could not get out of our thoughts what the terror and the sufferings of the poor fellow must have been, when he found himself in the hands of his merciless murderers. Gladly would we have stayed to punish the savage wretches for their treachery, but six days' extra provisions would have been necessary to enable us to scour the mountains round, and as our whole remaining stock would scarcely suffice for a week longer, it was necessary for us to be extremely careful in order to reach without distress the settlements at the southern point of the Sierra Nevada, whose glittering peaks only just showed themselves in the west.

This is precisely the counterpart of what Livingstone met with in Africa. In the interior the natives were hospitable and kind; when he got to the Portuguese settlements on the western coast they were robbers and plunderers. So it was here; nothing could be more playful and harmless than the Indian in the Rio Colorado, but see what he had become on the pathway of the white man! There is no mistake as to where the mischief originates. As the expedition was now on the "Spanish trail," as it is called, the two faithful Mohaves were dismissed with suitable presents. Soon they fell in with the emigrant route and its unfailing accompaniments of broken waggons, bones of animals, and even skulls of human beings, remains of some poor creatures who had made the long weary voyage from home, animated by high hopes and bold projects, and who had perished miserably by the wayside.

On the 12th of March they met some mounted Mormons driving a herd of laden mules before them. From them they learnt the melancholy news that Captain Gunnison, who commanded the expedition north of theirs, had been murdered with several of his officers by the Pah-Utah Indians.

It may be imagined what a sensation this melancholy intelligence created amongst us, and unfortunately it was but too true. When on the territory of the Utah Indians, Captain Gunnison had left the main body of his expedition, and proceeded with some of his officers to examine a route in another direction; and as he had taken with him also four soldiers and his cook, the little party consisted altogether of twelve men. For better protection from the cold and violent wind, they had one night pitched their tents behind a cane brake, and the night passed without any disturbance. In the morning they were all enjoying their breakfast, and a Mr. Kern, a German, and the draughtsman of the Expedition, having finished his meal first, had risen, and was stretching himself with great appearance of comfort, when suddenly a shot was heard, and at the same moment he clapped his hand to his side, and fell lifeless to the ground.

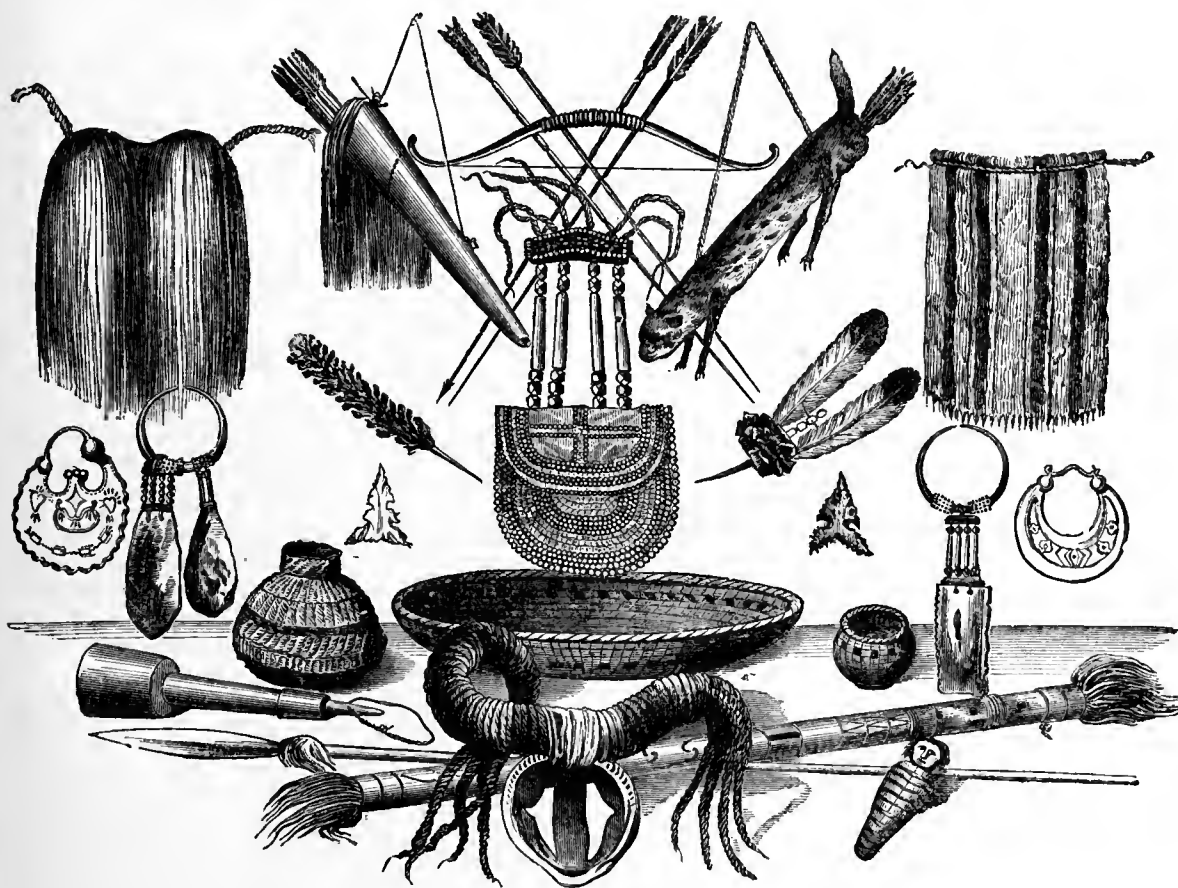
The shot had been the signal for a general attack from a band of Indians, who had been lying concealed in the cane brake, and now rushed out filling the air with wild yells, and brandishing their weapons in the most threatening manner. At the first shot, Captain Gunnison had sprung up, and thinking there might be some mistake, made the Indian sign of peace, by holding up both his hands unarmed. It was but for a

second, but it was enough ; for in this position he was a regular mark for the Indian arrows : a sheaf of them were instantly buried in his body, and he fell mortally wounded. Several more of the whites were stretched at the same time wounded and dying around, and more and more murderous savages were rushing from the thicket.

This account was given by the cook, who at the moment of the attack was occupied with his kitchen a little apart, and leaping upon a horse that happened to be near, he galloped off and escaped impending death, as did also three of the soldiers and a sergeant. One of them owed his life to an extraordinary chance. He had snatched his musket and cocked it, as he heard the war yell, and was just entering the tent, when an

Indian stood before him, with his bow in his left hand, and in the right the arrow on the string, drawn to his ear. The soldier having his finger on the trigger fired instantly without taking any aim, and the Indian fell dead with the ball through his skull. The soldier then cast one glance at the scene of murder, perceived the ten-fold superiority of the savage enemy, and springing on a horse, galloped after his comrades, and brought to the chief train the melancholy intelligence of the murder of Captain Gunnison and six of his officers.

Lieutenant Beckwith, of the United States Artillery, the commander of the escort, on whom the command of the whole expedition had now devolved, immediately set off with a division for the fatal spot, and found, as might be expected, the seven bodies mutilated in a



ARMS, ORNAMENTS, AND UTENSILS OF THE INDIANS.

frightful manner, not only scalped, but even the mustachio cut with the lip from their faces. All who had not fallen in the first moment had evidently defended themselves with desperate valour, and even the Indians had acknowledged this in their manner, for they had cut the brave hearts from their breasts, and the strong arms from their bodies, and carried them off with them. Lieutenant Beckwith had no means of burying the bodies, but he protected them from the wolves by heaps of stones and twigs, and took a sorrowful leave of the spot, where he had lost a brave commander and so many faithful comrades.

On their arrival at Mormon settlement on the Salt Lake, they made known the melancholy occurrence, and Governor Young sent off a division of his people

to afford proper burial to the remains of the fallen ; he also managed to obtain possession of Captain Gunnison's papers, which had been stolen by the Indians, and which contained the most important memoranda concerning his journey. So that Lieutenant Beckwith was enabled to draw up a complete report concerning it. Such was the account we obtained from the Mormon travellers, and on our arrival at Pueblo de los Angeles, we found it to be correct. (See p. 677.)

On the 20th of March, the expedition arrived at Pueblo de los Angeles, the steam port on the Pacific for Monterey and San Francisco, and here we too must part company, but it shall not be without some notice of the Mexican muleteers, who on the journey had appeared obedient, hard-working men, but the

moment they were dismissed and became their own masters, they allowed their wild passions free course, and a more riotous set it is difficult to imagine. Bill Spaniard, the half-breed, who had been accused of murder, was one of the best behaved of the party. He came up to his former superiors, looking very serious and steady, thanked them for the good treatment he had met with, shook various hands that were extended to him, and then turned and went on his way through rain and storm.

There was another curious fellow—an old man, who had been engaged as waggoner, and who, when I afterwards saw him again on the journey from Pueblo de los Angeles to San Francisco, was wonderfully metamorphosed. He was a Methodist, and said to be a preacher, and he had, according to his own account, taken the opportunity of accompanying the expedition to California, in order to visit some of his children, who were settled there. During the journey, he never went by any other name in the expedition, than "the Old Man" (though every day he made a formal declaration that his name was Charrot), and a more modest, unpretending, and humble individual than he appeared then, could hardly be imagined. The more brutal part of his associates often took advantage of these humble ways of his, to put upon him tasks that did not fairly fall to his lot; but nothing could put him out of temper, except, perhaps, the not paying sufficient attention when he began to hold forth concerning the religious views of his sect, and of this offence his rough companions were often enough guilty. He would wish "Good morning" with the most elaborate politeness to every person he met, and his salutation was of course responded to by the decent part of the company with equal civility, but from the rougher sort he frequently got a rude answer.

"Good morning, Mr. Murphy," I heard him say once to one of the rudest of them. "Damn your good morning," was the reply; "what do you mean by good morning in such weather as this?" "Oh!" said the Old Man, "I only just took the liberty to wish you

good morning, and ask how you found yourself. Don't be angry with me!"

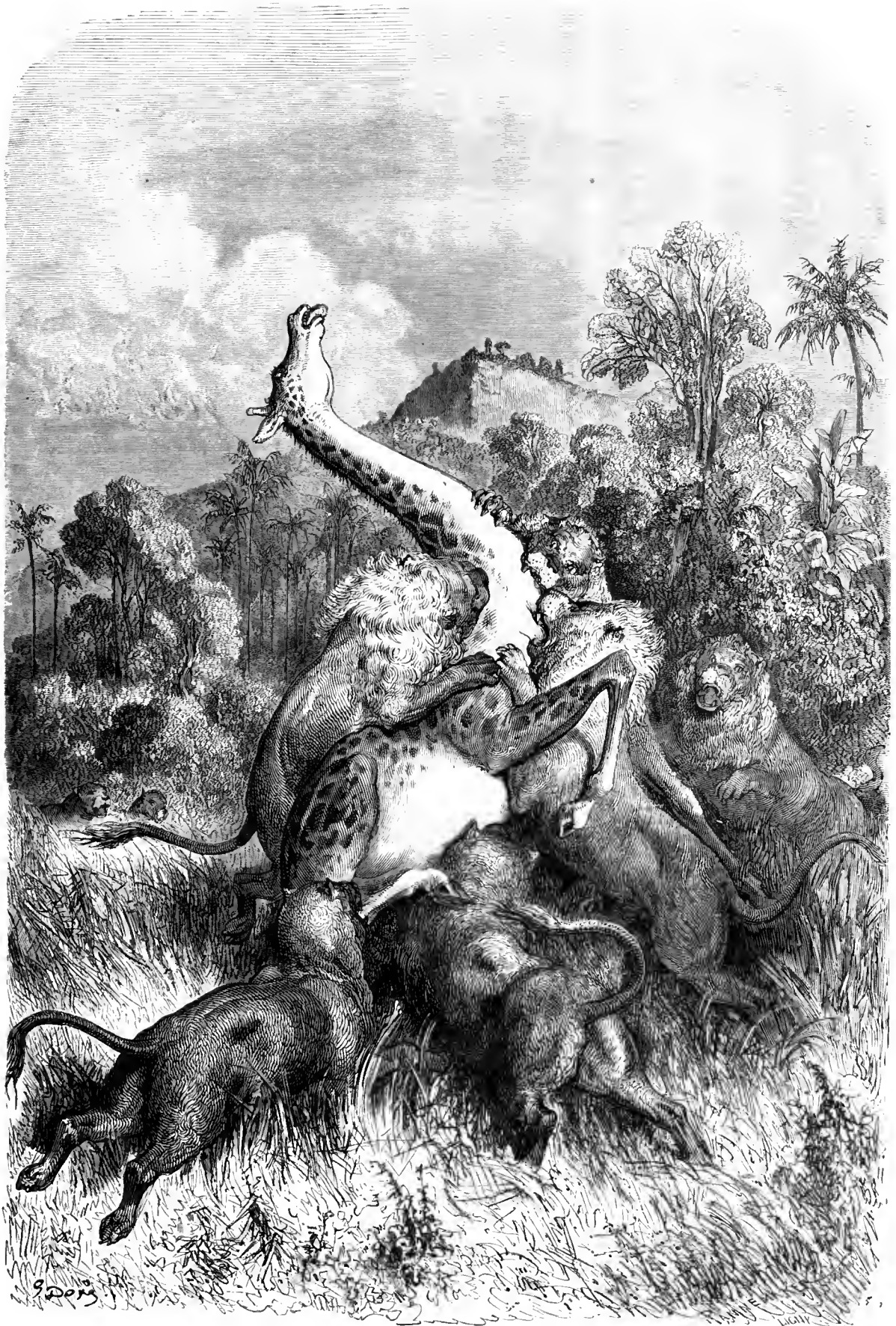
Afterwards, on the steamer "Frémont," I met again this wonderfully patient old gentleman, and I hardly knew him. He was no longer "the Old Man," but decidedly Mr. Charrot, handsomely dressed in a suit of black, and with no trace at all of the extraordinary humility of deportment that had formerly characterised him.

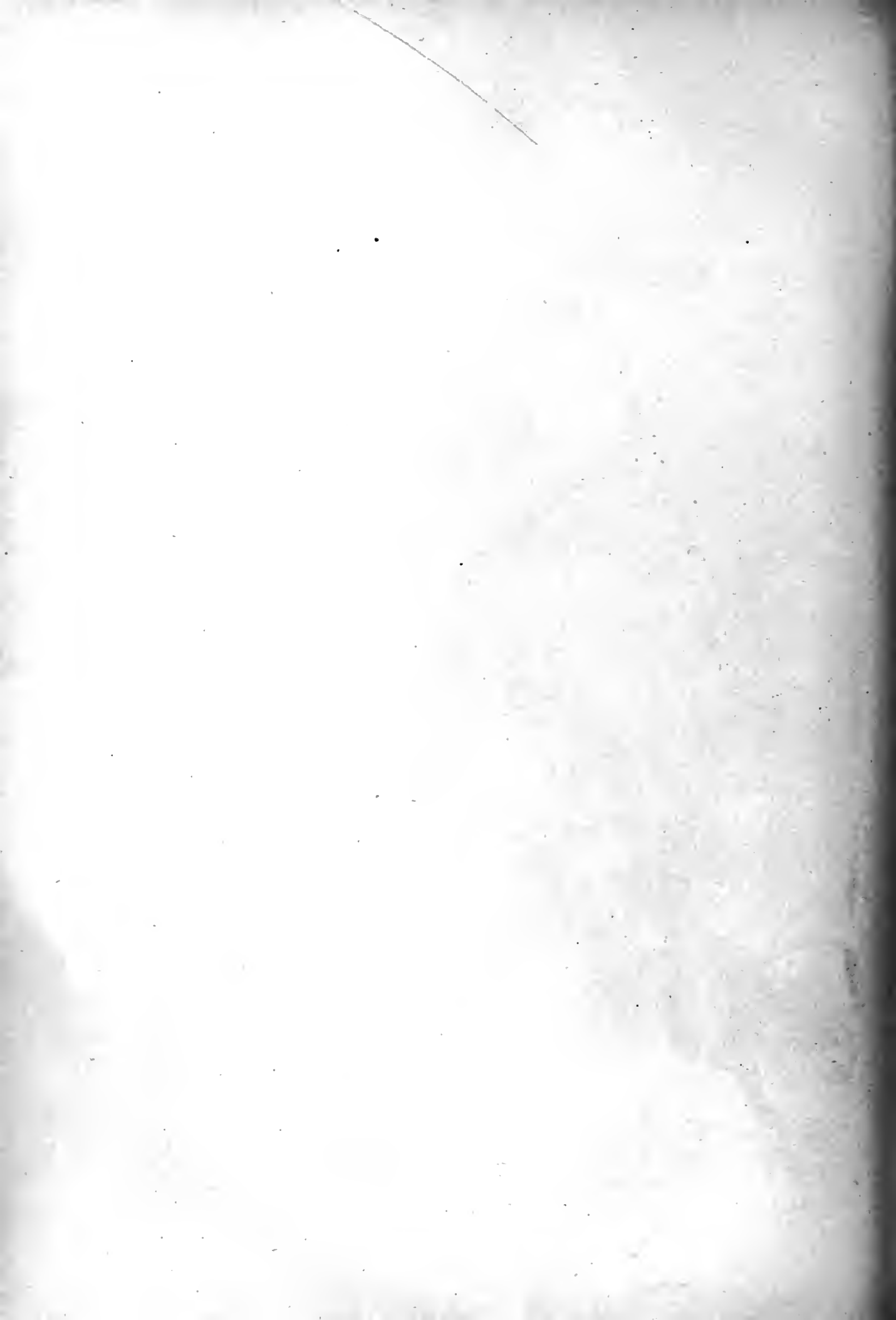
"Times are changed with me," he said; "I am not now 'the Old Man,' the waggoner, ordered about by everybody; but I show myself, what I am, a gentleman. I think I played my part pretty well on the journey; but I am now ready to converse with you on any subject you may please to select—geology, botany, theology, astronomy, history, or mineralogy! You will not find an ignorant man in me."

It was impossible to resist a smile at the order in which Mr. Charrot narrated his scientific acquirements, and it certainly awakened some doubt of the depth of his learning; but it was now my turn to be humble. "I am sorry," said I, "that my knowledge is not sufficiently extensive to enable me to discuss with you any of the numerous scientific subjects you are so much at home in."

"Oh, you are young yet," replied Mr. Charrot, patronisingly; "but you should not neglect opportunities of instructive conversation—always take advantage of them when you can;" and thereupon Mr. Charrot turned from me with much majesty, and walked to the other end of the boat. Whatever might have been his motive, he certainly had been, as he said, playing a part, and had played it very cleverly.

And so it appears the French naturalist travelled in the disguise of a waggoner with the American expedition from the Mississippi to the Pacific! It is a most remarkable instance of zeal for knowledge united to the love of adventure, if there was not also, at the bottom of it, some latent intention of reaching the gold diggings of California in safety, and with as little expense as possible.





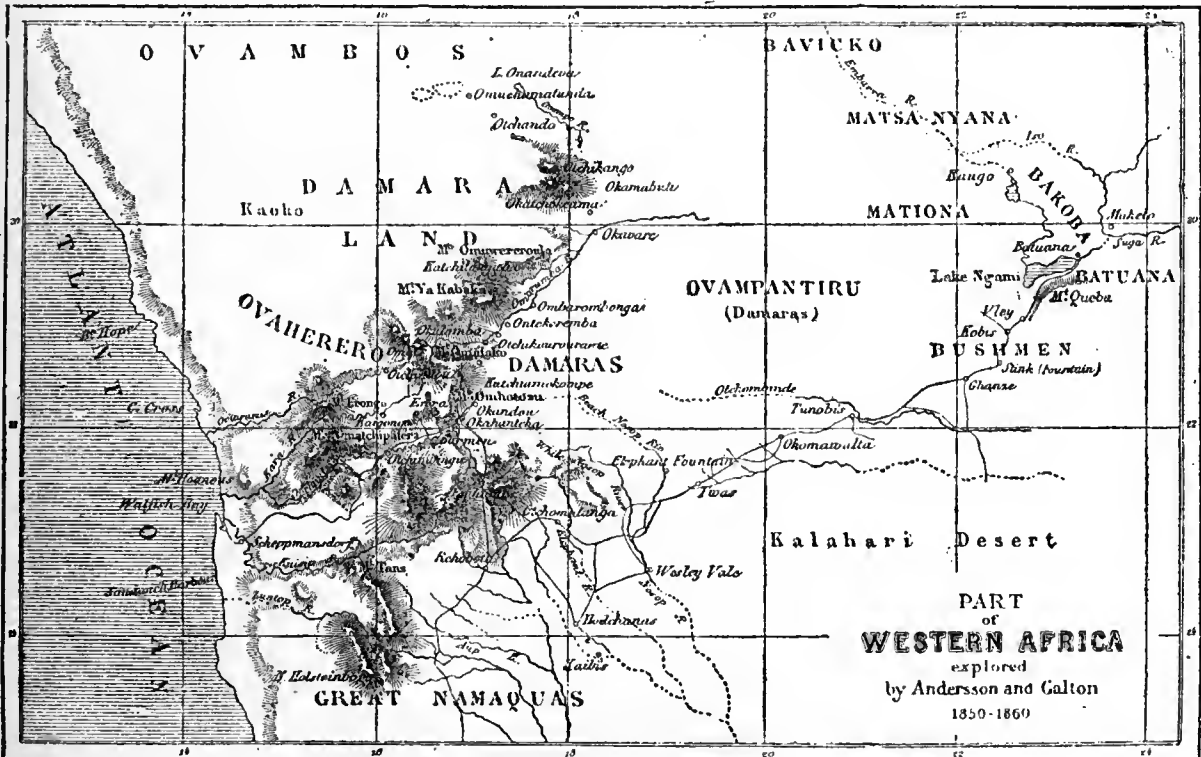
TRAVELS AND SPORTING ADVENTURES IN TROPICAL SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

WALFISCH BAY—MISSIONARY STATION—A LION HUNT—ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS—A HORSE AND MULE KILLED BY LIONS—UNSUCCESSFUL CHASE—DEATH OF THE FIRST GIRAFFE—EXTEMPORISED OMELET OF OSTRICH EGGS.

THE discovery of Lakes Victoria, Nyanza, Tanganyika, Nyassa and Shirwa in Eastern Tropical Africa, do not exceed the importance of the discovery in 1849, by Mossrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray,

of a fine fresh water lake—Lake Ngami in Central West Tropical Africa, with the corn-growing land of Damara to the west, the long valley of the Zambesi to the east, and the ultimate determination of the great fact that the whole of Central Tropical Africa, instead of being, as supposed, a land of deserts or mountains, is in reality a watery upland—more or less marshy or lacustrine according to seasons, and whose overflow pours by gaps in the great upland through different great outlets, among which, those of



the Nile, the Zambesi, the Zaire, and the Binue, may be said to hold first rank. These great facts determine that a vast extent of territory, deemed for so great a length of time to be an uninhabited wilderness, is in reality in great part inhabited, and more than that, avail-

able to the great purposes of industry and improvement.

Lake Ngami and the Upper Zambesi, with its magnificent falls, said to rival in grandeur those of Niagara, occupy a pre-eminently important position to the missionary and the colonist, as well as to the geographer

and the naturalist, inasmuch as they supply him with those watering and grass places, without which, travel or settlement in such countries would alike be out of the question. The only drawback is the fatal tsetse fly, from whose bite all domestic animals—save the goat—perish; but as this little winged pest is called by the old Portuguese colonists significantly enough—the elephant fly—it is to be hoped that it will disappear, as those great colossal creations retire also before the advance of the hunter, the herdsman, and the agriculturist.

In consequence of the presence of this fly, the spare cultivation and population of the country, and other circumstances, as the luxuriance of vegetation, large and small ruminating and pachydermatous animals—antelopes, giraffes, buffaloes, wild-boars, elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami—abound in every direction; while, by the all-wise provisions of nature, the excess of numbers is kept down by a corresponding proportion of feline animals, whose existence depends upon the destruction of more innocent creatures. We shudder, and with propriety, at the tales of slaughter recorded by some of our great African hunters and sportsmen, and the wholesale destruction of game, for the mere sake of destruction, is so repugnant, that no African Nimrod will plead guilty to such a practice in the present day. But in Africa, man must live mainly by the proceeds of the chase; and in Ceylon, we are told, by Sir J. G. Tennant, of a gallant officer who purchased his promotion by the proceeds of his shooting exploits; and even granting occasionally some wastefulness of animal life on the part of an excited hunter, such must be as the veriest trifle, the most insignificant item possible compared with the great operations of nature. How many gnus, gemsboks, elands, and koodoos, fall victims nightly to their prowling antagonists, lions and leopards. And how many beautiful and delicate nakong and leche, that tenant the rush-bound shores of Lake Ngami, are dragged into its deep waters by crocodiles, or hunted down by their unsparing and natural enemies—the large carnivoræ?

Discountenancing then, as all persons of correct feeling and taste would do, all useless destruction of animal life, we should deem the same feeling to be carried to a false and morbid development, if we refused to grant to the bold and dexterous hunter, to the enterprising and adventurous naturalist, full sympathies and interest with the narrative of his exploits.

Take, for example, Messrs. Galton and Andersson, the one an Englishman, the other a Swede by birth, both alike naturalists, travellers, and sportsmen by the force of an irrepressible instinct. Mr. Andersson first visited this country with a considerable collection of living birds and quadrupeds, together with numerous preserved specimens of natural history, the produce of many a long hunting excursion amidst the mountains, lakes, and forests of his native country. In England he was fortunate enough to be introduced to Mr. Galton, at that time preparing for his well-known journey to Damara land, and Mr. Galton engaged him to join him on that expedition, which he afterwards extended as far as Lake Ngami alone, and altogether dependent on his own very scanty resources.¹

¹ *The Narrative of an Explorer in Tropical South Africa.* Francis Galton, Esq.

Lake Ngami; or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Western Africa. By Charles John Andersson.

We shall not enter upon this occasion into a detail of the *impedimenta*, from oxen-teams and waggons down to rat-traps and beads, that travellers deem essential to proceed with from the Cape into the interior. Messrs. Galton and Andersson did not, however, start from the Cape inland, but they proceeded thence by sea to Walfisch Bay, whence they could at once penetrate into the Western Continent. Here they first made acquaintance with the *naras*, a prickly gourd of a most cooling, refreshing, and inviting appearance, that grows wild, as also with the bush tick, which complacently buried itself in their feet.

There was a missionary station, designated Scheppmansdorf, at no great distance from the coast, and some idea of the character of the country may be formed from the fact that Mr. Galton, who preceded Mr. Andersson into the interior, met, on his arrival, with an immediate opportunity of forming an acquaintanceship with the monarch of the wilds.

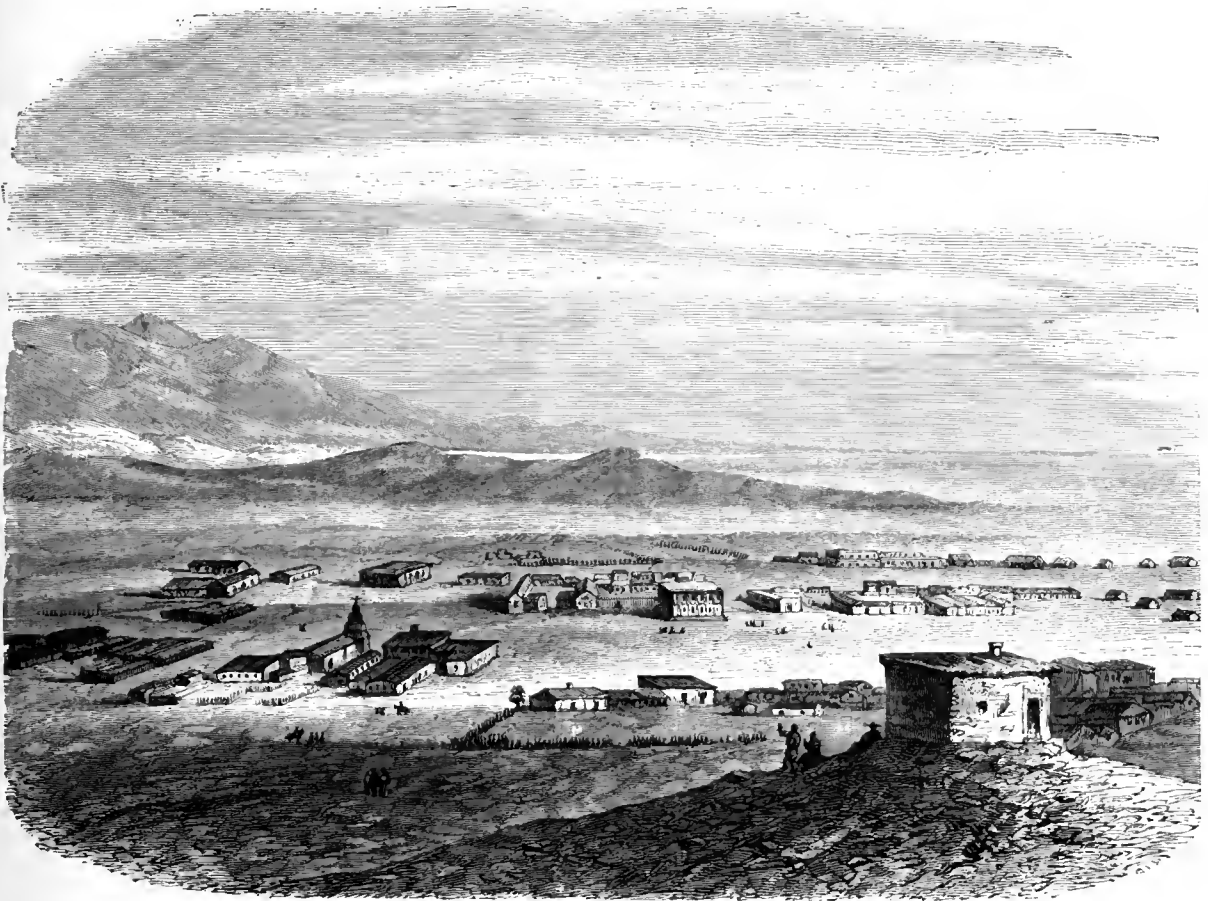
I gave, says Mr. Galton, the mules a day's rest, and then started with my first load to Scheppmansdorf. Mr. Bam had sent me word that a lion had come over from the Swakop river, and was prowling about and very daring, and that a hunt should be got up at once. As we travelled sometimes in the soft sand of the river bed, sometimes on the gravelly plain, through which it runs, we kept a sharp look out for the track that had been seen there: we found it after we had travelled ten miles. The natives amused themselves by cleverly imitating it; they half clenched their fist and pressed their knuckles into the sand. It was curious to see to what a distance the lion kept to the waggon-road, walking down the middle of it as though it had been made for him. I listened deferentially to Timboo and John St. Helena, who were quite learned on the subject of tracking. Except some ostriches scudding about, some crows, lizards, and a few small birds, there was no other sign of animal life, but we saw spoors now and then of the little steinbok, a very pretty gazelle some sixteen inches high.

We followed the waggon-path till an hour after night-fall, when the damp feel of the air, distant lights and barking of dogs, announced that we had arrived at Scheppmansdorf. Mr. Bam welcomed me most kindly, introduced me to his wife, gave me an out-house for my boxes and myself, and we formed a very pleasant party that evening, more especially as I heard that my horses were quite well and fat. We talked over the lion, and it seemed that he had been prowling about the station continually; that he was a well-known beast, who usually hunted the lower part of the Swakop, and had killed an immense number of cattle; many a time have I heard them reckon over—fifty oxen, three horses, one donkey, and innumerable calves and dogs. He had often been chased, but was too wary to be shot, and so forth. We talked over the lion at Mr. Bam's till a late hour: he assured me that the animal would prowl about that night, as he had done so every day for a week, and that, if I wanted to try my rifle, I could track him in the morning. He and Stewartson had taken horses the day before to hunt him, and they found him and gave chase; at last he came to bay, when they rode to the top of a sand-hill immediately above him, where the beast, not waiting to be fired at, charged them. Mr. Bam galloped off, but Stewartson's horse being thoroughly blown, would not stir a step, until the lion's head appeared over the sand-hill just above the astonished animal, who probably had no idea of what was

taking place, for Stewartson seems to have been "craning" over the ridge of the bank. I was glad to learn, not only on account of Stewartson's safety, but also as a proof of the discretion and speed of my horse, that the next second of time left the lion behind at a safer distance.

Mr. Bam's household, which I may as well describe, as it gives a good idea of a missionary establishment, was as follows:—himself, Mrs. Bam, a numerous family, and an interpreter, who helped at the schools, could drive a waggon, and was the factotum, made the party that took their meals together, the interpreter being very deferential, and only speaking when spoken to. Besides these were a few hangers on, more or less trustworthy, and always ready for a job. The house

is a tolerably sized cottage or bothy, all on one floor, built of course by the missionary himself, as well as he was able to build it; the workmanship was naturally very rough, but as it takes far less labour to use trees for the uprights and rafters than planks, it is also very strong. Chairs, a table, and a bureau, were imported from Cape Town; the beds, book-shelves, and so forth, made here. The wife does the whole house-work—cleaning the rooms, managing the children, cooking the dinner, and, what I never liked, waiting at table. These ladies have the hardest and rudest of occupations, but, I must candidly say, they seem to like this life extremely, and I am sure that missionaries must find great favour in the eyes of the fairer sex, judging from



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the charming partners that they have the good fortune to obtain. As to the natives, they make their huts as they like, and where they like; they plant sticks in a circle of six feet across, they bend the tops together and tie them with strips of bark; lastly, they wattle the sides and plaster them up.

Scheppmansdorf is prettily situated on a kind of island, in the middle of the Kuisip river bed, near a clump of fine trees, somewhat resembling elms. At one side stands the Missionary's and Stewartson's houses, in the middle is the white washed chapel, and round the other sides lie the huts, twenty or thirty in number. All round is sand; to the south there is a perfect sea of sand-dunes, from 100 to 150 feet high, to the north the Naanip plain. A small stream-

let rises from the ground, and runs through the place, watering about three acres of garden and field, and losing itself half a mile off in a reedy pond full of wild fowl.

The natives crowd the church and sing the hymns, which, being about three-quarters articulate and one-quarter clicks, produce a very funny effect. The missionary is to all intents and purposes lord paramount of the place, though he is modest, and refers matters as much as possible to the captain of the tribe. Savage countries are parcelled out by a tacit understanding between different missionary societies, priority of occupation affording the ground of claim, it not being customary for one sect to establish its stations in a land where another sect is already settled.

Mr. Bam and the other gentlemen I was thrown amongst belonged to a German mission, and were all of them Germans or Dutch. Further to the interior, and communicating with the Cape, not by the sea, but overland, are some English Wesleyan stations. Subsequently, I passed through these, but at the time of my visit they were unoccupied.

To return to the lion. When I turned into bed I listened long for a roar, or some token of his presence, but in vain; and at last I dropped asleep. In the morning we found his tracks all about us, he had paid particular attention to a hut that was lying rather apart from the others, and had been prowling all round it. Stewartson volunteered to accompany me, he disapproved of horseback, and mounted his trusty ox. Mr. Stewartson's profession in early life was that of a tailor, though subsequently a dissenting minister, and afterwards a cattle trader. I confess that I felt, as I rode by his side, I had rather have been introduced to the genus "lion" by a person of almost any other calling, and carried by any other kind of animal than my bucolic friend's. I took two of my men with me, and off we set with a few natives. The lion had walked backwards and forwards so much in the night, that it was long before we found the last tracks he had made. We followed them very quickly, as his broad foot-print was unmistakable on the sand; there was a growing interest as we found how he had stopped and looked down, and considered whether a bush by one side would suit him or not, but had decided in the negative and gone slowly on. We peered about and marched very silently; the bushes got thicker, and the pace slower, when we stopped short at a well-trodden part whence the lion had evidently just risen, for the sand was still warm from his touch. Had he gone away, or was he close by? was the question. We were all mixed up together. Of a sudden the lion stood up, twelve paces in front, looked over his shoulders at us, made an easy noiseless bound, and was gone. His action was so steady, so smooth, so entirely devoid of hurry, that I could perfectly understand how a person might be seized through miscalculating the speed of his advance. As it was, he disappeared before one of our guns was well up to our shoulders. I am sure, if he had come at us, he could have done what mischief he liked. My horse would have shied on to the horns of Stewartson's ox, and in the narrow pass we should all have tumbled about and rolled one on another. The cover into which he went, and on the border of which he had been lying, was far too thick to be practicable for our further pursuit, though we did make several good attempts at dislodging him. I returned very crest-fallen at our want of success, but I had now seen the animal and better understood the elements of hunting them.

As we rode back across the plain we saw vast numbers of old gemsbok tracks, although there are but few of these fine antelopes in the neighbourhood; but impressions made on this crisp gravelly soil take years to efface; they seem to be almost stereotyped; and a very few animals and waggons have produced an extraordinary number of spoor.

I mentioned that Sheppmansdorf was built in a rude circle. To the middle of this the oxen of the place come of their own accord every night as the evening sets in, and lie there till the early morning; they find shelter from the wind, and are certainly sensible of protection. Besides this the ox is a sociable domestic

animal, and loves fires and the neighbourhood of men. The oxen, therefore, lay close up to the doorway of the outhouse in which I slept, and the night was pitch dark. Now, after we had all gone to bed and were fast asleep, there was a rush and an outcry, and people hallooing and dogs barking, for the lion had got into the midst of the oxen. I confess I was glad there was a door to my outhouse, for fear the lion should walk in; however, all became quiet, and I soon went to sleep.

A grand hunt was determined on in the morning; every available native was pressed into the service. Mr. Bam rode one horse, I the other, and Stewartson his ox. Johannis, Captain Frederick, and some other Hottentots, came mounted on their oxen, and we went off after breakfast with as many cur dogs as would follow us. The proceedings were much the same as before. After eight miles his spoor went into a bush; we threw stones in and shouted, and up he got about one hundred yards off. I purposely did not fire, as my horse was in a bad position for me to take as good an aim as I wished, and nobody else fired either; but we galloped after him in full view, the object being to bring him to bay, or to get a nearer shot as he ran. This last I hardly expected whilst he was moving, for my horses were not accustomed to be shot from, and it took so much time to pull them up, that the lion had gained a long start again before I could do so. The bushes were in his favour, and we nearly lost him; but by most skilful tracking the Hottentots came up and often helped us out when we were at fault. Some hours elapsed when, as Mr. Bam and myself were cantering on, we turned the corner of a sand-hill and saw the lion about sixty yards ahead, trotting on, looking over his shoulder. I got my long rifle up, and, sincerely praying that my horse would not kick me off when I fired, I pulled the trigger; the horse was too blown to start, and I placed my two-ounce bullet well into the lion's quarter. He growled and snarled, and bit the wound, but evidently had not heart to chase me, but turned to bay under a bush. There was a sand-hill opposite. We waited till the stragglers came up, and then went behind the sand-hill and dismounted; and Stewartson and ourselves crawled up to the top of it, right above the lion. He was in a tearing passion, and fifty paces from us, yet I could not see him as clearly as I could wish—wild beasts have such a readiness of availing themselves of the smallest bush or tuft of grass as a screen, which he did on this occasion; his head was between his paws, and his tail whirling up the sand. One single shot at the head struck him stone dead. He was a huge gaunt beast, miserably thin, and had a dog of Stewartson's in his inside, which he had snapped up on the werft the night before. The dog was in only five pieces, not at all chewed or even digested; it had been bolted in a hurry, and had probably disagreed with him. The lion was soon skinned. My bullet had passed right alongside the backbone, breaking its way through nearly half its length. Neither the oxen nor the horses showed that dread of his smell which they generally do. I even rolled up his hide like a valisse, and carried it behind my saddle, without my steed showing any objection. I cannot to this day imagine why we dismounted and climbed up the sand-hill; but I put myself under the orders of my more experienced friends. It would have been much easier and much safer to have given the animal his finishing wound from horseback.

Schepmansdorf was first occupied as a missionary station in the year 1846, by the Rev. Mr. Schepman, from whom it takes its name. It is situated on the Kuisip, which is a mere periodical stream. The success of the missionaries with the native Namaquas is described as being anything but encouraging. These people, who are partially civilised Hottentots, possess every vice of savages, but none of their noble qualities. Their ignorance is excessive, and when waggons were first introduced into this country, they caused many conjectures and much astonishment among the natives, who conceived them to be some gigantic animal possessed of vitality. A conveyance of this kind, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, once broke down, and was left sticking in the sand. One day a Bushman came to the owner, and said he had seen his 'pack-ox' standing in the desert for a long time, with a broken leg; and, as he did not observe it had any grass, he was afraid that it would soon die of hunger unless taken away!

Leaving the waggons and the bulk of their effects at Schepmansdorf, the party started for the interior with horses, mules, and pack-oxen. Their way lay over the Naarip, a sterile plain embellished, however, by a most beautiful air plant of a bright scarlet colour tinged with lemon. So lovely a flower, in such dreary and desolate wastes, has struck all African travellers with admiration. Even the mighty Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, whose whole soul one would imagine to be engrossed with lions and elephants, seems to have been struck with delight at the sight of this charming flower: "In the heat of the chase," said he, "I paused, spell-bound, to contemplate, with admiration, its fascinating beauty!"

On reaching the banks of the Swakop, Mr. Bam related an incident that had occurred there in connection with a rhinoceros.

"As we entered the Swakop river one day," said he, "we observed the tracks of a rhinoceros; and, soon after unyoking our oxen, the men requested to be allowed to go in search of the beast. This I readily granted, only reserving a native to assist me in kindling the fire and preparing our meal. While we were thus engaged, we heard shouting and firing; and, on looking in the direction whence the noise proceeded, discovered, to our horror, a rhinoceros, rushing furiously at us at the top of his speed. Our only chance of escape was the waggon, into which we hurriedly flung ourselves. And it was high time that we should seek refuge; for the next instant the enraged brute struck his powerful horn into the 'buik-plank' (the bottom boards), with such force as to push the waggon several paces forward, although it was standing in very heavy sand. Most providentially, he attacked the vehicle from behind; for, if he had struck it on the side, he could hardly have failed to upset it, ponderous as it was. From the waggon, he made a dash at the fire, overturning the pot we had placed alongside it, and scattering the burning brands in every direction. Then, without doing any further damage, he proceeded on his wild career. Unfortunately, the men had taken with them all the guns; otherwise, I might easily have shot him dead on the spot. The Damara, however, threw his assegai at him; but the soft iron bent like a reed against his thick and almost impenetrable hide."

Nor were our travellers destined to travel scathless along this reed-bound scanty stream, in whose valley they suffered as much from thirst as if there had been no water

at all, and one of the mules dropped from sheer exhaustion quite breathless. Having arrived at a spot called Daviep, as there were no indications of lions, and the mules and horses sadly wanted rest and food, they deemed it advisable to leave them to themselves during the night, merely taking the precaution to kneehalter them. They paid dearly, however, for their too easy confidence.

Early on the following morning, one of the waggon-drivers was dispatched to the river to look after our animals, whilst Mr. Galton and myself followed at our ease; but what was our horror, on entering the bed of the stream, to find that several lions had recently passed and re-passed it in every direction. This, together with the absence of the mules and horses, at once foreboded evil. We were not long left to conjectures; for almost immediately our servant joined us, and said that a mule and a horse had been killed by the lions, and partly devoured. He added, that on his approaching the scene of the catastrophe, he saw five of those beasts feasting on the carcasses; but on perceiving him they had retreated with terrible growlings! Instead of his presence having scared the lions from their prey, however, as he asserted, we had reason to believe that so soon as he was aware of them, he immediately hid himself amongst the rocks, and that it was not until emboldened by seeing us he had left his hiding-place. Had it been otherwise, he would have had ample time to give us notice of what had occurred, prior to our leaving the encampment.

Singularly enough, the dead mule was the identical one we had been in search of on the preceding night, and it would appear that it had just rejoined its companions, or was on the point of doing so, when it was attacked and killed. Being a remarkably fine and handsome animal, its loss was much regretted: the horse, moreover, was the best of the two we had brought from the Cape.

On examining the ground, we were glad to find that the other horse and remaining mule, had made good their escape down the bed of the river, though evidently pursued by the lions for some distance. How many of these beasts there really had been, we were unable to ascertain; but they could not have been less than seven or eight.

Having thus far ascertained the fate of the poor animals, we despatched our brave waggon-driver for Stewartson, and the remainder of the men: as also for proper guns and ammunition, as we had determined, if possible, to have our revenge.

On leaving Schepmansdorf we had, unfortunately only brought with us three or four small goats as provision for the journey. This scanty supply was now nearly exhausted, and it being uncertain when we should meet with any native village where we could barter for more, we deemed it advisable, in order to provide against contingencies, to lay in a store of mule-flesh and horse-flesh; and though our people seemed horror-stricken at the idea, there was not a second alternative. Whilst waiting the return of the men, we, accordingly, set about cutting off from the slain animals such pieces as had not been defiled by the lions. This being accomplished, we covered the meat with a heap of stones, and the men having arrived, we proceeded in search of the depredators.

But though we beat both sides of the river for a considerable distance, we were unable to discover the beasts. At one time, and when I was quite alone on

the inner side of the thick reed-bed that lined the bank, I observed some beautiful 'klip-springers,' or mountain gazelles, and fired both barrels, though, unfortunately, without effect. The report of my gun caused a momentary consternation to Mr. Galton and the men, who imagined that I had fallen in with the lions, while, from the nature of the ground, they would have been unable to render me any assistance.

Being at last obliged to give up the search, two or three of the men on whom we could best depend were sent on the tracks of the scared mules and the remaining horse. After many hours' hard walking they were discovered; but the poor beasts had received such a fright, that it was only with great trouble and exertion that they were secured.

Thinking that the lions would in all probability return during the night, to make an end of what was left of the horse and mule, Galton and I determined to watch for them, and selected for our ambush the summit of a steep rock immediately near one of the carcasses.

Shortly after sunset, we proceeded to put our plan into execution; and, having arrived within a short distance of the slain animals, one of the people suddenly exclaimed—"Oh! look at the six bucks!" Imagine our astonishment when, turning our eyes in the direction in which he pointed, we saw, instead of antelopes, six magnificent lions; and this, moreover, on the very rock on which we had purposed ambushing ourselves, and where—as we foolishly imagined—we should have been in perfect security!

On perceiving that they were discovered, the beasts retreated behind the rock; but one or another of them would, nevertheless, steal from its hiding-place occasionally, and take a peep at us.

Contrary to the counsel of Mr. Galton, and others of our party, I now ascended the acclivity where we had last seen the beasts; but, although they were nowhere visible, I had every reason to believe the whole troop was not far distant from the spot where I stood.

To have ambushed ourselves in the rock originally selected was (from the evidence we had just had of its insecurity) not now to be thought of; and we therefore looked out for a safer place. The only one that offered, however, was a large acacia; but it was more than two hundred yards from either of the carcasses, and its stem was so thick and straight, that it was impossible to ascend it. Moreover, total darkness had now succeeded the short twilight; and, however reluctantly, we left the lions in full possession of the field and the remnant of their prey.

As they proceeded in their journey they fell in with giraffes, zebras, gnus, gemsbok, guinea fowls, toucans, and gray-crested parrots. Mr. Galton was lucky, or rather spirited, enough, to follow up, and shoot one of the former. Our seventh day's march, he relates, was an affair of six hours, and up the Tsobis river-bed. For the second time, we had no animal food left; but immediately that we started we saw the fresh spoor of a giraffe. I doubted whether or no to go after it, as my horse was very thin and weak, and I could not tell where the giraffe might have gone to, probably far beyond reach; so we travelled slowly on. However, as I rode some little distance in front of the cart, I found that the track went straight up the river bed, which being now hemmed in with impracticable cliffs, the giraffe's path and our own must necessarily be the

same. This made a great alteration in the case, and I cantered slowly on the spoor. My rifle was a little one (only 36 bore), but loaded with steel-pointed bullets. I was afraid of losing all chance of a shot if I wasted time by returning to the cart and getting a larger gun, and therefore I went on, as much for the pot as the sport. After four hours' travel, during which I had kept a couple of miles in front of the rest of the party, so as to be well away from the sound of the whip and of the men's talking, the tracks turned sharp to the right, up a broad ascent, which there led out of the river, and in the middle of this, among some bushes, and under a camelthorn tree stood my first giraffe. I took immediate advantage of a bush, and galloped under its cover as hard as I could pelt, and was within one hundred yards before the animal was fairly off. I galloped on, but she was almost as fast as I, and the bushes, which she trampled cleverly through, annoyed my horse extremely; I therefore reined up, and gave her a bullet in her quarter, which handicapped her heavily, and took some three miles an hour out of her speed. Again I galloped, loading as I went, but excessively embarrassed by the bushes, and fired again, whilst galloping, at thirty yards' distance, and I believe missed the animal. The riding at that time was really difficult, and my horse shied very much. Again I loaded, but my horse was becoming blown, and I rode parallel to the beast, intending to overtake and confront her. There was a watercourse in the way, quite jumpable, but my poor beast made a mess of it, and chested the opposite side; yet I somehow got him over, and then rode with all the skill I could. At last I steadily gained on the giraffe, then beat her, and passed her. The giraffe obstinately made for her point. I was forty yards in advance, and pulled up full in her path. She came on; my horse was far too blown to fidget, and was standing with his four legs well out. I waited as long as I dare—too long, I think, for her head was almost above me when I fired, and she really seemed coming at me with vice. I put my bullet full in her face; she tossed her head back, and the blood streamed from her nostrils as she turned and staggered, slowly retracing her path. I dare not fire again, lest I should fail in killing her, and only excite her to another run, which my horse was not fit to engage in. I therefore rode slowly after the wounded beast, and I drove her back to near where she came from, and there she stopped under a high tree. My horse was now frightened, and would not let me take my aim for the finishing blow at the brain, as it is but a small mark to shoot at; so I got off, and the unhappy creature looked down at me with her large lustrous eyes, and I felt that I was committing a kind of murder, but for all that, I was hungry, and she must die; so I waited till she turned her head, and then dropped her with a shot.

There was now a fine holiday feast for us. When the party came up, we set to work flaying and cutting large steaks from the meat, and securing the marrow-bones, until as much was heaped on the cart as the mules could possibly struggle on with. Our Ghou Damup guides ran on to Tsobis, where many of their people lay, and who brought us six ostrich eggs, and sweet gum, in return for the meat we had left behind us.

The cook made excellent omelets from the ostrich eggs by a very simple process. A hole was made at one end of the egg, through which is introduced some

salt and pepper. The egg is then well shaken, so as thoroughly to mix the white, the yolk, and the other ingredients. It is then placed in hot ashes, where it is baked to perfection. An egg thus prepared, although supposed to contain as much as twenty-four of the common fowl egg, is not considered too much for a single hungry individual.

II.

A LION HUNT—DEATH OF THE LEOPARD—A DRIED-UP LAKE—REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN—THE OVAMBO AND OVAMBO-LAND, A CORN COUNTRY.

AT Richterfeldt, a missionary station founded by Mr. Rich, in 1848, our travellers entered into the country of the Damaras. They are a fine tall race of people, some of the men being over six feet in height, with good and regular features. The women are also well made, with very small hands and feet. They vary in complexion from red to dark. They do not wear much clothing and are exceedingly filthy in their habits, and the exhalation hovering about them is very repulsive. As there was spring water at Richterfeldt, a great number of wild animals nightly congregated there, and, as usual under such circumstances, the game was followed by troops of lions, who by their horrible roaring, intermingled with the rushing to and fro of the hunted zebras and other animals, created the greatest consternation among the followers.

Our party were joined here by one Hans Larsen, a Dane by birth, who was distinguished in a very remarkable degree for courage, energy, perseverance, and endurance. Thus reinforced, they proceeded to Barmen, another station of the German-Rhenish Missionary Society, whence, after several adventures, they returned to Richterfeldt, which became the scene of a very daring lion hunt, thus related by the chief actor in it, Mr. Andersson.

One day, when eating my humble dinner, I was interrupted by the arrival of several natives, who, in breathless haste, related that an *ongeama*, or lion, had just killed one of their goats close to the mission station (Richterfeldt), and begged of me to lend them a hand in destroying the beast. They had so often cried "Wolf," that I did not give much heed to their statements; but, as they persisted in their story, I at last determined to ascertain its truth. Having strapped to my waist a shooting-belt, containing the several requisites of a hunter—such as bullets, caps, knife, &c., I shouldered my trusty double-barrelled gun (after loading it with steel-pointed balls), and followed the men.

In a short time, we reached the spot where the lion was believed to have taken refuge. This was in a dense tamarisk brake, of some considerable extent, situated partially on, and below, the sloping banks of the Swakop, near to its junction with the Omutenna, one of its tributaries.

On the rising ground, above the brake in question, were drawn up, in battle array, a number of Damaras and Namaquas, some armed with assegais, and a few with guns. Others of the party were in the brake itself, endeavouring to oust the lion.

But as it seemed to me that the "beaters" were timid, and, moreover, somewhat slow in their movements, I called them back; and, accompanied by only one or two persons, as also a few worthless dogs,

entered the brake myself. It was rather a dangerous proceeding; for, in places, the cover was so thick and tangled as to oblige me to creep on my hands and knees; and the lion, in consequence, might easily have pounced upon me without a moment's warning. At that time, however, I had not obtained any experimental knowledge of the old saying—"A burnt child dreads the fire," and therefore felt little or no apprehension.

Thus I had proceeded for some time; when suddenly, and within a few paces of where I stood, I heard a low, angry growl, which caused the dogs, with hair erect in the manner of hogs' bristles, and with their tails between their legs, to slink behind my heels. Immediately afterwards, a tremendous shout of "Ongeama! Ongeama!" was raised by the natives on the bank above, followed by a discharge of fire-arms. Presently, however, all was still again, for the lion, as I subsequently learnt, after showing himself on the outskirts of the brake, had retreated into it.

Once more I attempted to dislodge the beast; but, finding the enemy awaiting him in the more open country, he was very loth to leave his stronghold. Again, however, I succeeded in driving him to the edge of the brake, where, as in the first instance, he was received with a volley; but a broom-stick would have been equally efficacious as a gun in the hands of these people; for, out of a great number of shot that were fired, not one seemed to have taken effect.

Worn out at length by my exertions, and disgusted beyond measure at the way in which the natives bungled the affair, I left the tamarisk brake, and re-joining them on the bank above, offered to change place with them: but my proposal, as I expected, was forthwith declined.

As the day, however, was now fast drawing to a close, I determined to make one other effort to destroy the lion, and, should that prove unsuccessful, to give up the chase. Accordingly, accompanied by only a single native, I again entered the brake in question, which I examined for some time without seeing anything; but on arriving at that part of the cover we had first searched, and when in a spot comparatively free from bushes, up suddenly sprang the beast within a few paces of me. It was a black-maned lion, and one of the largest I ever remember to have encountered in Africa. But his movements were so rapid, so silent and smooth withal, that it was not until he had partially entered the thick cover (at which time he might have been about thirty paces distant) that I could fire. On receiving the ball, he wheeled short about, and with a terrific roar, bounded towards me. When within a few paces, he couched as if about to spring, having his head embedded, so to say, between his fore-paws.

Drawing a large hunting-knife, and slipping it over the wrist of my right hand, I dropped on one knee, and, thus prepared, awaited his onset. It was an awful moment of suspense; and my situation was critical in the extreme. Still, my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me—indeed, I felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of any avail.

I would now have become the assailant; but as—owing to the intervening bushes, and clouds of dust raised by the lion's lashing his tail against the ground—I was unable to see his head, while to aim at any other part would have been madness, I refrained from firing. Whilst intently watching his every motion, he

suddenly bounded towards me; but—whether it was owing to his not perceiving me, partially concealed as I was in the long grass—or to my instinctively throwing my body on one side—or to his miscalculating the distance—in making his last spring, he went clear over me, and alighted on the ground three or four paces beyond. Instantly, without rising, I wheeled round on my knee, and discharged my second barrel; and, as his broadside was then towards me, lodged a ball in his shoulder, which it completely smashed. On receiving my second fire, he made another and more determined rush at me; but, owing to his disabled state, I happily avoided him. It was, however, only by a hair's breadth, for he passed me within arm's length. He afterwards scrambled into the thick cover beyond, where, as night was then approaching, I did not deem it prudent to pursue him.

At an early hour on the next morning, however, we followed his "spoor," and soon came to the spot where he had passed the night. The sand here was one patch of blood; and the bushes immediately about were broken, and beaten down by his weight, as he had staggered to and fro in his effort to get on his legs again. Strange to say, however, we here lost all clue to the beast. A large troop of lions that had been feasting on a giraffe in the early morning, had obliterated his tracks; and it was not until some days afterwards, and when the carcase was in a state of decomposition, that his death was ascertained. He breathed his last very near to where we were at fault: but, in prosecuting the search, we had unfortunately taken exactly the opposite direction.

On our homeward path from the pursuit of the lion, we fell in with a herd of zebras; and, while discharging my gun at them, I accidentally pulled both triggers at once. The piece being very light, and loaded with double charges, the barrel flew out of the stock—the cocks burying themselves deep in the flesh on either side of my nose just under the eyes, and leaving scars visible to this day. Mr. Rath, on seeing me in this plight, was good enough to say, by way of consolation, that it was undoubtedly a just punishment of Heaven, in consequence of my having carried a gun on a Sunday!

During their stay at Schmelen's Hope the travellers not unfrequently received visits from leopards, but erroneously called "tigers" by the Dutch—a denomination under which the panther is also included. It is indeed doubtful if tigers, at least of the species common to the East Indies, exist on the African continent. The Damaras, however, assert that the real tiger is found in the country; and they once pointed out to Mr. Rath the tracks of an animal which he found to be very different to any he had ever before seen in Africa, and which the natives assured him were those of the animal in question.

One night, Mr. Andersson relates, I was suddenly awoken by a furious barking of our dogs, accompanied by cries of distress. Suspecting that some beast of prey had seized upon one of them, I leaped, undressed, out of my bed—and, gun in hand, hurried to the spot whence the cries proceeded. The night was pitchy dark, however, and I could distinguish nothing; yet, in the hope of frightening the intruder away, I shouted at the top of my voice. In a few moments, a torch was lighted, and we then discerned the tracks of a leopard, and also large patches of blood. On counting the dogs, I found that "Summer," the best and fleetest of our kennel, was missing. As it was in vain that I

called and searched for him, I concluded that the tiger had carried him away; and, as nothing further could be done that night, I again retired to rest; but the fate of the poor animal continued to haunt me, and drove sleep away. I had seated myself on the front chest of the waggon, when suddenly the melancholy cries were repeated; and, on reaching the spot, I discovered "Summer" stretched at full length, in the middle of a bush. Though the poor creature had several deep wounds about his throat and chest, he at once recognised me, and, wagging his tail, looked wistfully in my face. The sight sickened me, as I carried him into the house—where, in time, however, he recovered.

The very next day, "Summer" was revenged in a very unexpected manner. Some of the servants had gone into the bed of the river to chase away a jackal, when they suddenly encountered a leopard in the act of springing at our goats, which were grazing, unconsciously of danger, on the river's bank. On finding himself discovered, he immediately took refuge in a tree, where he was at once attacked by the men. It was, however, not until he had received upwards of sixteen wounds—some of which were inflicted by poisoned arrows—that life became extinct. I arrived at the scene of conflict only to see him die.

During the whole affair, the men had stationed themselves at the foot of the tree—to the branches of which the leopard was pertinaciously clinging—and, having expended all their ammunition, one of them proposed—and the suggestion was taken into serious consideration—that they should pull him down by the tail!

The poorer of the Damaras, when hard pressed for food, eat the flesh of the leopard, the hyæna, and many other beasts of prey.

The caracal (*Felis Caracal*), or the wild cat, as it is generally called in these parts, was not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Schmelen's Hope. The fur of this animal is warm and handsome, and is much esteemed by the natives, who convert the skins into carosses, &c.

Our party fared well at Schmelen's Hope. Besides the larger game which abounded, the table was plentifully supplied with geese, ducks, guinea-fowls, francolins, and grouse. There were also large bustards, but so shy, as to be killed with great difficulty. The termites, or white ants, build nests twenty feet high and one hundred feet in circumference. Wild bees frequently make their nests in these gigantic dwellings. Mushrooms grow in abundance from their sides in the rainy season.

On the morning of the 3rd of March, Messrs. Galton and Andersson left Schmelen's Hope for Lake Omanbondè in the Damara country. On this occasion, being in advance of the waggons, Mr. Andersson says he came suddenly upon an animal, which, though considerably smaller, much resembled a lion in appearance. Under ordinary circumstances, I should certainly have taken it for a young lion; but I had been formerly given to understand that in this part of Africa there exists a quadruped which, in regard to shape and colour, is like the lion, but, in most other respects, is totally distinct from it. The beast in question is said to be nocturnal in its habits, to be timid and harmless, and to prey for the most part on the small species of antelopes. In the native language it is called Onguirira, and would, as far as I could see, have answered the description of

a puma. As it was going straight away from me, I did not think it prudent to fire.

Great was our travellers' disappointment on reaching the long-sought-for lake! About noon, on the 5th of April, Mr. Andersson relates, we were rapidly approaching Omanbondè; but oh, how were we disappointed! My heart beat violently with excitement. The sleepy motion of the oxen, as they toiled through the heavy sand, being far too slow for my eagerness and excited imagination, I proceeded considerably in advance of the waggons, with about half-a-dozen Damaras, when all at once the country became open, and I found myself on some rising ground, gently sloping towards the bed of what I thought to be a dry water-course.

"There!" suddenly exclaimed one of the natives—"there is Omanbondè!"

"Omanbondè!" I echoed, almost in despair; "but where, in the name of heaven, is the water!"

I could say no more, for my heart failed me, and I sat down till the waggons came up; when, pointing to the dry river-bed, I told Galton that he saw the lake before him.

"Nonsense!" he replied; "it is only the end or tail of it which you see there.

After having descended into the bed, we continued to travel, at a rapid pace, about a mile in a westerly direction, when, at a bend, we discovered a large patch of green reeds. At this sight, a momentary ray of hope brightened up every countenance; but the next instant it vanished, for we found that the natives were actually searching for water amongst the rushes!

The truth at last dawned on us. We were indeed at Omanbondè—the lake of hippopotami! We all felt utter prostration of heart. For a long while we were unable to give utterance to our feelings. We first looked at the reeds before us, then at each other in mute dismay and astonishment. A dried-up vley, very little more than a mile in extent, and a patch of reeds, was the only reward for months of toil and anxiety.

Omanbondè was the southern limit of the palm-tree, and a new species designated as the Fan Palm was met with. Mr. Galton presented Kew Gardens with some specimens of the fruit, but every effort to raise plants from it proved abortive. Not far from what is undoubtedly a sheet of water in the rainy season, our travellers came to a remarkable fountain, which did not fail to excite their wonder and admiration. Mr. Andersson thus describes it:—

After a day and a half travel, we suddenly found ourselves on the brink of Otjikoto, the most extraordinary chasm it was ever my fortune to see. It is scooped, so to say, out of the solid limestone rock; and, though on a thousand times larger scale, not unlike the *Élv-gryta*, one so commonly meets in Scandinavia. The form of Otjikoto is cylindrical; its diameter upwards of four hundred feet, and its depth, as we ascertained by the lead-line, two hundred and fifteen—that is at the sides, for we had no means of plumbing the middle, but had reason to believe the depth to be pretty uniform throughout. To about thirty feet of the brink it is filled with water.¹

¹ Shortly before reaching "Baboon Fountain," I should remark, that, at a place called Orujo, we saw a cavity of a similar kind, though on an infinitely smaller scale. It consisted of a circular-shaped basin in the limestone rock, ninety feet in diameter by thirty in depth. As it was dry at the time, we ascer-

Otjikoto, "one of the most wonderful of Nature's freaks," is situated at the northern extremity of those broken hills which take their rise in the neighbourhood of Okamabuti, and in the midst of a dense coppice. So effectually is it hidden from view, that a person might pass within fifty paces of it without being aware of its existence. Owing to its steep and rugged sides, cattle have not access to the water; and even a man can only approach this enormous well by means of a steep and slippery footpath. No perceptible difference could be observed in the height of the water; and the Ovambo informed us that, as long as they and their fathers remembered, it had always been the same. It is difficult to imagine how or whence Otjikoto receives its supplies. A spacious cavern, only visible and accessible from the water, may possibly be the grand reservoir.

After gratifying our curiosity, Galton and myself, standing in need of a bath, plunged head-foremost into the profound abyss. The natives were utterly astounded. Before reaching Otjikoto, they had told us, that if a man or beast was so unfortunate as to fall into the pool, he would inevitably perish. We attributed this to superstitious notions; but the mystery was now explained. The art of swimming was totally unknown in these regions. The water was very cold, and, from its great depth, the temperature is likely to be the same throughout the year.

We swam into the cavern to which allusion has just been made. The transparency of the water, which was of the deepest sea-green was remarkable; and the effect produced in the watery mirror by the reflection of the crystallized walls and roof of the cavern, appeared very striking and beautiful. In this mysterious spot, two owls, and a great number of bats, had taken up their abode. On approaching some of the latter, which I saw clinging to the rocks, I found, to my surprise, that they were dead, and had probably been so for many years; at least, they had all the appearance of mummies.

Otjikoto contained an abundance of fish, somewhat resembling perch; but those we caught were not much larger than one's finger. One day we had several scores of these little creatures for dinner, and very palatable they proved.

In the morning and evening, Otjikoto was visited by an incredible number of doves, some of which were most delicately and beautifully marked. On such occasions the wood resounded with their cooing; but when disturbed, as they frequently were, by the invasion of a hawk, the noise caused by their precipitate flight was like that of a sudden rush of wind.

Many bushmen resided near Otjikoto; and, as everywhere else in these regions, they lived on excellent terms with the Ovambo, to whom they brought copper-ore for sale, which they obtained from the neighbouring hills. Indeed, as our acquaintance with the Ovambo increased, we were more and more favourably impressed with their character. They treated all men equally well, and even the so much-despised Hottentots ate out of the same dish, and smoked out of the same pipe, as themselves.

The Ovambo, or Ovampo, as Galton has it, here alluded to, are among the most interesting natives of

tained that the bottom was flat, or nearly so. In various other places we also met with similar basins, but on a still smaller scale than Orujo.

Western Tropical Africa. They are of a very dark complexion, tall, and robust, but remarkably ugly and scantily attired. But the remarkable point connected with them is, that they inhabit a corn-growing country, and that they are a people of essentially sedentary, peaceable, and agricultural habits; and their country, Ondonga, is like a wadi or oasis in the wilderness.

The second of June, says Andersson, will ever be remembered by us. On the afternoon of that day, we first set eye on the beautiful and fertile plains of Ondonga—the country of the Ovambo. Vain would be any attempt to describe the sensations of delight and pleasure experienced by us on that memorable occasion, or to give an idea of the enchanting panoramic scene that all at once opened on our view. Suffice it to say, that instead of the eternal jungles, where every moment we were in danger of being dragged out of our saddles by the merciless thorns, the landscape now presented

an apparently boundless field of yellow corn, dotted with numerous peaceful homesteads, and bathed in the soft light of a declining tropical sun. Here and there, moreover, arose gigantic, wide-spreading, and dark-foliaged timber and fruit trees, whilst innumerable fan-like palms, either singly or in groups, completed the picture. To us it was a perfect elysium, and well rewarded us for every former toil and disappointment. My friend, who had travelled far and wide, confessed he had never seen anything that could be compared to it. Often since have I conjured up to my imagination this scene, and have thought it might not inaptly be compared to stepping out of a hot, white, and shadowless road, into a park, fresh with verdure, and cool with the umbrage cast down by groups of reverend trees.

The first dwelling that lay in our path was that of old Naitjo, one of the chief men of our trading cara-



HUNTER AND RHINOCEROS.

van, who, after having feasted us on such fare as the country produced (amongst which was a dish of hot dough, steeped in melted butter), conducted us over his extensive establishment, comprising his harem, his children, his granaries, and so forth. Timbo was in ecstasies with the country and its hospitable inhabitants, and declared that it was as like as two peas to his own native land.

Another hour's travel brought us to the residence of our guide, Chikor'onkombè, where we remained two nights and a day to rest our weary animals. Poor creatures! they had had no water for two entire days, and the consequence was that, during the first night, they broke out of the inclosures, and strayed far away in search of it.

On the 4th, we again set forward. The aspect of the country was still characterised by the greatest abundance, and the trees became even more numerous.

Nearly all produced edible fruit, though some were not yet ripe. The trees, moreover, were on a grander scale than heretofore. One kind in particular—that mentioned as bearing a fruit somewhat resembling an apple—attained to a most astonishing size. Indeed, the branches of one that we measured spread over a space of ground one hundred and forty-four feet in diameter, or four hundred and thirty-two in circumference.

The palms growing hereabout—the stems of which before they began to branch out, often rose to fifty and sixty feet—were, to all appearance, of the same kind as that we had seen about two hundred miles to the southward; but the fruit proved very good. When slightly soaked in water—which, by the by, is the best way of eating it—it tasted precisely like gingerbread.

There appeared to be no roads of any description.

Fortunately, however, the harvest had just been completed, or nearly so; and, without damage to the owners, we were therefore enabled to cross the fields as the crow flies.

Two different kinds of grain we found indigenous to this country—viz., the common Caffre-corn, said to resemble the Egyptian "doura;" and another sort, very small-grained, not unlike canary-seed, and akin, I believe, to the "badjera" of India. This is the more nutritious of the two; and, when well-ground, produces excellent flour.

The stalk of both these kinds of grain is stout—the thickness of a sugar-cane—some eight or nine feet high, and juicy and sweet to the taste, which has no doubt given rise to a belief in the existence of the sugar-cane in many of the interior parts of Africa. When the grain is ripe, the ear is cut off, and the remainder is left to the cattle, which devour it greedily.

Besides grain, the Ovambo cultivate calabashes, water-melons, pumpkins, beans, peas, &c. They also plant tobacco. When ripe, the leaves and stalks are collected, and mashed together in a hollow piece of wood, by means of a heavy pole. The tobacco is, however, of a very inferior quality; so much so, that our Damaras—who had a mania for the weed—refused to smoke it.

There are no towns or villages in Ovambo-land; but the people, like the patriarchs of old, live in separate families. Each homestead is situated in the middle of a corn-field, and surrounded by high and stout palisades. The natives were obliged to take this precaution in order to guard against the sudden attacks of a neighbouring hostile tribe, which kept constantly harassing them. Once or twice the Ovambo attempted to retaliate, but without success. The tribe just mentioned is the only one with whom this naturally-peaceable people are ever at variance. If not previously provoked, they interfere with no one.

We were anxious to form some sort of estimate of the density of the population; but this was no easy matter. However, by counting the houses in a certain extent of country, and taking the average number of individuals to each, we came to the conclusion that there was about a hundred persons to every square mile.

With the exception of a few cows and goats, no cattle were seen about the dwellings of the natives, yet we knew them to be possessed of vast herds. A general scarcity of water and pasturage in Oudonga compelled them to send the oxen away to distant parts. They also breed hogs, which, from their mischievous propensities, are always sent to a distance during the time of harvest. These animals, they assured us, attain to an enormous size. By all accounts, indeed, they must be perfect monsters. And there can be little doubt of the fact; for captains of vessels, who are accustomed to trade with the natives of the west coast, also speak of a gigantic race of swine.

III.

THE KING OF THE OVAMBO—STALKING GNUS IN COMPANY WITH LIONS—UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO REACH LAKE NGAMI—ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF GAME—A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

OUR traveller's interview with the Nangoro King of the Ovambo was amusing enough. With the exception of a cow and an ox, he appeared to appreciate few

or none of the presents which Mr. Galton bestowed on him. And as for my friend's brilliant and energetic orations, they had no more effect in the ear of royalty, than if addressed to a stock or a stone. It was in vain that he represented to his majesty the advantages of a more immediate communication with Europeans. Nangoro spoke little or nothing. He could not be eloquent because excessive fat had made him short-winded. Like Falstaff, his 'voice was broken.' Any attempt on his part to utter a sentence of decent length, would have put an end to him; so he merely 'grunted,' whenever he desired to express either approbation or dissatisfaction.

Our travellers wished to proceed from Ovambo to the unexplored river Cunevè, said to be four days' travel to the north, but Nangoro refused to grant assistance, because they had declined to kill elephants for him, and they were obliged, reluctantly, to retrace their steps. On their way back game was abundant, and they managed to kill sufficient for their supply without being obliged to have recourse to their few remaining live stock. They also met, for the first time, that magnificent antelope, the eland. Beasts of prey were likewise numerous. Indeed, they always followed the larger game. During the nights they were constantly annoyed by the dismal howlings of the hyenas, and they had some exciting foot-chases after these animals.

Whilst out hunting one morning, says Mr. Anderson, I espied a small troop of gnus quietly grazing at a bend of the river. Cautiously approaching them under shelter of the intervening ground, they suddenly tossed their heads, switched their tails, scraped the earth impatiently with their hoofs, and sniffed the air. I was puzzled how to account for this unusual agitation, as, from my position, I was certain they could not have discovered me. But I had not much time for conjecture; for the next instant I was startled by the growl of some animal close to me. On looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I discovered, to my utter astonishment, two lions and a lioness on the rising ground just above me; and, as it seemed, they also were on the look-out for the gnu. I instinctively levelled my piece at the head of the nearest of the beasts; but a moment's reflection convinced me that the odds were too great, and I, therefore, thought it best to reserve my fire, so as to be in readiness to receive them, should they charge. After having regarded me for a few seconds, however, they growlingly disappeared behind a sandhill. (See p. 697.)

By this time, the gnus had become aware of the lions, and were making off at the top of their speed. Being anxious to obtain a shot at them I followed on their tracks, but soon found to my dismay, that my three royal friends, with jaws distended and uttering furious growls, were following a course parallel to mine. Though I must confess I did not at all like their looks, as only excessive hunger could have induced them, in broad day, to seek for victims, I nevertheless continued to follow the tracks of the antelopes until they led me into the bush, where I presently lost them, as well as myself.

On first seeing the gnus, I left my henchman, "Bill," a Damara lad, who carried my spare gun, at some distance behind, with directions to follow on my track according to circumstances. Now that the gnus were lost to me, I shouted loudly to the youth, and also discharged my gun more than once, but was unable to

elicit a reply. Thinking, however, that he might have returned to our encampment (which was at no great distance), I also repaired there. But "Bill" had not been heard of. The harassing suspicion at once crossed my mind that the lions had eaten him. Without a moment's delay I hurried back to the spot where I had last seen the beasts, but all my endeavours to find the little fellow were unavailing. What with my anxiety on his account, and my exertions under a broiling sun (for if the weather were frosty at night, it calcined one by day), I was unable to proceed farther, and sat myself down on the ground to wait for the arrival of the waggons, which were now moving forward. Just at this moment, the Damara, to my inexpressible delight, emerged from the bush. His story was soon told. He had, like myself, lost his way, and it was long before he was able to recover the right track.

On their return to Barmen, there being several months before the vessel which brought the missionary stores to Walfisch Bay was expected, an excursion was resolved upon to the eastward, partly with the view of penetrating to the Lake Ngami, and partly to become better acquainted with Great Namaqua-land. The first point to which they directed themselves was Eikhams, a very pretty place, once a missionary station, but at that time the residence of Jonker Africaner, a celebrated robber-chief. Beyond this, their way lay through the country of the Hill-Damaras, game abounding and the larder being well supplied. At Elephant Fountain, also an abandoned missionary station, they had to give up their waggons and prosecute their journey with pack-and-ride oxen. The country beyond was represented as sandy and bushy. After no little inconvenience and misery on account of the great heat, the terrible drought, and scarcity of pasturage about the few and widely-separated watering-places, they reached Tunobis some nine or ten days' journey from Lake Ngami, and learning there that the country between that and the lake was impassable at that season (October 3) from want of water, they were forced to retrace their steps. From the absence of water within a distance of two or three days' journey of Tunobis, the number of animals that nightly congregate there to quench their thirst is described as being truly astonishing.

To give the reader, says Mr. Andersson, some idea of the immense quantity of game hereabouts, I may mention, that in the course of the few days that we remained at Tunobis, our party shot, amongst other animals, upwards of thirty rhinoceroses. One night, indeed, when quite alone, I killed in the space of five hours (independently of other game) no less than eight of those beasts, amongst which were three distinct species; and it is my belief that if I had persevered I might have destroyed double the number;¹ but I never took delight in useless slaughter. In our case—and I think I may say in all cases where I have been concerned in killing a great number of wild beasts—not a pound of flesh was wasted; for what we did not require for our own use, was devoured by the natives.

As another evidence of the enormous quantity of game in this region, I may state that the fountain in

question, which was a copious one—nay, apparently inexhaustible—was almost nightly drunk dry.

On several occasions, I had narrow escapes from being gored by the horns of these ugly monsters. Thus, one animal, on receiving a mortal wound, charged me with such fury as to carry completely away the fore part of my "skärm," and I only saved my life by throwing myself with great force against the opposite wall, which fortunately gave way.

At another time, I was walking leisurely up to a huge female white rhinoceros, that Mr. Galton had killed during the preceding night, when all at once its calf, about the size of an ox, rushed upon me from behind the carcass. Its movements were so rapid, that I had neither time to get out of its way nor to level my gun, but passing the barrel, like a stick, against its chest, I fired, and, as luck would have it, the ball caused the calf to swerve on one side, and take itself off. A short time afterwards, and at no great distance from our encampment, it was found dead.

At Elephant Fountain Mr. Andersson had another narrow escape from a lion. He had posted himself, he relates, in a dense mimosa brake, commanding the approach to the Zwart Nosop river at a point much frequented by wild animals, and flanked by an immense pit-fall. The darkness was deepened by surrounding thick foliage and high river-banks. Indeed, so black was the night that I could not discern even the muzzle of my gun. The gloominess of my solitude was increased by the occasional "Qua-qua!" of the night-heron, which made the succeeding hush more dreary; during which even the falling of leaves, and rustling of insects among dry grass, was hailed as a relief to the oppressive dumbness. To a man in a savage wilderness, and without a companion, silence, especially when combined with utter privation of light, is inexpressibly solemn. It strikes the mind not merely as a negation, but as a threatening presence. It seems ominous. I shall never forget the loneliness and sense of desolation I felt on this occasion. It was past midnight, and still no game appeared.

Suddenly, I fancied I heard the purr and breathing of an animal close behind me; but, as no other indications of any living thing ensued, I attributed the sounds to a heated imagination. All at once, however, the dismal stillness was disturbed by the quick steps of a troop of pallahs, descending the stony slope leading direct to my ambush. Stooping as low as possible, in order to catch their outline, I waited their arrival with my gun on full cock. Nearer and nearer they came, till at last I fancied the leader was on the verge of the pit-fall; but, just at that moment, there was a low, stifled growl, a rush, and then a faint cry as of some dying animal. All was again silent. Though the impenetrable darkness prevented me from seeing anything, I could no longer doubt that I was in the immediate vicinity of a lion. I freely acknowledge that I felt awed, well knowing that were he to attack me, I should be completely at his mercy. My situation was critical in the extreme. Straining eyes and ears to discover the beast's whereabouts, I held my breath in fearful suspense, whilst every nerve was strung to the highest pitch. Presently I heard, to my astonishment, the report of a gun within fifty paces of my hiding-place; then a second and a third shot. This made matters worse; for I now became apprehensive that the men, not aware of my presence, might direct their fire towards me. I therefore sprang to my feet, and vociferated—"Who's there?" "Sir, the lion—the lion!" replied Eyebrecht,

¹ When we thus shot at night, we generally ensconced ourselves in a "skärm," that is, a small circular enclosure, six or eight feet in diameter, the walls (usually consisting of loose stones), being about two feet in height.

for it was no other. The next instant he stood trembling before me. He had, it appeared, been sent by Amral, to call me back, but had encountered the beast in his path, and fired in order to frighten him away.

Though I did not exactly comply with the wishes of the chief, I deemed it advisable, after what had passed, to remove to a more open space, where I was less likely to be taken by surprise. Early next morning a number of Hottentots came to examine the ground, when, as I had expected, we found the foot-prints of a lion at the very back of my "skärm," and scarcely distant the length of the gun-barrel from my own person, where he had evidently been crouching previously to leaping on the pallah (whose cry I had heard in the night), but which, though wounded, had effected its escape. How far the beast intended me mischief is hard to say, but in any case my position had not been an enviable one.

IV.

MR. ANDERSSON VISITS CAPE TOWN—RETURNS TO WALFISCH BAY—PIET'S PERFORMANCE WITH LIONS—A LION GOES TO CHURCH—MUTILATED HYÆNA—A DRAUGHT OF BLOOD.

ARRIVED at Walfisch Bay, Mr. Galton took ship for St. Helena, on his way home, whilst Mr. Andersson remained behind with Hans—himself a host—and two other men, who agreed to stay with him, and share in the dangers of a renewed attempt to reach Lake Ngami. It was now the rainy season, and the barren haarip was richly carpeted with grass and flowers. The presence of herds of the beautiful cryx, the lively quagga, and the grotesque gnu, which looked like—

"Beasts of mixed and monstrous birth,
Creations of some fabled earth,"

served further to enhance the interest of the scene. These were also glorious times for the lions, who were exceedingly numerous.

Finding, on making a survey of his little property, that, notwithstanding Mr. Galton had furnished him with a variety of things, he was deficient in the most important—such as articles for barter, presents for chiefs, instruments for taking observations, and provisions, Mr. Andersson resolved to visit Cape Town before carrying out his intentions. This journey he succeeded in accomplishing by land, but not without many perils and adventures, being tossed by an ox, attacked with ophthalmia, cheated by Jonker, his tent burnt by fire, laid low with malignant fever, and, finally, when he arrived at the Cape, treated as a vagrant and an outlaw. Worse than all, he was abandoned, at the Cape, by Hans and the boy Aller; but Andersson was not the man to shrink before difficulties—a stouter heart, perhaps, seldom existed. He obtained the services of Timbo, who had returned from St. Helena, after having served with the first expedition, as also that of an English lad—George Bonfield—who accompanied him to the Great Lake, and when he became ill, and was crippled by wounds inflicted by wild animals, the presence and tender care of this youth greatly relieved and soothed his sufferings.

Mr. Andersson returned to Walfisch Bay with a Mr. Reid, in the schooner *Flying Fish*, and on his arrival there was grieved to find that the Namaquas and Damaras were at war, and the country, consequently, very unsafe. Jonker had also declared against the missionaries, who were finally compelled to desist from their ill-requited labours. These bad tidings had,

however, no effect upon our traveller, who proceeded by Tincas to Richterfeldt, shooting a full-grown male lion by the way, having split his skull in two at the first shot.

Lions had been unusually numerous and daring during the year. Mr. Rath's waggon-driver, Piet, a mighty Nimrod, and his two foster-sons, had killed upwards of twenty in the course of a few months. And many and wonderful were their escapes from these animals.

One night, the old man was awakened by a peculiar noise outside his door, which was constructed so as to shut in two parts. The lower division was closed, but the upper was left open on account of the oppressive state of the atmosphere. Quietly taking up his gun, Piet stole softly to the door, expecting to meet with a hyæna, as he knew that one of these beasts was in the habit of harrassing the goat-kids, which, for better security, he had kraaled against the wall of the house. His amazement, however, was great, when, instead of a hyæna, a lion stood before him. Without losing his presence of mind, he poked the muzzle of his piece against the animal's head, and blew out its brains.

Again: Riding along one morning in a very weak state, having just recovered from a severe fever, a lion suddenly rushed at him. The ox became frightened, and threw the old man. One of his feet was caught in the stirrup; but, fortunately, the "veld" shoe slipped off.

"I know," said the veteran hunter, "I was thrown, and that I got on my legs again, but in what manner is quite a mystery to me to this day. I called, as loud as my feeble voice permitted, to my people to bring a gun, the lion always getting nearer and nearer, until he stood within arm's length. I once or twice tried to pull out my pistol or my sword-knife, which, as you know, I usually carry about with me, but in my anxiety I missed them. My jacket was lying just in front of me on the ground, but the brute had one of his paws on it. I felt desperate, however, and, pulling it forcibly away, struck the lion on the head, when he grinned and growled terribly, and I expected every moment he would tear me to pieces. At this juncture, my Damara, who fortunately had heard my cries of distress, came running up with my gun. Taking the piece from the man, I fired at the lion, who had retreated a few paces, where he sat quietly looking at me. I don't know whether I hit him, for what with the sudden fright, and my weak constitution, I felt very unsteady. Be that as it may, it had, at all events, the effect of scaring him away, for, at the report of the gun, he instantly betook himself to cover."

On another occasion, when the missionary waggon was on its road to Walfisch Bay, a lion sprang unexpectedly into the midst of the sleeping party, which was bivouacking, at the time, on the banks of the Kubakop river. One of Piet's sons, who was present, picked up his gun from the ground; but, in order to prevent the dew from injuring it, he had wrapped his waistcoat round the lock, and, in the hurry, he was unable to disengage the garment. Finding, however, that the lion was just about to lay hold of him, he held out the piece and fired at random, but fortunately with deadly effect.

Once a lion found his way into the church at Richterfeldt. The alarm being given, the Damaras, assegai in hand, rushed to the spot, and, seizing him by the tail and ears, dragged him bodily out of the sacred

edifice. The poor brute was actually dying from starvation, and offered but a very feeble resistance. I saw his skin.

From Barmen Mr. Andersson proceeded again to Eikhams, but the relationship with Jonker was, as may be easily imagined, anything but friendly. The journey thence to Tunobis—Mr. Galton's farthest—was by no means so pleasant as on the previous occasion, and although Mr. Andersson shot a giraffe—the only instance in which one was killed outright with a single bullet—still game was so scarce that all the party suffered grievously from hunger. From Tunobis to Ghanzé, a celebrated watering-place, the way lay through an intensely dense thorn jungle, which not only tore their flesh and clothes, but subtracted several articles of value from the pack-saddles. The elephant and the rhinoceros have wandered to this watering-place for ages in undisputed sway. Here and there an "iron" tree, the mythological progenitor of the Damaras, stood majestically forth, shooting its wide-spreading branches high into space.

Almost the first animal, says Mr. Andersson, I saw at this place was a gigantic "tiger-wolf," or spotted hyæna, which to my surprise, instead of seeking safety in flight, remained stationary, grinning in the most ghastly manner. Having approached within twenty paces, I perceived, to my horror, that his fore paws and the skin and flesh of his front legs had been gnawed away, and that he could scarcely move from the spot. To shorten the sufferings of the poor beast I seized my opportunity and knocked him on the head with a stone; and, catching him by the tail, drove my hunting knife deep into his side. But I had to repeat the operation more than once before I could put an end to his existence. I am at a loss how to account for his mangled condition. It certainly could not have been from age, for his teeth were good. Could it be possible that from want of food he had become too weak for further exertions, and that, as a last resource, he had attacked his own body? Or was he an example of that extraordinary species of cruelty said to be practised by the lion on the hyæna, when the latter has the insolence to interfere with the monarch's prey.¹

Fortune once again favoured us; for, in the course of the few days we remained at Ghanzé, several rhinoceroses were shot, affording an abundance of provision. These animals were very numerous, but rather shy. One night I counted twenty defiling past me, though beyond reach. The cause of so unusual a number being seen together was as follows:—In the early part of the night, one or two were approaching the water, but, having winded me, they kept walking restlessly round the place, grunting and snorting most viciously. This had the effect of putting those who arrived later on their guard, and they soon joined company.

Having enjoyed a good deal of shooting at this oasis in the desert, and feasted themselves and bushmen on rhinoceros flesh to their hearts' content, they left Ghanzé on the 23rd of June. The first portion of the country through which their road led was very thorny; but the bush gradually opened, and they journeyed with more ease.

In the early part of the day, after our departure, I

¹ It is asserted by more than one experienced hunter, that when the hyæna proves troublesome, the lion has been known to bite off all its feet, and, thus mutilated, leave the poor animal to its fate!

caused, says Mr. Andersson, my horse to be saddled, and rode off to look for water. About noon I reached a hollow, of a similar nature as Ghanzé, but on a smaller scale. I thought I perceived indications of the existence of water; and, having 'hobbled' the steed, went in search of it. The elephants, however, had so trampled the place that, though I could not doubt of water being there, I soon found that it was only to be had by a vast deal of labour.

Whilst reflecting on what was best to do, whether to remain and clear out the pit, or to push on in hopes of finding another watering-place, I observed several small birds flying in and out at a small crevice in the limestone-rock. Running to the spot, I discovered a narrow, circular aperture, about two feet broad, and perhaps twice as much in depth, with something at the bottom reflecting light. Taking for granted that it was water which thus shone, and being tormented with thirst, I leapt into the hole, and greedily swallowed a large quantity. I was too eager to be able to distinguish its taste; but, having somewhat slaked my burning thirst, my palate resumed its functions, and I thought I had never experienced so abominable a flavour. Imagine my horror, when, taking a small portion in the hollow of my hand and holding it up to the light, I found I had been drinking *blood*, mixed with the refuse of some wild animal! I shall never forget the loathing I felt on making this discovery; and, though my stomach was presently relieved of its nauseous contents, I long retained a qualmish sensation. The mystery was, however, cleared up. On a more close examination of the aperture in question, it was found that a herd of zebras had, like myself, been looking for water, and, in so doing, one of them had fallen in, and been found and killed by the Bushmen. Hence the blood and offal of the unfortunate animal.

V.

THE POOL OF KOBIS—FIRST ELEPHANT SHOT—LIONS AND GIRAFFE—THE POOL AT MIDNIGHT—HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES—A BLACK RHINOCEROS—A TROOP OF ELEPHANTS.

THE next station was Kobis, where there was a magnificent sheet of water swarming with geese and ducks, and as usual visited at night by abundance of larger game, more especially elephants and rhinoceros. Here, however, Mr. Andersson was seized with a singular malady: a pain in the knee that caused intolerable anguish, and which incapacitated him from moving for some days. This forced detention naturally brought about a want of flesh. Our traveller possessed a few sheep, but he was afraid to kill them, not knowing what the future had in store for him. It was on this occasion that he shot his first elephant. He had dispersed his men over the surrounding country; but though they met with game in abundance, from mismanagement and bad shooting, they were unable to bag a single animal.

One evening I desperately resolved to go to the water myself in the hope of succeeding better. Accordingly I ordered my servants to prepare a "skärm," and to carry me there, taking the chance of being run over or gored by elephants or rhinoceroses; for, in my disabled state, it was impossible, should any animal charge, to get out of its way. Seeing my helpless condition, the men remonstrated, but I was resolved to go, and fortune favoured me.



A POND IN AFRICA AT NIGHT.



I had patiently waited till nigh morning without seeing anything but hyenas and jackals. I believe these creatures knew I would not hurt them, for they approached within a very few paces, staring and laughing at me in the most impudent manner. I threw gravel-pebbles at them, but this only served to increase their mockery. I could stand it no longer, but hurled my camp-chair at their heads, when they quickly betook themselves to flight.

Scarcely had they made their exit, than I heard the heavy tramp of elephants. At this sound, my heart beat violently; but it was only momentarily. The next instant, I recovered my self-possession. Pushing my gun gently over the "skärm," I quietly waited (without daring to think of my poor leg) the approach of the giants. Nearer and nearer they came; their steps were more distinct and measured; confused forms were seen advancing amongst the trees. Gradually they assumed shape; and, lo! suddenly a huge elephant stood out in bold relief against the sky line; then another, and another, till the ground became alive with their numbers. There must have been at least fifty. They hesitated for a moment, but then came swiftly on by a broad path, at right angles to, and within a dozen feet of my place of concealment. I scarcely dared to breathe. The leader stood conspicuously forth from the rest, and, as a matter of course, I selected him for a mark. Having allowed the huge creature to pass a few paces beyond me, so as to have an opportunity of a second shot, I gave a low whistle which instantly arrested the attention of the brutes, who, partially raising their huge ears, and describing with their trunks eccentric circles through the air, seemed anxiously to inquire the cause of the strange noise. This was my opportunity; and, in an instant, the forest resounded with the report of the gun. Curling up his trunk, the stricken animal uttered a faint cry, and, turning sharply round, staggered back whence he came. It was clear the wound he had received was mortal; but to make more sure, I gave him the contents of my second barrel, though, apparently, without effect. Having reached the skirts of the wood, he tottered, and plunging violently forward, came heavily to the ground.

I had eagerly watched the scene; and now, strange to relate, that the danger and excitement was over, I was seized with a violent tremor. After a time, however, when my nerves had become somewhat composed, I pushed down part of the enclosure, and, though crippled, crawled on all fours up to the carcass. Having ascertained that life was extinct, I scrambled on to the back of the defunct elephant, where, like a schoolboy, I seated myself in triumph.

Elephants, rhinoceroses, gnus, and zebras were, after this, shot almost nightly. Giraffes were not very numerous in this neighbourhood, but occasionally they made their appearance at the pool when he managed to get a shot.

Late one evening, Mr. Andersson relates, in another part of the country, I had badly wounded a lion, and at an early hour on the succeeding morning was following the bloody tracks of the beast, in the hope of putting an end to his career. Presently, we came upon the "spoor," of a whole troop of lions, as also that of a solitary giraffe. So many tracks confused us; and whilst endeavouring to pick out from the rest those of the wounded lion, I observed my native attendants suddenly rush forward, and the next instant

the jungle re-echoed with shouts of triumph. Thinking they had discovered the lions we were in pursuit of, I also hurried forward; but imagine my surprise, when emerging into an opening in the jungle, I saw, not a dead lion, as I expected, but five living lions (two males and three females), two of whom were in the act of pulling down a splendid giraffe, the other three watching, close at hand, and with devouring looks, the deadly strife. (See p. 673.)

The scene was of so imposing a nature that, for the moment, I forgot I carried a gun. The natives, however, in anticipation of a "glorious gorge," dashed madly forward, and, with the most piercing shrieks and yells, compelled the lions to beat a hasty retreat.

When I reached the giraffe, now stretched at full length on the sand, it made a few ineffectual attempts to raise its neck; its body heaved and quivered for a moment, and the next instant the poor animal was dead. It had received several deep gashes about the flanks and chest, caused by the claws and teeth of its fierce assailants. The strong and tough muscles of the neck were also bitten through.

All thought of pursuing the wounded lion was now out of the question. The natives remained gorging on the carcass of the cameleopard until it was devoured. A day or two afterwards, however, I had the good fortune to fall in with my royal antagonist, and finished him without much difficulty.

Our traveller enjoyed shooting at this remote and remarkably central station of Kobis to perfection. The scene presented by the pool at night is represented in the illustration. (See p. 689.) There is one fact, Mr. Andersson says—a fact that has hitherto escaped the attention of the African sportsmen—connected with this illustration that makes it particularly interesting. If the spring or pool, as the case may be, be of small extent, all the animals present will invariably retire from the water as soon as they are aware of the presence of the elephants, of whom they appear to have an instinctive dread, and will remain at a respectful distance until the giants have quenched their thirst. Thus, long before I have seen, or even heard the elephants, I have been warned of their approach by the symptoms of uneasiness displayed by such animals as happened to be drinking at the time. The giraffe, for instance, begins to sway his long neck to and fro; the zebra utters subdued, plaintive cries; the gnu glides away with a noiseless step; and even the ponderous and quarrelsome black rhinoceros, when he has time for reflection, will pull up short in his walk to listen; then, turning round, he listens again, and, if he feels satisfied that his suspicions are correct, he invariably makes off, usually giving vent to his fear or ire by one of his vicious and peculiar snorts. Once, it is true, I saw a rhinoceros drinking together with a herd of seven male elephants; but then he was of the white species, and, besides, I do not believe that either party knew of each other's proximity.

Our traveller had at the same time and place many hair-breadth escapes from elephants and rhinoceroses. One fine moonlight night, when snugly ensconced in my "skärm," and contemplating the strange but picturesque scene before me, my reverie was interrupted by the inharmonious grunting of a black rhinoceros. He was evidently in bad humour, for, as he emerged from amongst the trees into more open ground, I observed him madly charging anything and

everything that he encountered, such as bushes, stones, &c. Even the whitened skulls and skeletons of his own species, lying scattered about on the ground, were attacked with inconceivable fury. I was much amused at his eccentric pastime; but, owing to the openness of the ground, and the quantity of the limestone thereabouts, which made objects more distinct, he was not easy of approach. However, after divesting myself of my shoes, and all the more conspicuous parts of my dress, I managed to crawl—pushing my gun before me—to within a short distance of the snorting beast. As he was advancing in a direct line towards me, I did not like to fire, because one has little chance of killing the rhinoceros when in that position. Having approached to within a few feet of me, his attention was attracted, and suddenly uttering one of those strange “blowing” noises, so peculiar to the beast when alarmed or enraged, he prepared to treat me in a similar manner to the stones and skulls he had just so unceremoniously tossed about. Not a moment was to be lost; and, in self-defence, I fired at his head. I shall never forget the confusion of the animal on receiving the contents of my gun. Springing nearly perpendicularly into the air, and to the height of many feet, he came down again with a thump that seemed to make the earth tremble—then plunging violently forward (in doing which he all but trampled on me), he ran round and round the spot for fully five minutes, enveloping every object in a cloud of dust. At last he dashed into the wood and was hidden from view. Not finding blood on his tracks, I had no reason to suppose he was much hurt. My notion is the bullet struck his horn, partially stunning him with its jarring violence. Had my gun missed fire when he charged, it is more than probable I should have been impaled.

Again: having on a certain night stalked to within a few paces of a huge white rhinoceros (a female as it proved), I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear—for, guided by the flash of the gun, she rushed upon me with such fury that I had only time to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life, for not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. She was so near to me, that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on my face! I was in an agony of suspense, though, happily, only for a moment; for, having impatiently sniffed the air, she wheeled about, and made off at her utmost speed. I then saw, for the first time, that her calf was in company, and at once recognized the pair as an old acquaintance, and as specially vicious animals.

On another occasion, when the night was very dark, I crept to within a short distance of seven bull-elephants, and was endeavouring to pick out the largest, when I was startled by a peculiar rumbling noise close behind me. Springing to my feet, I perceived, to my surprise and alarm, a semi-circle of female elephants, with their calves, bearing down upon me. My position was critical, being between two fires, so to say, and I had no other choice than either to plunge into the pool, which could only be crossed by swimming, in the face of the male elephants, or to break through the ranks of the females. I adopted the latter alternative, but first fired at the nearest of the seven bulls; and then, and without a moment's delay, I rushed on the more open rank of the female phalanx, uttering at the time loud shouts. My cries caused a momentary panic amongst the animals, of

which I took advantage, and slipped out between them, discharging my second barrel into the shoulder of the nearest as I passed her. No sooner, however, had I effected my escape, than the whole herd made a simultaneous rush at me, and trumpeted so shrilly as to cause every man at the camp, as I learnt afterwards, to start out of his sleep. Fortunately the darkness prevented the beasts from following me, and the jungle being close by, I was soon in safety. In my precipitate flight, however, I severely lacerated my feet; for, when stalking the elephants, I had taken off my shoes that I might the better steal upon them.

When after awhile I ventured out of my place of concealment, I found everything quiet—only one solitary elephant remained. Having approached within a short distance, I could distinctly see him laving water on to his sides with his trunk. I immediately suspected he belonged to the troop of seven bulls, and was the one that I had fired at. Seating myself right across his path, I quietly watched his proceedings. After a time I saw him, as I thought, moving off in an opposite direction; but I was mistaken; for in another instant his towering form loomed above me. It was too late to get out of his way; so, quickly raising myself on one knee, I took a steady aim at his fore leg. On receiving the ball he uttered the most plaintive cries, and rushing past me, soon disappeared in the neighbouring forest. The next afternoon he was discovered dead within rifle-shot of the water. It had been a very successful night, for a fine female elephant had also fallen to my other shot.¹

VI.

CALF OF THE TRAVELLER'S LEG GOES ASTRAY—ESCAPES DEATH BY A MIRACLE—SHOOTS A WHITE RHINOCEROS—IS DESPERATELY WOUNDED BY A BLACK RHINOCEROS—SAVES HIS HALF-CASTE BOY.

OUR traveller determined to lose no more time, but to push on at once to the lake. His leg had in some degree recovered its strength, but, unobserved by him it had received a somewhat ugly twist. Little George, he relates, first drew his attention to the fact:

“Sir,” said he, “your leg has grown crooked.”

“Crooked!” echoed I, somewhat angrily. “What do you mean?”

“Only,” he wickedly replied, “the calf is nearly where the shin ought to be.”

The boy's remark was not without foundation; but in time the leg assumed its proper shape.

Notwithstanding my anxious desire to reach the Ngami—the goal of my wishes—I determined, before finally leaving Kobis, to devote one more day, or rather night, to the destruction of the denizens of the forest. But the adventure nearly terminated fatally; and the night of the 15th of July, will ever be remembered by me as one of the most eventful epochs of my life; for, in the course of it, I was three several times in the very jaws of death, and only escaped destruction by a miracle.

¹ I lost many noble beasts from the small calibre of my guns, which did not carry more than fourteen and seventeen balls respectively to the pound. This was more especially the case as regarded the elephants; and it was not until after a time, and when they had become scarce and shy, that I found out the way of bringing them down with any certainty at one or two shots. I found the best part to aim at (when shooting by night) was the shoulder, either behind or in the centre, near to the lower edge of the ear. Another good point, provided the gun be of large calibre, is to fire at the leg, which once broken, the animal, in almost every instance, is completely at the mercy of the hunter.

From the constant persecution to which the larger game had of late been subjected at Kobis, it had become not only scarce, but wary; and hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses still continued to resort to Abeghan, I forthwith proceeded there on the night in question. Somewhat incautiously I took up my position—alone, as usual—on a narrow neck of land dividing two small pools; the space on either side of my “skärm” being only sufficient for a large animal to stand between me and the water. I was provided with a blanket, and two or three spare guns.

It was one of those magnificent tropical moonlight nights, when an indescribably soft and enchanting light is shed over the slumbering landscape; the moon was so bright and clear that I could discern even a small animal at a considerable distance.

I had just completed my arrangements, when a noise that I can liken only to the passage of a train of artillery, broke the stillness of the air; it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water, and I imagined it was caused by some waggons that might have crossed the Kalahari. Raising myself partially from my recumbent posture, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded; but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males. It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting, and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped towards the water, together with the misty night-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures.

Crouching down as low as possible in the “skärm,” I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavourable for a shot; and, knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was, that while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the “skärm,” my body caught his eye, and, before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of slaying the savage beast. My own life was in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that, if I remained partially erect, he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence; in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards at random towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position in all human probability saved my life; for, at the same instant, the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones (many of a large size) that formed the fore part of my “skärm,” like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death. But imagine my relief, when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need. (See p. 701.)

Immediately after the elephant had left me I was on my legs, and, snatching up a spare rifle lying at hand, I pointed at him, as he was retreating, and pulled the trigger; but, to my intense mortification, the piece missed fire. It was matter of thankfulness to me, however, that a similar mishap had not occurred when the animal charged; for had my gun not then exploded, nothing, as I conceive, could have saved me from destruction.

Whilst pondering over my late escape, Mr. Andersson goes on to relate, I observed, at a little distance, a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and mis-shapen head through the bushes, and presently afterwards he approached to within a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and, notwithstanding I still felt a little nervous from my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time in firing. The beast did not at once fall to the ground, but from appearances I had every reason to believe he would not live long.

Scarcely had I reloaded when a black rhinoceros of the species Keitlo (a female, as it proved) stood drinking at the water; but her position, as with the elephant in the first instance, was unfavourable for a good shot. As, however, she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg, and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her: she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be.

As no more elephants or other large game appeared, I thought, after a time, it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcass, for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death.

In heading back to my “skärm,” I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by the black rhinoceros, and by ill luck, as the event proved, at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavourable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me; and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball-pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air; the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at

once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which her head, and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and, as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs.

But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip: with her fore feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and, for a moment, I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have, at least, very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging among the neighbouring bushes. I now arose, though with great difficulty, and made my way, in the best manner I was able, towards a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was needless; the beast for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *mêlée*, or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be that as it may, I escaped with my life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which disabled state I had great difficulty in getting back to my "skärm."

During the greater part of the conflict I preserved my presence of mind; but after the danger was over, and when I had leisure to collect my scattered and confused senses, I was seized with a nervous affection, causing a violent trembling. I have since killed many rhinoceroses, as well for sport as food; but several weeks elapsed before I could again attack those animals with any coolness.

About sunrise, Kamapyu, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceding evening, about half a mile away, came to the "skärm" to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In few words, I related to him the mishap that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity, but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him I was not in joke.

I afterwards directed him to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes, when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed—"Good God! the brute has attacked the lad also!"

Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and, when I had proceeded two or three hundred yards, a scene suddenly presented itself that I shall vividly remember to the last days of my existence. Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spell-bound, as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of

the rhinoceros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. Whilst she was thus occupied I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and, imagining that she was in her death-agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor.¹

When reflecting on the wonderful and providential escapes I recently experienced, I could not help thinking that I had been spared for some good purpose, and my heart was lifted in humble gratitude to the Almighty who had thus extended over me His protecting hand.

The second day after the scenes described, my bruises began to show themselves; and on the third day they were fully developed, giving my body a black and yellow hue. So far as I was aware, none of my bones were broken; but burning and agonising pains in the region of the chest were clearly symptomatic of severe internal injury. Indeed, at first, serious apprehensions were entertained for my life. After great suffering, however, I recovered; and, as my shooting mania had by this time somewhat cooled down, my whole thoughts were bent on seeing the Ngami. Though my frame was quite unequal to bear fatigue, my spirit would not brook longer delay.

With the assistance of my men, I therefore mounted my steed, on the 23rd of July, and was off for the Lake, leaving my hunting spoils and other effects under the care of the bushman-chief at Kobis.

VII

FIRST VIEW OF LAKE NGAMI—ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND FISHES—NAKONG AND LECHÉ—ASCENT OF THE TEOGE—ADVENTURE WITH A LECHÉ—HORRIBLE DEATH OF A TRAVELLER—HARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS—A LION FOR A BED-PARTNER.

THE way from this wondrous shooting-pool of Kobis to Lake Ngami, lay through densely thick thorn-coppice, crossed in every direction by numerous paths of rhinoceroses and elephants. The second day they arrived at a fine vley or pool of water, where he was met by some Bechuanas of the Batwana tribe, who reside on the shores of the lake. They were remarkably fine-looking fellows, stout and well built, with Caffre features and longish hair. Their appearance, indeed, was not unlike

¹ The black rhinoceros is, under all circumstances, as already mentioned, a moreso and sulky beast. The one in question was unusually savage, as she had probably a young sucking calf. We did not see the latter, it is true, but assumed such to be the case from the beast's teats being full of milk. It is most likely that her offspring was of too tender an age to accompany her, and that, as not unfrequently happens, she concealed it among the bushes when about to quench her thirst at the pool.

that of the Damaras. The approach to the lake was also characterised by the first appearance of the gigantic baobob tree.

At length on reaching the top of a ridge, the natives, who were in advance of our party, suddenly came to a halt, and, pointing straight before them—"Ngami! Ngami!" In an instant I was with the men. There, indeed, at no very great distance, lay spread before me an immense sheet of water, only bounded by the horizon, the object of my ambition for years, and for which I had abandoned home and friends, and risked my life.

The first sensation occasioned by this sight was very curious. Long as I had been prepared for the event, it now almost overwhelmed me. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. My temples throbbed, and my heart beat so violently, that I was obliged to dismount, and lean against a tree for support until the excitement had subsided. The reader will, no doubt, think that thus giving way to my feelings was very childish; but, "those who know that the first glimpse of some great object which we have read or dreamt of from earliest recollection is ever a moment of intensest enjoyment, will forgive the transport." I felt unfeignedly thankful for the unbounded goodness and gracious assistance, which I had experienced from Providence throughout the whole of this long and perilous journey. My trials had been many; but, my dearest aspirations being attained, the difficulties were all forgotten. And here I could not avoid passing my previous life in review. I had penetrated into deserts almost unknown to civilised man—had suffered the extremity of hunger and thirst, cold, and heat—and had undergone desperate toil, sometimes nearly in solitude, and often without shelter during dreary nights in vast wildernesses, haunted by beasts of prey. My companions were mostly savages. I was exposed to numerous perils by land and by water, and endured torments from wounds inflicted by wild animals. But I was mercifully preserved by the Creator through the manifold dangers that hovered round my path. To Him are due all homage, thanksgiving, and adoration.

After feasting my eyes for a while on the interesting scene before me, we descended from the higher ground towards the Lake, which we reached in about an hour and a-half. But though we breathed a fresher atmosphere, no perfumed or balmy scents, as might have been anticipated on the borders of a tropical lake, were wafted on the breeze.

Whether my expectations had been raised to too high a pitch, or that the grandeur of this inland sea, and the luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation, had been somewhat exaggerated by travellers, I must confess that, on a closer inspection, I felt rather disappointed. In saying this, I must admit having visited it at a season of the year little favourable to the display of its grandeur. But, if I am not mistaken, its discoverers, Messrs. Oswell, Livingstone, and Murray, saw it under no more auspicious circumstances. The eastern extremity, however, the only portion ever seen by the gentlemen in question, certainly possesses superior attractions to the western, or where I first struck upon the Ngami.

The Lake was now very low; and at the point first seen by us, exceedingly shallow. The water, which had a very bitter and disagreeable taste, was only approachable in a few places, partly on account of the mud, and partly because of the thick coating of reeds and rushes that lined the shore, and which were a favourite resort

of a great variety of water-fowl. Many species, new to us, were amongst them; but we had no time to spare for approaching the birds.

We twice bivouacked on the south border of Ngami before coming in sight of Lecholétébé's residence, situated on the north bank of the River Zouga, and at a short distance from where its waters separate themselves from the Lake.

I had accomplished the journey from Kobis in five days. With unencumbered oxen, it might, with some exertion, be made in half this time.

A great variety of animals are found in and around Lake Ngami, such as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, giraffes, koodoos, and pallahs, but two remarkably beautiful creatures of the deer and antelope tribe, called the nakong and leché, seem to be peculiar to its shores.

The leché bears some resemblance to the pallah, but is altogether a larger animal. In size, indeed, it almost equals the water-buck (*Aigocerus ellipsiprymnus*), and the horns are very similar to those of the male of that beast. The general colour of the skin is a pale brown; chest, belly, and orbits, white; and front of legs dark brown. The fur (which in the young animal is long, soft, and often curly) of the adult is short and adpressed. The upper part of the nape and withers are provided with a small whorl of hair. The tip of the tail (slender at the base) is adorned with a tuft of black hair.

The leché is a species of water-buck; for though not actually living in water, he is never found any distance from it. When pursued, the leché unhesitatingly plunges into the water, however deep. Great numbers are annually destroyed by the Bayeye, who convert their hides into a kind of rug for sleeping on, carosses, and other articles of wearing apparel.

To the best of my belief, the nakong has never been described by naturalists.¹ Unfortunately, the materials I possessed, and which would in some degree have enabled me to supply this deficiency, were left behind in Africa. Through the kindness of Colonel Steele, an opportunity has been afforded me of inspecting one or two heads of the nakong, as also a caross (brought from the Lake Ngami by Mr. Oswell), made out of pieces of the skins of this animal. But they are all so imperfect, that to attempt anything like a scientific description would be ineffectual; the more so, perhaps, as I only once had an opportunity of viewing a pair of nakongs, and that was at a distance. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the general colour of the animal is a subdued brown, darkest on the back, and on the front of head and legs. Beneath, it is of a lighter hue—almost ash-coloured. On each side of the rump, as also on the inside of the legs, if I remember rightly, there is a whitish line or patch. The hair of the skin, which is much used by the natives for carosses, is long and coarse. The horns are black, very like those of the koodoo; and, in the adult animal, would appear to attain to an equal, if not larger, size. Before they are much developed, there is scarcely any indication of spiral turns, and they are then not unlike the horns of goats.

¹ Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, to whom I submitted an imperfect skin, and a sketch of the head, of the nakong, is unable to determine its exact nature, but seemed inclined to consider it identical with the *Tragelaphus eurycerus*—the broad-horned antelope—of which specimens of horns and heads have been brought from the Bight of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa.

The nakong is a water-buck. By means of its peculiarly long hoofs (which are black), not unfrequently attaining a length of six to seven inches, it is able to traverse with facility the reedy bogs and quagmires with which the Lake country abounds—localities only fit for the feathery tribe. When at the Ngami, I offered very tempting rewards to the natives if they would bring me this animal either dead or alive; but they protested, that though they frequently kill the nakong by pit-falls and spears, it was not then possible to gratify my wishes, as, at that season, the beast dwelt almost entirely in

muddy and watery localities, where any attempt to follow it would be certain destruction to a man.

If quadrupeds are numerous and varied, birds are no less so—nineteen species of ducks and geese are said to have been detected. The waders vie with the palmipeds in size, numbers, and gaudiness of plumage. The lake and its rivers also swarm with crocodiles and otters. Snakes and fish, some of a very large size, also abound. The Bechuanas do not fish; they leave this as a drudgery for a conquered race—the Bayeye, who dwell in the same vicinity.



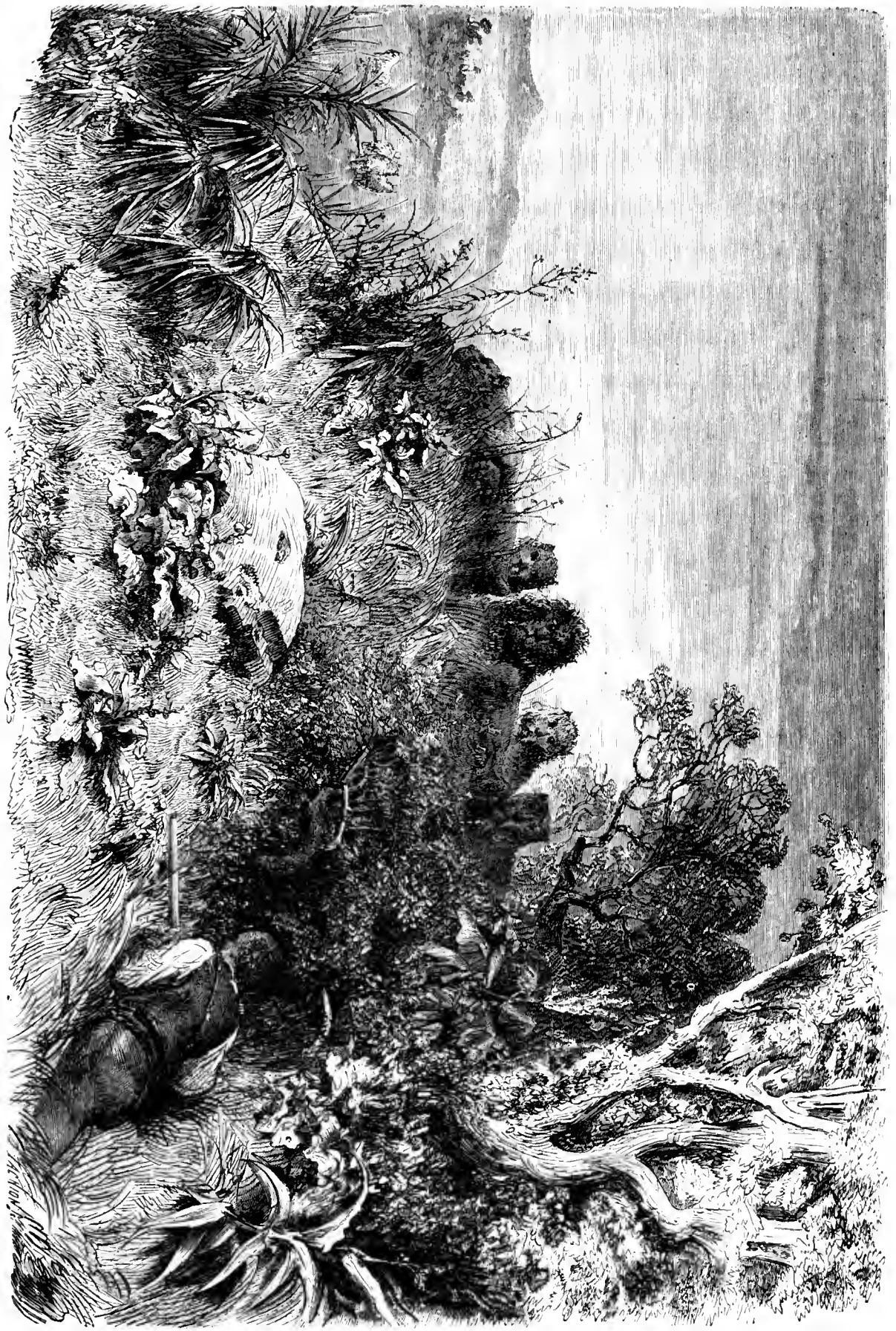
HIPPOPOTAMUS HARPOONED.

Our traveller, whilst at Lake Ngami, crossed the lake from Batuana town to the River Teoge, which he navigated for some distance. He had here a curious adventure with a leché, hundreds of which, he says, might be seen grazing and sporting amongst the shallows and the numerous little islets of the Teoge.

I had gone in advance of my party in the hope of obtaining a shot; but, though I met with vast numbers of animals, the openness of the ground prevented me from getting within range. Being quite tired by my severe but fruitless exertions, I was resting on my

rifle, contemplating the novel and striking scene,—the Lake with its broad blue waters—its finely wooded shores—the varied and vast herds of animals—the Teoge with its numerous little channels and sedgy shores—when I saw, a little a-head of me, two magnificent stag lechés approaching each other, evidently with no friendly intentions. I was right in my conjecture; for in a few seconds afterwards they were engaged in combat. Taking advantage of this lucky incident, I approached, unperceived, within a dozen paces, when I quickly dropped on one knee and took a

HUNTER AND LIONS.





deliberate aim at the shoulder of the nearest; but, just as I pulled the trigger, he received a violent thrust from his antagonist, which made him swerve to one side, and the consequence was, that the ball, instead of piercing his heart, merely smashed one of his hind legs. The animals, nevertheless, were so intently engaged, that, notwithstanding the report of the gun, and the wounded state of one of them (he probably attributed this to his adversary), they did not observe me. Throwing aside the rifle, I drew my hunting knife, and, thus armed, rushed upon the combatants. Just, however, as I was about to bury the fatal weapon in the flank of one of the animals, they both suddenly became aware of me, and fled precipitately. The wounded beast at once made for the river, which was hard by, and though it was running very swiftly at this point—perhaps not less than four or five miles an hour—he plunged into the water.

Not being then aware of the aquatic habits of this species of antelope, I was very much astonished, and for a while thought the beast would surely be carried away by the violence of the current and drowned. But I was soon undeceived; for he struck bravely out for the opposite shore, his course being marked with streaks of crimson. On gaining the bank, he gave one glance behind him, shook his bloody and drizzling coat, and made off. I was determined, however, not to be beaten; and, as I had nothing on but a pair of trousers and a flannel shirt, I threw myself, as I was, into the stream, and soon succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, when I at once started in pursuit.

In this way, swimming and wading alternately, several rivulets, swamps, and dykes were crossed and recrossed; but, for a long time, the result was doubtful. At last, however, the poor animal slackened his pace, staggered and lay down, but again proceeded, though apparently with pain and difficulty. Seeing this, I redoubled my exertions, and having succeeded in turning him towards the Lake, I drove him right into the water, which was here shallow, and where he several times stuck fast in the mud. I now felt sure of my quarry; and having approached sufficiently near, I seized him by the wounded leg, and severed the tendon at the knee joint. The struggle between us now became severe. On trying to lay hold of his horns, which were most formidable weapons, with the intention of cutting his throat, he struck out with so much violence, as to upset me, and I was nearly smothered with mud and water. But the poor creature's course was run. His loss of blood and crippled state soon enabled me to put an end to his miseries. He was a noble old stag—the finest antelope of the species that I ever shot, and they were many; he well rewarded me for all my exertions.

As our traveller ascended the Teoge, the landscape kept improving. Magnificent palms, date trees, and other fruit-bearing as well as fir-timber trees abounded. The arboreal scenery, indeed, in some places, exceeded in beauty anything to be seen elsewhere in Africa. The woods resounded with the wild notes of birds, and animal life was almost on a par with the exuberant vegetation. Rhinoceroses, hippopotami, buffaloes, sassabys, hartebeests, pallahs, red-bucks, lechés, and herds of the finest of the antelope tribe were daily met with. Pity it is to think that when this glorious inland stream begins to subside after the annual overflow, noxious effluvia are emitted, carrying death along with them. Such is the climate of Africa.

The traveller also first meets that sad pest of Africa, the tsetse fly, on the ascent of the Teoge.

Crocodiles abound, not only in the lake, but in all its rivers, both the Teoge and the Teriga. One does not often hear, says Mr. Andersson, of crocodiles in these parts seizing on human beings when immersed in water, which would seem to prove that these animals are "man-eaters" from the compulsion of hunger, rather than from habit. Indeed, I have been assured by several persons that there is little danger of being attacked, provided one makes a great noise previously to entering the water. Accidents, however, do occur. Only a few years ago an English gentleman, Mr. R—, was carried off by one of these horrid creatures. He and his companion, Mr. M—, who told me the sad story, had encamped on the banks of the Zouga; and, as a number of water-fowl were seen disporting themselves on the stream, Mr. R— proceeded there in the hope of obtaining a shot. He soon succeeded in killing several, and amongst the rest a muscovy duck; but he was unable to secure it for want of a boat.

Whilst looking about for a canoe, he observed a fine antelope approaching: and running quickly towards the waggon, which was hard by, he called out to his men to bring him a rifle. On his return to the river, he found that the antelope had escaped. He then proceeded towards the spot whence he had shot at the duck, which was still floating on the surface. His companion having by this time joined him, he expressed his determination to possess the bird at any cost, and that he would swim after it. He confessed, however, that he felt some doubt about the safety of such a proceeding, adding that he had once been witness to the death of a man who was seized and destroyed by a shark alongside his own boat. Notwithstanding this (his own) opinion of the risk he was about to incur, and the warning of his friend, he undressed and plunged into the stream. Having swam a little distance, he was observed to throw himself on his back, as if startled at some object beneath him; but in another moment, he was pursuing his course. When, however, he was about to lay his hands on the bird, his body was violently convulsed; and throwing his arms on high, he uttered a most piercing shriek, after which he was seen to be gradually drawn under the surface, never to re-appear!

The hippopotamus, we have also seen, abounds equally, and the native Bayeye are accustomed to harpoon this great animal in the Teoge and other rivers to the northward of Ngami in a somewhat similar manner to that practised with the whale.

Hippopotami are not found in all parts of the river, but only in certain localities. On approaching their favourite haunts, the natives keep a very sharp lookout for the animals, whose presence is often known by their snorts and grunts, whilst splashing and blowing in the water, or (should there be no interruption to the view) by the ripple on the surface, long before they are actually seen.

As soon as the position of the hippopotami is ascertained, one or more of the most skillful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons; whilst the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove successful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside. Conversation is carried on in a whisper, and everyone is on the *qui-vive*. The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; but a bend in the stream

still hides the animals from view. The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crests of sunken rocks, than living creatures. Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with its sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement. At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger. Presently, one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height to give the greater force to the blow, and, the next instant, the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

The wounded animal plunges violently, and dives to the bottom; but all his efforts to escape are unavailing. The line, or the shaft of the harpoon may break; but the cruel barb once imbedded in the flesh, the weapon (owing to the thickness and toughness of the beast's hide) cannot be withdrawn.

As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon-line, and take a "round turn" with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be "brought up" at once, or, should there be too great a strain on the line, "played" (to liken small things to great) in the same manner as the salmon by the fisherman. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and "buoy" are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wheresoever he chooses.

The rest of the canoes are now all launched from off the raft, and chase is given to the poor brute, who, so soon as he comes to the surface to breathe, is saluted with a shower of light javelins. (See page 696.) Again he descends, his track deeply crimsoned with gore. Presently—and perhaps at some little distance—he once more appears on the surface, when, as before, missiles of all kinds are hurled at his devoted head.

When thus beset, the infuriated beast not unfrequently turns upon his assailants, and either with his formidable tusks, or with a blow from his enormous head, staves in, or capsizes the canoes. At times, indeed, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he will attack one or other of the crew, and, with a single grasp of his horrid jaws, either terribly mutilate the poor fellow, or, it may be, cut his body fairly in two.

The chase often lasts a considerable time. So long as the line and the harpoon hold, the animal cannot escape, because the "buoy" always marks his whereabouts. At length, from loss of blood or exhaustion, Behemoth succumbs to his pursuers.

It is a remarkable fact that almost the same method of securing the hippopotamus, as that just described, was adopted by the ancient Egyptians.

"The hippopotamus," says Diodorus, "is chased by many persons, each armed with iron javelins. As soon as it makes its appearance at the surface of the water, they surround it with boats, and closing in on all sides they wound it with blades, furnished with iron barbs, and having hempen ropes fastened to them, in order that, when wounded, it may be let out, until its strength fails it from loss of blood."

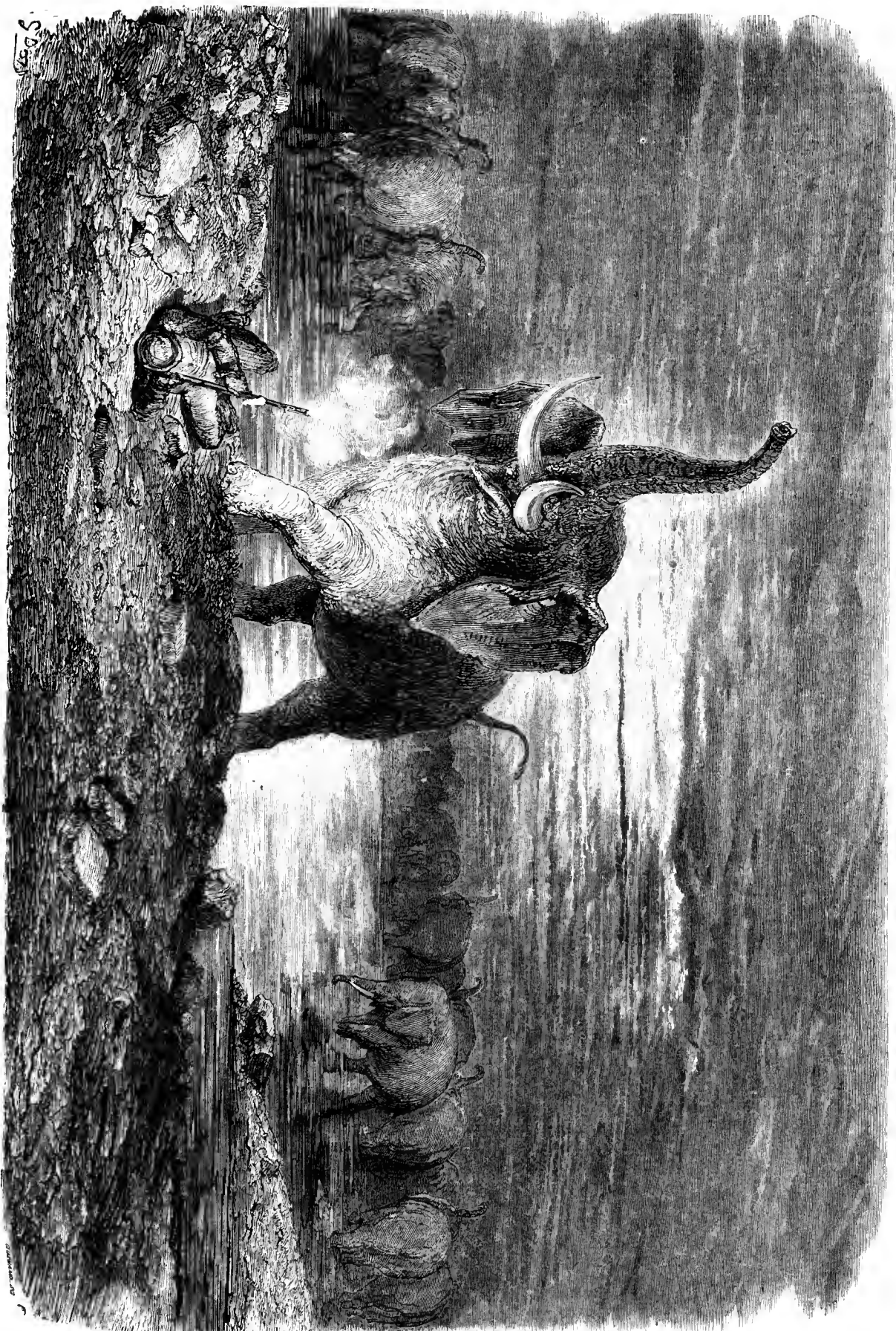
Before Mr. Andersson returned to the Lake and was fairly on his way home, four months had elapsed, but though this portion of his travels was not devoid of interest, he confines himself to relating merely one striking incident that befel him, and a few general remarks.

Journeying in a very lonely part of the country, and only accompanied by a single native, I arrived one day at a fountain, situated in a defile between some craggy rocks. The water issued from different parts amongst these cliffs, forming little pools here and there; and though the place was difficult of access, elephants, and other large game, were in the habit of flocking to the water nightly. As the stony nature of the ground afforded excellent "ambuscades," and being much in want of provisions, I determined to watch the pools in question for a night or two.

The first night was a failure; but in the second, I succeeded in killing a white rhinoceros. After this, though I watched long and well, nothing appeared, and at last sleep overtook me. How long I slumbered I know not; but on a sudden I thought, or dreamt, that I was in danger. From much night-watching, my hearing and sight had gradually acquired such an acuteness, that even in sleep I was able to retain a certain consciousness of what was passing around me; and it is probable that I was indebted to this remarkable faculty for the preservation of my life on the present occasion. At first I could not divest myself of fear, and for awhile my senses were too confused to enable me to form any accurate notion of the imagined danger. Gradually, however, consciousness returned, and I could distinctly hear the breathing of an animal close to my face, accompanied by a purr like that of a cat. I knew that only one animal existed in these parts, capable of producing the sound, and at once I came to the conclusion that a lion was actually stooping over me.

If a man had ever cause for dread, I think I certainly had on this occasion. I became seriously alarmed. My first impulse was to get hold of my gun, which was lying ready cocked immediately before me, and the next to raise myself partially from my reclining position. In doing so I made as little noise as possible; but slight though it might be, it was sufficient to attract the notice of the beast, who uttered a gruff kind of growl, too well known to be misunderstood. Following with my eyes the direction of the sound, I endeavoured to discover the lion, but could only make out a large dark mass looming through the night-mist. Scarcely knowing what I was about, I instinctively levelled my gun at the beast. My finger was on the trigger; for a moment I hesitated; but, by a sudden impulse, pulled it, and the next instant the surrounding rocks rang with the report, followed by roarings from the beast, as if in the agonies of death. Well knowing what a wounded lion is capable of, and how utterly helpless I was, I regretted my rashness. The wounded beast, who at times seemed to be within a few paces of the "skärm," and at others at some little distance, was rolling on the ground, and tearing it up, in convulsive agonies. How long this struggle between life and death lasted is hard to say, but to me it appeared an age. Gradually, however, and to my great relief, his roars and means subsided, and after awhile ceased altogether.

Dawn at length appeared; but it was not until after some time, and then with much caution, that I ven-



HUNTER AND ELEPHANT.

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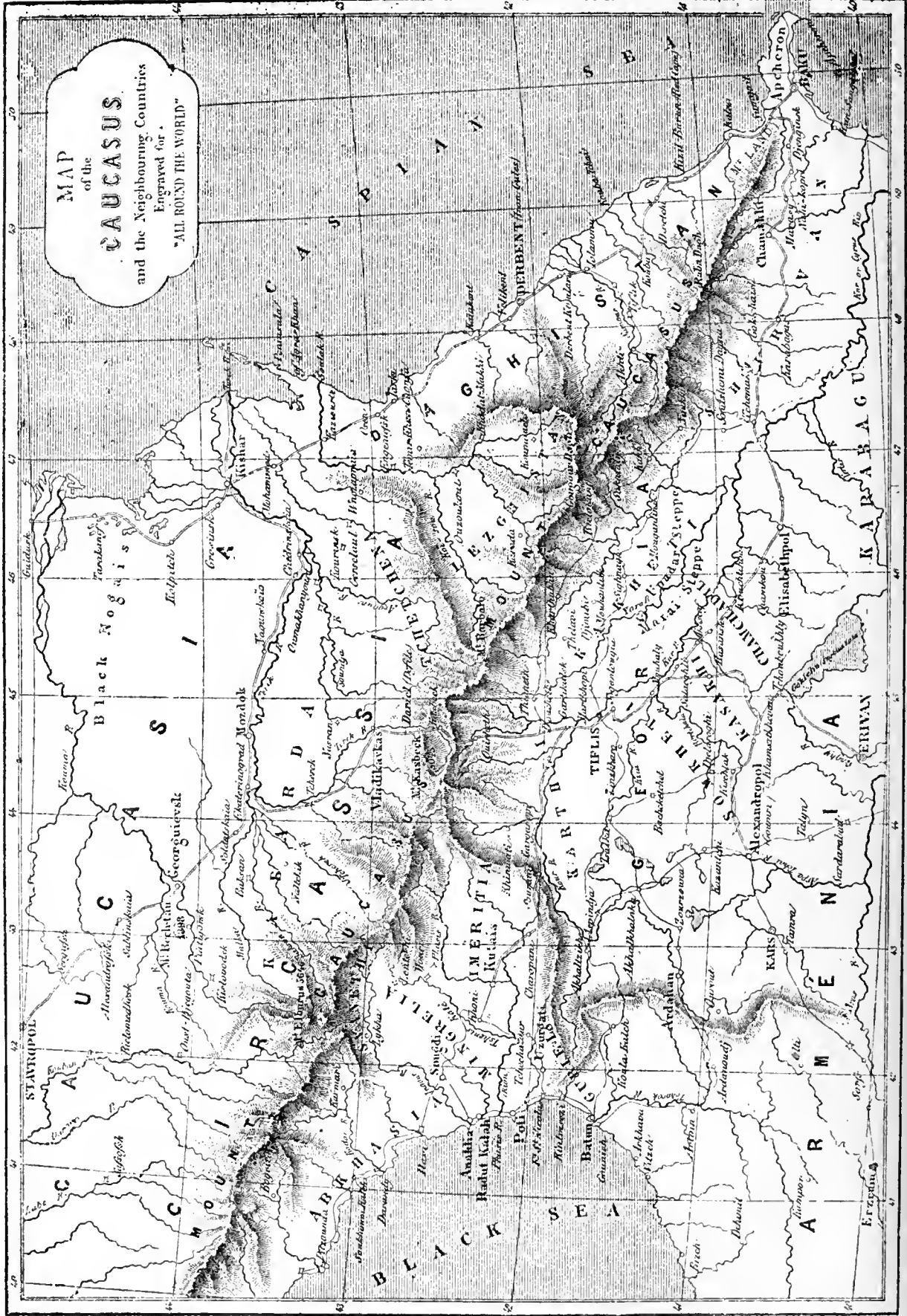
tured to ascertain the fate of the lion, who, to my great satisfaction, I found dead within fifty yards of my place of concealment. The beast was of an average size, but unfortunately, the hyænas and jackals had played sad havoc with his skin.

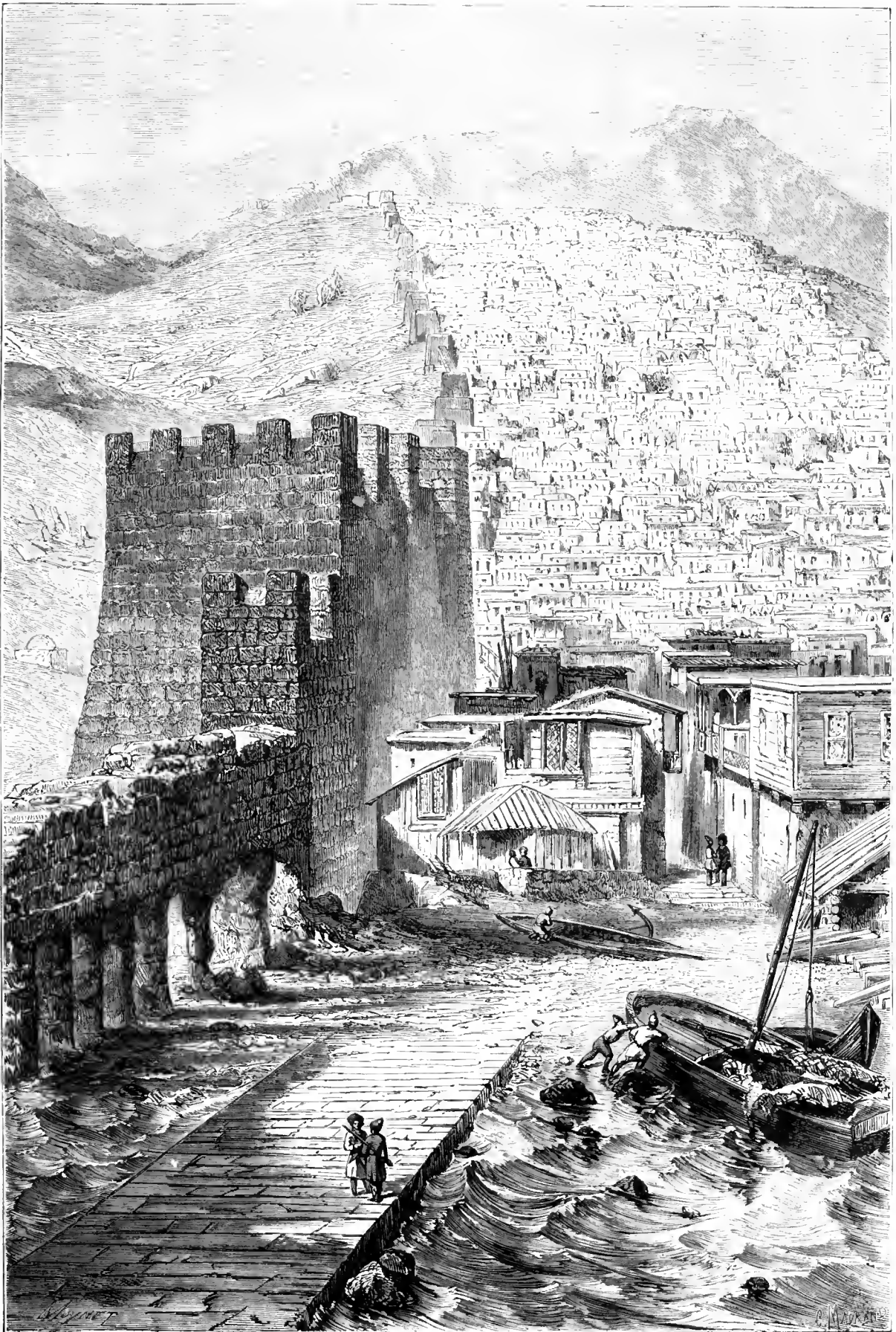
Some time previously, my men, Eyebrecht and Klaas Caal, had also shot a lion in this identical spot; but owing to his fearful growls, whilst dying, they thought it best to decamp at once without ascertaining his fate.

During the four months that I was absent from my men, I travelled either alone or accompanied by a single native, sometimes on foot, and at others on horse-back or ox-back, over upwards of a thousand miles of country, parts of it emulating the Sahara in scarcity of water and general inhospitality. Tongue is too feeble to express what I suffered at times. To say nothing of narrow escapes from lions and other dangerous beasts, I was constantly enduring the

cravings of hunger and the agonies of thirst. Occasionally I was as much as two days without tasting food, and it not unfrequently happened that in the course of the twenty-four hours I could only once or twice moisten my parched lips. Sometimes I was so overcome by these causes, coupled with bodily fatigue, that I fainted. Once both my steed and myself dropped down in the midst of a sand-plain, where we remained a long time in a state bordering on unconsciousness, and exposed to all the injurious effects of a tropical sun. I would at times pursue my course with a pained and listless step, scarcely knowing what I was about, and staggering like a drunken man. "This," says Captain Messum, when speaking of the hardships he had undergone in a short tour into the interior of the west coast, "was the pleasure of travelling in Africa. It requires the endurance of a camel and the courage of a lion."

MAP
of the
CAUCASUS
and the Neighbouring Countries
Engraved for
"ALL ROUND THE WORLD"







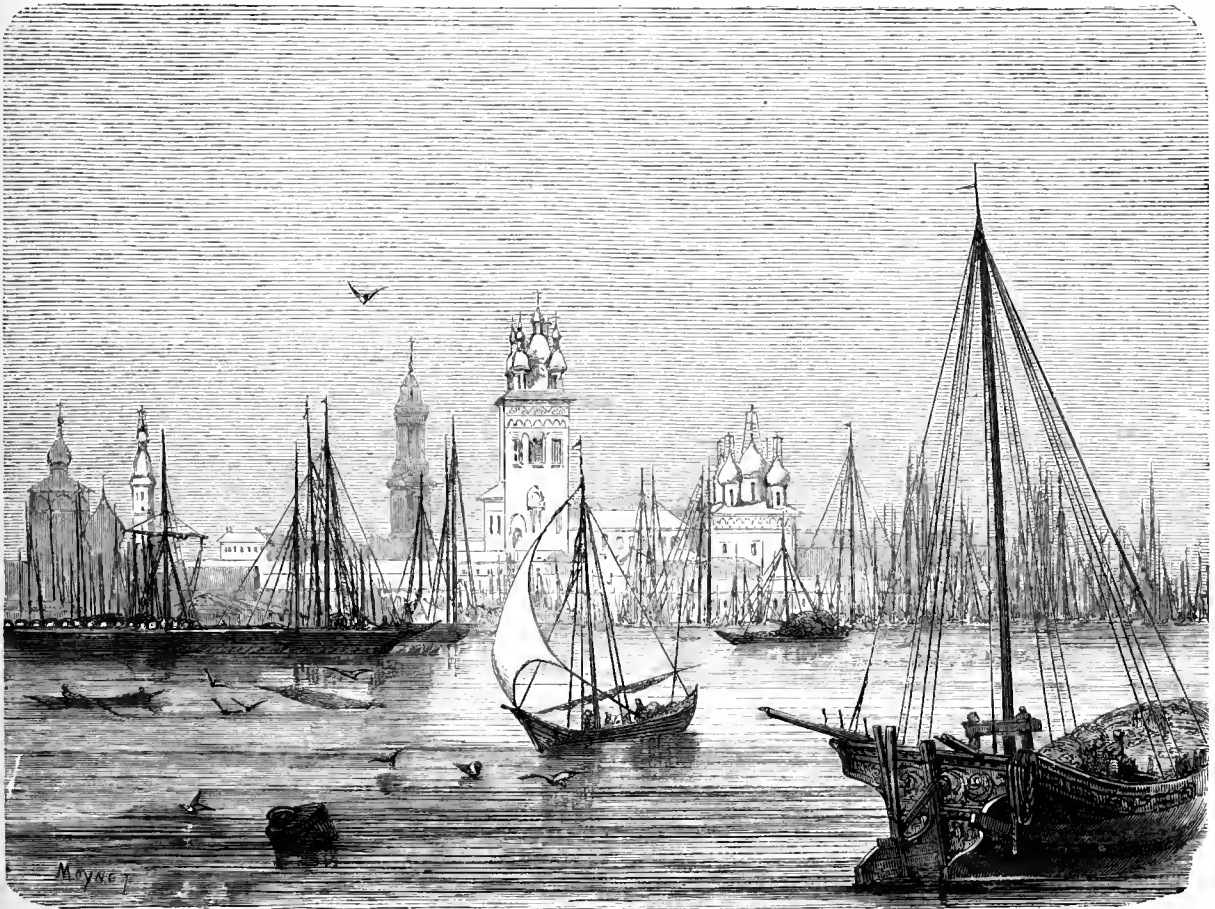
THE STEPPES OF RUSSIA AND THE CAUCASUS.

I.

RUSSIAN TENDENCY TO COLONISATION—MOTHERS OF COLONIES—LITTLE RUSSIANS OR MALOROSSIANS—COSSACKS OF THE UKRAINE—ZAPOROGEAN COSSACKS—COSSACKS OF THE DON AND VOLGA—FOREIGN COLONISTS.

HISTORY and existing facts compel us to admit that there is no instance, save that exhibited by Great Britain, of a people displaying so constant and resolute

a tendency to colonisation as the Russians. The difference between the two countries is remarkable, and yet it is precisely what might be expected from their comparative geographical position. The United Kingdom, islanded, has sent forth its excessive population, or, to speak more correctly, its spirited, intelligent, and enterprising people have emigrated of their own good will, to found new worlds in the United States, in Canada, in



VIEW OF ASTRAKHAN.

Columbia, in Australia, at the Cape, and in innumerable minor settlements. Russia has, on the contrary, limited herself to a gradual spreading from a common centre to that which now embraces, as far as mere space is concerned, nearly one-half of Europe and Asia.

Proceeding from a comparatively small district at the foot of the Valdai Mountains, they have gradually, during a thousand years, spread over a seventh part of the globe. When the German peoples, in the period between the second and fifth centuries, overspread the whole of Europe, their expeditions were in search of conquests; entire nations emigrated, not with a view to colonise peacefully, but to invade and conquer

nations already peopled, and despoil them of their ancient landed possessions.

Colonisation among the Spaniards and Portuguese also assumed the character of conquest: they went forth as adventurers in quest of treasure, and settled colonisation was a subordinate object. The Russian, and especially the Great Russian people, began to colonise from the earliest times, in every direction, without any inducement or encouragement on the part of the government. Single bands of adventurers proceeded into the boundless plains of Russia, in search of advantageous spots on which to settle and establish a colony. Hence it is, that in the earliest times of its history, we

find isolated settlements spread over nearly the entire country, those boundless plains stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Caspian, from the Ural Mountains to Hungary. As soon as the colony increased, it sent forth offshoots, and the memory of the first bond between those mother and daughter colonies has ever been kept up; and it is thus that we hear of "Mother Novgorod," "Mother Suzdal," and "Mother Moscow." These colonies generally followed the course of the rivers: we find them as early as the twelfth century on the banks of all the rivers of modern Russia, the Volga, Don and Dnieper in the South, and the Dwina, Lukhona, and Dvina in the North.

These colonists settled peaceably among other races, Fins and Scythians, but not in separate families, like the Germans, mingling and amalgamating with foreign peoples, but in closely associated bodies, maintaining their nationality inviolate, whilst they kept up an intimate connection with the rest of the powerful people of the Russians. This spirit of nationality in the Russians was so strong and invincible, that it gradually supplanted that of the original inhabitants, and completely Russianised them. The Tartars themselves, when they join the Russian church, as many noble families among them have done, become perfectly Russianised.

The Great Russians are not an unmixed race, but essentially of Slavonic origin, and have become mingled in the north with Tchudish (Finnish), and in the south with Tartar, Caucasian, and even Mongol races. During the Middle Ages, when the dominion of the Tartars diverted its course from the south, colonisation in Russia proceeded from Novgorod, as centre, principally towards the north and north-east, the ancient Biarmaland (Perm). During the last two centuries, however, it has been directed southward, and has advanced so extensively, that the Steppes, which formerly stretched as far as Tula and Penza, are already more than half cultivated, although possessing in some parts but a scanty population.

Previous to the time of Peter the Great, the government was not so constituted as to admit of any great interference with the march of colonisation. Peter, however, organised colonies in districts where none previously existed, as on the shores of the Black Sea and the hie of the Caucasus. He also made grants of land, and even of extensive districts, in his newly-acquired but unoccupied southern and south-eastern countries, to the grandees of his court, with a view to obtain the cultivation of this country by their dependants. The same course was pursued to a still greater extent by the succeeding government, and under Catherine II., in so extravagant a manner as to give rise to great embarrassments. These grants were in consequence very much restricted under the Emperor Alexander, and have almost entirely ceased.

The population of New Russia, as it is called, extending from Central Russia to the Black Sea and the Caucasus, consists for the main part of Little Russians or Malorossians, formerly known by the appellation of Cossacks of the Ukraine, with numerous villages of Great Russians or Muscovites, colonies of Germans, Greeks, Jews, and Bulgarians, and lastly the Kalmucks or Tartars, who occupy the greater part of the Crimea and the western shores of the Sea of Azof.

The history of the Cossacks, who constituted in some manner, a modern democratic chivalry, presents one of the most interesting phenomena in the whole Slavonic

race. All that is known of them is, that they were at first robber-bands, who went forth from the great Steppes, through which flowed the Dnieper, in quest of plunder against the Poles, Muscovites, and Tartars. The number of these predatory bands swelled until they formed a people, and their territory became the border country, the Ukraine. They adopted an extremely free constitution, although they outwardly acknowledged the king of Poland as their sovereign lord. Their active warlike spirit, and well-regulated constitution, made them become an outpost of Christendom against the Tartars and Turks. They gradually fell off from Poland, and were drawn, by religious sympathy towards Moscow. Peter I. effected their complete union with Russia—a union, however, which was only consolidated when Catherine II. subjected the whole of Little Russia to her sceptre.

The Turks having been completely humbled by Catherine, the military constitution of the Cossacks became not only no longer a necessity, but a matter of embarrassment. Catherine abolished their military and political constitution in 1775, and a part of the renowned Zaporogian Setcha or Republic, which had first risen into power in the islands of the Dnieper, was transferred to the Caucasian frontier, whilst another part, after seeking a settlement among the Turks, returned to Russia, where they were allowed, in 1828, to settle on the Sea of Azof, where, like the Tchernomorski Cossacks, they man a fleet of boats.

The remnant of these Zaporogian Cossacks is said to number about 170,000 heads, who furnish 30,000 troops regularly organised, forming twelve cavalry and nine infantry regiments, together with three light batteries of horse artillery, one-third of which serve as a cordon against the mountaineers of Western Caucasus. By an ukase of 1842, all the Little Russian Cossacks on the Kuban and the Black Sea were similarly organised with the Cossacks of the Don, who are not Little Russians, but belong to the Muscovite or Great Russian race from Novgorod—emigrants who first settled on the Don.

From these two oldest Cossack settlements have sprung all the other existing Cossack colonies. In the earliest times the Cossacks of the Volga sprang from the Cossacks of the Don. Their descendants conquered Siberia in 1581, and, as a mixed race, now extend from the Ural to the Sea of Okhotsk. They are well off, and pursue agriculture, cattle-breeding, hunting, bee keeping, and fishing on an extensive scale. Their military service, however, which consists in protecting the frontier, which now embraces the Amur, from its embouchure to the mouth of the Tumen in 131° E., is very severe; many thousand men are obliged to be constantly at the outposts. The government has, however, lately organised a part of the Bashkirs and Kirghiz, as also four regiments of Tunguses and one regiment of Buriats, and will, no doubt, extend the system till they have also their Mantchu Tartar cavalry.

While Little Russian Cossacks are settled on the western side of the River Kuban, those on the eastern side, towards the Caspian on the River Terek, are Great Russians, offshoots of the Cossacks of the Don, and called Grebenski, Mozdoski, &c.: they number about 120,000 souls, and furnish seventeen cavalry regiments, together with a brigade of horse artillery of three batteries—in all sixteen thousand effective troops.

The government has not given to these people any

new constitution, but has simply retained the ancient popular one as it existed among the Cossacks of the Ukraine and the Don. The total number of Cossacks is estimated by Haxthausen (Russian Empire, vol. II., p. 13) at 875,000 souls, of whom 129,000 are in military service, which, in case of necessity, every Cossack, from fifteen to sixty years of age, is bound to render. But this is probably under the number. "What other state," says Haxthausen, "possesses a light cavalry force of 136,000, well-armed, warlike, and well disciplined troops?"

The Cossacks are a race of free men; neither serfage nor any other dependence upon the land exists among them. The entire territory belongs to the Cossack commonwealth, and every individual has an equal right to the use of the land, together with the pastures, hunting-grounds, fisheries, &c. The Cossacks pay no taxes to the government, but in lieu of this they are bound to perform military service. They are divided into three classes—first, minors (*Maloletniye*) up to their sixteenth year; second, those on actual service (*Stuzhiliye*) for a period of twenty-five years, therefore until their forty-second year; third, those released from service (*Otstavniye*) who remain for five years, or until their forty-seventh year, in the reserve, after that period they are regarded as wholly released from service, and invalided.

Every Cossack is obliged to equip, clothe, and arm himself at his own expense, and to keep his horse. Whilst in service beyond the frontier of his own country, he receives rations of food and forage, a small amount of pay, and fifteen roubles for a baggage-horse. The artillery ammunition and train are at the charge of government.

The Muscovites and the Malorossians are said to be very hostile to each other, though professing the same creed and subject to the same government. In spite of all the efforts of the government, and notwithstanding all the Muscovite colonies disseminated through this country, no blending of the two races has yet been effected. The old ideas of independence of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, are very far from being entirely extinguished, and the Malorossians, who have not forgotten the liberty and the privileges they enjoyed down to the end of the last century, always bear in mind that serfdom was established amongst them only by an imperial ukase of Catherine II. It is probable, however, that the steps taken by the present emperor to abolish this state of things, may assist in reconciling these people of different origin.

With regard to foreign colonies established, the new Russian Government adapted its regulations, at first, in strict accordance with their wants. Each of them possessed a constitution in harmony with its manners, its usages, and its state of civilisation; but, latterly, the principles of political unity have been gaining the upper hand, and all the government measures are tending to assimilate the foreign populations to the free peasants of the crown.

II.

THE STEPPES—FIELDS OF HAIHAT—THE TCHORNO-ZIEMÉ, OR BLACK EARTH—SOIL AND ASPECT—CLASSES OF STEPPES—SNOW-STORMS—RAVINES—GERMAN COLONIES—THE LAND OF NOMADES—FUTURE IMPORTANCE OF THE STEPPES TO COMMERCE.

THE character of the people and the progress of civilisation in Little Russia are alike influenced by the

character of the country. The whole of Southern Russia, from the banks of the Dniester to the Sea of Azof and the Caspian, and almost up to the very foot of the Caucasus, consists exclusively of vast plains called Steppes, elevated only from forty to fifty yards above the sea. The word "step" is Russian. Oriental geographers called them, "the fields of Haihat."

The extent and boundaries of the district which bears the name of the European Steppes are, Haxthausen says, very uncertain. Popular usage gives the name to districts that are not wooded, and to others that have been long reclaimed and cultivated. Herr von Brinken has, however, the credit of having fixed geographically and geologically the limits of the genuine Steppes.

The peculiarity of the Steppes does not lie so much in the nature of the soil, as we have granite steppes, chalk and tertiary limestone steppes, and mud and salt steppes, but in the vegetation: whilst in the north of Russia the whole soil becomes covered spontaneously with bushes and trees, the soil of the Steppe breaks out everywhere into grass and weeds, and wood never springs up of itself: the absence of this constitutes the character of the Steppes. (Haxthausen, vol. ii., p. 51.) In the words of H. D. Seymour, M. P. (*Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azof, &c.*, p. 14), where the Steppes begin the forests end.

Much has been written on the causes of this inadequacy of the soil of the Steppes to sustain arboreal vegetation, and on the causes of the treeless aspect of these great plains, as also on the possibility of covering them with trees by planting. Some consider that they were in ancient times covered with wood, which has been destroyed by the nomade peoples who in all ages have inhabited them. The authority of Strabo is used, who mentions the country between Perekop and the Dnieper under the name of *Hylæa* (woody) because of its dense forests, although there is not now a shrub to be seen there; and Haxthausen says he observed in the government of Sarátov, which belongs to the region of the Steppes, that the Rivers Irguiss, Jároslaw, and Aktóuba were still bordered by splendid forests of oaks, beech, poplars, and willows, although pines were never to be met with. Murchison, however, with reason, we venture to think, utterly disbelieves in the former existence of forests that have been destroyed, and argues that the total absence of trees in Southern Russia results from general conditions of climate, and from the want of dew, which is the cause commonly assigned for it by the inhabitants of the country itself.

But if there be no trees or shrubs, the southern provinces of Russia enjoy a herbaceous vegetation of extreme richness, which occupies the soil with a vigour of growth which is rarely met with in Europe, and grasses, which in other places scarcely attain the height of a foot, are met with in the Steppes reaching upwards of six feet. The reason of this prolific vegetation is that the Steppes are mostly within the region of the celebrated *tchorno-ziemé*, or black earth, which is a deposit of amazing fertility, peculiar to the southern part of Russia. "The *tchorno-zém*," says Murchison, "has its northernmost limit defined by a waving line, which passing from near Kief and Tchérnigof, a little to the south of Lichvia, appears in 54° of north latitude in that tract, then advances in its course eastward to 57°, and occupies the left bank of the Volga west of Tcheboksar, between Nijny Novgorod and Kazan. In approaching the Ural chain we saw no black earth to the north of

Kazan, but it was plentiful on the Kama and around Ufa. Again, on the Asiatic, or Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, we travelled through one large mass of it near Kamensk, south of the Issetz river, in latitude 56° north, and through another between Miask and Troitsk. In the great Siberian plains we heard that it spreads over considerable spaces in the eastern central, and southern parts of that region. Although we met with it occasionally in the low gorges of the Ural chain, and in the Bashkir country on both flanks of the southern Ural (in plateaux more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea), and also in the Steppes of the Kirghiz; we did not see it in the plains near Orenburg, nor to the south of that city. There is none to the south of Tzaritzin on the Volga, in the Steppes of the Kalmuks between that place and the mouth of the Don; and it is only in very limited patches along the Sea of Azof, or, in other words, on the southern face of that elevation between the Dnieper and the Don which constitutes what is commonly called the granitic Steppe. It occurs, however, in great thickness on the plateaux on the northern side of that axis, where it surmounts the carboniferous limestone with many seams of coal, so that it might at first sight be supposed to be produced by the decomposition of the subjacent carbonaceous strata. It lies, however, upon rocks of all ages, and occupies the centre of a trough, large as an European empire, having the detritus of the crystalline and older rocks for its northern, and the low granite Steppes and Caspian deposits for its southern limits." It occupies an area of about 180 millions of acres in European Russia, and varies from a few feet to fifteen and twenty feet in thickness. "In travelling over these black tracts in a dry summer we were often," says Murchison, "during a whole day, more or less surrounded by a cloud of black dust, arising from the dried up tchorno-zem, which is of so subtle a nature as to rise up through the sod in rich grass countries under the stamp of the horses' feet, and forms so dense a cloud that the traveller is often begrimed like a working collier."

This black earth is not the humus arising from decayed forests or vegetables during the present period of the world's history, as no trace of trees, roots, or vegetable fibre is found in any part of the empire. In the northern parts of Russia, where the forests have been lately cleared, no vestige of it exists, while it abounds south of a certain line, or exactly in those extensive and steppe-like undulations which have been devoid of trees throughout all known time. Its extreme fertility is attributed to the unusually large quantity of nitrogen which it contains; and its origin is referred to the period when the Russian continent was still submerged, and the tchorno-ziemé (which Russian economists justly consider as one of the most precious treasures of the empire) was the mud at the bottom of a great internal sea. This union of the black earth with a temperate climate in the Steppes between the Dniester and the Don already enables the inhabitants of those countries to send, as from Mariopol, the finest wheat to the European markets, and justifies economists in looking forward to this region as one destined to a brilliant future. On the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof and eastward of the Don the Steppes become less fertile, until, wearing a more and more barren aspect, they gradually get blended with the sandy deserts of Tartary. On the eastern shore of the Sea of Azof, in the countries of the Don and Tchernomorsky

Cossacks, there is, however, some splendid land, and large quantities of corn and linseed are sent thence, northwards to Taganrok for exportation, and southwards to supply the army of the Caucasus. The Steppes are also in parts covered with a rich herbage, on which feed large herds of horses, cattle, sheep, and camels. The upper layer of the soil of the Steppes presents, indeed, a great variety in its composition, from lands impregnated with saline substances, and moving sands, to the mixtures most favourable to vegetation. As this upper layer rests upon a subsoil which does not easily permit infiltration, it is upon its thickness that depends its fertility; for, where it is not deep enough to retain humidity, the land becomes easily saturated by rain, and dried by evaporation. This circumstance is a great check to cultivation, because long droughts are common in these countries. All the Steppes are not in this disadvantageous position, although such is their predominant character in several governments to the south and east of the empire. This want of rain and absence of natural means for retaining moisture, such as hills or trees, is one of the greatest calamities of the country; but the vegetation of that part of the Steppes which is only used for pasturage has a particular character which modifies the influence of the droughts. Nature here shows a wonderful variety of resources.

The vegetation of the spring lasts about three months, and if this period passes without abundant rains, the grass does not reach its natural height. It dries in a moment, when the stalk has all its richness, and thus forming a natural kind of hay, it offers to the cattle during nine months a very substantial food, and these pastures are in consequence particularly favourable to sheep. When, on the contrary, the rains of spring are very abundant, the vegetation becomes rank, and the grass sometimes reaches four times its natural height. In such seasons the "stipa capillata" springs up, the prickly fruit of which proves injurious to sheep by penetrating their flesh, and often causing their death. The pasture at the same time is less wholesome and nourishing: in short, by a singular contrast in this country, which is generally condemned for its droughts, the proprietors of the Steppes often prefer a dry season to one too rainy. The vegetation of the pasturing Steppes also presents another peculiarity, that the grass is not spread in an even manner over it, but in isolated spots, like so many wadis or oases. The even turf is only found in very low valleys.

The Steppes are divided by one writer into "eternal Steppes" and "accidental Steppes:" the first are those where the layer of soil is so thin that they never can be cultivated, and trees will never be able to grow; while the others are highly favourable to agriculture, and some remains of ancient forests are found in the low valleys. In the Steppes near Taganrok, as long as they are uncultivated, there is a kind of natural rotation of crops. To the herbage, which sometimes is as high as a man's waist, succeeds the next year a coarse weed called "burian," which rises to the height of three or four feet, and is cut to use as fuel. Though it burns very quickly, it serves for Russian stoves, which, heated for a quarter of an hour, will keep an apartment warm during the whole day. To the burian succeeds a thin kind of grass, and then about the third year the pasture is again excellent. A considerable portion of the Steppes is cultivated, and, without any artificial means, produces some of the finest wheat

known. A rest of one or two years suffices to restore to the ground its original fertility, and the enormous tracts of uncultivated land make it never necessary to overtax its powers. In other parts the cultivation of the Steppes differs from that of all other countries. Certain kinds of grain are sown for several years in succession, and then the ground is left fallow, and becomes covered with grass. The first year weeds spring up in abundance, and then in the second and third years the pasturage becomes excellent. When the soil seems sufficiently recovered, it is again ploughed. This agricultural cycle occupies from ten to fifteen years, according to the fertility of the soil.

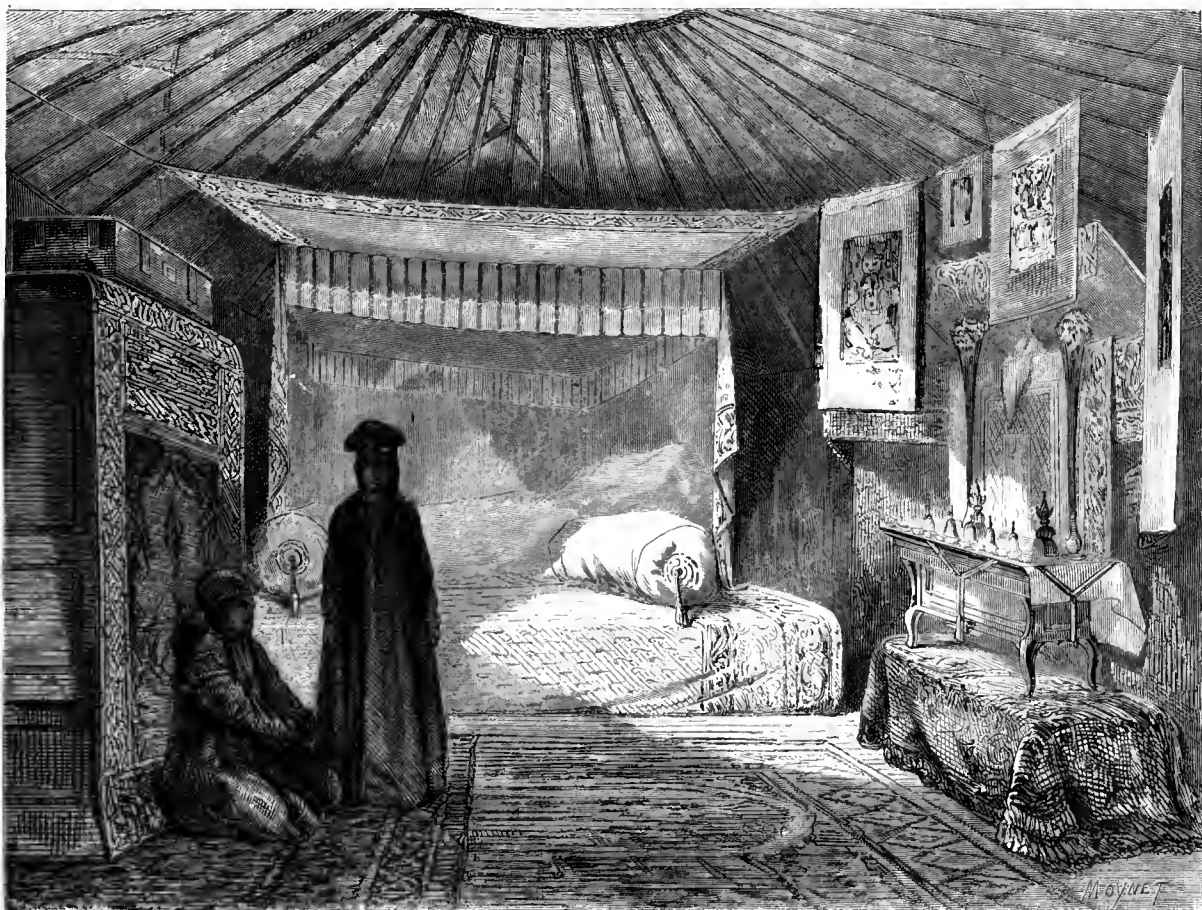
M. Haxthausen divides the Steppes into five classes:

1. The tertiary calcareous formation predominates in Bessarabia, Kaddia, and a small part of the government of Kherson.

2. The chalk forms the base of the soil in the north, and embraces the Steppes of the governments of Kharkof, Woroneje, Tambof, a part of the country of the Cossacks of the Don, and the government of Saratof.

3. The granitic base, which is a spur from the Carpathians, extends along the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof to the Caucasus.

4. The Steppes of alluvial deposit extend to the



TENT OF A KALMUK PRINCESS.

south-east along the Kuban and Terek, which run east and west at the foot of the northern slopes of the Caucasus.

5. The Steppes of saline base extend to the east as far as the River Jaik, which runs into the Caspian Sea on the north, and on which is situated Orenbourg.

The Steppes of the three first formations have a situation much higher above the level of the sea than the alluvial and saline steppes, which Pallas thinks evidently formed the bottom of the waters when the Caspian was united to the Black Sea. They are everywhere covered by a rich layer of humus, more or less thick. The alluvial Steppes are of extraordinary fertility wherever the soil is not covered with marshes.

The granitic Steppes are mostly covered with a thick

short grass, while the chalky and calcareous Steppes produce herbage which reaches six or seven feet in height, and a profusion of beautiful varieties of wild flowers. The banks of the rivers are covered with reeds, which reach in the alluvial Steppes an enormous height. The cynarocephalus, a kind of reed, in German "kletten," which is used as fuel, is found from thirty to forty feet in height. That portion of the country of the Steppes which is likely to be of great future importance is the one situated above the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, between the Carpathian Mountains and the Don.

For a short period in April and May, the Steppes present a beautiful appearance. The brilliant green of the rising crops of corn, and the fresh grass, inter-

mingled with flowers of the most lively colours, are pleasing to the eye, and give a charm to the monotony of the scenery. A hot scorching sun, however, soon withers the grass, which assumes a brownish hue, and clouds of dust increase the dreariness and parched appearance of the Steppes. During the winter the ground is covered with snow, which at times lies several feet deep. Unimpeded by mountains, forests, or rising ground, the winds from the north east, passing over many hundred miles of frozen ground, blow with resistless violence, and often uninterruptedly for several weeks. When the frost is severe, and the snow in a dry powdery state, the wind drifts it about and obscures the air. The snow-storms are called by the inhabitants "metel" or "bura," and have often proved fatal to the half-frozen, blinded, and bewildered traveller, who, having lost his way, is wandering over the dreary icy Steppes in search of a place of refuge. Detached houses and whole villages are sometimes buried by the drifting snow, through which the inmates are obliged to cut their way. At times the traveller looks in vain for the solitary post-house at which he is always anxious to arrive, and learns that he has reached his temporary resting-place by a slight rise in the snow, and by his sledge being overturned into a hole, through which he creeps down into the snug cottage, which is sometimes thus buried for several weeks. When the wind blows with violence, and the snow is drifted about in eddies, the storm has a singularly bewildering and stunning effect. The inhabitants themselves lose their way, and the herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, that happen to be surprised by it, become seized with a panic, and, rushing headlong before the gale, defy every obstacle that presents itself to their wild career. They are then inevitably lost, and, overcome by fatigue, they either perish in the snow, or meet their death by falling down the precipitous sides of some ravine. These ravines are called "Balkas," and occur frequently in the Steppes that lie between the Dniester and the Don. To the north of the Crimea they are most frequent, and in some parts follow each other in quick succession, and always in the direction from north to south.

The roads in Southern Russia are mere tracks, and those on which post communications are established have earth thrown up at their sides, and at intervals, conical mounds of earth or stone to indicate the way. The bridges across the ravines are generally in such a dilapidated condition, that but few of them can be trusted.

The melting of the snow in the months of March and April changes the ravines into torrents, the waters of which, rushing with incredible violence, form an insurmountable obstacle to travellers. The ground, saturated with the melted snow, becomes so soft that light-laden waggons sink in it to the axle-trees, and during this season it is not uncommon to meet the wrecks of many of them that could not be dragged through the mud, and have been abandoned. Post-carts,¹ that convey

¹ The post-carts are found at every post station throughout European Russia, from Archangel to the banks of the Aras, on the borders of Persia, and are called "pavosk," or "telega," or "pereelodnoi;" they are very low, have a seat for the driver in front, and will, with difficulty, hold two persons inside: they have no springs and no seat, and the traveller sits on his luggage. In this way, couriers and officers perform journeys of 1000 and 2000 miles without stopping, except to change at each station. I have myself performed a journey of 1200 miles from Tiflis to Odessa in this manner, and have frequently known Russians to have travelled 12,000 to 13,000 miles within the year.

but one or two persons besides the driver, of the lightest and smallest description, dragged by five horses, proceed only at a foot's pace.

One of the few characteristic features of the Steppes, is the number of tumuli or artificial mounds that are scattered over their surface, and in some localities, especially towards the Azof, they are found lying together in great numbers.² These tumuli, or "kurgans" as they are called by the natives, are often found to contain valuable relics of early ages. There are other artificial mounds, similar to tumuli, in certain directions, at intervals of from one to three versts, extending over long lines of country, which are supposed to have served as watch-posts and beacons to the roving hordes who used to inhabit these plains. On each mound a watch-tower was probably erected, and a beacon prepared, which, when lighted at proper seasons, would serve either to guide them home from a predatory excursion, or give them timely notice of the approach of an enemy. During the summer months the well-known phenomenon called the "mirage" is often seen, and its effects are as beautiful and deceitful as those described in Africa. That part of the Steppes, called the Tchernomorè, between the Kuban and the Don, with the exception of the districts in the immediate vicinity of the sea, is almost exclusively devoted to the rearing of horses, horned cattle, and sheep. From the Don westwards to the River Moloshna, the land is mostly used for tillage. From the Moloshna, again westwards to the Dnieper, the Steppes, principally inhabited by the Tartar Nogai tribes, are but little cultivated, and might afford pasturage to a far larger quantity of cattle and horses than now graze upon them.

The German colonies of the Moloshna, and others of less importance in the vicinity of Mariopol, may be well compared to oases in the desert. Their neat cottages, with well-built barns and out-houses, surrounded by trees and gardens, and by highly cultivated fields, bear the signs of wealth and comfort, and of the care bestowed upon them by an industrious and intelligent population. The German colonies form a striking contrast to the dreary country in which they are situated, and to the miserable Russian villages, and the still more wretched Tatar a-uls, around them. Their situation is always well chosen on some sloping ground, on the border of one of the few rivulets that water the country. The population of the Steppes is of a mixed character, and is composed of Little Russians, Tatars, Greeks, Cossacks, German colonists, Kalmuks, and Armenians. Although living in the immediate vicinity of each other, they neither intermarry nor associate much with one another. They differ in religion and character and features and manners, and retain the distinctive stamp of their origin.

Game abounds on the Steppes. The large and small bustard are seen in flocks in the districts to the north of the Crimea. The "streppt," of a larger size and lighter in hue than the grouse, the only English bird to which it can be compared, partridges, quails, hares, snipe, and woodcocks, are to be met with in great numbers, and are remarkable for their fine flavour.

² "It would be tedious to notice on every occasion the extraordinary number of tumuli which appear during the whole route (i.e. from Kasankaia to Teherkask): I wish the reader only to keep in mind the curious fact of their being everywhere in view."
—Clark's *Travels*, part i. p. 254.

Wolves are scarce, and are never seen in packs as in Central and Northern Russia.

Innumerable inhabitants of a smaller race people these immense plains. Among these is the suroke, or marmot of the Alps, which is seen in all parts of the Steppes, sitting erect near its burrow, and on the slightest alarm whistling very loud, and observing all around. It makes such extensive subterraneous chambers, that the ground is perforated in all directions, and the land destroyed, wherever the animal is found. The peasants universally give them the name of 'Wastie.'

"The biroke is a gray animal, something like a wolf, very ferocious, and daring enough to attack a man. The Cossack peasants, armed with their lances, sally forth and chase it over their plains.

"The most numerous of all the animals of the Steppes are the suslics,¹ which absolutely swarm in all the Steppes. They make a whistling noise like the suroke, but are much smaller, not being larger than a small weasel. They construct their habitations under ground with incredible swiftness, excavating first of all a small cylindrical hole or well perpendicularly to the depth of three feet; thence, like a correct miner, shooting out levels, although rather in an ascending direction, to prevent being incommoded by water. At the extremity of his little gallery the suslic forms a very spacious chamber, to which, as to a granary, he brings every morning and evening all he can collect of favourite herbage, of corn, if it can be found, and roots, and other food. Nothing is more amusing than to observe the habits of this little animal. If any one approaches, it is seen sitting at the entrance of its little dwelling, erect upon its hind-feet, like the suroke, carefully watching all that is going on around it. Nothing annoys it so much as water; and if some be poured into its hole, it comes out and is easily caught."²

Such is a brief account of the Steppes which occupy a considerable portion of the Russian empire, and as they likewise form nearly two-thirds of the whole Crimea, and approach within a short distance of Sevastopol in the direction of Inkerman, this description in the main features will also apply to that peninsula.

The Steppes have been the land of nomadic tribes from the earliest historical times. They were once the path along which the peoples of Asia travelled to Europe, at first probably settling on the land, like the Germans and Slaavs; afterwards in historical times, plundering and destroying, like the Huns and Mongols. Von Hammer, in his "History of the Ottoman Empire," says, "These immense Steppes, which Taimur or Timour, in marching against Tachtamish or Toktamish, traversed in 186 days, are covered in winter with snow as high as the grass in summer, and are inhabited by the Nogais and Kalmuks."

The Steppes of the Pontus were the last station on this long passage, and in point of physical character and geographical position towards the civilised world

the most interesting part of all the Steppes. Even in mythological times the coasts of the Pontic Steppes were known to the Greeks, and there existed a very ancient and little known religious connection with the interior and its inhabitants, the Scythians and Hyperboreans. At what time the Greek colonies originated on the Pontic coasts, and in smaller numbers even far in the interior of the country, is unknown. At a later period the Romans also had their eye at least upon the coasts, and in opposition to them was constituted the power of the Bosphoric empire, and the Chersonesian Republic. The Byzantine emperors were for a long time masters of a part of the coasts; from them the latter passed over to the Genoese, whose power some proud ruins still testify. The Mongols only passed over the Steppe; but the Tartars founded an empire on the southern coast, and thence exercised a loose kind of sway over their nomadic brethren of the Steppe. The scene of the struggles between the Turks and Poles lay around the western borders of the Steppe.

The whole connection, however, of the European peoples and states, with their districts, was merely created by the commerce kept up with the interior from points on the coast established by civilised nations. But civilisation never penetrated into the interior, which remained always the green pastureland of the nomadic tribes. The task of opening up this interior, and inducing these uninhabited districts into the pale of civilisation, was reserved for the Russians.

In earlier times attempts had been made to penetrate into the country from the south, from the sea. But the Russians came from the north; they first sought to open the country from the direction of the sea in a peaceable manner, but, being disturbed and attacked by the nomades of the Steppe, they were obliged in self-defence to conquer the country.

That this conquest has not been of merely temporary importance, as in the times of Darius, and afterwards of the Mongols, when the footsteps of the conquerors immediately disappeared without leaving a trace—and that it led to a permanent cultivation and peopling of the Steppe—the Russians are in the first place indebted to the Cossacks, whose peculiar social condition was a proof that there is actually an intermediate state between nomadic and settled life.

Nearly at the same time, exiles, fugitives, and adventurers from both the Russian races, the Little and Great Russians—Muscovites and Malorossians—wedged themselves into the Steppe. The former came from the north-west, and settled along the Dnieper, founding there, as we have before seen, the celebrated republic of the Zaporogian Cossacks. The Great Russians came from the north-east, and formed in the same manner the settlement of the Don Cossacks. These warrior-colonists, these agriculturists and herdsmen with military institutions, these tillers of the soil with nomadic habits, as Köhl picturesquely expresses it, were alone fitted to introduce the first germs of civilisation into the Steppe. Cossack, it will be understood, is not an expression for a race of people so much as of a state of being of a people. Cossacks are, in reality, Great and Little Russians, but they are Cossacks on the Steppes of Europe and Asia, and were there no Steppes there would be no Cossacks—except as an arbitrary institution upheld after the thing itself had ceased to be.

¹ *Mus citillus* of Buffon.

² See Clarke's *Travels*, part i. ch. 12. Recently rewards have been offered for the destruction of the suslics on account of the great injury they do to the crops and fields. They make the steppe very dangerous for riding.

Russia had consolidated her power in the north of the Steppe since the sixteenth century, and both Cossack races became gradually subject to her, but the Steppe between them was still, for nearly two centuries, the land of the free nomads, and at the same time the battle-field of the Turks and Russians, of the Cossacks and Tartars, who founded an empire in the Crimea, and from thence were constantly breaking through the Steppe, and attracting Poland and Russia.

Russia first succeeded, under Peter I., in victoriously reaching the coasts of the Black Sea, after conquering Kazan and Astrakhan. When Peter had established himself in the Sea of Azof, the Steppes of the Pontus and the Tartars of the Crimea were cut off from the Eastern Steppes, from which the latter were formerly able to recruit themselves. Within a century from that time the whole Steppe, and with it the whole northern coast of the Black Sea, fell under the power of Russia.

The future importance of the Pontic districts consists, according to Haxthausen (*Russian Empire*, vol. II. p. 54), in the following circumstances. A time will come when the greatest part of civilised Europe, being overpeopled, will be unable to maintain its industrious inhabitants without the importation of grain; two granaries will remain from which to draw supplies, North America and the country of the Black Soil in the centre and south of Russia. These immense magazines of grain will be formed for Europe, when the means of communication over the Steppe become organised in such a way that the supplies may reach the ports of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof at every period of the year, and without too great an expense either of time or money. When trade becomes established here on a great scale (more than a beginning already exists), other branches of trade and mercantile connections will be opened. Commercial roads might be formed from hence to the central parts of Asia; and were the Don and the Volga united by a canal or railway, internal communications would be still further enhanced.

Russia has already made great efforts to establish a flourishing trade on the southern coasts, and to cultivate and people the Steppes, which lie to the north of them. In the first of these objects she has succeeded in a surprising degree, and this in the short period of sixty years; in the second she has been less successful. While, if we consider the progress of trade, commerce, and wealth, or social life in general, we shall find those towns and ports in which the Russian population is not predominant, to have an unquestionable superiority—the foreign trade being entirely in the hands of foreigners—even in Odessa and Taganrog, so on the Steppes we still find the Kalmuks the Khirghiz, and other Tartar and Turkoman tribes, the natural masters of the soil.

III.

THE KALMUKS NECESSARILY NOMADES—FEATURES AND DRESS—HABITS AND MANNERS—MORAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION—KIBITKAS OR TENTS—INDUSTRY AND EDUCATION—KALMUK ENCAMPMENT—AWKWARD MEETING WITH TURKEMANS—SATZA, OR TOMBS OF THE KALMUKS—KIBITKA, OR TENT OF A KALMUK PRINCESS—VISIT TO A PRINCESS—KALMUK HORSEMANSHIP.

No sooner has the traveller left Sarepta, on the Volga, than on both sides of that majestic stream, with its multitude of islands, clothed with alders and

aspens, he will see the boundless Steppes which stretch away as far as the eye can reach, the black masses of Kalmuk and Kirghis encampments, dotting the surface here and there; and as he proceeds on his way, he will encounter numerous herds of camels going to drink the clear water of the Volga, and he will find himself wandering among the Kalmuk kikitkas scattered over the Steppes.

The Kalmuks, all of them nomades, are exclusively engaged in rearing cattle, and know nothing whatever of agriculture. They breed camels, oxen, sheep, and above all, horses, of which they have an excellent description, small, but strong and agile, and of great endurance. I have ridden, says a South Russian traveller, Hommaire de Hell, a Kalmuk horse often eighteen and even twenty-five leagues without once dismounting. The Russian cavalry is mounted chiefly on horses from the Caspian steppes: the average price of a good horse is from 80 to 100 rubles. Formerly the Kalmuks used to send their horses to the great fairs of Poland, paying a duty of 1.75 rubles on every horse sold; but the duty was raised to 5.25 rubles in 1828, for every horse arriving in the fair, and this unlucky measure immediately destroyed all trade with Poland. The business of horse-breeding has diminished immensely ever since in the Caspian steppes. The government afterwards returned to the old rate of duty; but the mischief was done, and the Kalmuks did not again appear in their old markets.

It is impossible to know, even approximately, the amount of cattle belonging to the tribes, for the Kalmuks are too superstitious ever to acknowledge the number of their stock. From various data collected at Astrakhan, from the superintendents of the herds, we may estimate that the Kalmuks possess on the whole from 250,000 to 300,000 horses, about 60,000 camels, 180,000 kine, and nearly a million sheep.

Prince Tumene is the only one of the Kalmuks who has engaged in agriculture, and his attempts have been exceedingly favoured by the character of the soil in his domains on the left bank of the Volga. His produce consists of grain, grapes, and all kinds of fruit. He has even tried to manufacture Champagne wine, but with little success; and when we visited him, he entreated me to send him a good work on the subject, that he might begin his operations again on an improved plan.

Prince Tondoudof is also striving to follow in Prince Tumene's footsteps. He has lately marked out a large space in the steppes for the fixed residence of a part of his Kalmuks, but I greatly doubt that his wishes can ever be realised. He has for many years possessed a very handsome dwelling, but he has not yet been able to give up his tent, so strong is the attachment of all this race to a nomade life. But the most potent obstacle to the establishment of a permanent colony consists in the nature of the soil itself. We have traversed that portion of the steppes which have been allotted to the Kalmuks in almost all directions, and found everywhere only an argillaceous, sandy, or salt soil, generally unsuited to agriculture. Where there is pasture, the grass is so short and thin, that the ground exactly resembles the appearance of the steppes of the Black Sea, when the grass begins to grow again after the conflagrations of winter. Hence the Kalmuks are ever on the move to find fresh pasture for their cattle, and seldom remain in one spot for more than a month or six weeks. But the most

serious obstacle to agriculture is the want of fresh water. The few brooks that run through the steppes are dry during the greater part of the year, and the summers are generally without rain. The cold, too, is as intolerable as the heat: for four months the thermometer is almost always steady at twenty-eight degrees of Reaumur in the shade, and very often it rises to thirty-two; then when winter sets in it falls to twenty-eight degrees below zero. Thus, there is a difference of nearly sixty degrees between the winter and the summer temperature. If in addition to these changes of temperature we consider the total flatness of the country, exposed without any shelter to the violence of the north and east winds, it will easily be conceived how unfavourable it must be to agriculture. A nomade life seems, therefore, a necessity for the Kalmuks, and until the development of civilisation among them shall make them feel the need of fixed dwellings, they must be left free to wander over their steppes. Moreover, in applying themselves exclusively to pastoral pursuits, they render much greater service to Russia than if they employed themselves in cultivating a stubborn and thankless soil. No doubt there are numerous oases scattered over these immense plains, just as in other deserts, and agriculture might have some success in the northern parts; but these favourable spots are all situated amid wildernesses where the cultivators would find no markets for their produce. In spite of all these drawbacks, the Russian government still persists in its endeavours to colonise the Kalmuks, and strives with all its might to introduce among them its system of uniformity. But its efforts have hitherto been quite fruitless; the hordes are now, perhaps, more than ever attached to their vagrant way of life, in which they find at least a compensation for the privileges and the independence of which they have been deprived.

The Kalmuks, like most other nations, are divided into three orders, nobles, clergy, and commons; the members of the aristocracy assume the name of *white bones*, whilst the common people are called *black bones*. The priests belong indifferently to either class, but those that issue from the ranks of the people do not easily succeed in effacing the stain of their origin. The prejudices of noble birth are, however, much less deeply rooted at this day than formerly, a natural consequence of the destruction of the power of the khans and the princes, and the complete subjection of the hordes to the laws and customs of the empire. Bergmann's account has therefore become quite inapplicable to the present state of things, and can only give false notions of the constitution of the Kalmuks.

Among the Asiatic races there is none whose features are so distinctly characterised as those of the Mongols. Paint one individual and you paint the whole nation. In 1815, the celebrated artist, Isabey, after seeing a great number of Kalmuks, observed so striking a resemblance between them, that having to take the likeness of Prince Tumene, and perceiving that the prince was very restless at the last sittings, he begged him to send one of his servants in his stead. In that way the painter finished the portrait, which turned out to be a most striking likeness, as I myself can testify. All the Kalmuks have eyes set obliquely, with eyelids little opened, scanty black eyebrows, noses deeply depressed near the forehead, prominent cheek-bones, spare beards, thin moustaches, and a brownish yellow skin. The lips of the men are thick and

fleshy, but the women, particularly those of high rank, have heart-shaped mouths of no common beauty. All have enormous ears, projecting strongly from the head, and their hair is invariably black. The Kalmuks are generally small, but with figures well rounded, and an easy carriage. Very few deformed persons are seen among them, for with more good sense than ourselves, they leave the development of their children's frames entirely to nature, and never put any kind of garment on them until the age of nine or ten. No sooner are they able to walk, than they mount on horseback, and apply themselves with all their hearts to wrestling and riding, the chief amusements of the tribes.

The portrait we have drawn of the Kalmuks is certainly not very engaging; but their own notions of beauty are very different from ours. A Kalmuk princess has been named to us, who, though frightfully ugly in European eyes, nevertheless passed for such a marvel of loveliness among her own people, that after having had a host of suitors, she was at last carried off by force by one of her admirers.

Like all inhabitants of vast plains, the Kalmuks have exceedingly keen sight. An hour after sun-set they can still distinguish a camel at a distance of three miles or more. Very often when I perceived nothing but a point barely visible on the horizon, they clearly made out a horseman armed with his lance and gun. They have also an extraordinary faculty for wending their way through their pathless wildernesses. Without the least apparent mark to guide them, they traverse hundreds of miles with their flocks, without ever wandering from the right course.

The costume of the common Kalmuks is not marked by any very decided peculiarity, the cap alone excepted. It is invariably of yellow cloth trimmed with black lambskin, and is worn by both sexes. I am even tempted to think that there are some superstitious notions connected with it, seeing the difficulty I experienced in procuring one as a specimen. The trousers are wide and open below. Persons in good circumstances wear two long tunics, one of which is tied round the waist, but the usual dress consists only of trousers and a jacket of skin with tight sleeves. The men shave a part of their heads, and the rest of the hair is gathered into a single mass, which hangs on their shoulders. The women wear two tresses, and this is really the only visible criterion of their sex. The princes have almost all adopted the Circassian costume, or the uniform of the Cossacks of Astrakhan, to which body some of them belong. The ordinary foot gear is red boots with very high heels, and generally much too short. The Kalmuks, like the Chinese, greatly admire small feet, and as they are constantly on horseback, their short boots, which would be torturing to us, cause them no inconvenience. But they are very bad pedestrians; the form of their boots obliges them to walk on their toes, and they are exceedingly distressed when they have not a horse to mount.

They never set out on a journey unarmed. They usually carry a poniard and a long Asiatic gun, generally a matchlock. The camel is the beast they commonly ride, guiding it by a string passed through its nostrils, which gives them complete command over the animal. They have long quite abandoned the use of bows and arrows; the gun, the lance, and the dagger being now their only weapons. Cuirasses, too, have become useless to them. I saw a few admirable speci-

mens at Prince Tumene's, which appeared to be of Persian manufacture, and were valued at from fifty to a hundred horses. In spite of the precepts of Buddhism, which forbid them to kill any animal, the Kalmuks are skilful sportsmen with hawk and gun. They almost always shoot in the manner of the old arquebusiers, resting the gun on a long fork which plays upon an axis fixed at the extremity of the barrel.

The Kalmuks, like all pastoral people live very frugally. Dairy produce forms their chief aliment, and their favourite beverage is tea. They eat meat also, particularly horseflesh, which they prefer to any other, but very well done, and not raw, as some writers have asserted. As for cereal food, which the natives of Europe prize so highly, the Kalmuks scarcely know its use; it is only at rare intervals that some of them buy bread or oatcake from the neighbouring Russians. Their tea is prepared in a very peculiar manner. It comes to them from China, in the shape of very hard bricks composed of the leaves and coarsest parts of the plant. After boiling it a considerable time in water, they add milk, butter and salt. The infusion then acquires consistency, and becomes of a dirty red-yellow colour. We tasted the beverage at Prince Tumene's, but must confess it was perfectly detestable, and instantly reminded us of Madame Gibou's incredible preparation. They say, however, that it is easy to accustom oneself to this tea, and that at last it is thought delicious. At all events it has one good quality. By strongly exciting perspiration, it serves as an excellent preventative against the effects of sudden chills. The Kalmuks drink their tea out of round shallow little wooden vessels, to which they often attach a very high value. I have seen several which were priced at two or three horses. They are generally made of roots brought from Asia. It is superfluous to say that the Kalmuks, knowing nothing of the use of tea-kettles, prepare their infusion in large iron pots. Next to tea there is no beverage they are so fond of as spirituous liquors. They manufacture a sort of brandy from mare's or cow's milk; but as it is very weak, and has little action on the brain, they seek after Russian liquors with intense eagerness, so that to prevent the pernicious consequences of this passion, the government has been obliged to prohibit the establishment of any dram-shops among the hordes. The women are as eager after the fatal liquor as the men, but they have seldom an opportunity to indulge their taste, for their lords and masters watch them narrowly in this respect. The Kalmuk kitchen is disgustingly filthy. A housekeeper would think herself disgraced if she washed her utensils with water. When she has to clean a vessel, no matter of what sort, she merely empties out its contents, and polishes the inside with the back of her hand. Often have I had pans of milk brought to me that had been cleansed in this ingenious manner. However, as we have already remarked, the interior of the tents by no means exhibits the filth with which this people has been often charged.

Among the Kalmuks, like most Oriental nations, the stronger sex considers all household cares derogatory to its dignity, and leaves them entirely to the women, whose business it is to cook, take care of the children, keep the tents in order, make up the garments and furs of the family, and attend to the cattle. The men barely condescend to groom their horses; they

hunt, drink tea or brandy, stretch themselves out on felts, and smoke or sleep. Add to these daily occupations some games, such as chess, and that played with knuckle-bones, and you have a complete picture of the existence of a Kalmuk *pater familias*. The women are quite habituated to their toilsome life, and make cheerful and contented housewives; but they grow old fast, and after a few years of wedlock become frightfully ugly. Their appearance then differs not at all from that of the men; their masculine forms, the shape of their features, their swarthy complexion, and the identity of costume often deceive the most practised eye.

We twice visited the Kalmuks, and the favourable opinion we conceived of them from the first was never shaken. They are the most pacific people imaginable; in analysing their physiognomy, it is impossible to believe that a malicious thought can enter their heads. We invariably encountered the frankest and most affable hospitality among them, and our arrival in a camp was always hailed by the joyful shouts of the whole tribe hurrying to meet us. According to Bergmann's book he seems not to have fared so well at their hands, and he revenges himself by painting them in a very odious light.

A very marked characteristic of these tribes is their sociability. They seldom eat alone, and often entertain each other; it is even their custom, before tasting their food, to offer a part of it to strangers, or, if none are present, to children; the act is in their eyes both a work of charity, and a sort of propitiary offering in acknowledgment of the bounty of the Deity.

Their dwellings are felt tents, called *kibitkas* by the Russians. They are four or five yards in diameter, cylindrical to the height of a man's shoulder, with a conical top, open at the apex to let the smoke escape. The frame is light, and can be taken asunder for the convenience of carriage. The skeleton of the roof consists of a wooden ring, forming the aperture for the smoke, and of a great number of small spars supporting the ring, and resting on the upper circumference of the cylindrical frame. The whole tent is light enough to be carried by two camels. A kibitka serves for a whole family; men, women, and children sleep in it promiscuously without any separation. In the centre there is always a trivet, on which stands the pot used for cooking tea and meat. The floor is partly covered with felts, carpets, and mats; the couches are opposite the door, and the walls of the tent are hung with arms, leathern vessels, household utensils, quarters of meat, &c.

Among the most important occupations of these people are the distillation of spirits, and the manufacture of felts, to which a certain season of the year is appropriated. For the latter operation the men themselves awake out of their lethargy, and condescend to put their hands to the work. They make two kinds of felt, gray and white. The price of the best is ten or twelve rubles for the piece of eight yards by two. The Kalmuks are also very expert in making leathern vessels for liquids, of all shapes and sizes, with extremely small throats. The women tan the skins after a manner which the curious in these matters will find described by the celebrated traveller, Pallas. The priests, moreover, manufacture some very peculiar tea-caddies; they are of wood, their shape a truncated cone, with numerous ornamental hoops of copper. In other respects industry has made no progress among

the Kalmuks, whose wants are so limited, that none of them has ever felt the need of applying himself to any distinct trade. Every man can supply his own wants, and we never found an artisan of any kind among the hordes. At Astrakhan, there are some Kalmuk journeymen engaged in the fisheries, and many of them are in high repute as boatmen. On the whole, it is not for want of intelligence they are without arts, but because they have no need of them.

We frequently questioned the Kalmuks respecting their wintering under a tent, and they always assured us that their kibitkas perfectly protected them from the cold. By day they keep up a fire with reeds and dried dung; and at night, when there remains only clear coal, they stop up all the openings to confine the heat. Their felts, besides, as I know from experience, are so well made, as to shelter them completely from the most furious tempests.

We have little to say of the education of the Kalmuks. Their princes and priests alone boast of some learning, but it consists only in a knowledge of their religious works. The mass of the people grovel in utter ignorance. Nevertheless, a very notable intellectual movement took place among the tribes in the beginning of the seventeenth century, at which period Zaia Pandity, one of their high priests, invented a new alphabet, and enriched the old Mongul language with many Turkish elements. Thereupon the Kalmuk nation had a literature of its own, and soon, under the influence of its numerous traditions, and its historical, sacred, and political books, it exhibited all the germs of a hopeful, nascent, civilisation; nor was it rare in those days to find men of decided talent among the aristocracy. But Ubaeha's emigration blighted all these fair hopes. The books were all carried off by the fugitives; the old traditions, so potent among Asiatic nations, gradually became extinct, the natural bond that knitted the various hordes together was broken, and the Kalmuks that remained in Europe soon relapsed into their old barbarian condition.

The habits of private life among the Kalmuks are of course in accordance with their state of civilisation and religious belief, and are strongly marked by all their gross superstitions. Yet certain of their customs are serious and affecting, and cannot fail to make an impression on the traveller. Others are curious for their patriarchal simplicity. When a woman is in labour, one or more priests are sent for, and whilst the husband runs round the tent with a big stick to drive away the evil spirits, the ghelungs stand at the door reciting prayers, and invoking the favour of the deity on the child about to be born. When the babe is come into the world, one of the relations goes out of the tent, and gives it the name of the first object he sees. This is the practice among all classes. I have known a prince *Little Dog*, and other individuals bearing the most whimsical names. The women remain veiled for many days after their delivery, and a certain time must elapse before they can be present at the religious ceremonies.

The customs observed in marriages are more interesting, particularly when the young couple belong to the aristocracy. The preliminaries consist in stipulating the amount in horses, camels, and money, which the bridegroom is to pay to the bride's father; this being settled, the young man sets out on horseback, accompanied by the chief nobles of his Uluss, to carry off his bride. A sham resistance is always made

by the people of her camp, in spite of which she fails not to be borne away on a richly caparisoned horse, with loud shouts and *feux de joie*. When the party arrive at the spot where the kibitka of the new couple is to stand, and where the trivet supporting their great pot is already placed, the bride and bridegroom dismount, kneel down on carpets, and receive the benediction of their priests; then they rise, and, turning towards the sun, address their invocations aloud to the four elements. At this moment the horse on which the bride has been brought home is stripped of saddle and bridle, and turned loose for any one to catch and keep who can. The intention of this practice, which is observed only among the rich, is to signify to the bride that she is thenceforth to live only with her husband, and not think of returning to her parents. The setting up of the kibitka concludes the whole ceremony. The bride remains veiled until the tent is ready, and her husband taking off her veil, hands her into her new home. There is one curious incident in the marriages of the wealthy which deserves mention. The bride chooses a bridesmaid who accompanies her in her abduction; and when they come to the place for the kibitka, the bride throws her handkerchief among the men; whoever catches it must marry the bridesmaid. For a year after marriage the wife must confine herself to the tent, and during all that time can only receive visits on its threshold. Afterwards she is free to do just as she likes.

All marriages are not contracted in this peaceable manner among the Kalmuks. When the relations cannot agree on the terms, which is no unusual case, the question is very often settled by force. If the young man is really enamoured he calls together his comrades, and by force or cunning carries off the girl, who, after she has once entered his tent, cannot under any pretext be reclaimed by her parents.

Ilamism seems in the beginning to have forbidden polygamy and divorce, but these prohibitions have long become obsolete, and both practices are now legalised among all the Kalmuks. In case of infidelity on the wife's part, the repudiation takes place publicly, if the husband requires it. The most broken down horse that can be found is brought out, its tail is cut off, the guilty woman is mounted on its bare back, and hooted out of the Uluss. But these scenes occur very rarely; for the offended husband usually contents himself with sending his wife away privately, after giving her a few head of cattle for her support. The Kalmuks of the Caspian indulge very seldom in polygamy; indeed I never heard of more than one individual who had two wives. The condition of women among them is very different from what prevails in Turkey and great part of Asia; the restrictions of the harem are unknown, and both wives and maids enjoy the greatest independence, and may freely expose their faces to view on all occasions.

The first encampment of Kalmuks visited consisted of a score of tents. All the men came out to meet us: they took the camels from the britchka, and would not allow our people to lend a hand; then having pitched our tent a little way off from their own, at the foot of a tumulus, they began to dance with their women, in token of rejoicing. One of the latter went down on her knees and begged some tobacco, and when she had got it she became an object of envy to her companions, before whom she hastened to display and smoke it.

When night had fallen, the camp was lighted up with numerous fires, which gave a still more curious aspect to the kibitkas, and the dancing figures of the Kalmuks and Cossacks, whose exuberant gaiety was in part owing to an extraordinary distribution of food and brandy. The women advanced in their turn, and several of them forming a circle, danced in the same manner as the ladies of honour of the Princess Tumene. But they all seemed extremely ugly, though some of them were very young.

Two days afterwards we arrived at the edge of a pond, where we arranged to pass the night. The sight of the water, and the thousands of birds on its surface, afforded us real delight; there needed but such a little thing, under such circumstances as ours, to constitute an event, and occupy the imagination! All that evening was spent in shooting and hawking, bathing, and walking round and round the pool. We could not satiate ourselves with the pleasure of beholding that brackish mud, and the forest of reeds that encompassed it. No landscape on the Alps or the Tyrol was probably ever hailed with so much enthusiasm.

Beyond this pond, the appearance of the Steppes gradually changed; water grew less rare, the vegetation less scorched. We saw from time to time herds of more than five hundred camels, grazing in freedom on the short thick grass. Some of them were of gigantic height. I shall never forget the amazement they manifested at beholding us. The moment they perceived us they hurried towards, then stopped short, gazing at us with outstretched necks until we were out of sight.

The eighth day after our departure from Huiduk, our fresh water was so sensibly diminished that we were obliged to use brackish water in cooking. This change in our kitchen routine fortunately lasted but a few days; but it was enough to give me a hearty aversion for meats so cooked: they had so disagreeable a taste, that nothing but necessity and long habit can account for their ordinary use. The Kalmuks and Cossacks, however, use no other water during a great part of the year.

That same day we had a very singular encounter, which went near to be tragical. Shortly before encamping, we saw a very long file of small carts approaching us; our Kalmuks recognised them as belonging to Turkmans, a sort of people held in very bad repute, by reason of their quarrelsome and brutal temper. Every untoward event that happens in the Steppes is laid to their account, and there is perpetual warfare between them and the Cossacks, to whom they give more trouble than all the other tribes put together. As we advanced, an increased confusion was manifest in the convey, and suddenly all the oxen, as if possessed by the fiend, exhibited the most violent terror, and began to run away in wild disorder, dashing against each other, upsetting and breaking the carts loaded with salt, wholly regardless of the voices and blows of their drivers. Some moments elapsed before we could account for this strange disaster, and comprehend the meaning of the furious abuse with which the Turkmans assailed our escort. The camel-drivers were the real culprits in this affair, for they knew by experience how much horses and oxen are frightened by the sight of a camel, and they ought to have moved out of the direct line of march, and not exposed us to the rage of the fierce carters.

The moment immediately after the catastrophe was

really critical. All the Turkmans, incensed at the sight of the broken carts and their salt strewed over the ground, seemed, by their threatened gestures and vociferations, to be debating whether or not they should attack us. A single imprudent gesture might have been fatal to us, for they were more than fifty, and armed with cutlasses; but the steady behaviour of the escort gradually quieted them. Instead of noticing their hostile demonstrations, all our men set to work to repair the mischief, and the Turkmans soon followed their example; in less than an hour all was made right again, and the scene of confusion ended much more peaceably than we had at first ventured to hope. All parties now thought only of the comical part of the adventure, and hearty laughter supplanted the tokens of strife. To seal the reconciliation, a distribution of brandy was made, which completely won the hearts of the fellows, who a little before had been on the point of murdering us.

The more we became accustomed to the stillness and grandeur of the desert, the better we understood the Kalmuk's passionate love for the Steppes and his kibitka. If happiness consist in freedom, no man is more happy than he. Habituated as he is to gaze over a boundless expanse, to endure no restriction, and to pitch his tent wherever his humour dictates, it is natural that he should feel ill at ease, cribbed, cabined, and confined, when removed from his native wastes, and that he should rather die by his own hand than live in exile. During our stay at Astrakhan, every one was talking of a recent event which afforded us an instance of the strong attachment of those primitive beings to the natal soil.

A Kalmuk chief killed his Cossack rival in a fit of jealousy, and instead of attempting to escape punishment by flight, he augmented his guilt by resisting a detachment which was sent to arrest him. Several of his servants aided him, but numbers prevailed; all were made prisoners and conveyed to a fort, where they were to remain until their sentence should have been pronounced. A month afterwards, an order arrived for their transportation to Siberia, but by that time three-fourths of the captives had ceased to exist. Some had died of grief, others had eluded the vigilance of their gaelers, and killed themselves. The chief, however, had been too closely watched to allow of his making any attempt on his own life, but his obstinate silence, and the deep dejection of his haggard features, proved plainly that his despair was not less than that which had driven his companions to suicide.

When he was placed in the car to begin his journey, some Kalmuks were allowed to approach and bid him farewell. "What can we do for thee?" they whispered; the chief only replied, "You know." Thereupon one of the Kalmuks drew a pistol from his pocket, and before the bystanders had time to interpose, he blew out the chief's brains. The faces of the two other prisoners beamed with joy. "Thanks for him," they cried; "as for us, we shall never see Siberia."

I have not yet spoken of the Kalmuk's *satzas*, and the desire we felt to become acquainted with them. From the moment we had entered the waste, we had never ceased to sweep the horizon in hopes to discover one of these mysterious tombs, from which the Kalmuks always keep aloof, in order not to profane them by their presence. These *satzas* are small temples erected on purpose to contain the remains of the high priests. When one of them dies his body is burned, and his

ashes are deposited with great pomp in the mausoleum prepared to receive them, along with a quantity of sacred images, which are so many good genii placed there to keep watch eternally over the dust of the holy personage.

Before we left Astrakhan, we had taken care to collect all possible information respecting these satzas, in order to visit one of them during our journey through the Steppes, and rifle it, if possible, of its contents. But as the religious jealousy of our Kalmuks had hitherto prevented us from making any researches of the kind, we determined at last to trust to chance for the gratification of our wishes.

It was at one day's journey from Selenoi Sastava that we had, for the first time, the satisfaction of perceiving one of these monuments. Great was our delight, notwithstanding the difficulty of approaching it, and eluding the keen watch of our camel-drivers; nay, the obstacles in our way did but give the more zest to our pleasure. There were precautions to be taken, a secret to be kept, and novelty to be enjoyed; all this gave enhanced interest to the satza, and delightfully broke the monotony that had oppressed us for so many days. All our measures were therefore taken with extreme prudence and deliberation. We halted for breakfast at a reasonable distance from the satza, so that our camel-drivers might not conceive any suspicion; and during the repast Anthony and the officer, who had received their instructions from us, took care to say that we intended to catch a few white herons before we resumed our march. The Kalmuks, being aware of the value we attached to those birds, heard the news as a matter of course, and rejoiced at the opportunity of indulging in a longer doze.

The satza stood in the midst of the sands, five or six versts from our halting-place. To reach it we had to make a long detour in order to deceive the Kalmuks, in case they conceived any suspicion of our design. All this was difficult enough, and extremely fatiguing; still I insisted on making one in the expedition, and was among the first to mount.

After two hours' marching and countermarching over the sands, in a tropical temperature that quite dispirited our beasts, we arrived in front of the satza, the appearance of which was anything but attractive, and seemed far from deserving the pains we had taken to see it. It was a small square building, of a gray colour, with only two holes by way of windows. Fancy our consternation when we found there was no door. We all marched round and round the impenetrable sanctuary in a state of ludicrous disappointment. Some means or other was to be devised for getting in, for the thought of returning without satisfying our curiosity never once entered our heads. The removal of some stones from one of the windows afforded us a passage, very inconvenient indeed, but sufficient.

Like conquerors we entered the satza through a breach; but we had not thought of the standard, which was indispensable for the strict accomplishment of the usual ceremonies. Instead thereof, we had recourse to a silk handkerchief, and planting it on the summit of the mausoleum, took possession of it in the name of all future and present travellers.

This ceremony completed, we made a minute inspection of the interior of the tomb, but found in it nothing extraordinary: it appeared to be of great antiquity. Some idols of baked clay were ranged along the wall. Several small notches, at regular intervals, contained

images half decayed by damp. The floor of beaten earth, and part of the walls were covered with felt: such were the sole decorations we beheld.

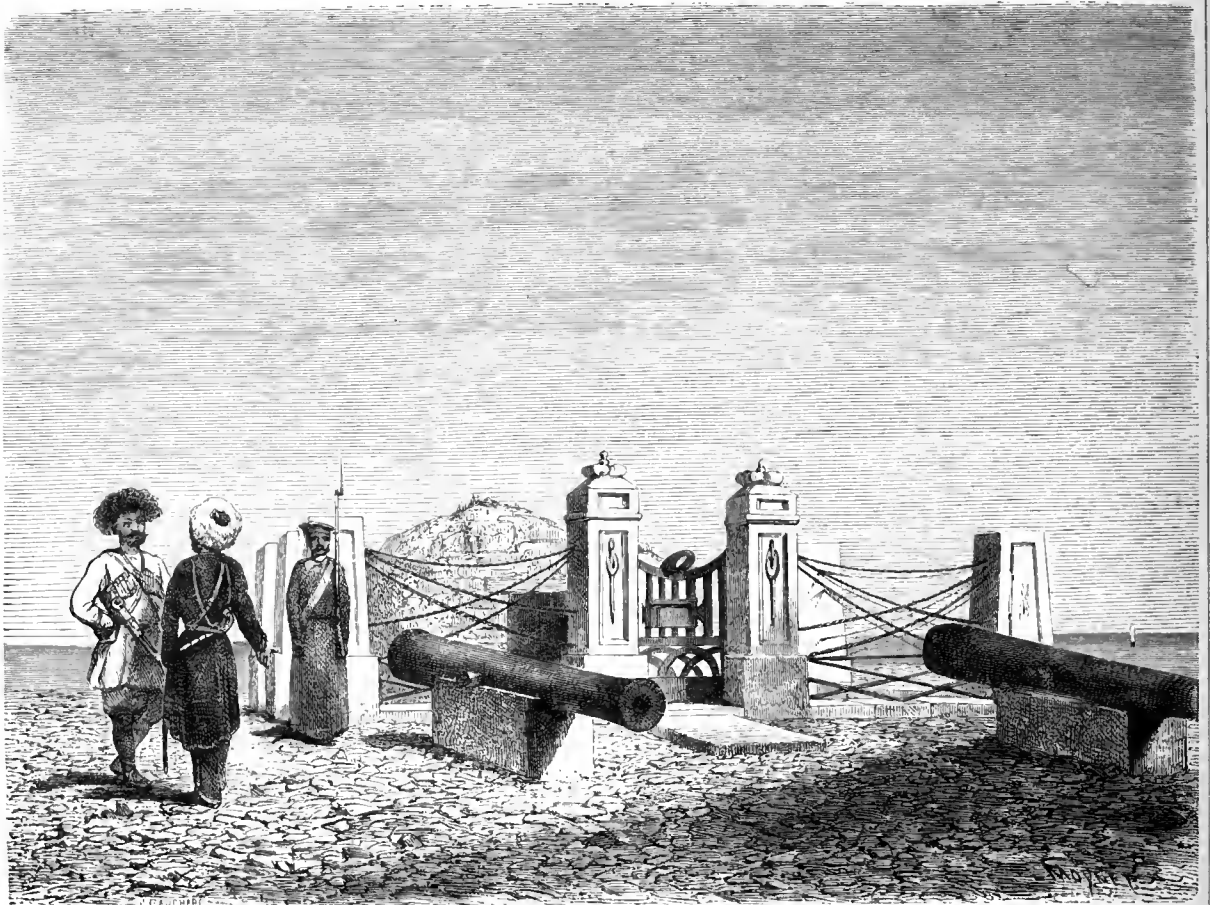
Like generous victors we contented ourselves by taking two small statues, and a few images. According to the notions of the Kalmuks, no sacrilege can compare with that of which we were now guilty. Yet no celestial fire reduced us to ashes, and the Grand Llama allowed us to return in peace to our escort. But a great vexation befel us, for one of the idols was broken by the way, and we had to supplicate the Bukhans of the Steppe to extend their protection to the other during the rest of the journey.

One of our illustrations (*See* p. 711) represents the interior of a kubitka or tent of a Kalmuk princess. It is not every one who can penetrate into the sanctuary of an Iluthyan or Mongolian princess, and Madame Hommaire de Hell was indebted to her introductions at Astrakhan, and her friendship with Prince Tumene, at that epoch one of the wealthiest and most influential of all the Kalmuk chiefs, as also with Madame Zakarevitch, to an opportunity then presented to her, and which she describes in lively graphic language.

At an early hour Madame Zakarevitch came to accompany us to the prince's sister-in-law, who, during the fine season, resides in the kubitka in preference to the palace. Nothing could be more agreeable to us than this proposal. At last then I was about to see Kalmuk manners and customs without any foreign admixture. On the way I learned that the princess was renowned among her people for extreme beauty and accomplishments, besides many other details which contributed further to augment my curiosity. We formed a tolerably large party when we reached her tent, and as she had been informed of our intended visit, we enjoyed, on entering, a spectacle that far surpassed our anticipations. When the curtain at the doorway of the kubitka was raised, we found ourselves in a rather spacious room, lighted from above, and hung with red damask, the reflection from which shed a glowing tint on every object; the floor was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and the air was loaded with perfumes. In this balmy atmosphere and crimson light we perceived the princess seated on a low platform at the further end of the tent, dressed in glistening robes, and as motionless as an idol. Some twenty women in full dress, sitting on their heels, formed a strange and particoloured circle round her. It was like nothing I could compare it to but an opera scene suddenly got up on the banks of the Volga. When the princess had allowed us time enough to admire her, she slowly descended the steps of the platform, approached us with dignity, took me by the hand, embraced me affectionately, and led me to the place she had just left. She did the same by Madame Zakarevitch and her daughter, and then graciously saluted the persons who accompanied us, she motioned them to be seated on a large divan opposite the platform. No mistress of a house in Paris could have done better. When every one had found a place, she sat down beside me, and through the medium of an Armenian, who spoke Russian and Kalmuk extremely well, she made me a thousand compliments, that gave me a very high opinion of her capacity. With the Armenian's assistance, we were able to put many questions to each other, and notwithstanding the awkwardness of being obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, the conversation was far from growing languid, so eager

was the princess for information of every kind. The Armenian, who was a merry soul, constituted himself, of his own authority, grand master of the ceremonies, and commenced his functions by advising the princess to give orders for the opening of the ball. Immediately upon a sign from the latter, one of the ladies of honour rose and performed a few steps, turning slowly upon herself; whilst another, who remained seated, drew forth from a balalailia (an Oriental guitar) some melancholy sounds, by no means appropriate to the occasion. Nor were the attitudes and movements of her companion more accordant with our notions of dancing. They formed a pantomime, the meaning of which I could not ascertain, but which, by its languishing

monotony, expressed anything but pleasure or gaiety. The young *figurante* frequently stretched out her arms and knelt down, as if to invoke some invisible being. The performance lasted a considerable time, during which I had full opportunity to scrutinise the princess, and saw good reason to justify the high renown in which her beauty was held among her own people. Her figure is imposing, and extremely well-proportioned, as far as her numerous garments allowed me to judge. Her mouth, finely arched and adorned with beautiful teeth, her countenance, expressive of great sweetness, her skin, somewhat brown, but remarkably delicate, would entitle her to be thought a very handsome woman, even in France, if the outline of her face



PETER THE GREAT'S HUT, NEAR DERBEND.

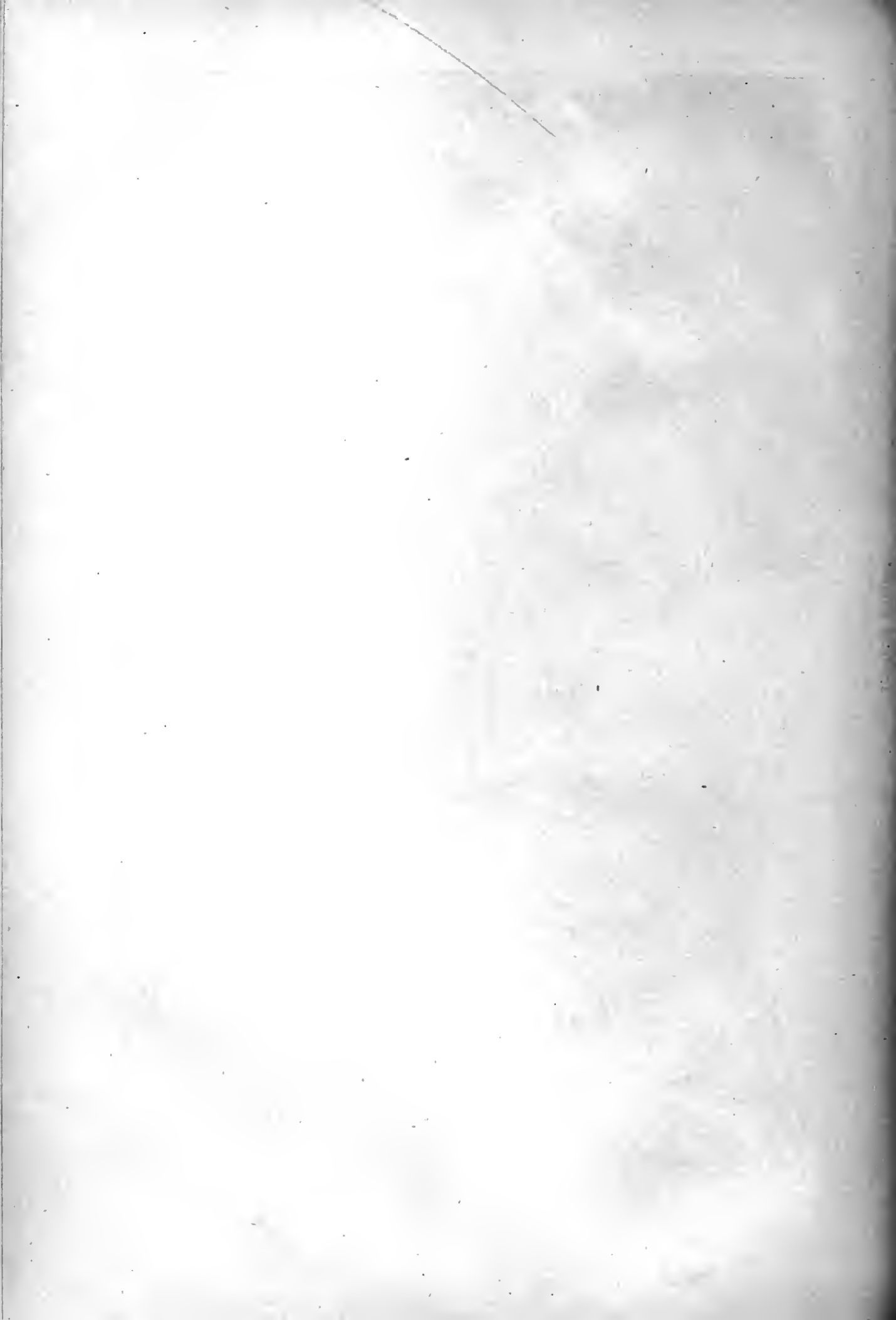
and the arrangement of her features were only a trifle less Kalmuk. Nevertheless, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek bones, she would still find many an admirer, not in Kalmukia alone, but all the world over. Her looks convey an expression of the utmost gentleness and good nature, and like all the women of her race, she has an air of caressing humility, which makes her appearance still more winning.

Now for her costume. Over a very rich robe of Persian stuff, laced all over with silver, she wore a light silk tunic, reaching only to the knee, and open in front. The high corsage was quite flat, and glittered with silver embroidery and fine pearls that covered all

the seams. Round her neck she had a white cambric habit shirt, the shape of which seemed to me like that of a man's shirt collar. It was fastened in front by a diamond button. Her very thick, deep black hair fell over her bosom in two magnificent tresses of remarkable length. A yellow cap, edged with rich fur, and resembling in shape the square cap of a French judge, was set jauntily on the crown of her head. But what surprised me most in her costume was an embroidered cambric handkerchief and a pair of black mittens. Thus, it appears, the productions of our workshops find their way even to the toilette of a great Kalmuk lady. Among the princess's ornaments I must not forget to enumerate a large gold chain, which, after being wound



GEORGIAN BAYADERES.



round her beautiful tresses, fell over her bosom, passing on its way through her gold earrings. Her whole attire, such as I have described it, looked much less barbarous than I had expected. The ladies of honour, though less richly clad, wore robes and caps of the same form; only they had not advanced so far as to wear mittens.

The dancing lady, after figuring for half an hour, went and touched the shoulder of one of her companions, who took her place, and began the same figures over again. When she had done, the Armenian urged the princess that her daughter, who until then had kept herself concealed behind a curtain, should also give a specimen of her skill; but there was a difficulty in the case. No lady of honour had a right to touch her, and this formality was indispensable according to established usage. Not to be baffled by this obstacle, the Armenian sprang gaily into the middle of the circle, and began to dance in so original a manner, that every one enthusiastically applauded. Having thus satisfied the exigency of Kalmuk etiquette, he stepped up to the curtain and laid his finger lightly on the shoulder of the young lady, who could not refuse an invitation thus made in all due form. Her dancing appeared to us less wearisome than that of the ladies of honour, thanks to her pretty face and her timid and languishing attitudes. She, in her turn, touched her brother, a handsome lad of fifteen, dressed in the Cossack costume, who appeared exceedingly mortified at being obliged to put a Kalmuk cap on his head, in order to exhibit the dance in all its nationality. Twice he dashed his cap on the ground with a most comical air of vexation; but his mother rigidly insisted on his putting it on again.

The dancing of the men is as imperious and animated as that of the women is tame and monotonous; the spirit of domination displays itself in all their gestures, in the bold expression of their looks and their noble bearing. It would be impossible for me to describe all the evolutions the young prince went through with equal grace and rapidity. The elasticity of his limbs was as remarkable as the perfect measure observed in his complicated steps.

After the ball came the concert. The women played one after another on the balalaika, and then sang in chorus. But there is as little variety in their music as in their dancing. At last we were presented with different kinds of kumis and sweetmeats on large silver trays.

When we came out from the kibitka, the princess's brother-in-law took us to a herd of wild horses, where one of the most extraordinary scenes awaited us. The moment we were perceived, five or six mounted men, armed with long lassoes, rushed into the middle of the *tabun* (herd of horses), keeping their eyes constantly fixed on the young prince, who was to point out the animal they should seize. The signal being given, they instantly galloped forward and noosed a young horse with a long dishevelled mane, whose dilated eyes and smoking nostrils betokened inexpressible terror. A lightly-clad Kalmuk, who followed them on foot, immediately sprang upon the stallion, cut the thongs that were throttling him, and engaged with him in an incredible contest of daring and agility. It would be impossible, I think, for any spectacle more vividly to affect the mind than that which now met our eyes. Sometimes the rider and his horse rolled together on the grass; sometimes they shot through the air with

the speed of an arrow, and then stopped abruptly, as if a wall had all at once risen up before them. On a sudden the furious animal would crawl on its belly, or rear in a manner that made us shriek with terror, then plunging forward again in his mad gallop he would dash through the tabun, and endeavoured, in every possible way, to shake off his novel burden.

But this exercise, violent and dangerous as it appeared to us, seemed but sport to the Kalmuk, whose body followed all the movements of the animal with so much suppleness, that one would have fancied that the same thought possessed both bodies. The sweat poured in foaming streams from the stallion's flanks, and he trembled in every limb. As for the rider, his coolness would have put to shame the most accomplished horsemen in Europe. In the most critical moments he still found himself at liberty to wave his arms in token of triumph; and in spite of the indomitable humour of his steed, he had sufficient command over it to keep it almost always within the circle of our vision. At a signal from the prince, two horsemen, who had kept as close as possible to the daring centaur, seized him with amazing quickness, and galloped away with him before we had time to comprehend this new manœuvre. The horse, for a moment stupified, soon made off at full speed, and was lost in the midst of the herd. These performances were repeated several times without a single rider suffering himself to be thrown.

But what was our amazement when we saw a boy of ten years come forward to undertake the same exploit! They selected for him a young white stallion of great size, whose fiery bounds and desperate efforts to break his bonds, indicated a most violent temper.

I will not attempt to depict our intense emotions during this new conflict. This child, who, like the other riders, had only the horse's mane to cling to, afforded an example of the power of reasoning over instinct and brute force. For some minutes he maintained his difficult position with heroic intrepidity. At last, to our great relief, a horseman rode up to him, caught him up in his outstretched arm, and threw him on the croup behind him.

The Kalmuks, as the reader will perceive, are excellent horsemen, and are accustomed from their childhood to subdue the wildest horses. The exercise we had witnessed is one of their greatest amusements: it is even practised by the women, and we have frequently seen them vying with each other in feats of equestrian daring.

IV.

CITY OF ASTRAKHAN—"STAR OF THE DESERT"—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—HISTORICAL NOTICE—MIXED POPULATION—ARMENIANS, TATARS—SINGULAR RESULT OF A MIXTURE OF RACES—COMMERCIAL POSITION OF ASTRAKHAN—ITS LOSS OF THE OVERLAND TRADE FROM INDIA—ERRONEOUS COMMERCIAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

A TRAVELLER upon first coming in sight of Astrakhan cannot fail to be much struck with the fine panorama of the city, its churches, cupolas, and ruined forts gradually coming forth to the view. Situated on an island of the Volga, its environs are not covered like those of most great cities, with villages and cultivated fields: it stands alone, surrounded by water and sand, proud of its sovereignty over the noble river, and of the name of Star in the Desert or Star-Khan, with which the poetic imagination of the Orientals has graced it. (*See p. 707.*)

We had some difficulty in finding a lodging after we had landed, and though assisted by a police officer, we spent more than two hours in wandering from place to place, everywhere meeting with refusals. We were about cutting short our perplexities by taking refuge in a Persian caravanserai, when chance came to our aid. A Polish lady whom we fell in with, offered us the accommodation of her house, and with such good grace that we could not hesitate to accept her civility.

Except some crown buildings occupied by the *employés*, there is nothing in Astrakhan to remind the traveller of its being under foreign sway. The town has completely preserved the Asiatic physiognomy it owes to its climate, its past history, and its diversified population. It is built partly on a hill, partly on the plain, and several of its oldest portions stand on low spoils intersected with marshes, and are exposed to very unwholesome exhalations during the summer after the river floods. A canal with quays runs through the whole length of the city.

After having made part of the empire of the Kaptshak, founded by Batu Khan, and after a long series of intestine commotions, Astrakhan became an independent state in the beginning of the fifteenth century. One hundred and fifty years later there broke out between the Russians and the Tatars that obstinate strife which was to end by delivering the country of the Tsars from the yoke of its oppressors. In 1554, Ivan the Terrible, partly by treachery, and partly by force of arms, possessed himself of the khanat of the Caspian, and was the first to assume the title of King of Kasan and Astrakhan. This valuable conquest was incorporated with the empire, and led to the submission or emigration of all the adjacent tribes. Astrakhan has ever since belonged to Russia; but it soon lost the prosperity that had rendered it so celebrated of yore under the Tartars or Tatars of the Golden Horde. Fifteen years after the Russian conquest, the Turks directed an expedition against Astrakhan, in concert with the Tartars of the Crimea; but the effort was abortive, and the bulk of the Ottoman army perished in the deserts of the Manitch. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Astrakhan again underwent a brief but bloody revolution: the rebel Stenko Razin made himself master of the town, gave it up to horrible massacres, and for awhile caused serious alarm to Russia. At present the ancient capital of the Tatar kingdom is merely the chief town of a government, which though presenting a surface of more than 4,000 geographical square miles, yet possesses only 285,000 inhabitants, of whom 200,000 are nomades. It contains a great number of squares, churches, and mosques. Its old embattled towers and its walls, which still include a considerable space of ground, remind the traveller of its ancient warlike renown. Its population, a medley of all the races of Asia, amounts in number to 45,703, the bulk of whom are Russians, Kalmuks, and Tartars. The Armenians are shopkeepers here, just as they are in all countries in the world; notwithstanding their religion, which should make them coalesce with the westerns, they retain in their manners and customs everything belonging to the east. The Armenian carries everywhere with him that spirit of traffic which is common to him with the Jew; always at work on some stroke of business—always ready to seize a flying opportunity; discounting, computing, figuring, with indefatigable patience. Meet him where you will, in

the fertile valleys of Armenia, in the snowy north, or beneath a southern sky, everywhere he exhibits that intense selfishness which stands him in lieu of the patriotic feelings so potent in most other branches of the human family. This nation, dispersed over the whole world like the Jews, presents one of those distinctive types of feature characteristic of an unmixed race, which are to be found in full preservation only among eastern nations. The brown mantle in which the Armenian women wrap themselves at Constantinople, is here replaced by long black veils that cover them from head to foot. This garment, which displays the shape very well, and falls in graceful folds to the feet, when well put on, reminds one of the elegant lines of certain Grecian statues; and what makes the resemblance the more striking, is that the Armenian women are particularly remarkable for their stately carriage and the severe dignity of their features.

The Tatars, upwards of 5,000 in number, are engaged in trade, and chiefly in that of cattle. The numerous mosques and the cupolas of their baths contribute to give Astrakhan quite an oriental appearance.

The Indians, who were formerly rather numerous in this city, have long since abandoned the trade for which they frequented it, and none of them remain but a few priests who are detained by interminable law-suits. But from the old intercourse between the Hindhus and the Kalmuks has sprung a half-breed now numbering several hundred individuals, improperly designated Tatars. The mixed blood of these two essentially Asiatic races has produced a type closely resembling that of European nations. It exhibits neither the oblique eyes of the Kalmuks, nor the bronzed skin of the Indians; and nothing in the character or habits of the descendants of these two races indicates a relationship with either stock. In striking contrast with the apathy and indolence of the population among which they live, these half-breeds exhibit in all they do, the activity and perseverance of the men of the north. They serve as porters, waggons, or sailors, as occasion may require, and shrink from no kind of employment however laborious. Their white felt hats, with broad brims and pointed conical crowns, their tall figures, and bold, cheerful countenances, give them a considerable degree of resemblance to the Spanish muleteers.

This result of the crossing of two races both so sharply defined is extremely remarkable, and cannot but interest ethnologists. The Mongol is perhaps above all others the type that perpetuates itself with most energy, and most obstinately resists the influence of foreign admixture continued through a long series of generations. We have found it in all its originality among the Cossacks, the Tatars, and every other people dwelling in the vicinity of the Kalmuks. Is it not, then, a most curious fact to see it vanish immediately under the influence of the Hindhu blood, and produce instead of itself a thoroughly Caucasian type? Might we not, then, conclude that the Caucasian is not a primitive type, as hitherto supposed, but that it is simply the result of a mixture, the two elements of which we must seek for in Central Asia, in those mysterious regions of the great Tibetan chain which have so much occupied the inventive genius of ancient and modern writers?

The Persians, like the Indians, are gradually deserting Astrakhan. The prohibitive system of Russia has destroyed all their commercial resources, and now

only some hundreds of them, for the most part detained by penury, are to be found in their adopted country, employed in petty retail dealings. We went over the vast Persian khans of Astrakhan, but saw none of those gorgeous stuffs for which they were formerly so celebrated. The ware-rooms are empty, and it is but with great difficulty the traveller can now and then obtain cashmeres, silky termalamas, or any other of those productions of Asia which so much excite our curiosity, and which were formerly a source of prosperity to the town.

Astrakhan has for some years had a lazaret on the mouths of the Volga at seventy-five versts from its walls. The history of this establishment is curious enough. Before it was built on the site it now occupies, building had been carried on to a considerable extent at two other spots which were successively abandoned as unsuitable. It was not until much time and money had been spent, that an engineer took notice of a little island exceedingly well adapted to the purpose, and on which the lazaret was finally erected. Some years afterwards there was found in the town archives a manuscript note left by Peter the Great at his departure from Astrakhan, and in which he mentioned that very island as well suited for the site of a lazaret. A glance had enabled the Tsar to perceive the importance of a locality which many engineering commissions discovered only after repeated search.

Paving is a luxury quite unknown in Astrakhan, and the streets are as sandy as the soil of the environs. Though they are almost deserted during the day, on account of the intense heat, few spectacles are more lively and picturesque than that which they present in the evening, when the whole town awakes from the somnolency into which it had been cast by a temperature of 100°. Every one then hastens to enjoy the refreshing air of the twilight; people sit at the doors amusing themselves with the sight of whatever passes; business is resumed, and the shops are in a bustle; a numerous population of all races and tongues spreads rapidly along the bridges and the quays bordered with trees; the canal is covered with caïks laden with fruit and arbutus berries; elegant droshkies, caleches, and horsemen rush about in all directions, and the whole town wears a gala aspect that astonishes and captivates the traveller. He finds there collected into a focus all the picturesque items that have struck him singly elsewhere. Alongside of a Tatar dwelling stretches a great building blackened by time, and by its architecture and carvings carrying you back to the middle ages. A European shop displays its fashionable haberdashery opposite a caravanserai; the magnificent cathedral overshadows a pretty mosque with its fountain; a Moorish balcony contains a group of young European ladies who set you thinking of Paris, whilst a graceful white shadow glides mysteriously under the gallery of an old palace. All contrasts are here met together; and so it happens that in passing from one quarter to another you think you have but made a short promenade, and you have picked up a stock of observations and reminiscences belonging to all times and places. The Russians ought to be proud of a town which did not spring up yesterday, like all the others in their country, and where one is not plagued with the cold, monotonous regularity that meets you without end in every part of the empire.

The churches in Astrakhan are not built in the invariable Greek style of all the other religious buildings

of Russia; they have carvings, spires, and balustrades, something to attract the gaze, and details to fix it. The cathedral, built towards the end of the seventeenth century, is a large square edifice, surmounted by five cupolas, gilded and starred with azure, and presenting a style midway between those of Asia and Europe. The interior is hung with pictures of no value in point of art, but attractive to the eye from the richness of their frames, most of which are of massive silver curiously chased. The most interesting monument in Astrakhan is a small church concealed in Peter the Great's fort. It is attributed to Ivan IV. Its architecture is purely Moorish, and it is fretted all over with details exceedingly interesting to an artist. Unfortunately it has long been abandoned, and is now used as a warehouse.

The climate of Astrakhan is dry, and very hot. For three months the thermometer seldom falls in the day below 95°. This great heat enervates both mind and body, and sufficiently accounts for the extreme sloth of the inhabitants. But in consequence of its dryness the atmosphere possesses a transparent purity that would enchant a painter, giving, as it does, to every object a warmth and lucidity worthy of Italy.

A very serious source of annoyance to the Astrakhaners, and still more to the foreigner, is the swarm of gnats and other insects that fill the air at certain seasons. Their pertinacious attacks baffle all precautions; it is in vain you surround yourself with gauze at night, and resign yourself to total darkness during the day, you are not the less persecuted by them, and you exhaust yourself with ineffectual efforts against an invisible enemy.

They are sinking an artesian well in the upper part of the town. They had reached, when we were there, a depth of 166 yards; but instead of water there escaped a jet of carburetted hydrogen, which had been burning for three weeks with great brilliancy.

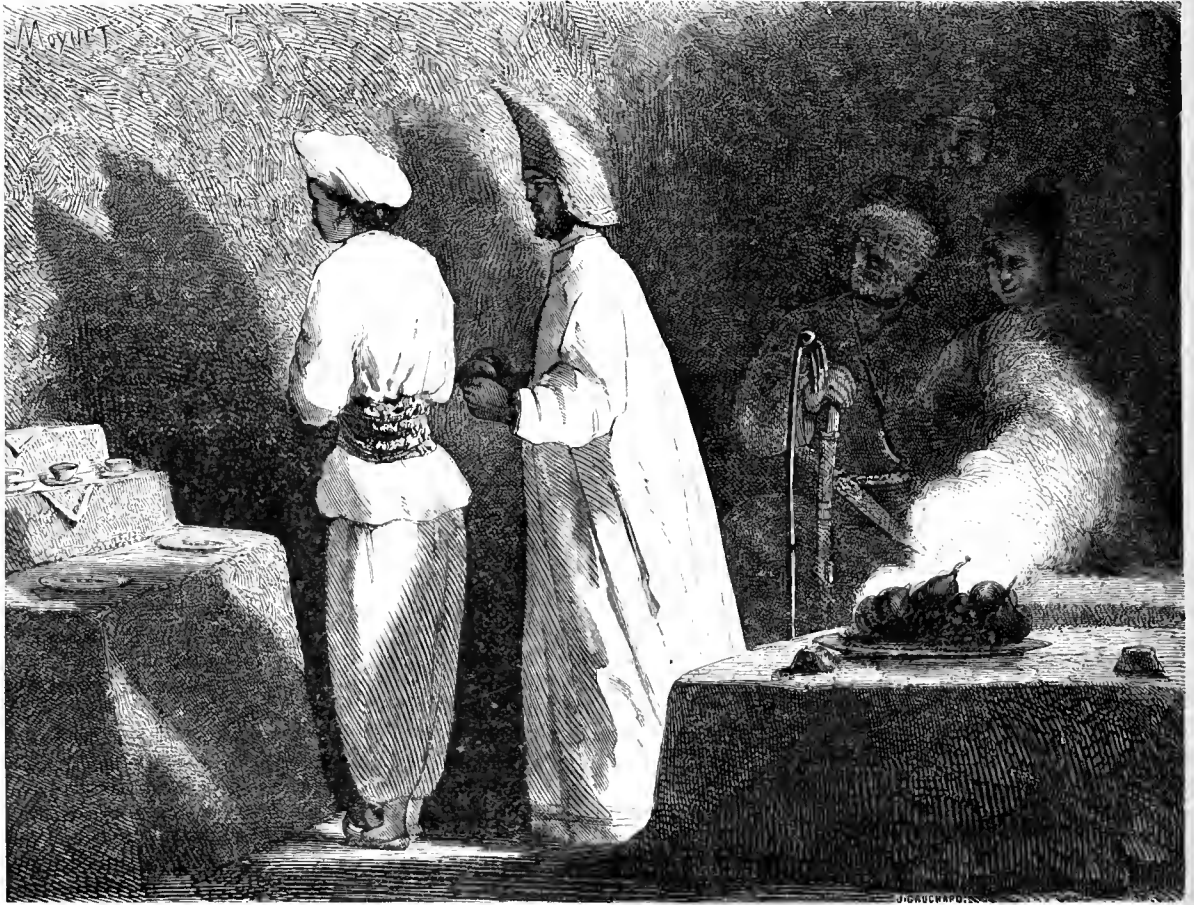
Astrakhan now contains 146 streets, 46 squares, 8 market-places, a public garden, 11 wooden and 9 earthen bridges, 37 churches (34 of stone, 3 wooden), 2 of which are cathedrals; 15 mosques, 2 of them of stone; 3,883 houses, 288 of which are of stone, the rest of wood. All narratives of travels tell of the gardens of Astrakhan, and the magnificent fruit produced in them. Unfortunately, these are pure fictions, for there are but 75 gardens or vineyards around the town, and it is only by means of irrigation with Persian wheels that they are rendered productive. All the fruit of the place, moreover, is very poor, if not decidedly bad. The grapes alone are tolerable, and of very various kinds, suitable for the table, but none of them fit for making wine. As for the celebrated water-melons they are held in very low esteem in the country, and the people of the town talk only of those of Kherson and the Crimea. It is very possible, however, that the fruit of Astrakhan may have deserved its high reputation previously to the Muscovite domination. Here, as everywhere else, the Russian population, in taking the place of the Tatars, can only have destroyed the agricultural resources of the country. The Russian townspeople being exclusively traders and shopkeepers, and never engaging in rural pursuits, the gardens almost all belong to Tatars and Armenians.

As for the government of Astrakhan, its territory is one of the most sterile in the empire. Agriculture is there wholly unproductive; in general nothing is sowed but a little maize and barley, provisions of all

kinds being procured from Saratof, by way of the Volga. It is this that gives some little briskness to the navigation of that river; for besides the corn consumed by Astrakhan and the towns dependent on its jurisdiction, Saratof and the adjoining regions send supplies also to Gourief, on the mouth of the Ural, to the army cantoned on the Terek, and even to the Transcaucasian countries.

There is no city, perhaps, of Eastern Europe, if we except Constantinople, which has played a more important part than Astrakhan in the commercial relations between Europe and Asia. Situated at the lower extremity of the largest navigable river of Europe, it communicates, on the one side, by the Caspian, with

Central Asia and the northern provinces of Persia; and, on the other side, with the central provinces of the Muscovite empire and the whole coast of the Black Sea. It is impossible to enter into the whole bearings of the importance of such a position, and the false commercial policy of Russia, in regard to the opening thus presented. The curious reader will find this subject ably discussed, at great length, in M. Hommaire de Hell's book (chap. xxi. p. 187). One fact worth noticing in the present day is that the best cotton of Persia is grown on the slopes of the Al Burus or Elbruz, as it is sometimes misspelt; and the cotton regions of that mountain slope are said to supply easily an annual average of 1,500,000 kilo-



FIRE-WORSHIPPERS AT ATASH-GAH.

grammes, at 65 to 70 centimes the kilogramme on the spot, *i.e.*, 6*d.* to 7*d.* per 2½*lbs.*

We shall, however, quote a few sentences from a more recent traveller—Mr. Laurence Oliphant (*The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, &c.*, p. 130, et seq.)—upon this topic, so important to commercial men, to the progress of civilisation, and to the vastly extending power of Russia.

The only solution of the problem which involves this anomalous state of things, ought to be in the fact of some much better way having been discovered by the government, for the transit of Eastern goods, than that adopted by the Genoese; and considering that for five hundred miles the trans-Caucasian Russian provinces

are conterminous with Persia and Turkey, this would not seem an improbable conjecture to anyone not acquainted with the commercial policy of the country. Not that it is very easy to say what that policy is; but one effect of it, in this instance, is certain, that scarcely any use whatever is made of the route which does there exist. To explain this, it is necessary to discover the real principle upon which the government acts; for it is absurd to suppose that it can be so infatuated as to believe that the protective system, which it now pursues, can ever advance the commercial interest of the country.

Projecting into the heart of Asia, while it monopolises more than half the continent of Europe—pos-

sessing means of communication with the East by way of the Caspian, denied to any other European power—intersected by rivers expressly adapted to connect the ports upon the four seas, between which she is situated, Russia might become the highway of nations. The wealth of Europe and Asia would thus pour into the coffers of the country, through the various channels which it alone could so advantageously offer for the commerce of the world; and the only reason why this result has not long since taken place, is the virtual prohibition by the government of the existence of such a state of things, by its denying to all foreign goods the right of transit through the Russian dominions. As a necessary consequence, the produce of the east passes through Smyrna and Trebisond, instead of through Tiflis to Redut Kalé on the Black Sea; or, if there were a canal between the Volga and the Don by water all the way from Astrabad and the intermediate ports to Taganrog, *via* Astrakkan and Tzaritziu, or to St. Petersburg direct. Thus have those brilliant commercial designs cherished by Peter the Great, and founded upon an anticipated expansion of his eastern frontier, been destroyed by a policy unworthy the successors of so enlightened a monarch; and those ports on the Caspian, in attempts to acquire which he sacrificed his political reputation, are sinking under influences utterly blasting to their prosperity. From a consideration of these circumstances, and in spite of the anxiety of government to induce an opposite belief, we are constrained to suppose that it is only solicitous for the prosperity of the nation, as long as this prosperity can co-exist with the permanent state of gross ignorance and barbarism in which the people are kept; for it is evident that an extensive intercourse with European nations would open the eyes of this enslaved population, and introduce those principles of freedom which would soon prove utterly subversive to the imperial power, as it at present exists. In order, therefore, that the traveller may duly appreciate the system of political economy practised by the government, it is necessary he should remember that its interests and those of the people are diametrically opposed to one another. He will then cease to wonder that men-of-war, instead of merchant steamers, regularly navigate the Caspian. The most wretched crafts are freighted with the rich fabrics of Persia, while iron steamers are appropriated to the transport of precious soldiers. These steamers are also employed in blockading the eastern shores of Circassia; and are ready, in case of war with Persia, to convey troops to that kingdom. At present, they ply twice a-month between Astrakhan, Baku, Leukeran, Engeli, and Astrabad. I was informed, moreover, that two iron steamers had been recently launched upon the Sea of Aral, with a view, it was said, of carrying out some commercial projects. These may some day prove to be of rather a questionable nature. There is a line of Cossacks extending across the Kirghiz deserts to the Sea of Aral, established, no doubt, for the purpose of protecting these so-called mercantile arrangements.

I do not see, however, how it could compromise the selfish policy of the government to improve the navigation of the Volga; for, although it is at present used almost entirely for purposes of trade, it might, in case of a war in these parts, be found a most useful auxiliary in the transport of troops. The experience of those who have been navigating this river for any length of time, goes far to show that the volume of

water is rapidly diminishing; and our captain referred to the increasing difficulties of navigation as a practical demonstration of the correctness of this conclusion. The numerous channels, by means of which the Volga finds its way into the Caspian, percolating, as it were, through the Delta upon which Astrakhan is situated, are yearly becoming shallower, and the Caspian itself is said to be decreasing. Humboldt, however, most distinctly denies this to be the case; and though they are further off from the sea now than they used to be, they have probably no better ground for the supposition than a vague tradition to that effect.

A most interesting series of observations has recently been made by Messrs. Englehardt and Parrot, by which they have established the fact that the level of the Caspian is about eighteen fathoms below that of the Black Sea; but as the Don flows with greater rapidity than the Volga, the difference of level of the two rivers at the point where they most nearly approximate is undoubtedly far greater than this. Professor Pallas has been at some pains to prove that this elevated plateau formed, at some previous period, the northern shore of the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, being then united, were connected with the Black Sea by a channel flowing round the northern point of the Caucasus. Whether this view be correct or not—and, in accordance with more modern notions, we should at any rate throw back the date to a pre-Adamite-era—there can be little doubt that, at some period, the Caspian extended over the basin of the Volga, upon which we were now looking. The whole configuration of the country supports such a hypothesis. Near this point the Steppe follows the course of the Sarpa to the southward, rising precipitously from the deserts through which the Volga meanders. These deserts are impregnated with salt, and shells, exactly resembling those found in the Caspian, are plentifully scattered over the surface; while the steppe, upon which we travelled to the Don, was composed of a fine rich black loam, devoid of any marine deposits. It seemed singular that, while crossing one of the most fertile districts in Russia, we should actually be looking down upon the most sterile; but there can be no more satisfactory way of accounting for so sudden a change in the surface of the country, than by supposing that a great portion of it was formerly submerged. We congratulated ourselves that it was not our lot to traverse the more elevated line of country; and as we turned our backs upon the vast sandy deserts which extended to the Chinese frontier, and hurried away from the salt swamps of Astrakhan, the dull tame Steppe looked quite pleasant, and a journey through the country of the Don Cossacks seemed invested with new and unexpected charms.

V.

KISSLAR ON THE TEREK—COMBAT OF A COSSACK AND A CAUCASIAN—A CAUCASIAN CAPUA—THE TCHETCHENSES AND THE COSSACKS—KASAPIURTA—A NIGHT EXPEDITION AGAINST THE TCHETCHENSES—ENTER THE LESGHIAN TERRITORY—ENCAMPMENTS OF TATARS—RAVINE OF KARANY.

FROM Astrakhan to Kisslar on the Terek, (*See Map, p. 704.*) is a low level, in part sandy in part marshy plain, forming a portion of the N.W. corner of the Caspian, and watered by many rivulets, and one river, the Kuma or Kouma, which boasts of a town, Kumskaya, of small pretensions, but none of any importance in its long valley. From Kisslar, which is a more important

frontier town at the foot of the Caucasus, to the great pass of Derbend, we shall travel in company with the traveller, historian, poet, and romancer, M. Alexander Dumas. Not a very safe guide for a geographer, but his lively pen will serve to enlighten a page or two in our series; and, besides, the Caucasus is the very country for a poet and romancer.

From the remote epoch of the expedition of the Argonauts to the modern feats of a Schamyl, that glorious mountain range, with its far-spreading spurs and valleys—the natural frontier of Europe and Asia—has been the abode of valour and beauty, the home of mystery and originality. Every step is a surprise, and every new scene is a vision. As to feats of daring, love, and adventure, there is enough to surfeit on. M. Dumas arrived at Kisslar, the frontier town of Russia on the Terek, on the 7th of November, 1858. The great poet, romancer, traveller, and historian, had laid aside all these characters to become a soldier. In a semi-barbarous state the sword takes precedence of the pen—arms of letters. M. Dumas had found the necessity before this of adapting himself to the social condition of the country in which he was travelling, and he had assumed the costume of a Muscovite militiaman, over which he had placed the star of Charles III. of Spain, and, thus accoutred, he passed off very well at the inns and post-houses for a French general.

At Kisslar, renowned for its good wine and brandy, dress, however, was of less importance than good arms. A motley population of Armenians, Tatars, Kalmuks, Nogays, and Jews, all clad in their national costume, fill the streets of the marvellously picturesque but very unsafe town, and which M. Dumas compares with Paris in the time of Henri III. The Tatars were, in fact, bandits within, the Tchetchenses plundered everyone without, and the Cossacks kept up a perpetual warfare with both. At the Terek the traveller parts, indeed, from all security and safety, save that which is obtained by superiority of numbers or arms. M. Dumas and his companions do not appear to have been badly provided; they had among them, besides their kandjars, or daggers, three doubled-barrelled fowling-pieces, two rifles, one of which carried exploding balls, and a revolver. They had, besides, an escort of six Cossacks, notwithstanding which it was deemed necessary, to inspire awe, that, in making the start, each should have a double-barrelled gun on his knee. M. Dumas's companions were, it is to be observed, Moynet, an artist, and Kalino, a young Russian, obtained as an interpreter from the university of Moscow. At Sukoiposh the sun broke through the fog, and displayed, for the first time, the mighty Caucasus, "the theatre of the first drama of the first dramatic poet of antiquity," to their astonished gaze. For a time the Tchetchenses were lost to memory; even the successive villages, with their posts of Cossacks, and each its own terrible and sanguinary legend, were disregarded. There was before them that which they declare to have surpassed alike the Alps and the Pyrenees—one of the most colossal works of the Creator.

All the men they now met with on the road were armed. They also bore the outward appearance of men who are accustomed to place reliance on their personal courage. At one of the post-houses Kalino had raised his whip at a yemchik. "Take care!" said the latter, putting his hand on his kandjar; "you are

not in Russia now." Arrived at Schukovaia, a branch excursion was made, accompanied by an escort of eleven Cossacks, to Tchervelonaia, a charming village of Cossacks, alike celebrated, according to our author, for "the constancy of the men, the complacency of parents, and the beauty of the women." First in renown among the latter was one Eudoxia Dogadiska, whose portrait Moynet was to take. On the way, as on several occasions before and afterwards, the sight of a covey of partridges tempted our traveller out of his path. He had shot one—and it is a curious fact that he always describes himself as taking two barrels to accomplish that feat—when the discharge of a gun was heard close by, and a ball cut off the twigs of a bush in still closer proximity. "Nous étrennions enfin!" exclaims our romancist, who appears to have long sighed for an adventure. Four Cossacks went off in advance to cover the party, the horse of a fifth lay down; the ball had broken its thigh. M. Dumas, after exchanging ball for small shot, remounted his steed; seven men were visible on the side of the Terek. The Cossacks hurried in pursuit with a cheer. But whilst these six or seven fled, another rose up from amidst the bushes, from whence he had fired, and brandishing his gun over his head, he shouted, "*Abreck! abreck!*"

"*Abreck!*" repeated the Cossacks.

"What does he mean by *abreck?*" inquired M. Dumas of his interpreter.

The answer was ominous: "He is a fanatic, and he defies any one to single combat."

"Well," said Dumas, "tell the men there are twenty roubles for him who accepts the challenge."

The Cossack whose horse had been crippled claimed the privilege. Dumas provided him with his own. Another requested to be allowed to follow, in case of accident.

In the mean time his companion had hurried off in the direction of the mountaineer. As he advanced he fired. The *Abreck* made his horse caper; it received the ball in the shoulder. Almost at the same moment the mountaineer fired in his turn; the ball carried off the papak from his adversary's head. Both threw their carbines over their shoulders. The Cossack drew his schaskr, or sword, the mountaineer his kandjar. The mountaineer manœuvred his horse, albeit wounded, with infinite address, and, although the blood was flowing down its chest, the animal did not appear to be weakened thereby, his master encouraging him with his knees, hands, and voice. At the same time he loaded his adversary with insults. The two combatants met.

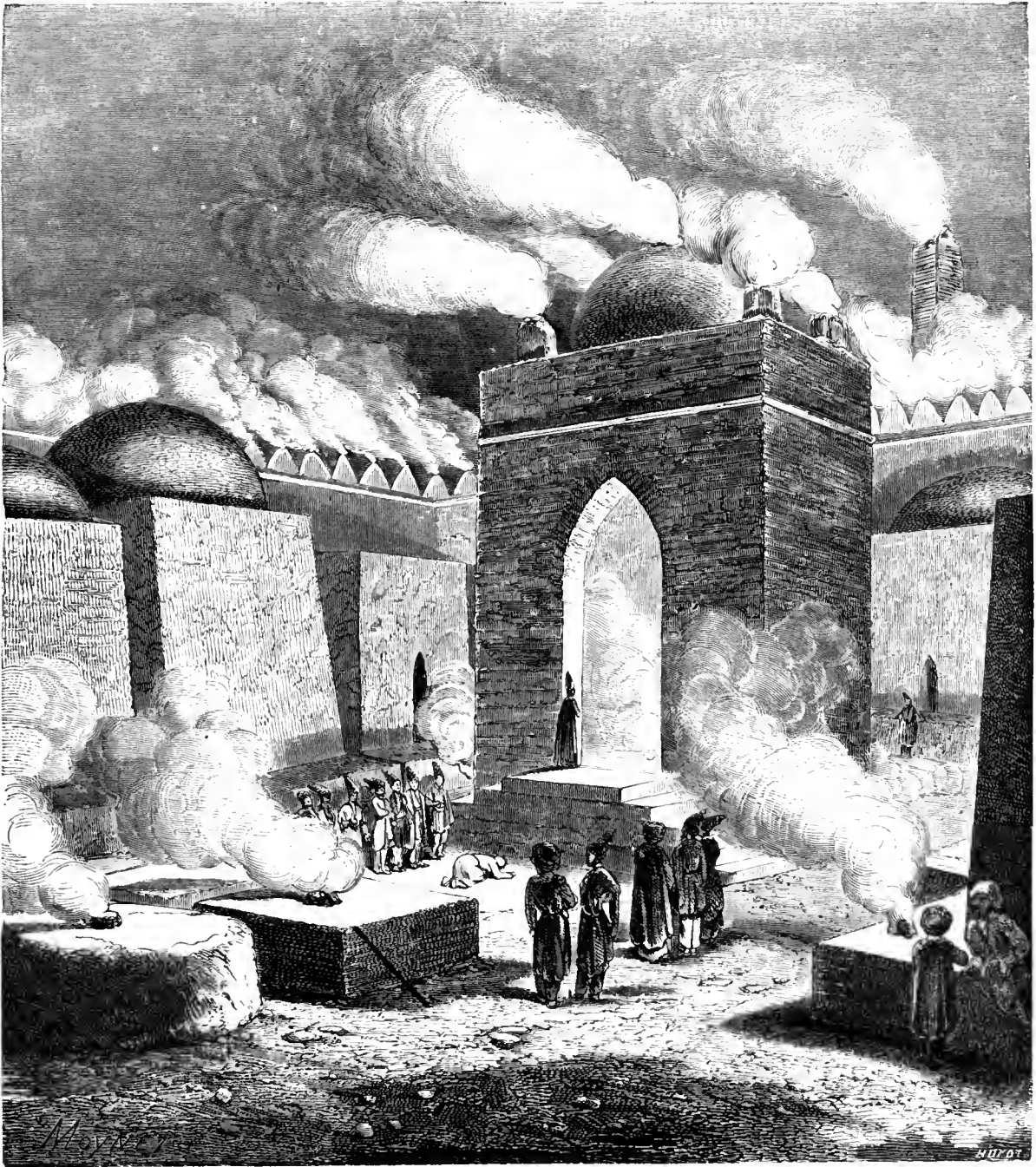
I thought for a moment that our Cossack had transfixed his adversary with his schaska. I saw the blade glitter behind his back. But he had only pierced his white tcherkess. From that moment we saw nothing but a group of two men struggling body to body. But at the expiration of a minute one of the men slipped from his horse; that is to say, the trunk of a man only, for his head had remained in the hands of his adversary.

The adversary was the mountaineer. He proclaimed his triumph with a wild and terrific shout, shook the gory head, and then swung it to the bows of his saddle. The horse, deprived of its rider, fled, and, after having made a turn, came back to us. The decapitated body remained motionless. Then to the shout of triumph of the mountaineer there succeeded another shout of defiance.

I turned towards the Cossack who had asked to follow his comrade. He was quietly smoking his pipe, but he nodded his head. "I am going," he then added. Then in his turn he uttered a shout, signifying that he accepted the challenge. The mountaineer, who

was going through some fantastic evolutions, stopped them to see what new champion was coming to him. "Come," said I to the Cossack, "I increase the premium by ten roubles."

This time he only answered me by winking his eyes.



FIRE TEMPLE NEAR BAKU.

He seemed to be laying in a stock of smoke, inhaling but not expiring it. He then suddenly dashed off full speed at the Abreck, and when he had got within forty paces of him he shouldered his carbine and pulled the trigger. A slight smoke that enveloped his face made us all think that the carbine had flashed in the

pan. The Abreck thought the same, for he rushed at him at once, pistol in hand, and fired at ten paces. The Cossack avoided the ball by a sudden movement of his horse, and then rapidly bringing his carbine to his shoulder, to the infinite surprise of us all who had not seen him prime again, he fired.

A violent movement on the part of the mountaineer showed that he was struck. He let go the bridle of his horse, and, to prevent himself falling, he placed both his arms round the animal's neck. The poor creature, feeling itself thus at liberty, and yet encumbered, vexed also with its own wound, made off through the bushes in the direction of the Terck.

The Cossack hurried in pursuit, and we were about to join in the chase, when we saw the body of the mountaineer gradually relaxing its hold, and fall to the ground. The horse stopped as his rider fell. The Cossack, uncertain if it was not a feint, and if the mountaineer was not pretending to be dead, described a wide circle before he approached him. He was evidently seeking to make out his adversary's features, but, whether by design or by accident, his enemy lay with his face to the ground. The Cossack kept getting nearer; the mountaineer did not stir. The Cossack had his pistol, which he had not used, in his hand. Arrived within ten paces, he fired on the prostrate Tchetchen. But still the mountaineer moved not. It was a ball thrown away. The Cossack had fired at a corpse. Jumping from his horse, he advanced, drew forth his kandjar, bent over the dead man, and rose a moment afterwards with his head in his hand.

Pretty well to begin with! Needless to explain that the Cossack's carbine had not flashed in the pan. He had let off the smoke from his mouth to deceive the enemy—a trick that would not have taken with a Red Indian.

Tchervelonaia, whither our travellers were wending their way when this adventure befel them, is the oldest stanitza or station of the line of the Grebenskoi Cossacks, who descend from a Russian colony. The Tchervelonaies present hence a speciality which partakes at once of the Russian and mountaineer type. Their beauty has rendered the stanitza which they inhabit a kind of Caucasian Capua; they have the Muscovite face, but "the elegant forms of the Highlands, as they say in Scotland." When the Cossacks, their fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers, start upon an expedition, they vault up on one stirrup, which the rider leaves disengaged, and holding on by the rider's waist or neck, with a bottle of wine in the other hand, they accompany them thus three or four miles. When an expedition is returning they go out to meet it, and come back in the same fantastic fashion to the stanitza. This frivolity of manners presents a strange contrast to the severity of the Russians and the rigidity of the Orientals. Several of these Tchervelonaies have inspired Russian officers with a passion that has ended in marriage; others have furnished themes for anecdotes that are not devoid of a certain originality. As an example:

A woman of Tchervelonaia gave such serious cause of jealousy to her husband, who was deeply attached to her, that the latter, not having the courage to witness the happiness of so many rivals that he could not even count them, deserted in despair, and fled to the mountains, where he took service against the Russians. Having been made prisoner in an engagement, he was recognised, tried, condemned, and shot.

We were introduced to his widow, who herself related to us this lamentable history, accompanied by some details, which took away in no small degree from whatever there was that was dramatic in the story.

"What is most shocking," she said to us, "was that

he was not ashamed to mention me on the trial. But, with that exception, he died like a molodetz (daredevil). I went to see his execution; the poor dear man loved me so much that he wished me to be there, and I did not like to grieve his last moments by my refusal. He died well, there is nothing to say about that. He requested that his eyes should not be bandaged, and he solicited and obtained the favour to give the word to fire; when he himself gave the word, and fell, I don't know how it was that it affected me so much, but I actually fell also, only I got up again; but it appears that I must have remained some time helpless, for when I came to myself he was almost entirely buried; so much so, that only his feet were seen peeping out of the ground. He had on a pair of red morocco boots, quite new, and I was so agitated that I forgot to take them off, and they were lost."

These boots, thus forgotten, were more than a regret to the poor widow, they were a remorse.

At the very time that our travellers arrived at this original stanitza, an execution was just about to take place. A Cossack of Tchervelonaia, with a wife and two children, had been two years previously made prisoner by the Tchetchenses. He was indebted for his life and liberty to a beautiful girl of the tribe, and he repaid the interest taken in his fate by a devoted affection. One day, however, news came of an exchange of prisoners; the Cossack had to return to his stanitza. But, made miserable by the memory of his beloved mountaineer, he deserted, and not only turned Mussulman, but promised to deliver over Tchervelonaia to the Tchetchenses. To accomplish this he first visited the stanitza by night. He approached in so doing his own home, and, looking in, he saw his wife on her knees praying to God for his safe return. The sight so overcame him, that he entered the house and took his wife to his bosom. After embracing her and his children, he hastened away to the sotzky, or commandant of the station, and warned him that that very night the place was to be attacked by the Tchetchenses. The stanitza was saved, but the inconstant Cossack was condemned to death. This was the man they were about to execute when our travellers arrived. A few minutes after they entered the stanitza they heard the rattle of musketry, and the renegade was no more; his wife was a widow, and his children were orphans. With the Tchetchenses his memory will be held in detestation as that of a double-dyed traitor; but how seldom can men determine the motives that may have actuated their fellow-creatures in what appears to them to be the grossest criminality!

The melancholy proceedings that greeted their arrival did not prevent our lively travellers from asking the way to the house of Eudoxia Dogadiska.

"Oh!" was the answer, "dead long ago; but her sister fills her place, and that very advantageously too!"

They were accordingly shown the way to the house of Gruscha, who filled Eudoxia's place so satisfactorily, and were welcomed by her respectable parent, Ivan Dogadiska, upon conditions that reminded them of the hospitality received by Antenor at the Greek philosopher's Antiphon.

These Tchervelonaies, so renowned for their beauty and licentiousness, are equally distinguished by their courage. One day, all the men being absent on an expedition, the Tchetchenses took advantage of the circumstance to make an attempt on the place. The Amazons immediately held a council of war, and

resolved to defend the stanitz to the last extremity. The siege lasted five days, and thirty mountaineers were laid low, three women were wounded, and two were killed.

The road from the River Terek to the pass of Darial lies between the Terek and the Kuban; there are stations or forts every twelve miles, and all along the wayside upright stones, with rudely-carved turbans or simple crosses, mark where Mussulmans or Christians have fallen. So it was also from Kisslar to Derbend, on which route these trophies were so numerous that the wayside appeared like one continuous cemetery. They were well received at Kasafiurta, the first station on the way, as indeed everywhere else, by the authorities, who knew M. Dumas, as he appears to have been known everywhere, by his works. Nay, a youth at Kasafiurta actually knew his uncle, the general.

"It is, I believe," said the young gentleman, "M. Dumas that I am speaking to?"

"Precisely so, sir."

"I am the son of General Grabbé."

"The victor of Akulgo! Allow me to present my compliments."

"Your father did in the Tyrol what my father accomplished in the Caucasus, so we may dispense with all ceremony."

And thus was friendly intimacy everywhere established. Perpetual hostilities are being carried on at this advanced post; scarcely a day seems to pass but the mountaineers capture some child or adult, and drag them away at their horses' tails for sake of the ransom. On the other hand, a war of extermination (marked by the right ear) is carried on by the Cossacks against the bandits. While sitting at table with the commandant, a Tatar woman brought in two right ears, for which she received a gratuity of twenty rubles: no questions were asked as to how she became possessed of them. Yet once a premium was paid in Russia for wolves' tails. In 1857 it was found that the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand rubles had been thus paid away. This caused an investigation to be made, and it was found that there were regular manufactories of right ears of Tchetchenses? Some idea of the manner in which these ears are obtained, will, however, be arrived at by an account which M. Dumas gives of a nocturnal expedition made from this very place—Kasafiurta—in pursuit of the robbers. The early part of the night had been spent in revelry, amidst music, fair Circassian dancers and champagne, of which more is drunk in Russia alone, Dumas tells us, than two provinces like Champagne could produce; and at midnight they started to join a party on the proposed adventurous expedition. Each of the travellers was accompanied by a Cossack. Thus they issued forth from the fortress in the dead of night, their way lying along the right bank of the river Yarak Su. The sound of the pebbles borne along by that rapid mountain stream effectually drowned whatever noise was made by their horses' feet. It was a splendid night, clear and starry, and the mountains rose up like a black mass in front of the expeditionists. Passing Knezarnaia, a Russian station at the foot of the mountains, they forded the Yarak Su, and, following a pathway through a shrubby district, they reached a wider and deeper river, the Axai. Forging this, the Cossack Bageniok, the leader of the party, changed the direction, and led the way down the right

bank, leaving two and two at distances of about one hundred paces from one another, and finally taking up a station himself in company with M. Dumas.

He laid himself down, and made signs to me, the latter relates to do the same. I accordingly took up a recumbent position behind a bush. The cries of the jackals roving on the mountains sounded like the lamentations of children. These cries, and the murmuring of the waters of the Axai, alone broke the silence of night. We were too far from Kasafiurta to hear the striking of the clocks, and from Knezarnaia to distinguish the challenge of the sentinels. All the sounds that we could hear at the point where we then were, must be made by enemies, be they men or animals.

I do not know what passed through the minds of my companions, but that which struck me most was the brief space of time that is necessary in life to bring about the strangest contrasts. Barely two hours ago we were in the heart of a town, in a warm, well lighted, cheerful room. Leila was dancing and coquetting with her arms and eyes. Ignacief was playing the fiddle. Bageniok and Mikacluk were doing *vis-à-vis*. We were beating time with our hands and feet: we had not a thought that was not lively and gay.

Two hours had elapsed. We were, on a cold dark night, on the banks of an unknown river, upon a hostile soil, rifles in hand, daggers by the side, not, as had before happened to me twenty times, waiting for the passage of some wild animal, but in ambuscade, waiting to kill or to be killed by men made like ourselves, in the likeness of their Creator, and we had entered without a thought upon this enterprise, as if it were nothing to lose one's blood, or to shed that of others!

It is true that the men whom we were waiting for were bandits, men who pillaged and murdered, and who left behind them desolation and tears. But these men were born fifteen hundred leagues from us, with manners that were different from our manners. What they did their fathers had done before them, and their ancestors before their fathers. Could I, under these circumstances, ask Heaven to protect me, if overtaken by a danger which I had come so uselessly and so imprudently to confront?

What was incontestable was, that I lay behind a bush on the Axai, that I was waiting there for the Tchetchenses, and that, in case of attack, my life depended upon the correctness of my aim or the strength of my arm. Two hours slept by thus. Whether it was that the night grew clearer, or that my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I could see much better than at first, and could plainly distinguish objects on the other bank of the river.

I was looking in that direction when I thought I heard a noise to my right. I looked at my companion; but either he did not hear it, or it had no import to him, for he seemed to pay no attention to it. But the noise became more audible. I thought I heard the sound of several footsteps. I crept close up to Bageniok, and, placing one hand on his arm, I stretched out the other in the direction from whence the sounds came.

"Nicevo," he muttered.

I knew enough of Russian to understand "It is nothing." But I did not the less keep my eye fixed in the direction whence the sound came. I then saw

a large stag, with splendid antlers, coming down to the water to drink, followed by a doe and two fawns. It was nothing, as Bageniok had said. It was not the game that we were waiting for. Still I could not help taking aim. Oh! had I only been able to pull the trigger, it most certainly would have been mine. Suddenly the animal raised its head, stretched forth its neck towards the opposite bank, inspired the air, sent forth the sound of danger, and hurried back to cover. I was too familiar with the habits of wild animals not to understand that all this pantomime meant that something was approaching on the other side of the river.

I turned towards Bageniok. "Sminno," he said this time. I did not know the word, but I understood by his gestures that I was not to move, but to make myself as scarce as possible behind my bush. So I obeyed him. As to the Cossack, he glided away like a snake down the bank of the river, and, consequently away from myself and the rest of the party. I followed him with my eyes as long as I could. When I lost sight of him, I began to examine into what was going on on the other side of the Axai. There, at the same moment that I made out the sounds of a horse galloping, I also distinguished in the obscurity a larger group than could have belonged to a single horseman. This group kept nearing me, without my being the more able to make it out.

What I understood, however, by the beating of my heart, more than by the testimony of my eyes, was that an enemy was before us. I took a look in the direction of Ignacoeff; no one was stirring. One would have thought that the bank of the river was deserted. I then looked towards Bageniok; he had disappeared long ago. I then carried my eyes back again to the other side of the river and waited.

The horseman had reached the banks of the Axai. His profile was towards me, so that I could see that he dragged a person behind him, attached to the tail of his horse. It was a male or female prisoner. At the very moment that he urged his horse into the river, and that the person behind had to follow, a piteous cry was heard. It was that of a woman. The whole group was then immersed in the stream, not above two hundred paces below where I lay.

What was I to do?

As I addressed this query to myself, the bank of the river was suddenly lit up, and the explosion of a rifle followed. The horse beat the water convulsively with its feet, and the whole group disappeared in the tempest thus stirred up in the middle of the river. At the same time a second cry of distress, like the first, and uttered in the same voice, was heard.

I could stand it no longer, but, getting up, I hurried away in the direction of the drama that was now being enacted. In the midst of the confusion that still agitated the waters, another flash illuminated the darkness—another shot had been fired. This was followed a moment afterwards by a third, and then I heard the sound of a person jumping into the river; I saw something like a shadow making its way towards the middle of the river; I heard shouts and curses, mingled with cries of distress; and then, all of a sudden, noise and movement alike ceased.

I looked around me; my companions had joined me, and stood around, motionless as myself. We then saw something making towards us, which it was impossible to recognise in the obscurity, but which gradually

became more and more distinct. When the group had arrived within ten paces of us we distinguished and we understood.

The moving party was Bageniok; his kandjar was between his teeth; with his right arm he supported a female who had fainted, but who had not let go a child she held in her arms; and with his left he held by the lock of hair that remained at the top of the cranium the head of a Tehetchen, dropping blood and water.

He threw the head on the green sward, and then, the woman and child more cautiously, he said, in a voice in which not the slightest emotion betrayed itself:

"Now, friends, who has got a drop of vodka?"

Do not imagine that it was for himself that he asked for the brandy. It was for the woman and child.

Two hours afterwards we were in Kasafurta, bringing back the woman and the child, perfectly restored to life, in triumph. But I still ask myself sometimes if one has a right to place oneself in ambuscade to kill a man as one would do a stag or a wild boar?

The next day the party left Kasafurta with an escort, in company with Colonel Cogniard, a host of young officers, and fifty men, to pay a visit to the Tartar prince Ali-Sultan. Thence they proceeded to Tehiriurth, where, initiated in the profuseness of Russian hospitality and the value of a European if not a cosmopolitan fame, M. Dumas proceeded, without introduction, at once to the mansion of Prince Dundukoff Korsakoff, colonel of the regiment of Nijnei Novgorod Dragoons, and one of the most distinguished corps in all the Russias. Beyond this point the frontier of the Lesghian territory is attained. Stopping on the way to explore a moving mountain of sand, near which was the Tartar encampment of Unter Kalah, they experienced here, for the first time, the ferocity of the nomades' dogs, familiar to all Eastern travellers who have encamped beyond the precincts of towns and villages. The attack appears to have discomposed M. Dumas and his friend Moynet considerably, for, had they continued to retreat, he asserts that they had been infallibly devoured! At a station beyond was a grove with twenty-five crosses. These commemorated the same number of Russian soldiers who went to sleep there, and whom the Tehetchenses never allowed to wake up again. In the same evil neighbourhood they had to put up at a Cossack post-house, a mere hut, whitewashed outside, and full inside of vermin of all descriptions. The arrival of a European with blood-vessels more easily attained than such as are protected by a Tatar or even a Muscovite hide, is a Shrove Tuesday, a general festival, with such pertinacious insects. Neither was there anything to eat, save the cock that acted as timekeeper to the post. This cock was not like one whose history is told in connection with the Cossack post of Schukovaia, and who would not sound his matins because he had no hens. The cock sacrificed on this occasion, although compared with the "fameux coq vierge dont parle Brillat Savarin," was a regular chanticleer, thereby casting doubts upon M. Dumas's previous assertion, hazarded to the effect that "les coqs et les ténors n'ont aucun rapport entre eux." The cock was replaced by another and four hens at Temir Khan—the "Iron Khan" (pity M. Dumas was no Orientalist, for some of these names are alike significant and suggestive), a marshy station, near which the tarentasse got stuck in the mud, and which had been besieged and sacked

by Schamyl and his gallant lieutenant Hajji Murad. Our travellers contemplated, with mingled surprise and admiration, several large encampments and auls or villages of Tatars in this part of the country. One of the most picturesque of these was a mountain fortress inhabited by the Champkal Tarkov-sky, another was the village of Helly, perched on a hill between two mountains, and with two charming wooded valleys. This latter pretty village was, however, disturbed by Lesghian depredators. The Cossacks had gone out in pursuit of some of these mountaineer bandits at the very time when the travellers arrived there, and they hastened after them, on the road to Karabadakent. The tarentasse had to be driven right across country. They soon fell in with two parties, the first of which was loaded with heads and ears, the other accompanied the wounded. They then pursued their way to the ravine of Zilag-Kaka, where the combat had taken place. It presented a horrid sight, but M. Dumas enriched his historical collection of arms with a real Lesghian kandjar—one that had seen service.

Our party were received and entertained at Bou-inaky by Prince Bagration, a descendant of the ancient kings of Georgia. This gallant and most hospitable prince insisted upon their retracing their steps to a certain distance to visit the ravine of Karany. It was a terrible and yet a sublime scene, a ravine with cliffs some seven thousand feet perpendicular. The valley below (and it made them giddy to look at it) was watered by two Koa Sus. Beyond was the village of Guimry, with its orchards, whose fruit the Russians have once, and only once, tasted. It is the birthplace of Schamyl. Little columns of smoke indicated the sites of other mountain fastnesses, among which were Akulgo, where Jemel Eddin, the son of Schamyl, was made prisoner, and in the far distance was the country of the Tuschins, a Christian race, at war with the Caucasians. The same evening M. Dumas was unanimously elected an honorary member of Prince Bagration's regiment of "Indigenous Mountaineers," not Lesghians or Tchetchenses, but "des pauvres diables qui ont fait une peau" (read "Who have slain an antagonist"). The prince, whose Georgian hospitality surpassed even that of the Russians, had a uniform made at the same time for his guest by the regimental tailor, a circumstance which M. Dumas appears to forget, when, arrived at Tiflis, he describes himself as denuded of all garments in which to present himself in fashionable society, and as clipped by a barber so closely, that Moynet declared that he would do to exhibit at Constantinople as a new species of seal fished up from the Caspian—a comparison the truth of which is admitted by our great romancer, but for which he comforts himself by asserting that all men have a latent likeness to some member or other of the animal kingdom.

They were now truly in a region of picturesqueness: snow-clad mountains on the one-hand, rich valleys, clad in their garments of summer green, around; the steppe beyond, and the blue Caspian in the distance, like a prolongation of the desert. Prince Bagration acted as guide, and under such excellent protection, they were not long in reaching the great pelagic wall, which, with the exception of a massive gateway, and the inevitable oriental accompaniments of a fountain and a cemetery, bars the passage from the mountains to the sea at Derbend—the pass *par excellence*—for there are many other celebrated Derbends in the East, but none

more so than this, which is one of the boundaries of Europe and Asia. Beyond the wall was the town, with mosques and bazaars side by side with European barracks and edifices. Tartars, Circassians, Georgians, Persians, and Armenians jostling Muscovite and Cossack rulers. The same reception which everywhere awaited M. Dumas was reserved for him at this remote corner of the world. The inhabitants of Derbend, or, at all events, a portion of them, had read the illustrious poet and romancer's works in the Russian language, and they waited upon him in a deputation to assure him that his presence in Derbend would never be forgotten, as they hoped he also would not forget that old site of the Scythians. This was truly a pleasing, as it was a genuine and rare, triumph of letters. (*See p. 705.*)

VI.

DERBEND AND BAKU.

THE CASPIAN GATES—PYLÆ ALBANIE—LEGENDARY ORIGIN—SCYTHIAN ALBANIANS AND ALANI—DAGHISTAN, "THE MOUNTAIN LAND"—PETER THE GREAT'S RESTING-PLACE—THE GREAT WALL OF CAUCASUS—CAVE OF THE DIVES—STALACTITIC GROTTOS.

The walls within which the so-called town of Derbend is inclosed are of great antiquity, and very strong; they are built of hewn stones, and are continuous to the Caspian sea. In no other place do the mountain ridges come so close to the sea, and hence it is that the extremity of the steep and nearly inaccessible ridge—a branch or spur from Mount Caucasus which so narrows the passage between mountain and sea at this point—has been from time immemorial used as the best point for erecting fortifications to command the only available road on the coast line between Europe and Asia. There are two large gates in these walls, through which the road passes, and hence the town is said by some to derive its name, which signifies "the shut-up gates." This may be the case in the strict acceptation of the word, but throughout Persia and the countries immediately adjacent, the word Derbend, or Dar-bund, is used simply to express a mountain-pass with or without gates. The pass here then gives its name to the town, not the town to the pass; and so it has been from olden times, for although the Pylæ Albanie have been confounded by some with the Pylæ Sarmaticæ and Portæ Caucasie, still there is little doubt that as ancient Albania corresponded to modern Daghistan, the Pylæ Albanie correspond to Derbend, and the Pylæ Sarmaticæ and Portæ Caucasie to the pass of Dariel. The same place was also known as Albania, and again as Caspiæ Pylæ and Caspiæ Portæ or the Caspian Gates.

The first distinct information concerning the Albanians was obtained by the Romans and Greeks, through Pompey's expedition into the Caucasian countries in pursuit of Mithridates (B.C. 65), and the knowledge obtained from them to the time of Augustus is embodied in Strabo's full description of the country and the people. The Romans, prepared to find in that whole region traces of the Argonautic expedition, traced the Albanians to Jason and his comrades, and Tacitus relates (*Ann. vi., 34*), that the Iberi and Albani claimed descent from the Thessalians who accompanied Jason, of whom and of the oracle of Phrixus they preserved many legends, and that they abstained from offering rams in sacrifice. Another

legend derived them from the companions of Hercules, who followed him out of Italy when he drove away the oxen of Geryon; and hence the Albanians greeted the soldiers of Pompey as their brethren (Justin, xlii., 3). Later writers have, with greater common sense, been satisfied with looking upon them as a Scythian people, akin to the Massagetae, and identical with the Alani of the Steppes; but there are some who still dispute whether they were or not original inhabitants of the Caucasus. Ammianus Marcellinus, for example, who tells us more about the Alani than any other ancient writer, makes Julian encourage his soldiers by the example of Pompey, "who, breaking his way through the Albani and the Massagetae, whom we now call Alani, saw the waters of the Caspian." Josephus also describes them as Scythians dwelling about the River Tanais (Don), and Lake Maeotis (Sea of Azof), and he relates how, in the time of Vespasian, being permitted by the king of Hyrcania to traverse "the pass which Alexander had closed with iron gates," they ravaged Media and Armenia. The pass here alluded to is manifestly the Caspian Gates. The European Alans, Alani, and Roxalani (*i.e.* Russian Alans), were a wide-spread branch of the human family who played an important part in history, having, when vanquished by the Huns, joined their conquerors, as they did afterwards the Goths and Vandals, and formed kingdoms in the west, in Gaul and in Spain, till they were swallowed up in the great kingdom of the Visigoths.

The Albanians, and the wider spread Scythian tribe of the Alani, resembled one another in many respects, but differed in some. For example, the Alani, who invaded Cappadocia, are spoken of by Arrian, who was at that time governor of the province, as fighting without armour themselves, or their horses; and he further describes them as practising, with the Sarmatians, the same mode of fighting for which the Polish lancers, descendants of the Sarmatians, have been renowned. Plutarch and Strabo, on the other hand, describe the Albanians as armed with javelins and bows and arrows, and leathern helmets and shields, and many of their cavalry clothed in complete armour. When Pompey marched into their country, they met him with an army of 60,000 infantry and 22,000 cavalry (Plut. *Pomp.*, 35; Strab., p. 530). These people are further described as being a fine race of men, tall and handsome, and more civilised than their neighbours the Iberians. The same diversity, in some respects, existed among them as still exists in the regions of the Caucasus; they spoke twenty-six different dialects, and were divided into twelve hordes, each governed by its own chief. Again, on the other hand, some of the descriptive features of the Alani, as given by Ammianus, no doubt apply to the Albanians. Danger and war was their delight; death in battle, bliss; the loss of life through decay or chance stamped disgrace on a man's memory. The greater portion of his descriptions apply, however, solely to the purely nomadic Scythians.

Such were also the people of Daghistan, the "Mountain Land," as Albania is called in our own times. Daghistan, with its lofty mountains, profound valleys, glittering lakes, rushing torrents, eternal snows and glaciers, and its brave population, who so long preserved their independence, has always been considered as the Switzerland of that part of the world. At the accession of Peter the Great, Russia was only in possession of the port of Astrakhan on the Caspian, but had not

dreamed of conquest beyond her existing limits. But Peter extended the limits of the empire to Derbend, and by the peace of Tiflis, in 1797, Russia completed the conquest of Daghistan and Shirwan. But the Muscovites had still a gallant mountaineer race to struggle with in the interior, and they had possession of the world renowned "gates," long before they were masters of the Alpine tracks and mountain defiles.

Having premised so much, the reader will be better prepared to sympathise with the feelings of travellers, when first contemplating these antique portals that separate as it were an old from a new world. "Derbend," says one, "presented itself to us under the form of an immense crenelated wall, rising up from the sea to the summit of the mountain. We arrived at a very handsome Persian gateway flanked by two enormous towers; to the right is a fountain shaded by gigantic plains; veiled women are chatting beneath; horsemen are riding in and out. The landscape was tranquil, and the whole scene had a grandeur which reminded me of a biblical composition."

A hut, inhabited by Peter the Great in the year 1722, situated on the very border of the sea, is piously preserved by the Russians, who, in 1848, surrounded it and decorated it with columns, chains, and cannons. On the doorway is an inscription to the following effect, "This is the first place of repose of Peter the Great." (*See p. 720.*)

In its interior, the town of Derbend is purely oriental; even the costume of the Persians predominates. The movement of the population in the main street gives indication of an animated centre of commerce; to the left, another street leads down to the quays where are the Russian store-houses. Viewed from above, Derbend is a great parallelogram, which stretches up from the sea to a fortress which crowns the first mountain height. The wall, after having gone round the town, rises up still higher, and is prolonged in a serpentine manner to the eastward, passing from ravine to ravine along the crest of the hills. "*Je crois*," says the credulous traveller, "*sur toute la longueur de la chaîne Caucasiennne.*"

The extent of this wall is contested; he adds, "but we can affirm that we meet traces of it at a distance of twenty-seven miles from Derbend." Tradition says that it extended without interruption from the Caspian to the Euxine or Black Sea, and that it only requires six hours to convey intelligence from one extremity to the other, which would seem to imply that the electric telegraph is not so modern a discovery as is generally imagined.

In 1832, a Russian officer, poet and romancer, Bestucheff Marlinsky by name, and since exiled into Siberia, is said to have explored the great wall of the Caucasus; and he wrote on his return a description of his journey for the use of his colonel, of which the following are extracts:—

"I have just returned from exploring that great wall which separated the old world from the world which was still uncivilised at that epoch—that is to say, from Europe. It was erected by the Persians or the Medes to protect them from the invasions of the barbarians. The barbarians, that was us, my dear Colonel. I beg your pardon, I am wrong; your ancestors, Georgian princes, were part of the civilised world.

"What a change of ideas! What a succession of events! If you love to breathe, touch and cast back the dust of old books, which you will permit me to

entertain doubts about, I should advise you to learn the Tartar language, forgetting all the time that it is familiar to you as your mother's tongue, and to read *Derbent Nameh*, or to refresh your Latin by perusing *Baer de Muro Caucasio*, or study Gmelius (Samuel Theophile), he who, after having been prisoner to the Khan of the Kirghiz, came to die in the Caucasus. I should recommend you to regret that Klaprok did not take the subject up, and that the Chevalier Gamble penned something about it which I fear is little better than nonsense. Finally, compare with one another a dozen other authors, whose names I have forgotten, or which I never knew, but who knowing the wall of Caucasus have described it; and then, relying upon the most authentic proof, you will avow:

"1st. That the epoch of the construction of this wall is unknown to you.

"2ndly. That it was erected either by Isfendiar or Iskandar—both words mean Alexander the Great—or by Khosroes, or by Nurshirwan.

"And your testimony, added to those which have gone before, will render the thing clear as the sun at the moment of a total eclipse.

"But what there will be proved, if after all it is not still doubtful, is that this wall commenced at the Caspian and terminated at the Euxine.

"The matter stands so, my dear colonel, and I very much fear that it will remain so, notwithstanding you and I, and despite of all the archæologists, all the learned men, and all the ignoramuses yet to come.

"The pure truth, the real truth, the incontestable truth, is that it exists; but that its founders, its constructors, its defenders, once celebrated, are now laid low in tombs without epitaphs, troubling themselves very little with what is said, or even what is dreamed about them. I will not then trouble their ashes, nor your repose, by conducting you through a dry antiquity in the pursuit of an empty bottle. No; I only ask you to walk with me some fine morning in the month of June, so as to see the venerable remains of this Caucasian wall.

"The 'iron gates of Derbend,' in our days gates of canvass, open for us by break of day, and we leave the city behind us. My comrades, in this picturesque excursion, are, besides yourself, my dear colonel, the Commandant of Derbend, Major Cristnikoff; we had also with us a captain of the regiment of Kurinsky, and that composed the whole number of inquiring Russians.

"Do you know how many times, since the reign of Peter the Great, the Russians have visited that eighth marvel of the world, which is called the wall of Caucasus?

"Three times; and even then I ought not to have said since Peter the Great's time, but Peter the Great included.

"The first time it was Peter the Great, in 1722.

"The second time it was Colonel Werkowsky, who was so tragically slain by Ammulat Bey, in 1819.

"The third time it was ourselves who visited it, in 1832.

"Perhaps you will think that the journey was difficult, distant and dangerous. Not at all so, my dear colonel: set your mind at ease on our score; all that is necessary is to take a dozen of armed Tartars, to mount a horse from left to right, or even from right to left as the Kalmuks do, and to start as we did.

"The morning was fine, although it extended its fogs

over us like a veil. But one could feel that this veil would be rent asunder, and would soon let us see the brilliant face of the sun. The capricious road at one moment ascended the sides of a hill, at another descended into the hollows, deep wrinkles that furrow the care-worn brow of the Caucasus. The gloomy physiognomies of the Tartars, with their enormous papaks, their arms glittering with gold and silver, their fine mountain steeds, the rocks over our heads, the sea under our feet, everything was so novel, so wild and so picturesque, that we were obliged to stop every moment to admire or to be astonished.

"The commandant wished, reasonably enough, to visit in the first place the curiosities of the neighbourhood. We accordingly began our investigation with the cavern of the Dives, or giants, situated at a distance of five versts from Derbend, at the bottom of a precipice, called Kogne-Kafe, that is to say, the precipice of spirits.

"Not far from the village Dash-Kessene the waters from the mountains have gathered together, and have hewn a way for themselves just as they liked. A charming rivulet thus formed leads to a cavern, which the imagination of the mountaineers has established as the abode of the Dives—that is to say, of the giants of the Bible, sons of men and of angels. A precipice and the bed of the rivulet itself are the only guides to the grotto of the Dives, or, as it is also called, the vizir's tomb—a vizir having, it appears, been slain there in one of the Persian invasions. We were walking on mossy stones overshadowed by trees. All at once we found ourselves at the entrance of the cavern. Just before entering the rivulet expanded, and an enormous mass of rock, fallen from the top of the cave, seemed to dispute admission like a sentinel.

"The entrance, which may be from fifteen to eighteen feet wide by eight in height, is blackened with smoke. Further in the cave expands. On one side is a place for stabling horses. The floor is strewn with bones, the spot being a place of refuge to brigands and wild beasts, races that almost always leave a certain number of bones at the spots which they frequent. One of our Tartars stated that he had killed an hyæna there the year previously: with these exceptions the cave altogether disappointed our expectations; feeble mortals cannot breathe there, so stifling is the atmosphere. The entrance alone adorned with trees, around whose stems grape-vines climb vigorously upwards, is calculated to attract attention already exhausted by a multiplicity of natural beauties before arriving there.

"We accordingly continued our excursion. Not far from the cavern of the Dives, and near the village Jaglani, is the grotto of Grudjekler-Pir. But to reach this we had to get off our horses and descend, supporting ourselves by the shrubs, to the bottom of a deep valley, where a little vault five or six feet high was shown to us, from the roof of which there hung some stalactites, and from the extremity of each of which drops of water fell slowly. The women of the neighbouring villages esteem this water highly. When a nurse loses her milk she comes to this cave, sacrifices a sheep, and drinks the water in great confidence. Her faith is so great that if she is not positively cured she is sure to find some relief. We also drank of this water, which was at least pure (a mistake, for it must have been loaded with lime, which entering into combination with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, was necessary to form stalactites); and then, having re-

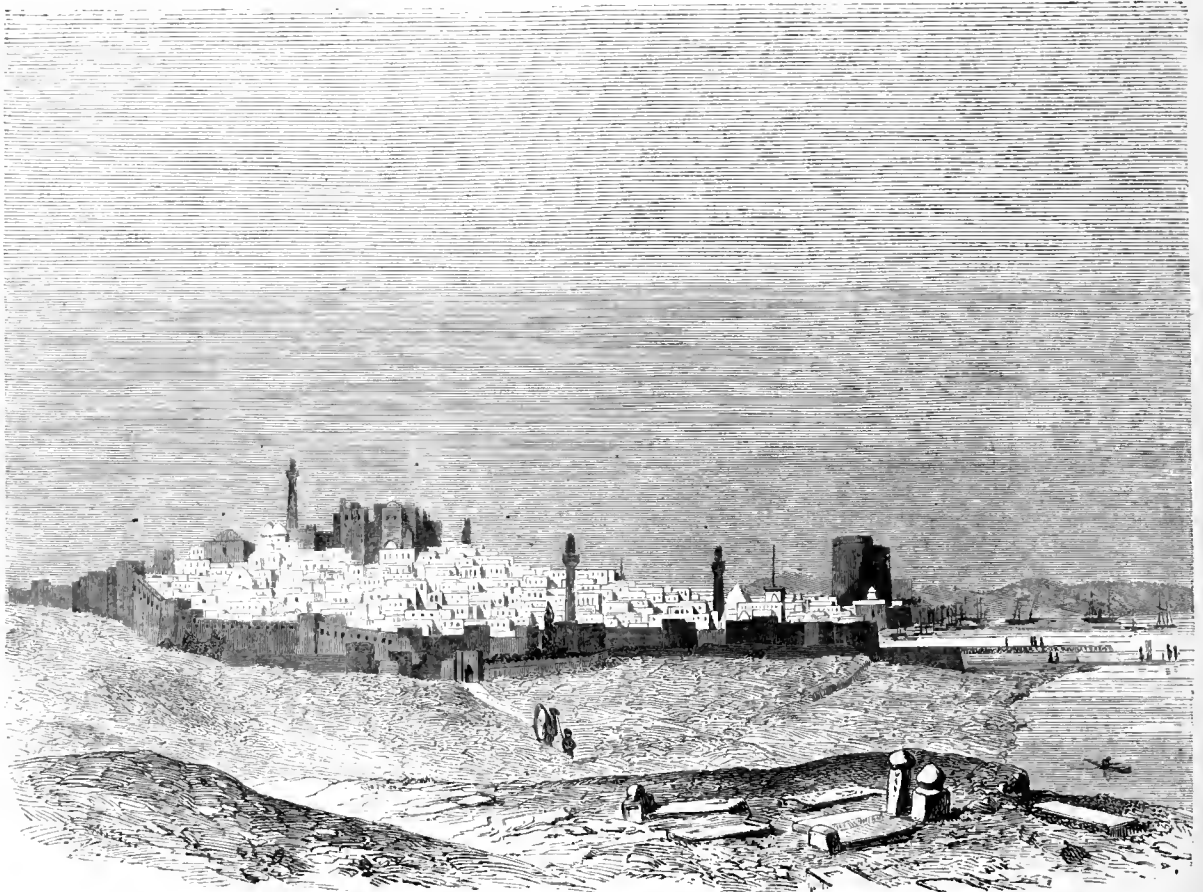
ascended, we took a westerly direction, to see the reverse of what we had just examined, that was a tiny rivulet which issued forth from the rock instead of dropping from the ceiling.

“‘Ah! as for that,’ said our conductor, raising himself in his stirrups and lifting his papak, ‘it has refreshed one of the most powerful monarchs and greatest men that ever lived, two qualities seldom combined: the Russian padishah, Peter the Great, drank of that rivulet when he took Derbend.’ We jumped down from our horses and respectfully drank from the same source.

“We had approached the wall of Caucasus which clings to the very rock from whence this spring gushes

forth. It is curious to compare the work of nature with that of art, the work of time and that of man.

“The struggle of destruction against matter was visible, and had the appearance of being guided by intelligence: a beech nut had fallen into a crevice in this stone, where it had found a little vegetable earth, and then the seed had germinated, and it had become a great tree, whose roots had ended by splitting the stone and breaking down the wall. The wind penetrating into the fissures had done the rest. The ivy alone, as compassionate as the troubadours who collected and put together the fragments of Tasso, held the pieces together, and bound the stones already fallen to the ruined wall, that was ready to fall in its turn.



VIEW OF BAKU.

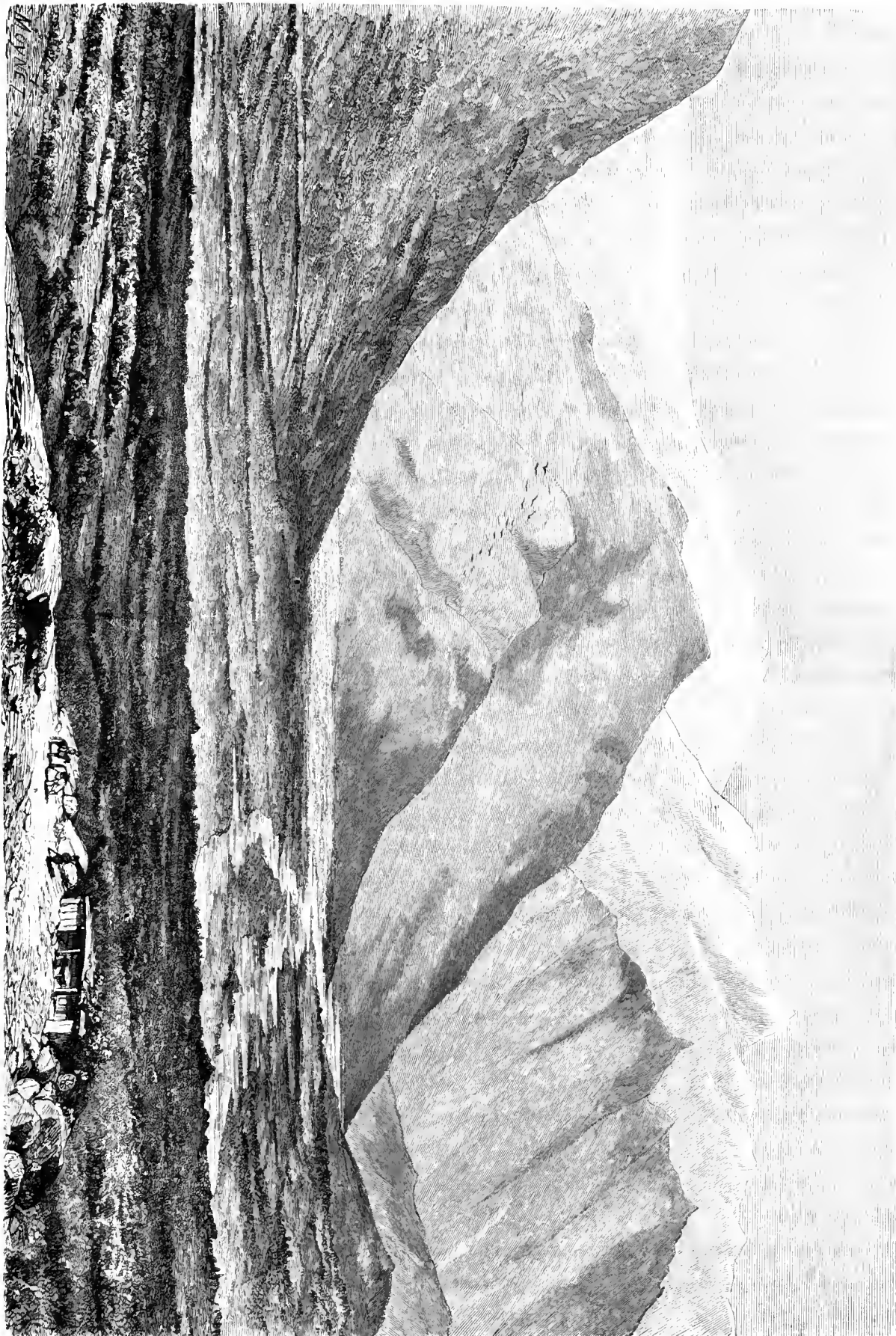
“This wall followed a direction due west from Narine Kalah, without being interrupted by either rocks or precipices; it was flanked by little towers placed at irregular distances the one from the other, and unequal in size. They served probably as principal posts, where arms and provisions were placed.

“Although at a distance from Derbend, this wall preserved the same characters as at that stronghold, its height varied according to the disposition of the soil, and in rapid declines it descended like a staircase. The interior—that is to say, the marrow of this wall, if one can use such an expression—is composed of little stones put together with mortar and cement. The towers were loftier than the wall, but not much so. But that is a common character of Asiatic fortresses, in opposi-

tion to the Gothic strongholds of the west, where the towers rise high above the ramparts. They are hollow, and cut longitudinally by loop-holes; but what is curious, and at the same time attests the high antiquity of the wall, is, that the same thing that Denon remarks of the pyramids of the Pharaohs occurs here—a total absence of arches.

“I descended into all the subterranean passages of these towers, which led to sources and to reservoirs; nowhere did I meet with an arch. My conviction is that the builders of this gigantic work were unacquainted with such.

“Derbend has no port; all that it can boast of is a narrow channel or inlet, some fifteen feet deep. Everywhere else the sea breaks upon rocks. There is



VALLEY OF NUKHA.

also a little jetty that advances some fifty feet into the sea. The wall which defends the town on the sea side extends along the jetty, and then leaves it to advance alone into the tideless waters. From the shore the town is seen to great perfection, rising like an amphitheatre or a cascade of houses, which come down from the first heights to the very water, only that in their descent they assume a more European character. The summit of the town is a Tartar stronghold, the bottom of the town is a Russian barrack.

Seen thus from the shore, the town presents the aspect of a parallelogram, which resembles a carpet laid out, bending in towards the centre; on the southern side, the wall presents a kind of swelling, as if the town having made an effort, its girths had given way. Wherever the wall has remained intact, the same Cyclopean structure of the Persian Chosroes, who fortified it in his wars against Justinian, A.D. 562, is to be seen, but where it has crumbled to pieces, it has been built up with modern masonry.

The southern gate is surrounded by the famous lion, which the son of Koi Kobad adopted for his emblem. Beneath is an inscription in old Persian characters.

The town is further divided, like the Latin churches built in the form of a cross, by two main arteries, one longitudinal, the other transverse. The longitudinal street leads up from the sea to the Tartar and Persian town. Only, it is obliged to stop at the bazaar, the difficulties of ascent are too great to be overcome beyond that. The transverse artery goes from the south gate to the north gate, or from the gate of the lion to that of the fountain. It is the road from Asia to Europe.

Both sides of the ascending street are occupied by shops, the generality are blacksmiths and ironmongers, and at the bottom of each shop is a recess in which, with all the gravity characteristic of its race, a hawk is perched. Thanks to this bird, whenever a holiday comes round, the blacksmith can go out like a nobleman to catch larks and other small birds.

Viewed from the Narine Kalah, the citadel or fortress on the heights above, the aspect of this singular town, is equally remarkable. Nothing is seen but the roofs of the houses descending in terraces towards the sea and cleft by streets. In the whole extent of the town there are only two open spaces, one is the public garden, the other is the site of the mosque, with its plane trees and tombs of the faithful. Above the fortress or citadel is a plateau overlooking on one side a deep ravine, but on the other forming merely part of the slope of the mountains beyond. The walls of the citadel suffered much on this side in 1831, when they were bombarded by the mountaineers, who, under Kazi-Mullah, succeeded in gaining possession of one of the towers of the great Caucasian wall, which commanded the citadel, and which has in consequence been since destroyed.

VII.

STEPPES OF CAPE AP-CHIRON—BAKU, THE CITY OF FIRE-WORSHIPPERS—BLACK AND WHITE BAKU—ORIENTAL CHARACTER OF ITS MONUMENTS—SANCTUARY OF ATASH-OAH—GREAT FIRE TEMPLE—A SEA IN FLAMES—ISLANDS OF FIRE—PARSI PILGRIMS AND DEVOTEES.

ON issuing forth from Derbend into Asia, after passing the usual accumulation of funereal monuments with Tartar, Persian, and Armenian inscriptions, such

as are to be met with in the outskirts of all oriental towns, and which are here grouped on the Asiatic side (for the Derbend has always been considered as the gate of Europe and Asia), just as the more fanatic Mussulmans of Constantinople have their remains carried over the Bosphorus, the road lies along the sea-shore, with the Caspian on the one side, and the mountains of Daghistan, here mainly tenanted by unsubdued Lesghians, on the other. Beyond the third post-station, a little river called the Samur has to be forded: in winter time it becomes a formidable torrent. The first day's journey ends at Kubah, built upon a height above the Kudiyl-chay, which again separates the town proper from a suburb tenanted solely by a Jewish colony, which boasts of being a relic of the captivity. Kubah is celebrated for its manufactories of carpets, embroidery, and blades of Khangiars or daggers. The population is said to amount to some five thousand souls. It has also a very bad reputation for unwholesomeness, being peculiarly subject to ague of a type fatal to Europeans. Some of the loftiest of the snow summits of the Caucasus are visible from this place.

Leaving Kubah, after a few ascents and descents with the usual Kara-chays and Ak-chays, or Black and White Rivers, in their hollows, the long cape called Ap-chiron comes in sight, and presents a vast and almost boundless extent of plain or steppe, on which the nomadic Tartars pitch their tents. Instead of villager the traveller now meets with another oriental feature—great ruinous khans or caravanserais. Those which rise out of the plain on this route are attributed to Shah Abbas. Gradually, however, the steppe is passed, the country becomes once more hilly, villages are met with, and the land is cultivated. Crossing one of these little ranges, Baku—the renowned city of Fire-worshippers—bursts upon the view. (See p. 736.)

At first there seems to be two Baku—a White Baku and a Black Baku. White Baku is a suburb almost entirely built since the period of the occupation of the Russians. Black Baku is the old Baku, the Persian city, the city of khans, surrounded by walls less picturesque than those of Derbend, but still not less replete with character. Baku has especially preserved its oriental physiognomy, notwithstanding Russian domination, which besides is quite recent. The monuments of an older civilisation are everywhere visible. In the midst of the city, inclosed in its walls, darker even than the houses, the palace of the khans towers up in perfect keeping. The main gateway of this edifice is a *chef-d'œuvre*; the bazaar is an old caravanserai in ruin, whose capitals are of exquisite finish. The minarets of the old mosque are covered with rich arabesques replete with grace. The base of the so-called Girl's Tower is bathed by the waters of the Caspian. Near it is a monument to the memory of the Russian general, Titianoff, governor of Georgia, who was treacherously assassinated by one of the khans. Baku, which is indebted for most of its monuments to Shah Abbas II., has been from all times a holy place for the Guebers or Parsis. An independent khanat at first, it fell into the hands of the Persians, who yielded it up to Russia in 1723, had it restored to them in 1735, and were finally deprived of it on occasion of the last act of treachery perpetrated upon the person of General Titianoff. The entrance to Baku is that of one of the strongest citadels of the middle ages.

Those successive ramparts have to be passed, and that by such narrow gateways that the horses have to be taken out of the vehicles, and get through one by one.

"The natural fires," says one of the most *spirituel* of Frenchmen who has extended his travels to this remote portion of the globe, "are known to the whole world, but naturally a little less so to the French, the people who travel less than any other nation, than to any other people."

The famous sanctuary of Atash-gah is at a distance of about twenty-six versts from Baku. The fire which burns perpetually at this holy shrine is supplied from mineral naphtha. Nowhere does this substance abound in such large quantities as around Baku. Everywhere wells are dug, from whence pure naphtha is obtained, or the same in greater consistency and more carbonised as in petroleum, or in an indurated and solid form as bitumen. The same substance is met with on most of the islands in the southern Caspian as far as the coast of the Turkomans, and is given off in a gaseous form (carburetted hydrogen) from the bottom of the sea. Hence it is that the Parsees, so denominated from Fars, in Farsistan in Persia, the Magus, or Magi and Guebres (Jawurs or Giaours) of the Turks, have ever looked upon this spot as most holy.

The temple of Atash-gah stands in the midst of a plain two or three square miles in extent, and whence flames issue irregularly at a hundred different places, just as is seen near Kirkuk, the Babylonian Ecbatana. In the centre of all these fires, and lighted up by them, is a great square building, surrounded by pinnacles, each of which flames away like a great gas-burner, and in the rear of which is a cupola, at each of whose corners are as many burners, but less copiously supplied than are those which rise from the principal gate to the eastward. (See p. 729.)

Only three disciples of Zoroaster remained as guardians of the temple. The interior is a square yard in the centre of which is an altar surmounted by a cupola. The perpetual fire burns in the centre of this altar.

There are about twenty cells opening upon the interior from the side-walls. These are the stations of the initiated. In one of these cells was a niche, with two Indian idols. One of the Parsees put on his costume as a priest; another, who was almost in a state of nudity, put on a kind of blouse. They then commenced to officiate, chanting hymns in a very sweet tone but with little musical variety. At intervals the officiating minister prostrated himself on the ground while the assistant beat two cymbals. The service over, the minister presented the visitors with fruit and sweetmeats. (See p. 726.)

Outside of the wall are several wells, one of these once contained brackish water, on the surface of which naphtha and petroleum floated. One day the water disappeared, and a bit of lighted tow having been thrown in to see what had become of the water, the gases took flame and have burnt ever since. These wells are protected by low walls of stones.

It is a still more striking thing to see the gaseous products of these mineral wells burning on the surface of the sea. A traveller supplies us with the following lively description of the scene presented. They had been to the mosque situated on Cape Chikoff, where is the reputed tomb of Fatima, who is said to have fled thus far from the persecutions of Yezid. Thence they sailed in the direction of Cape Baikoff, where the

waters of the great inland sea seemed to be in a state of ebullition, and exhaled the odour of naphtha. One of the sailors addressing the leader of the party, Captain Freygang, said, "We are here, captain;" "Well!" said the latter, to leave to his visitors the pleasure of a surprise, "do what there is to be done."

The sailor took two handfuls of tow, lighted each in one hand at a lantern held by a comrade, and threw the one on one side of the boat, the other on the other. At the same moment the surface of the sea lit up, and the flames spread for nigh fifty yards distance.

Our bark had the appearance of Charon's boat traversing the river in Pluto's empire; the sea had become a real Phlegethon. We were positively floating in the midst of flames.

Luckily these flames of a beautiful golden colour were subtle as those of spirits of wine, and we were barely sensible of aught save a slight increase of temperature. Deprived thus of all anxiety, we could contemplate this marvellous spectacle with all the more interest.

The sea burnt in islands of greater or less extent; some of these were no larger than a good-sized round table, others were as extensive as the circular fountains in the Tuileries; the boat was rowed in the intervals between, and at times it even traversed these isles of flame. It was the most curious and the most magical spectacle that can be seen, and which is only to be met with in this corner of the globe. We could have passed the night watching it, had it not been that a breath of wind came to announce a change of weather. The little islands went out first, then the middle sized ones, and lastly the large ones: one alone persisted. But gradually the wind came on to blow stronger; it gained the ascendancy, and the last island went out.

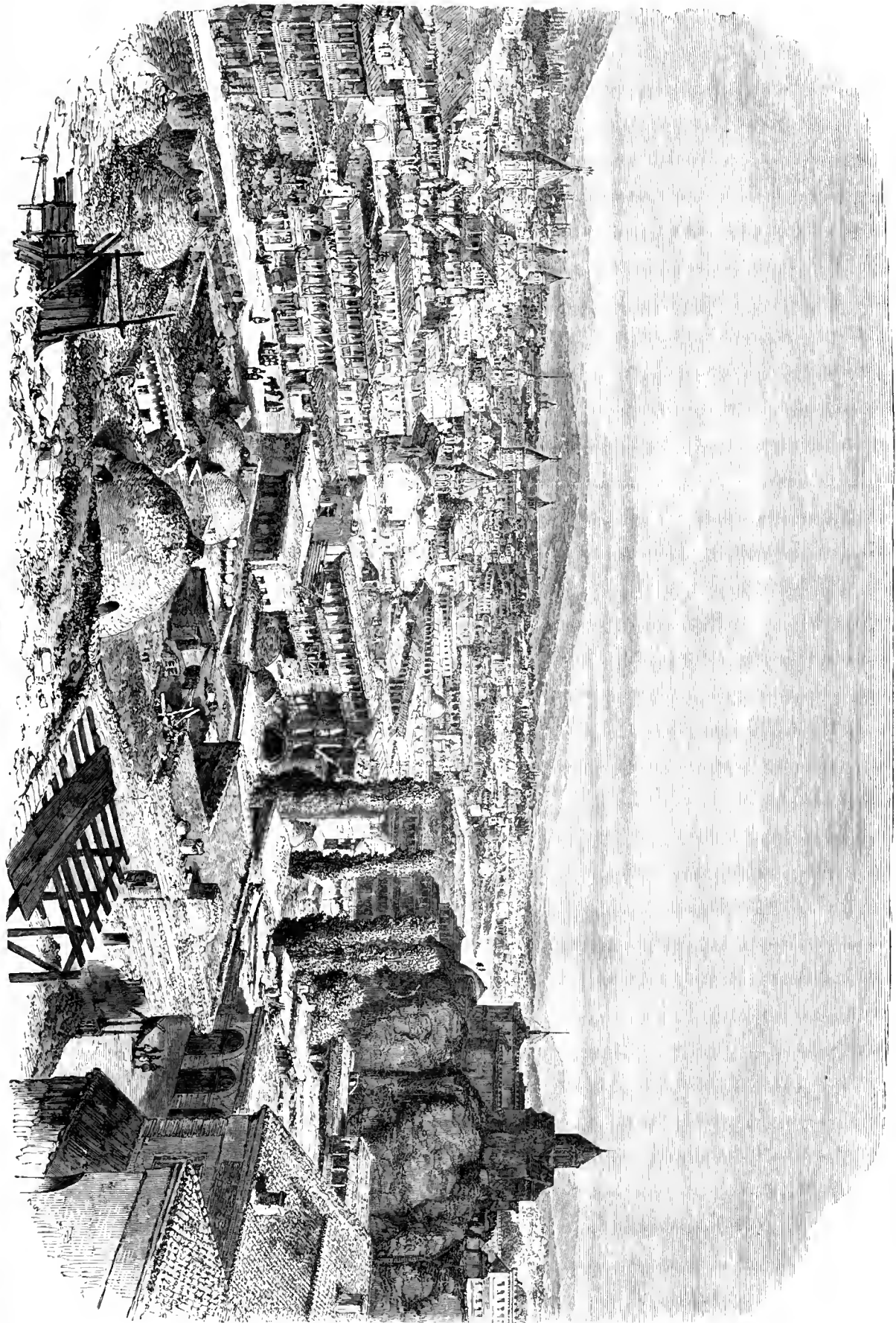
Haxthausen, in his excellent work entitled *Transcaucasia*, remarks of Baku, that it is one of the most remarkable places in the Causasian countries, and perhaps in the whole world. My travelling companion, he adds, Herr von Schwarz, who had visited this spot, and the fire-worshippers residing there, gave me the following interesting account of it.

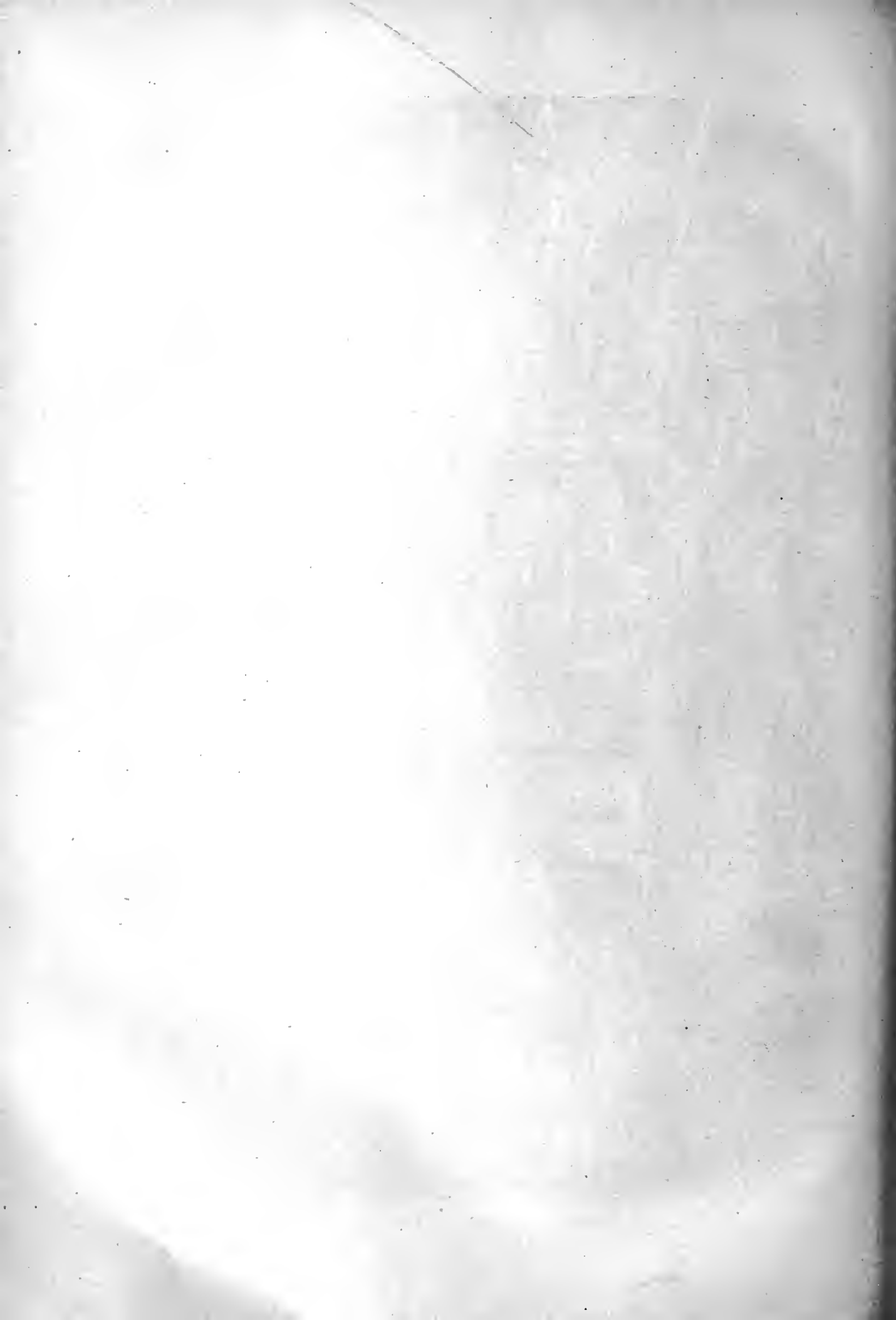
The word Baku is said to be derived from the Persian, in which Baad Kubah is, literally, "Place of the shifting winds." Atash-gah signifies Fire-land.

The entire road from Schumaka (that is coming from the south) to Baku crosses the barren spurs of the Caucasus, which branch off southward into the extensive plains of the Mugan Steppes, terminating on the east in Cape Ap-chiron. In every direction all seem only naked and rocky chains of mountains and hills; whilst in the lowlands, which are rich in herbage, flocks of sheep and troops of grazing camels are met with. Near the station of Morosi are the ruins of a considerable town of ancient appearance, though it was still standing during the campaigns of Nadir Shah, in 1734. The Tartars build very slightly, and will never leave any architectural monuments to tell of their history.

On entering the circle of Baku, the country becomes more open and cultivated, extensive fields of wheat lying around the Tartar villages, although in the immediate vicinity of Baku the country is again more desolate. The shores of the Caspian Sea are mostly barren and hilly; the colour of its waters is a dull light-green, and it has no breakers. Baku stands in the centre of a small bay, and consists of a confused assemblage of gray-coloured houses, with flat roofs, covered with

VIEW OF TIFLIS.





asphaltum ; its aspect is anything but cheerful : it is inhabited principally by Tartars, with a small proportion of Armenians. The houses are crowded within the fortified walls ; they have no windows looking on to the streets ; and the entire back of the dwellings, facing the court-yard and gardens, consists of a close wooden lattice, which shuts out any view, and in which are portions capable of being removed or pushed aside for the openings to serve as doors or windows ; in some parts open corridors are thus formed. The apartments of the women and domestics have windows without glass, no stoves, but occasionally an open hearth. Above the gray mass of houses rise a few minarets and fortified towers. To the left, on entering the fortress, stands the dwelling of the last independent khan of Baku, Hussein Khuli Khan,¹ a square building, now the residence of the commandant, and quite Europeanised. Out at sea, a verst and a-half distant from the town, are said to lie the ruins of an ancient fortress ; this is remarkable, if true, as the level of the Caspian Sea is continually sinking a foot in twelve years. No vessels are seen upon it, but the ugly Astrakhan fishing-boats and the black Persian merchantmen. The scene all round is desolate and dull, enlivened by no green trees, red roofs, or clear water, no variety of colouring. The streets in the town of Baku are very narrow, many being impassable for carriages ; but such conveyances have only been introduced since the Russian dominion, as the Tartar always travels on horseback, and despises a person who cannot ride.

Atash-gah lies seventeen versts north of Baku. As we approached it, evening was drawing on, and the sky was cloudless. On a sudden, standing out in relief against the deep-blue southern sky, a strange-looking building rose before us, forming an equilateral triangle, each side being about 190 paces long. On the outside, this triangle consisted of a low flat-roofed building of one story and without windows. In the court-yard, withinside the walls, were merely a row of cells, with no windows, but a door opening into the yard. In the middle of the court was a kind of temple. Upon a pedestal, with three steps, stood four square pillars, about two feet in diameter, four feet apart, and eight feet high : these are surmounted by a cupola. In the south-east corner of the court stands another round pillar ; these are all hollow, and convey the gas from the earth. On the north-east side is a room for strangers, raised one story above the chief building, with windows and a gallery running round it. The whole edifice is of modern date, having been erected probably early in the present century. A wealthy Hindhu, named Otturnschan, contributed the principal sum towards its cost, beside the Government. There were formerly only wretched huts for the anchorites, and the flaming gas streamed forth from the earth through a few holes. The flame now issues from an opening in the centre of the temple, and out of the five hollow pillars, a foot in diameter, and to a height of four feet—a bright flame, waving heavily and slowly from side to side against the dark sky—a truly marvellous and spectral sight ! Outside the building the flames issue from numerous holes in the earth ; and

indeed, in every part of the country, to a distance of two or three versts around, on digging to the depth of a foot, the gas streams forth and readily ignites ; the inhabitants of the country use this fire for culinary purposes.

This building, a kind of conventual abode, is the residence of the Guebres—in Persian, Atash-pirust, or Fire-worshippers, the remains of the devotees of that primitive religion which, in remote ages, was so widely spread. In the West of Hindhustan and Eastern Persia, this religion still prevails over whole districts ; but in other parts of Asia it is only found occasionally. In Astrakhan there also exists at the present day a small number of these Fire-worshippers. The object they hold most sacred, as the symbol of divinity, is the holy fire, which, at Atash-gah, issues from the earth, and ignites spontaneously without any artificial aid. Hither the most pious repair as pilgrims, many of them remaining here in complete seclusion till the close of life, absorbed in religious contemplation in presence of the sacred element.

The anchorites now residing here are from the west of India, the Punjaub ; and all of them have, even at an advanced age, made the long and dangerous pilgrimage on foot through Afghanistan, Bokhara, and China, round the northern extremity of the Caspian sea. The brethren were, at the time of our visit, ten in number ; but a few years later they were reduced to five. On entering the court-yard we saw several of these men—tall, thin figures, with features bronzed by an Indian sun. Several long and roughly-hewn tombstones were lying about, some with a Sanscrit inscription cut upon them. In the centre of the open hall of the temple (if it may be called so) a long flame issued from a small hole in the earth, its yellow and blue colours giving it a strange and ghastly aspect : it is unaccompanied by the slightest noise ; the flame plays in the air, rises, and then sinks, like the shades of the underworld, into the stillness of the grave.

Over the door of each cell was a long Sanscrit inscription. In the interior we found the greatest cleanliness and order ; the floor and walls are covered over with the blue clay of the place, which gives the whole a uniform light-blue tone. Outside each door, on the left, is a round hearth, constructed of clay, with a hole in the middle, out of which issues a flame ; a few rude cooking-utensils stood about it. Beside each door, on the right, stands the couch of the Anchorite, consisting of a hard straw mattress and a pillow. At the head of it a small flame rises from the earth ; in front of the centre of the wall stands a little altar, a foot and-a-half high, formed of three steps, covered with shells and pebbles, small pictures, and images cast in bronze. At the side of the altar another small flame issues from the ground, which is regarded as peculiarly sacred, no layman being permitted to approach it.

The anchorites received us in silence, and with a humble demeanour. The sacristan and one or two others could converse in Persian. In one cell we saw a man on the point of death : he was kneeling, with his brow touching the earth ; for several days he had been in this attitude ; the others had covered him with a coarse cloth, on removing which he looked like a corpse. Occasionally he fell from exhaustion, but with painful effort raised himself again to his kneeling posture.

In another cell we found a tall old man stark naked ; his whole body was covered with earth, and between his eyebrows was a patch of yellow colour (with which

¹ His son is general in the Russian service, and is considered a learned man ; he has written a Russian book on the Tartar languages, and has been collecting materials for a history of the Caucasian countries.

the Tartars and Persians dye their nails, beard, and hair, as symbolic of flame. The old man had resided here twenty-five years; he spoke only Hindhu, but the sacristan interpreted to us what he said. We addressed several questions to him, which he answered solemnly and slowly.

"Of the four elements," he said, "I revere first the earth; and I have covered my body with earth, in order to be in constant contact with this element. I desire, after my death, to be buried in a sitting posture. If any of us worship in preference one of the other elements, his body is burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds, unless he worships fire, when his ashes would be collected and distributed among his relatives.

Many of us believe in five elements, the fifth being that free medium of transmission by which we are rendered capable of deriving enjoyment from benefits; light reaches us in a perceptible way through the eye; air through the nose, mouth, and ear; the fruits of the earth the mouth. This medium of enjoyment is itself a gift of the Creator's, which imparts the power of enjoying the element—and this medium they worship as a distinct element—not the senses themselves, but the channel of admission of the elements to the senses."

A larger apartment, in other respects arranged like the rest, was divided by a thin partition-wall, breast high, with an opening in the centre, and from the top



COSTUMES OF BAKU.

of which streamed forth a high flame; beside it lay a small piece of crockery, to extinguish the flame when necessary. A hermit, reclining against the wall, was pointed out to us as a Brahmin; he had a bronzed complexion, a high forehead, finely chiselled features, thick snow-white hair, and a white pointed beard; he was dressed in a long light-yellow coat, with slashed sleeves, and a pointed red cap. This man appeared to be at the head of the fraternity; their public prayers are held in his cell. One of them calls to prayer by blowing on a large conch, with a shrill, prolonged sound; immediately they all assemble in the Brahmin's cell, place themselves before the altar, and repeat a prayer, in a kind of recitative, accompanied by the

tinkling of little bells. The Brahmin then sprinkles them with holy water, and lays on the tongue of each a few grains of rice out of a flat dish.

The cemetery of the brethren lies about the building, and in the centre of it is a well. When this pit, after being for awhile covered up, is opened again, and a whisp of lighted straw thrown into it, the gas collected ignites with the noise of thunder, and a red colour of flame rises, four feet in diameter, and thirty feet high: the sparks from the burning straw are scattered far into the air in the form of a splendid sheaf of fire.

As we quitted this extraordinary place, the same night, the red glare of these fires was reflected brilliantly on the dark sky.

VIII.

FROM BAKU TO TIFLIS—THE LESGHIS—PETER THE GREAT'S CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THEM—OPERATIONS OF CATHERINE II. AGAINST THE CAUCASIANS—BEGINNING OF THE CIRCASSIAN WAR—PECULIAR CONFORMATION OF THE CAUCASUS—A BRUSH WITH A CIRCASSIAN PARTY—CIRCASSIAN WOMAN AND SLAVE-DEALING—VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

CAPE AP-CHIRON, with the fire temples of Baku at its neck, is more really the eastern end of Caucasus than Derbend. The iron gates of Europe and of Asia are situated at the extremity of a spur of Daghistan, or the Mountain Land, par excellence, where the rocks come down closest to the sea, and where a defensive line of demarcation has been from all times established, but the main chain of Caucasus having a southeasterly course from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the Caspian, really ends in Cape Ap-Chiron, far south of Derbend.

Here the traveller turns the great mountain boundary between two continents, and his road to Tiflis lies now to the west and north of west, along the southern foot of the mountains by Shumakhi Elizabethopol and Khan-Kadi, or by the more difficult road of Nukha and Muhanlisk. The inaccessible mountain fastnesses to the right being still tenanted by unsubdued tribes, more especially Lesghians, who occasionally make predatory descents into the plains below.

The Lesghis, next to the Tcherkesses or Circassians, and the Tchetchenses of Daghistan, have ever been the most formidable and inveterate enemies of Russia, and this long upholding of their independence by these mountain tribes against so gigantic a power, which has crept up to the very foot of its Alps, from the north and from the south alike, has taken possession of and fortified its chief passes, and has made its staunchest chief, Schamyl, among the last prisoners, is certainly one of the most remarkable phenomena of our own times, and one which well deserves a word or two of consideration. The question is of the more importance to us, as so long as the warlike tribes of the Caucasus maintained their national independence, and separated the trans-Caucasian provinces from the rest of the empire, so long did they protect Asiatic Turkey and Persia, and prevent the Cossacks settling themselves in the long valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and along the Elburus towards India.

We know that one of Peter the Great's most cherished schemes, the dream of his whole life, was to re-establish the trade of the east on its old footing, and to secure to himself a port on the Black Sea, in order to make it the link between the two continents. The genius of that sovereign must surely have been most enterprising to conceive such a project, at a time when its realisation required that the southern frontiers of the empire should first be pushed forward from 150 to 200 leagues, as they have since been. Peter began his new political career by the taking of Azof and the foundation of the port of Taganrok in 1695. The fatal campaign of the Pruth retarded the accomplishment of his designs; but when circumstances allowed him to return to them, he began again to pursue them in the direction of Persia and the Caspian. The restitution of Azof, and the destruction of Taganrok, stipulated in the treaty of the Pruth, thus became the primary cause of the Russian expeditions against the trans-Caucasian provinces.

At this period Persia was suffering from all the disorders of anarchy. The Turks had possessed them-

selves of all its western provinces up to the foot of the Caucasus; whilst the mountaineers, availing themselves of the distracted state of the country, made bloody inroads upon Georgia and the adjacent regions. The Lesghis, now one of the most formidable tribes of the Caucasus, ravaged the plains of Shirvan, in 1712, reduced the towns and villages to ashes, and massacred, according to Russian writers, 300 merchants, subjects of the empire, in the town of Shumakhi. These acts of violence afforded Peter the Great an opportunity which he did not let slip. Under the pretence of punishing the Lesghis, and protecting the Shah of Persia against them, he prepared to make an armed intervention in the trans-Caucasian provinces. A formidable expedition was fitted out. A flotilla, constructed at Kasan, arrived at the mouths of the Volga, and on the 15th of May, 1722, the emperor began his march at the head of 22,000 infantry, 9,000 dragoons, and 15,000 Cossacks and Kalmuks. The transports coasted the Caspian, whilst the army marched by the Daghistan route, the great highway successively followed by the nations of the north and the south in their invasions. Thus it was that the Russians entered the Caucasus, and the valleys of those inaccessible mountains resounded, for the first time, to the war music of the Muscovite. The occupation of Ghilan and Derbend, and the siege of Baku were the chief events of this campaign. Turkey dismayed at the influence Russia was about to acquire in the East, was ready to take up arms; but Austria, taking the initiative in Europe, declared for the policy of the Czar, and vigorously resisted the hostile tendencies of the Porte. Russia was thus enabled to secure, not only Daghistan and Ghilan, but also the surrender of those provinces in which her armies had never set foot. In the midst of these events, Peter died when on the eve of consolidating his conquests, and before he had completed his negotiations with Persia and Turkey. His grand commercial ideas were abandoned after his death; the policy of the empire was directed solely towards territorial acquisition, and the Czars only obeyed the strong impulse, that, as if by some degree of fate, urges their subjects towards the south. Thenceforth the trans-Caucasian provinces were considered only a point gained for intervention in the affairs of Persia and Turkey, and for ulterior conquests in the direction of Central Asia. The rise of the celebrated Nadir Shah, who possessed himself of all the ancient dominions of Persia, for a while changed the face of things. Russia, crippled in her finances, withdrew her troops, gave up her pretensions to the countries beyond the Caucasus, acknowledged the independence of the two Kabardas by the treaty of Belgrade, and even engaged no longer to keep a fleet on the Sea of Azof.

A religious mission sent to the Ossetans, who occupy the celebrated defiles of Dariel, was the only event in the reign of Elizabeth, that regarded the regions we are considering. Hardly any conversions were effected, but the Ossetans, to a certain extent, acknowledged the supremacy of Russia: this satisfied the real purpose of the mission, for the first stone was thereby laid on the line which was to become the great channel of communication between Russia and her Asiatic provinces.

Schemes of conquest in the direction of Persia were resumed with vigour under Catherine II., and were carried out with more regularity. The first thing aimed at was to protect the south of the empire against

the inroads of the Caucasians, and to this end the armed line of the Kuban and the Terek was organised and finished in 1771. It then numbered sixteen principal forts, and a great number of lesser ones and redoubts. Numerous military colonies of Cossacks were next settled on the banks of the two rivers for the protection of the frontiers. While these preparations were in hand, war broke out with Turkey. Victorious both by sea and land, Catherine signed, in 1774, the memorable treaty of Kutchuk Kainardji, which secured to her the free navigation of the Black Sea, the passage of the Dardanelles, the entry of the Dnieper, and, moreover, conceded to her in the Caucasus the sovereignty over both Kabardas.

Peace being thus concluded, Catherine's first act was to send a pacific mission to explore the country of the Ossetans. The old negotiations were skilfully renewed, and a free passage through the defiles was obtained with the consent of that people. In 1781, an imperial squadron once more appeared in the Caspian, and endeavoured, but ineffectually, to make some military settlements on the Persian coasts. This expedition limited itself to consolidating the moral influence of Russia, and exciting, among the various tribes and nations of those regions, dissensions which afterwards afforded her a pretext for direct intervention. The Christian princes of Georgia, and the adjacent principalities, were the first to undergo the consequences of the Russian policy. Seduced by gold and presents, and doubtless also, wearied by the continual troubles that desolated their country, they gradually fell off from Persia and Turkey, and accepted the protection of Catherine. The passes of the Caucasus were now free to Russia; she lost no time in making them practicable for an army, and so she was at last in a condition to realise in part the vast plans of the founder of her power.

At a later period, in 1787, Russia and Turkey were again in arms, and the shore of the Caspian became for the first time a centre of military operations. Anapa, which the Turks had built for the protection of their trade with the mountaineers, after an unsuccessful assault, was taken by storm in 1791. Sudjuk Kaleh shared the same fate, but the Circassians blew up its fortifications before they retired. Struck by these conspicuous successes, the several states of Europe departed from the favourable policy with which they had previously treated the views of Russia, and the empress thought herself fortunate to conclude the treaty of Jassy in 1792, by which she advanced her frontiers to the Dniester, and obtained the sovereignties of Georgia and the neighbouring countries. But Turkey had Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh restored to her, upon her engaging to suppress the incursions of the tribes dwelling on the left of the Kuban.

Aga Muhammad Khan marched against Georgia in 1795, to punish it for having accepted the protectorate of Russia. Tiflis was sacked, and given up to fire and sword. On hearing of this bloody invasion, Catherine II. immediately declared war against Persia, and her armies were already in occupation of Baku, and a large portion of the Caspian shores, when she was succeeded by her son Paul I., who ordered all the recent conquests to be abandoned. Nevertheless, this strange beginning did not hinder the eccentric monarch from doing four years afterwards for Georgia what Catherine had done for the Crimea. Under pretext of putting an end to intestine discord, Georgia was

united to Russia by an imperial ukase. Shortly after the accession of Alexander, Mingrelia shared the fate of Georgia; the conquests beyond the Caucasus were then regularised, and Tiflis became the centre of an exclusive Muscovite administration, civil and military.

The immediate contact of Russia with Persia soon led to a rupture between these two powers. In 1806, hostilities began with Turkey also, and the campaign was marked like that of 1791 by the taking of Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh, and the establishment of the Russians on the shores of Circassia. The unfortunate contest which then ensued between Napoleon and Alexander, and the direct intervention of England, put an end to the war, and brought about the signature of two treaties. That of Bukharest stipulated the reddition of Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh; but Russia acquired Bessarabia and the left bank of the Danube; and Koutousof's 80,000 men marched against Napoleon. The treaty of Gulistan, in 1814, gave to the empire, among other countries, Daghistan, Georgia, Imeritia, Mingrelia, the province of Baku, Marabagh, and Shirvan. This latter treaty was no sooner ratified than endless discussions arose respecting the determination of the frontiers. War was renewed, and ended only in 1828 by the treaty of Turkmantchai, which conceded to Russia the fine countries of Erivan and Naktchivan, advanced her frontiers to the banks of the Araxus, and rendered her mistress of all the passes of Persia.

It was during these latter wars that the people of the Caucasus began to be seriously uneasy about the designs of Russia. The special protection accorded to the Christian populations, the successive downfall of the principal chiefs of the country, and the introduction of the Russian administration, with its abuses and arbitrary proceedings, excited violent commotions in the Caucasian provinces, and the mountaineers naturally took part in every coalition formed against the common enemy. The armed line of the Kuban and the Terek was often attacked, and many a Cossack post was massacred. The Lesghis, the Tchetshenes, and the Circassians distinguished themselves especially by their pertinacity and daring.

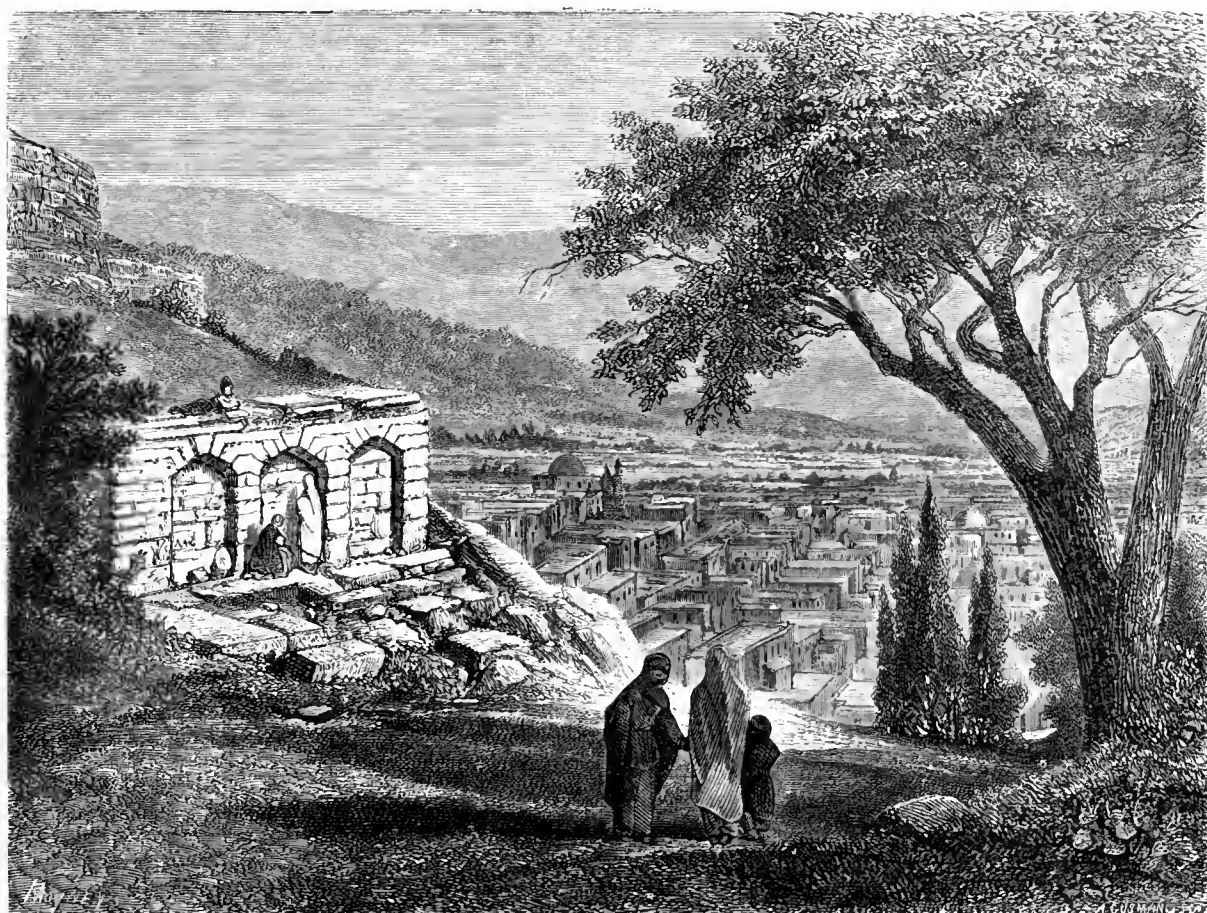
We now approach the period when Russia, at last relieved from all her quarrels with Persia and Turkey, definitely acquired Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh by the treaty of Adrianople, and directed all her efforts against the mountaineers of the Caucasus. But as now the war assumed a totally different character, it will be necessary to a full understanding of it that we should first glance at the topography of the country.

The chain of the Caucasus exhibits a peculiar conformation, altogether different from that of any of the European chains. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Carpathians, are accessible only by the valleys, and in these the inhabitants of the country find their subsistence, and agriculture develops its wealth. The contrary is the case in the Caucasus. From the fortress of Anapa on the Black Sea, all along to the Caspian, the northern slope presents only immense inclined plains, rising in terraces to a height of 3000 or 4000 yards above the sea level. These plains, rent on all directions by deep and narrow valleys and vertical clefts, often form real steppes, and possess on their loftiest heights rich pastures, where the inhabitants, secure from all attack, find fresh grass for their cattle in the sultriest days of summer. The valleys on the other hand are frightful abysses, the steep sides of

which are clothed with brambles, while the bottoms are filled with rapid torrents foaming over beds of rocks and stones. Such is the singular spectacle generally presented by the northern slope of the Caucasus. This brief description may give an idea of the difficulties to be encountered by an invading army. Obligated to occupy the heights, it is incessantly checked in its march by impassable ravines, which do not allow of the employment of cavalry, and for the most part prevent the passage of artillery. The ordinary tactics of the mountaineers are to fall back before the enemy, until the nature of the ground or the want of supplies obliges the latter to begin a retrograde movement. Then it is that they attack the invaders, and, en-

trenched in their forests behind impregnable rocks, they inflict the most terrible carnage on them with little danger to themselves.

On the south the character of the Caucasian chain is different. From Anapa to Gagra, along the shores of the Black Sea, we observe a secondary chain composed of schistose mountains, seldom exceeding 1,000 yards in height. But the nature of their soil, and of their rocks, would be enough to render them almost impracticable for European armies, even were they not covered with impenetrable forests. The inhabitants of this region, who are called Tcherkesses or Circassians, were then independent, and constituted one of the most warlike peoples of the Caucasus.



VIEW OF SHUMAKHI.

The great chain begins in reality at Gagra, but the mountains recede from the shore, and nothing is to be seen along the coast as far as Mingrelia, but secondary hills, commanded by immense crags, that completely cut off all approach to the central part of the Caucasus. This region, so feebly defended by its topographical conformation, is Abkhasia, the inhabitants of which have been forced to submit to Russia. To the north and on the northern slope, westward of the military road from Mosdok to Tiflis, dwell a considerable number of tribes, some of them ruled by a sort of feudal system, others constituted into little republics. Those of the west, dependent on Circassia and Abadza, are in continual war with the empire, whilst the

Nogais, who inhabit the plains on the left bank of the Kuma, and the tribes of the Great Kabarda, own the sovereignty of the Czar. In the centre, at the foot of the Elburus, dwell the Suanethes, an unsubdued people, and near them, occupying both sides of the pass of Dariel, are the Inguches and Ossetans, exceptional tribes, essentially different from the aboriginal peoples. Finally, we have eastward of the great Tiflis road, near the Terek, Little Kabarda, and the country of the Kumicks, for the present subjugated; and then those indomitable tribes, the Lesghis and the Tchetchenses, of whom Schamyl was the Abd-el-Kader, and who extend over the two slopes of the Caucasus to the vicinity of the Caspian.

In reality, the Kuban and the Terek, that rise from the central chain, and fall, the one into the Black Sea, the other into the Caspian, may be considered as the northern political limits of independent Caucasus. It is along those two rivers that Russia has formed her armed line, defended by Cossacks and detachments from the regular army. The Russians have indeed penetrated those northern frontiers at sundry points, and have planted some forts within the country of the Lesghis and Tchetchens. But these lonely posts, in which a few unhappy garrisons are surrounded on all sides, and generally without a chance of escape, cannot be regarded as a real occupation of the soil on which they stand. They are, in fact, only so many piquets, whose business it is to watch more closely the movements of the mountaineers. In the south, from Anapa to Gagra, along the Black Sea, the imperial possessions are limited to a few detached forts, completely isolated, and deprived of all means of communication by land. A rigorous blockade has been established on this coast; but the Circassians, as intrepid in their frail barks as among their mountains, often pass by night through the Russian line of vessels, and reach Trebisond and Constantinople. Elsewhere, from Mingrelia to the Caspian, the frontiers are less precisely defined, and generally run parallel with the great chain of the Caucasus.

Thus limited, the Caucasus, including the territory occupied by the subject tribes, presents a surface of scarcely 5,000 leagues; and it is in this narrow region that a virgin and chivalric nation, amounting at most to 2,000,000 of souls, so long upheld its independence against the might of the Russian empire, and for years sustained one of the most obstinate struggles known to modern history.

The Russian line of the Kuban, which is exactly similar to that of the Terek, is defended by the Cossacks of the Black Sea, the poor remains of the famous Zaporogues, whom Catherine II. subdued with so much difficulty, and whom she colonised at the foot of the Caucasus, as a bulwark against the incursions of the mountaineers. The line consists of small forts and watch stations; the latter are merely a kind of sentry box raised on four posts, about fifty feet from the ground. Two Cossacks keep watch in them day and night. On the least movement of the enemy in the vast plain of reeds that fringes both banks of the river, a beacon fire is kindled on the top of the watch-box. If the danger becomes more pressing, an enormous torch of straw and tar is set fire to. The signal is repeated from post to post, the whole line springs to arms, and 500 or 600 men are instantly assembled on the point threatened. These posts, composed generally of a dozen men, are very close to each other, particularly in the most dangerous places. Small forts have been erected at intervals with earthworks, and a few pieces of cannon: they contain each from 150 to 200 men.

But notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Cossacks, often aided by the troops of the line, the mountaineers not unfrequently cross the frontier and carry their incursions, which are always marked with massacre and pillage, into the adjacent provinces. These are bloody but justifiable reprisals. In 1835 a body of fifty horsemen entered the country of the Cossacks, and proceeded to a distance of 120 leagues, to plunder the German colony of Madjar and the important village of Vladimirofka, on the Kuma, and what is most remarkable,

they got back to their mountains without being interrupted. The same year Kislar on the Caspian was sacked by the Lesghis. These daring expeditions prove of themselves how insufficient is the armed line of the Caucasus, and to what dangers that part of southern Russia is exposed.

The line of forts along the Black Sea is quite as weak, and the Circassians there are quite as daring. They carry off the Russian soldiers from beneath the fire of their redoubts, and come up to the very foot of their walls to insult the garrison.

As for the blockade by sea, the imperial squadron is not expert enough to render it really effectual. It is only a few armed boats, manned by Cossacks, that give the Circassians any serious uneasiness. These Cossacks, like those of the Black Sea, are descended from the Zaporogues. Previously to the last war with Turkey they were settled on the right bank of the Danube, where their ancestors had taken refuge after the destruction of the Setcha. During the campaigns of 1828-9, pains were taken to revive their national feelings, they were brought again by fair means or by force under the imperial sway, and were then settled in the forts along the Caucasian shore, the keeping of which was committed to their charge. Courageous, enterprising, and worthy rivals of their foes, they wage a most active war against the skiffs of the mountaineers in their boats, which carry crews of fifty or sixty men.

Of all the peoples of the Caucasus none more fully realise than the Circassians those heroic qualities with which imagination delights to invest the tribes of these mountains. Courage, intelligence, and remarkable beauty, have been liberally bestowed on them by nature; and what is to be admired above all in their character is a calm, noble dignity that never forsakes them, and which they unite with the most chivalric feelings and the most ardent passion for national liberty. "I remember," says M. Hommaire de Hell, "that during my stay at Ekaterinodar, the capital of the Cossacks of the Black Sea, being seated one morning in front of a merchant's house in the company of several Russian officers, I saw a very ill-dressed Circassian come up, who appeared to belong to the lowest class. He stopped before the shop, and while he was cheapening some articles, we examined his sabre. I saw distinctly on it the Latin inscription, *Anno Domini*, 1547, and the blade appeared to me to be of superior temper; the Russians were of a different opinion, for they handed the weapon back to the Circassian with disdainful indifference. The Circassian took it without uttering a word, cut off a handful of his beard with it at a stroke, as easily as though he had done it with a razor, then quietly mounted his horse and rode away, casting on the officers a look of such deep scorn as no words could describe."

The Circassians, ever engaged in war, are in general all well armed. Their equipment consists of a rifle, a sabre, a long dagger, which they wear in front, and a pistol stuck in their belt. Their remarkably elegant costume consists of tight pantaloons, and a short tunic belt round the waist, and having cartridge pockets worked on the breast; their head-dress is a round laced cap, encircled with a black or white border of long-woolled sheepskin. In cold or rainy weather, they wear a hood (*bashlik*), and wrap themselves in an impenetrable felt cloak (*burka*). Their horses are small, but of astonishing spirit and bottom. It has

often been ascertained by the imperial garrisons that Circassian marauders have got over twenty-five or even thirty leagues of ground in a night. When pursued by the Russians, the mountaineers are not to be stopped by the most rapid torrents. If the horse is young, and not yet trained to this perilous kind of service, the rider gallops him up to the verge of the ravine, then covering the animal's head with his burka, he plunges, almost always with impunity, down precipices that are sometimes from ten or fifteen yards deep.

The Circassians are wonderfully expert in the use of fire-arms, and of their double-edged daggers. Armed only with the latter weapon, they have been known to leap their horses over the Russian bayonets, stab the soldiers, and rout their squared battalions. When they are surrounded in their forts or villages, without any chance of escape, they often sacrifice their wives and children, set fire to their dwellings, and perish in the flames rather than surrender. Like all orientals, they do not abandon their dead and wounded except at the last extremity, and nothing can surpass the obstinacy with which they fight to carry them off from the enemy. It was to this fact, M. de Hell relates, I owed my escape from one of the greatest dangers I ever encountered.

In the month of April, 1841, I explored the military line of the Kuban. On my departure from Stavropol, the governor strongly insisted on giving me an escort; but I refused it, for fear of encumbering my movements, and resolved to trust to my lucky star. It was the season of flood, too, in the Kuban, a period in which the Circassians very seldom cross it. I accepted, however, as a guide, an old Cossack, who had seen more than five-and-twenty years' fighting, and was all over scars, in short, a genuine descendant of the Zaporogues. This man, my interpreter, and a postilion, whom we were to change at each station, formed my whole suite. We were all armed, though there is not much use in such a precaution in a country where one is always attacked either unawares, so that he cannot defend himself, or by superior forces against which all resistance is but a danger the more. But what of that? There was something imposing and flattering to one's pride in these martial accoutrements. A Tiflis dagger was stuck in my belt, a heavy rifle thumped against my loins, and my holsters contained an excellent pair of St. Etienne pistols. My Cossack was armed with two pistols, a rifle, a Circassian sabre, and a lance. As for my interpreter, an Italian, he was as brave as a Calabrian bandit, and what I prized above all in him was an imperturbable coolness in the most critical positions, and a blind obedience to my orders. For five days we pursued our way pleasantly along the Kuban, without thinking of the danger of our position. The country, broken up by beautiful hills, was covered with rich vegetation. The muddy waters of the Kuban flowed on our left, and beyond the river we saw distinctly the first ranges of the Caucasus. We could even discern the smoke of the Circassian a-uls rising up amidst the forests.

On the evening of the fifth day we arrived at a little fort, where we passed the night. The weather next morning was cold and rainy, and everything gave token of an unpleasant day. The country before us was quite unlike that we were leaving behind. The road wound tortuously over an immense plain between marshes and quagmires, that often rendered it all but impossible to advance. Our morning ride was therefore a dull and

silent one. The Cossack had no tales to tell of his warlike feats; he was in bad humour, and never opened his lips except to rap out one of those thundering oaths in which the Russians often indulge. A thin rain beat in our faces; our tired horses slid at every step on the greasy clay soil, and we rode in single file, muffled up in our bourkas and bashliks. Towards noon the weather cleared up, the road became less difficult, and towards evening we were but an hour and-a-half from the last fort on that side of Ekaterinodar. We were then proceeding slowly, without any thought of danger, and I paid no heed to the Cossack, who had halted some distance behind. But our quick-eyed guide had heard the sound of hoofs, and in a few seconds he rode up at full speed, shouting with all his might, "The Tcherkesses! the Tcherkesses!" Looking round we saw four mountaineers coming over a hill not far from the road. My plan was instantly formed. The state of our horses rendered any attempt at flight entirely useless; we were still far from the fortress, and, once overtaken, we could not avoid a fight, the chances of which were all against us. The Cossack alone had a sabre, and when once we had discharged our fire-arms, it would be all over with us. But I knew that the Circassians never abandoned their dead and wounded, and it was on this I founded our hope of safety. My orders were quickly given, and we continued to advance at a walk, riding abreast, but sufficiently wide apart to leave each man's movements free. Not a word was uttered by any of us. I had incurred many dangers in the course of my travels, but I had never been in a situation of more breathless anxiety. In less than a minute we distinctly heard the galloping of the mountaineers, and immediately afterwards their balls whizzed past us. My burka was slightly touched, and the shaft of the Cossack's lance was cut in two. The critical moment was come; I gave the word, and we instantly wheeled round, and discharged our pistols at arm's length at our assailants: two of them fell. "Away now, and ride for your lives," I shouted, "the Circassians will not pursue us." Our horses, which had recovered their wind, and were probably inspired by the smell of powder, carried us along at a sweeping pace, and never stopped until we were within sight of the fortress. Exactly what I had foreseen had happened. On the morning after the memorable day the garrison turned out and scoured the country, and I accompanied them to the scene of action. There were copious marks of blood on the sand, and among the sedges on the side of the road we found a shaska, or Circassian sabre, which had been dropped no doubt by the enemy. The commanding officer presented it to me, and I have kept it ever since as a remembrance of my perilous interview with the mountaineers. It bears the mark of a ball.

It would be difficult to give any precise idea respecting the religious principles of the various nations of the Caucasus. The charge of idolatry has been alleged against several of them, but we think without any good grounds. Paganism, Christianity, and Muhammadanism, have by turns found access among them, and the result has been an anomalous medley of no clearly defined doctrines with the most superstitious practices of their early obsolete creeds. The Lesghis and the eastern tribes alone are really Muhammadans. As for the Ossetans, Circassians, Kabardians, and other western tribes, they seem to profess a pure deism, mingled with some Christian and Mussulman notions.

It is thought that Christianity was introduced among these people by the celebrated Thamar, Queen of Georgia, who reigned in the latter part of the twelfth century; but it is much more probable that this was done by the Greek colonies of the Lower Empire, and afterwards by those of the republic of Genoa in the Crimea. The Teherkesses to this day entertain a profound reverence for the crosses and old churches of their country, to which they make frequent pilgrimages, and yearly offerings and sacrifices. It seems, too, that the Greek mythology has left numerous traces in Circassia; the story of Saturn for instance, that of the Titans endeavouring to scale heaven, and several others, are found among many of the tribes. A very marked characteristic of the Circassians is a total absence of religious fanaticism. Pretenders to divine inspiration have always been repulsed by them, and most of them have paid with their lives for their attempts at proselytism. This is not the case on the Caspian side of the mountains, where Schamyl's power is in a great measure based on his religious influence over the tribes.

When two nations are at war, it usually happens that the one is calumniated by the other, and the stronger seeks an apology for its own ambition in blackening the character of its antagonist. Thus the Russians, wishing to make the inhabitants of the Caucasus appear as savages, against whom every means of extermination is allowable, relate the most absurd tales of the ferocious torture inflicted by them on their prisoners. But there is no truth in all this. I have often met military men who have been prisoners in the mountains, and they unanimously testified to the good treatment they had received. The Circassians deal harshly only with those who resist, or who have made several attempts to escape; but in those cases their measures are fully justified by the fear lest the fugitives should convey important topographical information to the Russians. As for the story of the chopped horsehair inserted under the skin of the soles of the feet to hinder the escape of captives, it has been strangely exaggerated by some travellers. I never could hear of more than one prisoner of war who had been thus treated, and this was an army surgeon with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. He had not been previously ill-treated in any way by the mountaineers; but, distracted with the desire for freedom, he had made three attempts to escape, and it was not until the third that the Teherkesses had recourse to the terrible expedient of the horsehair. During our stay at the waters of the Caucasus, I saw a young Russian woman who had recently been rescued by General Grabbe's detachment. Shortly after our arrival she fled, and returned to the mountains. This fact speaks at least in favour of the gallantry of the Circassians. Indeed, there is no one in the country but well knows the deep respect they profess for the sex. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to mention any case in which Russian female prisoners have been maltreated by them.

The Circassians have been accustomed, from time immemorial, to make prisoners of all foreigners who land on their shores without any special warrant or recommendation. This custom has been denounced and censured in every possible way; yet it is not so barbarous as has been supposed. Encompassed by enemies, exposed to incessant attacks, and relying for their defence chiefly on the nature of their country, the jealous care of their independence has naturally

compelled the mountaineers to become suspicious, and not to allow any traveller to penetrate their retreats. What proves that this prohibitive measure is by no means the result of a savage temper is, that it is enough to pronounce the name of a chief, no matter who, to be welcomed and treated everywhere with unbounded hospitality. Reassured by this slender evidence of good faith, the mountaineers lay aside their distrust, and think only how they may do honour to the guest of one of their princes.

But another and still graver charge still hangs over the Circassians, namely, their slave-dealing, which has so often provoked the generous indignation of the philanthropists of Europe, and for the abolition of which Russia has been extolled by all journalists. We are certainly far from approving of that hateful trade, in which human beings are bought and sold as merchandise; but we are bound, in justice to the people of Asia, to remark, that there is a wide difference between Oriental slavery and that which exists in Russia, in the French colonies, and in America. In the East, slavery becomes in fact a virtual adoption, which has generally a favourable effect both on the moral and physical well of the individual. It is a condition by no means implying any sort of degradation, nor has there ever existed between it and the class of freemen that line of demarcation, beset by pride and prejudice, which is found everywhere else. It would be easy to mention the names of many high dignitaries of Turkey who were originally slaves; indeed, it would be difficult to name one young man of the Caucasus, sold to the Turks, who did not rise to more or less distinction. As for the women, large cargoes of whom still arrive in the Bosphorus in spite of the Russian blockade, they are far from bewailing their lot; on the contrary, they think themselves very fortunate in being able to set out for Constantinople, which offers them a prospect of everything that can fascinate the imagination of a girl of the East. All this, of course, presupposes the absence of those family affections to which we attach so much value; but it must not be forgotten that the tribes of the Caucasus cannot be fairly or soundly judged by the standard of our European notions, but that we must make due allowance for their social state, their manners, and traditions. The sale of women in Circassia is obviously but a substitute and an equivalent for the indispensable preliminaries that elsewhere precede every marriage in the East; with this difference alone, that in the Caucasus, on account of its remoteness, it is an agent who undertakes the pecuniary part of the transaction, and acts as the medium between the girl's relations and him whose lawful wife she is in most cases to become. The parents, it is true, part with their children, and give them up to strangers almost always unknown to them; but they do not abandon them for all that. They keep up a frequent correspondence with them, and the Russians never capture a single Circassian boat in which there are not men and women going to or returning from Constantinople merely to see their children. No one who has been in the Caucasus can be ignorant of the fact that all the families, not excepting even those of high rank, esteem it a great honour to have their children placed out in Turkey. It is to all these relations and alliances, as I may say, between the Circassians and the Turks that the latter owe the great moral influence they still exercise over the tribes of the Caucasus. The name of Turk is always the best re-

commendation among the mountaineers, and there is no sort of respectful consideration but is evinced towards those who have returned home after passing some years of servitude in Turkey. After all, the Russians themselves think on this subject precisely as we do, and were it not for potent political considerations, they would not by any means offer impediment to the Caucasian slave-trade. This is proved most manifestly by the proposal, made by a Russian general in 1843, to regulate and ratify this traffic, and carry it on for the benefit of Russia, by granting the Czar's subjects the exclusive privilege of purchasing Circassian slaves. The scheme was abortive, and could not have been otherwise, for it is a monstrous absurdity to compare Russian slavery with that which prevails in Constantinople. Nothing proves more strongly how different are the real sentiments of the Circassians from those imputed to them, than the indignation with which they regard slavery, such as prevails in Russia. I will here relate an anecdote which I doubt not will appear strange to many persons; but I can guarantee its authenticity, since the fact occurred under my own eyes.

A detachment of mountaineers, designed to form a guard of honour for Paskewitch, passed through Restof on the Don, in 1838. The sultry season was then at its height, and two of the Circassians, going to bathe, laid their clothes in the boat belonging to the custom-house. There was certainly nothing very reprehensible in this; but the *employés* of the customs thought otherwise, threw the men's clothes into the river, and assaulted them with sticks. Immediately there was a tremendous uproar; all the mountaineers flocked to the spot, and threatened to set fire to the town, if the amplest satisfaction were not given to their comrades. The inhabitants were seized with alarm, and the director of the customs went in person to the commander of the Circassians, to beseech him not to put his threats in execution; and he backed his entreaties with the offer of a round sum of money for the officer and his men. "Money!" retorted the indignant chieftain; "money! it is good for base-souled, venal Russians! It is good for you, who sell men, women, and children like vile cattle; but among our people, the honour of a man made in the image of God is not bought and sold. Let your men kneel down before my soldiers, and beg their pardon; that is the only reparation we insist on." The chief's demand was complied with, and the peace of the town was immediately restored. The words we have reported are authentic; they prove that the Tcherkesses do not look on the sale of their children as a traffic, and that in the actual state of their national civilisation, that sale cannot be in anywise considered as incompatible with family affections, and the sentiments of honour and humanity.

The Circassian women have been celebrated by so many writers, and their beauty has been made the theme of so many charming descriptions, that we may be allowed to say a few words about them. Unfortunately, we are constrained to avow, that the reputation of their charms appears to us greatly exaggerated, and that in person they are much less remarkable than the men. It is true we have not been able to visit any of the great centres of the population; we have not been among the independent tribes; but we have been in several a-uls on the banks of the Kuban, and been entertained in a princely family; but nowhere could we see any of those perfect beauties of whom travellers

make such frequent mention. The only thing that really struck us in these mountain girls was the elegance of their shape, and the inimitable grace of their bearing. A Circassian woman is never awkward. Dressed in rags or in brocade, she never fails to assume spontaneously the most noble and picturesque attitudes. In this respect she is incontestably superior to the highest efforts of fascination which Parisian art can achieve.

The great celebrity of the women of the Caucasus appears to have been derived from the bazaars of Constantinople, where the Turks, who are great admirers of their charms, still inquire after them with extreme avidity. But as their notions of beauty are quite different from ours, and relate chiefly to plumpness, and the shape of the feet, it is not at all surprising that the opinions of the Turks have misled travellers. But though the Circassian belles do not completely realise the ideal type dreamed of by Europeans, we are far from denying the brilliant qualities with which nature has evidently endowed them. They are engaging, gracious, and affable towards the stranger, and we can well conceive that their charming hospitality has won for them many an ardent admirer.

Apropos of the conjugal and domestic habits of the Circassians; I will describe an excursion I made along the military line of the north, eighteen months after my journey to the Caspian Sea.

During my stay at Ekaterinodar, the capital of the country of the Black Sea Cossacks, I heard a great deal about a Tcherkess prince, allied to Russia, and established on the right bank of the Kuban, a dozen versts from the town. I therefore gladly accepted the proposal made to me by the Attaman Zavadofsky to visit the chief, under the escort of an officer and two soldiers. Baron Klech, of whom I have already spoken, accompanied me. We mounted our horses, armed to the teeth, according to the invariable custom of the country, and in three hours we alighted in the middle of the a-ul. We were immediately surrounded by a crowd of persons, whose looks had nothing in them of welcome; but when they were informed that we were not Russians, but foreigners, and that we were come merely to request a few hours' hospitality of their master, their sour looks were changed for an expression of the frankest cordiality, and they hastened to conduct us to the prince's dwelling.

It was a miserable thatched mud cabin, in front of which we found the noble Tcherkess, lying on a mat, in his shirt, and bare-footed. He received us in the kindest manner, and after complimenting us on our arrival, he proceeded to make his toilette. He sent for his most elegant garments and his most stylish leg-gear, girded on his weapons, which he took care to make us admire, and then led us into the cabin, which served as his abode during the day. The interior was as naked and unfurnished as it could well be. A divan covered with reed matting, a few vessels, and a saddle, were the only objects visible. After we had rested a few moments, the prince begged us to pay a visit to his wife and daughter, who had been apprised of our arrival, and were extremely desirous to see us.

These ladies occupied a hut of their own, consisting, like the prince's, of but one room. They rose as we entered, and saluted us very gracefully; then motioning us to be seated, the mother sat down in the Turkish fashion on her divan, whilst her daughter came and leaned gracefully against the sofa on which we had taken our places. When the ceremony of reception

was over, we remarked with surprise that the prince had not crossed the threshold, but merely put his head in at the door to answer our questions and talk with his wife. Our Cossack officer explained the meaning of this singular conduct, telling us that a Circassian husband cannot, without detriment to his honour, enter his wife's apartment during the day. This rule is rigorously observed in all families that make any pretensions to distinction.

The princess's apartments had a little more air of comfort than her husband's. We found in it two large divans with silk cushions embroidered with gold and silver, carpets of painted felt, several trunks, and a very pretty work-basket. A little Russian mirror, and the chief's armorial trophies, formed the ornaments of the walls. But the floor was not boarded, the walls were rough plastered, and two little holes, furnished with shutters, barely served to let a little air into the interior. The princess, who seemed about five-and-thirty or forty, was not fitted to support the reputation of her countrywomen, and we were by no means dazzled by her charms. Her dress alone attracted our attention. Under a brocaded pelisse with short sleeves, and laced on the seams, she wore a silk chemise, open much lower down than decency could approve. A velvet cap trimmed with silver, smooth plaits of hair, cut heart-shape on the forehead, a white veil fastened on the top of the head, and crossing over the bosom, and lastly, a red shawl thrown carelessly over her lap, completed her toilette. As for her daughter, we thought her charming: she was dressed in a white robe, and a red kazavek confined round the waist; she had delicate features, a dazzlingly fair complexion, and her black hair escaped in a profusion of tresses from beneath her cap. The affability of the two ladies exceeded our expectations. They asked us a multitude of questions about our journey, our country, and our occupations. Our European costume interested them exceedingly: our straw hats above all excited their especial wonder. And yet there was something cold and impassive in their whole demeanour. It was not until a long curtain falling by accident shut out the princess from our sight that they condescended to smile. After conversing for a little while, we asked permission of the princess to take her likeness, and to sketch the interior of her dwelling, to which she made no objection. When we had made our drawings, a collation was set before us, consisting of fruits and small cheese-cakes, to which, for my part, I did not do much honour. In the evening we took our leave, and on coming out of the hut, we found all the inhabitants of the a-ul assembled, their faces beaming with the most sincere good will, and every man was eager to shake hands with us before our departure. A numerous body volunteered to accompany us, and the prince himself mounted and rode with us half-way to Ekaterinodar, where we embraced like old acquaintances. The Tcherkess chief turned back to his a-ul, and it was not without a feeling of regret that we spurred our horses in the direction of the capital of the Black Sea Cossacks.

The treaty of Adrianople was in a manner the opening of a new era in the relations of Russia with the mountaineers: for it was by virtue of that treaty that the late Czar, already master of Anapa and Sudjuk Kalah, pretended to the sovereignty of Circassia and of the whole seaboard of the Black Sea. True to the invariable principles of its foreign policy, the govern-

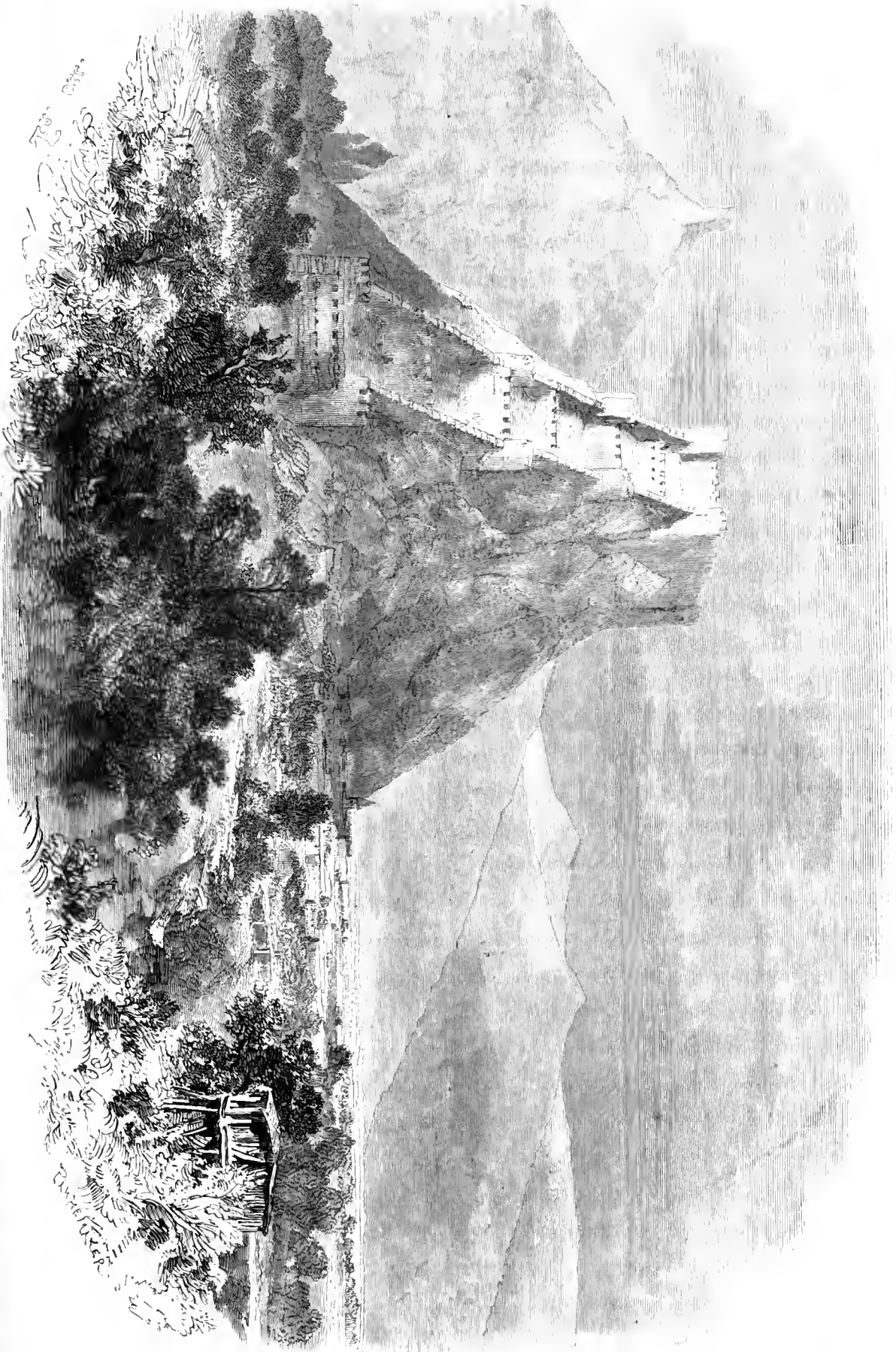
ment at first employed means of corruption, and strove to seduce the various chiefs of the country by pensions, decorations, and military appointments. But the mountaineers, who had the example of the Persian provinces before their eyes, sternly rejected all the overtures of Russia, and repudiated the clauses of the convention of Adrianople; the political and commercial independence of their country became their rallying cry, and they would not treat on any other condition. All such ideas were totally at variance with Nicholas' schemes of absolute dominion; therefore he had recourse to arms to obtain by force what he had been unable to accomplish by other means.

Abkhasia, situated on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, and easily accessible, was first invaded. A Russian force occupied the country in 1839, under the ordinary pretence of supporting one of its princes, and putting an end to anarchy. In the same year General Paskevitch, then governor-general of the Caucasus, for the first time made an armed exploration of the country of the Tcherkesses beyond the Kuban; but he effected absolutely nothing, and his expedition only resulted in a great loss of men and stores. In the following year war broke out in Daghistan with the Lesghis and the Tchetchenses. The celebrated Kadi Mullah, giving himself out for a prophet, gathered together a considerable number of partisans; but unfortunately for him there was no unanimity among the tribes, and the princes were continually counteracting each other. Kadi Mullah never was able to bring more than 3,000 or 4,000 men together; nevertheless, he maintained the struggle with a courage worthy of a better fate, and Russia knows what it cost her to put down the revolt of Daghistan. As for any real progress in that part of the Caucasus, the Russians made none; they did no more than replace things on the old footing. Daghistan soon became again more hostile than ever, and the Tchetchenses and Lesghis continued in separate detachments to plunder and ravage the adjacent provinces up to the time when the ascendancy of the celebrated Schamyl, the worthy successor of Kadi Mullah, gave a fresh impulse to the warlike tribes of the mountain, and rendered them more formidable than ever.

After taking possession of Anapa and Sudjuk Kaleh, the Russians thought of seizing the whole seaboard of Circassia, and especially the various points suitable for the establishment of military posts. They made themselves masters of Guelendchik and the important position of Gagra, which commands the pass between Circassia and Abkhasia. The Tcherkesses heroically defended their territory, but how could they have withstood the guns of the ships of war that mowed them down whilst the soldiers were landing and constructing their redoubts? The blockade of the coasts was declared in 1838, and all foreign communication with the Caucasus ostensibly intercepted. During the four following years Russia suffered heavy losses; and all her successes were limited to the establishment of some small isolated forts on the sea-coast. She then increased her army, laid down the military road from the Kuban to Guelendchik, across the last western offshoot of the Caucasus, set on foot an exploration of the enemy's whole coast, and prepared to push the war with renewed vigour.

In 1837 the Emperor Nicholas visited the Caucasus. He would see for himself the theatre of a war so disastrous for his arms, and try what impression his im-

CASTLE AND TOWN OF GORL.





perial presence could make on the mountaineers. The chiefs of the country were invited to various conferences, to which they boldly repaired on the faith of the Russian parole; but instead of conciliating them by words of peace and moderation, the emperor only exasperated them by his threatening and haughty language. "Do you know," said he to them, "that I have powder enough to blow up all your mountains?"

During the three following years there was an incessant succession of expeditions. Golovin, on the frontiers of Georgia, Grabbe on the north, and Racifsky on the Circassian seaboard, left nothing untried to accomplish their master's orders. The sacrifices incurred by Russia were enormous; the greater part of the fleet was destroyed by a storm, but all efforts failed against the intrepidity and tactics of the mountaineers.

One by one the different strongholds and fastnesses of the mountaineers fell into the hands of their indefatigable and powerful assailants. Guimry, the stronghold of Kadi-Mullah, and of his lieutenants Gamsah Bey and Schamyl Effendi, fell before Baron Rosen, at the cost of the life of the Murid prophet. Gamsah Bey succeeded to Kadi-Mullah, and Schamyl to Gamsah. The latter is now a prisoner of the Russians—his son, an officer in the Russian service. Scarcely a fastness remains to the Circassians of old. Tchekesses and Tchetchenses are alike driven to the most inaccessible and remote mountain ridges; only the Lesghis still occupy in independence a few valleys of difficult access on the southern slope of the Caucasus. Their turn will soon come, and the great barrier raised by nature between the people of Europe and those of the Orient, will have disappeared for ever.

IX.

TOWN OF SHUMAKHI—MISFORTUNES OF ITS INHABITANTS—STORY OF THE FAIR SONA—BAYADÈRES OR DANCING GIRLS OF SHUMAKHI.

SHUMAKHI (Chamakli in the map), is some ninety miles from Baku, but the dread of the Lesghians makes it desirable to accomplish the journey in a day. This was once a great city, capital of Shirvan, residence of a khan, with 100,000 inhabitants, and bringing in millions to its chief. Peter the Great extended his campaigns here, devastated the city, and made a ruin of it. It was afterwards alternately assailed by the Persians, by earthquakes, and by the plague. The last khan summoned the remnant of its antique population to follow him to the fortress of Fitay, a kind of eagle's nest, where he hoped to place them beyond the reach of armies, earthquakes, and pestilence. He counted, however, without his host. In 1819, he received an order from General Termolof, to make his appearance at Tiflis: not judging it convenient to enter into such intimate explanations, he took refuge in Persia, and abandoned khanat, city, fortress, and subjects to the Russians. The latter were ordered to return their city of old, to expel the jackals, and to take possession of such houses as still remained standing. There are still some 10,000 of them inhabiting a lower and an upper town: a pernicious fever reigns in the lower, the upper is never safe from shocks of earthquake. The resources of these poor persecuted people lies in their grape vines, their mulberry trees, and silkworms. There is a bazaar, which occupies the whole length of a street, and rich carpets and silks may be purchased there. (See p. 747.)

When M. Alexandre Dumas was at Shumakhi, he received an invitation from a wealthy Tartar—Mahmud Bey—to a Persian supper and a soirée of bayadères or dancing girls. The bayadères of Shumakhi enjoy a great reputation not only in Shirvan, but throughout the Caucasus. They are a relic of the domination of the Khans: they were, indeed, attached to the court. Unfortunately they found the bayadères, to be like the Parsis at Baku, reduced to three, two females and one little boy. It is taking a liberty to speak of the last in the feminine as a bayadère. There was a fourth, Sona by name, who was very beautiful, and so the Lesghians determined to carry her off. To effect this they made an entry into the house by night. She had a cousin, one Nadjif Ismael Oglu, or Nadjif son of Ismael, as we should say, in the house, who rushed to the rescue, his kandjar or dagger in hand. The young man was overpowered by numbers and slain, whilst Sona was bound fast, gagged, and stripped, and her house plundered. The next day the door was broken open, Nadjif was found killed, and his right hand cut off, so they knew it was the Lesghians. The people of North Caucasus, Tcherkesses, and Tchetchenses cut off the head, the Lesghians, and most of the people of the South Caucasus, cut off the right hand. The latter is more easily transported. Sona, set at liberty, corroborated the fact. The alarm was given, and Tartars mounted in pursuit; nor were they long in overtaking the band, for one of them was grievously wounded, and they had taken refuge in a cavern in Dagh Kizan, scarcely a mile from the town. The mountaineers defended their position with characteristic bravery, and making a sortie, gained a little stronghold called Kiz Kalahsi, or "girls' castle," some three versts from the town. They held out here for six hours, some ten or twelve Tartars were wounded or killed, before, their ammunition being expended, they were compelled to capitulate. Sona recovered her jewels, but not from the scandal that accompanied upon the event. The fact of Nadjif being in her house at such a time of night excited great jealousy. She was obliged to leave the city, and her place was taken by the little boy who was dressed up as a girl.

We shall let M. Alexandre Dumas describe the dance which is the subject of our illustration, page 721, in his own words and his own peculiar style.

We arrived at Mahmud Beys. He was the owner of the most charming Persian house that I met with all the way from Derbend to Tiflis, and I saw a few, not to mention in the last-mentioned city, that of M. Archakuni, farmer of the sturgeon and other fisheries of the Caspian, who had at that time expended two millions of roubles on his house, and it was not yet finished.

We were received in a saloon perfectly oriental in character. It is impossible to describe the decorations at once so rich and yet so sober. The company were seated on cushions of satin embroidered with flowers of gold, softened off by a gauze covering which rendered the brilliant colours more supportable; the three dancers and five musicians were seated in front of an immense window beautifully carved.

It will be understood that to so local a dance a particular music was also requisite.

One of the two women had very mediocre pretensions to beauty; the other may have been very pretty, but it must have been a long time ago. Her beauty was the opulent and mature beauty of the fruits of

autumn; she reminded me a good deal of Mademoiselle Georges, at the time when I knew her, that was in 1826 or 1827. The comparison might even be pushed further. She had been esteemed beautiful by an emperor; only that Mademoiselle Georges carries the palm there, for she was esteemed beautiful by two emperors and by several kings. But then Mademoiselle Georges travelled a great deal, while the fair Nyssa, on the contrary, never left Shumakhi. In the one case the mountain went to find the prophet, in the other, it was the prophet who came to find the mountain.

Nyssa was painted, like all women in the East; her eyebrows met in a continuous dark and splendid double arch, beneath which shone her lustrous eyes. A well-

made nose, cut in the most delicate proportions, divided her face, and reposed in perfect equilibrium upon a small mouth, with sensual lips, as red as coral, and covering teeth small and white as pearls. A forest of black hair played from beneath her little velvet cap, whilst a string of Tartar coins, after winding round her cap, fell in cascades along her luxurious locks, inundating the shoulders and bosom of the modern Danae with a golden rain. Her jacket was of red velvet embroidered with gold; her new long veil of gauze, and her dress of white satin. Her feet were not visible.

The second bayadère, of less beauty and importance, was also her inferior in point of dress.

The music gave the signal. It was composed of a



PORCH OF LESGHIAN HOUSE.

drum placed on feet of iron, and which resembled a gigantic egg cut in half; of a common drum like our own; of a flute that bore some semblance to the antique tibia; of a little guitar with copper cords, which was played upon with a pen; and, lastly, of a *tchianuzzy*, that reposed on an iron pedestal; the handle of which was turned by the left hand. The whole together made a tremendous noise, not over melodious, but very original.

The little boy got up first and opened the ballet with castanets in his hands. He was rapturously received by the Tartars and the Persians, that is to say, by a majority of the assembly. He was followed by the second bayadère, and she by Nyssa. The oriental dance is everywhere the same. I have witnessed it at Algiers,

at Constantine, at Tunis, at Tripoli, and at Shumakhi. It is always the same more or less quick movement of the feet, and a more or less marked motion of the body—two qualities which appeared to me to be carried to the utmost perfection in the person of the fair Nyssa.

The ballet was interrupted by supper. The most original dish was a pilaf of rice, chicken, pomegranates, sugar, and fat.

At supper, wines of all descriptions were handed round freely, but the master of the house and a few rigid Mussulmans refreshed themselves with water only, and after supper the ballet was begun again; but I must say it never exceeded the limits of the strictest decency.

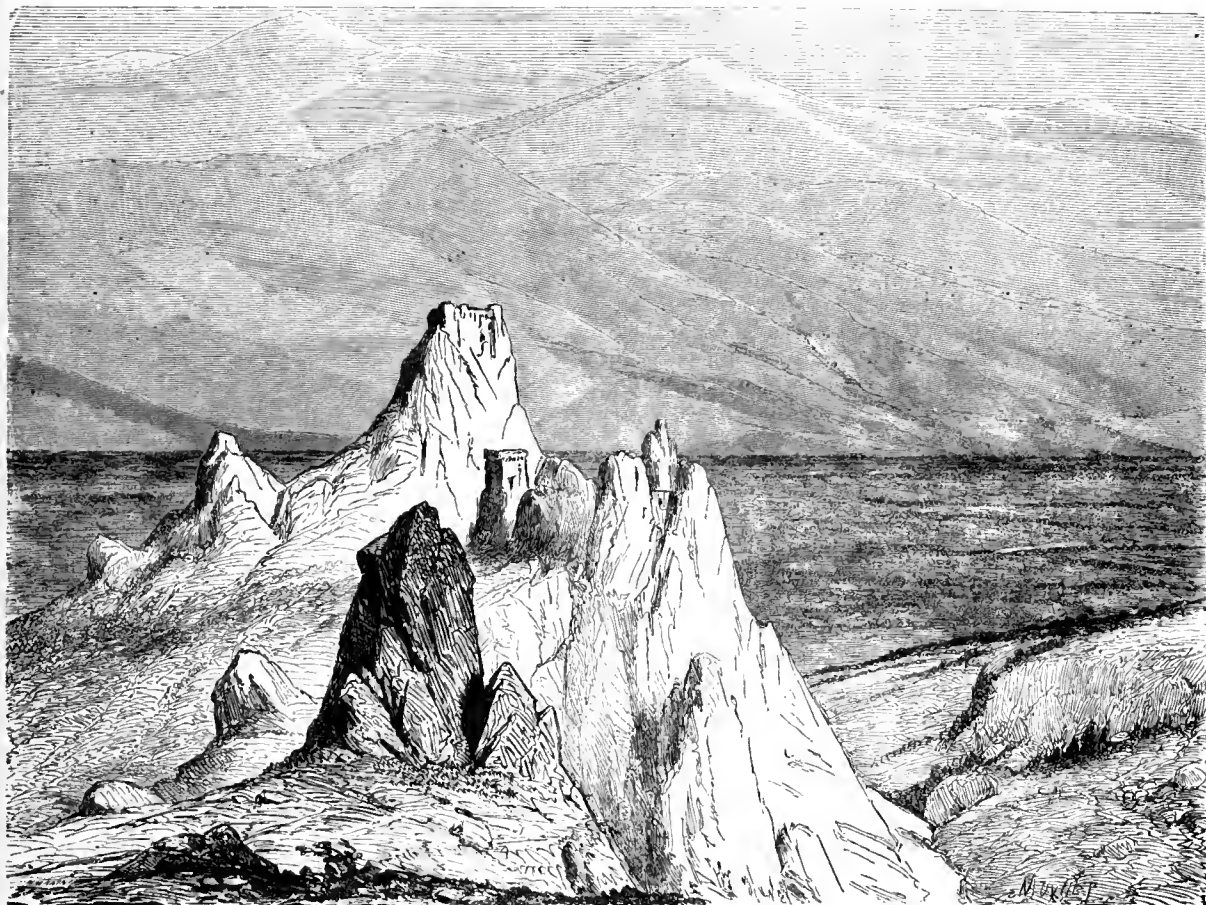
X.

VALLEY AND TOWN OF NUKHA—COMBAT OF OLD RAMS—BADRIZE THE BRAVO—HEROISM OF THE LESGHIAN—TUSHINS, CHRISTIANS OF THE CAUCASUS—CASTLE OF QUEEN THAMARA—THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS QUEEN OF GEORGIA—SUBJUGATED ARMENIA AND CHRISTIANISED THE CAUCASUS—HEADED AN ARMY AGAINST THE BYZANTINE ALLIES OF HER FIRST HUSBAND—LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS—HER TOMB AND PORTRAIT—INSCRIPTION AT KUTAIS—MOUNT ELIAS.

Rocky spurs of the Caucasus advance into the plains from the main chain to the south-west, between Shumakhi and Nukha, rendering the road difficult, and added to its dangers, as a country so diversified is

favourable to the predatory habits of the Lesghians. The country is, however, wooded, and abounds in pheasants and other game, but some of the passes are most formidable in character. A first spur has to be crossed between Shumakhi and Axis or New Shumakhi, a place as yet of small pretensions, the houses being dispersed in orchards and gardens, but said to be of great promise as a mulberry plantation.

Nukha itself (Nouki in the map), Moynet, the artist who accompanied M. Alexandre Dumas on his travels, describes as the most charming little town that he ever saw. Every house is sheltered by a noble tree, and every street is watered by a rivulet of pure water. There is only one drawback, and that is, that being so far up the



QUEEN THAMARA'S CASTLE.

mountain it is liable to daily visits from the Lesghians; hence every house is a fortress, and no one can even walk in the streets without being armed to the teeth. The horses are kept always ready saddled. The valley in which this beautiful town is situated, and which is the subject of illustration at p. 737, is a magnificent specimen of the Alpine vale, backed by the snow-clad summits of the central chain. Fortified villages or a-uls are to be seen perched here and there on the hill-side, always at a height more or less difficult of access, with narrow tortuous streets, and every house a little fortress. Such is the insecurity of life in this wild but beautiful mountain-land. Nukha is a spot, says Moynet, where one would wish to spend the remainder of their days, and stop for ever. No wonder that the

Russians and the Lesghians still dispute the possession of so charming a spot.

At Nukha, M. Dumas made the acquaintance and became even much attached to a most promising youth, Prince Ivan Tarkanoff, a young Georgian, who spoke French fluently. The young prince, on his side, did everything he could to amuse the traveller. He conducted him over the town, albeit so infested with Lesghians that it was scarcely safe for him to do so. Among other amusements provided by this precocious young prince for his visitor's amusement, was a fight between two sturdy old rams, followed by a Tartar dance and a wrestling-match.

The invited began to arrive, those who dwelt near, on foot, others in carriages; five or six men came on

horseback; they did not live a hundred yards off, but Orientals only walk when they cannot do otherwise. All the arrivals came, and, after the customary salutations, took their place on the balcony, which began to assume the aspect of a gallery at a theatre. Some of the women were very handsome. They were Georgians and Armenians.

All had assembled by about six o'clock. Forty men belonging to the militia then came in. They constituted the guard, which every evening took charge of Prince Tarkanoff's palace, and watched in the courts and at the gates. After the sentinels had been placed, the remainder grouped themselves round the man with the ram.

The signal was then given, and room was made for the combatants to have fair play. Nicholas, the young prince's servant, or rather his nuker, who never lost sight of him by day, and slept at his door at night, took the prince's black ram by one horn, and brought it within about ten paces of his rusty-coloured adversary. On his side the master of the red ram embraced and caressed his beast, and led it out to confront the black one. The two quadrupeds were then animated by cheers.

They were not, however, in need of these; for no sooner were they free than they threw themselves at one another like two knights for whom the barriers had just been removed. They met in the centre of the space, forehead to forehead; the collision produced a dull yet deep, distant sound, like that which must have resulted from a blow of the ancient machine, which was also called a ram.

The two combatants bent on their hind-legs, but did not yield an inch of ground. Only the black ram soon reared its head to renew the attack, whilst the red one was still shaking his ears. Then the circle below, who consisted of militiamen, attendants, and passers-by, who were permitted to see the spectacle, began to jeer the owner of the red ram: this shaking of the ears appeared to them to be ominous of defeat.

The court, seen from where we were—that is to say, from a dominating point—presented a most picturesque aspect. Among the passers-by who had come in was a camel-driver, with three camels. The beasts of burden, fancying, no doubt, that they had arrived at the caravanserai, had laid down, stretching forth their long necks, whilst the driver, mounted upon one of the loads on their backs, had obtained one of the best places gratis. Others, who were going by on horseback, had come in with their horses, and, after having saluted the prince, had remained in their saddles, and lunged forward over their steeds' necks, the better to enjoy the combat. Tartar women, with their long veils of plaid, Armenian women, with their long white drapery, stood upright, silent as statues. About thirty militiamen, with their picturesque costumes, their arms glittering in the sunset, their attitudes so naively artistic, formed a circle, to the front of which a few youngsters had made their way, and amidst which was here and there to be seen a woman's head more curious than the others. Altogether there were about a hundred spectators. A second encounter took place, the reverberation whereof was even greater than that of the first. The red ram, bent on his hind-legs, got up, and made a step or two backwards. Decidedly, the black ram was the best animal.

At the third encounter this superiority was established: the red ram not only shook his ears, but his

head also. Then the black ram, without giving his opponent time to recover himself, rushed at him with a fury almost impossible to describe, hitting him in the sides and rear, and, every time that he turned round, on the head, till he tumbled him on the ground over and over again. The poor defeated ram seemed to have lost his equilibrium, at the same time that he lost all confidence. In his endeavours to fly from his assailant, he got through the circle, followed by the black ram; the red ram found shelter under a carriage; it not only avowed itself conquered, it sued for quarter.

The dance was followed by a wrestling match, a spectacle to which some relief was afforded by the arrival of one of the prince's followers with the head of a Lesghian, which had just been amputated in single combat by a bravo of the name of Badrize. This Badrize was, like most bravos, a fellow full of character. When M. Dumas took his final departure from Nukha, he took with him as presents a gun and a carpet, presented by Prince Tarkanoff; a shaska and a pistol from Muhammad Khan (a Tartar prince, who would have ruled at Nukha if Tarkanoff had not been there); and various presents from young Prince Ivan.

The heroism of the Lesghians may be judged of by the following anecdote, which was related to our travellers at Nukha. A sketch of the a-ul or village of Bagitta, where it occurred, was presented to M. Moynet, by an officer who was present at the events, and, as the village was close by, was determined to be quite accurate. It constitutes the illustration at page 761. The Russians were at the time besieging the a-ul in question. The resistance was as obstinate as the attack was terrible. The walls of the a-ul were crumbling before the shot of the Russians. Suddenly, the besieged hoisted a flag of truce. The fire ceased on both sides, and two Lesghian warriors were seen to advance towards the imperial ranks with a female, who bore in her arms an object wrapped in linen, the nature of which could not be at first determined. The two men and the woman having been led into the presence of the officer in command, he inquired what was their behest? One of the men said that they were aware that it was all over with them, that their village must fall into the hands of the Russians, but that they preferred to die rather than to surrender. Whilst he was speaking, the woman stepped forward, and unclosed the bundle she was carrying—it was a new-born infant! "Before perishing," continued the mountaineer, "we came to see if we could not find one among you who would take and adopt this little child, whose mother stands before you; we do not like to see it perish with us."

The child was taken, and the promise given to bring it up; but, notwithstanding that pressing instances were made to the others to save their lives, they were of no avail; they took their way back, in sullen resolution, to their mountain fastness. The fight then recommenced with as much severity as before, the village was taken and burnt, but not one of its inhabitants surrendered alive.

Between Nukha and Tifis the country is mountainous and extremely picturesque. Contemplating the Caucasus from this point, M. Dumas says, people have no idea even in Algeria, even in the Atlas, of the fatigue and danger attending upon an expedition in the Caucasus. "I have seen," he adds, "the Col de

Mouzaïa—I have seen the Pass of Saint Bernard : they are royal roads compared with the military pathway of the Lesghian line."

The Tushins, a Christian people, dwell in this part of the country as well as the Lesghians. They are mortal enemies of the latter, and have adopted their customs in so far as they take a hand for every enemy killed. The ferocity of these mountaineers may be judged of by the following trait.

"On a late expedition, a Tushin chief, who marched with his three sons in the Russian ranks, had his eldest son wounded. He loved the youth dearly, but made a point of honour to give no signs of his affection, albeit his heart was broken. The father's name was Chette. Perchance it is a corruption of Shaitan, which signifies Satan. The son's name was Gregory. The house to which he had been removed was shown to the father. Chette went there. Overcome by his sufferings, the young man was groaning. Chette approached the carpet on which he lay, and, leaning on his gun, he frowningly remarked :—

"Is it a man or woman that I have engendered ?

"It is a man, father," answered Gregory.

"Well, then, if it is a man," continued Chette, "why does that man complain ?

"The wounded man did not reply, but died without a sigh. The father then took the body, stripped it, and placed it on a table. Then, with the point of his kandjar, he made seventy-five scores on the wall. This done, he cut up his son into seventy-five bits. That was precisely the number of relations and friends he had who were in a condition to carry arms.

"What are you doing ?" asked the colonel, who found him busied in this terrible proceeding.

"I am about to revenge Gregory," he replied. "A month hence, I shall have received as many hands of Lesghians as I shall have sent bits."

"And he said true, for not a month had elapsed before he had received seventy-five hands from his friends and relatives, to which he added fifteen, collected by himself. That made ninety in all."

This Chette, a so-called Christian, was an unscrupulous wretch. His notoriety was so great, that the Lesghian mothers used to terrify their children into good behaviour by threatening them with Chette. One more obstinate than the remainder, or who did not believe in Chette, continued to cry. It was night time. The mother took the child, and opened the window. "Chette ! Chette !" said the mother, "come and cut off the hand of this child that won't leave off crying." And to frighten it she passed the hand out of the window. The child uttered a shriek. It was a shriek of pain, and not of fear ; the mother caught the difference in a moment. She drew the arm back quick as lightning, but it was too late, the hand was gone. Chette had been passing by at the very moment, and had heard his name called.

On the left is the district known as Kaketia, celebrated for its excellent wine, on the right the country of the Lesghians. The two districts are separated by the Amazan, as Moynet calls it, Alazan of Dumas, a tributary to the Kur or Cyrus—the river of Tiflis. The Lesghians rarely cross the river boundary now-a-days ; the last memorable occasion was when they made a sudden descent on Tsinun-dale (it is curious to find an English word for valley in the Caucasus) and carried away the princesses Tehavtchavadsi and Orbeliani tied to the tails of their horses.

The Russians have a strong military post on the frontier called Tsarki-Kalotzy close by which is the castle of the renowned Queen Tamara.

Queen Tamara, says Dumas, is the most incontestable Georgian popularity. She was a contemporary of Saint Louis, and like him, but with greater luck than him, carried on a war of extermination against the Mussulmans. Just as in Normandy all the old castles belonged to Robert le Diable, so, in Georgia, all the old castles belonged to Queen Tamara. She has thus some one hundred and fifty probably, that are, in the present day—no matter to what king, queen, or prince they once belonged—the home of jackals and of eagles. Only there is one thing to remark of them, they are all in picturesque positions and ravishing situations. I have inquired in every direction, I have asked of every one I met, the history of Queen Tamara.

At nine in the morning we breakfasted, and on finishing our repast we found horses ready saddled. We mounted our horses, and in some twenty minutes we had traversed the four or five versts that separated us from the royal ruins. Suddenly, at the turn of a mountain, we saw the castle detach itself majestically from the scene around us. It stood upon an isolated peak that dominated the valley of the Alazan. For background it had the magnificent chain of the Caucasus. We stood higher than its base, but its top overlooked us. The rents in the rocky side were wide and deep—grandiose and superb : one felt in looking at them not only time but revolutions had passed through those breaches. Moynet took a sketch from the spot whence we first saw it ; it was probably the only one that had been overlooked by previous artists. (See p. 757.)

It is incontestable, says the artist, in relating his own version of the same journey, that the castle is in a magnificent position. It dominates the whole valley of the Amazan. It is just what may be called, without any metaphor, an eagle's nest. No reminiscence, no legend, tells us of its past history. The ruins alone speak to the imagination, and relate moving histories.

Queen Tamara, however, may we say it without displeasing M. Dumas and his artist, had a real and an important history. Abkhasia and Colehis, subjugated by the Romans and the Greeks, and devastated by the Persians, rose as it were from their ruins, and assumed their nationality under the native Georgian kings in the eleventh century. From that epoch till the thirteenth, the trans-Caucasian provinces were ruled by a series of princes as wise as they were brave, and who brought the whole country to a very high state of civilisation.

The tranquil enjoyment of the arts of peace was suddenly disturbed by the irruptions of the Seljukians in Armenia, that warlike tribe of Turks who anticipated the Osmanlis in Western Asia, overthrew the Khalifat of Bagdad, and founded the first Turkish dynasty at Koniayah, capital of Karamania, in Asia Minor.

Queen Tamara, seconded by able generals, not only repelled the Seljukians from Georgia, but she even subjugated the indomitable tribes of the Caucasus. The Alans or Ossetes, who had embraced Christianity in 931 had expelled their bishops and priests. Tamara subdued them and had their churches rebuilt. She even converted the Circassians (Tcherkesses) in part, and the light of the Gospel penetrated under her ægis

into the most remote valleys and fastnesses of the great mountain chain. Churches still met with here and there, says a solid authority, M. Dubois de Montpereux (*Voyage autour du Caucase*, vol. i., p. 76.), now in ruins, belong to this brilliant epoch in the history of Georgia, and tradition attributes them generally to Queen Tamara.

Tamara was daughter of George III., who had usurped the throne of Demetrius, had slaughtered the Orpeliens, but had bravely defended his Armenian territories, more especially the great city of Ani, the ruins of which were unknown to Europeans till within these few years back; and who left his blood-stained throne, Stephen Orpelan and Tchamtchean say in 1184, but Klaproth says in 1171, to Tamara, under whose queenly auspices Georgia took first rank among the powers of Western Asia. She subdued all Armenia to the north of the Araxes, and subjected and converted most of the tribes of the Caucasus. Hence the Georgians called her "King," spite of her sex. Her atabeyes or generals were Ivana or John, and Lakhare or Zachariah, sons of an Armenian prince. These chiefs subdued Kars, Tabriz, and Trebizond.

Tamara wedded, by the advice of the Georgian hierarchy and nobility, George, son of Andrew Bogolubikoi, a Russian prince of the family of Duke Vsevolod. But the marriage not being a happy one, Tamara obtained a divorce, and dismissed her husband with costly presents. She then took to husband David Soslan, an Ossetian prince, but Klaproth thinks from the terms of an inscription found at Nuzala in Ossetia, that he was a Pagratide who held possessions in that part of Caucasus. But George, indignant, went to Constantinople, to demand succour from the Byzantines, who provided him with an army, with which he effected a successful descent and captured Kutais, and advanced on Tiflis. Tamara placed herself at the head of her army, beat her quondam husband's auxiliaries twice, and then, with great magnanimity, provided the rebellious prince with an escort out of the country.

Tamara had, by her second marriage, a son Laska, George IV. who she associated to her Government several years previous to her death, which took place in 1206, as also a daughter called Russudan.

The Georgians attach the name of this great and heroic queen to whatever is remarkable in the country, castles and churches alike. Even her tomb is claimed by several localities, Ghelathi, Nitzkheltia, Hagpad, dispute with one another the honour of her remains, but Montpereux says that the only place he saw any actual tomb was in the great troglodytic rock church of Vardzie, on the banks of the Kur. Bartenev, on the other hand, who has published a chronicle of Queen Tamara, says that the gates of Ghelathi were of iron, and the same that David the re-edificator, who ascended the throne in 1089, had transported from Durubandi (just as the gates of Sumnauth were transferred in modern times), and within lay the remains of the said David, of George, and of Tamara, with her son and daughter, as also other kings of Imerethi (Imeritia). Montpereux, who disputes alike the question of the gates and the tomb, attributes, however, to Ghelathi the discredit of being the burial-place of the Messalina of Imerethi—that Queen Davidgan, who put out her son-in-law's eyes because he would not marry her. A side chapel in the great church of Ghelathi still, however, preserves portraits of David III., founder of the church, of Bagrat IV., and of his

wife Helena, of George II. and III., of Queen Tamara and Russudan. The queen is painted in fresco on the wall in a green robe embroidered with gold and precious stones; she wears a white veil over a crown of gold adorned with red stones (rubies?) and pearls. M. Brosset has also read an inscription in letters sculptured in arabesques with flowers, leaves, and birds' heads, at the old ruined palace of Tsikhedar-basi, at Kutais, as running thus:—

"Oh, warrior, Saint George, intercede and pray for me,
Tamara, Amen."

De Montpereux says that the name of the illustrious queen is very unsatisfactorily determined by the monogram TMS.

At a distance of above six versts from the castle of Queen Tamara is another isolated cone, with which the tradition, so common in the east, of the translation of Elias is associated. At its base is a salt-lake, and half-way up is a large grotto, and within it is a chapel and much frequented place of pilgrimage. Tradition records that it was in this grotto that Elias was fed by a crow, and that he ascended to Heaven from the summit of the mountain, leaving his mantle to his disciple Elijah. We have here the sacred tradition of Elijah and Elisha, of Mount Horeb, of the River Jordan, and of Carmel perverted and transposed from the Holy Land to the Caucasus.

From the valley with castle and mountains, rich in traditions of the Queen of Georgia, to Tiflis the chief city of the Russian trans-Caucasian provinces is but a brief journey. This city is admirably situated at the foot of the great valley of the Kur or Cyrus, where that river descends from the giant Kazbek, and the great central defile of Dariel at its flanks, and it has a great western road by Kutais to the Black Sea, a great eastern by Elizabethpol to the Caspian, and no less available routes to the south by Kars to Asia Minor and by Erivan to Persia. (See p. 741.)

XI.

TIFLIS—PETER NEU, THE SHOEMAKER—DR. WAGENER—GERMAN COLONISTS—THE NEW PROPHETESS—VILLAGE CORPORATIONS—AQUEDUCT NEAR TIFLIS—CAMELS IN PERSIA—AGRICULTURE IN GEORGIA—COMMUNAL AND FAMILY LIFE.

WE reached Tiflis, says Haxthausen, who travelled from the opposite direction to Dumas and Moynet, that is to say from Radut Kalah on the Black Sea, by Kutais, to the capital at eleven o'clock. This town has a peculiar aspect: on the side from which we entered, the quarter inhabited by Russians, it has a perfectly European look: straight streets, rows of modern houses, elegant shops, milliners, apothecaries, even a bookseller, with cafés, public buildings, a Government palace, and churches with cupolas and towers.¹ But where this European town ends, one of a perfectly Asiatic character begins, with bazaars,

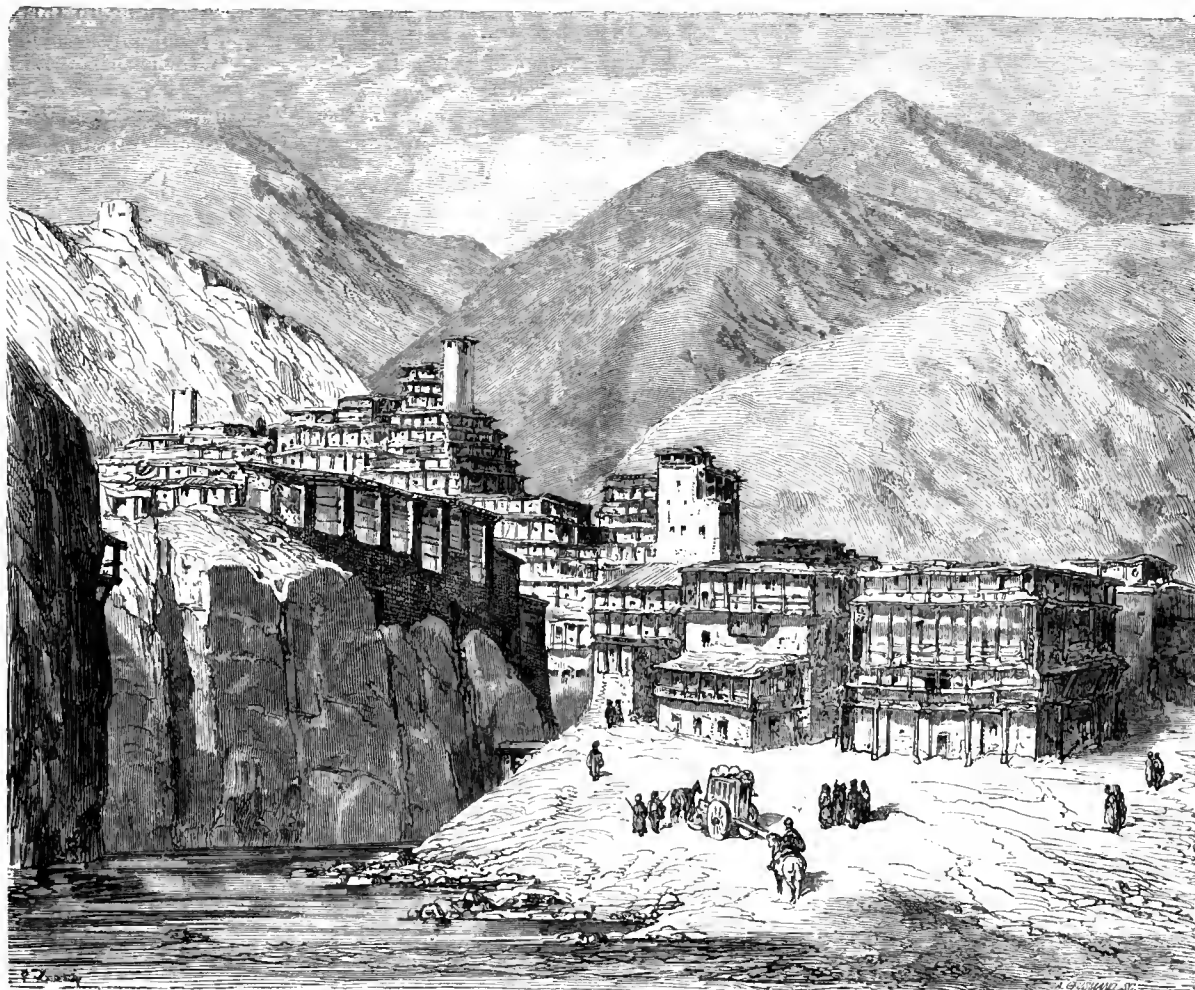
¹ There are said to be in Tiflis twenty-two Russo-Georgian churches, fifteen Armenian churches, one Catholic church; also a Persian Masjid, a Tatar Masjid, and a Jewish synagogue. The German colonists have a Protestant church in their village outside Tiflis.

caravansaries, and long streets, in which the various trades are carried on in open shops. In one part is seen a row of smithies, the men all hammering away on their anvils, heedless of the crowds of passers-by. Then follows another row of houses, where tailors are seated at work, in precisely the same fashion, and with the same gesticulations and agility, as with us. After these succeed shoemakers, farriers, etc.

The population is no less varied and interesting: here Tartars, in the costume from which the so-called Polish dress is evidently derived; in another part thin, sunburnt Persians, with loose flowing dresses; Kurds, with a bold and enterprising look; Lesghis and Circas-

sians, engaged in their traffic of horses; lastly, the beautiful Georgian women, with long flowing veils and high-heeled slippers; nearly all the population displaying a beauty of varied character, which no other country can exhibit—an effect heightened by the parti-coloured, picturesque, and beautiful costumes. In no place are both the contrasts and the connecting links between Europe and Asia found in the same immediate juxtaposition as in Tiflis.

I met with an excellent lodging in the house of a colonist from Suabia, Herr Salzmänn, who had established an inn on the banks of the Kur, and here I once more enjoyed German fare and comfort. My



LESGHIAN VILLAGE OF BEGITTA.

host showed himself to be a man of acute and practical understanding, united with considerable power of observation; no one is better acquainted with the people of the Caucasian district and their social and political relations; he has travelled over the whole country, and mixed with all classes of its inhabitants; in fact, I have gathered more information on these subjects from no person than from Herr Salzmänn.

During our stay in Tiflis I made many interesting acquaintances, amongst others that of Herr von Kotzebue, a well-informed man, but not very communicative, maintaining the diplomatic reserve common to most Germans in the Russian service. The Civil

Governor, Herr von Hourka, to whom I had a letter of introduction, rendered me all the attention and assistance in his power. But the most important acquaintance I made was a guide and interpreter, in the person of a shoemaker named Peter Neu. This man was a perfect original. Peter, when a lad, had emigrated with his kinsfolk and countrymen from Wurtemberg, and with them had settled first at Odessa, and afterwards in a newly-established village colony near Tiflis. But Peter Neu was of a restless disposition; he wandered about through various parts of the country, went afterwards to Asia Minor, then to Persia, was appointed interpreter to the Crown Prince,

Abbas Mirza, travelled with him for eight years, and after the death of the Prince returned to his countrymen. Peter was an invaluable treasure to me; he had a remarkable genius for languages, and knew a dozen European and Asiatic tongues—German, French, Russian, Circassian, Tatar, Turkish, Armenian, Georgian, Persian, Kurdish, &c. Peter had an astonishing memory, and in six weeks would, without any effort, acquire a power of expressing himself fluently in a language perfectly new to him. United with this talent he possessed a rich gift of poetical imagination, and had an inexhaustible treasury of *märchen*, legends, and popular songs, gleaned from all the countries he had visited; and as we lay in our tarantas, day or night, he used to relate these stories with untiring energy, until I fell asleep. At first he was somewhat reserved, fancying that such popular stories were too trifling an amusement for a learned traveller; but after a few days we became bosom friends, having food, lodging, and everything in common. And now the floodgates of Peter's knowledge were opened! Whenever, as we drove along, I observed any ruin, a strangely-shaped hill, a cavern, &c., I exclaimed, "Come, Peter, now for another story—some legend or a fairy tale!" And before an hour had passed, he would return from the nearest village, Tatar or Georgian, whatever place it happened to be, with a whole load of stories. At the same time, however, Peter was an adept in buffoonery, and was never satisfied without receiving every day or two a downright scolding for some act of stupidity. As soon as this was administered and over, he embraced and kissed me again in the tenderest manner.

After settling down in my lodging, then sauntering for an hour or two about this oriental town, which was of high interest to me, and paying a few visits, I went at noon with Herr Salzmänn to the German colony, outside the town. At the hotel here I met the well-known German naturalist, Dr. Wagener, from Munich, who was busily engaged in packing the treasures of natural history he had collected, in order to have them shipped. Dr. Wagener had just ended his travels, and was now returning to Europe, to arrange the rich acquisitions he had made, and give the public the results of his researches.

The German colonies in the Transcaucasian provinces consist, I was told, entirely of Suabians, principally from Würtemberg, who emigrated about the year 1818, deeming their religious opinions and rights injuriously invaded in their own country. Among other innovations and grievances of which they complained, a new hymn-book had been introduced, which the country-people considered unorthodox and too lax in its sentiments; they could not consent to part with their old church hymns, sound in doctrine and vigorous in tone, which had afforded them spiritual comfort for so many generations, and they resolved to emigrate. The Russian government assigned them plots of ground in the neighbourhood of Odessa; but the colony did not flourish, and at their request the majority were transplanted to the Transcaucasian provinces. Here likewise they had for some years to struggle with many difficulties, sickness, mortality of cattle, and bad harvests, resulting from their ignorance of the country. This impeded their success for a time in various ways; but they have now overcome all these obstacles, and the majority of the colonists are well off, whilst many have grown rich.

The Russian Government has not interfered with their religious belief and observances. The colonies are in general under the direction of the Protestant Consistory, but are left undisturbed in their faith and worship: they have retained their favourite old hymn-book, and choose their own ministers, after subjecting them to a strict examination, into the character and measure of their religious views. But where the spirit of dissidence has once taken root, its tendency is constantly to spread: the traditional feeling of religious oppression, which these colonists originally brought with them from their native country, has given rise to a belief that true religion will be everywhere suppressed by the enemy of the human race, and indeed that this has already taken place. According to this notion, we are entered on the period when only a small number of true believers remain, and when, likewise in accordance with the ancient prophecies, the advent of the Messiah and the Millennium are at hand. These people hold therefore that it is the duty of the true believers to prepare for this event, by exhibiting even in the external observances of life the purity and simplicity of the primitive Christians, surrendering all private property and gains, working only to obtain the bare necessaries of life, spending all the rest of their time in prayer and fasting, and abstaining from every kind of luxury. A work by Michel Hahn, of Würtemberg, and the writings of Jung Stilling, contributed much to the spread of these tenets. Two sects arose, the stricter one of which prophesied that the end of the world would arrive that very autumn, and insisted upon an entire abstinence from marriage; the other party did not conceive that the end of the world was so near, and allowed marriages to be contracted for the present. Both sects however agreed in abandoning all their possessions in this country, and emigrating to Jerusalem, there to await the issue of events. At the head of all these sectaries, but especially of the stricter party, was a woman, fifty years of age, who according to all that I heard related of her, must have been a very remarkable person. For many years past she had submitted to the greatest voluntary privations, and no word was ever heard from her lips but some passage or expression from the Bible: this she would ingeniously weave into every form of speech, and apply to every situation and circumstance of life. It was said that she knew the whole Bible by heart, from beginning to end. She exercised a kind of magical influence on all around her; this I was told by an unquestionable witness, Herr von Kotzebue, who took an active interest in these matters, as the plenipotentiary of government, and from whom I heard the following particulars. He confessed that this woman, whom his reason could only regard as a fanatic, had made an almost imposing impression upon him. I may add, that Herr von Kotzebue appeared a man more addicted to reasoning than to feeling, and professed no religious belief.

The sectaries began by selling their houses and ground to other colonists, for the most part at a mere nominal price, giving away all except simple necessaries, and establishing among themselves a community of goods. The woman, at their head, announced her intention of emigrating with her followers, on a certain day, in the direction of Jerusalem, whither she would lead them in a straight line. The Government now interfered, and explained to these people, by the proper authority, that no obstacle would be offered to

their emigration, in which they would even be assisted if they desired; but that, as their intention was to pass through Turkey, it was first necessary to request permission of the Turkish authorities; moreover, that they could not be permitted to start upon such an expedition almost destitute of the necessaries of life to support them on their journey; and consequently that the sale of their landed property could not be sanctioned. In the worst event, however, supposing they were obliged to return, their farms should be restored to them, upon their giving back the money they had received. The Government proposed that they should send a deputation to Constantinople, to lay their petition before the Sultan, offering that the expenses of this mission should be defrayed, and their request supported as far as possible. A part of them concurred in this view, and selected three deputies, who proceeded to Constantinople; they had not returned when I left the country. The rest, comprising nearly the entire population of a village of about fifty families, under the guidance of this singular woman, declared that they would not trust to human wisdom and foresight, but to the voice of God which spoke to their hearts. All attempts to influence them by persuasion being vain, Herr von Kotzebue at last received instructions to detain them if necessary by force, until an answer should be received from Constantinople.

Herr von Kotzebue was informed that on a certain day, at four o'clock in the morning these people had determined to start. At midnight therefore he placed guards of Cossacks on all the roads leading out of the village, and repaired himself to the spot where the emigrants were expected to set out. After posting sentinels, he retired to take a short rest. At three o'clock a sentinel aroused him, reporting that a bright flame was visible in the village. Herr von Kotzebue jumped up, but could see nothing: either the imagination of the sentinel had misled him, or the light was that of some meteor. Half an hour after the village was astir, and at daybreak the singing of a hymn was heard, the sound gradually drawing nearer, and soon the pilgrims were seen approaching, two and two in procession, the woman walking alone at the head. Herr von Kotzebue advanced to meet the troop, and addressed them; but without heeding him, they continued their way, singing. He kept receding, in vain endeavouring to obtain a hearing: at last, with a sudden resolution he seized the woman by both arms, and held her tight. At once there was a stop; the singing ceased, the woman knelt down, and all followed her example: a breathless silence ensued—every one, with clasped hands, was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes the woman stood up, and addressed Herr von Kotzebue in several passages from the Bible, declaring that the Lord had commanded them to yield to violence, and submit to the authority placed over them; she added that they would quietly return home, and await with resignation the issue of events. This scene took place shortly before I left the country, and I never heard the issue of the affair; but the truth of the particulars here related was confirmed by all the colonists with whom I spoke.

The German colony at Tiflis, as I have observed, is in a very flourishing state; to the European inhabitants, the Russian civil and military officers, it is almost indispensable. The supply of the products of the field and garden—vegetables, fruit, and poultry—is in their hands. The Georgians are an idle race: fond as they

are, for example, of potatoes, they buy, beg, or steal them from the German colonists, but it has never occurred to them to cultivate these vegetables themselves.

The colonists have adopted many things which they found suited to this country; for instance, to my surprise, I observed the Georgian mode of threshing, before mentioned, in use among them. Herr Salzmann explained to me its advantages: the instrument is constructed of planks, to the under side of which are fastened small stones in several rows; a man then stands upon it, and is dragged by a horse over the corn, which it thus threshes out quickly and cleanly, at the same time completely crushing the straw. This straw, with a portion of the corn, is afterwards mixed with grass, and yields good and cheap fodder for the horses, whereas in Germany the straw is eaten usually uncut, and gives little nutriment. After threshing, the straw is tossed up into the air, and separated from the corn, which falls down. This method prevails throughout a great part of Asia.

The heat, and the equal temperature (it rains only at certain seasons, and some years not at all) render the irrigation, not only of the meadow, but still more of the arable land, absolutely necessary. In Armenia nothing will grow without watering, and in Georgia this is also indispensable.¹

In all parts of the country still under cultivation, are found canals and corresponding systems of irrigation, every little brook being turned to account. These are kept up by the villages, several frequently uniting to maintain a small system of canals, which serves them in common. The inhabitants form a kind of corporate body, every one being called upon to bear a certain part of the burden, according to the extent of his landed property, and sharing proportionably in the advantages of the irrigation, the water being turned on to his fields for so many hours in the day. The corporation is under a water-bailiff (Merue), chosen by the inhabitants, who regulates the works and the use of the water, decides all disputes, &c. If any man resists the authority of the Merue, or offends him, the community distrain one of his cattle, kill and eat it. The Merue receives small dues from the gardens and land. It is evident that the country was formerly under much better cultivation—in extensive tracts of Steppes and forests may be observed frequent traces of cultivation, with innumerable ditches, dams, and even ruins of masonry, all clearly indicating the former existence of canals and sluices.² The Shura Steppe is traversed in every direction by ancient canals, which, if mapped down on paper, would show the former existence of a scientific, regular, and well-organised system of irrigation; the whole tract is now waste, although the soil is excellent. Madder grows here luxuriantly, and capers

¹ Below Kakhetia, the Persians in the last invasion, in 1797, destroyed all the canals, sluices, &c. There was no power to restore them. The population left the country; it is now only a Steppe.

² The present population of the districts subject to Russia is reckoned at about one million and-a-half, and that of the independent districts at two millions and-a-half. When Batukhan (in 1224) subjected all the country, he forced a levy of every tenth male, and 800,000 men were raised; accordingly the population consisted of sixteen millions, or fourfold its amount at this day. At the present time the land is incapable of supporting such a number of men; this could only have been possible when an immense system of irrigation existed.

are also found wild. Noble cedars are occasionally met with, and at the junction of the Alasan with the Yora are naphtha springs, which remain wholly unused. In the delta formed by the confluence of the Kur and the Araxes, I was informed, there once existed a large network of canals. Above this confluence, the Kur has been connected with the Araxes, east of the mountain-chain of Karabash, or Black Head, by a large canal, twenty to thirty leagues in length, which is still visible.

The tract of country stretching from this canal which was fed by these streams, in a kind of amphitheatre up to the head of the Druk, has been cultivated for an extent of perhaps a hundred German square miles, watered by smaller canals, which receive their supplies from the parent one. The construction of such a system, in plan and execution, must have been a truly gigantic work.

There is no doubt that in former times Asiatic Turkey



GEORGIAN COSTUMES.

and Persia had a much larger population, and were more cultivated than at the present day. The countries under the sway of the powerful monarchies of Assyria and Babylon, reckoning anciently many millions of inhabitants, are now almost entirely desert Steppes. Such a flourishing state in those early times necessarily implied the existence of extensive systems of irrigation, a fact confirmed by what we observe in China and India, where the dense population renders such a system indispensable. Who, we may ask, established these

systems of irrigation in Western Asia? and why, when once destroyed, have they never been restored?—a task which would evidently be much less arduous than that of their first construction, since the ruins and remains of the past which still exist, actually trace out the lines and plans of these works.

The systems of irrigation in the Caucasian countries especially, are of more ancient date than the present inhabitants of the soil, or there must have been a period when they were all subject to one despotic rule.

These systems extend beyond the limits of any one of the present nations; and yet it is very improbable that *different* peoples co-operated of their free will to construct a common system of irrigation: this would have implied a higher political state than ever existed here. It is therefore more than probable that the works belong to a period when these countries were under a single despotic dominion, to the times of the most ancient sovereigns of Asia—the Assyrian, Median, and Persian. On the fall of these governments, and their dissolution into small states, according to their respective nationalities, and in consequence of the wars that resulted, these colossal works were destroyed, the land became a desert, and the population dwindled away. At the present day there exist no internal elements of resuscitation, to re-establish the former flourishing cultivation by restoring the great systems of irrigation.

After this digression we return to the German colonists at Tiflis. The good cultivation of the estates is attributable to their irrigation; but not having sufficient works themselves, they hire the use of those belonging to a foreigner at a high price. These works have been constructed by a Persian, at his own cost, and he derives from them a considerable revenue. We shall give a short sketch of this remarkable man.

At the head of the Muhammadan clergy in Persia, stands the chief Mullah or Mushtahid, who is always a descendant of the sacred family of Ali, the son-in-law of Muhammad. Before the last Persian war, Aga Mir Fatah was invested with this hereditary dignity, and resided in Tabriz. When Paskewitsch appeared before Tabriz, the Mushtahid entered into negotiation for the surrender of the place; having thus incurred the hostility of the Shah, he subsequently went to Tiflis; but a few years after he returned to Persia, a new Mushtahid having usurped his authority. In Ispahan he was poisoned, from the effects of which, however, he recovered; his two eldest sons, who were also poisoned, died. He drove away his enemy, and now resides in Tabriz, the Shah not daring to oppose him. His eldest son, Hajji Agar, lives on his father's estate near Tiflis; he has also two younger sons there, with five of his wives. He often visits his family at Tiflis, and receives a pension of 20,000 roubles from the Russian Government.

This Mushtahid has constructed an aqueduct at Abjalah, sixteen versts from Tiflis; he has also, by the aid of Persian, Armenian, and Nestorian workmen, whom he brought with him, established a system of irrigation, from which he derives a large income, as all the neighbouring population are obliged to purchase their supply of water from him. Thus, for example, the German colony of Tiflis pays him annually the sum of five hundred silver roubles for the use of his aqueduct, which affords the principal supply of water for their gardens.

I gathered some particulars from Peter Neu respecting the Persian system of irrigation. Persia consists in great part of extensive plains, which especially require irrigation; and its decline is greatly attributable to the neglect of the construction and maintenance of the canals, under successive feeble governments. Everything is left to private enterprise, and it is considered one of the most religious and patriotic works to open springs and construct canals. In Persia there are two kinds of canals—one subterranean, for conveying fresh water to the towns; salt or brackish springs being more common than fresh ones. These canals are

mostly cut in a stiff stratum of clay, which runs through a great part of Persia, beneath the surface soil. The canal is simply excavated, and at every twenty to thirty paces a small shaft is sunk down to it, and around these openings are little mounds of earth, looking like so many molehills, to indicate their site. In some parts the formation of these canals is attended with great difficulty and expense: thus, for instance, the grandfather of the present Mushtahid in Tabriz, in fulfilment of a vow he had made, constructed a canal two feet deep, for the benefit of that town, carrying it over high mountains and plains, a distance of twenty-four fersach (about four miles). Innumerable wells are met with, which have been dug to obtain fresh water, in fulfilment of vows. The surface water of the upper strata is almost invariably salt. A copper, or sometimes a silver eup, or a cocoa-nut shell, is attached by a small chain to the brink of the well, "for the thirsty traveller," who, in compliance with custom, offers up in return a pious "Allah raeh-nit illissun!" for the soul of the constructor of the well.

The German colonists frequently go on business to Persia, where they are very well received, especially among the grandees, on account of their honesty and fidelity. In the last Persian war a body of Persians attacked and began to plunder the German colony of Helenendorf; but no sooner was the Persian commander informed that it was a German village, than he ordered everything to be restored to the inhabitants. He then made them the offer of settling in Persia, promising that they should be well off, have as much ground as they desired, and receive all possible assistance; adding that, if eventually they grew tired of the country, they would be at liberty to leave it, upon the sole condition that they should not go to Russia; at the same time, however, a pretty daughter of one of the colonists was sent to the harem of the Shah.

The German colonists have hitherto exercised little influence on the civilisation of the surrounding Georgians and Tartars. The Georgians are indolent, and the Tartars, who are Muhammadan, are too far removed in a social point of view. The case would have been widely different had the colonies been founded in Armenia, the inhabitants of which country are much more active, susceptible, and intelligent; I am convinced that among this people the influence of such colonists would have been incalculable, and European civilisation would have found a ready admittance.

The Georgians, Tartars, and Armenians are alike ignorant of hay as food for cattle: the climate indeed is such, that the cattle can usually remain out at grass the whole year through. If frost and snow continue for an unusual duration, boughs are cut from the trees, which serve as fodder. The Georgians were quite astonished at seeing the colonists make and stack their hay, but they have not imitated their example.

These Georgians do not manure their fields. In May or June the ground is broken up, and in autumn the wheat is sown, without any previous ploughing, and consequently often in grass a foot high;¹ the seed is then bush-harrowed into the soil. For two or three

¹ At first the German colonists ploughed the land again before sowing, in spite of the warning of the Georgians; but a total failure of the crops ensued, the sharp winds destroying the tender unprotected seed.

years wheat is sown, once perhaps barley, and then the field lies fallow for several years; the manure upon it becomes dried, and serves as fuel, which is superior to turf. The meadow-land along the Koor is extremely fertile, the ears of wheat and barley yielding from twenty-five to thirty-five grains.

Farming-stock is a favourite source of wealth with the Georgians; they usually plough with oxen, and a very clumsy plough, to which they yoke eight or ten pair of oxen; and, as some of the peasants have not so many beasts, they form associations for ploughing. They trench nearly a foot deep, with a furrow two feet and a quarter in width. The colonists plough only with horses, six or eight to the light plough, and not more than half a foot deep; but they raise better crops than the Georgians.

The live stock of the Georgians consists chiefly of sheep and swine, and their ordinary diet is pork and mutton. Only the poorer classes among these people and the Armenians eat beef, which is of a bad quality; in fact, scarcely any part of the ox is eatable, and only the cow's flesh is tolerable. The Persians eat no beef. It has been a matter of wonder that the Georgians have never lapsed into Muhammadanism, although several of their Czars renounced Christianity, to maintain their crowns against the Persians, and the Christian churches in Georgia fell into disuse and decay; one writer attributes the fact to their invincible reluctance to abandon the two staple products of their country, wine and pork. The German colonists of Marienfeld keep no sheep, as in summer they would be obliged to drive them up to the mountains; and, having no superfluous herdsmen among themselves, they would have to hire Georgians, in whom they place little confidence.

The country-people in Georgia eat, morning and noon, usually a cold meal of bread, greens, celery, leeks, cress, and, except in fast-time, milk, sour-milk, and cheese; in the evening they have something warm, usually mutton dressed with celery, and are delighted when they can obtain potatoes from the colonists.

I gathered the following information respecting the wages of farm servants in the German colony near Tiflis. The ordinary labourer receives forty to fifty kopecks a day, but the artisan—carpenter or bricklayer—one rouble and twenty kopecks (about three shillings and tenpence). The wages of an able farm-servant, beside his board, are eight to ten roubles a month: a maid-servant has four to eight. A coachman, in the service of a Russian gentleman here, receives his board (at noon, consisting of two or three different dishes, meat and wine), a hat, caftan, and scarf, and 120 roubles annual wages. Generally speaking, all food is rather dearer at Tiflis than at Moscow.

In the colony of Marienfeld, a short day's journey from Tiflis, the rate of wages was somewhat different. Here a German farm-servant, besides his food and drink, with a pair of boots, receives in wages only from thirty-five to forty roubles a year. The Georgians are not considered useful men-servants, especially in the stable. A labourer receives from seventeen to twenty kopecks a day in winter, and in the haymaking time from forty to fifty.

The Georgians dwelling to the west of Tiflis require help, especially at certain seasons of the year: the Imenians then come down from the mountains and take service with them, by the year or month: if the engage-

ment is only by the day, the ordinary pay is twenty-five kopecks, but in harvest time forty.

XII.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL ARCHIVES IN TIFLIS—RUSSIAN BUREAUCRACY, ATTEMPT AT REORGANISATION—FARMS AND VILLAGES—THE NATZVAL—SEIGNORIAL TITHES—STATE TAXES—CROWN PEASANTS.

In order to comprehend the political and social position which a people occupy, or to which they may at a future period attain, in the great family of nations—to discern the rudiments of that capacity for civilization which time may develop, and which will mark their history—it is necessary in the first place to learn their views of religion, and the external forms in which these are clothed; but above all to become acquainted with their domestic relations and communal constitution.

I pass over the ancient world; its social condition, as well as its views of religion and civilisation, were on the eve of extinction when Christ appeared. Since that era the Christian nations¹ alone have manifested a tendency towards a higher state of civilisation, and a capacity for solving the great problems of humanity.

The western portion of Christendom, imbued with the Germano-Romanic views of life and religion, had been a centre of unity in faith and the fosterer of civilisation; whilst the Eastern Church, with all its subdivisions, appeared buried in a deep sleep; and although in point of civilisation it occupied a much higher position than any of the heathen nations, or even than Muhammadanism, yet it remains on the same footing as during the Middle Ages. This was undoubtedly attributed to its separation from Rome, which checked all free movement, and induced a fixedness even in mere immaterial forms, which was maintained with an iron tenacity. But that which theology failed to accomplish was achieved by the offspring of Christianity in the West—modern civilisation: penetrating by slow but sure degrees into the East, diffusing itself throughout and transforming social life, and exercising an influence on the political institutions and views prevailing in the Muhammadan countries, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and India. In this new epoch of the world's history, Russia appears to be peculiarly fitted and called upon to interpose her mediation—a country which traces her national stem to the West, while she derives her religious views from the East. Hence the facility with which western civilisation found its way into the political and public affairs of Russia. There is no doubt that, from the same causes, the theology of the West will in time penetrate the Eastern Church, with all its divisions—Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, and Coptic. I incline however to the opinion, that if a reconciliation and union were to be effected between the Eastern and Western Churches, on a basis of equal rights and the establishment of a centre of unity, political civilisation, and with it the dominion of the world, would eventually pass over from the west to the east.

¹ Muhammadanism was essentially an offshoot from Christianity, of a semi-religious semi-political character; it presents the pure monotheistic direction which the Eastern Church, especially in its sects, has already indicated and followed—one sided and dogmatical. During a brief period of the highest civilisation, it appears only in the light of a sect of Christianity, as is clearly indicated in Muhammadan traditions, its tales and legends. See Weil, *Sagen de Morgenländer*.

My travels and observations, during more than twenty years, have convinced me that an acquaintance with the manners of a people their moral and material interests, domestic relations, corporate associations, and especially the communal relations of the lower classes, is indispensable to a real knowledge of the history and constitution of peoples and of states. In the course of my travels in the Caucasian provinces these objects constantly engaged my attention. Here perhaps may be found the solution of many problems in the history of the European family of nations, which unquestionably emigrated from hence; and it is not improbable that future investigations may trace all the European and Western Asiatic nations to this source.

These brief and general remarks can do no more than suggest subjects for future investigation, the requisites for which are an attentive and impartial survey of the every-day life of a people, together with diligent observations and study. For the latter, a rich store of materials, hitherto wholly unused, is extant, especially in the archives of Tiflis.

The tendency which prevails everywhere, among the large class of the bureaucracy—and perhaps in Russia in an especial degree—is toward centralisation, and the reduction of all relations of society to a certain uniformity. Life in its individual forms is radically distasteful to this class. Nor is this by any means peculiar to the officials in monarchical states; the Governments of the school of the French Republic understand this principle more completely, and carry it out with more energy, than any others. Now this essentially anti-Germanic spirit acts as a solvent on the elements of popular life in the German and Romanic nations. Popular life in England, which is completely embodied in the system of the government, forms a single and noble exception in Europe, and, in part, in North America, the offspring of England. It cannot, however, be denied, that centralisation and the generalisation of all forms of social and state polity—that Procrustean bed of popular character and life—greatly facilitates government, and admits of much more efficient means of developing the external power of the State. This is the great secret in France. The French people do not at all want freedom—in fact they cannot tolerate true freedom; they want only internally *equality*, and externally *power*. For this reason centralisation will always prevail in Paris, whatever clamour may be raised against it in the Departments.

In Russia the system of government is derived singly and simply from the theory and practice of modern bureaucracy. It is undeniable that centralisation and generalised forms of government in the higher departments of administration, perfectly correspond with the character of the Slavonic race, and are peculiarly adapted to Russia. But as there is a deep-seated contrast between the native character of the Germanic and Slavonic races, a system which is quite adapted and even necessary to Russia, and is felt to be so by the mass of the people themselves, is wholly unsuited, and perhaps fatal, on the shores of the Baltic and in the provinces of the Caucasus.

It is, as I have before observed, probable that serfdom did not formerly exist among the peasantry in Georgia and Mingrelia, and was not introduced until the occupation of those countries by Russia;—not by law, which would never have been sanctioned by the

Emperors Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas, but in the ordinary course of administration. The Russian officials were accustomed to regard the peasants in their own country as serfs, and naturally looked upon those living under the nobles and princes in Georgia in the same light. The Crown peasants in Russia have been emancipated since the time of Alexander, and the same class in Georgia are consequently free likewise.¹

The existence in all these countries of a certain system and constitution in family and communal life, arising out of manners and customs, and even sanctioned by law, however defective (in Georgia indeed by the Vakh tang code of laws), was entirely disregarded by the Russian officials. They were far too indolent to study the existing social condition of the people, and followed only the laws and principles of administration to which they were accustomed and which they brought from Russia; whilst their rule was not a little marked by arbitrary conduct, with occasional extortion and spoliation; the superintendence and control being naturally much feebler and more ineffectual in the Caucasian provinces than elsewhere. The entire administration was at the same time of a military character; and all complaints, even those of a merely civil nature, were referred to the General in command.

As a natural result of this state of things, a bitter animosity to the Russians and the Russian Government grew up amongst all these Caucasian tribes. On occasion of a journey which the Emperor Nicholas made, in October, 1837, through these provinces, it is said that the *tshinowniks*, or officials, issued an order that no petitions should be presented to him. At Akhalzik, the inhabitants of an entire village were seen kneeling on the road in silence as the Emperor drove past, and this circumstance recurred several times. The Emperor inquired of the people what it meant; they replied, that they were forbidden to approach him with petitions: he told them it was not true, and that they might fearlessly present any petitions. Thereupon the people poured forth to meet the Emperor in such numbers, that during his journey only as far as Erivan, about fourteen hundred petitions and complaints were preferred to him.

The Emperor conceived the idea of effecting an important separation between the civil and the military administration; although the former could not be wholly withdrawn from the control of the commander-in-chief, as Governor-General of the whole province. To this end, the laws of the early princes, especially those of Georgia, the code of the Czar Vakh tang, the Armenian laws, nay even the customary rights of the Tatars, were collected and translated into Russian; and the officials were ordered to conform to these in the administration of the government.

In April, 1837, Baron Paul von Hahn was instructed to ascertain the condition of all these districts, with reference to national peculiarities, communal institutions and customary rights; he was at the same time commanded to lay down a comprehensive

¹ Attempts have in recent times been made, originating at St. Petersburg, to check the spread of serfdom. A *ukase* was issued, which declares that in Georgia the presumption is against serfdom; it must in each case be proved. But every person who was registered as a serf previous to the 7th of August, 1809, was to remain so. Moreover, whoever was recognised as a serf, by a judicial decree before the year 1836, on the ground of thirty years' service, is incapable of establishing any claim against it.

plan, founded upon these inquiries, for the future administration of the country. Four Commissioners were associated with him in these labours, from the Ministries of the Interior, Justice, Finance, and War. Baron von Hahn belonged to what is called in Germany the historical school: in his opinion it was a matter of primary importance to maintain the peculiar and historical features of nationality in a people, upon which alone could be effectually founded a healthy state of social life in the lower classes—in the domestic and communal, the agricultural and commercial relations—which might be acceptable to the people at large, and productive of an increased attachment to the Russian government. Such a social organisation, modified according to their own political views, might be the best adapted to the inhabitants of the Caucasian provinces; consisting as they do of isolated tribes, sixty or seventy in number, each having its historical traditions, its own language and usages, and in many cases its peculiar religious rites: for although in the same village Armenians, Georgians, and Tatars are found living together, they scarcely ever intermix; each people preserving its own religion, customs, dress, manners, tribunals, and police. A project was formed by Baron von Hahn for organising the entire administration of this country, which was countersigned by the Governor-General Golovnin, and received the imperial sanction; and Baron Hahn went a second time to Tiflis, in 1840, to bring this project into operation.

Such views could not be acceptable to the heads of the army or the class of Russian officials (tschinowniks); and immediately after the departure of Baron Hahn, intrigues are said to have been set on foot to defeat the execution of his scheme; eventually it fell to the ground, and the old system was re-established in full force.

I communicated the above brief account to a well-informed man, acquainted both with the persons and localities in question; and he gave me full information on the matter, with permission to make any use of it I might think proper. The particulars with which he furnished me I shall give unabridged, as they present a clear picture of the social and political condition of these countries.

The present limits of Russia in the Transcaucasian provinces were defined in the last treaties of peace with Persia and Turkey. These provinces are divided into Christian and Muhammadan; the former comprising the ancient czardoms of Georgia, Immiritia, Guria, with the vassal countries, Mingrelia, Abkhasia, and Suanetia, in which the Greek faith prevails, together with the Armenian provinces. Among the latter are classed the khanats of Karabagh, Shamaka, Nukha, Derbend, Baku, Leukoran, inhabited by Muhammadans of the Shiah sect (anciently under the dominion of Persia), and the former Turkish pashaliks of Akhalzik and Alkaltalati, inhabited by Sunnite Muhammadans.

Russia found, especially in the Christian provinces, a perfect feudal system, including all classes of the population; whilst the nobles left no means untried to convert the service of their vassals into serfdom.

Besides the customary laws in force in the different countries, Georgia has a code known by the name of the Laws of King Vakhtang. In the seventeenth century this monarch compiled a manuscript collection of Greek, Roman, Jewish, and Armenian laws, arranged with the local customary rights, intended to

serve as a source of revenue to the weak and needy Czars, who as feudal lords held the office of judges, and also as a weapon against their rebellious vassals. This code of laws, however, which was printed and published by order of the Russian Government, is now almost entirely superseded, since its provisions no longer answer to the condition and wants of the people, and are, moreover, contradictory in questions relating to inheritance.

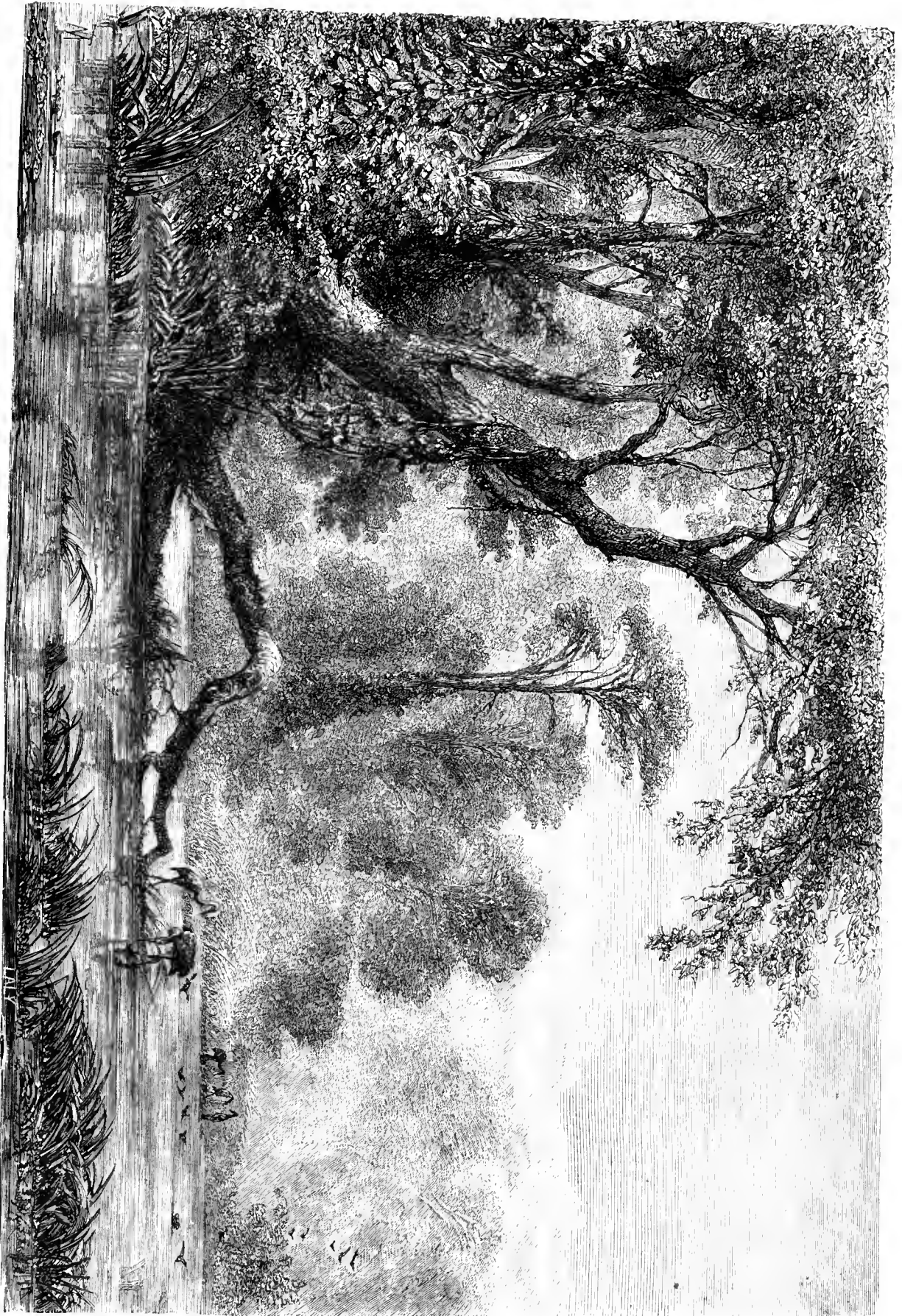
In Transcaucasia, as indeed throughout the East, courts of arbitration have been generally used for the settlement of private affairs; whilst the decrees of the spiritual tribunal of the Muhammadans, the Shariot, were received as law in matters of marriage and inheritance among their brethren of the faith: this, however, did not deter the despotic khans, sardars, and pashas, from bringing at pleasure every offence and dispute before their summary, rapacious, and frequently sanguinary tribunals.

The taxes were paid in personal service and natural produce, by charges on every branch of industry and commerce, and in customs levied not only on the frontier of each district, but also in the towns and their hamlets. The Muravs in Georgia and Immiritia, the Begs and Agalars in the Muhammadan and Armenian countries, had the charge of raising these taxes; as well as of the internal administration and police, assisted by the elders of the communes and superintendents. These Begs and Agalars, like true bloodsuckers of the people, carried on their corrupt practices, as long as by a division of their spoil they could purchase the collusion of their equally wicked superiors, or until they fell a sacrifice to popular vengeance.

Under such a race of feeble, rapacious, and incapable princes, Transcaucasia was for centuries exposed to the incursions and devastation of its predatory neighbours. Crops and cattle, women and children, and property of every kind were carried off. The natural consequences of these fatal calamities were poverty, demoralisation, and depopulation, as these countries, so richly favoured with the gifts of soil and climate, gradually fell under the dominion of Russia.

The brief sketch here given will suffice to show the obstacles and difficulties of every kind which the Russian government had to encounter and surmount, before it could succeed in reducing to order and tranquillity these Transcaucasian peoples, composed as they were of hostile nations and religious sects. The officers selected to carry out and achieve these objects, were Governor-General Prince Zizianoff and Prince Paskevitch: the former was cut off in his heroic career by Persian treachery, before he had perfected his great enterprise; the latter, after vanquishing the Persians and Turks, was called away by the outbreak of the Polish Revolution, just as he was entering on the task of subjugating the mountain population, and commencing comprehensive operations for the settlement of the Transcaucasian provinces.

The emperor, however, soon turned his attention seriously to this important object; and the measures which were in consequence taken exhibited his penetration, his determined will, and at the same time his power to carry out and accomplish the work he had commenced, in spite of all difficulties. Predatory tribes were subdued, fortresses erected, the frontiers guarded and quarantine established, to secure the country against the incursion of these half-civilised



THE RIVER PHASIS.



neighbours, and the no less dangerous attacks of contagious diseases. Military roads were opened, from the Elbruz to Mount Ararat, from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and in short in all directions where they appeared necessary; many thousand families, who had been forcibly carried off in former incursions of the Persians and Turks, were now enabled to return home, and settle once more upon the waste districts and devastated lands of their fathers.

In the year 1837, the Commission above-mentioned was sent to Transcaucasia, under the direction of Baron von Hahn: it comprised men of ability, peculiarly distinguished by their travels in the East, and by their works upon these countries. Furnished with all the information that could be obtained, and the results of previous experience, together with all the aid which the munificent foresight of the emperor alone could provide, the commission was instructed thoroughly to examine the country, and the condition of its inhabitants, and to draw up a project for the organisation of its government, with a view to the good of the people at large. At the same time, in order to examine personally the condition of affairs, the emperor, in spite of the distance and the perils of a sea-voyage at that advanced season, determined to undertake an expedition. In the autumn of 1837 he landed on the eastern shores of the Black Sea, inspected its fortresses, travelled through Immiritia, Mingrelia, the former pashalics of Akhalzik and Alkaltalati, Armenia, the Tatar provinces, Georgia, and Ossetia, gave audience to everyone, listened to grievances, complaints, and petitions, expended large sums of money in charity, and redressed great evils and abuses. The commission hastened their labours, and on the 1st of January, 1841, the new civil administration, which had been repeatedly examined and sanctioned by the emperor, was introduced amidst the rejoicings of the population.

The new system removed the influence of the military power from the civil department; their mutual relation was assimilated to that existing in Russia, and the political administration was strictly separated from that of justice and finance. The country, divided into governments, circles, and districts, was placed under the direction of the governor-general, who was trusted in extraordinary cases with extensive powers, and managed the public affairs with the aid of an administrative council. Before the introduction, however, of any reform or new measure, the governor was obliged to submit it, in the first instance, to the Transcaucasian committee, consisting of the ministers, and afterwards to the emperor, for his ratification. In order to assimilate as much as possible the political condition of Transcaucasia with that of the rest of Russia, the laws and institutions in force in the latter country, the names of the magistrates, their functions and routine of business, were extended to Transcaucasia, with only such modifications as the condition of the country and its inhabitants required.

For this organisation to accomplish its purpose, it was necessary to secure to the country an administration of justice as expeditious, simple, and inexpensive as possible, a fixed system of property taxation, free from the arbitrary interference of tax-gatherers, and also a restricted but immediate control of the government officers in urgent cases. All this was to be carried out, as far as possible, in the following manner.

First, life and efficiency were to be imparted to the communal system, which existed here as throughout the whole of the East, by extending and determining the powers and authority of the common council elected by each town and district, and of the communal administration. These councils, free from any interference of the crown officials, were in the first place to administer their own local affairs; to apportion the taxes paid by the community, according to the property of each person; and to raise these taxes, and pay them to the proper authorities, taking a receipt for the money. In addition to these duties, the councils were to ensure the execution of the magisterial decrees, the maintenance of peace and security, and the settlement of minor disputes.

The control exercised over these councils by the chiefs of the district and circle, and in the larger towns by the heads of the police, under the respective civil governors and governments, was limited to complaints of any excess or abuse in the exercise of the powers entrusted to the councils; neglect of the magisterial duties, or of the payment of the taxes collected, or interference in criminal cases, which were reserved to the exclusive jurisdiction of the imperial laws and officials.

In the second place, the courts of arbitration already in existence, and the Muhammadan tribunal of the Shariut, were consolidated and extended. The decisions of these courts were received as valid, as soon as the recognition of the court of arbitration, or the reference of the dispute to the Shariut, shall have been notified to the respective communal councils.

At the same time, every man retains a right, independent of the communal authorities, to seek redress from the ordinary tribunals, and lay his complaint before the civil authorities of the first instance, established in every circle; he has also the right of appeal to the civil authorities at the seat of government, and thence to the senate at St. Petersburg.

Thirdly, a new system of taxation was introduced, annulling all the former classes of dues, and the innumerable imposts on the products of town and country, pressing upon the soil and stifling industry, trade, and commerce. For these were substituted the following:—

1. In the rural communes, a tithe on the previous valuation of the aggregate landed property of the community. Where any great difficulties arise, however, respecting the amount of this tithe, either from the failure or insufficiency of the irrigation, the inequality of income from the products of the soil, or the circumstance of rearing cattle being the chief trade of the commune, the latter is charged with a tax on the number of chimneys, of from three to five roubles. Both these assessments are valid for fifteen years, and, as above stated, are levied by the elective communal authorities on the property of each tax-payer; the money is paid into the treasury of each circle, and a receipt given.

2. In the town communes, a fixed tax is laid upon every trade, which is prescribed by ancient usage, its amount being dependent on the number of workmen employed by the master. A tax is also laid on commerce, in proportion to the class of business,—wholesale, middle-class, or retail. These taxes, as well as the minor ones on each workman in the towns, are paid into the exchequer by the taxpayers: the receipt serves the workman at the same time for a

passport. This system, which is carried out uniformly and equally, relieves the country of the cost and intrigue attending the collection of the taxes, apportions the burden to the means of each individual, and secures him for a certain number of years from any increase of payment.

Transcaucasia is rich in corn and salt, and any serious fluctuation in the price of these articles is prevented by free communication and the purchase of salt at a fixed price from the crown stores. The hills and valleys, which were formerly passable only on mules or horses, and in a few parts in waggons drawn by oxen, are now everywhere traversed by tolerable roads; the post service is under the best regulation for travelling, and intercourse is facilitated by a regular postal communication, which has been carried to the most distant communes.

The Emperor's care is extended likewise to the religious and spiritual wants of the inhabitants. The neglected state of the dominant Greek church, of the Armenian, the Lutheran (consisting of the colonists from Wurtemberg), and the Roman Catholic churches, as well as the two Muhammadan sects, was exchanged for discipline and order, with the aid and co-operation of the respective clergy of these religious bodies. Churches and chapels were restored or rebuilt, whilst education and a provision for the clergy of every faith were secured.

In Tiflis, Nukha, and Shamaka, institutions have been established to promote the cultivation of corn, silk, and wine; and in the Government departments artisans and labourers are trained for this wide field of agricultural enterprise. Free instruction is provided, in the excellent military schools, for the sons of the numerous and poor nobles. Every chief town of the Circle contains a school, amply endowed, for the education of the sons of nobles, merchants, and the upper class of citizens. The gymnasium, and the institute for daughters of men of rank, are supported in a manner corresponding to the education required. The pupils who distinguish themselves at these institutions have free admission to the Imperial universities and the Polytechnic schools of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The sons of meritorious native inhabitants are received into these schools, and entire corps have been formed, principally of the sons of Muhammadans of rank, who never before passed the limits of their own country. Many of these Asiatics have made remarkable progress in science and civilisation, in the schools opened expressly for them at St. Petersburg; whilst almost all return to their homes with feelings of affectionate attachment to the emperor, and gratitude for the advantages of European civilisation.

Nor have literary acquirements been neglected: a catalogue of the books and manuscripts in the library at Echmiadzin has been prepared and printed; rare documents have been either purchased or transcribed, and correct impressions of all the inscriptions dispersed in various public buildings in Transcaucasia have been collected.

Well knowing, however, that the success of the best efforts and arrangements in such institutions mainly depends on the zeal with which they are carried out, the emperor has encouraged the choice of able assistants, by assigning them nearly three times the ordinary amount of salary, together with considerable sums of money to defray the expenses of travelling and establishing themselves. Every five years these salaries

are increased, and provision for old age and pensions to the surviving relatives of these officials are the rewards of steady, zealous, and upright conduct in the service of the State in Caucasia.

The local inquiries which Baron von Hahn made in every part of the Caucasian provinces, into questions of nationality, domestic relations, and the communal and corporate institutions, furnished the rich materials to which I have before adverted, as lying unemployed and useless in the archives at Tiflis. I had permission to inspect them, but of this I could not avail myself, not being acquainted with the Russian language, and no one offering himself able and willing to give me information and extracts from them.

In the mountains of Immiritia, part of Mingrelia, and in Georgia, the land is mostly cultivated in detached farms; in other districts there are villages, generally small, but occasionally of considerable size. Martkuphi, for instance, contains 361 of these farms, which lie scattered over the country, without any intercommunication by regular roads.

I have already given some account of the communes and peasant-life in Mingrelia. In Georgia, likewise, each commune has a Natzval at its head, who is called in the Georgian language the "Mamasagli." In Immiritia "Muchelli," and the Tartar villages "Köweha" (guardian). This officer is elected by the heads of families, by a majority of votes, and the Russian manorial court ratifies the election, upon his nomination by the chief of the circle; the landed proprietors of the village have no direct share or influence in this proceeding. The communes possess great freedom, and their affairs are little interfered with by the Government officials. The Natzval retains his office for life, unless he resigns it, or is dismissed in consequence of any legal complaints being brought against him and substantiated by the commune or the magistracy: he is free of personal service and the payment of taxes, and receives a small salary from the commune: the control of the police is in his hands, but all disputes are referred to the chief of the circle. His powers are thus considerable, and, in conjunction with the "White-beards," he has the allotment of the State taxes, which are levied by the Government according to the census; the burden is distributed in proportion to the property each family possesses, and the commune is responsible for the payment. The Natzval also collects the seignorial tithes. The Georgians ordinarily live together in large families, comprising several generations, on the same farms.

In those communes which appertain solely to the crown, without any seignorial peasantry, the Government levies the taxes proportionately to the number of individuals or families; thus recognising the principle adopted in Russia, which gives to every member of a parish an equal share and right in the soil. Practically, however, in the parishes of Georgia (at least in those which fell under my observation), the soil is always attached to certain farms; indeed I found some parishes—Sartschali, for instance, near the German colony of Marienfeld—in which there exists a distinct classification, similar to that in the north of Germany—peasants, half-peasants, and two classes of cotters. The first class here possess seventy dessatinas of land (about 188 acres), the second class has one-half this allotment, the third only a small plot of ground, and the fourth merely a house. To the last class are added a number of lodgers, who commonly pay four or five

roubles a year. In this part of the country, I was told the crown receives annually three kod of wheat and barley from each hearth, the Natzval apportioning the gross amount according to the classes.

In the village of Imaget the land belongs, one-fourth to the crown, one-fourth to Prince Baratoff, and one-half to a noble, Georgi Kurganoff. The property is said to lie confusedly, so that this distribution is merely

ideal, and the crown in consequence desired to have its portion measured out. Herr von Kotzebue, to whom I related this statement, said that it was either erroneous, or a singular exception to the general rule, according to which each farm comprises a fixed portion of land.

In former times Georgia was very thinly peopled, and there are still large tracts around many villages



ACCLIVITY OF MOUNT SURHAM.

uncultivated. The farms have consequently no strict allotments; if, for example, a man dies, leaving a son in his minority, the nearest neighbour takes the seigniorial land, with the taxes to which it is liable (in some instances at the instigation of the proprietor himself), and the heir, on coming of age, takes his share from the waste land.

This insecurity of tenure appears to have increased of late years. Many of the princes and nobles are said

to have usurped in this manner extensive possession of the soil; to effect which the Armenians, who are extremely regardless of an oath, are frequently employed: twelve of them, without having any previous knowledge of the matter, are brought together, and take an oath that the land belongs to this or that person, to whom it is then adjudicated.

The land-tax is usually a tenth of the produce, but only in a few places is it paid in kind; that portion

which falls on the corn districts is commuted for a fixed payment, but I believe unequally. In some places I found that the crown peasants, on each day's work (*cididres-machnoli*), pay one kod of wheat or barley, whichever is on the ground. In a bad year the taxes are remitted, and this of course opens the door to the arbitrary intervention of officials. In other places I was told that the crown demands two kod

from every family, levied according to the census: for this the parish is responsible, and the allotment rests with the *Natzval*.

In some parts the church and conventual peasants pay the tithe in kind, but on a fixed and moderate scale. In the village of Martkuphi there are 200 crown and 120 church peasants. The former pay a tax in wheat and barley in proportion to the property



CREST OF MOUNT SURHAM.

held; the latter pay no tithes on the land, but a fixed tribute in wax and wine. Forty-one peasants, belonging to some princes or nobles, are said to be heavily burdened and oppressed; instead of a tenth (*galla*) they have to pay a sixth, and even a fifth, part of the crops. On New Year's day and at Easter they give small offerings, and every two or three years, according to their means, sums amounting to from one to two hundred roubles are extorted from them. One-fifth of

the produce of the gardens is paid here; but in many places the gardens, as well as the houses, are the exclusive property of the peasants, for which they pay nothing. Prince Kurganoff granted all his land to his peasants, receiving in lieu of each day's work one kod of corn.

In other places, as at Khuri, the peasant pays his landlord a moderate ground-rent of seven to eight *kopekks* per *dessatina*; but in the time of sowing,

harvest, and threshing, the lord can demand two or three days' service in the week; he also claims a share in the produce of the poultry-yard. The peasant must moreover offer presents on the birth of an heir, and on the death of the lord. The landed property falls to the sons, and collateral relatives have no proper claim to any portion of the inheritance; the farmstead is, however, generally given them, in consideration of certain offerings. The peasant cannot therefore sell any land.

According to Russian law, a peasant cannot contract debts to a greater amount than five silver roubles; a creditor has no power to recover a larger sum.

The state taxes here are frequently paid in corn, each house contributing two kod; in Martkuphi two roubles are charged. The landlords are obliged to pay these taxes for their peasants, usually at the rate of one or two kod for every house, in the kinds of corn cultivated on the soil.

The limits of the parishes, as well as of single fields, are indicated by ancient boundary-stones: the paths and roads (*Quantwege*, as the Würtemberg colonists call them) everywhere lead to these marks. The fields, which are separated by unploughed ridges and furrows, are all attached to their respective farms, and protected by a land-guard; in short, it is evident that from a remote period a regular system of land administration has existed here, which has for upwards of a century fallen into decay. Large tracts of country lie waste, and are overgrown with brushwood or forests; the old vineyards have disappeared, the wine-cellars lie in ruins, haunted only by wild beasts, and the divisions of the land are everywhere broken down.

Traditional rights and customs connected with agriculture are found in all parts of this country; for example, eight or ten yoke of oxen must be put to each plough; farming associations are formed, by the regulations of which one farm has to furnish the plough, another a yoke of oxen, and so on; the fields of all the farms are then ploughed regularly in turn.

Air, water, pasture, and wood, are all public property, according to traditional law among the Georgians, and the rights of the chase are free to everyone. The forests are indeed nominally divided, and belong to the respective parishes, the nobles, and the crown, but the unrestricted use of them is open to all. The natural result of this is, that in many parts the forests are devastated—an evil which must necessarily increase. A ukase was in consequence issued, ordering all the crown forests to be separated from the rest, and placed under a special administration, steps being taken for their preservation. This decree, however, caused such a ferment among the entire population, that in 1842 it was withdrawn. In my view such a measure appears, politically, unjustifiable; it would have been sufficient to establish securely the *property* of the crown forests, at the same time reserving the forest rights of parishes and individuals. A general regulation might have been laid down determining the limits and degree within which these rights should be exercised, and applicable not only to the crown forests, but to all. The first ukase aroused and irritated the popular prejudices respecting property and forest boundaries; and since that time the nobles also have sought to withdraw their forests from the common use of the people—an attempt which frequently gives rise to lawsuits, and, sometimes, even to serious disturbances.

Notwithstanding the annoyance and oppression of the

tschinowniks, or officials, the condition of the crown peasants is in many districts visibly improving. They not unfrequently accumulate large fortunes, which they eagerly seek to invest in land; in this they find little difficulty, as the nobles, impoverished and frivolous, are glad to sell their possessions, especially in parishes where the property is mixed, and the crown and nobles have peasants and land in common. It has already been mentioned, that the house and farmstead everywhere belong to the peasants; on the death of a father, one son receives the estate held under the crown, whilst the landed property is divided equally among all the sons, and in default of these, among the daughters. In the former case the daughters receive only a dowry. It is, however, considered a point of honour by the Georgians for fathers and brothers to settle in marriage and portion off their daughters and sisters. The most oppressive burden on the peasants is considered to be the obligation to furnish extra horses for the post and military service; in a country entirely subjected to military rule, this is calculated to give rise to endless abuse and annoyance.

XIII.

THE HOUSES IN TIFLIS—CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL—PERSIAN AMBASSADOR—STATE OF THE ARMY—ABUSES—ASSOCIATIONS OF WORKMEN—REGIMENT COLONIES—JERMALOW—INSECURITY OF ROADS—ARSEN, THE ROBBER.

IN Tiflis I made the acquaintance of an Armenian, named Abovian, of whom I shall frequently have occasion to speak, being especially indebted to him for my knowledge of the Armenian people. Abovian is descended from the family of an hereditary village-chief. In Georgia and Immiritia the Russian Government has recognised these families as of princely rank—in Armenia not even as noble! Early abuses on the one side have led to injustice on the other.

Abovian wished to be a monk, and passed his noviciate in the celebrated convent of Echmiadzin, at the time when the traveller Parrot¹ was preparing to ascend Mount Ararat. Parrot wanted to engage a native, suitable for his expedition, and proposed to the young monk to accompany him. He soon discovered in Abovian evidence of remarkable talent, and encouraged him to enter on a course of study at a German university. Abovian went to Dorpat, and in four years had attained a complete German university education, at the same time speaking and writing German so correctly that no one would have imagined him to be a foreigner: he married a German, and has established a complete German household.

At my request the governor allowed a young Georgian Prince, Zacharie Palavandischwili, to accompany me about the town, and show me every object of interest.

The population of Tiflis comprises, beside the Russians and Germans (artisans, artists, and merchants), representatives of three nations, Georgians, Tartars, and Armenians. The Georgians consist partly of a numerous class of nobles, partly of gardeners, but the large majority are needy and live by begging. The Tartars are artisans, smiths, saddlers, &c., and the Armenians almost all merchants.

¹ This excellent man is since dead: he went out one day and never returned; all search for him proved vain.

Tiflis is a central point of transit between Europe and Asia, but for the last twenty or thirty years it has declined in importance; the communication between England and France and India, which formerly passed through Tiflis to the Persian Gulf, being now carried on by way of Alexandria, and the steamers in the Red Sea. Nevertheless there are few towns in which are seen persons of so many nations—Russians, English, French, Germans, Persians, Turks, Tartars, Armenians, Kurds, Usbeks, and natives of all parts of the Caucasus. In like manner we here find all the various forms of religion—Christians of the Romish, Greek, Armenian, and Protestant churches, Muhammadans, Jews of various sects, and even heathens.

We visited the dwellings of these different peoples. The Tartars refused to admit us to the interior of their houses; the Armenians showed us little more than their shops, or occasionally a kind of sitting-room. It was with difficulty, also, that we could induce the Georgians of the poorer classes to let us see their *sakli*, or house.¹ These rooms have a miserable appearance; in the middle is a small hearth, with a hole directly over it in the roof, through which the smoke passes; on one side is a kind of closet, in which the beds are piled up (*zalo*), and on the opposite side another closet, or pantry, where the food is kept (*kidobani*). A few door-posts only (*bodsi*) were ornamented with some carving; a serviceable cradle (*aquani*) was suspended on an elastic rod. The Georgians, especially the women, pass the morning and evening, and frequently a portion of the night, on the flat roof, or the balconies (*schardashi*); and there is nothing more charming than, in walking through the streets on a fine summer evening, to see these handsome women dressed in their pretty national costume, sauntering on the balconies, playing, singing, and coquetting with the passers-by.

I was received with great hospitality in the house of a Georgian nobleman of high rank, named Lorimerikow; his family formerly possessed the estate of Loris, a kind of sovereignty, on the road to Erivan. The house is a specimen of a fine old Georgian mansion, or palace, and was formerly used by the Czars of Georgia for holding solemn audiences, the celebration of marriages, &c. It forms a large quadrangle, in the middle of which is a spacious hall, with a vaulted ceiling, resting on two pillars, and having in the centre a round opening, through which the light is admitted. From this hall, and from a gallery on the second story which runs round the building, a number of doors open into various small apartments, with windows on this side, and others looking out upon the street. There are few houses of this description now in Tiflis, the modern dwellings of the Georgian nobles being all built in the European style. The house I have described was more peculiar than grand or imposing, as indeed is generally the case with modern Asiatic buildings.

The masonry of the modern houses in Tiflis is remarkably good, better than is usually seen in Russian buildings. I was informed that Persian masons, who are said to be the best in Asia, are employed; they may perhaps have inherited the manual skill and the secret of manufacturing mortar, which are evinced in

the indestructible edifices of antiquity. Their pay is a silver rouble and a half a day.

I was cleverly cheated by an Armenian, whose shop I entered to purchase a few trifles. The Armenians constitute above one-third (exceeding ten thousand) of the population of Tiflis; they are active, industrious, and enterprising, and gradually acquire possession of the property of the idle and inactive Georgians: they make purchases, rent lands, lend money, and are on this account greatly disliked; they are moreover thorough cheats. The Georgians² have a reputation for honesty, with one exception—the common people are said to be addicted to stealing honey and bees. A regular thief is, however, seldom met with among either the Georgians or Armenians; whereas the Tartars have quite a passion for stealing, especially cattle and horses; they dislike any regular occupation, and follow agriculture only to procure necessaries, preferring the breeding of cattle and a nomadic life. When they have no flocks of their own, they willingly take service as herdsmen, although greatly preferring that of coachmen. They are frugal in their habits—only beware of showing them horseflesh!

Herr Salzmann told me that thirty years ago there were only three Government buildings in the European style, all of a single story—the Governor's residence, the police-office, and the Commandant's house. Scarcely any other buildings had at that time glass windows: in the winter, the holes which served as windows in the summer were pasted over with oiled paper. The bazaar consisted of booths of only one story.

At the period I refer to, the Georgian dress was still worn by all classes. The first trifling changes in it were introduced by the women. A certain class began by wearing white stockings and European shoes; the Georgian costume being simply embroidered leathern half-boots, without stockings, and, in the streets, high-heeled slippers. At first the innovators were pointed at and ridiculed, but the European *chaussure* is now commonly adopted by the higher and middle classes. The picturesque Georgian head-dress however, with the long flowing *tshadra*, or white gauze veil, is still worn by all ranks. It is remarkable that a change of costume begins here with the feet—in Germany with the head. The German peasant-girls and women first discard the ancient national cap, and go bare-headed; after that, the cotton gown supplants the home-made stuff-dress, and so on. But in Tiflis there already exists a large school for young ladies, in which the Georgian misses chatter in French, and read Balzac's novels!

Marriages, I was told, take place very early, girls becoming wives at ten years of age. This custom

² I cannot give a better description of the outward appearance and character of the Georgians than the following, sketched by a former traveller, the Chevalier Gamba (vol. ii., p. 186): "The Georgian is of tall stature, and strong, with handsome black eyes, and an aquiline nose, but more of the Jewish than the Roman cut; he is born a warrior and a horseman, but is more practised in guerilla warfare than in regular fighting. In the Persian armies they formerly constituted the reserve-guard, who usually decided the fate of the battle. They are brave, but often cruel; hospitable, but reserved in talking; clever, but ignorant. If ever Russia should make any serious attack upon the Muhammadan kingdoms of Asia, she would easily collect an army in Georgia more serviceable for such a war than a European one. The population is agricultural, and engaged in trade, but it despises commerce and speculation. The beauty of the Georgian woman is famed all over the world."

¹ *Sakli* signifies a room, as well as a house; among the very poor class the house consists of only one room.

dates from the time when girls were regularly sold for the Muhammadan harems. The Georgian kings raised a revenue by kidnapping and selling the daughters of their subjects; but as the Muhammadans never purchase married women, esteeming them unworthy to enter their harems, the parents married off their daughters as early as possible, to secure them from being stolen. The Russian law and the Metropolitan have recently forbidden marriages before the completion of the twelfth year; but it is scarcely possible to check forcibly and on a sudden a bad custom so rooted in a country. The consequence is said to be a prevalent mortality in the female sex, especially among the young.

On the 12th of August I paid a visit to the Governor-General of Caucasia, the commander-in-chief of the army, General von Neithart. He had received the command this year, and resided during the hot months in the mountains on the heights of Priut, where a villa with numerous offices has been built and furnished for the Governor. The road thither was romantically beautiful, abounding in the grandest mountain scenery, with noble forests, and occasional views of ruined castles: we passed a German colony, lying in a peaceful valley. Half way we came to a kind of caravansary, or inn, where we rested for a short time; six powerful dogs, of the race of the steppes-hound, watched and protected the house. As we were preparing to resume our journey, a Georgian noble or prince, in his national costume, galloped up, with a beautiful Georgian girl and a servant. The young lady checked her steed, and leaped down with remarkable grace and agility; a saddle-girth was broken, which she repaired herself, without assistance; with equal agility she then sprang again on her horse, and in an instant they all vanished! It was like a living picture of the Middle Ages passing before our eyes.

General Neithart took part in the war of 1813-1815, in Germany and France; he has the appearance of a man of genius, energy, and frankness, and enjoys the reputation of being an able general. He invited me to be present the following day at a remarkable ceremony in Tiflis, the reception of a Persian ambassador.

The Russian Governor-General of Caucasia occupies the position of a viceroy, and is consequently treated by his Asiatic neighbours, the Turks and Persians, as a reigning sovereign. On assuming office he despatches a small embassy, consisting of officers, to Teheran, to notify to the Shah of Persia his elevation to office. The Shah thereupon immediately sends a regular ambassador to Tiflis, to congratulate and welcome the new Governor-General, never omitting at the same time to invest him with the Persian Order of the Sun.

At noon on the same day we all assembled in the large hall of the Governor-General's palace. In the open space outside the building, the troops were drawn up with their bands of music. On the arrival of the ambassador, the Governor-General received him at the door of the hall, which was filled with general officers and an assemblage of Georgian grandees. The Persian was tall and thin, but muscular, with sharply chiselled features; his dark brown face, and tall black cap, contrasted strongly with his long, flowing, snow-white dress: he spoke French fluently, and maintained a dignified and easy demeanour. On this

occasion I made the acquaintance of a number of Russian officers, who communicated to me many interesting particulars.

The Russian army in Transcaucasia, independent of that division opposed to the mountaineers, has a different position from that in Russia Proper. For many years past it has been merely an army occupying a conquered country. The entire administration, as I have observed, is upon a military footing; the country groans under this system, but the army, and especially the officers, adhere to it resolutely, their interest being too much implicated in its maintenance. I have already said that, opposed to this interest, Baron von Hahn's project must of necessity fail. In addition to all this, many political causes, arising out of the state of things we have noticed, tend to maintain the permanence of the present system. Whether Prince Woronzow, by his personal influence, proud independence, and energy, united to high European cultivation, will succeed in effecting an entirely new organisation, or even a partial reform, by eradicating the most glaring abuses, time alone will show.

The position and life of the Russian army here resembles that of the Roman legions, stationed in the frontier countries and exposed to the incursive attacks of their enemies. The soldiers are early trained to every kind of labour, especially of a rural description, and mostly for the benefit of the officers. The Emperor, on being informed of the abuses which had arisen from this system, has in many instances in person abolished and punished them with inflexible severity. An anecdote is told, that on one occasion in Tiflis, in face of the troops, he degraded General Dadien for some such cause; the General, overwhelmed and humbled, merely said, "Czar, thou art just!"

It was with considerable reluctance that the Emperor allowed the soldiers to be employed on public works, such as the construction of high-roads and building of bridges, an object of primary importance in this country: up to the present day there is actually no carriage-road from Tiflis to the Black Sea! And yet the labour such works require would in no degree be demoralising, but rather beneficial, to the soldiers, who would doubtless receive wages for their labour. This is the more strange, as no other day-labourers are to be obtained, even at high wages.

I found here, as well as in the military colonies, companies of workmen in the regiments. In consequence of the great dearth of artisans, the soldiers are instructed and employed in all kinds of handicraft. To the great advantage of the public, every description of furniture and implement is solidly made, and complete manufactories of carriages and musical instruments exist here. The proceeds of all sales are paid into the regimental chest, which is under the immediate control of the soldiers. The chief portion of each man's earnings is given to himself, and the rest goes to the support of his comrades. Soldiers, after having served their time, have thus returned to their homes with as much as a thousand roubles. Nowhere are the Russian soldiers less harrassed with drill than here. Marriage is not only allowed, but even encouraged among them, and the married men are the best off, their wives being able to earn much by washing, sewing, etc., which all goes into the regimental chest. The married soldiers seldom return to their homes, but generally settle in these colonies, which are praised as models of order and prosperity:

each regiment has its own, in which the men belonging to it, on receiving their discharge, have the option of settling. The soldier who settles here may claim, if he has a wife and children in his own country, to have them brought hither at the public expense; his brothers and sisters are also allowed the same privilege.

Of all the early Governor-Generals who ruled here, no one lives so strongly in the recollection of the soldiers, and of the people at large, as General Jermalow. Anecdotes and traits of his character are on the lips of every one, but his memory is most cherished by the independent mountaineers, from a feeling that they received at his hands impartial justice. Every one who had any cause of complaint repaired directly to the General, who assisted him whenever he was able. Nevertheless, his discipline was inflexibly strict: if any village, or any inhabitant of one, did a wrong or committed a robbery, the General immediately ordered a space to be cleared near the church or sanctuary, a gallows to be erected upon it, and the guilty persons were without more ado hanged. Even in the enemy's country, among the Circassians, similar spots are still seen. Whenever any considerable robbery took place, and the thief could not be discovered, the Governor instantly ordered the village, or the whole district upon which the suspicion rested of being the home of the guilty person, to be summoned, and to make good the loss. This system worked so well, that reports of robbery or theft became very rare.

Until the time of Jermalow, there were not the slightest traces of attachment to the Russian Government. Russia prohibited the traffic in slaves; she introduced at least the basis of a legal status, and restricted in some degree the licentiousness of the princes and nobles. All this was little pleasing to the Georgians; hatred and animosity were excited against the Russians, although all sensible men must have clearly seen that the latter alone had the power of affording protection against the hostile incursions of the Turks, Persians, and Lesghis. Jermalow aroused the warlike spirit of the people, who, accustomed to an adventurous life by early and continual wars, had been compelled, during the first period of the Russian dominion, to remain quiet. He directed this martial spirit against the mountain population, and introduced a military organisation among the Georgians. At the same time he was actively engaged in reforming the internal affairs of the country, and the ukase issued October 8th, 1721, sufficiently attests his efforts to raise the state of its commerce.

General Arnep, who commanded the south Lesghian frontier in 1840, enjoyed a similar reputation, and as long as he was in this country scarcely a drop of blood was shed. His character for justice stood so high that the tribes all around, and even the mountain robbers, flocked to him on all occasions for his judgment.

I heard in society an anecdote of an officer, Herr von Turnan, who shortly before had been liberated from imprisonment among the Circassians. His sufferings had been very severe: the Circassians put him in heavy irons, and upon his complaining of this treatment, said to him, "If you were a woman, we should give you to our wives to guard; but you are a man, and a brave man, and what man will endure slavery except in chains?" What grand words and what a lofty spirit—worthy of antiquity! But no people meet with good treatment from the Circassians; even

the Poles, who went over to join them, were received as slaves. Mr. Bell, the Englishman, who resided a long time in Circassia, was at first held in high honour; but when the Circassians saw that the promises of assistance from England which he held out were not likely to be fulfilled, he was regarded almost as a traitor or spy, and congratulated himself at last on escaping alive.

My coachman, a German colonist, told me that he had frequently been on trading visits to the Circassians, who were particularly friendly to honest Germans, and had never done him any harm. They often told him that they knew well enough the Czar at St. Petersburg had personally good intentions towards them; but that the Russian officers and soldiers did them all the injury in their power, and such offences they could endure still less than robbery and oppression. They would gladly and frequently visit the Russian dominions, especially for purposes of trade; but that on reaching the Russian frontier they would assuredly be stripped of their weapons, not being allowed to pass the line with arms in their hands; and frequently, on their return, instead of receiving back their own weapons, which they perhaps inherited and prized above everything, worthless ones would be given them as in mockery, and if they complained they most likely received a flogging, which, they said, no man could bear!

In Mingrelia, Georgia, and Immiritia travelling is tolerably secure, and little is heard of robbery; but as soon as the Tartar population commences, robberies are numerous: it is not safe to venture far from Tiflis without being armed to the teeth. In the absence of historical tradition the people delight in recounting tales of robbery, which sound like the last echoes of the heroic age,¹ and often breathe a proud and chival-

¹ The old castles, towers, and fortifications which are met with in all parts of this country give ample proof of this heroic age. They go down to the eighteenth century, when the struggles with the Turks and Persians everywhere called forth and exercised an heroic spirit. The people have kept in remembrance many individual traits; but there are few accounts of it in writing. It would be interesting to collect all these traditions before they pass into oblivion and are lost. I shall here relate one of these stories, taken from the lips of the common people, which my friend Count S— related to me.

The Turkish pashalik of Akhalzik, before its capture by the Russians in 1828, had been for a long period hereditary in a family originally driven from Georgia. The Pasha was a powerful feudal prince, almost independent of the Sultan. The orders from Constantinople were so little respected, that the Taman, for instance, respecting the dissolution of the Janissaries, was never published there, and consequently the latter still subsisted. The family, as I have said, came from Georgia. As early as the twelfth century the family of Botzo-jakheli was renowned under the Georgian sovereignty, with the title of an Atabey; they ruled the district of Zemo-Kartli, where they resided in their old rock castle of Jwari-Tsekke. They had continual feuds and petty warfare with the neighbouring Turks. In the beginning of the sixteenth century lived the Atabey Konsr-kuaré, a dreaded hero. In his town of Samlokhé was a merchant, who traded with the Turkish town of Shaki. It happened that he fell out with a merchant of that place, who, with his people, waylaid him on his return home, threw him down, and robbed him, in spite of the Christian threatening him with the vengeance of his lord the Atabey. "If your mighty lord is not a coward," was the reply, "let him come, and, if he can, nail me by the ear to a shop in the bazaar!" The Georgian merchant laid his complaint before the Atabey, but the latter stroked his moustaches, suppressed for the moment his rising rage, stopped the complainant short and dismissed him. The same night, however, he mustered five hundred of his boldest horsemen, dashed across the Kur at Gandja, and fell upon Shaki so suddenly as to render resistance

rous spirit, testifying to the ancient nobility of character of this people. The following story of the robber Arsen may serve as an example.

Arsen was a dushantschik, or shopkeeper, in Tiflis, and had the reputation of being a quiet, well-behaved man. He fell in love with the daughter of a bondman of Prince Baratow, who, however, would not consent to the marriage; he, therefore, resolved to purchase the freedom of the girl. Arsen worked hard for another year, and earned the sum demanded: but the Prince made fresh objections and conditions, whereupon Arsen mounted the best steed in the Prince's stable, by night, and rode off with the girl to the mountains. He was, however, betrayed, arrested and thrown into prison. On his release, at the expiration of his imprisonment, he found that his beloved had been married by the Prince to another person. Arsen left the town, went to the mountains, and turned robber; although alone, the whole neighbourhood of Tiflis was rendered unsafe by his daring exploits. Many are the tales related of his proud but generous character: his audacity, obstinate bravery, and gigantic strength were sufficient to disarm any resistance; his name was a terror to the country around. On one occasion he attacked and disarmed a merchant who was travelling with a considerable sum of money: the latter begged for his life—Arsen merely desired him to go to a certain place, and pay for him four roubles which he owed there. A price was set upon his head, but for a long time no one dared to attempt the capture. At last one of his kinsmen was tempted by the reward: he enticed the robber to his house, under pretext of talking over some family matters. Arsen's sharska (sword) was hung up

impossible. He injured no one, but merely ordered that merchant to be seized, and to be nailed by his ear to his own shop in the bazaar. He then departed peaceably, amidst the exclamations of his followers, "Let not the people of Shaki ever forget the justice of the Atabey Konar-kuard!"

In 1579 this family fell off from Georgia, having been offended, and submitted to the power of Turkey, although without renouncing Christianity. They were, however, too powerful, and were dreaded by the Turks, especially the Atabey Manutsher, a chivalrous prince. The Turks sought to put him out of the way, but his gigantic strength and wild bravery protected him against the open attacks which were attempted upon him, among other occasions, at the chase. At length, however, he believed that his fall was inevitable—probably by poison: he left his residence and retired to the forest of Akhaldaba, where no man dared venture to attack him. His followers were Muhammadans, and went to Constantinople, and the Sultan granted them the Pashalik in perpetuity: this they retained, as we have observed, until the capture of the place by the Russians, in 1828.

At a much earlier period the district of Zeno-Kartli possessed greater historical importance: in the sixteenth century it was governed by Prince David Kurspalate, or David-Dido (the Great). He subjugated Georgia and Akhalsik, and was highly honoured by the Emperor at Constantinople: his territory was in a state of prosperity during his rule. He divided the kingdom into provinces, over which he appointed an Eristacos, or chief magistrate. He had, however, no children, and when he was old these governors endeavoured to make themselves independent, and sought to take away his life. Various attempts failed; at length they resolved, at Easter, A. D. 999, to poison him with the sacramental wafer. David was informed of everything, but he was weary of life: he made a will, in which he bequeathed his kingdom to the Emperor Basilus, and then prepared himself for death. He received the communion at the altar in the church, and died there, on the spot where he lies buried.

Another anecdote, of recent times, was also related to me of a famous robber and leader of the Kurds, Sulaiman Aga, who was taken by the Turks, but released, at Erivan, in 1827: the evening of that very day he, together with his father, an old man eighty years of age, and a few hundred Kurds, fell upon and plundered a caravan.

on the wall: the host plied him with drink. "Who is that sneaking outside your house?" said Arsen. The host grew pale. "Treachery!" exclaimed Arsen, and rushing out unarmed, he flung himself upon his horse, which stood fastened to the door, and rode off at a furious pace. The balls whistled around him, he and his steed were wounded, but he escaped. From that day his kinsman lived in concealment, in fear of his life, and only ventured to sleep when protected by the presence of others.

Soon after this adventure came the day of the famous pilgrimage to Martkuphi. Arsen suddenly appeared in the midst of the assembled thousands; to at least half the multitude he was personally known, but no one appeared to notice him. Prince Orbelian was there with his family; Arsen went up to him and asked for a draught of wine. The Prince handed it to him. "Do you know me?" said Arsen. "Yes, to be sure; you are Arsen," was the reply. "Tell that man," said Arsen, pointing to an officer, "to give me his sword." "Tell him yourself," answered the Prince. The officer indignantly refused to comply with the demand, but the Prince stepping up to him, whispered a word in his ear, upon which he instantly handed his sword to Arsen.

Shortly after, Arsen, half intoxicated, again went up to Prince Orbelian and said, "I have taken a fancy to your pistols; give them to me." The Prince cocked a pistol and presented it at Arsen, saying, "Take them!" Arsen advanced; the young Princess, throwing herself into the Prince's arms, exclaimed, "Do not shed blood on so holy a day as this!" Thereupon Arsen went up to the Princess, and said: "You have saved my life, permit me to kiss the hem of your garment and your hand!" In an instant after he disappeared in the crowd. The following day Arsen returned the sword, with this line, "On so holy a day man ought to commit no injustice."

At length Arsen fell in single combat. He was sitting one day with some comrades by the roadside, in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, when an Immiritian nobleman with an attendant rode up to him. Arsen invited him to breakfast, but the latter declined, alleging that he had business to transact in haste with the authorities, which rendered it impossible for him to stop. As he rode off, Arsen's friends said, "Do you believe his excuse? Depend on it, he is ashamed of your company, and therefore will not drink with you." In an instant Arsen flung himself on his horse, and, riding after the nobleman, pressed him to return and breakfast with him. "Nay," replied the nobleman, "since you speak in such an authoritative tone, nothing shall induce me to go." Arsen drew his sword, his antagonist did the same, and a furious combat ensued. The attendant, meanwhile, looked quietly on. The nobleman, who was already bleeding from two wounds, while Arsen was uninjured, called out to his servant, "Fellow, do you look and see your lord murdered?" whereupon the man took deliberate aim, behind Arsen's back, and shot him through the head.

XIV.

GEORGIAN NOBLES—LEGEND OF ST. GREGORY—JOURNEY TO MARTKUPHI—CONVENT AND CHURCHES—DIVINE SERVICE—VISIT TO PRINCE GURAMOFF—WARM BATHS AT TIFLIS—GUILDS IN PERSIA AND GEORGIA—JEWS IN CAUCASIA.

THE Georgians are the Christian, the Circassians the Muhammadan, cavaliers of the Caucasian countries:

they stand in the same relative position as the Goths and Moors in Spain. The two other principal peoples of this country are the Armenians, the mercantile class, and the Tartars, the artisans, coachmen, waggons, and traders of the interior.

The Armenians had originally no class of nobles; at the present time there are a few princely families,—probably descended from the ancient governors, whose office gradually became hereditary; they are recognised by Russia as of noble descent. Among the Tartars are numerous families of Begs, or Beys, who are regarded by the people with high veneration, as an indigenous class of nobles: their origin, however, is lost in obscurity.

The basis and principles of the organisation and general condition of the Georgian people bore great resemblance to those of the Germanic race, comprising a feudal constitution, perfectly analogous to the Romano-Germanic. Under this constitution, the nobles, who surrounded their king, occupied the first station in the realm. The Georgian nobleman had a purely feudal character; he regarded the sovereign as his lord and chief, whilst the inferior nobles looked up to the higher class as their lords in turn. In the same manner the peasants, though not subjected to bondage under the nobles, were liable to military and seignorial service, tribute, &c.

The Georgian nobles are divided into three classes,—the Dedeuli, the Tavadi, and the Aznauri. The Dedeuli occupy the highest rank, and may be called the sovereign nobles; according to a legend, they are descended from Karthlos, the first king, who led his family and people into this country, of which he took possession. Karthlos was one of the eight Caucasian patriarchs, the sons of Togarmah, who, according to the Bible, was the great-grandson of Japheth, the son of Noah. Those of the Dedeuli who possessed some stronghold, castle, or small province, assumed the title of Mthavar (afterwards Tavadi, or chief of the land): they were the hereditary grandees of the royal court. This bore a striking resemblance to the courts which existed at an early period in Western Europe,—more so than to that of Byzantium, with which nevertheless it had manifold relations, and upon which it was at one time dependent. Many of these grandees filled offices of high importance, as the Spasalar, or chancellor of the realm, who presided over the royal council; the Abramad, or chamberlain of the exchequer; the head of the Msakhurs (life-guards),—who was the master of the ordnance and had the superintendence of the arms and ammunition; and under him were the governors of the fortresses, the general-in-chief of the mercenary troops, the lord marshal, lord high steward, lord chief justice, the Amelakhur (master of the horse), the head falconer, and the Edjib (lord chamberlain), who superintended all persons in attendance at the palace, and who, at the royal banquets, answered for the king, no one being allowed to address the sovereign personally. Lower in rank, were the lord steward, master of the table, the cup-bearer, treasurer, hospitaller, and the cross-bearer, who had the office of inviting the Catholicos and the bishops, and occasionally also of publishing the sentences passed upon criminals.

The second class of the nobility are the Tavadi, or princes, probably descended from the governors of the numerous small provinces. These offices and dignities, like those of the ancient German counts and dukes, became in course of time hereditary. When,

for instance, a governor (Eristav) died, his sword, his war-horse, and his eldest son were presented to the king, who conferred the appointment upon the son, if he considered him able and worthy to fill the post, in which case he was girt with his father's sword by the head of the Msakhurs (master of the ordnance), in the king's presence. But if the sovereign deemed the son incapable of holding the office, he bestowed upon him one for which he was more competent, and the charger was led into the royal stable.

Many of these princes at the present day style themselves shortly Eristav, or Governor: thus we meet with a number of Princes Eristav, descended from distinct Tavadi families, of which, in Kartli and Kakhetia, Prince Wakhut enumerates sixty-two.

The third order of Georgian nobles are the Aznauri. Whilst the first two classes were vassals of the king, this was composed of attendants partly of the king, partly of the higher vassals, and partly of the Catholicos and patriarch. No one, however, could bear this title who did not possess a castle or a village, and who could not take the field with horsemen, horses, and tents.

Each of these three classes of nobles had their own servants, esquires, or horsemen,—military followers, who had a higher standing than the peasants, and whose rank varied according to that of the chiefs whom they served: they were called Mskhuri. The peasants are called Gleks,—prisoners of war, or their descendants. The legal position of the nobles in Immiritia, Mingrelia, Georgia, and Svanetia, is the same. Not only do they intermarry exclusively among themselves, but even the several classes of them are kept distinct. The price of blood paid by them in expiation of murder is generally double that paid by the lower classes.

The proud and warlike Georgians have an aversion to trade and commerce. With a view to elevate trade, the ancient kings constituted the merchants a separate class, and bestowed on them nearly the same honour as on the lower nobles, the Aznauri. This especially favoured the Armenians, who have been established in the towns of Georgia from time immemorial. There are preserved among them royal diplomas and documents, which date back six centuries.

The vassals and followers, composing the military force in Georgia Proper (Kartli and Kakhetia), were ranged under four banners, in the centre of which was the royal banner of Kartalis. The nation was thoroughly martial, and the kings deemed it of primary importance to keep a considerable army in pay.

In this warlike country the Christian hierarchy was constituted in a perfectly analogous manner to the temporal feudal state, with which it was closely connected; the ecclesiastical dignitaries having similar gradations of rank to those of the temporal grandees. The Catholicos or patriarch enjoyed royal honours; next to him was the Archbishop of Dehgondid, who had the care and protection of, and the jurisdiction over, widows and orphans, the unfortunate, and the oppressed, for whom he interceded with the king. In war he bore the sacred cross at the head of the army. He, and the prelates of the thirteen convents founded by St. Gregory and his twelve apostolic followers, had the rank and honours of the Mthavars; the bishops were equal in rank with the Tavadi and Eristavs, and the priests with the Aznauri. The Mthavars and Tavadi had likewise the right of interment in the

cathedrals and abbeys, while the Aznauri were buried in the other churches. The bishops constantly followed to the wars, and administered the communion to the army previous to battle.

On New Year's Day morning the Archbishop presented to the king and queen, before their orisons, a small cross of wood or silver, the picture of a saint, a robe, and a few pieces of sugar. After the celebration of mass, the temporal lords, princes, Eristavs, and courtiers offered their presents, generally of a character appertaining to their position or office; the master of the chase, for instance, presented trained fuleons, the master of the horse a richly ornamented saddle, the Eristavs chargers. All these persons appeared armed

with bow and arrows. As soon as the royal pair appeared among them, they exclaimed, "God grant thee to rule for many years, and that this arrow may strike the heart of thy enemy!" Then began the banquet and amusements. The steeds which had been presented were led into the royal park, where during the night the wolves, jaekals, foxes, etc., collected, and in the morning the king came forth with his grandees to hunt them.

On Easter eve, after the celebration of mass, the great banquet took place, which terminated the fast; all then repaired to the race course, where a golden or silver drinking-eup, fixed on the top of a high pole, served as a target for the young men. Then began



MOUTH OF THE PHASIS AT POTI.

the races and other sports. At the banquet, as long as the Catholicos and bishops were present, there was only singing; but as soon as they had retired, the instrumental music and dancing struck up.

Georgia, according to her own chronicles, is one of the most ancient monarchies in the world. She has maintained her internal state and constitution through successive ages, notwithstanding that externally she has been compelled to submit to the sovereignty of the great monarchies of the world, the Medes and Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, Byzantines, and lastly of the Persians and Turks. According to the chroniclers, the line of her kings commences with Karthlos, the contemporary of Abraham. The number and dates

of this dynasty are lost in obscurity; to them succeeded the Nebrotides; then the Arsacides, numbering twenty-eight kings, who ruled for 566 years; and afterwards the dynasty of the twenty Khosroides, who governed for 454 years. In the year 575 of our era the first of the Bagratide family ascended the throne, and his successors retained the government until 1800, when they ceded it to Russia. But independent of the period of the Karthlosides, we have historical evidence that the Georgian monarchy had in 1800 existed uninterruptedly for 2245 years. No other princely family can trace back its genealogy to the ninth century of our era; the Bagratides occupied the Georgian throne in one unbroken line from the sixth century.

MOROCCO OR MAROCCO.

I.

MAURETANIA, MUGHTRIBU-L-AKSA.

A LAND OF DISCORD—MOROCCO PHYSICALLY CONTEMPLATED—
COMPOSED OF FIVE GREAT VALLEYS—MOORS, ARABS, BERBERS,
JEWS, AND NEGROES—MOROCCO ARMY—CEUTA—
OTHER SPANISH PRÆSIDIOS—TETUAN.

THE narrow strip of land which lies between the Atlas and the sea-board of the Atlantic on one side, and the Mediterranean on the other, and which is known to Europeans as the Empire of Morocco or Marocco, has ever been the high court of turmoil and trouble;¹ as part of Numidia, Mauretania, rose in insurrection against Ptolemy, son of Juba, and was subdued by Claudius Cæsar, who divided the land into two prefectures, Tingitana, from Tingis, now Tangier, and Mauretania Cæsariensis, from the port of that name now in Algeria. When the Roman Empire was dismembered by the Northern hordes, Mauretania fell to the share of the Goths, in whose power it continued till the year 600, but the land of Satyrs was never doomed to know tranquillity: the Goths yielded it to the Vandals, the Vandals to the Greeks, and the Greeks, in their turn, were expelled by the Saracens.

Nor was this debatable frontier between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, the narrow strait between Europe and Africa,

Hercules dirimente frato.

Silius Italicus, i. 199.

less a land of trouble under the ascendancy of the followers of the Prophet than it had been under the rule of Europeans. The dynasty of the so-called Aglabites, whose original seat of empire was fixed at Kairwan (the name of which is still preserved in that of a tribe, Kirruwan, pronounced Kirwan), and that of the Edrisites, or Edristes, whose capital was Fez (789-908), were both subjugated by the Fatimites, so called after the pearl-like Fatima, and who, being afterwards occupied with the conquest of Egypt, allowed the Zuheirites, or Zeirids, to usurp their western possessions (972). The latter were again succeeded by the Moravedi, or Marabuts, who rose into military consequence in A.D. 1069, under Abu Bekr, Ben Omar Lamethuna, a celebrated reformer of the Muhammadan religion, who created a sect, marked, in the first instance, by furious zeal, and which, issuing from the desert like a fiery hurricane, threatened by turns Africa and Europe. They not only, under their emir, Al Mumenim, or "Prince of the Faithful," conquered a great part of Barbary, but they even carried their arms into Spain, where they defeated the Christian forces in the great battle of Sala, A.D. 1086. But the ecclesiastical and political sway even of this enterprising sect only lasted for eighty years. In the middle of the twelfth century, they gave way before the Almohades, supposed to have been of the Berber nation. These, in their turn, became masters of Mughribu-l-Aksa, or the great empire of the west, and their princes assumed the title of Khalifs.

¹ "Numidasque rebelles"—(Ovid). They were also vagi, fugaces, indomiti, belligeri, and feroces, with the Romans.

After the lapse of a century, intestine discords laid the Almohades open to the successful inroads of rival tribes; about 1250 the Merinites seized Fez and Morocco, but made no effort to re-establish the great empire of Mughrib. Their power was overthrown by the Oatagi, or Oatazi, which circumstance gave an opportunity to a sheriff (Aulad Ali), or descendant of Muhammad, settled at Tafilet, to seize the sceptre, which he left to his family. The present sultan is of this family, which, notwithstanding frequent revolutions, and sundry acts of reprisal on the part of the European powers, has, owing to the international jealousy of those very powers, been enabled to hold its sway over a nation of bandits and pirates, with a small number of commercial centres from whence to derive a revenue, for nearly three centuries.

Contemplated in a physical point of view, Morocco is a strip of land which stretches down from the Atlas in three great terraces (Morocco itself, at the immediate foot of the mountains, being one thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea), down to the Atlantic—the Bahru-l-Dolmat, or sea of darkness. From the Straits of Gibraltar (Boghaz) to the latitude of Fez, excepting the northern spur of the mountains (to judge from the bold sweeps of the rivers and the lakes), is nearly a level to the foot of Atlas. From the Sebu to the Um-r-Robieh, the country dips considerably towards the west, and still more so from this latter river to the plain of Morocco.

With the exception of two ranges of schistose rocks with quartz, that break the uniformity of this long slope, the soil is mostly a light loam, succeeded by a rich loam, some gravel, then rich dark loam, and finally a sandy loam. "We cannot," says Captain Washington, R.N., the present hydrographer, in his geographical notice of the empire of Morocco (*Journ. of R. G. S.*, vol. i., p. 123 *et seq.*), "fail to be struck by the extraordinary capabilities of the soil; from the foot of Atlas to the shores of the Atlantic, one vast even plain. Give but direction to the waters, which are not wanting, and abundance would speedily follow. It is mortifying to see such blessings spurned by a bigoted and fanatic government—land covered with weeds that might give food to millions."

This simple configuration is, however, further interrupted here and there by rock formations, which advance down to the water's edge as at Cape Blanco, the ancient Hercules promontorium, and at Cape Cantin, ancient Usadium promontorium. On the Mediterranean, and in the province of Er Rif, the country is still more diversified; but the main features of the country may be said to be derived from a range of bulky mountains which attain an average elevation of 2,500 feet, and stretch down from the Atlas to the Straits of Gibraltar. This chain is generally known by the name of Jibal Hadid, or "Mountains of Iron," but Captain Washington has it Jibal Habid, "Beloved Mountain." (See p. 865.)

The fine central slope of territory is further marked out by its rivers, which divide it into five great valleys. These five lesser valleys may be more conveniently

grouped into two great hydrographical basins, that of the Wad Sebu and that of the Wad Um-r-Rebieh; and these two divisions would correspond to the province of Fez and to that of Morocco. Or, according to Captain Washington, the two great rivers, the Sebu and the Um-r-Rebieh, may be viewed as dividing the country into three partitions, which would cut the said hydrographical basins in half.

The inhabitants of Morocco may be divided into five classes—Moors, Arabs, Berbers, Jews, and negroes. Xavier Darrieu estimates the population at about 8,000,000, of which, according to Captain Cave, in his introduction to Richardson's "Morocco," 4,000,000 are Moors and Arabs, 2,000,000 Berbers, 500,000 Jews, and the remainder negroes.

The Moors, degenerate race of noble ancestors, are the descendants of those who were driven out of Spain when the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, and the flight of Boabdil el Chico, put an end to the Moorish dynasty in that country. These chiefly inhabit the towns, fill the high offices under Government, and form the military; their language, the Mughrib, or occidental Arabic, intermixed with Spanish. The Moors are generally a fine looking race of men, of the middle stature, though at first sight their loose, flowing dress gives them the appearance of large men; after middle age they become corpulent, both men and women, owing to their inactive life. The characteristics of the Moor are idleness, apathy, pride, ignorance, and sensuality; though living in the most deplorable state of ignorance, they look with contempt on all others, terming them barbarians. Their bigotry, too, is excessive, and as to their sensuality, it knows no bounds. The day is usually lounged away in idleness, except for the military exercise of Lab-el-Barud (literally, playing powder), which consists in charging at full gallop, firing their guns, and stopping short. The pride of the Moor is in his horse. With all their vices they possess the usual virtues inculcated by their religion, hospitality, and fortitude under adversity and misfortune.

The Arabs, like the Moors, originally from the east, overspread the plains, living in tents usually pitched in a circle, hence called duwars, or douars, by the French, and following a nomadic, pastoral, and predatory life. When the soil is unproductive, the herbage scanty, or their tents so full of fleas and vermin that they can no longer rest in quiet, they decamp and seek another spot, a spring of water or a saint's tomb generally influencing the selection. The Arabs are, by virtue of their faith, hospitable, and when they promise may be trusted; but they are great thieves, and always bent on mischief. It is they who, by the excesses they have committed on the French frontier and at Ceuta, and which the Moorish government have been unable to repress, involved the latter in war with France and Spain at the same time. The Arabs are a fine hardy race, slightly made, and under the middle size; the girls, when young, are pretty, but lose all attractions as age advances, as all the domestic duties fall on them. Their language is the Korash, or Arabic of the Koran, but much corrupted.

The Berbers—Amazigh and Shluhs—inhabit the mountain range of Atlas; the former the north-eastern part, as far as to the province of Tedla, the latter thence to the south-west. They live chiefly in villages of houses built of stones and mud, with slate roofs, occasionally in tents, and even in caves: their chief

occupation is that of huntsmen, yet they cultivate the ground and rear many bees. Their mode of life renders them more robust and active than their neighbours of the plains. They are apparently the aborigines of the country driven to the mountains by the incursions of the Moors and Arabs. It has long been a disputed point, whether the Amazigh and Shuluh speak the same language or a dialect of the same language. Jackson, who resided many years in Morocco, and spoke the occidental Arabic, or Mughrib, fluently, declares that they are not; but Captain Washington was satisfied, by further inquiry, that they were dialects of the same language. Count Graberg also speaks of the Shilah, plural Shuluh, as a branch of the Amazighs, having a dialect of their own. What Captain Washington suspected, Barth has since also established as a great ethnological fact, that the Berber is the language spoken among the Kabayil, or tribes dwelling the whole length of the mighty range of Atlas, and is, indeed, the native idiom of all Northern Africa.

The Jews of Morocco are a very numerous and serviceable body; they are the chief mechanics and tradesmen, and the medium through which all commercial business is carried on with Europeans; they are also obliged to submit to the most menial offices, as servants, porters, and scavengers. They are obliged to live in a particular quarter of the town, and they are despised and insulted by the Moors, whom they cheat in return on all occasions. They have no redress, but must submit to be abused, struck, nay, to be stoned by a Mussulman child, against whom, if a Jew lift up his hand, he will infallibly lose it; if passing a mosque, he must take off his slippers; if he meet any of the Emperor's household, even the old negresses, the late imperial concubines, the Jew must doff his slippers, and stand close to the wall till they pass. Yet such persons are, or were, our official interpreters—nay, more, our consular agents; as for repeating a message on terms of equality to an emperor, or a spirited remonstrance, if necessary, they dare not for their lives.

The negroes, who are not very numerous, are slaves, and here, as in more civilised countries, are articles of traffic; yet they sometimes reach stations of great importance, and gain their freedom. The negro's character stands high for fidelity, and, as is well-known, the Sultan's body-guard, the only standing army, is chiefly composed of these. This body-guard, which is said to have reached 100,000 under Mulai Ishmael, was not above 5,000 strong when Captain Washington visited Morocco in 1829-30. These soldiers all carry long muskets, which they use with great dexterity, firing at full gallop. They are hardy, sleeping usually on the ground, without any extra covering, even in cold, wet nights.

Mr. Richardson describes the Moorish cavalry, or spahis, as being indifferently composed of Moors, Arabs, and Berbers. They are, he says, usually plainly dressed, but, beneath the burnus, many of them wear the Moorish dress, embroidered in the richest style.

But (adds Mr. Richardson) the defeat of the Emperor's eldest son, Sidi Muhammad, at the battle of Isly, who commanded upwards of forty thousand of these cavaliers, has thrown a shade over the ancient celebrity of this Moorish corps, and these proud horsemen have since become discouraged. On that fatal day, however, none of the black body-guard of the Emperor was brought into action. They muster about thirty thousand strong. This corps, or the Abeed-Sidi-

Bokhari,¹ are soldiers who possess the most cool and undaunted courage; retreat with them is never thought of. Unlike the Janissaries of old, their sole ambition is to *obey*, and not to *rule* their sovereign. This fidelity to the Shereefs remains unshaken through all the shocks of the empire, and to the person of the Emperor they are completely devoted. In a country like Morocco, of widely distinct races and hostile tribes, all naturally detesting each other, the Emperor finds in them his only safety. I cannot withhold the remark, that this body-guard places before us the character of the negro in a very favourable light. He is at once brave and faithful, the two essential ingredients in the formation and development of heroic natures.

There exists also a kind of militia system, by which the sultan's subjects are liable to be called out under certain circumstances, when they are supposed to be provided with a horse; but naturally, in case of invasion, this could not be expected to obtain in all cases, the supply being very limited.

The regular army, of which the sovereign of Morocco disposes is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men, including the Black Guard, the Moorish cavalry, the artillery, which has cannon and howitzers on the new model, and some battalions of riflemen, armed with new rifles. In case of the proclamation of a holy war, the Berber tribes, including the Amazigh, the Shuluh, as well as all the other Kabayil of the distant Atlas, and even the warlike Tuwarik of the desert, swell the numbers of the enemy, by some hundreds of thousands of sober, intrepid, and enduring fanatics. The Arabs naturally take the side of their faith, and, although the Angads, or Anjads, and the Majers, or Maias, have been subjugated by the French, and the line of coast from Ceuta to Tetuan has been subjected in the late Spanish war, the Anjerah and other formidable tribes still hold the mountains of the Rif which are only accessible by sea at a single point near Cape Tres Forcas.

The Spaniards, it is to be observed, have held possession of Ceuta, a fortified port on the Mediterranean, —the Sebta of the Moors—on the Bahru-i-Rumi, or "Sea of the Romans," and at the eastern entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, ever since 1641. Ceuta, built on a small peninsula, about three miles in length, which juts out in a north north-east direction, exactly opposite Gibraltar, is washed on three sides by the Mediterranean, and is separated on the fourth from Moorish territory by the Campo of Ceuta, a vacant space commanded by the guns of the fortress. To this Campo of Ceuta was added, by treaty in 1845, a further tract, as pasturage-ground for cattle, which had, from time immemorial, been the property of the Arab tribe of Anjerah, and which it was not in the power of any but a despotic government to alienate. Beyond this tract of pasturage is the Jebel Hadid, or the "Iron Mountain," also called Sierra Bullones, a range of hills which unite the Jebel Thatuth, or Apes Hill, the ancient Abyla, and one of the Columns of Hercules, with the Atlas, and of which, according to the ancients, the Septem Fratres formed the starting-point, beyond Abyla and Tingis, or Tangier.

¹ These trained bands of negroes call themselves *Abeed-Sidi-Bokhari*, from the patron saint whom they adopted in settling in Morocco, the celebrated Sidi-Bokhari, commentator on the Koran, and a native of Bokhara, as his name implies. His commentary is almost as much venerated as the Koran itself.

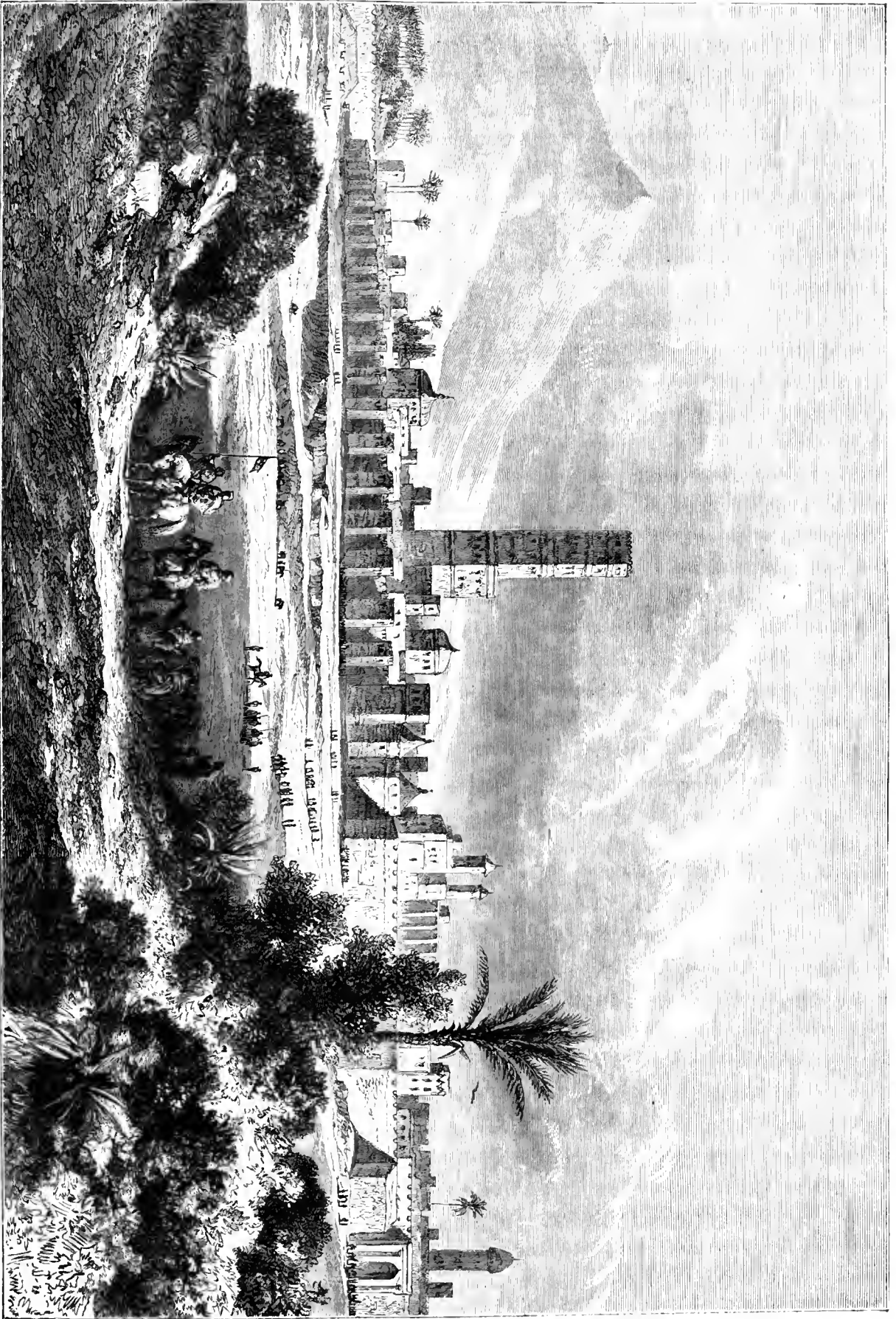
At the end of August and beginning of September last (1858), the Anjerah committed acts of aggression against the Spanish garrison of Ceuta, and removed the stones on which were carved the arms of Spain, that marked the boundary between Spanish and Moorish territory, and it was this act of primary aggression on the part of the Arabs that led to the late war.

The towns and ports on the Mediterranean aspect of Morocco are of considerable interest, but our information regarding them is very scanty, except as far as regards the *praesidios* of Spain, or the well-known and frequented towns of Tetuan and Tangier. At the mouth of the Muluyah, or Malwia, now the frontier river, is the little town with a castle called Kalat-el-Wad, "the castle of the river," "the castellum mediocre" of Sallust. To the west of this river are Jezairu-l-Ja'farin, or islands of the Beni Jaffar, commonly known as the Zaffarines, or Jaffarines, and which belong to Spain. These islands have been recently fortified—it would appear in anticipation of events now going on.

The next Spanish possession is Melilah (Melilla of our map), a very ancient city, founded by the Carthaginians, and built near the Cape of Tres Forcas. It is said to contain a population of 3000 souls. On an isle near and joined to the mainland by a drawbridge is a Spanish convict settlement. There is an exceedingly spacious and commodious bay to the east. Alhucemos is another small island and *praesidio* of the Spaniards, and contains 500 to 600 inhabitants. It commands the bay of same name, and is at the mouth of a river. Penon de Velez is the third *praesidio* island; it is on a rock, and commands a very strong position at the mouth of the River Ghomarah, where was the ancient city Parietina, known to the Spaniards as Velez de la Gomera. Beyond are the small ports of Gellis, and the fishing-town of Tegaza, said to contain a thousand souls.

Richardson says of the provinces of Rif (Er Rif of our map), and Garet, which contain these maritime towns, that they are "rich and highly cultivated, but inhabited by a warlike and semi-barbarous race of Berbers, over whom the Emperor exercises an extremely precarious authority. Among these tribes Abd-el-Kader sought refuge and support when he was obliged to retire from Algeria, and where he defied all the power of the imperial government for several months. Had the emir chosen, he could have remained in Rif till this time; but he determined to try his strength in a pitched battle, which should decide his fate.

The savage Rifians assemble for barter and trade on market days, which are occasions of fierce and incessant quarrels among themselves, when it is not unusual for two or three persons to be left dead on the spot. Should any unfortunate vessel strike on these coasts, the crew find themselves in the hands of inhuman wreckers. No European traveller has ever visited these provinces, and we may state positively that journeying here is more dangerous than in the farthest wastes of Sahara. Spanish renegades, however, are found among them, who have escaped from the *praesidios*, or penal settlements. The Rif country is full of mines, and is bounded south by one of the lesser chains of the Atlas running parallel with the coast. Forests of cork clothe the mountain slopes; the Berbers graze their herds and flocks in the deep green valleys, and export quantities of skins.



CITY OF MOROCCO.



Tetuan (Tetawin, Eyes, plural of the Berber word Tit) is the most central point from which to control the piracy of the Rifians. The town is built on the declivity of a hill, about half a mile from a small river (Martel, or Martin), which falls into the Mediterranean five miles from the town. The mouth of the river forms a harbour for vessels of middling size. Tetuan carries on a considerable commerce with Gibraltar, Spain, France, and Italy, exporting wool, barley, wax, leather, hides, cattle, mules, and fruit, of which latter the valley of the Martel produces abundance of the finest quality. It is a very ancient city, and was called by the Romans Tetuanum. The houses are good, but the streets are exceedingly narrow. The castle is built higher on the hill, so that it has full command over the town. The population has been variously estimated, one account fixing it at 16,000, and another at 40,000. Mr. Richardson amusingly enough values the population at from 9,000 to 12,000 souls, "including, besides Moors and Arabs, 4,000 Jews, 2,000 negroes, and 8,000 Berbers." The latter alone would make 14,000, without Moors and Arabs.

II.

TANGIER AND TINGIS—LABOURS OF HERCULES—FABLE OF ANTEUS—AN ENGLISH PORT IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWER AND CASTLE—ITS CHIEF MOSQUE—LABOURS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY—BOMBARDMENT BY THE FRENCH—ANECDOTE OF A MOORISH EMPEROR—CUPIDITY OF THE MOORS—BRITISH COMMERCIAL ACUTENESS—STREET MINSTRELS—ANECDOTES OF EUROPEAN CONSULS—DEGRADATION OF HIGH FUNCTIONARIES—THE CICERONE OF THE ENGLISH.

If any one wishes to pass at once from European civilisation to oriental barbarism, he has only to cross the strait from Gibraltar to Tangier, a distance not exceeding that between Dover and Calais, and his desires will in every way be gratified. Expelled for now more than two centuries from the rich lands which they had usurped from the Saracens in Europe, the Moors have ever since, with Berbers in the mountains, Arabs on their pastures, and Jews in their ports, held to that narrow strip of land which is known among themselves as Mughribu l'aksa, or western Mughrib, to distinguish it from Algeria, or Mughribu l'ausat of "the east," and they have there perpetuated those evils and upheld that form of civilisation which has ever been declining when not stationary; a state of things which is inseparable from a religion which discourages knowledge and intercommunication, and a government which discards liberty and enlightenment.

Situated as this port and stronghold of the Moors is, like Gibraltar at the narrowest part of the strait, it has been a place of mere or less importance from remote antiquity. The Tingis or Tiggis of the Greeks and Romans, it gave its name to the province of Tingitana in Mauretania, and Pliny ascribes its foundation to Antæus—that Lybian giant, son of Neptune and Terra, who boasted that he would erect a temple to his father with the skulls of his antagonists, but who was overthrown by Hercules—it is to be supposed at the time when that great civiliser of antiquity ended his labours by opening the gates of the Atlantic to olden navigation.

Tingis was raised by Augustus to the rank of a free city, and, in the time of Claudius Cæsar, became a

Roman colony, and was some time known by the name of Julia Traducta, and of Caesarea. Of its subsequent fortunes or misfortunes we know little till it was conquered by the Saracens.

The Moors call the place Tanjah, "amidst vines," and they relate that Beuhad Sahab El Alem, who built it, also surrounded it with walls of metal, and constructed its houses of gold and silver. And it remained in this prosperous condition until destroyed by some Berber kings, who carried away all its treasures.

Not only did the Phœnicians, in whose times the "Straits" were known as the "fretum Gaditanum," Romans, Goths, and Arabs successively effect the conquest of this threshold of Europe and Africa, but it was long a bone of eager contention between the Moors and Portuguese. In 1471, Alonzo, King of Portugal, took it from the Moors; and in 1662, it came into the hands of the English, as part of the dowry of Catherine, queen of Charles II., but it was evacuated in 1684, on account of the expense.

Old Tangier (Tanjah-baliya) is situated about four miles east of the present town, near a little river called Khalk, or Tingia, and which is partly spanned over by the remains of a once finely-built Roman bridge. Here was likewise an artificial port, where the Roman galleys retired; and Lemprière tells us, that before the mouth of the Tingis was choked up with sand-banks, the Emperor used to winter his ships at its mouth. The old bridge does not appear to have broken down with time, but to have been wilfully destroyed by the Moors. Count Grabert estimates the population of Tangier at 10,000, including 2,500 Jews, 1,400 negroes, 300 Berbers, and about 100 Christians.

The town occupies a very small space of ground, being built upon an eminence "which appears to rise out of the sea" (son of Neptune and Terra!) and is surrounded by a wall. The land for a small distance round is laid out into vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields, beyond which are tracts of sand, with lofty and barren hills. The houses are also described as being in general mean and ill furnished, the roofs quite flat, both these and the walls white-washed, and all the apartments in ground floor, as there is no second story. Contrary to the usual custom in Barbary, the Moors and Jews live intermixed at Tangier. The Jews also, instead of going bare-footed by compulsion, as at Morocco, are only required to do it when passing a street where there is a mosque or a sanctuary.

The foreign consuls, except the French, who had a residence at Salce, all resided at that time at Tangier. Before the reign of the preceding emperor Sidi Muhammad, they were allowed to live at Tetuan (Tetawin, "eyes"), a town greatly preferable to Tangier for the beauty of the adjacent country. A singular circumstance occasioned the expulsion of the Christians from that place. An European gentleman was amusing himself with shooting birds in the vicinity of the town, when he accidentally wounded an old Moorish woman. Upon this the Emperor swore by his beard that no Christian should ever again enter the town of Tetuan. The consuls indemnified themselves as far as possible for this change by erecting country-houses in which they for the most part dwelt, in enjoying there such amusements as the country affords, and which, as far as shooting, fishing, gardening, and the pursuits of natural history are concerned, are by no means despicable.

Captain Washington describes Tangier in 1831 as

situated on a steep acclivity, rising at once from the beach and presenting its eastern and not unpleasing aspect to a bay about three miles wide. It was surrounded by mouldering walls, round and square towers every sixty paces, and three strong gates. Its defences towards the sea were two batteries, one above the other on the south side of the sea-gate. Directly in front of the landing place, high on the wall, were about twelve guns; to the north, in a circular battery commanding the bay, about twenty guns of all calibres, mounted on clumsy Moorish carriages, which would not stand fire for ten minutes; crowning all, to the north, was an old and extensive castle—Al Kasbah—and the residence of the Governor. It was in ruins in Lemprière's time (1789), and at the time it was visited by Washington, ruined walls and a ditch were its only defences on the land side.

The streets, except the main street which crosses the town irregularly from the sea to the land-gate, are narrow and crooked. The low houses with flat tops have been relieved in more recent times by the loftier houses of the consuls. In an open space above the middle of the main street there is a vegetable and fruit market. But the principal market, Suk-el-wahad, is held on Sunday (this, we believe, is now changed to Thursday), outside the western gate, and is well supplied with meat, poultry, game, vegetables, dates, fruit, &c. The Jamma Kibir, or Great Mosque, is large and rather handsome. Its *sma*, as minarets or towers are called in Morocco, placed at the north-west angle, are lofty and wrought in coloured tessellated work, as is also the pavement of the mosque, round which stands a colonnade of low pillars, with a fountain in the centre. Mr. Borrow said of its minarets that they looked like the offspring of the celebrated Giralda of Seville. M. F. Schinkler describes one minaret as being red, and the other green.

The Catholics have a convent in Tangier, and a church within it, to which are attached some half-a-dozen monks. There is no Protestant church, but Mr. Hay used to read service in the British consulate, to which he invited all the Protestant residents. The Jews have three or four small synagogues.

From the terrace of the Swedish consul's house there is an extensive and pleasing view over the town of Tangier and its bay; the distant peaks of the lesser Atlas in the south-east; and to the north, across the dark blue waters of the Straits, the coast of Spain, from the memorable Cape Trafalgar to the rock of Gibraltar.

When Richardson, the traveller who perished in Sudan, crossed from Gibraltar to Tangier, "the city protected of the Lord," as he terms it in Oriental phraseology, appeared, on coming on deck in the morning, in all its North African lineaments, white and bright, shining square masses of masonry, domes of fair and modest *santos*, and the heaven-pointing minarets; here and there a graceful palm, a dark olive, or the dark musky *kharub*, and all defined sharply and clearly in the goodly prospect.

The Prince de Joinville was going to open Morocco, as we are going to open China, but the bullets and shot which his royal highness showered upon Tangier and Mogador only closed faster the approaches and waters of this well-guarded empire—only more hermetically sealed the capitals of Fez and Morocco against the prying or morbid curiosity of the tourist, or the mappings and measurings of the political spy.

A striking anecdote, illustrating the exclusive policy of the Moroccan court, is familiar to all who have read the history of the Moorish sultans. Years ago, a European squadron threatened to bombard Tangier unless their demands were instantly satisfied, and the then reigning Sultan sent down from Fez this imperial message—

"How much will the enemy give me if I, myself, burn to ashes my well-beloved city of Tangier? Tell the enemy, O governor of the mighty city of Tangier, that I can reduce this self-same city to a heap of smoking ruins at a much cheaper rate than he can, with all his ships, his warlike machines, and his fighting men."

Cupidity is the characteristic of most Orientals, but of none more than of the Moors, from the poor who bury their money, to the sultans who hoard it in palaces. When Mr. Richardson, as the envoy of the Abolition Society, wanted to present his address to the Sultan, he made inquiry of a man with a sanctified name—Sidi Ali—as to the best means of proceeding:

Traveller.—"Sidi Ali, what can I do to impress Mulai Abderrahman in my favour?"

Sidi Ali.—"Money!"

Traveller.—"But will the Emir of the Sherifs accept of money from us Christians?"

Sidi Ali.—"Money!"

Traveller.—"What am I to give the minister, Ben Dris, to get his favour?"

Sidi Ali.—"Money!"

Traveller.—"Can I travel in safety to Morocco?"

Sidi Ali.—"Money!"

The importance of Tangier to Gibraltar is well known; not only is there a considerable inlet there for British goods to the interior of Morocco, and of the countries beyond, but the garrison of Gibraltar almost depends for its supplies upon the vast pastures and fertile lands of Morocco, the produce of which is shipped at Tangier. So vital is the connection between Abyla and Calpe, that, on the occasion of the late Spanish invasion, the British government would have made the permanent occupation of Tangier a *casus belli*. Although we cannot hold the place ourselves, and the French declare that "the question of Algeria cannot be confined within the limit of the French possessions" (*Souvenir d'un Voyage du Maroc*, par M. Rey, Paris), still it is manifest, that Great Britain will not willingly allow of the occupation of this important site by any other civilised power.

Very amusing stories are told by the masters of the small craft, who transport the bullocks from hence to Gibraltar. The government of that place are only allowed to export, at a low duty, per annum a certain number of bullocks. The contractor's agents come over; and at the moment of embarking the cattle, something like the following dialogue ensues:—

Agent of Contractor.—"Count away!"

Captain of the Port.—"One, two, three," &c., "thirty, forty. Ah! stop, stop. Too many."

Agent of Contractor.—"No, you fool! there are only thirty."

Captain of the Port.—"You lie! there are forty."

Agent of Contractor.—"Only thirty, I tell you," (putting three or four dollars into his hand).

Captain of the Port.—"Well, well, there are only thirty."

The dreary monotony of Moorish life is described by a traveller as one day broken into by a juvenile strolling

singer, who attracted a crowd of silent and attentive listeners. It was a grateful sight to see old men, with long and silvery beards, reclining in mute and serious attention; young men lounging in the pride and consciousness of animal strength; little children intermixed, but without prattle or merriment—all fixed and fascinated with the charm of vocal song. The vocalist himself was a picturesque object: his face was burnt black with Afric's sun, his bare head was wildly covered with long, black matted, and curly hair, but his eye was soft and serene; and, as he stretched his throat upwards to give compass to his voice, he seemed as if he would catch inspiration from the Prophet in Heaven. A coarse brown blanket enveloped his spare and way-worn body, his only clothing and shelter from the heat by day and the cold by night, a fold of which fell upon his naked feet.

The voice of the Arab vocalist was extremely plaintive, even to the tones and inflections of distress, and the burden of his song was of religion and of love—two sentiments which all pure minds delight to combine. When he stopped a moment to take breath, a murmur of applause vibrated through the still air of the evening, not indeed for the youth, but for God!¹ for it was a prayer of the artless and enraptured bystanders, invoking Allah to bless the singing lad, and also to bless them, while ascribing all praise to the Deity. This devout scene raised the Moors greatly in my estimation. I thought men could not be barbarians, or even a jealous or vindictive race, who were charmed with such simple melody of sounds, and with sentiments so pure and true to nature.

The Arab youth sang—

Oh, there's none but the One God!
I'll journey over the Desert far
To seek my love the fairest of maidens;
The camels moan loudly to carry me thither,
Gainly are they, and fleet^r than the swift-legged ostrich.
Oh, there's none but One God!
What though the Desert wind slay me;
What of it? death is from God.
And woe to me! I cannot repine.
But I'll away to the abode of my love,
I'll embrace her with all my strength,
I'll bear her back thence, and rest her on my couch.
Oh, there's none but the One God!

so sang in plaintive accents the youth, until the last ray of the sun lingered on the minaret's tops, when by the louder and authoritative voice of the Muezin calling the Faithful to prayers, this crowd of the worshippers of song and vocal harmony was dispersed to meet again, and forthwith chant a more solemn strain. The poor lad of the streets and highways went into the mosque along with his motley group of admirers: and all blended their voices and devotion together in prayer and adoration, lowly and in profound prostration, before the Great Allah.

Many curious anecdotes are current respecting the consuls and Moorish government. A Spanish consul once took it into his head to strike his flag and leave Tangier. Whilst he was gone, the Emperor ordered all the Jews to go and take possession of his house and live in it, as a degradation. The consular house was soon crammed with dirty Jews, whose vermin and filth rendered the house untenable until it had undergone a thorough repair and cleansing. Sometimes the

Emperor shows a great affection for a particular consular family. The family of the Portuguese consul were great favourites. During the war of succession in Portugal, the Portuguese consul contracted debts in Tangier, not being able to get his salary amidst the strife of parties. The Moors complained to the Emperor of the consul's debts. Muley Abd Erahman, though a thorough miser himself, paid the consul's debts, alleging as a reason, "The consul was a friend of my ancestors, and he shall be my friend." The Portuguese government wished to remove this consul on account of his alleged Miguelite propensities, but the Emperor threatened, if they did, that he would not receive another.

A whimsical story is current in Tangier respecting the dealings of the Shereefian court with the Neapolitan government, which characteristically sets forth Moorish diplomacy or manœuvring. A ship-load of sulphur was sent to the Emperor. The Moorish authorities declared it was very coarse and mixed with dirt. With great alacrity, the Neapolitan government sent another load of finer and better quality. This was delivered; and the consul asked the Moorish functionaries to allow the coarse sulphur to be conveyed back. These worthies replied, "Oh dear, no! it is of no consequence, the Emperor says, he will keep the bad, and not offend his royal cousin, the King of Naples, by sending it back." The Neapolitan government had no alternative but to submit, and thank the chief of Shereefs for his extreme condescension in accepting two shiploads of sulphur instead of one.

There are occasional communications between Tangier and Tarifa, in Spain, but they are very frequent with Gibraltar. A vast quantity of European merchandise is imported here from Gibraltar for Fez and the north of Morocco.

All the postal and despatch business also comes through Tangier, which has privileges that few or no other Maroquine cities possess. The emperors, indeed, have been wont to call it "the City of Christians." In the environs there is at times a good deal of game, and the European residents go out to shoot as in other countries to take a walk. The principal game is the partridge and hare, and the grand sport the wild boar. Our officers of the Gibraltar garrison come over for shooting; but quackery and humbug exist in everything. A young man has just arrived from Gibraltar, who had been previously six weeks on his passage from Holland to that place, with his legs fixed in a pair of three-league boots. He says he has come from Holland on purpose to sport and hunt in Morocco. Several of the consuls, when they go out sporting, metamorphose themselves into veteran Numidian sportsmen. You would imagine they were going to hunt lions for months in the ravines of the Atlas, whereas it is only to shoot a stray partridge or a limping hare, or perchance they may meet with a boar. And this they do for a couple of days, or twenty-four hours, sleeping during the night very snugly under tents, and fed and feasted with milk, fowls, and sheep by the Arabs.

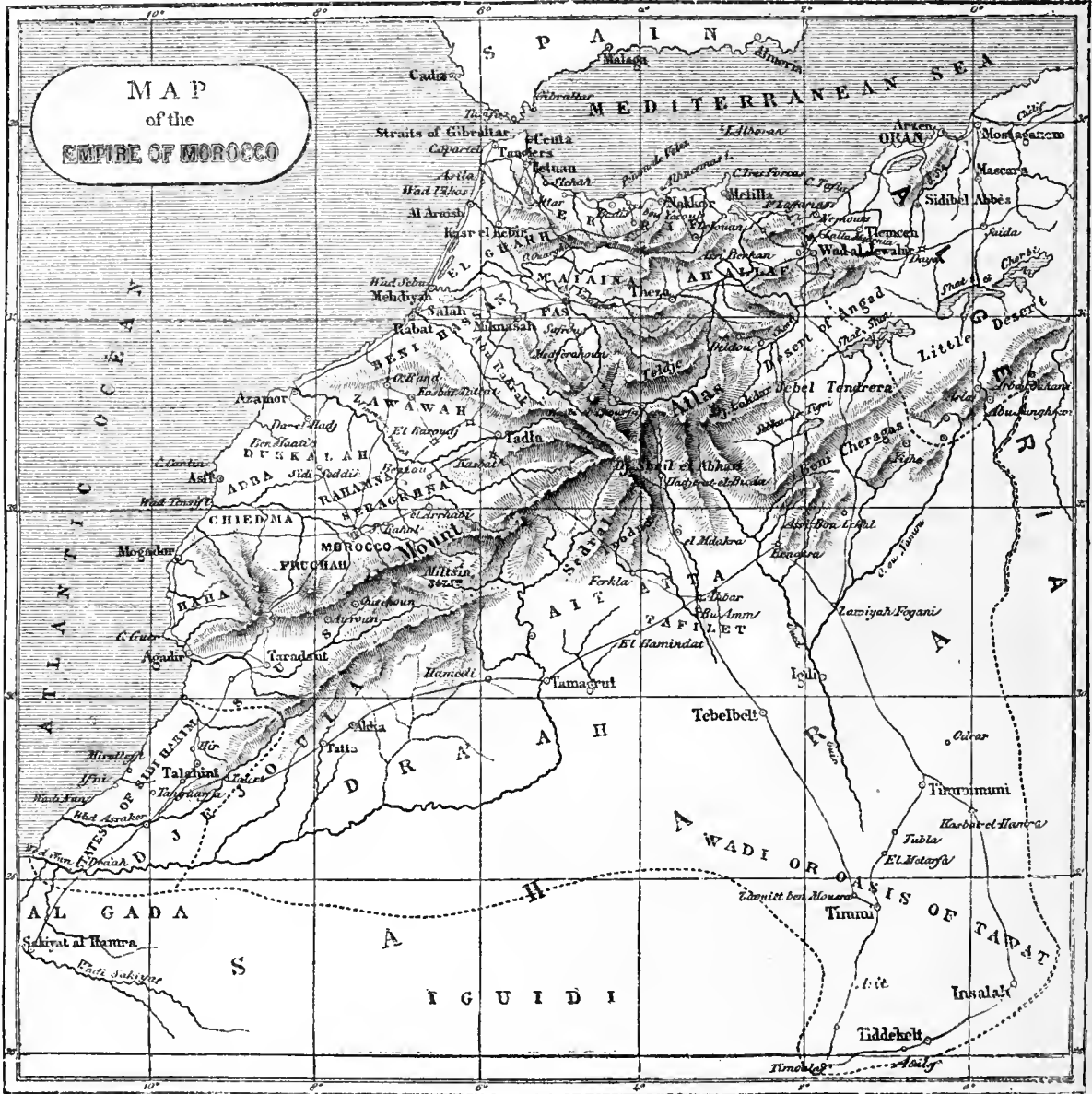
Morocco, like all despotic countries, furnishes some severe examples of the degrading of high functionaries. There is an old man, Sidi-el-Artz-es-Said, living there, who is a marked victim of imperial tyranny. Some years ago the emperor despoiled him of all his wealth, and threw him into prison, after he had been twenty years bashaw of his district. He was in prison one year with his two sons. The object of the emperor

¹ No people understand better than the Moors the noble feeling of gratitude, contained in the words "Non nobis Domine," &c.

was to extort the last filse of his money, and he entirely succeeded. The oppressor, however, relented a little on the death of one of his victim's sons, released him from confinement, and gave the ex-bashaw two houses, one for himself and the other for his surviving son. The old captain of the port has been no less than a dozen times in prison, under the exhausting pressure of the emperor. After the imperial miser had copiously bled his captain, he lets him out to fill his skin again.

The old gentleman is always merry and loyal, in spite of the treatment from his imperial taskmaster.

The grand cicerone for the English at Tangier is Benoliel. He is a man of about sixty years of age, and initiated into the sublimest mysteries of the consular politics of the Shereefs. Ben is full of anecdotes of everybody and everything, from the emperor on the Shereefian throne, down to the mad and ragged dervish in the street. Our cicerone keeps a book, in which



the names of all his English guests have been from time to time inscribed. His visitors have been principally officers from Gibraltar, who come here for a few days' sporting. On the bombardment of Tangier, Ben left the country with other fugitives. The Moorish rabble plundered his house; and many valuables which were there concealed, pledged by persons belonging to Tangier, were carried away. Ben was therefore ruined. Some foolish people at Gibraltar told Ben that the

streets of London were paved with gold, or, at any rate, that inasmuch as he (Ben) had in his time entertained so many Englishmen at his hospitable establishment at Tangier (for which, however, he was well paid), he would be sure to make his fortune by a visit to England.

Mr. Richardson met Ben accidentally in the streets of London in great distress. Some friends of the Anti-Slavery Society subscribed a small sum for him, and

sent him back to his family in Gibraltar. Poor Ben was astonished to find as much misery in the streets of our own metropolis as in any town of Morocco.

Regarding his co-religionists in England, Ben observed with bitterness, "The Jews there are no good; they are great blackguards." He was disappointed at their want of liberality, as well as their want of sympathy for Morocco Jews. Ben thought he knew everything, and the ways of this wicked world, but his visit to England convinced him he must begin the world over again. Our cicerone is very shrewd, is blessed with a good share of common sense, is by no means bigoted against Muhammadans or Christians, and is one of the most respectable of the Barbary Jews. His information on Morocco is, however, so mixed up with the marvellous, that only a person well acquainted with North Africa can distinguish the probable from the improbable, or separate the wheat from the chaff. Ben has a large family, like most of the Maroquine Jews; but the great attraction of his family is a most beautiful daughter, with a complexion of jasmine, and locks of the raven; a perfect Rachel in loveliness, proving fully the assertion of Ali Bey, and all other travellers in Morocco, that the fairest women in this country are the Jewesses. Ben is the type of many a Barbary Jew, who, to considerable intelligence, and a few grains of what may be called fair English honesty, unites the ordinarily deteriorated character of men, and especially Jews, born and brought up under oppressive governments. Ben would sell you to the emperor for a moderate price; and so would the Jewish consular agents of Morocco. A traveller in this country must, therefore, never trust a Maroquine Jew in a matter of vital importance.

III.

PORT OF ARZILLA—BATTLE FIELD OF PORTUGUESE AND MOORS—LARACHE OR AL ARAISH—AL KASR KEBIR, "THE GREAT CASTLE"—GREAT PLAIN OF MAMORAH—PORT OF MEHDIAH—SALÉE ROVERS AND CORSAIRS—DESCRIPTION OF SALÉE—THE FATHER OF RIPPLES—DESCRIPTION OF RABAT—LOFTY TOWER OR SMA HASSAN—SAINTS AND MARABOUTS—BRITISH OBSTINACY—SUPERSTITIONS—SNAKE CHARMERS.

BETWEEN Tangier and Arzilla (Asila, good), the ancient Zilia, is a country of schistose hills, a valley with a well-known spring, Ain-ud-Daliah, or the vineyard spring and village attached; then the Wad Marharr (?), composed of two streams, the second of which is called Wad-Meshra-el-Ashef, or "the healing watering-place." Beyond this is the Wad el-Ayyashah, "the life-giving stream;" and then Arzilla. These rivers are small streams in the dry season, but they present difficulties to ford in the winter. Hills about five hundred feet high, called the Dar Aklan, covered with cork oaks, wild olive, myrtle, heath and palmetto, separate the first two streams. It is curious sometimes to peruse the etymologies of old travellers. Lemprière calls this hilly forest Rabe-a-Clow, and the river Machira-la-Chef. At the head of the valley of the El Ayyashah is a rock called Al Autad (L'Ooted of Captain Washington), "the tent-pins," with blocks of stone disposed around its base, like a Celtic remain.

Beyond is Arzilla, in a champaign country. This small sea-port, which was sacked by the English in 936, was once in the possession of the Portuguese, and was at that time a place of strength; but through the

indolence and caprice of the Moorish princes, its fortifications have been neglected, and its walls are rapidly decaying. The castle covers a large space of ground, and, though it has been long in a very ruinous condition, appears to have been a building erected formerly in a superior style of Moorish grandeur. The houses have a miserable appearance, and the inhabitants, who consist of about a thousand Moors and Jews, live in a state of the most abject poverty. The Arabs dwell in the villages around, more especially in the valleys of the rivers and pasture lands, in huts rudely constructed of stones, earth, and canes, covered with thatch, and enclosed with thick and high hedges, generally of aloes and prickly pear, with here and there a patch of dhurrah, or guinea-corn. This town and river were well known to the older geographers as a colony, under the various names of Zilia, Zelis, and Zili.

The lower road from Arzilla to Larache (Al Araish, "the trellises"), lies along the coast, and presents nothing remarkable. Not quite half way is the white cliff (Hafatu-l-Beida), rising to an altitude of three hundred and eight feet above the sea. The upper road passes a valley of myrtle (Fahs-ur-Rihan), a plain similarly shrub-clad, another valley with coarse herbage and sandstone boulders, known as the Camel's Neck (Rukbah Dhi-l-Jemel), to the cork-tree forest of Al Araish (Belut, Quercus Ballota). Beyond this is the valley, or Wad-el-Mashan, "the benefactor," a tributary to the Wad Ulkos. This valley is green and fertile, and well peopled with Arabs, with several kubbahs of dazzling white, and embosomed in wild olive and fig plantations. The bridge known as Al Kantarah, *par excellence*, is still in a state of good preservation. This is the scene of the great action fought between the Moors and Portuguese in 1578, in which Don Sebastian lost his life.

The Wad Ulkos (Ouad-el-Kous of the French and Portuguese), and the river of Al Araish, is a rapid yellow stream, about one hundred yards in width, but much wider at its mouth, where, according to Lemprière, it spreads out to nigh half-a-mile. This river was known to the ancients as the Lix (Ptol), Lixa, Lixus, and even Linx and Lynx.

Al Araish, according to Mr. Richardson, contains a population of 2,700 Moors, and 1,300 Jews. The houses, the same traveller remarks, are substantially built; and the fortifications are good, because built by the Spaniards, who captured this place in 1610, but it was retaken by Mulai Ishmael in 1689. The climate is soft and delicious. It exports cork, wool, cotton, charcoal, skins, bark, beans, grain, and fruit, and receives in exchange iron, cloth, cottons, muslins, sugar, and tea. The Moors have become much addicted to the use of the latter beverage.

Al Araish was, indeed, once the most important commercial port on the coast, but the accumulation of alluvium and sand at the mouth of the river caused it to decline. It was bombarded by the French in 1765 for acts of piracy and insult to the national flag. The town is situated upon an easy ascent from the sea, and it possesses a fort and two batteries, said to be in tolerable repair. The streets are paved, and there is a decent market-place with stone piazzas. The agreeable windings of the river, and the gardens, orchards, and groves of palm and orange-trees, with which the town is surrounded, give to it a peculiarly pleasing appearance.

Higher up the river, and on its northern bank, is Al Kasr Kebir, or the great castle originally founded by

the renowned Al Mansur, "the victorious," who designed it as a magazine and place of rendezvous for his troops during the great preparation he was making for the conquest of Granada, and still a tolerable large and populous town, surrounded by old and ruinous walls of herring-bone brickwork and tapia, battlements, loopholes, and small square towers, fifty paces apart, and about a mile and a half in circumference. The streets are narrow, and at intervals arched across, and the houses are remarkable for having ridged roofs of tile. There were originally fifteen mosques, but few of these are now in use. The bazaar (Al Kaiseriya) contains only a few mean shops; the soks, or markets, and funduks, or inns, are deserted and lifeless. The population is about 8,000, of whom about 500 may be Jews. The town is surrounded by orchards and gardens of orange, pomegranate, and palm, in great luxuriance.

Proceeding from Al Kasr to the south-westward, or from Al Araish along the sea-shore, the great plain of Mamorah—and which is said to stretch eighty miles inland—is alike reached. At the head are the ruins of a site called Old Mamorah, with the cape designated as Mulaï-abu-Sellum, i.e. Father ladder, or my Lord Busellum. Close by is an extensive lagoon, and, beyond, a castle in ruins, now called Dar-el-Kurisi, "cold or bleak house," but said by Lemprière to be called after a Moorish noble who was put to death there. On these plains Arab villages change into Duwars, or circular encampments of from twenty to thirty tents, and there are very numerous Kubbehs: more ancient tumuli also abound. The plains, being rich in verdure, afford abundant pasturage, and trees group together naturally, so as to give them a park-like appearance.

Passing Ain-el-fefel, or pepper-spring, the traveller comes upon another and still greater lagoon, twenty miles long by one and a-half broad, and of fresh water. It is called Morshah Ras-ud-Daura, or the lake or morass of the round cape, a low sandy cape on the Atlantic (Murja Ras-ed-Doura, or lake with the winding head, of Captain Washington). This fine sheet of water abounds with water-fowl and fish, especially eels. The soil is light and sandy, and the herbage coarse, with dense growths of annuals, which, in this prolific country, attain an elevation of ten feet, with stems five inches thick. There are numerous Duwars and Kubbehs along the shores, but few trees, and there are also several islands on the lake decorated with sanctuaries—insular spots being here, as elsewhere, sacred to holy purposes.

This lake is separated by a low ridge of sandstone from the Wad Sebu, or Ouad Sebou, "mountain river," the ancient Subur, which winds, in the boldest sweeps imaginable, through a rich and varied plain as far as the eye can reach. It is about four hundred yards wide at its mouth, with a bar of sand, nearly dry at low-water spring tides. On the southern bank of the river, situated on a height of about ten feet, and distant one mile from the sea, is the town of Mehdiyah, commonly written Mehediah, and also called Nuova Mamorah. According to Marmel, this town was built by Yakub-al-Mansur "the victorious," to defend the embouchure of the river. It was captured by the Spaniards in 1614, and retaken by the Moors in 1681. The Corsairs used formerly to take refuge here, as also at Al Araish. When in the possession of the Spaniards, this was a place of some consequence, as the ruins of handsome fountains, arches,

and churches attest; its fortifications were respectable; a double wall, if not a ditch on the south-western side; a long, low battery defended the beach and entrance of the river, and the citadel commanded the whole. The town now contains only from 300 to 400 inhabitants, chiefly fishermen, who subsist by the sale of shebbel, or Barbary salmon, which is caught here in great abundance. Water communication exists between this city and Fez, but is not taken advantage of. The ruins of a third Mamorah are met with some twenty miles up the river. It is possible that this particular Mamorah represents the site of the ancient colony called Banasa, and which is described by Pliny as on the river Subur, "amnis, magnificus, et navigabilis."

Mehdiyah is situated on the same extensive plain as old Mamorah, with fertile pastures, expanding lakes, winding rivers, and verdant plantations, diversified by the encampments and whitewashed sanctuaries of the nomadic Arabs, and their flocks and herds. "What a delightful residence," exclaimed old Lemprière, "it would be if the country had not the misfortune to groan under an arbitrary and oppressive government?"

The way from Mehdiyah to Salee (fifteen miles) lies in great part along a vale, towards which the hills slope gently on each side; there is a small lake to the right, tenanted, like the other, by the splendid Boch Hhamar, or "red goose," nearly as large as a swan. To the north is the great forest of Mamora (Ghabah-dha-l-Belut, or forest of oaks), of unknown extent. The only traveller who appears to have passed through it, Don Juan Badia, better known as Ali Bey, describes it as a wood of holm oak, almonds, lentiscs, and large willows, through which he journeyed in a few hours. It gives shelter to many wild beasts, among which boars are the most numerous, and lions the least so. Richardson only gives this forest an extent of sixty acres, but that was from hearsay.

Morocco, like Algiers, has been always celebrated for its piracies, but of all the places in the first-mentioned country that has earned the most unenviable notoriety in that respect is Salee. This place at one time grew so powerful from its freebooting and marauding expeditions, as to form a species of naval and military republic, which set the authority of the Sultan himself at defiance. These Salee rovers were at that time amongst the most courageous and the most ferocious in the world, and they have been actually known to lie under Lundy Island in the British Channel, waiting to intercept British traders.

On the side opposite to Salee is situated the town of Rabat, which formerly partook equally with Salee in its piratical depredations, and was generally confounded with it. While Salee and Rabat were thus formidable, they were what might be termed independent states, paying only a very small tribute to the Emperor, and barely acknowledging him for their sovereign. This state of independence undoubtedly gave uncommon vigour to their piratical exertions. Few will take much pains, or encounter great risks for the acquisition of wealth, without the certainty of enjoying it unmolested. Sidi Mahomet, however, when prince, subdued these towns, and annexed them to the empire. This was a mortal blow to their piracies; for when those desperate mariners felt the uncertainty of possessing any length of time their captures, they no longer became solicitous to acquire them; and at length, when the man who had deprived them of their

privileges became emperor, he put a total stop to their depredations, by declaring himself at peace with all Europe. Since that period the entrance of the river has been so gradually filling up with sand washed in by the sea, that was it possible for these people to recover their independence, it would incapacitate them from carrying on their piracies to their former extent.

In the time of Sultan Mulai Zidan, in 1648, that prince, finding himself unable to reduce the rovers by his own power, and no doubt disliking a state of things which gave credit to the empire for a vast number of predatorial exploits, which brought nothing to the imperial exchequer, hit upon the notable expedient of claiming the assistance of one of the greatest sufferers from these very piracies—Charles I. of England. The request made was that that prince should send a squadron to beleague the place by sea, while the Sultan should attack it by land. The combined operations met with happy results, the city was reduced for the time being, and several notorious pirates put to death.

The town of Rabat was, in Lemprière's time, defended on the sea-side by three forts tolerably well finished, and which had been erected only some short time previously by an English renegade (a word which we are happy to say has become almost obsolete in our language) and furnished with guns from Gibraltar. The walls of the town inclosed a large space of ground. The houses in general were good, and many of the inhabitants wealthy. The Jews, who were very numerous, were generally in better circumstances than those of Larache (Al Araish "the trellises") or Tangier; and their women, the old traveller declared, and Captain Washington corroborates the statement, are by far more beautiful than at any other town in this empire. He was introduced to one family in particular, where he says, out of eight sisters, nature had been so lavish to them all that he felt himself at a loss to determine which was the handsomest. A combination of regular features, clearness of complexion, and expressive black eyes, gave them a distinguished pre-eminence over their nation in general; and their persons, though not improved by the advantage which European ladies derive from dress, were still replete with grace and elegance.

Passing under an aqueduct extending one mile south-east, its arches thirty feet high, eight wide, four thick, of masonry, and of antiquity, though it is difficult to say of what construction, but in good repair, Captain Washington relates that he entered the town of Sla, or Salee, once the terror of the seas, so renowned for its rovers, whose daring exploits reached even to our own coast of Christendom; whose city and port were a constant scene of riot and bustle and activity, now ruined, still, and lifeless; such are the fruits of ignorance, despotism, and Muhammadanism. The present town, built on a sandy point, extending to the sea, forming the north-eastern bank of the river, is about half a-mile in length, by a quarter in breadth, surrounded by walls thirty feet high, and square towers every fifty paces. Its defences are a long battery of twenty guns, facing the sea, a round fort at entrance of the river, and a gun or two on the gates. The mosques, arches and fountains in the city showed traces of beautiful sculpture, and of great antiquity, but the streets were narrow and the houses sombre, as in all Moorish towns.

Salée and Rabat are separated by a river, called by the Moors, "the Father of Ripples" or Abu Rakrak, vulgarly Bu Rakrak—whence the Bouregrag of our map—which is described as being about five hundred yards broad when full. The bar, about one-eighth of a mile from the entrance, runs almost across, to a west-south-west direction, with three or four feet in it at low water, leaving a channel at each end—the Moors use the eastern; the rise of tide is from nine to ten feet, and, inside, the harbour is quite sheltered, with water for a frigate. The imperial dockyard is here, and the few ships, small traders, fishing-boats, and the ferry-boats, plying to and fro between the two towns, imparted an animation to the scene that was exceedingly rare in Morocco.

Rabat stands on the south-western side of the river, fifty or sixty feet above its level, on banks of crumbling sandstone. As seen from the opposite shore, the grouping of minarets, palm-trees, ruined walls, and old mosques, crowned by its venerable and battlemented Kasbah, across a broad full river, is very picturesque. A curtain of five hundred yards facing the sea, flanked by two circular batteries of twelve guns each, about as many more in the Kasbah or citadel, and a small battery overlooking the river, at the south-western end of the town, form its sea defences. On the land side is a strong wall, thirty feet high, with square towers every fifty paces, of tapis work with angles of masonry. The town extends three-quarters of a mile in length, by one-third in breadth, and walled orchards of about two hundred acres reach along the banks of the river towards the ruined mosque with the lofty tower before alluded to.

This tower, the Sma Hassan, as it is called by the Moors, standing, as it does, two hundred and twenty feet above the level of the river, is the most conspicuous object, and the first by which this coast would be recognised in approaching from the sea, as it must be visible, from the deck of a frigate, six or seven leagues. There are ten mosques, besides the mausoleum of a sultan, that of the hero of Moorish Africa, the mighty Al Mansur, and no end of kubbehs or sepulchral monuments to saints and marabouts.

The coasts and cities of Morocco are inundated with saints of every description and degree of sanctity. Morocco, in fact, is not only the classic land of Marabouts, but their home and haunt, and sphere of agitation. There are ten thousand Abd-el-Kaders and Bu Mazas, all disputing authority with the High Priest, who sits on the green throne of the Sherifs. Sometimes they assume the character of demagogues, and inveigh against the rapacity and corruption of the court and government. At others they appear as prophets, prophets of ill, by preaching boldly the Holy War.

Sometime ago a number of handkerchiefs were brought, or rather smuggled, into Mogador, having printed upon them passages from the Koran. One of them got into the hands of the Emperor, who thinking the Christians were ridiculing the sacred book, ordered instantly all the cities of the coast to be searched to discover the offender who introduced them. Happily for the merchant he was not found out. His highness commanded that all the handkerchiefs which were collected should be destroyed.

When Mr. Davidson was at Morocco, he prescribed some seidlitz water for the use of the Sultan, and placed on the sides of the bottles, containing the beverage, Arabic verses from the Koran. The Sultan was highly

exasperated at this intended compliment to his religion, and had it privately intimated to Mr. Davidson not to desecrate the Holy Book in that abominable manner. The latter then very prudently gave up to the minister all the printed verses he had brought with him, which were concealed from public view.

But if some of these emperors are so rigid and scrupulous, there are others more liberal and tolerant. Mulai Sulaiman was a great admirer of the European character, and was much attached to a Mr. Leyton, an English merchant. This merchant was one day riding out of the city of Mogador, when an old woman rushed at him, seized the bridle of his horse, and demanded alms. The merchant pushed her away with his whip. The ancient dame seeing herself so rudely nonsuited, went off screaming revenge; and although she had not had a tooth in her head for twenty long years, she noised about town that Mr. Leyton had knocked two of her teeth out, and importuned the governor to obtain her some pecuniary indemnification.

His Excellency advised Mr. Leyton to comply, and get rid of the annoyance of the old woman. He resolutely refused, and the governor was obliged to report the case to the Emperor, as the old lady had made so many partisans in Mogador as to threaten a disturbance. His Imperial Highness wrote a letter to the merchant, condescendingly begging him to supply the old woman with "two silver teeth," meaning thereby to give her a trifling present in money. Mr. Leyton, being as obstinate as ever, was ordered to appear before the Emperor at Morocco. Here the resolute merchant declared that he had not knocked the teeth out of the old woman's head, she had had none for years, and he would not be maligned even in so small a matter.

The Emperor was at his wits' end, and endeavoured to smooth down the contumacious Leyton, to save his capital from insurrection; imploring him to comply with the *lex talionis*, and have two of his teeth drawn if he was inflexibly determined not to pay. The poor Emperor was in hourly dread of a revolution about this tooth business, and at the same time he knew the merchant had spoken the truth. Strange to say, Mr. Leyton at last consented to lose his teeth rather than his money. However, on the merchant's return from the capital to Mogador, to his surprise, and no doubt to his satisfaction, he found that two shiploads of grain had been ordered to be delivered to him by the Emperor, in compensation for the two teeth which he had had punched out to satisfy the exigencies of the empire.

With so unenlightened a people, superstitions are as rife as among many who deem themselves enlightened. They are met with in unfrequented as well as in frequented spots. In the Sahara, by a lonely well, in the midst of boundless sterility, where the curse on earth seems to have burnt blackest, a camel passes every night groaning piteously, and wandering about in search of its murdered master.

About two days' journey from Mogador, there is a well, containing within its dank and dark hollow a perpetual apparition. At its bottom is seen the motionless statue of a negress with a variety of wearing materials placed beside her, all made of fine burnished gold, and so bright that the dreary cavern of the deep well is illuminated. Whoever presumes to look down the well at her, and covets her shining property, is instantaneously seized with thirst and fever, and, if he

does not expire at once, he never recovers from the fatal effects of his combined curiosity and avarice. People draw water daily from this well, but no one dare look down it.

Even the practices of the so called snake-charmers appear to combine a mixture of skill and trickery combined with superstition. These gentry, as Richardson calls them, are a company under the protection of their great saint, Sidi Aysa, who has gone long upwards, but also is now profitably employed in helping the juggling of the snake-mountebanks. These fellows take their snakes about in small bags or boxes, the said snakes being perfectly harmless, their teeth and poison-bags being extracted. They carry them in their bosoms, put them in their mouths, stuffing a long one in of some feet in length, twist them round their arms, use them as a whip to frighten the people, in the meanwhile screaming out and crying unto their Heavenly Protector for help, the bystanders devoutly joining in their prayers. The snake-charmers usually perform other tricks, such as swallowing nails, and sticking an iron bar in their eyes; and they wear their hair long like women, which gives them a very wild and maniacal look.

IV.

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO—BEAUTIFUL JEWESSES—WEDDING AND OTHER FESTIVITIES—JEWISH AND SPANISH RENEGADES.

THE Jewesses of Salee, as also of Tangier and Mogador, are admitted by most travellers to be, at least at one period of their life, the most perfect and classic types of female loveliness. Alas, says one ungallant traveller, that these beauties should be only charming animals, their minds and affections being left uncultivated or converted into caves of unclean and tormenting passions. The Jewesses, in general, until they become enormously stout and weighed down with obesity, are of extreme beauty. Most of them have fair complexions; their rose and jasmine faces, their pure wax-like delicate features, and their exceedingly expressive and bewitching eyes, would fascinate the most fastidious of European connoisseurs of female beauty.

But these Israelitish ladies, recalling the fair image of Rachel in the patriarchal times of Holy Writ, and worthy to serve as models for a Grecian sculptor, are treated with savage disdain by the churlish Moors, and sometimes are obliged to walk barefoot and prostrate themselves before their ugly negress concubines. The male infants of Jews are engaging and good looking when young, but as they grow up they become ordinary, and Jews of a certain age are decidedly and most disgustingly ugly. It is possible that the degrading slavery in which they usually live, their continued habits of cringing servility, by which the countenance acquires a sinister air and fiendishly cunning smirk, may cause this change in their appearance. Then again, what contrasts in the beauty of countenance and form does Jewish society in Morocco present? You frequently see a youthful woman, nay, a girl of exquisite beauty and delicacy of features married to an old wretched, ill-looking, fellow of some sixty or seventy years of age, tottering over the grave, or an incurable invalid. To render them worse looking, whilst the woman may dress in any, and the gayest colours, the men wear a dark blue and black turban and dress, and though this is prescribed as a badge of oppression, they will often assume it when they may attire themselves

in white and other lively colours. However, men get used to their misery, and hug their chains.

The weddings and attendant feasts of the Jews are the most remarkable, when we consider the circumstances of the social state of this oppressed race in Morocco, their precarious condition, and the numberless insults and oppressions inflicted on them both by the government and the people. Yet it may be safely asserted that no people in Barbary enjoy themselves more than the Jews, or more pamper and gratify their appetites. What with wedding feasts, and obligatory festivals, their existence is one round of eating and drinking. These feasts, besides, do not take place in a corner, nor are they barricaded from public, or envious, or inquisitorial view, but are open to all, being attended by Christians, Moors, and Arabs. The wedding feasts are substantial things.

A bullock is generally killed at the house of the bridegroom, tea and cakes and spirits are freely, nay universally, distributed there. The company afterwards go off with the bridegroom to the house of the bride, where another distribution of the same kind takes place, whilst half of the bullock is brought for the bride's friends. Here the bridegroom, in true oriental style, mounts upon a couch of damask and gold. The bride, laden with bridal ornaments of gold and jewels, and covered with a gauze veil, is led out by the women and placed by his side. She is then left alone to sit in state as queen of the feast, whilst the company regale themselves with every imaginable luxury of eating and drinking. Her future husband now produces, as a present for his bride, a splendid pair of jewelled earrings, which are held up amidst the screaming approbation of the guests. The Jewesses present are weighed down under the dead weight of a profusion of jewels and gold, tiaras of pearls, necklaces of corals and gems, armlets, wristlets, and anklets of silver, gold, and jet, with gold and silver braided gowns, skirts and petticoats. This fiesta is kept up for seven days. Another traveller describes the celebration of the nuptials of a portion of the family of the feather merchants, a rich and powerful firm established in the south for the purchase of ostrich feathers.

This was a wedding of great *éclat*; all the native Jewish aristocracy of Mogador being invited to it. The festivities began at noon, with the bride sitting in state. She was elevated on a radiant throne of gold and crimson cushions amidst a group of women, her hired flatterers, who kept singing and bawling out her praises.

"As beautiful as the moon is Rachael!" said one.

"Fairer than the jessamine!" exclaims another.

"Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb!" ejaculated a third. Her eyes were shut, it being deemed immodest to look on the company, and the features of her face motionless as death, which made her look like a painted corpse.

To describe the dresses of the bride would be tedious, as she was carried away every time she was going through, and exhibiting to public view, with the greatest patience, the whole of her bridal wardrobe. Her face was artistically painted, cheeks vermillion, lips browned, with an odoriferous composition, eye-lashes blackened with antimony, and on the forehead and tips of the chin little blue stars. The palms of the hands and nails were stained with henna, or brown red, and her feet were naked, with the toe-nails and soles henna-stained. She was very young, perhaps not more than

thirteen, and hugely corpulent, having been fed on paste and oil these last six months for the occasion.

The bridegroom, on the contrary, was a man of three times her age, tall, lank, and bony, very thin and of sinister aspect. The woman was a little lump of fat and flesh, apparently without intelligence, whilst the man was a Barbary type of Dickens's Fagan. The ladies now arranged themselves in tiers, one above the other, and most gorgeous was the sight. Most of them wore tiaras, all flaming with gems and jewels. They were literally covered from head to foot with gold and precious stones. As each lady had but ten fingers, it was necessary to tie some score of rings on their hair. The beauty of the female form, in these women, was quite destroyed by this excessive quantity of jewellery. These jewels were chiefly pearls, brilliants, rubies, and emeralds. They were amassed and descend as heirlooms in families, from mother to daughter. Some of the jewels being very ancient, they constitute the riches of many families. In reverses of fortune they are pledged, or turned into money to relieve immediate necessity. The upper tiers of ladies were the youngest, and the least adorned, and consequently the prettiest. The ancient dowagers sat below as so many queens enthroned, challenging scrutiny and admiration. They were mostly of enormous corpulency, spreading out their naked feet and trousered legs of an enormous expanse.

Several dowagers seemed scarcely to be able to breathe from heat, and the plethora of their own well-fed and pampered flesh. Next came music, and several attempts were made to get up the indecent Moorish dance, which, however, was forbidden as too vulgar for such fashionable Jews, and honoured by the presence of Europeans. In the court-yard were a couple of butcher's boys slaughtering a bullock for the evening's carousal. A number of boys were dipping their hands in the blood, and making with it the representation of an outspread hand on the doors, posts, and walls, for the purpose of keeping off the "evil eye" (*el ojo maligno*), and so insuring good luck to the new married couple. On the house-top a game was being played by the young men. Here, on the flat roof, was assembled a court, with a sultan sitting in the midst. Various prisoners were tried and condemned. Two or three of the greatest culprits were then secured and dragged down to the ladies, the officers of justice informing them that, if no one stepped forward to rescue them, it was the sultan's orders that they should be imprisoned. Several young Jewesses now clamorously demanded their release. It is understood that these compassionate maidens who, on such occasions, step forward to the rescue, and take one of the young men by the hand, are willing to accept the same when it may hereafter be offered to them in marriage, so the contagion of wedding feasts spreads, and one marriage makes many.

The elders were by this time at the supper-table, where the party ate and drank to gluttonous satiety. Several rabbis were hired to chant, over the supper-table, prayers composed of portions of Scripture and legends of the Talmud. The men supped by themselves, and the women, of course, were also apart. Unlike the men, who sat up round a table because there were several Europeans among them, the women lay sprawling and rolling on carpets and couches.

In their own allotted apartments these gorgeous daughters of Israel looked still more huge and enormous, feasting almost to repletion, like so many

princesses of the royal orgies of Belshazzar. But this was a native wedding, and, of course, when we consider the education of these Barbary women, we must expect, when they drink, like men, white spirits for procrastinated hours until midnight, the proprieties of society are easily dispensed with. Happily, the class of women who so kept up the feast were all said to be married, the maidens having gone home with the bride.

The Jews at times, though but very rarely, avail themselves of their privilege of four wives granted them in Muhammadan countries, and a nice mess they make of it. There was a Jew of this description at Tunis. He was a lively, jocose fellow, with a libidinous countenance, singing always some catch of a song. He was a silk-mercator, and pretty well off. His house was small, and besides a common dining-room was divided into four compartments for his four wives, each defending her room with the ferocity of a tigress. Two of them were of his own age, about fifty, and two not more than twenty. The two elder ones, his neighbours said, were entirely abandoned by the husband, and the two younger ones were always bickering and quarrelling as to which of them should have the greater favour of their common tyrant; the house a scene of tumult, disorder, and indecency.

Amongst the whole of the wives there was only one child, a boy, of course an immense pet, a little surly wretch; his growth smothered, his health nearly ruined, by the over-attentions of the four women, whom he kicked and pelted when out of humour. This little imp was the fit type or interpretation of the presiding genius of polygamy. A traveller once visited this happy family, this biting satire on domestic bliss and the beauty of the harem of the east. The women were all sour and busy at work, weaving or spinning cotton.

"Do you work for your husband?" he inquired.

The Women.—"Thank rabbi, no."

Traveller.—"What do you do with your money?"

The Women.—"Spend it ourselves."

Traveller.—"How do you like to have only one husband among you four?"

The Women.—"Pooh! is it not the will of God?"

Traveller.—"Whose boy is that?"

The Women.—"It belongs to us all."

Traveller.—"Have you no other children?"

The Women.—"Our husband is good for no more than that."

Whilst the traveller was thus talking to these angelic creatures, their beloved lord was quietly stuffing capons, without hearing their polite discourse. A European Jew, who knew the native society of Jews well, represents domestic bliss to be a mere phantom, and scarcely ever thought of or sought after. Poor human nature!

Continual disputes arise between the Jew and the Moor: when the Jew is wrong, the Moor takes his own satisfaction; and if the Jew be right, he lodges a complaint with the judge, who always decides in favour of the Mussulman. Muhammadan children may be seen amusing themselves by beating little Jews, who durst not defend themselves. When a Jew passes a mosque he is obliged to take off his slippers, or shoes; he must do the same when he passes the house of the Kayyid, the Kadi, or any Mussulman of distinction. At Fez, and in some other towns, they are obliged to walk bare-footed.

Ali Bey dwells much upon the wretched condition

of the Jews in his days, which, however, was greatly ameliorated within the last half century, and Richardson says that Jewesses are now exempt from taking off their slippers or sandals when passing the mosques; many native Jews have attempted to wear European clothes; and a European hat or coat is now the rage among native Jewesses, who all aspire to get a husband wearing either. The late Emperor, Mulai Sulaiman, the predecessor of Mulai Abd-Errahman, professed to be a rigidly exact Mussulman, and considered it very indecent, and a great scandal that Jewesses, some of them, like most women of this country, of enormous dimensions, should be allowed to disturb the decent frame of mind of pious Mussulmen, whilst entering the threshold of the house of prayer, by the sad exhibitions of these good ladies stooping down and showing their tremendous calves, when in the act of taking off their shoes, before passing the mosques. For such reasons, Jewesses are now privileged and exempted from the painful necessity of walking barefoot in the streets.

The policy of the Court, in relation to the Jews, continually fluctuates. Sometimes the Emperor thinks they ought to be treated like the rest of his subjects; at other times, he seems anxious to renew, in all its vigour, the system described by Ali Bey. Hearing that the Jews of Tangier, on returning from Gibraltar, would often adopt the European dress, and so, by disguising themselves, be treated like Christians and Europeans, he ordered all these would-be Europeans forthwith to be undressed, and to resume their black turban.

Alas, how were all their passover, tabernacle, and wedding festivals, these happy and joyous days of the Jewish society of Mogador, changed on the bombardment of that city! What became of the rich and powerful merchants, the imperial vassals of commerce, with their gorgeous wives, bending under the weight of diamonds, pearls, and precious gems, during that sad and unexpected period? The newspapers of the day recorded the melancholy story. Many of the Jews were massacred, or buried underneath the ruins of the city; their wives subjected to plunder; the rest were left wandering, naked, and starving, on the desolate sandy coast of the Atlantic, or hidden in the mountains, obtaining a momentary respite from the rapacious fury of the savage Berbers and Arabs.

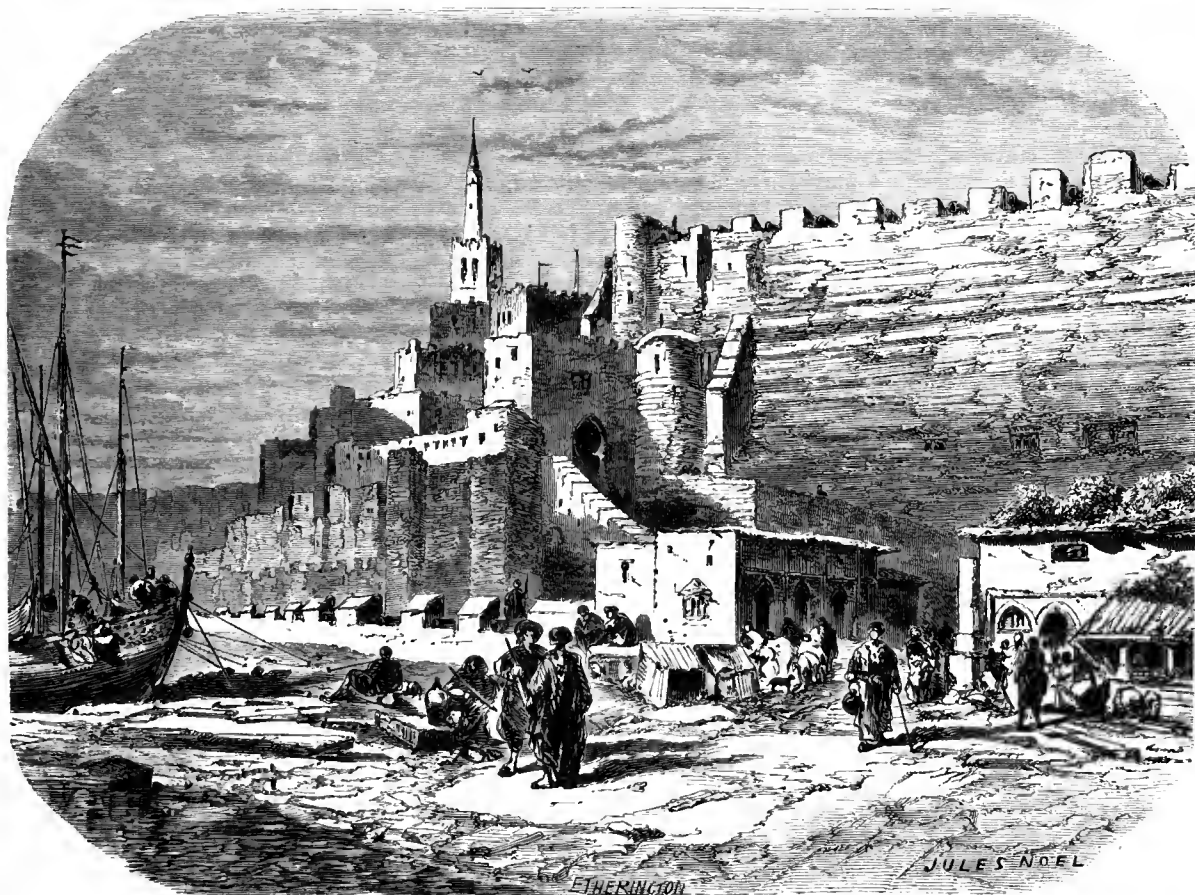
It is well known that while the French bombarded Tangier and Mogador from without, the Berber and Arab tribes, aided by the lower classes among the Moors, plundered the city from within. Several of the Moorish rabble declared publicly, and with the greatest cowardice and villanous effrontery, "When the French come to destroy Mogador, we shall go and pillage the Jews' houses, strip the women of their ornaments, and then escape to the mountains from the pursuit of the Christians." These threats they faithfully executed; but by a just vengeance they were pillaged in turn, for the Berbers not only plundered the Jews themselves, but the Moors who had escaped from the city laden with their booty.

It is to be hoped, however, that a better day is dawning for North African Jews. The governments of Spain, France, and England can do much for them, and are prepared to exert themselves in their favour. The consentaneous progress of Morocco in the universal movement of the age, is argued by the merchants even from so trifling a circumstance as an increased

use of chairs, and knives and forks. Some years ago, scarcely a knife and fork, or a chair, was to be found out of Tangier. Now, almost every Jewish house in the different ports has them. The Jew of Barbary can use them with less scruple than the orthodox Moor, who sets his face like flint against all changes, because his European brethren adopt them. Many innovations of this domestic sort are introduced from Europe into North Africa through the instrumentality of the native Jews. Tea has become an article of universal consumption. It is, indeed, the wine of the Maroquine Mussulmans. Even in remote provinces, amongst Berbers and Bedouins, the most miserable looking and living of people, the finest green tea is to be found.

You enter a miserable looking hut, when you are amazed by the hostess unlocking an old box, and taking out a choice tea service, cups, saucers, tea-pot, and tea-tray, often of white china with gilt edges. These, after use, are always kept locked up, as objects of most precious value. The sugar is put in the tea-pot, and the Moors and Jews usually drink their tea so sweet that it may be called syrup.

Morocco has its fashions and manias as well as Europe. House building is now the rage. They say it is not so easy for the Sultan to fleece the people of their property when it consists of houses. Almost every distinguished Moor in the interior has built or is building himself a spacious house. This mania is happily a useful one, and must advance the comfort



THE PORT OF TANGIER.

and sanitary improvement of the people. It is as good as a Health of Towns' Bill for them.

There are always a few Jewish renegades in large Moorish towns, just enough to confirm the Mubammadans in the idea entertained by them of the superiority of their religion to that of other nations; for whilst they obtain converts from both Jews and Christians, and make proselytes of scores of negroes, they never hear of apostates from Islamism. The manner, however, in which these renegades abandon their religion, is no very evident proof of the divine authority of the Prophet of Mecca. Here is an instance.

A boy ran away from his father, and prostrated himself before the governor, imploring him to make him a

Mussulman. The governor, actuated by the most rational and proper feeling, remarked to the boy, "You are a child, you have not arrived at years of discretion, you have not intellect enough to make a choice between two religions." The boy was kept confined one night, then beaten, and sent home in the morning.

Another case happened like this, when the boy was admitted within the pale of Islamism. Jewish boys will often cry out when their fathers are correcting them, "I will turn Mussulman!" A respectable Jew observed to a traveller, "Were I to hear any of my sons cry out in this manner, I would immediately give them a dose of poison, and finish them. I could not bear to see my children formed into Mussulman devils."

It really seems the vulgar opinion among the Jews and Moors alike, that females have no souls. A traveller asked many women themselves about the matter; they replied, "We don't care, if we have no souls." A rabbi observed, "If women bear children, make good wives, and live virtuously and chastely, they will go to heaven and enjoy an immortal existence; if not, after death they will suffer annihilation."

This appears to be the opinion of all the well educated. But a Jewish lady who heard this conversation with the rabbi, retorted with spirit: "Whether I bear children or not, if my husband, or any man, has a soul, I have one likewise; for are not all men born of us women?"

All, however, are well satisfied with this life, whatever may happen in the next; male and female, Jew and Mussulmans, hold on their mutual career with the greatest tenacity. Few persons have been known to be so foolish in Morocco as to kill themselves. "We leave it to the Emperor to take away a man's life, if such be the will of God." And yet the Moors are habitually a grave, dreamy, and melancholy people. No doubt the light buoyant atmosphere keeps them from falling into such a state of mental prostration as to induce suicide.

Spanish renegades are also met with at all the ports on the coast of Morocco. They are convicts who have made their escape from the presidios of the Rifian coast. On getting away from convict establishments they adopt the Muhammadan religion, are pretty well received by the Maroquines, and generally pass the rest of their days tranquilly among the Moors. The better sort of them remain Christians at heart, notwithstanding their public assumption of Islamism. One renegade, a stonemason, whom a traveller found at work, was not at all distinguishable by travellers from the Moors, being dressed precisely in the same fashion. A few words of conversation with him were characteristic.

Traveller.—"How long have you escaped?"

Renegade.—"More than twenty years."

Traveller.—"Do you like this country and the Moors?"

Renegade.—"Better is Marruëcos than Spain."

Traveller.—"Shall you ever attempt to return to Spain?"

Renegade.—"Why? here I have all I want. Besides, they would stretch my neck for sending a fellow out of the world without previously having had an interview with his confessor."

Traveller.—"Are you not conscience-stricken? Having committed such a crime, how can you mention it?"

Renegade.—"Pooh, conscience! Pooh, corazor!"

Many of those wretched men have indeed lost their corazor, or it is seared with a red hot iron. Some hundreds of these Spanish convicts are scattered over the country, but they soon lose their nationality. It is probable that, from some knowledge of them, the emperor presumed lately to call the Spaniards, "the vilest of nations," and yet, at various times, the Maroquines have shown great sympathy for the Spaniards. Some of the renegades were found at the battle of Isly in charge of field-pieces, where, according to the French reports, they displayed great devotion to the cause of the emperor. When the governors of the convict settlements find too many on their hands, or the prisons too full, they let a number of their best

conducted escape to the interior. The presence of those cut-throats in Morocco may have something to do with such broils as the following. Two fellows quarrelled violently, and were on the point of sticking one another with their knives, when up stepped a third party and cried out, "What, do you intend to act like Christians, and kill one another?" At the talismanic word of Eusara ("Christians" or "Nazareens"), they instantly desisted and became friends. The term "Christian" or "Nazareen" is one of the most opprobrious names with which the people of Mogador can abuse one another.

Salee is an ancient city; Rabat being of more modern origin. Sala is noticed as a city on the river of the same name, both by Pliny and Ptolemy. The former speaks of the existence of vast deserts in the same neighbourhood, tenanted by herds of elephants. This manifestly alludes to the extensive forest known as that of Mamora, and the great lagoons which line the coast between the Sala and the Sabur rivers (now Wad Sebu) and even eastward of the latter river, and which are still frequented by lions, boars, and other wild animals.

Salee was captured in 1263, by Alphonzo the Wise, king of Castile, who was, a short time after, dispossessed of it in conquest by the king of Fez. We have seen that this city of pirates has, however, often thrown off the yoke of the Sultans of Morocco, and once the latter has even been indebted for the assistance of a British fleet for its restoration.

Rabat, or Nuova Sale, as it is called by the Spaniards and Portuguese, was built by the famous Yakut Al Mansur, nephew of Abd Al Mumin, and named by him, Rabat el Fatah, or, "the Camp of Victory." Al Mansur, the same who expelled the Moravedi from Spain, intended that this city should have been his capital. In the middle ages, the Genoese had a great trade with the same place, which was afterwards removed to Mogador. What navy the Maroquines have, says Richardson, is still laid up here; but the dock-yard is now nearly deserted, and the few remaining ships are unserviceable. Alas! for the shade of the great Al Mansur! All that is left to the inhabitants is an undying enmity to Christianity. The sketch which accompanies our description of Salee and Rabat, comprises, it will be perceived, the twin towns, with the river between, and the Kasbah, or citadel, on the neighbouring heights.

V.

OLD CAPITAL OF MEKINEZ—CITY OF FEZ—COAST-WAY TO AZAMOR—ACROSS COUNTRY TO MOROCCO—DESCRIPTION OF MOROCCO—MOUNT ATLAS.

WE have no accurate topographical details regarding the country that intervenes between the united ports of Sala and Rabat, and the cities of Mekinez and Fez. The road would manifestly lie up the valley of the "Father of Ripples," and thence along the tributary to that river upon which Mekinez is situated. The correct name of this latter city is, according to Gräberg, Miknasah, "a broom," but Richardson says that the city of Miknas, or Miknasa, in Arabic, was founded by the tribe of Berbers Meknasah, a fraction of the Zenabah, in the middle of the tenth century, and hence its Spanish and Portuguese name of Mequinez or Mekinez. This city is described as being sixty miles from Sala, but as the itinerary only allows three days' jour-

ney between the two places, we must suppose that there is some error in this. The old capital of Morocco stands on a fertile soil, well watered with small streams. The climate is also temperate and healthy. Like Morocco, it is surrounded with a triple wall thirty feet high; like that city, too, it has a separate quarter inhabited by Jews. This quarter is likewise walled, and the gates are shut every night. In other respects the buildings are similar to those of every other Moorish city. The streets are narrow, and, as they are not paved, they are in winter extremely dirty. On one side stands a town, formerly peopled by negroes, and hence designated as the town of slaves. It is now uninhabited. The palace is strengthened by two bastions, on which are mounted some small pieces of artillery, and two thousand black troops are said to be in charge of the royal treasures, estimated at some fifty million dollars. These treasures, according to Richardson, consist of jewels, bars of gold and silver, and money in the two precious metals, the greater part being Spanish and Mexican dollars. It is to be observed that Richardson had this at second-hand, and it is well known how little credit is to be attached to oriental reports of fabulous wealth. Richardson, in reality, only visited Tangier and Mogador personally.

Windhus, who accompanied Commodore Stewart on his embassy to the Sultan Abu-l-Mazir Mulai Ishmael in 1721, and who, at that time, resided at Mekinez, describes his palace as being about four miles in circumference, standing upon even ground, in form almost square, and no hill near to overlook it. The inside of the palace, which is built of mortar, without either brick or stone except for pillars and arches, consists of divers oblong squares, some of them larger than Lincoln's Inn-fields, having piazzas all round. Some of the squares were chequered throughout the whole space, others had gardens in the middle, that were sunk very deep, and planted round with tall cypress trees, the tops of which appearing above the rails produced a pleasing effect of palace and garden intermixed. Within the palace were also many Kobbeks, built square, with plain walls on the outside, except the front, which consists of piazzas of five or six arches, and the roofs were covered with green tiles, and rose up in the shape of a pyramid. In some of these squares were rows of marble basins, with little channels cut in stone, conveying water from one to another. In others were fountains, with channels of marble that made a labyrinth. The sultan's stables were about a league from the town, and could contain one thousand horses, each in an arch twelve feet asunder. The communication between the palace and stables was kept up by means of a causeway, with a wall on each side, and a stone bridge carried over a pomegranate garden, from one hill to another. There was at that time, when Christian slaves and captives were exceedingly numerous at Mekinez, a convent built, and supported at the expense of the King of Spain, for their relief when ill.

Mekinez was of small note before Abu-l-Mazir Mulai Ishmael chose to build his palace there, for though, according to Leo Africanus, it was, about two hundred years ago, a place of considerable trade and riches, it had since been ruined by civil wars. The reason of Mulai Ishmael's preference to Mekinez over Fez and Morocco was, that being Al Kaid of the former at the time that his brother Mulai Aran set up in Tafilet, *vulgo*, Taflet, "the abode of the Fileli" (Berber), and his nephew Mulai Hamet had been pro-

claimed at Morocco, and having vanquished these claimants to the crown, he made this place the seat of empire. Having further, during the course of a very long reign, succeeded in capturing Mehdiah, or Mamorah, in 1681, and Al Araish in 1689, from the Spaniards, he further filled the magazines of his vast palace with a number of arms, saddles, gold, silver, jewels, and other such as had never before been in the possession of the Moor. At Mamorah he captured eighty-eight pieces of brass cannon, fifteen of iron, ammunition of all sorts, more than he had in his whole dominions before, and a great prize of pearls and jewels. So burdened was the emperor with spoil and riches, that Windhus describes even the Kobbeks, or sanctuaries within the palace, as filled with goods of various descriptions, among which were presents from Christian princes, seven or eight coaches, and "in one of them were hung up the fine glass sconces that his Majesty King George had sent by the ambassador."

There were, at this time, at Mekinez, 1,100 Christian slaves, of whom about 300 were English, 400 Spaniards, 165 Portuguese, 152 French, 69 Dutch, 25 Genoese, and 3 Greeks. Some of these had turned Muhammadans, thereby for ever losing hopes of redemption. The toleration of such a state of things by Christian nations, always jealous, and ever and anon at war with one another, was a disgrace to the age. The subjugation of Algeria has opened the way for a better state of things, and one way or another an empire of ignorance, despotism, bigotry, and intolerance must succumb under the ban of civilisation, or be supplanted.

The city of Fez is so named, according to Gräberg and others, from Faz, the Arabic for a pickaxe, because one was found in digging its foundations. Others derive it from Fetha, silver. It is no longer the marvellous city described by Leo Africanus, yet its industry, wealth, commerce, and population place it in the first rank of the cities of Morocco.

During the eighth century, the Arabs, masters of Tunis, of all Algeria, and the maritime cities of Morocco, seemed to think only of invading Europe and consolidating their power in Spain; but at this epoch a descendant of Ali and Fatima, Edris Ben Abdalluh, quitted Arabia, passed into Morocco, and established himself at Oualili, the capital, where he remained till his death, and where he was buried. His character was generally known and venerated for its sanctity, and drew upon him the affectionate regard of the people, and all instinctively placed themselves near him as a leader of the Faithful, likely to put an end to anarchy, and establish order in the Mussulman world. His son, Edris-Ben-Edris, who inherited his virtues and influence, offering a species of ancient prototype to Abd-el-Kader and his venerable father, Mahadin, was the first *bona fide* Mussulman sovereign of the Maroquine empire, and founded Fez.

Fez, however, is a most ancient centre of population, and had long been a famed city, before Mulai Idris gave it its present form in A.D. 807, or, according to others, in A.D. 793. The Spanish philologists, as Casiri and J. A. Conde, make Fut of the prophet Nahum to be the same as Fez and Labim, Lybia. The modern Medinatul-Beida, or white city, as it is also called by the Arabs, lies in a valley, and on the gentle slope of several hills by which it is surrounded, and whose heights are crowned with gardens, country-houses, and Kobbeks, or Saints' tombs. Fez differs from Morocco

and most other Moorish towns in its houses, which are generally of brick or stone, being of two, and sometimes even three stories in height. Many of them are also adorned with elevated towers, and are otherwise much decorated. The streets, as usual in hot countries, are very narrow, arched over in places, and Colonel Scott says some of them are a mile in length. The city is watered by the Wad-al-Jewahir, or river of jewels, a tributary to the Sebu, and which is artificially conducted to the different quarters and houses.

Fez contained, in the time of Leo Africanus, seven hundred mosques and one hundred public baths, and Richardson repeats the fact just as if it obtained in the present day. The most famous is the Karubin, said to contain many valuable Greek and Latin authors, and amongst others the lost books of Titus Livy. Ali Bey said of this renowned mosque that it appeared mean after the cathedral at Cordova. The university of Fez was once celebrated, but its high-minded orthodox mulahs are now succeeded by a fanatic and ignorant race of marabuts. The fanaticism of the people is shown in the notorious doggrel couplet, universally diffused throughout Morocco :

Eusara fi Senara,
El Hud fi Sifud,
Christians on the hook,
Jews on the spit.

The shops are numerous and well frequented. Nearly all the Jews reside in the Dar Jedidah, or new town, and which by its position dominates the old one. The population, estimated once by its hundreds of thousands, is not supposed to amount in the present day to more than fifty thousand. The inhabitants are still distinguished by their fanaticism, and Richardson says that a European cannot walk in the streets unless disguised, or without an escort of troops.

Fez is surrounded by a high wall, but little calculated to resist aught but undisciplined Berbers. The city has also seven gates and two castles, but still it is everywhere commanded by accessible heights, and it could make little or no resistance to a European army.

VI.

PORT OF MOGADOR—TRIBULATIONS OF A LANDSMAN—ACTUAL REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ROVERS OF SALEE—CAPTAIN OF THE PORT—THE MOORISH CEMETERY—"PLAYING AT POWDER"—IMPERIAL GUARD OF NEGROES.

THE port of Morocco is Mogador, as it is also the safest along the coast of the Atlantic; hence is it also the most frequented by British and other ships of any of the ports of the empire. Mr. Richardson, who sailed from Gibraltar to Mogador in a small Genoese brig, gives the following amusing account of his arrival at the latter port.

After a voyage of four days, we found ourselves off the coast of Mogador. The wind had been pretty good, but we had suffered some delay from a south wind, which headed us for a short time. We prayed for a westerly breeze, of which we soon got enough from west and north-west. The first twelve hours it came gently on, but gradually increased till it blew a gale. The captain was suddenly called up in the night, as though the ship was going to sink, or could sink, whilst she was running, as fast as we would let her, before the wind. But the real danger lay in missing the coast of Mogador, or not being able to get within its port from the violence of the breakers near the

shore. Our vessel was a small Genoese brig; and, though the Genoese are the best sailors in the Mediterranean—even superior to the Greeks, who rank next—our captain and his crew began to quake. At daylight, the coast-line loomed before us, immersed in fog, and two hours after, the tall minaret of the great mosque of Mogador, shooting erect, a dull lofty pyramid, stood over the thick haze lying on the lower part of the coast.

This phenomenon of the higher objects and mountains being visible over a dense fog on the shore, is frequent on this side of the Atlantic. Wind also prevails here. It scarcely ever rains, but wind the people have nine months out of the twelve. It is a species of trade-wind, which commences at the Straits, or the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and sweeps down north-west with fury, making the entire coast of Morocco a mountain-barrier of breakers, increasing in its course, and extending as far as Wadnoun, Cape Bajdor, Cape Blanco, even to the Senegal. It does not, however, extend far out at sea, being chiefly confined to the coast range. Our alarm now was lest we should get within the clutches of this fell swoop, for the port once past, it would have required us weeks to bear up again, whilst this wind lasted.

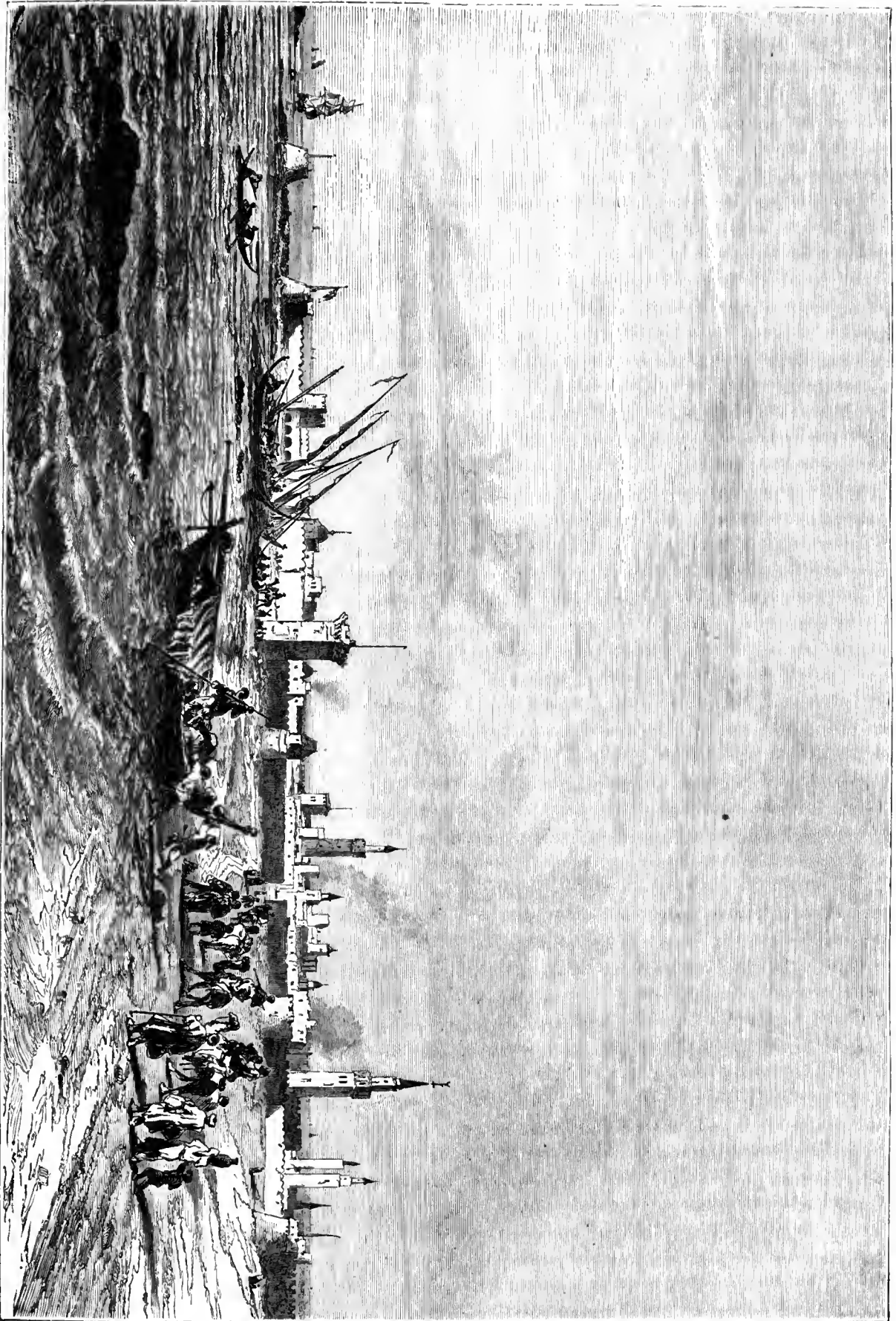
The Atlantic coast of Morocco is an indented or waving line, and there are only two or three ports deserving the name of harbours—harbours of refuge from these storms. Unlike the western coast of Ireland, so finely indented by the Atlantic wave, this portion of the Morocco coast is rounded off by the ocean.

Our excitement was great. The capitano began yelping like a cowardly school-boy, who has been well punched by a lesser and more courageous antagonist. Immediately I got on deck, I produced an English book, which mentioned the port of Mogador as a "good" port.

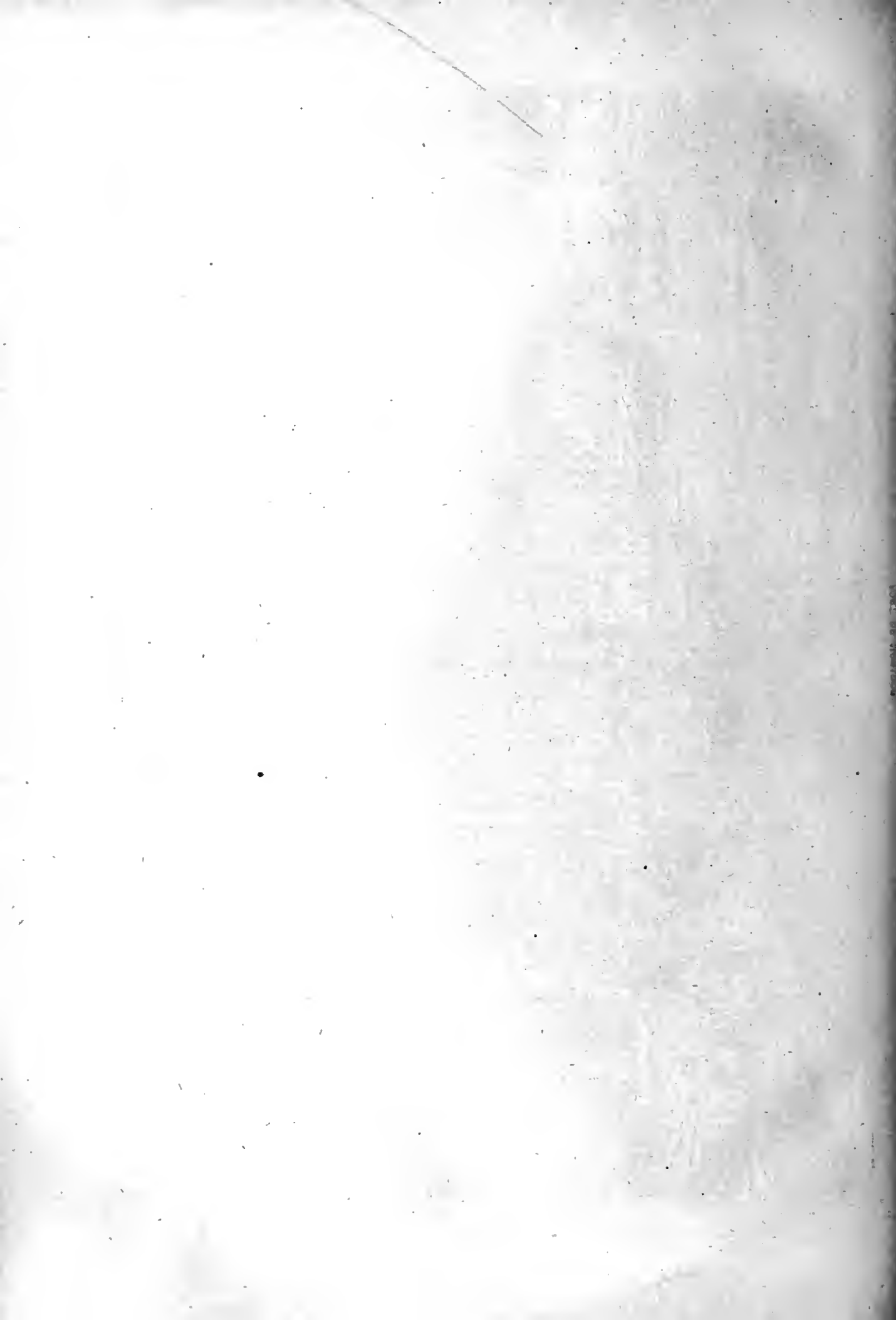
"Per Dio Santo!" exclaimed our capitano; "yes, for the English it is a good port—you dare-devils at sea—for them it is a good port. The open sea, with a gale of wind, is a good port for the *maladetti* English."

Irritated at this extreme politeness to our gallant tars, who have so long "braved the battle and the breeze," I did not trouble farther the dauntless Genoese, who certainly was not destined to become a Columbus. Now the men began to snivel and yelp, following the example of their commander. "We won't go into the port, Santa Virgine! We won't go in to be shivered to pieces on the rocks." At this moment our experienced capitano fancied we had got into shoal-water; the surf was seen running in foaming circles, as if in a whirlpool. Now, indeed, our capitano did yelp; now did the crew yelp, invoking all the saints of the Roman calendar, instead of attending to the ship. Here was a scene of indescribable confusion. Our ship was suddenly put round and back.

My fellow passengers, a couple of Jews from Gibraltar, began swearing at the capitano and his brave men. One of them, whilst cursing, thought it just as well, at the same time, to call upon Father Abraham. Our little brig pitched her bows two or three times under water like a storm-bird, and did *not* ground. It was seen to be a false alarm. The capitano now took courage on seeing all the flags flying over the fortifications, it being Friday, the Muhammadan Sabbath. The silly fellow had heard, that the port authorities always hauled down their colours, when the entrance to the



PORT OF MOGADOR



harbour was unsafe by reason of bad weather. Seeing the colours, he imagined all was right.

There are two entrances to the port of Mogador ; one from the south, which is quite open ; the other from the north-west, which is only a narrow passage, with scarcely room to admit a ship of the line. The "Suffren," in which the Prince de Joinville commanded the bombardment of the town, stood right over this entrance, on the northern channel, having south-east the Isle of Mogador, and north-west the coast of the continent. The Prince took up a bold and critical position, exposed to violent currents, to grounding on a rocky bottom, and to many other serious accidents.¹

As we neared this difficult entrance, we were all in a state of the most feverish excitement, expecting, such was the fury of the breakers, to be thrown on the rock on either side. Thus, it was a veritable Scylla and Charybdis. A man from the rigging descried several small vessels moored snugly behind the isle. We ventured in with breathless agitation. A man from one of the fortifications, guessing or, seeing, I suppose, our timidity and bad seamanship, cried out at the top of his lungs, "Salvo!" which being interpreted, meant, "The entrance is safe."

But this was not enough ; we were to have another trial of patience. The foolish captain—to terrify us to the last—had to cast his anchor as a matter of course ; and imagine, dear reader, our alarm, our terror, when we heard him scream out, "The chain is snapped!" We were now to be driven out southwards by the fury of the wind, which had become a hurricane, no very agreeable prospect! Happily, also, this was a false alarm. The capitano then came up to me, to shake hands, apologise, and present congratulations on our safe harbouring. The perspiration of fever and a heated brain was coursing down his cheeks. The capitano lit an extra candle before the picture of the Virgin below, and observed to me whilst the men were saying their prayers of gratitude for deliverance, "Per un miraculo della santissima Vergina, noi sciamo salvati!"—(We are saved by a miracle of the Most Holy Virgin!)—which, of course, I did not or could not dispute, allowing, as I do, all men in such circumstances to indulge freely in their peculiar faith, so long as it does not interfere with me or mine.

It is well that our merchant-vessels have never been reduced to the condition of Genoese craft, or been manned by such chicken-hearted crews. I believe the pusillanimity of the latter is traceable, in a great

measure, to the miserable way in which the poor fellows are fed. These Genoese had no meat whilst I was with them. I sailed once in a Neapolitan vessel, a whole month, during which time the crew lived on horse-beans, coarse maccaroni, Sardinian fish, mouldy biscuit, and griping black wine. Meat they had none. How is it possible for men thus fed, to fight and wrestle with the billows and terrors of the deep?

We had no ordinary task to get on shore ; the ocean was without, but sea was within port. The wind increased with such fury, that we abandoned for the day the idea of landing. We had, however, specie on board, which it was necessary forthwith to land. Mr. Phillips, captain of the port, and a merchant's clerk, therefore came alongside with great difficulty in a Moorish boat, to take ashore the specie ; and in it I embarked. This said barque was the miserable but apt representation of the bygone formidable Maroquine navy, which, not many centuries ago, pushed its audacity to such lengths, that the "rovers of Salee" cruised off the English coast, and defied the British fleets. Now the whole naval force of the once-dreaded piratic states of Barbary can hardly boast of two or three badly-manned brigs or frigates. As to Morocco, the emperor has not a single captain who can conduct a vessel from Mogador to Gibraltar.

The most skilful *rais* his ports can furnish made an attempt lately, and was blown up and down for months on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, being at last driven into the Straits by almost miraculous interposition.

What was this Moorish boat in which I went on shore ? A mere long shell of bad planks, and scarcely more ship-shape than the trunk of a tree hollowed into a canoe, leakily put together. It was filled with dirty, ragged, half-naked sailors, whose seamanship did not extend beyond coming and going from vessels lying in this little port. Each of these Mogadorian port sailors had a bit of straight pole for an oar ; the way in which they rowed was equally characteristic. Struggling against wind and current, with their Moorish *rais* at the helm, encouraging their labours by crying out first one thing, then another, as his fancy dictated, the crew repeated in chorus all he said :—
"Khobsah !" (a loaf) cried the *rais*.

All the men echoed "Khobsah."

"A loaf you shall have when you return!" cried the *rais*.

"A loaf we shall have when we return!" cried the men.

"Pull, pull ; God hears and sees you!" cried the *rais*.

"We pull, we pull ; God hears and sees us!" cried the men.

"Sweetmeats, sweetmeats, by G— ; sweetmeats, by G— you shall have, only pull away!" swore the *rais*.

"Sweetmeats we shall have, thank God! sweetmeats we shall have, thank God!" roared the men, all screaming and bawling. In this unique style, after struggling three hours to get three miles over the port, we landed, all of us completely exhausted and drowned in spray.

It is usual for Moors, particularly negroes, to sing certain choruses, and thus encourage one another in their work. What, however, is remarkable, these choruses are mostly on sacred subjects, being frequently the formula of their confession, "There is no God, but one God, and Muhammad is his Prophet," &c. These

¹ The entrance to the port of Mogador, however, is difficult to all seamen. We were besides in the depth of winter. The Prince de Joinville describes his mishaps during the height of summer, or in August, when placing his vessels in position before the town. He says, in his report of the bombardment: "New difficulties, and of more than one kind, awaited us. For four days, the violence of the wind and the roughness of the sea prevented us from communicating with one another. Anchored upon a rocky bottom, our anchors and cables broke, and the loss of them deprived us of resources which were indispensable in order to obtain our object. Some vessels had only one chain and one anchor. We could not think of maintaining ourselves before Mogador under sail. The violence of the currents and of the gale, would probably have carried us too far, and we should have lost the opportunity of acting. Besides, in causing the steamers to get to proceed with us, they would have consumed their fuel, and in leaving them by themselves they would be exposed to run short of provisions and water. It was therefore necessary to remain at anchor. At last, the wind abated, and there remained of the hurricane of the preceding days, a considerable swell from N.N.W. Then the vessels were tormented by the swell, and became ungovernable."

clownish tars were deeply coloured, and some quite black. I found, in fact, the greatest part of the Moorish population of Mogador coloured persons. We may here easily trace the origin of the epithet "Black-a-Moor," and we are not so surprised that Shakespeare made his Moor black; indeed, the present emperor, Mulai Abd Errahman, is of very dark complexion, though his features are not at all of the negro cast. But he has sons quite black, and with negro features, who, of course, are children of the negresses. One of these is Governor of Rabat. In no country is the colour of the human skin so little thought of. This is a very important matter in the question of abolition. There is no objection to the skin and features of the negro; it is only the luxury of having slaves, or their usefulness for heavy work which weighs in the scale against abolition.

As soon as we landed, we visited the lieutenant-governor, who congratulated us on not being carried down to the Canary Islands. Then his Excellency asked, in due studied form:

"Where do you come from?"

Traveller.—"Gibraltar."

His Excellency.—"Where are you going?"

Traveller.—"To see the Sultan, Mulai Abd Errahman."

His Excellency.—"What's your business?"

Traveller.—"I will let your Excellency know tomorrow."

I then proceeded to the house of Mr. Phillips, where I took up my quarters. Mr. Willshire, our vice-consul, was absent, having gone up to Morocco with all the principal merchants of Mogador, to pay a visit to the emperor.

The port of Mogador (*See p. 801*) had to-day a most wild and desolate appearance, which was rendered still more dreary and hideous by a dark tempest sweeping over it. On the shore there was no appearance of life, much less of trade and shipping. All had abandoned it, save a guard, who lay stretched at the water-port, like a grim watch-dog. From this place we proceeded to the merchants' quarter of the town, which was solitary and immersed in profound gloom. Altogether, my first impressions of Mogador were most unfavourable. I went to bed and dreamt of wind and seas, and struggled with tempests the greater part of the night. Then I was shipwrecked off the Canaries; thrown on the coast of Wadun, and made a slave by the wild Arabs wandering in the Desert—I awoke.

Mr. Phillips, mine host, soon became my right-hand man. His extraordinary character, and the adventures of his life, are worth a brief notice. Phillips said he was descended from those York Jews who, on refusing to pay a contribution levied on them by one of our most Christian kings, had a tooth drawn out every morning (without the aid of chloroform), until they satisfied the cruel avarice of the tyrant. In person, Phillips was a smart old gentleman, with the ordinary lineaments of his race stamped on his countenance. The greater part of his life has been spent in South America, where he attained the honours of aide-de-camp to Bolivar. In those sanguinary revolutions, heaving with the birth of the young republic, he had often been shut up in the capilla to be shot, and was rescued always by the Jesuit fathers, who pitied and saved the poor Jew, on his expressing himself favourable to Christianity. Returning to England, after twenty years' absence, his mother did not fully recog-

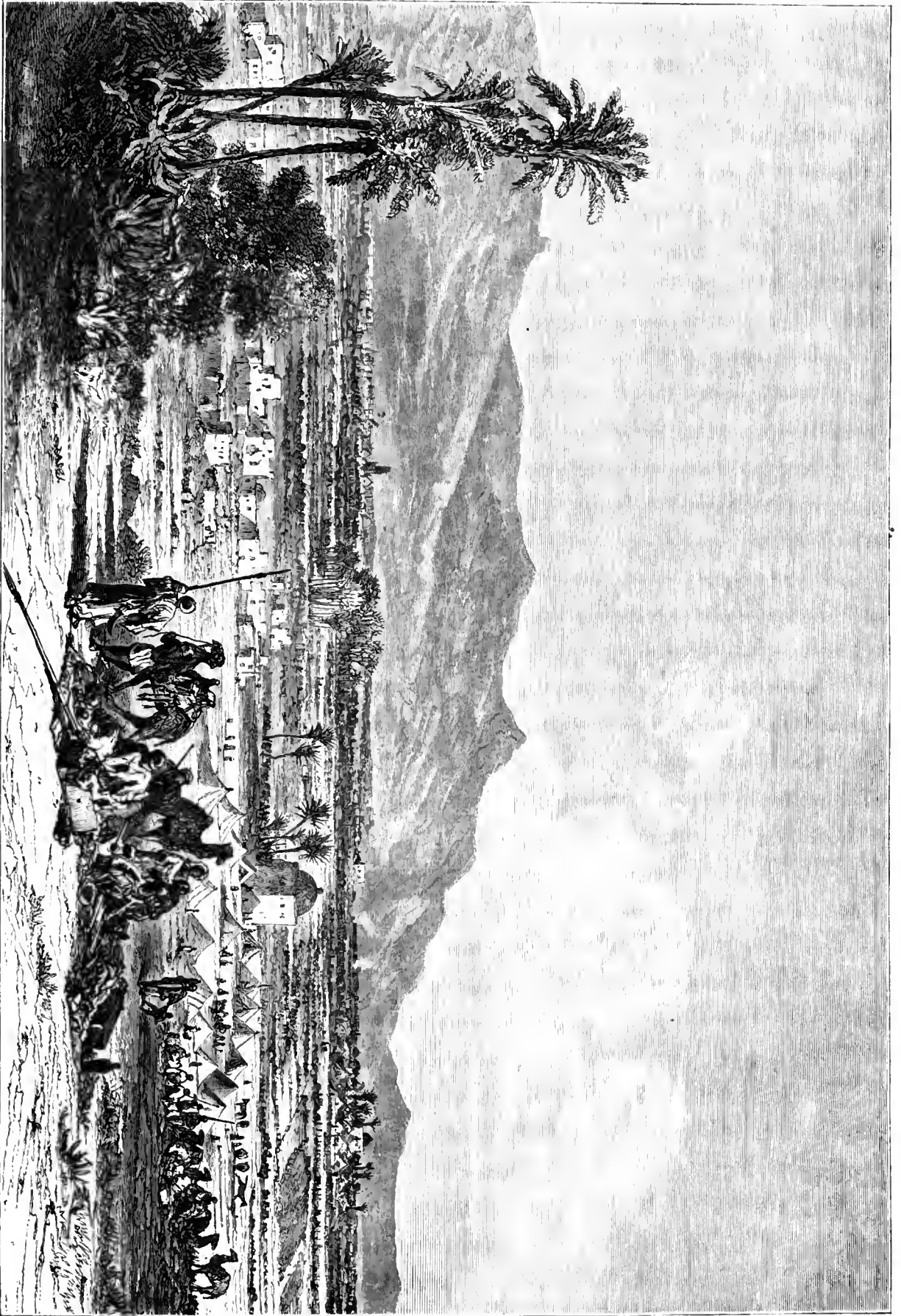
nise him, until he one day got up and admired, with youthful ardour, a china figure on the chimney-piece, which had been his toy in boyhood. On the occurrence of this little domestic incident, the mother passionately embraced her lost prodigal, once dead, but now "alive again." Phillips came to Mogador on a military speculation, and offered to take the command of the emperor's cavalry against all his enemies.

This audacity of a Jew filled the Moor with alarm. "How could a Jew, who was not a devil, propose such an insult to the commander of the faithful, as to presume to take charge of his invincible warriors!" Nevertheless, the little fellow weathered the storm, and got appointed "captain of the port of Mogador," with the liberal salary of about thirty shillings per month; but this did not prevent our aide-de-camp, now metamorphosed into a sea captain, from wearing an admiral's uniform, which he obtained in a curious way on a visit to England. He met, in the streets of London, with an acquaintance, who pretended to patronise him. The gentleman jokingly said, "Well, Phillips, I must give you an uniform, since you are appointed captain of the port of Mogador." The said gentleman received, a few months afterwards, when his quondam *protégé* was safe with his uniform strutting about Mogador, to the amazement of the Moors, and the delight of his co-religionists, a bill of thirty pounds or so, charged for a "suit of admiral's uniform for Mr. Phillips, captain of the port of Mogador;" and found that a joke sometimes has a serious termination.

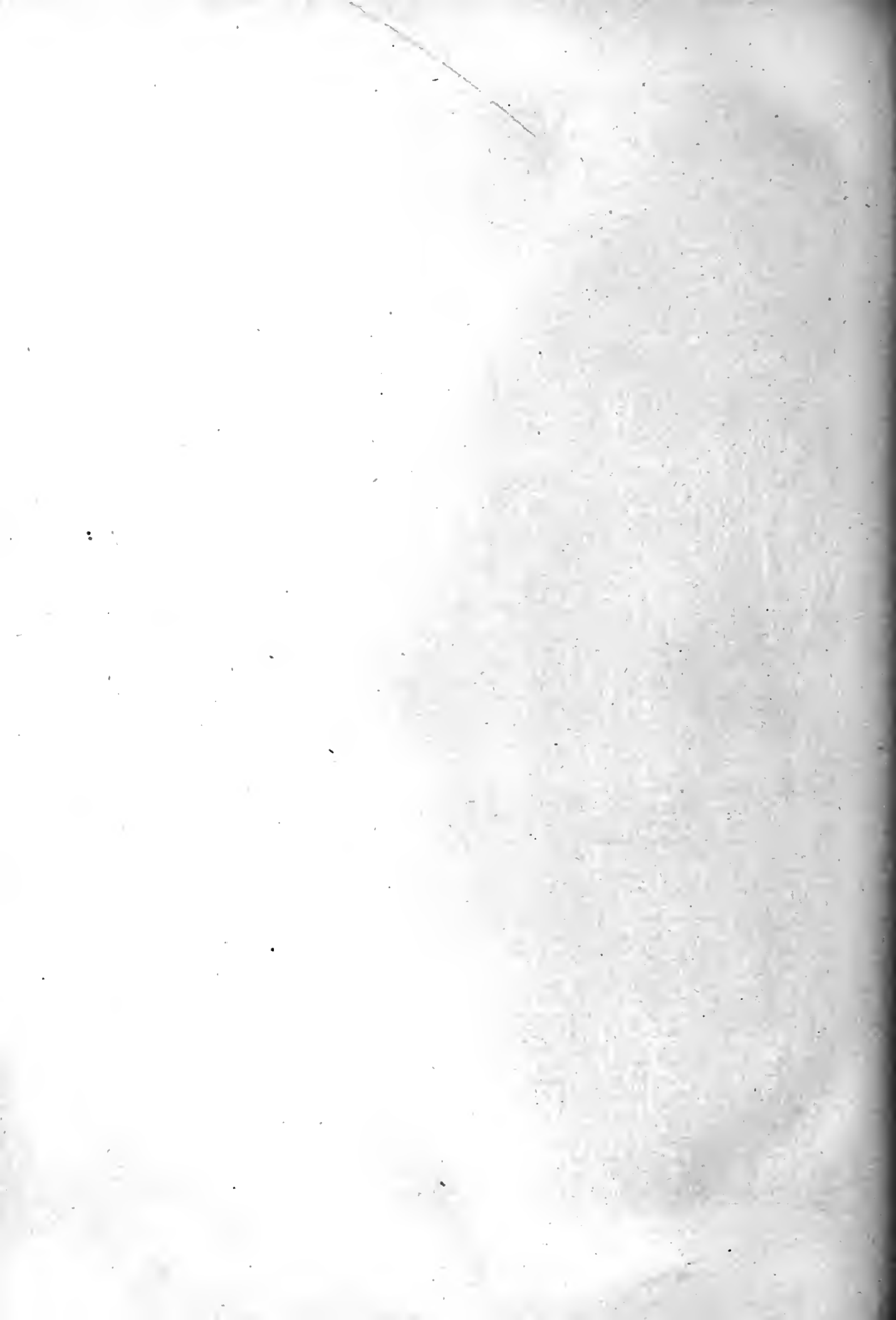
Phillips, on his first arrival in this country, entered into a diplomatic contest with the Moorish authorities, demanding the privileges of a native British-born Jew, and he determined to ride a horse, in order to vindicate the rights of British Jews, before the awful presence of the Shereefian court! About this business, the Consul-general Hay is said to have written eleven long, and Mr. Willshire about twenty-one short and pithy despatches, but the affair ended in smoke. Phillips, with great magnanimity and self-denial, consented to relinquish the privilege, on the prayer of his brethren, natives of Mogador, who were very naturally afraid, lest the incensed emperor might visit on them what he durst not inflict on the British-born Jew.

Of the achievements of Phillips in the way of science (for he assures he is born to the high destiny of enlightening both barbarians and civilised nations), I take the liberty, with his permission, of mentioning one. Phillips brought here a pair of horse-shoes belonging to a dray-horse of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., to astonish the Moors by their size, who are great connoisseurs of horse-flesh. The Moors protested their unbelief, and swore it was a lie—"such shoes never shod a horse." Phillips then got a skeleton of a head from England. This they also scouted as an imposition, alleging that Phillips had got it purposely made to deceive them. "Although they believed in the Prophet, whom they never saw, they were still not such fools as to believe in everything which an infidel might bring to their country." Phillips now gave up in despair the attempt to propagate science among the Moors.

Our ancient aide-de-camp of Bolivar is a liberal English Jew, and boasts that, on Christmas-day, he always has his roast beef and plum-pudding. I supped with him often on a sucking-pig, for the Christians breed pigs in this place, to the horror of pious Mussulmen. This amusing adventurer subsequently left Mogador



Mountains of Iron



and went to Lisbon, where he purposed writing a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, containing the plan of a new Unitarian system of religion, by which the Jews might be brought within the pale of the Christian church.

For some time I felt the effects of my sea-voyage; my apartment rocked in my brain. People speculated about the object of my mission; the most absurd rumours were afloat. "The Christian has come to settle the affairs of Mr. Darman, whom the emperor killed," some said. Others remarked, "The Christian has come to buy all the slaves in the country in order to liberate them." The lieutenant-governor sent for Phillips, to know what I came for, who I was, and how I passed my time? Phillips told him all about my mission, and that I was a great taleb. When Phillips mentioned to the governor, that Great Britain had paid a hundred million of dollars for the liberation of slaves belonging to Englishmen, his excellency, struck with astonishment, exclaimed, "The English Sultan is inspired by God!"

I visited the burying-place of Christians, situated on the north side of the town by the sea-shore. A fine tomb was erected here to the memory of Mrs. Willshire's father. The ignorant country people coming to Mogador stopped to repeat prayers before it, believing it the tomb of some favourite saint. The government, hearing of this idolatry to a Christian, begged Mr. Willshire to have the tomb covered with cement. When this was done, so perverse are these people, that they partially divested it of covering, and chipped off pieces of marble for their women, who ground them to powder, and dusted their faces with it to make them fair. Every six months it is necessary to replaster the tomb. This cemetery is the most desolate place the mind of man can conceive. There is no green turf here to rest lightly on the bosom of the dead! No tree, no cypress of mourning; no shade or shelter for those who seek to indulge in grief. All is a sandy desolation, swept by the wild winds of the solitary shore of the ocean.

Farther on, is the Moorish cemetery, which I passed through. What a spectacle of human corruption! Here, indeed, we may learn to despise this world's poor renown, and cease tormenting ourselves with vain and godless pursuits (*See p. 816*). It was then sunset, the moon had risen far up on the fading brow of the departing day, casting pale lights and fearful shadows over this house of the dead. It was time to return or the gates of the city would shut me out amidst the wreck of poor human dust and bones. I saw, moving in the doubtful shadows of approaching night, the grave-digging hyæna!

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The wreckers of this coast boldly assert that a shipwreck is a blessing (*birkah*), sent to them by Providence. The port authorities have even the impudence to declare, that to erect lighthouses at the mouth of ports would be thwarting the decrees of Divine Providence! In spite of all this, however, at the urgent request of Mr. Willshire, when, on one occasion, the weather was very bad, the governor of Mogador stationed guards on various parts of the coast to preserve the lives and property of shipwrecked vessels. But I do not think I have heard worse cases of Moorish wreckers than those which have happened not very many years ago on the French and English coasts. Some of my readers will recollect the case of an Indiaman wrecked off the

coast of France, when poor ladies, in a state of suspended animation, had their fingers cut off to get possession of their diamond rings. During my stay at Mogador, a courier arrived from Sus, bringing the news of some Christians being wrecked off the coast. A Jew had purchased one poor fellow from the Arabs for two camels. Two others were dead, their bodies cast upon the inhospitable beach by the Atlantic surge, where they lay unburied, to be mangled by the wild tribes, or to feed the hungry hyæna.

Some of the merchants came hither from the capital; amongst the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Elton; they, as well as others, brought a favourable account of the emperor and his ministers, and lauded very much the commercial policy of the governor of Mogador. Moderation, it is said, is the characteristic of the court's proceedings towards the merchants. Trade was not very brisk, it being the rainy season, when the Arabs are occupied with sowing the ground; the busy time is from September to January.

The produce sold at that time was simply that which is left of the past season, having been kept back with the object of getting a better price for it. Gum is brought in great quantities for exportation. An immense quantity of sugar is imported, a third of which is loaf beet-root sugar brought from Marseilles.

Mr. Phillips came to me to beg ten thousand pardons for having only fowls for dinner. One morning two bullocks were killed by the Jews, but "not according to the law," and the greater part of the Jews that day would have to go without meat. On these occasions the Jews sell their meat to the Moors and Christians at a reduced price. Phillips observed, "I am obliged to eat meat according to the law, or I should have no peace of my life."

A good many people were affected by colds, but the climate of Mogador is reckoned very good. All the year round there is not much variation; N.W. and N.E. winds bring cold in winter, and cool refreshing breezes in summer. There was not a single medical man in Mogador, although there were some fifty Europeans, including Jews. Some years ago a clever young man was practising here. For one year, each European paid his share of salary; but alas! those whom God blessed with good health, refused to pay their quota to the support of a physician for their sickly neighbours, consequently, every European's life was in the greatest danger, should a serious accident occur to them. With regard to money, they would prefer a broken leg all their life-time to paying five pounds to have it set. The consuls of Tangier subscribe for a resident physician.

One afternoon I went to see the Moorish cavalry "playing at powder" (*Lab Al Barud*), being a stirring and novel scene. A troop of these haughty cavaliers assembled with their chiefs almost daily on the plays, or parade. Then they divided themselves into parties of twenty or thirty; proceeding with their manœuvres, the cavaliers at first advanced slowly in a single line, then canter, and then gallop, spurring on the horse to its last gasp, meantime standing up erect on their shovel-stirrups, and turning from one side to the other; looking round with an air of defiance, they fire off their matchlocks, throw themselves into various dexterous attitudes, sometimes letting fall the bridle. The pieces being discharged, the horses instantaneously stop. The most difficult lesson a barb learns, is to halt suddenly in mid career of a full gallop. To discharge his

matchlock, standing on the stirrups while the horse is in full gallop, is the great lesson of perfection of the Maroquine soldiery. The cavaliers now wheel out of the way for the next file, returning reloaded, and taking their places to gallop off and fire again. Crowds of people attend these equestrian exhibitions, of which they are passionately fond. They squat round the parade in double or treble rows, muffled up within their bournouses, in mute admiration. Occasionally women are present, but females here join in very few out-door amusements. When a whole troop of cavaliers are thus manœuvring, galloping at the utmost stretch of the horses' muscles, the men screaming and hallowing

"Hah! hah! hah!" the dust and sand rising in clouds before the foaming fiery barb, with the deafening noise and confusion of a simultaneous discharge of firelocks, the picture represents in vivid colours what might be conceived of the wild Nubian cavalry of ancient Africa.

These cavaliers are sometimes called *spahis*; they are composed of Moors, Arabs, Berbers, and all the native races in Morocco. They are usually plainly dressed, but, beneath the burnuse, many of them wear the Moorish dress, embroidered in the richest style. Some of the horses are magnificently caparisoned in superb harness, worked in silk and gold. Fine harness is one of the luxuries of North Africa, and is



SERPENT CHARMERS.

still much used, even in Tunis and Tripoli, where the new system of European military dress and tactics has been introduced.

Mr. Lord relates, on the authority of the French, that, when the invading army invested Fort de l'Empereur, and had silenced all its guns, the Dey ordered the Turkish general to retreat to the Kasbah, and leave three negroes to blow up the fort. It seemed, therefore, abandoned, but two red flags floated still on its outward line of defence, and a third on the angle towards the city. The French continued all their efforts towards effecting a practicable breach. Three negroes were now seen calmly walking on the ramparts, and from time to time looking over as if examining the progress of the breach. One of them,

struck by a cannon-ball, fell; and the others, as if to avenge his death, ran to a cannon, pointed it, and fired three shots. At the third the gun turned over, and they were unable to replace it. They tried another, and as they were in the act of raising it, a shot swept the legs from under one of them. The remaining negro gazed for a moment on his comrade, drew him a little aside, left him, and once more examined the breach. He then snatched one of the flags, and retired to the interior of the tower. In a few minutes he reappeared, took a second flag and descended. The French continued their cannonade, and the breach appeared almost practicable, when suddenly they were astounded by a terrific explosion, which shook the whole ground as with an earthquake. An immense

column of smoke, mixed with streaks of flames, burst from the centre of the fortress; masses of solid masonry were hurled into the air to an amazing height, while cannon, stones, timbers, projectiles, and dead bodies were scattered in every direction. What was all this? The negro had done his duty—the fort was blown up!

In a skirmish near Mascara, one of Abd-el-Kader's negro soldiers killed two Frenchmen with his own hand. The Emir, who was an eye-witness of his bravery, rewarded him on the field of battle by presenting him with his own sword and the Cross of the Crescent, the only military order in the service, and which is never awarded except for a very distinguished

action. Colonel Scott says the black was presented to him, and seemed as proud of the honour conferred on him as if he had been made a K.G.C.B.

In the strifes and disputes for succession that have characterised the history of the Barbary princes, and reddened their annals with blood, nothing has been more remarkable than the fidelity of the negroes to their respective masters, and the bravery with which they have defended them to the last hour of their reign or existence. When all his partisans have deserted a pretender—when the soldiers of the successful competitor to the throne have been in the act of pouncing upon the fallen or falling prince, a handful of brave followers has rushed to the rescue, and surrounded



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the person of their beloved leader, pouring out their life-blood in his defence—and these men were negroes! To use a vulgar metaphor, the negro will defend his master with the savage courage and tenacity of a bull-dog. And this is the principal reason which has induced the despotic princes of North Africa to cherish the negroes, of whom they have encouraged a continual supply from the interior.

The history of this Imperial Guard of Negroes is interesting, as showing the inconveniences as well as the advantage of such a corps, for these troops have not been always so well-conducted as they are at present. At one time the Shereefs claimed a species of sovereignty over the city of Timbukhtu and the

adjacent countries. In the year 1727, Mulai Ismail determined to re-people his wasted districts by a colony of negroes. His secret object was, however, to form a body-guard to keep his own people in check, a sort of black Swiss regiment—so alike is the policy of all tyrants. In a few years these troops exceeded 100,000 men. Finding their numbers so great, and their services so much needed by the Sultan, they became exigent and rapacious, dictating to their royal master. Mulai Abdallah was deposed six times by them. The Sultan on his side finding their yoke intolerable, decimated them by sending them to fight in the mountains. Others were disbanded for the same reasons by Sidi Muhammad. Still the effect of this new colonisation was

beneficially experienced throughout the country. The Moors taking the black women as concubines, a mixed race of industrious peoples sprang up, and gave an impetus to the empire. It is questionable, however, if North Africa could be colonised by negroes. By mixing with the Caucasian race, this experiment partly succeeded. But in general, North Africa is too bleak and uncongenial for the negroes' nature during winter. The negro race does not increase of itself on this coast. Their present number is kept up by a continual supply of slaves. When this is stopped, coloured people will begin gradually to disappear.

The French in Africa now furnish them with an everlasting theme of denunciation. From Morocco they travel eastwards, filling the Sahara and the Atlas with the odours of their holy reputation. So that religious light, like that of civilisation, is now moving from the west—eastwards, instead of, as in times past, from the east—eastwards. The Maroquine Muhammdans may be cited as a case in point. They find too frequently only the form of religion in the east, as we do in the eastern churches. They are beginning to assault Mekka as we have assaulted Jerusalem.

VII.

THE RECENT SPANISH CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO—COMBATS IN FRONT OF CEUTA—MOORISH STRATAGEMS—SKIRMISHES ON THE RIVER AZMIR—MOORISH CAVALRY OVERRATED—ACTION AT WADI AL JALU—ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BULL RING—SPANISH ARTILLERY—MOORS GOOD MARKSMEN—FINAL ACTION IN FRONT OF TETUAN—STUBBORN DEFENCE OF THE MOORS—RETROSPECT OF THE CAMPAIGN—A GREAT POLITICAL AND MILITARY MISTAKE.

THE first standing army of negroes was formed more especially of Songhay tribes, dwelling on the Niger, in the time of Mulai Ismael, about A.D. 1672. This prince married his Songhay contingent to Moroccan women in order to rule his own subjects. (Barth, *Chronological Table of the History of Songhay*, vol. iv. p. 627.)

The reputation which this imperial negro guard enjoyed for devotion and gallantry—the historical halo that surrounded the heads of the descendants of the Mauretians and Moors of old—the well-attested pluck of the Arabs, and the power of resistance of the Berbers, great as it is in their own mountains, were neither allowed full play, or could not cope with the perfection of civilized warfare, when pitched in our own days against Spain.

Mr. Frederick Hardman speaks, indeed, in his work on *The Spanish Campaign in Morocco*, in very depreciatory terms of the Moorish cavalry, as, indeed, of Moorish tactics generally.

So far, he says, as I have as yet had opportunity of observing, and of ascertaining from officers who have been here from the very first day of the war, the military tactics of the Moors are limited and monotonous. Their stratagem is always the same; they throw out a few men as a decoy—a sort of forlorn hope—in the expectation that the Spaniards will advance against them as an easy prey. If the Spaniards did so they would instantly become a mark for hundreds of sharpshooters, concealed in holes and corners, among rocks and behind trees, and vigilantly watching for a mark. To the possible success of this *ruse de guerre* it is obviously essential that the Spaniards should not be aware of the proximity of a lurking foe fifty times more numerous than the one visible on the open ground. To

conceal their ambush the Moors display all the craft of savages. One rarely sees a strong body of them ensconcing themselves in a position. You may see five or six in one direction, and eight or ten in another, converging towards an apparently uncertain point, whilst in other directions other small groups move, often only two or three men, sloping quietly along as if they were admiring the landscape rather than meaning mischief. Then they disappear, either among trees or behind inequalities of the ground, and are seen no more, and you know not whither they are gone until you have had enough experience of their ways to feel sure that they have all betaken themselves to allotted positions, and that while perhaps you have never seen fifty men at a time, there are probably a thousand assembled within range of your skirmishers. The aversion they show to coming to close quarters and encountering a bayonet charge, renders it difficult to believe that their frequent advances against our positions are prompted by a serious hope of obtaining possession of any part of works fully manned, defended by artillery, and which every day renders stronger. I should rather take their object to be to provoke the Spaniards to move out from their cover to ground where they might afford easy marks for their *espingardas*. The Moors have been only too often successful in this, and the consequence has been the killing and wounding of hundreds of men without any corresponding advantage. A great deal of ammunition has thus been fired away, which had been much better spared. The Spanish generals, however, have begun to find out their mistake. The first corps, which has been longest here, and has had the most experience of this kind of warfare, has for some time past adopted the plan of not replying to the Moorish skirmishers, but of lying quiet, and letting them come on (if they please, which they rarely do) until they are near enough for action more decisive than the exchange of long shots. Similar reserve has, I hear, now been enjoined to the second corps, and, judging from the conduct of those troops of the third corps which were yesterday engaged, it is probable that General Ros de Olano, who on his first arrival here seemed rather disposed to retaliate upon and follow up the foe, now sees that there is nothing to be gained by such a course, with a quickfooted enemy, who flies when attacked, and returns in swarms when the Spaniards retire, as they must ultimately do, to their positions, to hang upon their rear and pelt them with bullets.

Then again at the camp on the River Azmir. The day, Mr. Hardman says, is mild but cloudy, after one of the most gorgeous and remarkable sunrises I ever saw,—the whole eastern sky flaked and barred with clouds glowing like burnished copper, on a background the tints of which varied from the pale green of the willow leaf to an almost emerald hue. For a few minutes it was wonderful to contemplate; then the sun rose like a golden ball from the sea horizon, slightly veiled by a low bank of mist, but almost as soon as it appeared clouds floated across, and the whole morning, without being exactly dull, has passed without brightness. The soldiers are going through the duty, lately so unpleasantly frequent, of discharging and cleaning their damp muskets; the contents of the tents are being spread out to dry; horses are being cleaned and rubbed and brushed, which they greatly need, poor fellows, after standing all night up to their fetlocks in mud, with rain pelting through their covering, and not

much to eat. Some of the mules look very thin and miserable, and as if greatly in want of the contents of the steamer marked "Hay:" one poor lean wretch, on beholding some scanty handfuls of that desirable article spread before a horse this morning, came tottering up to claim a share, but fell from weakness before he could reach the much-needed forage. The cavalry horses seem to bear up pretty well; at least two squadrons of dragoons, which went forward yesterday and rode all along the line during the action in hopes of getting a chance of a charge, looked plucky and in hard condition, and trotted briskly up and down rugged declivities and through the thick jungles of briars and gum-cistus. The Moors apparently did not like their looks, for they kept carefully out of their way. I confess I begin to think there is a great deal of exaggeration in what has been said of the formidable valour of the Moorish horsemen. They have had, before my eyes, several opportunities of attacking, with far superior force, small bodies of Spanish cavalry, and not once have they availed themselves of them. As yet, all they have shown themselves good for is to scamper about the country, generally at a pretty safe distance from the Spanish sharpshooters, and to perform feats which would excite much admiration in Batty's Circus, such as firing at a canter, levelling their long *espingardas*, and discharging them at the same instant that their well-trained horses turn short round and make at speed for the rear. Considering the length of their guns, and the need they have of a prop for steady aim, I cannot believe that this kind of practice causes many casualties in their enemy's ranks. The kind of estimation in which the Spanish infantry hold them may be judged of from the fact that at the termination of our last march but one—the hazardous but completely successful movement between the sea and the lagoons—when there was skirmishing on the heights above our position, and the soldiers, looking down from the rocky summits, saw Moorish cavalry moving in the plain below, a battalion was extremely indignant because it was not allowed to descend and charge them with the bayonet.

The only Moors as yet seen to-day have been two or three small parties wandering over the ground of yesterday's combat, probably looking for wounded and collecting dead. With a glass one can see some horses lying about on the hills. A number of arms were brought in yesterday, among them several *gumais*. These are much the shape of a butcher's knife—broad and square next the handle or hilt, with a projecting corner, and tapering off to the point. The edge of most of those that have been taken since the war began was ground as sharp as that of a razor. The usual length of the blade is about 18 or 20 inches. Yesterday a sabre was also brought in which apparently belonged to an officer or some person of distinction. It was in a scabbard of red leather, with brass tip and bands, with slings of crimson cord. Edge and point were as sharp as grindstone could make them. For a cavalry sabre it was short—a heavy, ill-balanced weapon, with a cramped, inconvenient guard. General Prim has got a *haick* of crimson cloth, and in such clean and good condition that I hear he intends wearing it. Another capture, and by far the most interesting, made yesterday by the soldiers in their pursuit of the flying Moors, was a handsome album, in a case, containing drawings and paintings of scenery and positions, some in this neighbourhood, with manuscript notes. It came into

possession of General Enrique O'Donnell, brother of the Commander-in-chief, and he had it under his arm, when, in passing on foot through part of the camp, after dark, he unfortunately lost it, and all the efforts that have been made to find it have hitherto proved unsuccessful. This loss is much to be regretted.

I find that nobody attempts to estimate the number of the Moors who yesterday attacked, and, indeed, it is the wisest plan not to do so, for the reason I have more than once given. The positions they occupied could hardly be less than four miles in length. They were met by seven battalions, which, being stronger than some we have here, must be reckoned at 4000 men. Of these only four battalions, Toledo, Castilla, Savoya, and Cordova, were actually engaged; the other three were in reserve. The first-named two particularly distinguished themselves by the charges they made. Cordova is the battalion that suffered so much on the 1st inst., and is even said to have shown symptoms of faltering, at which moment it was that Marshal O'Donnell galloped forward to the front and placed himself and staff in a heavy fire, as described to you in a previous letter. A Spanish artist who accompanies this army has made a spirited sketch of the scene, at the moment when the Marshal put spurs to his horse, and, shouting to a battalion of light infantry close at hand, "*Cazadores! a la bayoneta! Viva la Reina!*" dashed up the ascent. The Cordova Regiment has lost heavily in the campaign; its two senior field officers, and a number of others of all ranks have been killed or wounded. The great loss of officers in the army of Africa up to the present time shows that they do their duty, and is also to be attributed to their standing upright, while their men of course get as much as possible under cover to load and fire, and in many instances have fought from behind low parapets thrown up for the purpose of affording them shelter. The casualties yesterday were somewhat heavier than I thought, although the Moorish fire was certainly very heavy at times, until they were disheartened and driven to flight by the bayonet charges and rapid advance of the battalions above named, as well as by the rapid discharges of twenty pieces of artillery. One battalion I saw charging *à discrétion*, as it is called—that is to say, as the men like, without keeping ranks or any sort of order; it pushed on very rapidly, and must have suffered from the fire from the wood in which the Moors sought shelter.

Again, when the Spaniards were getting up to Tetuan, the Moors offered no real resistance:

CAMP OF WADI AL JALU, Feb. 1.

There was an action yesterday, but, unless the force of artillery displayed, and the loss it occasioned the Moors, should induce them to surrender Tetuan, it has not placed the Spaniards one inch nearer to the possession of that place. Strictly speaking, they may be said to be further from the attainment of that end than they were, since they have lost out of their little army 200 or 300 men, more or less acclimatised and inured to this kind of warfare, and who can be but imperfectly replaced by an equal number of recruits from Spain. The combat of yesterday was useless and unprofitable, like many others that this army has had since its arrival in Africa. The position of the Spaniards is this: they occupy an intrenched camp and forts before Tetuan, in which they are waiting until they have completed their preparations for attacking that place. Until then they have nothing

to gain by engaging in combats in the plain around them, and across which it is in their power to advance whenever they please. They are constructing a new fort, which is slow in completion by reason of the nature of the ground, and of the form selected, which requires a great deal of labour. This fort the Moors come down and attack, or, at least, make a demonstration of attacking. It might be thought sufficient to defend it, driving away the enemy when he approaches, and to this the Spanish military chiefs have, it is said, more than once expressed their intention of limiting themselves. Unfortunately, when the moment comes, good resolutions are apt to evaporate. The smell of powder has an intoxicating effect on most heads. A little *amour propre* may, perhaps, have its influence, for it must not be thought in Europe that the Moors are masters of the plain, and that we dare not sally forth and drive them back in confusion even greater than that of their disorderly approach. So that, in fact, during this time of waiting and preparation, while guns and tools and stores are being disembarked, the Moors have it at their option to fight or not. If they choose to remain in their tents nobody will molest them; when they feel pugnacious and have got a fresh supply of powder and some new leader arrives among them, they have nothing to do but to come down into the plain but to fire and yell, and they are quite sure that troops will be sent out to meet them, and that, although their own loss may be great, they will have the satisfaction of killing some of the "Christian dogs." Spaniards are apt to take illustrations from the bull-ring, and I have heard this army and the Moors compared to the bull and the bull-fighter. The Spanish bull stands calm and firm in his African arena, confident of his power to repel and somewhat scornful of his foe, worsted in many encounters. Forth rides the Moorish *toreador*, brandishing a red flag, which he shakes in defiance and provocation, and followed by a swarm of long legged, long-gun bearing Moriscos, who look, upon the brown hill-side and in their dirty white haicks, like lively gentles. "Come on, come on!" he may be imagined to say, as he makes his charger curvet and waves his banner on high, while his followers crouch behind bushes and seek supports for their *espingardas*, and fire and vituperate. At the sound of their hideous yell and of a whistling bullet or two, the eager Spaniard pricks up his ears, paws the ground, and soon forgets prudent resolves. Like the unreflecting bull, he is not long in losing his temper and accepting his enemy's challenge. Forward the skirmishers! Bring up the mountain battery! Up with Vergara's sharpshooters! Where are the rifled four-pounders? And forward they all hurry—the active red-legged light infantry, with Minié on shoulder, and the tall powerful mules, which the weight of guns and carriages perched upon their high pack-saddles cannot restrain from furious neighing and inconvenient rearing, and other antics highly annoying to their conductors, and scarcely to be checked by sharp jerks at the severe iron apparatus affixed to their nose and mouth. Battalions move up in support, the field artillery rumbles in the rear, and lines of cavalry glitter on the flank, waiting an opportunity to charge. And soon the Minié whistles, and the sharp report of the rifled guns is heard, and the Moriscos, who are not anxious to come to close quarters, knock over a few men by parting shots, and scamper off to another position, and again career to and fro, and wave their dirty little flags and howl abuse of the

Spaniards, who again as before, are seduced to follow them up. And thus some miles of ground are gone over, and the enemy doubtless suffers severely, which does not, however, prevent him, when he sees the Spaniards retire, from following them and killing and wounding a few more. The telegraph announces a fresh victory to Madrid, where there is probably much rejoicing on the occasion; but the next morning the "butcher's bill" is added up, and the loss is ascertained, while anything like a gain, either substantial or moral, is sought for in vain. It may be questioned whether such expenditure of soldiers' lives be justifiable, but under present circumstances it certainly seems unwise.

The above is much the sort of thing that went on yesterday, beginning soon after ten and lasting till nightfall. The Spaniards brought up the whole of their artillery and pounded the Moors considerably. The affair began to our right front, just beyond the new fort, still incomplete, which was supposed to be the object of the Moorish advance. Soon it spread over a much more extensive line; and while, on the Spanish left, a few battalions kept the enemy at bay, the right and centre cleared the plain and advanced nearly five miles from their position, through a country inconveniently sprinkled with ponds and long narrow lagoons. As regards military movements, there is not much to describe in these actions. When I read the Spanish official accounts of those I myself have witnessed, I am often puzzled to trace all the strategical ideas therein attributed to the Moors. Now and then they have seemed to have some glimmerings of that kind, but usually their plan, if such it may be called, is much like that of a dog attacking a bull, and who careers around him seeking opportunity to rush in and bite with impunity, but retreats in haste when he meets the horns. This was the case yesterday. The Moors were no sooner repulsed on one part of the line than they scampered off to another, in hopes of finding a weak point, but everywhere they were disappointed; and, in the afternoon, a general advance put them utterly to the route, and a greater part of them disappeared, abandoning the spurs of the Sierra Bermeja to the Spaniards, and seeking refuge in the recesses, and even on the summits of the mountains. Their camp on the hill, referred to in former letters, was in evident danger, and its occupants began to strike tents, in anticipation of an attack. It might easily have been taken, and many thought that such was the intention, but the attempt was not made.

I perceive that the Spanish bulletin of the little combat of the 23rd of January speaks highly of the practice made by the artillery. This, I suppose, was out of consideration for the feelings of the gunners. I persist in saying that it was very indifferent, and some of it very bad, and that some of the shells from the gunboats burst much nearer to the Spaniards than to the Moors, and even in dangerous proximity to the former. This was very well known and freely commented on by many here. Yesterday the case was different. There was some extremely good practice, and, although I do not know by what process of calculation the Spanish head-quarters arrive at their estimate of 2,000 as the loss of the Moors, it would not be surprising if they had lost quite that, and the prisoners taken say that their army suffered greatly, especially the cavalry. The whole of the field artillery, and some, if not all, of the mountain batteries, were out and engaged, so that there must have been at least

fifty or sixty guns in the field. Frequently four batteries were firing at a time, from different points of the line; and as the Moors, although they do not form in line or columns, were very thick yesterday, they must have suffered much from the shell and round shot, especially from the former, many of which fell and burst in the very midst of their groups. The rocket troop also came out, for the first time in this campaign, and greatly astonished the dusky warriors of Mulai Abbas. As the first missile issued from the tube, and, rushing through the air like a red-hot arrow, with a train of smoke behind it, ricocheted twice or thrice, and then, plunging into a field full of Moors, exploded in the midst of them, they fled in every direction in the utmost consternation. The rocket practice was remarkably good, and must have been very damaging to the enemy. One of the mountain batteries—that of Lopez Dominguez, which has been constantly engaged from a very early period of the campaign, and has done excellent service—went out among the skirmishers on the left, at a time when the Moorish fire was very heavy at that point, and fired grape with good effect, but suffered severely, losing one-third of his men. To all this storm of artillery the Moors could only oppose two or three small guns, which it is presumable they inherited from their remote forefathers, and which the Spaniards would not have known to have been fired but for the smoke and report, and for a ball which was picked up in the plain and showed the pieces to be three-pounders.

They were stationed in the Moorish camp below the Sierra Bermeja, and the Moors were very industrious in changing their position, in hopes of improving the effect of their practice. One of the prisoners taken said that his countrymen were greatly puzzled to understand why their guns did not carry as far as those of the Spaniards, for that they put in a great deal of powder. I presume the Spaniards will no longer believe, as some were disposed to do a few weeks ago, that their antagonists have had the advantage of instruction from British artillerymen.

The number of horse shown yesterday by the Moors was considerable. One prisoner said there were 2,000; another 3,000; and it would not be surprising if the larger of these numbers were correct. The opinion in this camp seems to be that they showed a greater force of both infantry and cavalry than they had previously done in the war, and I certainly had not yet seen them bring forward so many horsemen, some of whom appeared well mounted. The Spanish cavalry was not idle, but neither was it fortunate. A considerable body—six or seven squadrons—was with the third corps, which occupied the centre of the line, and with which General O'Donnell passed the greater part of the day. When to the right, and in advance of the headquarters staff, this cavalry was led to the charge against a very numerous force of Moorish horse and foot, and it certainly was not handled with much judgment. The movements were so rapid, and took place in such a cloud of dust and on such uneven ground, that it was impossible for a spectator's eye to follow all the details; but the main outlines of the affair was perceptible enough, and it was to the effect that the Spaniards went on bravely and in good order, went too far, got under the heaviest and best sustained fire I have as yet heard proceed from the Moors, and came out in no small confusion, leaving dead, wounded, and a few prisoners behind them. I have since heard many

details and episodes of the affair, which was certainly the least satisfactory part of the day's work for the Spaniards. According to the official return there are two officers and sixteen men dead, eleven officers and thirty-four men wounded. Among the dead and wounded are three field officers. I do not hear of any being returned as "missing," but I am assured that a subaltern and three or four men were made prisoners and taken away by the Moors, who yesterday were more merciful than usual, and did not invariably cut off all the heads that came within their reach. The Moorish cavalry did not shrink from crossing sabres with the Spanish dragoons; indeed the Moors in general show much individual pluck; what they are deficient in is organisation, generalship, and artillery. Their muskets are certainly not of the most modern and convenient construction, but that they who use them are good shots is evident from the large number of Spanish officers they knock over—a disproportion with the casualties among the soldiers not to be entirely accounted for by the forwardness of the officers, or by the fact that they are often on horseback or erect while their men are stooping behind banks and partly sheltered from fire. It is also observed that a large proportion of the wounds received in this army are above the waist, and a great many of them in the head and neck. To revert, however, to the cavalry charge of yesterday. The headlong advance of the leading squadrons led them towards a tract of brushwood at the foot of the hills, along which it was easy to discern, even from a distance, that the Moors had a parapet. As the horsemen galloped within short range of this, a steady fire was opened upon them, which lasted in a prolonged and continuous roll fully two minutes, and doubtless seemed longer to those who were under it. The cavalry went files about and made for the rear, and soon the Moorish horsemen were mingled with them. There was a good deal of cutting and slashing, and not all the wounds were where a soldier takes most pride in showing them. I saw one dragoon, a tall powerful fellow, lying on the ground with two tremendous sabre cuts across the back. He was dead, and had been stripped by some of the rascally camp-followers, of whom a great number hang about the skirts of the army when it moves, on the look-out for plunder, and against whom a severe general order has to-day been issued, promising them 200 blows of a stick for future transgressions. The Moors seem more accustomed to cut than to thrust, and thus it is that many of the wounds they inflict are slight. An officer of the Principe Regiment, Major Moraski, a Pole, found himself engaged with four or five of the enemy—an encounter which he somewhat rashly sought. He received, as his comrades inform me, upwards of twenty wounds about the head and shoulders, but his life is not in danger, and he left this morning in an hospital ship for Malaga. Another officer of the same regiment was saved by the courage and devotedness of two of his soldiers. He was lying on the ground, severely wounded, both by shot and sabre, in three or four places, when the two dragoons approached him and urged him to accompany them. He said it was impossible for him to stir, and warned them to be off, for that five Moors were in ambush only a few paces on. They immediately rushed to the place, killed two of the Moors, put the others to flight, and brought off their officer. I met them bringing him in across their saddles, as I was riding forward towards the scene of the charge. The

poor fellow could not repress cries of agony, but fortunately a neighbouring square of infantry supplied a litter. To sum up these scattered details, the fault of the Spanish cavalry yesterday does not appear to have been want of courage, but want of proper leading and direction. They charged stoutly enough, but there seems to have been no one there to bid them halt at the proper time, and thus they got into a heavy fire, which they had no means of returning, were disordered and driven back, and then were assailed by a swarm of mounted Moors, intrepid combatants and skilful horsemen. The cavalry, in short, were unlucky. On the extreme left General Rubin, who commanded there, sent a squadron to charge a large number of Moors who were scattered over the low marshy plain that stretches from the camp up to the foot of the rising ground on which Tetuan stands. The squadron got into a treacherous morass, which let in the horses up to their girths, and sixteen or eighteen were killed there. One man had a most miraculous escape. With a cut in the wrist that nearly severed hand from arm, and a severe wound in the throat, he was stripped naked by the Moors, who thought him dead, and left him half immersed in the water. He lay there for about three hours insensible, then recovering himself, got up, and approached the Spanish skirmishers, between whom and the Moors he had lain, they firing at each other over him. It was dusk, and the Spaniards did not know what to make of this strange figure, and some, taking him for an enemy, fired at him. He made signs and moved towards them as fast as he could, and finally he was saved and brought into camp, and will very probably recover.

General Prim commanded on the right yesterday, and had little to do in the way of fighting, which must rather have annoyed him. He found himself, however, towards the middle of the day, menaced by a large force of Moorish cavalry, which, after being driven back from the Spanish centre, chiefly by the very heavy artillery fire, galloped off to the right, in pursuance of their usual system, to seek a weak place there. Prim had no cavalry with him, or at most a mere handful, but he had reliance on his infantry, and his infantry have unbounded confidence in him. He addressed them in his usual laconic style. "Men," he said (it was thus that his words were repeated to me), "there is cavalry in our front, and we have none to send against them, but we will charge them with the bayonet. Form squares, and let the music play." So, accordingly, in solid masses, their colours in the middle, and the bands playing their most inspiring tunes, the infantry advanced against the Moors, who did not wait for them.

And lastly, in the decisive battle fought after the capture of Tetuan, on the 23rd of March, and where the negro cavalry were in great force, and displayed, as did also the Moorish infantry, great intrepidity, still the absence of organisation, discipline, and artillery, as also of competent leaders, rendered personal bravery of no avail whatsoever.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 23rd instant, the diana sounded in the streets of Tetuan and in the camps in front and rear of the city; tents were struck, mules loaded, and before six the whole Spanish army, between 20,000 and 25,000 strong, was in motion westwards. In Tetuan remained a slender garrison of barely 1,500 men; the three forts near the sea, known respectively as Martin, Custom-house, and Star, were intrusted

to the care of a small force of infantry of the line and a few companies of the Basque contingent, besides the necessary artillerymen for working the guns. It was evident the general-in-chief expected to have occasion for every man he could muster. The order of march was in parallel columns, and was led by that portion of the first corps which lately came to Tetuan from the lines of Ceuta. These were the same regiments which first landed in Africa, and fought in the sharp action of the 25th of November, and now they led the van in the closing fight of the war. They were eight battalions, with two batteries of mountain artillery, and a small body of cavalry, forming a division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Echague and Major-General Sir Richard La Saussaye. They were followed by Marshal O'Donnell and his staff, swollen by the presence of a number of foreign officers, most of whom had arrived since the capture of Tetuan, and two or three of whom were slightly wounded in the combat of the 11th inst., or in the far more important action of the day before yesterday. Their tents stands together in head-quarters camp, and that section of it is facetiously denominated *La Légion Etrangère*, "the Foreign Legion." There are several Prussians, a Russian, an Austrian, Swedes, and Bavarians, and one Frenchman, Baron Clary. I have seen it repeatedly stated in print, that there were British officers at these head-quarters; but that is not the case. The mistake may have arisen from the visits that have been occasionally made to the camp and to Tetuan by officers of Gibraltar garrison, or, more probably, from the fact that an Englishman holding the rank of colonel of cavalry in the Spanish army has served throughout the whole war on O'Donnell's staff, without pay, and at his own charges. The Comte d'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, a gallant young soldier and general favourite, is also still here; and this, I think, completes our list of distinguished foreigners. To return to the order of march. After the staff came the second corps, the fighting corps *par excellence*, under its dashing chief, Don Juan Prim, and the third corps, under Ros de Olano; then came the baggage, protected in rear by the first division of the reserve. The line of march was flanked and protected on the right by the second division of the reserve, under General Rios, which moved along the heights—a fortunate precaution, since it fell in with a large body of Moors hurrying in the contrary direction, with the manifest intention of getting in the rear of the Spaniards. Rios's was probably the strongest division in the field, including, as it did, five-sixths of the Basque contingent, lately arrived. This contingent is 3,000 strong, most of them young soldiers, but all active, hardy fellows, whose flat red caps (the Pyrenean *beret*) recalled to the minds of many here present the *chapelgorris* and Carlists of the civil war now twenty years concluded. Distributed among the various divisions went the whole of the mountain artillery (borne on mules), and two batteries of field artillery of four guns each. Also the cavalry, which is but a small force—that arm having suffered considerably during the present war. The whole number of combatants is here estimated at fully 25,000, and very probably was not less. Upwards of 40,000 rations are now drawn daily for the Spanish army in Africa, which, allowing for the double rations of officers, for muleteers, camel-drivers, servants, sick, and all classes of non-combatants, as well as for the small garrisons left in Tetuan and the forts, ought to leave a disposable fighting force of at least the number above stated.

The action commenced at a short league from Tetuan ; the ground where it terminated, and where the Spaniards encamped, is about a league and a half further off. The River Guad el Jelu, or Martin, changes its name in more than one place, and at a league and a half from Tetuan, where it makes an abrupt turn to the right and crosses the road under a bridge, it is known as the Guad el Ras. The road to Tangier is rather more like a road than the imperfect tracks which generally bear that name in this country. The positions successively held and abandoned by the Moors on the line of advance of the main body of the Spanish army were of an advantageous nature, a series of hills partially covered with brushwood, and here and there a *douar*, or hamlet, of the poor huts the rural population hereabouts inhabit. To give you a correct detailed account of the action is scarcely possible, owing to the extent of the ground over which it was fought, and because it was in a great measure a collection of desultory combats. The plan of the Moors was evident enough. They are, as you know, but poor tacticians ; and, judging, it may be supposed, of others by themselves, they imagined that the Spaniards would advance along the valley without guarding the lofty and extensive heights upon their right. Thither, however, General Rios betook himself, and soon became aware of the presence of a large force of the enemy, estimated at about 12,000 men. While that general, making a wide circuit, checked the advance of this left wing, Echague, Prim, and a small portion of the third corps, were fighting their way along the lower ground and over the hills that diversified it. The most severe conflict was after the passage of the river, where the Moors held very strong positions opposite to the Spanish left. Here the army changed its front about three-quarters to the left, and Prim attacked a village in which the Moors had established themselves in great force, and where they made a most obstinate resistance. A charge of cavalry directed against it proved as might have been expected, utterly fruitless, and was repulsed with a loss of about eighty men and horses. Twice was the village taken and retaken, until at last the Spaniards permanently occupied it. There can be no question that the Moors fought on Friday better than they have ever yet done in this campaign. Their leaders had found means to inspirit them, notwithstanding their many previous defeats, to redeem which they made a desperate effort. Fresh troops had evidently been brought up from remote parts of the empire. The black cavalry were there in force, and displayed great intrepidity. There were several hand-to-hand conflicts, in which bodies of Moorish infantry boldly attacked Spanish battalions. In one instance a mere handful of men rushed fearlessly upon the Spanish line, dying upon the bayonets, but not until some of them had actually penetrated the battalion. Wherever there was a position favourable to the irregular mode of fighting of the Moors, these stubbornly defended it, and were mere than once driven out only at the point of the bayonet. Doubtless, the leaders were for some time in hopes of their fire being responded to by that of the force which had been sent along the heights to get into the Spanish rear, but to which Rios opposed a barrier. Owing to the nature of the ground, and to avoid himself being outflanked by the large body of the enemy he encountered, Rios had to make a very wide circuit, and the Moors, seeing this, attempted to push in between him and the main body of the army, and to turn the flank of the latter.

They were repulsed, and after that, as already mentioned, the principal contest was on the left. From ridge to ridge, from one captured position to another, the Spaniards at last came in sight of the Moorish camps. These were three in number, and great hopes were entertained that, as on the 4th of February, they would become the prize of the victors. But the enemy had profited by experience, and no longer entertained a blind confidence in their power of successfully defending any position. With extraordinary celerity their camps were raised. It is true that they are not generally encumbered with much baggage, and most of them had probably little to transport beyond their canvass dwellings and a few old clothes and blankets ; nevertheless the rapidity of the operation was surprising. A staff officer, who was observing and sketching, assured me that not more than ten or twelve minutes elapsed from the time when every tent was standing to the moment when the last had disappeared.

Soon after four o'clock all was over, and nearly the last shots fired were by the two batteries of field artillery at the dispersed Moorish cavalry. After half-past four no more shots were heard, and this is worthy of note, as showing how completely the Moors must have considered the game up, and have felt themselves proportionately disheartened, for in previous actions (except in one or two, when heavy rain seemed to have the effect of rendering their fire-arms unserviceable) they have invariably, even after they felt themselves beaten, kept up skirmishing until dark. Perhaps, however, on this occasion their leaders desired them to withdraw, for, as a few hours more were to show, they felt that their last stake had been played and lost. The Spanish army encamped on the ground where the Moorish tents had stood ; not exactly on the spot, however, since leavings of a Moorish encampment are not pleasant to pass the night among. It had been a hard day's work ; but fatigue was forgotten in the exultation of victory. There were the usual painful sights and sounds inseparable from every battle, whether won or lost. The killed were numerous, the wounded much more so, but the hurts of many of the latter were slight, and between 200 and 300 were able to walk back to Tetuan, and the next day to the sea-shore for embarkation. There was considerable loss of officers as usual in this war. All the commanding officers of Cazadores, light infantry battalions, engaged were hit.

The late campaign of the Spanish army in Morocco, it has been justly observed, divides itself naturally into three periods. The first comprises the six weeks that elapsed from the landing of Echague's corps, in the middle of November, to the march of the army from the lines of Ceuta, on the 1st of January. It was a time of severe labour, of great suffering, of heavy losses from disease and the enemy's fire, and also of some discouragement. The second period extends from the action of Castillejos to the capture of Tetuan ; it included the most important events of the war, and its general character was that of movement, progress, and success. The last period reaches to the 25th of March. It was chiefly employed in negotiations and preparations, and it ended with a battle and a treaty. Of the principal events of the war, as they passed before my eyes, I have endeavoured to keep you correctly informed. The present moment seems opportune for a retrospective glance at the whole campaign, subject to the above divisions. Some omissions may thus be supplied, and a broader idea given.

The Spanish army of operations consisted of three corps, of at least 10,000 men each, formed at Algeiras, Cadiz, and Malaga, and of a corps of reserve, to remain in Spain until wanted, but one of whose divisions was sent to Africa within a fortnight of the commencement of the war. Although much had still to be done in the way of preparation and organisation before any part of the army could be considered fit to take the field, the campaign was precipitately commenced on the 18th of November by the landing at Ceuta of the first corps, which had been collected at Algeiras, where it had already suffered severely from cholera. The dilapidated Moorish palace known as the Serallo, situated on hilly wooded ground, at a

distance of about two miles from Ceuta, was taken possession of by these troops, with no great opposition on the part of the Moors, who were driven into the mountains, and defensive works were undertaken. The Moors had probably been unprepared for this sudden aggression; they were few in number, but, quickly collecting larger forces, they, in their turn, on the 25th of November, made a vigorous attack upon the Spanish positions, fighting with a determination and valour such as they subsequently on few occasions to the same degree displayed. The Spaniards were young troops, unused to fire; the nature of the ground was favourable to the Moors, who found abundant cover; and, although the assailants were finally repulsed,



CEMETERY AT MOGADOR.

victory more than once seemed doubtful, and the Spanish loss was very heavy. The news of this obstinate conflict determined O'Donnell's immediate departure from Cadiz. He left at midnight on the 26th of November, and was at Ceuta the next morning. At the same time the second corps was hurried on, and orders were given for the first division of the reserve to follow as soon as possible. The shipment of artillery, cavalry, ammunition, mules, and stores of all kinds proceeded with the utmost speed, and with no little confusion. The organisation of the various departments was as yet most imperfect, and it became at once evident that the war had been prematurely commenced, and that the army would suffer for the undue

haste. To heighten the discouraging aspect of affairs, the troops no sooner landed at Ceuta than cholera spread among them, while the climate, which some had fondly imagined would prove temperate and genial in the winter months, was found to be as unfavourable as well could be imagined to an army under canvass.

The first engagement between Spaniards and Moors, after the arrival of O'Donnell at the seat of war, was on the 30th of November, when the enemy advanced against the Spanish positions, and were repulsed without great difficulty. During the whole of December small combats were of frequent occurrence. There were no less than nine in that month, besides some skirmishes not worth naming.

One of the severest fights was on the 9th, when the Moors made a resolute attack on the redoubts then in course of construction, and were defeated only after very hard fighting and with considerable loss on the part of the Spaniards. Regularly twice or thrice a week the pertinacious enemy approached the lines and opened fire, although he seldom made anything like a resolute attack upon the works in progress, and which consisted of five redoubts defending the tract of land round Ceuta demanded by the Spaniards and secured to them by the late treaty, and of a road which was making near the shore in the direction of Tetuan. The plan of warfare adopted by the Spaniards during the month that they stood upon

the defensive round Ceuta has been the subject of criticism. It has been said, and I think with justice, that they were too ready to engage in skirmishes and combats with the Moors, in a manner favourable to the tactics of the latter. Instead of remaining sheltered within their lines, and rather encouraging the enemy's advance, with a view of engaging him at close quarters, and dealing him severe and rapid blows, they indulged him with the game at long shots in which, although ultimately foiled, he generally managed to inflict heavier loss than he sustained. Notwithstanding the clumsiness and weight of their long-barrelled flint muskets, the Moors, throughout the whole war, showed themselves excellent marksmen. As skilful as Caffres



START OF A CARAVAN.

or Indians in availing themselves of cover, they presented the least possible targets to their opponents, who had great need of large ones. The Spaniards fired a great deal more than the Moors, probably ten shots for their one, but, nevertheless, I suspect that more of the Moorish bullets told. Had the fighting been limited to musketry, the Spaniards would frequently have got the worst of it. It is to their artillery, and also, but in a less degree, to their bayonets, that they owe the successful issue of many an action.

The roads made, and although the weather, which had been most tempestuous during the latter half of December, was by no means promising, the march began, and the second period of the campaign was inaugurated by the victory of Castillejos. It was not

obtained without heavy loss to the Spaniards, and at one time the day was nearly going against them. Prim's division, which was in the advance, was slender in numbers and had lost heavily. The Moors pressed upon it strongly; from impending heights they rushed down, confident and formidable. There were battalions that faltered, and the day's event hung upon a thread. Prim seized a banner, and rushed forward in front of his troops; O'Donnell, who from the valley below saw the critical state of affairs, galloped up the rugged slopes and suddenly appeared, with his staff and escort, in the thick of the fire; fresh battalions came on, and the Moors were finally repulsed. This first victory was of good omen, and gave additional confidence to an army which during its detention in

the lines of Ceuta had become inured to danger and accustomed to an enemy whose wild appearance, great bodily strength and activity, hideous yells, and savage mode of warfare, had at first made some impression upon such young soldiers as most of the Spaniards were. In three or four combats which occurred between Castillejos and Cape Negro, the Moors were easily and completely defeated; and to the surprise of everybody, the strong positions on the line of mountains that stretches inland from the cape were abandoned by them on the 14th of January, after a very feeble defence. From the summit of those mountains the army looked down upon the broad valley of Tetuan. It was one of the most triumphant moments of the campaign, and made amends for much hardship endured upon the march, when the troops were detained for days in the wretched swamps near the River Azmir, deprived of supplies and of communication with Spain by violent tempests from the east. Before risking his little army in the plain, which was intersected by treacherous swamps, O'Donnell desired to ascertain the force of the Moors, and to this end he sent down from his camp upon the heights overlooking the valley a strong force of artillery, the whole of his cavalry, and a picked body of infantry. These troops advanced towards the Moorish positions, formed up, and offered battle. It was declined, and the guns, which were rifled, opening upon the enemy, the latter hastily retreated, in dismay at their prodigious range. Encouraged by this retreat, and by the moderate numbers the Moors showed, O'Donnell led his forces into the plain and along the sea-shore to Fort Martin, which the Moors had abandoned, and where he received a reinforcement of 4,500 men, under General Rios, who landed there from Spain on the 17th of January. From that date to the 4th of February the army rested in its new position, fortifying it and landing stores and siege artillery. Two combats occurred on the 23rd and 31st of January, in the latter and most considerable of which the Spaniards, who had previously rarely used other artillery than their small mountain guns, brought out all their field batteries and the rocket troop, and opened a heavy fire upon the enemy, who fled, utterly routed. The action, nevertheless, was of little real advantage, and was hardly worth the lives it cost. The Spaniards returned to their camp at nightfall. Their cavalry, which was unfortunate throughout the whole campaign, suffered considerably that day. On the left a squadron, when charging, stuck in a bog, when many men and horses were killed by the Moors. On the right, where the chief force of cavalry was, several squadrons charged too far, got under a severe fire, and also lost men and officers in hand-to-hand conflicts with a swarm of Moorish horsemen. The Spanish cavalry, which, in respect to horses and general appearance has greatly improved within the last five or six years, has shown itself in the late war brave, but by no means efficient. It has never done much harm to the enemy, and in all the actions in which it has been seriously engaged—notably on the 23rd and 31st of January, and the 23rd of March—it has suffered heavy losses. The Spaniards themselves admit that it is the worst branch of their service, that its organisation is defective, and that they are deficient in good cavalry officers. If it be true, as I have heard it more than once stated in camp, that O'Donnell takes little interest in cavalry, and attaches slight importance to it there is probably not much chance of its im-

proving while he remains at the head of the War Department.

From the 6th of February to the 23rd of March the only military event worth naming was a combat, of no great importance, which took place on the 11th of the latter month, in the vicinity of Tetuan. The 11th was Sunday, and the fight began just as the Spaniards had heard mass, an hour before noon. The Moors advanced in their usual semicircular order of battle, but were soon driven back and their positions taken. The General who commanded them was killed by a cannon-shot. For the first and only time in that war, skirmishing continued for some hours after dark, and it was nearly eleven at night before the last shots were fired. During the five weeks preceding this affair, and even after it had taken place, there was much negotiation, a frequent passage to and fro of Moorish magnates, who professed a great desire for peace, but who, some suspected, were in reality anxious only to gain time, in order to get up troops from the interior of the empire to replace the disheartened Kabyles and regulars who had been so soundly beaten on the 4th of February. The Moors who visited the camp on those pacific missions were profuse in professions of respect and kindly feeling, in complimentary speeches, and in confessions of military inferiority to the valiant Spaniards. It is impossible to say how far they were sincere in their alleged wish for peace. There are various opinions on this subject, but the prevailing one in the army is that it was not until defeated on the 23rd of March that the Moors really gave up hope, and resolved to make the required sacrifices. Possibly until then the artful Africans were merely playing a part, and cajoling the Christian. On the other hand, it is also quite possible that Mulai Abbas himself desired to put an end to the war, but that he did not dare to comply with the demand of the permanent cession of Tetuan. Some have gone so far as to assert that before the action of the 23rd of March there was an understanding between O'Donnell and the Moorish prince that peace should be made, but that the latter declared he could not venture to make it in presence of the opposition of the tribes, who were bent upon continuing hostilities, and it was therefore agreed that another battle should be fought. This seems rather far-fetched, but it is quite certain that many of the Moors were for continuing the war even after their defeat on the 23rd. Without pausing to weigh the various hypotheses that have been indulged in, we may admit as highly probable the one founded on the notoriously astute and treacherous character of the Moors—that their negotiations and fair words were directed merely to gaining time. The visits of the plenipotentiaries and messengers were so frequent that at last they almost ceased to excite curiosity. They came and went, and brought *douceurs* of dates. These curious and protracted negotiations, however, were brought to an abrupt close, and preparations were actively made for the resumption of active operations—for an advance, in short, upon Tangier. Such preparations had, indeed, been going on nearly ever since the fall of Tetuan; camels and mules had been sent for, the siege train was embarked, large supplies of provisions and ammunition had been brought from Spain; but the prevalence of the east wind, by preventing vessels from remaining on that part of the coast of Morocco had caused great delay, and it was not until the 23rd of March that O'Donnell was able to lead

his army forward, and fight the sanguinary battle of Guad-el-Ras (popularly Gualdras), so called from the name of the river and valley near and in which the greater part of the conflict took place. Since the battle, we have been told by the Moors themselves that the Spaniards had forestalled them but by one day, and that it was their intention to have attacked them on the 24th. Every means had been employed to stimulate the warlike ardour and fanaticism of the Moors, and oaths had been administered to them to fight to the death. By not a few of them this vow was faithfully observed; I mentioned at the time instances of desperation and self-sacrifice similar to these occasionally witnessed during the late mutiny in India or among Schamyl's Murides in the Circassian war, when a few men rushed upon overpowering odds, careless of death so long as they inflicted it. All agree that the Moors never fought so well as they did upon that day, and more than one superior officer has since confessed to me that there were moments when he thought the battle lost. Considerable bodies of Spanish troops were repeatedly driven back; the Moors seem to have, in a great measure, overcome their old fear of the artillery, and braved its fire at a very short distance from the muzzles of the guns. The Spanish loss was heavier than in any other action of the war, and the quantity of ammunition fired away was so large that it was necessary to halt the next day while fresh supplies were sent for. It is the misfortune of the Moors that, after a defeat, their ill-organised forces cannot be kept together, or even rallied within any moderate time. They scatter over the country; and the tribes especially—who form no part of what are called the regular forces, but are a sort of levy *en masse* for the emergency—are apt to quit the army altogether and return to their own districts. They depart, considering that they have done all that can be expected of them, and that Allah is angry with their lord the emperor. Thus did they disperse after the battle of the 4th of February, and again after that of Gualdras. In the latter fight they were very numerous, and, although their loss may have been heavy, could the survivors have been kept together and have been induced to fight another battle or two as stoutly as on the 23rd, the Spaniards would have been ultimately defeated. But, as the Moors themselves would doubtless say, it was otherwise written in the book of fate, and the preliminaries of peace were signed, upon terms extremely advantageous to Spain, within forty-eight hours after the close of the battle.

There can be no doubt that the campaign in Morocco has done credit to the Spanish army, and has deservedly raised its reputation, although it has not placed it on that pinnacle of superiority assigned to it by the ill-judging zeal and patriotic enthusiasm of certain Spanish writers. In Spain the events of the war have been generally exaggerated; and a prominent cause of the coldness with which the news of a most favourable treaty of peace has been received, is to be found in the tone adopted by the Spanish press, and in the flattery it has lavished upon the nation and the army. After largely contributing to force the Government into war, it did its best, when the proper time for making peace arrived, to prevent the contest being brought to an honourable and advantageous close. It had so vaunted the prowess of the army, so unduly exalted the expectations of the people, that there was no account made by the multitude of the difficulties and dangers in-

separable from a continuation of the struggle. In the popular idea, the Spanish soldier had but to show himself to vanquish, and there was no reason why peace should not be signed at Fez instead of at Tetuan. The army, on the other hand, conscious of the sufferings and sacrifices by which its successes had been won, judging of future difficulties by those it had surmounted, appreciating at his just value a brave and warlike, although unmilitary foe, and also, as I believe, forming a more modest estimate of its own prowess and efficiency than that which had been proclaimed by the Spanish journalists, thought that the time had come for peace, and rightly judged that Spain would gain nothing by prolonging war. The day before I left Africa news had reached the camp that the treaty had given but little satisfaction in Spain, and I heard among the officers more than one expression of disgust at the intelligence. My inquiries here, however, and information on which I can rely from Madrid and other large towns, induce me to believe that the sensible part of the nation, the intelligent, the industrious—all, in short, who have something to lose, and taxes to pay, and who are not interested in stimulating discontent with the present Government—are well pleased that the war is over, consider the conditions of peace highly favourable, and desire only that they may be faithfully executed.

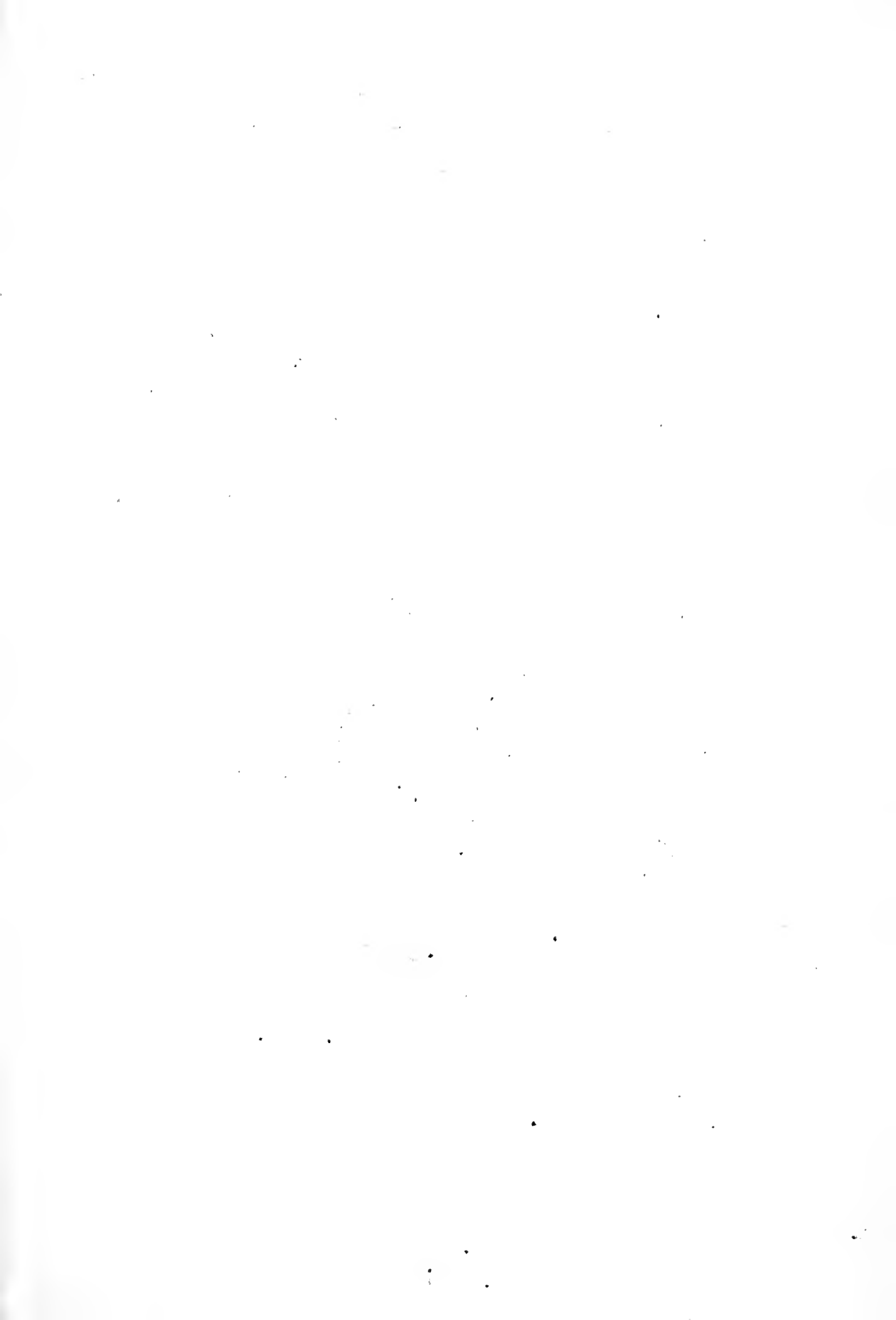
As a result of the Spanish campaign it soon became quite clear that it was a great mistake. The minister, Herrera, and his friends, entertained dreams and projects which they were utterly incapable of realising.

What France has done in Algeria they seem to have aspired to do in Morocco—a country of twice or thrice the population of that which France has conquered in Africa, at an immense expense of men and money, and after thirty years of obstinate struggle. They thought that extensive possessions in Africa, and the protracted hostilities entailed by their conquest and retention, would form a good school for the Spanish army. In fact, they were bent upon a parody of France. They lost sight of a few important differences. They forgot that, while France has a population of 36,000,000, Spain has but 15,000,000 or 16,000,000; that France can keep Algeria in order with a tenth part of her enormous standing army, while Spain, although she may be, as she now boasts, able on an emergency to send into the field upwards of 200,000 efficient troops, has no need to maintain one-half of that force, and would be draining her exchequer and plunging into financial embarrassments by doing more, and by protracting a war of conquest in Morocco. I have heard it urged in conversation, by persons from whom sounder views might have been expected, that extensive possessions in Africa would be advantageous to Spain, as an outlet for the considerable number of emigrants that now annually resort to Montevideo and other distant places, as well as to Algeria. Now, there can be no reason for emigration from a thinly-peopled and naturally rich country like Spain, except that of misgovernment. Spaniards in general are much attached to their native land, and when they abandon it to seek a precarious existence in unknown and distant regions, we may be sure that it is misery and want of employment that drive them forth. If Spain wishes to retain her children at home, where there is ample room and much need for all of them, she will employ her increasing resources, not in Quixotic wars, but in domestic improvement. What great good might have been done,

what important and profitable public works advanced and undertaken, with the money she has spent in this African campaign, and the recovery of which is now by many thought so doubtful! Railways, roads, artesian wells, stimulus to industry—are not these better worth paying for than the barren glories of a campaign which has cost, according to the lowest estimate, the lives of 15,000 able-bodied young men, and nearly three millions sterling? Suppose even the case that the Moor prove insolvent, and that Tetuan and the valley between it and the sea remain in the hands of Spain, as has been so much clamoured for in that country. It is difficult to imagine a more undesirable and unprofitable acquisition. It might gratify the vanity of the Queen and a part of the nation, but that gratification must be of heavy annual cost. Had Tetuan a good port, and were the districts around it peopled by an industrious and civilised race, it might, as I have before pointed out, become an extremely flourishing place. The extensive valleys east and west of it, naturally fertile, might be drained and rendered wonderfully productive, and railways might be made through them at small expense. But this supposes a state of things entirely different from that under which the Spaniards would possess it. They would be surrounded on all sides by a savage, warlike population, whose goodwill they would in vain attempt to win, and from whose inroads they could secure themselves only by retaining there a large military force. In times of the greatest apparent tranquillity they would be liable to sudden molestation from the wild and fanatical tribes by whom they would be environed. Supplies from the neighbouring country they could never reckon upon; the Moors, whenever they chose, could cut off everything of the kind. The place would have to be provisioned by fleets of transports, and the stores thus received must be conveyed under escort over the seven miles between the shore and the city. Dismissing as preposterous the idea of making Tetuan the base of operations for future Spanish conquests in Africa, and supposing Spain to retain the city and the land between it and the sea, she would have to keep permanently there and in the lines of Ceuta an army of 20,000 men. This is the estimate accepted by all those persons I have met with, military or civilians, who have had opportunities of making themselves practically acquainted with the circumstances of the country and the character and disposition of the inhabitants. There would be no chance of compensation for the cost of so considerable an establishment. It is not to be found in the trade that could be carried on thence, nor in the produce of the small tract of territory annexed to Tetuan, and which yields little but what may be equally well cultivated in southern Spain; and that the town, for its own sake, is not worth the keeping, you will have

gathered from former letters. I believe that in Spain very exaggerated ideas have been formed of the wealth, splendour and value of Tetuan. A certain licence is always conceded to travellers in little known lands; allowance must be made for the flights of southern imaginations, heated by the excitement of success, and dwelling on the scene of recent triumphs; and we must not be surprised if some of the accounts of Tetuan transmitted to Spain have painted that filthy worthless city in colours rather too glowing. General Rios, who rules in Tetuan, and is quartered in the best house in the place, is doubtless quite unaware that he dwells in a palace such as we read of in the *Arabian Nights*, and might find paralleled in the abodes of oriental grandees and potentates, but which we should certainly seek in vain in Tetuan. He would probably gladly exchange the accommodations afforded by the residence of the richest of Tetuan's inhabitants for those of a modest European lodging-house. The truth is that Tetuan is altogether a wretched place, according to European ideas. It has a very few large houses, whose arrangements are completely opposed to all our notions of comfort; the remainder of the buildings composing it are miserable cribs, in which the filth of ages nestles; its streets are intricate, squalid, and evil-smelling; and the general misery of its aspect is now increased by extensive demolitions recently made by the Spaniards with a strategic object. Its site is magnificent, and worthy to be covered by a city of palaces. Around it are fertile plains and hill-slopes clothed with olive and vine; fig and orange in front and rear; on either hand picturesque mountain ranges; in the distance the Mediterranean: on one side, rippling through a ravine, and almost washing the walls of the lowest houses, a clear river; within the town water everywhere, little availed of, at least for purposes of cleanliness, by a large portion of its present inhabitants. Demolish Tetuan, pass the ploughshare over its foundations, irrigate it for a week with chloride of lime, and build there a model city, with a flower-filled *patio* to every house, and sparkling fountains in every street—that would, indeed, be a possession of beauty such as any country might covet, even at some cost to keep it; but Tetuan, as it now exists, is not worth retention.

Such towns, from Mogador to Kandahar, all resemble one another, in their fallen condition. Scarcely a Musulman city is now to be met with, not even excepting Constantinople, Cairo, or Teheran, where putting aside the palaces of the ruling powers and their satellites, and the abodes of Europeans, everything is not falling into ruin. The halo of romance and the memory of the past invest the East with an interest that nothing can efface, but the reality will be found by many travellers to be very different from the conceptions that are formed at home.



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